Late Bloomer

by Captain of Misery

Summary

Louis presents as an omega in the middle of a signing without even knowing. Harry drags him out. It gets interesting.
Chapter 1

Louis’ POV

“Thank you,” I grinned up at a fan, taking the hoodie she handed me. “Oh this is sick!”
“I, um, slipped something in it for you. You might need it. Now.”
I raised an eyebrow, but before she could answer she was shuffled away. I pulled out a can of desensitizer and frowned. Why would I need this?
A girl and her dad stopped in front of me.
“Up, now.” Harry snarled, pulling Niall out of the seat next to me and taking it himself.
“Oi. What’s up your ass?”
“Put this on,” he shrugged out of his jacket and handed it to me.
“I’m not cold and even if I was a fan just-”
“Put it on right now.” His tone was rough and I looked up to find his eyes boring a hole into me.
“Oh...” I pulled his jacket on and inhaled deeply. “Smells like you.”
“That’s kind of the point.”
“What?”
A man stopped dead in front of me, pupils blown.
“You alright, mate?”
“You smell-”
“Like an alpha is taking care of him.” Harry interrupted. “Move away or lose a limb.”
“What do I smell like? Harry? What’s going on?”
“I’m texting Paul. We’re leaving.”
“All of us?”
“You and me,”
“But the signing!”
“Louis, we’re leaving.” He snapped.
“Is this your rut? Is that what’s happening?”
“God, I wish.” He grumbled, pulling me away from the crowd and into the alley. He all but shoved me into the back of the SUV. “I want increased security for him from now on. Am I clear? If anything happens to him, I’ll cut heads off. No unmated Alphas. Betas or mated Alphas.”
“I know how to take care of the security team, Harry.” Paul rolled his eyes. “You worry about-”
“I’ll handle it at the hotel. You keep everyone away from him and I’ll handle the rest.”
“What the fuck is happening?! Harry?!” I tugged on his sleeve.
“Stop,” he demanded.
I dropped my hand and frowned. “Wait a second. I’m a beta. You can’t shove me around!”
“Yeah? Try me. Sit on your hands.” He growled.
Immediately I moved to sit on my hands. “Haz?! What’s going on?! Why are my jeans wet?! Why am I sitting on my hands?!”
“Relax,”
I whined, but did as he said. “What’s happening?”
“You’re presenting, Lou.” He sighed. “Thought it was obvious.”
“But I’m twenty! I can’t present now! My entire family is betas!”
“Doesn’t seem to matter to your biology, does it?”
I started to squirm. “How bad is this? How much damage control is there going to have to be?”
“Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it.”
“But I can’t just-”
“Louis.”
I slumped in my seat. “Why didn’t you send Zayn or Niall? Clearly you’re having a hard time with
this as well.”
“Because.”
“That’s not an answer!”
“It’ll have to do for the moment.”
“Harry, I’m going into heat, aren’t I? Shit shit shit.”
He yanked me into his lap and locked his arms around me. “You’re alright.”
“But... It doesn’t make sense.” I buried myself in his chest. “God. You smell amazing. Why do you
smell so fucking good? Have you always smelled this good?!” I nosed at his neck.
“Probably for you, yes.”
“Are all Alphas gonna smell this good?”
“Hopefully not.”
“No,” I whined. “I’m uncomfortable.”
“Paul, if you can go any faster, please.” Harry’s voice came out strained.
“Pay me attention.” I demanded, tugging on his shirt.
“Promise that you’ve got all of my attention, Lou. But I’m trying to focus. Unless you want to be
fucked right here in the backseat.”
“Fuck, yeah, please,” I answered before I could stop myself.
“No.” His voice sounded so final that I gave up.
“We’re here anyway.” Paul answered. “Penthouse. Just you two. Go.” He shoved a key into Harry’s
hand. “All your stuff is there already. No one is allowed up except you two.”
“Kitchen?”
“Fully stocked.”
“Good.” Harry dragged me along through the lobby.
The elevator doors closed and I immediately went to unbutton my pants.
He slapped my hands away. “No. Wait.”
“Fuck, Harry, gotta stop using that voice on me or I’m gonna cum in my pants.”
“You’re not.”
“But.”
“Tomlinson.” He hissed.
I squirmed. “God. I’m so fucking close.”
“Are you done?”
I buried my face into his side. “How long is this fucking going to take?!” I felt him snarling before I
heard it. I whined, nuzzling into him.
“Enough.”
I quieted and stilled, still buried in his side. “I’m sorry,”
The elevator dinged and I looked up to find the doors closed.
“Haz?!”
“It’s fine. We’re fine.” He hushed me, swiping the room key.
The doors opened and I was immediately in the room, tugging off my clothes.
Harry shoved me against the wall and I groaned.
“Fuck, you smell so good.” I sighed, dropping my jeans to the floor.
“Look at you. You’re fucking soaked.”
I looked at my ass to see my boxers seeping with slick. “Why is it so fucking hot still?! Why do you smell so good?!”
He clutched his fists, nostrils flaring.
“What?”
“You’re fucking dripping.”
“God this is the fucking worst! I’m wet and I’m hot and—” I stopped when Harry yanked me away from the wall.
He shoved me to the bedroom and I immediately crawled to the middle of it.
“Please, Haz. Please, God. Please.” I got on my hands and knees.
Harry didn’t reply so I dropped to my forearms.
“Fuck, Harry, please.” I whined.
“On your back.”
I scrambled to get onto my back, watching him strip. “God. Fuck. God. You’re so fucking alpha. Fuck.”
“Coherent as always,” he snorted.
“I’m melting into a puddle of my own hormones. Fuck off.”
“Okay,” he moved to pull his clothes back on and I whined.
“No. Fuck, no. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Please, shit. Please,”
“Alright, aright.” He dropped his boxers and I shook with how bad I wanted him and how bad I needed to cum.
“Need to...”
“No.” He straddled me carefully. “You’re going to wait and cum when you’re told. Aren’t you?”
“Yeah,” I breathed, high off of his scent. “I want...” I hesitated to lean up.
He surged forward to kiss me, making me gasp. He used the opportunity fuck my mouth with his tongue.
I squirmed impatiently.
“Still,”
I froze in my spot.
“Good,”
I keened.
He continued to fuck my mouth with his tongue while grinding against me. “Cum,”
I tensed and screamed. “Fuck,” I came between us, shuddering. I expected some relief, but got none.
“That’s bullshit! I don’t even feel any fucking better.”
“What do you want, Lou?”
“Want your knot.” I answered, not able to stop myself.
“Can’t,”
“Why not?!” I whined.
“We’re not mated for one thing.”
“So mate with me you prick!”
“Is that what you want?”
“I want you. I want you everywhere. Fuck. I can’t fucking breathe. Need you to fuck me. Right now.”
He kissed down my body until he reached my legs.
I realized that I’d spread them obscenely, but couldn’t bring myself to close them. “I need it.”
He licked the slick off of my thighs. “You’re so wet.”
“No shit, asshole. Fuck me already, come on.” I snapped.
“Drop the attitude.”
“I don’t belong to you.” I growled. “We’re not mated, remember?” I whacked him on the back of the head and he grabbed my wrists with one hand. Oh shit.
He pinned my wrists above my head and thrust into me all at once, his hips connecting with my ass.
“Try that again.”
“Please,” I whimpered, trying to grind my hips down.
“Still.”
“Bite me.” I snarled.
“Okay.” He fucked into me at a brutal pace, leaning forward and licking my neck.
I rolled my head to the side, giving him access.
“Who do you belong to?”
I knew that I shouldn’t push. But I couldn’t help myself. “No one.”
His teeth sunk into my skin and I came with a scream of what vaguely resembled his name.
“Yours, yours, fuck,”
“One more, love. Then I’m pulling out.”
“No!! You can’t!!! I need you to knot me.” I struggled against his hold on my wrists.
“You’re not on anything. I’m not going to knock you up.”
“I don’t care.”
“I care.”
“Why did you fucking mark me if you don’t fucking want me?!” I struggled more violently.
He used his free hand to still me against the mattress.
I started crying, overwhelmed and hormonal and needy. “Please, Haz, please.”
“Fuck, baby, don’t cry.”
“Please, please, please, Harry.”
“Alright, baby, alright,” he caved, using his thumb to brush away my tears. “One more then I’ll knot you.”
I nodded, sniffing.
“You’re beautiful. Even like this. Especially like this. My omega.” He nipped the fresh wound on my neck and I lost it again. “Love you so much, I’m gonna make it better.”
“Harry,”
He fucked me harder and I felt him swelling. “You ready?”
“Yes, fuck, yes, want it. Need it. Give it to me. Please.”
“I will.” His thrusts got tougher and sloppier until he used the back of my knees to yank my ass as close to his hips as possible. “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he hissed, his knot popping.
I exhaled heavily, relieved at the feeling of him cumming endlessly into me.
He reached up to push my hair back. “Better?”
“So much,” I nodded.
He rubbed a hand across my stomach and I gasped.
“You’re massive.” I eyed the bulge in my stomach.
“Or you’re tiny.” He teased.
I rolled my eyes.
“Got what you wanted from me.”
“Don’t I always?”
He pushed down on my stomach and I yelped at the feeling of my prostate being abused from both sides.
“Don’t think I can-”
“Cum.” He demanded.
I seized, sobbing as I came. I added almost nothing to the pool on my stomach, but I shook in the aftershocks. “Harry,”
“Yes, omega?” He smirked.
I glared at him. “Did you know?”
“Not until I could smell it.”
“Why didn’t I know?”
“Late bloomer, I guess.”
I sighed. “I can finally think. God. I was going nuts.”
“I noticed.”
“It’s your fault! You smell so good.”
“I guess we know why we’re so close as friends. So touchy.”
“Why we were, you mean.” I corrected. “Your canines are intense, Haz.” I stretched my neck.
“Mmm. Had to let you know who you belong to. Only you could still be fucking stubborn in heat.” I sighed. “Well, I did think I was a beta for twenty years.”
“I should’ve known. Betas are never this pretty.” He hummed. “I’ll ask Niall to bring up some morning after pills.”
“I can just text.” I was interrupted by his snarl. “What?”
“I’ll handle it.”
“I can send a text.” I snorted, grabbing my phone.
Harry snatched it and threw it across the room.
“Hey!”
“I said that I would handle it.”
“That was my phone.” I pouted, moving to go get it and yelping when I found myself tied to him.
“What the fuck?”
“I knotted you, Louis. We’re tied together at the moment.”
“That’s how this works?”
“Yes,”
“The thing keeping me sane for the moment is the fact that your cock is locked in my ass?”
“Yes,”
“Interesting.”
“Did you not pay attention in class?”
“To the omega shit? No! I thought I was a beta.”
He sighed. “Damn it,”
I frowned. “I didn’t know.”
“You should’ve payed fucking attention in class.”
I whimpered. “I’m sorry.”
Harry sighed, nuzzling into my neck. “It’s fine. I’ll help you. Zayn will help you. We’ll need to get you on suppressants and birth control.”
I nodded, watching him lean over me for his phone. “Why can’t I text Niall?”
“Because I said I’d handle it. And you’re in heat. You’re my omega in heat.”
I rolled my eyes. “This is going to be a whole thing isn’t it?”
“Not if you’re not a bitch about me wanting to keep you safe.”
“Hey!” I whined.
“Should I bite you again?” He asked, licking my wound. “Remind you of who you belong to?”
“Who’s that?” I teased.
Harry bit deep into the muscle of my shoulder, making me yelp and squirm.
“Harry! I was joking!” I complained.
“Mhmm. Make the joke again, Lou. See what happens.”
“I’m not. I’m not.”
He typed away on his phone.
“So tell me how long I’ve got to be sane? You know. Before I...”
“Drip and whine until you get what you want?”
“I hate you.”
He rolled his eyes at me. “I’m not sure. You’ve been pent up for so long. Could be the second my knot slips out. I’m hoping you’ll be able to nap though before you’re whining.”
“It’s not my fault.” I slapped his chest. “How long before your dick deflates?”
“Going by the average for an alpha my age? Five minutes...but...”
I raised an eyebrow.
“We’re mated and I’ve never knotted anyone before. Could be a bit longer.”
I hummed. “God, I’m full of your sperm.”
“Yeah, Niall said Paul stocked the bathroom. Thank God.”
“It’s not like I couldn’t get the pills from Zayn. He’s just downstairs.”
“You aren’t leaving the penthouse.”
“What? That’s dumb. Why not?”
“Because you’re in heat.”
“So?”
“Get this through your brain. You belong to me. I’m not letting you leave this penthouse in heat. Something bad could happen to you.”
“Like what?”
“Another alpha would try to claim you.”
“But we’re mated. Bonded. I’m yours.”
He rubbed his thumb over my lips. “It might not matter.”
I frowned. “Why not?”
“Because some Alphas are assholes and want to die, apparently.”
“So this means I could get attacked...”
“Yes, which is why Paul is hiring more guards as we speak.”
I groaned. “But-”
“You will get over it.” His voice was deep and commanding.
“Alright, alright, you don’t have to go all alpha voice on me.” I sighed.
“Seems to make things easier. Fucking stubborn mate I’ve chosen.”
“You chose me.” I ran a hand through his hair.
“Mine. My stubborn little pixie of an omega.”
“I’m not a pixie!”
“My pixie.”
“I’m not a bloody pixie!” I shoved him.
Harry hummed. "Debatable."
I frowned.
"You're pretty enough to be a pixie." He poked my nose and pulled me to sit in his lap. "Hi,"
"Hi." I wrapped my arms around his neck.
"How are you feeling?"
"I'm okay right now. Um..." I flushed.
"What?"
"Just...full." I rested my head on his shoulder. "I'm gonna leak when your knot goes down, aren't I?"
"Probably."
"That's gross."
"You'll be fine. I'll lick it out of you."
I whined. "You can't say shit like that."
He trailed his fingertips down my spine.
"Harry," I complained.
"Alright, alright," he rearranged the pillows before laying me back down with my hips tilted up. "I'm going to pull out and then I'm going to grab a few things. I want you to stay right here."
I shook my head. "No, no." I clutched his shoulders.
"Lou, the faster you cooperate, the faster I'll be back."
"Can I have your shirt?"
He raised an eyebrow.
"It...smells like you."
He nuzzled my face into his shirt and whimpered until he touched my thigh. "Empty." I complained.
"I know." He pressed something into me and I whimpered. "It's a plug, baby."
"Not what I wanted."
"I know, but if it can keep you stated for the time being, I can take care of you for a bit." He started wiping me off with a wash cloth. "When you're all clean, you'll sit up and drink some water and eat some crackers and then you're going to take your pills."
I nodded. "You know that just because I'm an omega I'm not gonna be your little bitch, right?"
"We'll see." He smiled. "I am glad to see that you're back to normal. Well, more normal."
"Whatever, you're still a curly haired cunt."
"What does that say about you, hmm? Crying because a curly haired cunt wouldn't knot you."
"I wasn't crying."
"Yeah? Were your eyes leaking then?"
"I...shut up."
"Sit up, come on."
"My insiders are...sloshy."
"It's all that alpha sperm." Harry snorted. "Sit up."
"I'm gonna sit on the plug."
"Yeah, and?" he gathered me up in his lap and held a water bottle up to my lips. "Drink,"
"What if I don't wanna?"
"Then I'll make you."
I took the bottle and sipped it.
"All of it."
"No."
"All of it." He said again, deep and throaty.
I shivered and chugged the bottle quickly.
"Why was that so hard?" He asked, rubbing my thigh.
I huffed and he handed me a pack of crackers and a second water bottle. "No, no more."
"Are you going to make me order you around 24/7? Because I'd like to eat you out and let you get some rest before you get hit with another wave of your heat. But if you're going to be like this then I can just order you to sleep."
I frowned. "Can I wear your jumper? Please? I'm clean now."
He pulled me off his lap and went to dig through his bags.
I chewed on a cracker and took the pills quickly.
"Which one?"
"Um, can I have the purple one? Please?" I chewed another cracker and looked at my hands.
"Here,"
"Thanks, wanna wear it while I sleep. Is that okay?"
"Sure," He sat at the edge of the bed while I chewed on the crackers.
I finished and pulled the jumper over my head. I reached out for him and tried to grab his hand.
"What's up, baby?"
"Cuddle me?"
"Of course."

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I woke up hot and uncomfortable. I kicked the sheets off the bed and tossed the jumper to the side. I found the bed next to me empty and whined. I looked at the clock. What the fuck? Where is he? Why is he gone at 3 am?
I grabbed my phone from the floor and unlocked it, dialing Harry’s number.
His phone went off on the nightstand and I whimpered.
Why am I alone?! I wandered out of the room, the plug rubbing at me, but not enough to get me off.
What did I do wrong? I looked at the door and his shoes were missing. “No, no, no,” I ran back to the room as fast as I could and found his clothes gone as well. Oh my God. He fucking left me. He mated me and then fucking left me! And I’m in heat. I’m in heat!
I grabbed his jumper and crawled onto the bed with it in my arms. I curled into myself and buried my face in the stupid purple jumper.
“Hey, Lou. You’re up.”
My head snapped up.
“Why are you crying? What’s wrong?!” He climbed onto the bed and pulled me to his lap. “What is it?”

“Where the fuck were you?! Your stuff is gone. Your shoes were gone. You were gone.”

“Oh, love, no.” He hugged me tight to him. “I got up to use to loo and then I figured I should get you a fresh water just in case and I knocked over a glass bowl so I put on my shoes to clean it up. I put my bags under the bed so I could reach them without getting up if you wanted a different jumper or something.”

I whined.

“I didn’t leave you. Never will.” He promised, petting my hair. “I was only scraping the glass out of my boots in a different room so you wouldn’t step in it on accident. Why didn’t you call out for me?”

“Panicked,” I mumbled, shoving my face into his chest.

“I’m here, Lou. It’s okay,” he wiped my face carefully.

I cried harder. “I’m leaking from both ends. I hate this.”

“Don’t cry, love, it’s okay. I wouldn’t get to be with you otherwise, would I?”

“Would’ve mated Taylor Swift or something.”

“No, Alphas don’t mate.”

“Someone else then. Whatever.”

“I was trying to figure out if I could mate a beta without hurting him. The answer I found was no.”

“Did you...”

“No, I didn’t knot anyone to find out. Research, love.” He laughed. “Wanted you from the moment we met.”

I curled into him. “Be here when I wake up. Wanker.”

He kissed my forehead. “I will be next time.”

“Every time.”

“I’ll shoot for every time. But I’ll text you and take my phone if I won’t be here. Yeah?”

“Should be here.” I muttered.

He hummed. “Lou, you alright?”

“I guess. Why?”

“You’re rocking your hips.”

“Am I?”

“Starting to feel it?”

“Maybe, yeah,”

“Want the plug out?”

“Not yet.”

“Okay, think you can eat before you lose it?”

“No!” I locked my arms around his neck.

“I’m not leaving, baby.” He rubbed my back. "I've got crackers on the nightstand."

"No. Don't wanna move.""Alright, okay, relax." He hummed. “I’m here. Couldn’t leave you if I tried.”

“I feel so fucking small and helpless.”

“It’s the heat. And the fact that you’re a pixie.”

I snarled at him and he snorted.

“Shut up,” he nuzzled my neck.

“Need you to not annoy me.”

“Yeah?” Harry scraped his teeth against my neck. “What if I...” He sunk his teeth into my bonding scar and I went wild, scratching at his back and squirming in his lap.

“Harry, fuck, fuck, please. Need you to knot me. Right now. Right fucking now.”

“And if I say no?” He smirked, licking the fresh wound.

“Harry!” I whined, tugging on his hair. “Please, please, please,” I rocked my hips, trying to use the plug to get me off.

“Still,”

I whined high in my throat, but stilled my hips. “Harry, Harry, Harry,”
“On your back,”
I scrambled to do just that, making him laugh. I moved to take the plug out, but he slapped my hand.
I whined again. “Harry!”
He hummed.
“Fuck me, right now.”
“What if I don’t want to?”
“That’s not funny.”
“Who said I was trying to be?”
“Fine then shove off and let someone else. You think you’re the only alpha around? I bet all I have
to do is walk downstairs and—”
His snarl echoed the room and he was immediately pinning me down. “Watch your tone.”
“Don’t fuck with me. I’m in heat, asshole. It’s not funny. It won’t be funny when I’m out of heat
either. But I will go downstairs and fuck someone else if I have to. Don’t. Push.”
“You belong to me. I get to decide how to push. You will not leave this suite. Got it or should I tie
you up from now on?”
“I don’t have to listen to you.” I mumbled.
He bit deep into my shoulder again, this time clamping down and shoving my hips against the
mattress.
“Harry! Fuck,” I squirmed.
“Bet you could cum just from this.”
“I could not!”
“Cum.”
“Fuck, fuck,” I came all over myself, his hands still holding me down. “Unfair. You used your alpha
voice.”
“You can’t cum without permission. Your body won’t let you. Not while you’re claimed.” He
hissed. “You don’t call the shots, alright?”
I nodded, squirming. “Please, please, I’m gonna die like this.”
“You’re not, baby.” He snorted, pulling out the plug. “Fuck,”
I could feel a terrifying amount of liquid trickle out. “God.”
“So slick, Christ.” He seemed in awe of the most disgusting thing I’ve ever done.
“Harry, please.”
“Two more and then I’ll knot you.”
I groaned. “Why does it matter how much I cum?”
“Because the more you cum, the clearer you’ll be when I knot you. I promise it’ll help.” He licked
his way up my thighs. "Taste so good, baby."
I preened at the compliment. "Harry, please,"
"Want one like this or—"
"No. Please, in me. Please," I begged. "I can't...Harry."
"Alright," he thrust into me at an earth shattering pace.
I couldn’t stop the stupid little feminine whines and breathy pants that made their way out of my
mouth.
He started to go deeper and harder, making my body shake.
“Please,”
“Cum for me, baby.”
“Fuck, Harry. Fuck.” I came between us again. “Knot me.”
“One more, Lou.”
“Can’t. Can’t.” I writhed under him. “Harry, just knot me.”
“One more, it’ll make you feel better.”
“No, please.”
He shoved down on my lower stomach and thrust up roughly. He continued to grind his hips,
making him rub up against my prostate. “Come on. You can do it. Last one. I promise. Then I’m
going to knot you. Give you what you want.”
“Harry,”
He pushed harder down on my stomach, thrusting roughly.
“FUCK,” I screamed, clawing at his back while I came again.
“Did so good, baby. I’m so proud of you.” Harry muttered, nuzzling my neck.
“I can’t. now. Please? Promised me.”
“Yeah, I know. It’s yours.”
“Need it,”
“So fucking pretty like this.” He growled, fucking into me harder until his knot popped.
I mewled, barely dropping anything into my gross, sticky pile.
Harry stroked my hair. “There we go. See, there it is.”
“You absolute ass.” I hissed. “Why are you being like this?”
“Because it gets you riled up and then you release it while you cum.” He sighed. “It’ll help settle everything. Makes your heat pass quicker. It’s like...pulling a rubber band as far as you can and then...pulling it further until it snaps.”
“What?”
“Fuck, I don’t know. Look, it’s in the books. One of us studied properly. One of us didn’t.”
“I don’t like it.”
“What?”
“I don’t like when you push like that.”
“I’m sorry. But being unprepared is so dangerous. I need to fuck this out of you as fast as I can.”
“I still don’t like it.”
“I’ll make it up to you when your heat is over. But you’re not going to like experiencing me in a rut.”
“I’ve seen you in a rut.”
“You’ve seen me unmated and at the beginning of a rut. You’ve never dealt with me.”
“Have you...spent them...”
“I spent them alone, Louis.”
“Is it bad that I’m relieved.”
He snorted. “No. It’s fine,”
I nuzzled into his neck. “How much longer of this?”
“Your heat?”
“Yeah,”
“At least another day.”
“At worst?”
“The rest of the week.”
I whined. “I’m not going to be able to cum anymore.”
“Doesn’t matter. Your body wants to be knotted and full.”
“Don’t worry your gorgeous little head.”
“Harry, I’m serious.”
“It’s been handled.”
“How?”
“You’ve got the flu, obviously. And I’m your best friend so I’m taking care of you.”
“And if I need a full week?”
“We’re all very close on the bus. We could all get the flu. All five of us.” He shrugged, kissing my forehead.
“You already sold the narrative?”
“I’m a good alpha,”
“I don’t know about all that.”
He licked my bonding scar until it healed. “I should warn you...the...possessive nature won’t change.”
“What does that mean?”
“It means rules,”
“Rules?! I’m older than you.”
He snarled at me. “I’m your alpha.”
“You stupid alpha voice is going to make me do things, isn’t it?”
“Yes, it is. Whether you like it or not.”
“Or not.” I grumbled.
“You want me to keep opening this bonding scar?” He asked.
“No.”
“Then chill out.”
“Listen, I’m twenty and thought I was a beta. We’re both going to have to get used to this.”
“Lou, look, I understand that. But for my rut, you’re going to have to just...submit. And I know you won’t want to. But God, you’re going to have to. I’m not...me in a rut. I could seriously hurt you if you don’t cooperate.”
“You’d never hurt me.”
“Louis, I’m not fucking around. You could seriously get hurt. I hurt Gemma because she came into my room. I nearly maimed her. My own sister. What do you think is going to happen when my mate won’t cooperate, hmm? I’m not going to care that you don’t like it. I’m just going to knot you until my alpha is fully satisfied with how full you are. Just like you do and say things when you’re in heat, I will do and say things because I’m in a rut.”
“What exactly is the goal of a rut?”
“You’re not going to like it.”
“Tell me.”
“Same as your heat.” He sighed. “Babies. Lots and lots of babies.”
I rolled my eyes. “I don’t want-”
“No. Your body. Your omega. It’s basic instinct.”
“Tell me more,”
“Your features will soften some.”
I raised an eyebrow.
“The more your omega hormones kick in, the softer you’ll look. It’s to your benefit. The sweeter you appear, the easier for you to manipulate Alphas.”
“So like...your alpha voice?”
“Yeah, except yours is visual. Mine is auditory.”
“Is there a reason for that?”
“You can’t turn your looks off. I can choose to use the voice. You need the upperhand more often than I do.”
“Fuck you!”
He rolled his eyes. “I can literally pin you down and force you to take my knot. Omegas need the advantage of their looks. Reminds us that you’re not to be tossed around.”
“Interesting,”
“You’ll learn how to play it up as you want to. That much I know you don’t need help on. You’re always manipulating me.” Harry put his forehead against mine. “Do you feel the difference?”
“What difference?”
“Of how it used to be then and now? With us?”
“I had a panic attack when I thought you’d left me. I definitely noticed.”
He sighed. “Yeah, I’ll be much more careful. Especially while you’re in heat. I overestimated your ability to sleep without me.”
I hummed. “What happens if you can’t find me?”
His grip tightened on my waist. “Let’s not have to even discuss that, okay?”
“Tell me,”
“I will literally rip people limb from limb if I can’t find you after a certain period of time. It’s not something I’d like to test.”
“So I curl into a ball and you hulk out? How’s that fair?!”
“The second you curled up like that, I showed up. Keeping you safe and happy are my two
“Did you know?”
“No? But yeah, I guess? I just felt this tug that something was wrong and I got worried so I went to check on you.”
“Weird.”
“No really. We’ve bonded. Our souls are tied. We’ve got some communication paths that aren’t verbal. You’ll get the hang of it.”
“Why can you do it?”
“Because I’ve claimed you. It’s just a perk of being an alpha.”
“Jerk.”
“I am buried in your ass, I think you’ll live.”
“Shut up.” I mumbled.
“I saw the girls give you the can of descensitizer.” He said, looking at me. “I was kind of keeping an eye on you the second I could smell it.”
“Why didn’t you do anything?”
“I thought you’d realize what was happening. And then there were Alphas set on you.” He growled.
“So you forced Niall to move and me to take your jacket.”
“Yeah. I couldn’t believe you weren’t getting out of there.”
“I didn’t know.”
“Everyone else did.”
“Comforting. Thanks.”
“I could smell it first, I think. Because I have always wanted you. But I just...I had to get you out. I could risk you getting hurt or claimed or both. I could just see someone hurting you and forcing you into a bond and never letting you tour or anything.”
“Am I supposed to believe this was all for my benefit?”
“No. But you’re supposed to know that I had to get you out of there. I couldn’t let anything happen to you.”
“Plus you needed to stake your alpha claim.”
“I wasn’t going to, honestly. I was going to pull out before knotting you and plug you up or something.”
“But?”
“But it became increasingly clear that you wouldn’t take no for an answer. And I could never knot you without mating you first.”
"Why not?"
"I'm not going to risk knocking you up when I can't take care of you."
"Just me?"
"Well, I didn't want anyone else. Never have. Never will." He thumbed over my scar.
"Lou's gonna kill you for how obvious it is."
"No, she's not. That mark keeps you safe. Makes it known that there will be hell to pay if you are messed with." he kissed me.
"Then why is Zayn's mark covered?"
"Because people think that he's a beta and he likes it that way."
"I could pass for a beta."
"I don't think so. People already thought your looks were too soft to be a beta. Your features are going to get softer. Zayn's softened some, but people have attributed the small difference to being around two alphas."
"But."
"Lou, you're pretty. You're only going to get prettier. It won't be easy to hide. If word hasn't gotten out already." he sighed. "Besides, I'm more worried about you than Liam is about Zayn."
"Why?"
"Because you're tiny. And while I love it because it lets me manhandle you, it means that other people can also manhandle you."
"I'm not tiny!" I snapped.

"I can cover your entire body with mine."

I groaned. "Fuck, you can."

He snorted. "I know, baby. That's why I've marked you up all nice."

I hummed.

"Think you can wear that proudly for me?" He asked, his voice low and his mouth at my neck.

"I...yeah, fuck."

"Thank you, love. So proud to call you mine. You're exceptionally gorgeous, even for an omega."

He ran a hand through my hair. "So lucky to have you as mine."

I flushed. "Stop."

"Can't. You're so fucking pretty. So perfect..."

"You can't say that. Not you. You're so...alpha."

"You've said that before."

"Well, you are."

"What does that even mean?"

I trailed my hands down his biceps. "Big, strong, demanding, and..." I cleared my throat. "Hot,"

"I'm glad you think so," he snorted.

"It's not fair. This is going to suck for me. I'm used to doing my own thing." I whined.

"It won't be as bad as you think."

"It will be. I have to take orders and follow rules and have security."

"And that's such a punishment?"

"It's just..." I played with the curls at the back of his neck. "I like doing whatever I want."

"Yeah, well, unfortunately, you'll still get your way more often than not." Harry rolled his eyes. "The fucking omega voice,"

"Omega voice?"

"Your musical voice and your fucking lovely, lovely laugh. The eyes also help. Manipulatively intense." he kissed me.

"Good. Because I like getting my way."

"Of course you do."

I nipped at his lip. "Gonna give me everything I want?"

"And more." He laughed.

I hummed. "I'm tired."

He carefully situated me, pulling me into his chest and encasing me in his arms. "Sleep, baby."

"I'm gonna leak."

"It's okay. I'll take care of you if you get uncomfortable later. But sleep for now."

"Don't be gone when I wake up?"

"I'll be here."
Chapter 2

Harry's POV

"I want a shower." Louis complained.
"Yeah?" I asked, looking at him.
"I'm leaking, asshole."
"I'll run you a bath."
"You fucking better."
"Hey," I looked at him.
"What?"
"I love you." I kissed him.
"Cute. Now run me a bath."
"Alright, I'm going." I snorted, getting up and going into the bathroom. I drew him a bath and hummed, putting in some of the lavender salt in there. I checked the temperature one last time before going back into the room. "It's ready, come on."
He whined, giving me big eyes.
"I'll carry you." I rolled my eyes, scooping him up.
He smirked. "You're right. I am getting my way, I might actually get it more now."
"You might." I agreed, putting him carefully in the tub.
"It smells so fucking good." He sighed.
I smiled. "Thought you'd like that." I folded up a towel and put it within reach of the tub. "So you can just call for me when you want out or if you want to get out on your own."
"What?!"
I raised an eyebrow. "What?"
"Harry," his whine was high pitched and he looked at me like I was betraying him. "Stay with me," "You do know that you could've just asked me to stay and I would have, right?" I shook my head.
"I'm testing the voice thing."
"It won't work on everything."
"We'll see."
"Try to leave the penthouse." I muttered, getting in the bath behind him. I grabbed the wash cloth, slathered it with soap and scrubbed the dry cum off of his stomach.
"Harry!" he hissed.
"Shhh, love. This is probably going to be the easy part."
"You are not going anywhere near my asshole." He snapped.
"Shhh, love."
"What?! No. You aren't touching my ass."
"Relax," I growled.
He whined, but went pliant against me.
I licked at his mark and brought my fingers to his hole.
"No, come on. It's going to hurt." He squirmed.
"Not if you relax." I sighed, wrapping my free arm around his waist and digging my teeth into his shoulder.
He whined and basically melted into my hold.
I pushed two fingers in him and he yelped, but stayed pliant with my teeth in his mark. "It's okay, shhh."
His body shook as I thrust my fingers in and out of him. His thighs quivered. "Harry, need to..." I let go of my hold on his neck. "Go ahead, cum for me."
He leaned his head on my shoulder and arched his back as he came. He whined about sensitivity and I made quick work of cleaning him out.
"Done, all done." I whispered, soothing the mark with my tongue. "You're fine,"
"I'm not. I'm gonna die. My ass hurts."
I licked at his neck and hummed. "Let me wash your hair and then you can sleep for hours."
"No, after this you better fucking feed me."
"I can do that."
"You fucking better."
"Mhmm," I rolled my eyes.
"Then you can take me downstairs to see the boys."
"Harry!"
"What did I say?"
"I'm not in heat. You can't just-"
"Fucking watch me." I snarled. "Not today."
"But."
"Louis, no. I said no."
"Why?"
"Because."
"That's not a proper answer."
"I don't have to have a proper answer." I snapped, grabbing the cup from beside the tub. "Close your
eyes."
"No."
"Fine," I poured the water over his head.
"HEY!" He hissed.
"I told you to close your eyes," I grabbed the shampoo and scrubbed his scalp carefully.
"Why?"
"Why what?"
"Why can't I see them? The boys?"
"Because you reek of your heat. You can see them tomorrow. It's dangerous for you to go
downstairs."
"Could they come up? Niall's a beta...Liam's mated."
"I'll think about it."
He sighed heavily. "Please?"
"Wow, say that without trying to sound like it's hurting you."
"I don't like having to ask for your permission. Sue me."
"Well, get used to it."
He huffed.
"It's for your safety, Louis. Don't be such a bitch about this. I'm going to keep you safe whether you
like it or not." I put my hand over his eyes and poured more water over his head. I repeated the
action until he had no soap left in his hair. I wiped the excess water off his forehead and started to
wash my own hair, quick and rough.
"Why do you hate me?"
"Don't."
"It's a fair question."
"No, it isn't. If I hated you, I'd let you go downstairs."
"What aren't you telling me?"
I sighed. "Lou,"
"Harry,"
"Let's get out of the tub first."
"Why?"
"I want to have this conversation face to face." I got up and pulled him to his feet by his armpits.
"Here," I wrapped him in a fluffy towel and dried him off carefully.
"We're face to face. Tell me."
“You’re a weakness.” I put him on the bed.
“I’m WHAT?”
“Not like that.” I rolled my eyes. “You’re my weakness. Do you know what I would do to get you back if it came down to it?”
“Empty your bank account?”
“This isn’t a joke.” I snapped. “If someone took you from me I would do anything to get you back. I’d kill people, Louis. Fuck, I’d give them my money. I’d give them the boys if they asked. You are vulnerable right now. We’re vulnerable. We need to get used to this before we go pushing boundaries.”
“No one has to know-”
“Louis, they already know.”
“What?!”
“They could smell it on you.” I shoved him up against the wall. “It’s already out. They already know.”
“You said-”
“Our official statement is that you had the flu.”
“But no one believes it?”
I nodded, grabbing a towel and wiping myself off. “Look, I’m not saying I’m forcing you to hole up here forever. I just...I just need you to stay safe up here until Paul can hire more security.”
“How long will that be?”
“They should be here and in place by tomorrow morning.”
“And then?”
“Then we can do whatever you want. Up until the show.”
“Whatever I want?”
“As long as you stay with me and you allow your security team to tag along.”
He huffed. “Then what’s the point?”
I sighed. “It’s not going to be as bad as you think.”
“Says you!”
I pulled on a pair of boxers. “Look, we’ll do a test run tomorrow. Okay? Then we’ll adjust accordingly.”
“And what does that mean?”
“It means we can add or get rid of guards as we see fit.”
“We?”
“Yes, we.” I stretched out and headed for the door.
“Where are you going?”
“You wanted food. I’m going to cook.”
He made grabby hands at me.
“You want to come?”
“Yeah,”
“Naked?”
“Can I have one of your sweatshirts?”
“Which one?”
“Your Packers one.”
“Really? I thought you hated that thing.”
“It’s your favorite.”
I laughed. “Boxers?”
“Please,”
I handed him my sweatshirt and a pair of his boxers.
He slipped them on and made grabby hands again.
“You can walk.”
“Please?”
“Are you going to be nice?”
“I’m still me.”
I sighed, scooping him up and carrying him out to the kitchen. “Where?”
“Can I sit on the counter?”
I deposited him on the counter and handed him a water.
“Can I have-”
“Drink that and I’ll let you drink whatever you want without protest.”
“Done.” I rifled through the kitchen and found some pasta. “You need some carbs. You haven’t
eaten properly in days.” I found chicken in the fridge.
“Chicken and pasta?”
“You need carbs and protein.”
“I don’t need protein. I love carbs.”
“Yeah, I know. But I’m the one who f**ks you. I know what you need. Unless you want a saggy
ass.”
“You’re the worst.” Louis frowned.
I snorted.
“Can the boys please come up?”
“Why do you want them to?”
“Because I want to see how different things are going to be before the world is watching us interact.”
I looked up to see him playing with his hands. “Alright, sure. But you’re going to eat whatever I
cook. Deal?”
“Deal.” He agreed.
“Text Liam.” I handed his phone to him.
“Why did you-”
“I knew you’d want it.” I shrugged.
He hummed, typing away. “Ugh. He said he’s not doing anything until you tell him I’m not lying.”
I took the phone and dialed Liam.
“Louis, I’m not fucking around. You-”
“Liam, it’s me.” I smirked. “We’d like you to come up.”
“And you’re okay with this?”
“Yeah, just...don’t get touchy with him. I’m not sure how well that’ll go over.”
“So what’s the plan?”
“We want a test run.”
“You keep saying we.”
“It is we.”
“Sure it is,”
“Just come up. I’ll buzz you in.”
“Okay, all of us?”
“You, Zayn, and Niall.” I looked at Louis. “I want it abundantly clear that-”
“We’re not going to hurt him, Harry.”
I hung up and handed Louis his phone. “You want anything else for clothes or are you okay like
this?”
“Could you like...put on a T-shirt? It’s...distracting.”
“If you’d like me to,”
“Um, please,”
“Don’t get off the counter.” I pointed to him and then went to grab a shirt.
“The elevator is buzzing.”
“Stay on the counter!” I yelled, pulling on a shirt and walking out.
Louis was swinging his legs from his spot on the counter.
“Thank you,” I kissed him on the forehead and went over to the elevator. I looked at the camera and
buzzed the boys in.
“It’s about damn time, Styles.” Liam laughed.
“I’m trying to cook.”
“Yeah, where’s your boy?”
“On the counter.” I hummed.
“And if I’m not?”
“Lou,” I hissed, going back to the kitchen.
“I’m kidding,” He smiled, waving an empty water bottle in my face. “Alcohol now, please,”
“Beer or wine?”
“Anything harder?”
“I don’t think there’s anything harder in here. Paul stocked it and we’ve got a show tomorrow.” I
looked in the freezer and the cabinets. “Beer or wine?”
“Beer,”
I pulled one from the fridge and cracked it open on the counter before handing it over to him.
“Thanks,”
“Mhmm,”
“It smells like sex.” Liam noted.
“What did you think we were doing up here, baking cookies?” I raised an eyebrow.
“Oh my God. Cookies.” Louis groaned.
“After we eat,” I kissed his cheek and went back to cooking.
“How’s the mark?” Zayn asked, walking over to Louis.
“Haven’t looked at it.”
“Let’s see it then,”
“Ha?”
“It’s your body, love.” I hummed.
“Yeah, but he’s your mate.” Liam snorted, walking up.
“No shit,”
Liam stopped and took two steps back. “I won’t hurt him.”
“I know. I’m just...”
Zayn tugged down the shoulder of his shirt a bit to show his mark.
“Right. Right. I know. Fuck. Why is this so hard? My brain knows that it’s safe.” I sighed. “But it’s
also just chanting-”
I nodded. “Right, okay,” I put the chicken in the oven and the pasta on the stove. I turned to find
Louis with the shoulder of my hoodie pushed down. I ran my thumb over his mark. “Looks good on
you,”
“Shut up,” he snorted.
“It’s healed nicely.”
“Yeah, despite being open every thirty seconds,” Louis rolled his eyes.
“Get used to it. They love it. It’s like a chew toy or something.” Zayn shook his head.
I smirked. “I like what happens when I bite into it.”
“What happens?” Niall asked.
“Wouldn’t you like to know,” I grinned, putting my forehead against Louis’. “God. I will never get
tired of being near you.”
“That won’t wear off. Except when you fight.” Liam frowned.
“Great.” I groaned. “So I should enjoy this while it lasts.”
“What’s that supposed to mean?” Louis pouted.
“It means that you’re stubborn.”
“Hey! I resent that. I’m not stubborn.”
I gripped his thighs and yanked him to the edge of the counter, eliciting a gasp. I licked into his
mouth and he made a pleased sound in the back of his throat. I pulled away to check the food and he
sipped his beer.
“Like that part a lot. And the sex. Holy shit, Zayn.” Louis smirked.
“I know, it’s incredible.”
“God,” he groaned. “If I die young, I want to go after the mindblowing sex.”

“Louis, you’ve only had sex in heat. Wait until you do it just to do it. No restrictions, no time limits. No need to immediately be knotted. You can do more than just lie there and take it.” Zayn leaned against Liam. “Ruts are the best and the worst all at once. Just...don’t argue with them. Cuz they’ll shove you face down and fuck you into oblivion. And just go with it when they want to knock you up. Because they’ll only fuck you harder if you say that you don’t want their kid.”

“The whole point of a rut is to knock up your mate.” Liam and I said together.

“Oh, Zayn, do you have any of your books? Someone didn’t study up and now he’s unprepared.”

“Family full of Betas.” Louis grumbled. “Plus most Omegas present at sixteen not twenty.”

“My little late bloomer,” I teased.

“Fuck off.”

“Never,” I hummed.

“They’re on the bus. Louis can have them.” Zayn shrugged.

“You brought them on tour?” Louis asked.

“I honestly thought you’d present as an omega. I’ve carried them on every tour just in case.”

“And you didn’t bother to say anything?!” Louis hissed.

“I didn’t know you well enough. And then you didn’t.”

“You should have fucking told me!” Louis jumped off the counter and immediately swayed. “Fuck,”

I grabbed him by the waist and pulled him to me. “You’re supposed to be resting up, Lou.” I picked him up and put him back on the counter. “You’ll feel better when you’ve eaten.”

“I’m gonna—”

“Enough.”

Louis glared at me, but stopped trying to get off the counter. He picked up the empty beer bottle and hesitated.

“You really want to test me?” I raised an eyebrow.

He glanced at Zayn, then the bottle, then me. “Kind of.”

“Go ahead. See what happens when you do.” I snarled.

He put the bottle down. “You saying that means you have a plan. Which is bad.”

“Mhmm.” I took the chicken out. “I’m not going to let you undermine my status.”

“The status thing is stupid.” He grumbled. “I don’t like it.”

“That’s because you’re at the bottom.”

He snarled at me and I pinned him against the cabinets.

“Want to try that again?”

He hesitated, but apparently decided it was worth it because he snarled at me again.

“I could do a few things here, couldn’t I? I could order you to keep still and quiet until I tell you otherwise. I could make you crawl around on all fours. Of course, those are immediate. I could edge you and not let you cum for twenty four hours. I could keep you locked up in this suite until the concert.” I hummed. “I could make you leak slick in front of the boys.”

His breathing hitched. “Harry,”

“What do you think?”

“I...” He cleared his throat. “I um...”

“Eloquent.” I rolled my eyes, moving away from him. “Zayn, you mind giving him the lowdown on the omega stuff? You know just the general stuff.”

“Yeah, I can do that.”

“Thanks,” I hummed. I could feel Louis’ eyes on me while I cut up the chicken and made two plates.

“Anyone else hungry? Niall?”

“Yes, God.” Niall came over to me.

“Get as much as you want. I’ve made enough.” I turned to Louis, who was still watching me.

“Couch or counter?”

“Um, couch?”

“You think you can walk?”

“I don’t know...”
“Do you want to try?”
“Um, yeah? Is that...”
“Go on,”
He slid off the counter, looking at me.
“What?”
“You’re making me nervous.” He snapped.
I snorted. “Fine.” I walked into the living room and put both our plates on the coffee table. I returned to see that he hadn’t moved from his spot, clutching the counter. “Would you like some help?”
“No.”
“Okay, hurry up. Your food is gonna be cold.” I moved to walk out of the kitchen when he whined.
“What?”
“Help me.”
“You just said that you didn’t want my help.” I crossed my arms.
“Well, I didn’t. But I’ve re-evaluated my situation and it is very likely that I will fall on the floor if I let go of this counter.”
Liam pulled Zayn into his lap and Niall sat on the floor between us.
“Couples. Gross.”
“Wasn’t my choice,” Louis grumbled.
“I can break the bond if that’s what you want.”
The other boys froze, looking at me.
“What? I can.”
“I didn’t mean it like that.”
“Sure,” I shifted Louis off of my lap to sit between me and Liam.
Louis sighed.
I handed the tv remote to Niall, who immediately turned it on.
“I think there’s a horror movie marathon.” He clicked through various channels until he found it.
“Hazza, God. I fucking love you.” He groaned, shoving food into his mouth.
I snorted. “Glad you like it.”
We settled into an easy chat while Zayn and Louis exchanged glances.
Liam chimed in occasionally, but was content to wrap himself around Zayn.
When Louis finished his food, I took both our plates to the kitchen and put them in the dishwasher. I brought out two waters and three beers, setting them on the coffee table.
“I’m assuming one of the waters is for me.” Louis rolled his eyes.
“No, one is for me and one is for Liam. He doesn’t like to drink at all the day before a show.”
He hesitated to grab a beer, but I sat back and took a sip of my water.
“Thanks, Hazza.” Liam grabbed the water.
“Cheers,” Niall looked at me, grabbing a beer.
“Louis, can I talk to you? In the kitchen?” Zayn stood up.
“I’m actually going to go take a shower so you guys can talk wherever you’d like.”
Louis sat up. “But...”
I got up and put my water on the counter before heading to the bathroom. I took a long hot shower and took the time to actually wash my hair. I got out and pulled on some clean clothes before going back to the living room.
“That was a long shower.” Louis mumbled, watching me.
“I needed to properly wash my hair.” I shrugged, sitting down in my spot again.
“Haz,”
“What?”
He chewed on his lip.
“Uh, we should be leaving. Come on, Niall.” Liam stood up, Zayn with him.
“Yeah, right,” Niall got up.
“You don’t have to go,” I snorted.
“Yeah, we do.” Liam pulled Zayn and Niall along. “We’ll see you tomorrow.”
“Did Paul make that appointment?”
“Yeah,”
“What appointment?” Louis asked.
“Doctor’s appointment. That way you can decide what you want to do for suppressants and if you want birth control.” I shrugged.
The boys went downstairs.
“Haz?”
“Hmm?”
“Are you mad?”
“Look, either you want the bond or you don’t. If you hadn’t said you wanted it, I wouldn’t have given it to you, okay?”
“I was in heat. I didn’t know what I was saying.”
“Then I’ll break it and we’ll be done.” I grabbed a knife from the kitchen. “I’ve just got to bleed on it.”
“No. Don’t you dare bleed on my mark.”
“You just said—”
“I said that I was in heat and I didn’t know what I wanted. I never said I didn’t want it.” He snapped.
“Put that knife down. Please.”
“Why should I? Everything I do, you push and you push.”
“I’m sorry. I’m working on it. But this is a lot for me. My brain says I’m a beta and my body says I’m an omega. But I will make your life a living hell if you try to break this bond. It’s mine. Well, it’s ours. But it’s mine. I want it. I want this. I want you.”
I rolled my eyes. “I don’t want you to bullshit me.”
“Put that knife down. Please.”
“I said that I was in heat and I didn’t know what I wanted. I never said I didn’t want it.” He snapped.
“Put that knife down. Please.”
“Why should I? Everything I do, you push and you push.”
“I’m sorry. I’m working on it. But this is a lot for me. My brain says I’m a beta and my body says I’m an omega. But I will make your life a living hell if you try to break this bond. It’s mine. Well, it’s ours. But it’s mine. I want it. I want this. I want you.”
I raised an eyebrow.
“If you try to break our bond, I’ll actually hurt you.”
He made grabby hands at me.
I went over to him and he wrapped his arms around my neck. I picked him up and carried him to the bedroom.
“Can we still do whatever I want after the appointment?”
“Yeah,”
“I wanna...um...” he flushed. “Explore?”
“Explore what?”
“Um.” He cleared his throat. “Why is this so hard?!”
“Just say it.”
“I want you to fuck me. But like. Nice.”
I laughed. “What does that even mean? Come on, just say it.”
“Make love to me, you curly haired cunt.” He huffed.
“You know, we’re supposed to be in love to make love.”
His face turned bright red. “I know.”
“What a declaration of love.” I snorted.
He yanked me forward and sat up to kiss me.
I hummed and pulled away, earning a whine from him.
“Come back,”
“You want to kiss?”
“Yeah,”
I kissed him, earning a happy sigh.
“I love you,” He whispered against my mouth.
I used the opportunity to lick into his mouth, gently pushing him onto his back. He pushed on my chest.

“What’s wrong?”

Louis frowned. “Are you going to say it back?”

“I said it first.”

“I was in heat. That doesn’t count.”

“Says who?”

“Says me! It’s not fair. I can’t even remember you saying it. I was high off of hormones and alpha smell.”

I tossed my clothes off to the side of the bed. “Love you so much. Love you so much that I marked you. I claimed you.” I mouthed at his neck.

He preened under the attention. “Make love to me, oh God. Right now. Please,”

I snorted. “Slow down,”

“Want you,” he pulled my sweatshirt over his head. “I’m keeping that, by the way,” he hummed, kissing me.

“Mhmm,” I licked into his mouth. “It’s yours then,”

“But I only want it when it smells like you.”

“Alright,” I laughed, pulling his mouth back to mine and fucking his mouth with my tongue.

He whimpered, spreading his legs. “Fuck, I can feel it.”

“I’m in heat,” he moaned.

I nipped his mark and sucked hickey down his chest. I sucked one of his nipples into my mouth and he squirmed.

“Oh my God,”

I switched to the other nipple and he mewedled.

“Fuck, please,” he whined.

I licked my way down to his pelvic bone. “I wonder if you’ll taste differently.”

“What?”

I licked into his hole, groaning.

“Harry, fuck fuck fuck.”

“You taste amazing.” I dove back into him, making him arch obscenely off the bed. He mumbled a soft “ah” before he started quivering. “Alpha, Alpha, fuck, please,”

I sucked a bruise into his thigh. “Alright, alright,” I shoved my tongue into his mouth and he whimpered quietly. “Taste yourself on my tongue?”

“Harry,” he moaned.

I slowly pushed into him and he clawed at my back.

“Claim me. While I’m not in heat. While we’re both clear headed. While you make love to me.”

I looked at him and we locked eyes. I leaned forward and bit deep into his bonding wound. He screamed out my name and came between us.

I thrust in and out of him a few times before letting go of my hold on his neck.

He met me halfway on my thrusts. “My alpha. Mine. Fuck,”

“Yours,” I agreed.

“And I’m yours. Your omega. Yours to take care of. Yours to fuck. Yours to fill with your babies.”

My hips stuttered a bit at the thought.

“Yeah? You like that, don’t you? Me full of your pups.”

“Fuck, you’re gonna look so good. Our pups in your tiny body.”

He hummed, pulling my hand to rest on his stomach.

“You’re so small, fuck. Can feel myself fucking you. And you’re just taking it, aren’t you?”
“Yeah, fuck, love it.”
“You look wrecked.” I muttered, fucking him harder.
“Fuck, I bet I do.” He groaned.
I hitched his hips up to get a better angle and he breathed out a soft “Daddy”. “You like that, angel? Like how daddy fucks your tight little hole?”
He whimpered and nodded.
“Cum for daddy,” I said quietly.
He writhed under me, cumming hard between us. “Knot me,” he panted. “Please,”
I watched him still me meet me thrust for thrust and lost it. “Fuck, shit,” I pressed in until our bodies locked together.
“Oh my God, why haven’t we been doing this always?!?” He panted. “I think I saw God.”
I snorted. “We going to talk about it?”
“The excellent dicking that I got? Sure. I probably won’t walk for a week, but it was definitely worth it.”
“You know what I meant.”
“Do we have to?”
“Yes,”
He covered his face with his hands. “Look, it just slipped.”
“I’m not mad. I’m not weirded out. I just want to know.”
“Know what?”
“Why you want it. It’ll help me cater to you if I know.”
“I just...do we have to do this right now?”
“Yes, Louis. Now,”
“Alright. Fine. But you already know why.”
“Then show me your pretty face and say it.” I pulled his hands away. “There it is.”
“I didn’t have a dad. I didn’t even really get to be a kid. It was always me taking care of my sisters. I don’t know. I just...felt safe. And happy. And cared for.”
I kissed him. “I’m glad,”
“Is that okay?”
“Didn’t stop me, did it?”
“Well, no, but—”
I flicked my tongue into his mouth. “It’s okay. It’s good. I’m glad you feel safe and happy and kept.”
“You called me angel.”
“You’ve called me worse.” I ran a hand through my hair. “Didn’t you call me a curly haired cunt like...as you were asking me to fuck you?”
“You were being rude! And I asked you to make love to me, twat.”
“Jesus,” I rolled my eyes.
“But you called me angel.”
“So?”
“So, you called me angel.”
“And?”
“And why?”
“What?”
“Why did you call me angel?”
“Because you’re fucking gorgeous and you glow.” I nuzzled his neck.
He whined. “Fuck, I can’t go again yet. I need more time. I’m not in heat.”
“I’m just scenting you.”
“I want your knot in me all the time.” He sighed. “It’s nice, means you can’t go anywhere.”
“Like I would even want to.” I licked the mark and hummed. “I’m going to pull out now, okay?”
“Okay,”
I pulled out and he whined at the loss. I moved between his legs and groaned. “Fuck, Lou,”
“Wait, wait,”
I ignored him, licking at his rim.

“Ah,”

I pushed my tongue past his rim and he squirmed. I put a hand on his stomach, stilling him while I licked at his walls relentlessly.

His whines got higher and his moans more breathy.

I fucked him with my tongue and his thighs quivered around me.

His fingers tangled in my hair and tugged. “I, fuck, please,”

I slowed down, licking carefully at his walls.

“No, no, no, fuck. Daddy, daddy, please. Please, Daddy,”

“What is it, baby?”

“Daddy, please,”

“Ask for what you want, angel.” I looked up at him before nipping at his rim.

He mewled. “Daddy, please, can I come? Please? Daddy, please,”

I hummed in agreement and fucked him harder with my tongue until he screamed and came.

“I’m gonna die from this. And I’m honestly okay with it.” He panted.

I moved up and kissed him, thrusting my tongue into his mouth. “Taste that? You and me?”

He moaned into my mouth. “Fuck, how do you have all this stamina?”

“I just look at you.”

He smacked my chest. “Fuck off,”

“Want me to?”

“No, God, I can’t. Tomorrow,”

“Whatever you want.” I rolled off the bed for a wash cloth.

“Harry!”

“I’ll be right there,”

He whined, louder.

“I said I’d be right there,”

He whined even louder.

“Louis, stop.”

He quieted and I returned to him.

“I have to clean you up,” I scrubbed the drying cum off of his stomach.

“No leaving.”

“It was going to dry on you.”

“Don’t care. No leaving the bed after sex.”

“Is that a demand?”

He whined, looking at me. “Please, I hate it when you leave. Don’t you want your omega to be happy? Safe?”

“Alright, damn, you’re learning rather fast.” I kissed him.

“Hate when you leave me alone,”

“I was in the bathroom.”

“Alone,” he whined, tugging at my hair.

“I said alright, Lou. Jesus.”

“I have to make sure I get my way somehow.” He grinned.

I licked into his mouth. “Knew you’d get the hang of it.”

“Can I make rules?”

“Depends on what you want.”

“No omegas,”

“What does that mean?”

“No omegas.”

“So no Zayn? Restrictions on fans?”

“Zayn’s okay,”

“Louis, we can’t restrict our fans.”

“But I don’t want them touching you.” He complained. “My alpha,”
“You’ll be with me, won’t be alone. It’ll be okay. We smell like each other. Won’t let anyone get too close.”
“Promise?”
“Promise. You’ll be with me. The whole time, okay? Someone gets too friendly, we’ll take care of it.” I kissed his forehead and pulled him into me.
“Mine,” he muttered, snuggling into my chest.
“Relax, angel,”

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Louis squirmed on top of the examination table. “I don’t like this,”
“I know, but you need to have this done. Properly. Before we hit the road again.” I ran a hand through his hair.
“All right, Tomlinson?” The doctor came into the room.
“Yes,” Louis answered.
“First things first, let’s see that bonding scar.” He looked at me. “Is that alright?”
I nodded. “Lou,”
He pulled the shoulder of my shirt down, exposing the scar. “Wow, that is... impressive. It’s healed nicely.”
“I think so.”
“All right, this part is the uncomfortable one.” The doctor looked between us. “I’m going to need you to take off your pants and boxers for this.”
“Why?” Louis asked.
“It’s like a vaginal ultrasound. But you know...”
“In my ass.”
“Yes,”
He huffed, but did as he was told. “I’m assuming this means Alphas get like rods up their dicks or something. Otherwise this is unfair.”
I laughed. “It’s alright, baby.” I moved to be closer to him.
“It’ll help if you self lubricate.”
“I can’t do that on command.”
I flicked my tongue into his mouth and he spread his legs a little. “Gonna be a good boy for daddy? Get nice and slick,” I whispered in his ear.
He pulled me closer and sighed.
“And one, two, and...”
Louis squeaked against my mouth. “Jesus, what the fuck.”
“It hurts if you see it coming, typically. Especially since you’re fresh from mating.” The doctor looked at him.
“Warn a guy,” he mumbled.
“You’re alright,” I kissed his forehead.
“This fucking sucks. Why the hell didn’t I present until twenty?”
“Well, you’re sort of small. And I’m assuming your mate here recently presented. The more time you spent around him, the more your body started to respond. I’m going to go ahead and assume you two have always been close.”
I snorted. “Close is a word for it.”
“You are definitely not pregnant so that’s a good start.” The doctor put away his instruments.
Louis hummed, pulling his clothes back on.
“Now, we are going to talk you through some options and go from there.”
“Birth control is necessary. Definitely want the suppressants. I want to know when I’m going into heat before it happens.”
The doctor looked at me.
I nodded. “If that’s what he wants.”
“Is there a way to sync us?” Louis asked. “My heat with your rut.”
“Yes, but that isn’t going to happen.” I shook my head. “That’s like begging for a baby. We’re not ready for that.”
“Oh, what about with Zayn’s heat? So that way we’re postponing and cancelling less shows?”
“I can do that. I just need to know when that is.” The doctor glanced at me.
I pulled out my phone. “He’s on a three month cycle. He’s due in about a month and a half.”
“So...” the Doctor pulled out some pills and rearranged a few thing before holding up a set. “Don’t take these white ones.” He held up a different set of pills. “Take these instead. They’ll postpone your heat. Then you’ll go normally. It’ll set you into the same cycle as your friend.”
“And then?”
“Every three months.”
“Okay.”
“That’s the suppressants. You need to take this,” he held up a bottle of pills. “This is the birth control. You have to take this every single day.”
Louis nodded.
“Alright,” the Doctor looked at me. “How about you? How are you holding up?”
I shrugged. “You know.”
“I don’t.”
“I’m just adjusting.”
“You should be careful with your mate for a bit. Your hormone levels are adjusting and at some point, he’ll be drunk on them.”
I nodded. “I’ll look out for that.”
“You’ll want to keep him close. He still smells like his heat.”
“Yeah, I noticed.”
“And just...there’s nothing like knotting your mate when you’re in a rut. Literally there’s nothing else like it. Try to be careful, as careful as you can.”
I chewed on my lip. “Maybe I shouldn’t spend this next one with him.”
“If you can work together, it shouldn’t be a problem.” The doctor pointed to Louis. “I’m going to go ahead and tell you, the more obedient and soft you can act, the easier it will go. He will throw you around if he has to.”
“Speaking from experience?” I raised an eyebrow.
He pulled back his collar to show a mark. “I don’t like being told what to do. But ruts are different. You really have to suck it up and just be the omega. You’ve got to play along.”
“And do what exactly?”
“Lie back and let him fuck you. Be soft, tell him your his, the whole nine yards.” The doctor snorted.
“I tried to push and I got a few broken bones as a reward.”
I grimaced.
“I can be soft.”
“Lou,”
“Come on. I can do this. I can follow orders. I don’t want to, but I’m not being absent for your rut.”
“Paps,”
“It’s okay. Act normal,”
He nodded and stood straighter before walking out the door with me on his tail.
“What’s it like being the band’s bitch?”
“I wouldn’t know.” He snapped.
“Mated already? Bet you’d fuck anything, wouldn’t you? Who’s the poor sap that has to watch you flirt with your band members?” A guy tried to shove him a bit. “Or is he smart enough to not let you whore around on a tour bus?”
“Enough,” I yanked Louis to my chest. “I don’t understand why you think you have the right to talk to him like that. You’re nothing. You’re not even gum on the bottom of his shoe. He’s an adult and he has a career. That won’t be taken from him. Security has been adjusted, but everything else
remains the same.” I looked around. “Anyone else?”
Louis tucked himself into my side while we walked through the mess or paps.
We got to the hotel and he didn’t move from my side until we were in the penthouse.
“Need your jumper.” He tugged on my sleeve. “Please,”
“I thought you liked my packers jumper?”
“I do, but this on smells like you right now so I need your jumper.”
“For in the penthouse?”
“You’re right.” He nodded. “Can I have it when we leave?”
“Sure, can I ask why you want a jumper that smells like me?”
“It makes me feel safe.”
“Okay,” I kissed his forehead. “You want to catch a kip before we leave for the sound check?”
“How long do we have?”
“About two hours.”
“Then yeah, I think so.”
I nodded and headed for the kitchen.
“Harry,”
“What?”
“You gotta come with me.”
I looked at him, watching him fidget. “I’m just gonna get two waters for when we get up.” I grabbed them and pulled him to the bedroom with me. “You want-”
“The packers one,”
I handed it over and he shrugged out of his jeans and T-shirt to pull it on.
“What about you?”
“I’ll stay like this.” I shrugged, climbing onto the bed. “It’ll remind me to keep things PG.”
“I finally get the nesting thing.” He sighed, crawling up next to me.
“Yeah?”
“Yeah, it’s like...the smell, your scent, it’s comforting.”
“Mmm. Just ask me before you rip one of my shirts up for your nest.”
“Zayn?”
“Mhmm. Liam’s Batman shirt,”
“That’s where that went.”
“Yep,” I wrapped my arms around him. “Sleep,”
Chapter 3

Louis’ POV

“Harry,” I made grabby hands at him.
“In a second,” he laughed. “Clothes first.”
I pulled my jeans back on and then my T-shirt. “Now can I have it?”
“Sure,” he pulled his jumper over his head and handed it to me.
“Thank you,” I pulled it on and sighed happily.
“Better?”
“Yes,” I hummed. “Can you wear the packers one?”
“So we’re cycling my clothes?” He pulled the jumper on.
“Yes. They’re no good to me if they don’t smell like you.”
He snorted. “Alright,”
“Hey, Haz?”
“Hmm?”
“I love you.”
“I love you, pixie.” He smirked, kissing my forehead. “Ready?”
“I take it back. I hate you.”
He rolled his eyes and dragged me out the door.
“Are you really mates? Is this some sort of show?” Someone shoved a mic in my face. “How many Alphas have you let fuck you?”
“Jesus Christ, just the one I mated with.”
“You don’t really expect us to believe that, do you? We don’t even know that you’re really together.”
Harry spun me around and licked into my mouth immediately.
I melted into him, clutching my fingers in his packers hoodie.
He fucked my mouth with his tongue until I whimpered. “You alright, baby?”
“Yeah,” I breathed, panting.
He kissed my forehead and pulled me along to the stadium.
“Hey, Lou, you alright?” Zayn came over to me the second the door closed. “They were yelling some pretty nasty shit after you guys kissed.”
I hummed. “Didn’t hear it.”
“He fucked your mouth with his tongue?”
I flushed. “Yeah,”
Harry put his hands on my hips and leaned in to whisper to me. “Daddy’s so proud of you, baby. Handled that so well. So proud of you.” He kissed my cheek.
I preened at the compliment.
“Come do a soundcheck, love.”
"Want you," I stood on my toes to kiss him.
"Behave for me then," he walked away to his mic stand.
I frowned. Unfair.
I tried to keep soundcheck as normal as possible, messing with Liam and Niall while filling buckets with water for later. I followed Harry to our dressing room, trying to pull him to me when the door closed.
"I thought I told you to behave."
I whined.
"Stop,"
"What did I do?"
He stepped closer to me. "Not before a show, Lou. Can't have you limping."
I sighed. "Fine, but after?"
"If you behave."
I was keeping up the usual antics of the concert, throwing water at the fans and bothering the other boys. I ran over and sat next to Liam while the boys messed around. I leaned over to ask Liam a question at the exact moment that he turned to look at me, our lips touching for a second. I pulled away immediately and tried to laugh it off, but Harry snarled so I scrambled to get up and stand behind him. I gripped at the back of his shirt while he sang and started to get nervous when I realized how raspy his voice was.
I'm fucked. I'm so fucked.
He finished his solo and Niall took over, but he didn't turn to look at me. He didn't even move. "Harry," I moved to look at him. "It was an accident."
He snarled at me. "Pay attention before you miss your cue."
I whimpered, but nodded, trying to focus on the words that Niall was saying. I glanced at Zayn who was glaring at me. I started to go towards him, but Harry gripped my arm. "But Zayn-"
"Louis fucking Tomlinson, don't move and pay attention."
I stayed put and sang my parts when they came up.
When the concert was over, Zayn came straight for me.
"I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to."
Zayn raised his hand to hit me, but Harry grabbed him first. "He-"
"I'll handle it." He grabbed my waist and yanked me into our dressing room.
"It was an accident. I didn't mean to. I was going to ask him about the pyrotechnics and-"
"Tell me who you smell like."
"What?"
"Tell me."
I sniffed my shirt and looked at the floor.
"Louis."
"Liam. I smell like Liam." I said quietly.
"Yeah, you do. Now tell me who your alpha is."
"You're my alpha."
"Am I? You sure? Doesn't smell like it, does it?" He snarled at me.
I whimpered. "I was just trying to be normal."
"Things are different now. Do you not get that?" he shoved me up against the wall.
"I do. I just thought concert wise...you know?"
"No, I don't know, Louis. Why don't you tell me?"
"I...um..." I chewed on my lip and looked at the floor. "I...I'm sorry."
He moved away from me completely. "If you're not careful, Zayn will scratch your eyes right out. You're luck he's not publically an omega or he would've thrown you off the fucking stage."
"Why is no one mad at Liam?!"
"Oh, I'll deal with Liam. But someone had to stop Zayn from clawing at your pretty face, Louis."
"I'm starting to dislike the sound of my name." I frowned. "You only do it when you're mad."
"It's called conditioning." He rolled his eyes, grabbing his phone. "Come on. The others are waiting."
I followed him out the door.
"Is Liam really Louis' mate?" Someone asked.
"No, he's not." I answered, trying to disappear into Harry's side.
"Zayn looked pretty pissed. Why?"
"Ask him," I snapped.
"Harry, thoughts on the kiss?"
"It wasn't a kiss." We said together.
"Louis, how does it feel to be wanted by two Alphas?"
"I'm not. I'm wanted by one and I want that one." I hissed.
Harry pulled me to him. "Alright, enough. Stop feeding into them. Don't answer them anymore."
“But-”
“No, enough.”
I nodded, letting him pull me through the paps while questions were shouted at us. I nudged my way further into his side and stayed quiet.
He shoved me into the penthouse and pushed me away from him.
I whimpered.
“Don’t start with me.”
“I just-”
“Louis, no. Don’t. I might actually throw you against the fucking wall.”
I frowned, but quieted. My phone went off and I looked at it. “The lads want to know if we’re going out for pints. They said you’re not answering your phone.”
“I’m not.”
“What do you want me to say?”
“You can go if you want. I don’t exactly think it’s a good idea for me to be in the same room with Liam.”
“Harry,” I sighed.
“You want to go? Go.”
“I’m gonna shower, I think...do you want-”
“Go shower, Louis.”
I huffed, but left to do so.
I waited a few minutes under the scalding water before I gave up waiting for him. I went to grab my shampoo, but spotted his stupid all natural coconut stuff and grabbed it instead.
When I went into the bed room for clean clothes, Harry raised an eyebrow.
“Did you use my shampoo?”
“No,”
He looked amused. “You did.”
“Okay, well, mine is out so.”
“No, it isn’t.”
“Fine. So it’s not.”
“I thought you thought my shampoo was stupid.”
“It is.”
“Then why did you use it?”
“Because it smells like you. Or you smell like it. Whatever.”
“Didn’t know you cared about that.”
"Are you quite finished?"
"Are you?" He snapped. "You don't get to do whatever you want and then be upset because I'm not happy with you." 
"But I didn't do anything wrong!" I whined. "I turned to ask him a question. He turned at the wrong time and our lips touched. It's not my fault."
"That wasn't, no."
"Then why are you mad at me?!"
"Go look up the videos of the concert."
I raised an eyebrow, but grabbed my phone to look up the concert. "I don't see what the big deal is."
I watched myself run around throwing water at all of the boys except Harry. "This looks totally normal."
"Keep watching."
I rolled my eyes, but went back to the videos. I jumped on Liam's back and hugged him from behind. Over and over and over. In the background, Harry was watching us almost every time. "That's how we always are."
"You're not a beta, Louis. He's not your alpha."
"I know that he's not my alpha."
"Read the comments,"
"Why?"
"Just do it."
I scrolled through comments, cringing at how easily they spat out about Liam fucking me on the bus, in the hotel, and backstage in front of Harry.
"You find the gif of you grinding up against Liam yet?"
"I didn't grind on Liam."
"Really? Because I've been sent about ten thousand gifs that disagree."
I frowned. "Why are people sending those to you?"
"Because, they think that I either lied about being your mate or took you from Liam."
"Oh."
"Yeah,"
I went to change all my bios to tag Harry in them. "Daddy?"
"Don't."
"But I wanna make it up to you." I straddled his lap. "Please?"
"Louis,"
"Daddy," I whined, locking my arms around his neck. "Let me,"
"No."
I frowned, letting my arms fall to around his waist. I curled into his chest and nuzzled into him.
"Daddy, I'm sorry."
"Are you going to move?"
"Do I have to?"
"Yes,"
I moved away from him.
"Come on, food." he got up and pulled me along to the kitchen.
We ate quietly and I crawled into his lap after we were done.
"Are you going to make me move?"
"To the room, yeah. We're not sleeping out here."
I nodded, getting up and going into the room. "What time are we leaving?"
"Tomorrow morning." He hummed, pushing me to the bed.
"Can I ride you, to make up for the concert?"
"No, hands and knees."
I scrambled into the position, stripping quickly.
He hummed, moving in front of me, already stripped and pulling himself off.
I waited for him to say something, but he didn’t. “Daddy,” I whined, looking at him.
“Gonna fuck your mouth, angel. Gotta keep you quiet somehow.”
I sucked in a nervous breath, looking at his dick. “I’ve never...and I don’t know that I can...I don’t wanna be bad.”
“You’ll be perfect, angel. You’ve got quite the filthy mouth. Should put it to good use.” He ran a hand through my hair. “Open.”
I opened my mouth and made a noise of surprise when he shoved in all the way to the back of my throat.
“Fuck, your mouth is sinful.” He groaned, fisting his hand in my hair.
I looked up at him and he swore.
“Fuck, still my angel, even like this.” Harry fucked into my mouth just as I keened, making me gag a bit.
I recovered as quickly as possible, but he still pulled out to check on me. I huffed and he smirked, pushing back into my mouth.
He shoved my nose into his skin and I hummed at the smell of hormones rolling off him. “Fuck, angel, fuck,” he pulled me all the way back, spit and precum dripping down my chin. “Christ, you look so damn good, Lou.”
I preened at the compliment.
He let go of me and moved out of sight.
“Daddy,”
“Stay put,”
I heard him walking behind me.
He licked a thick stripe over my hole and I jerked forward for a second. “Still,” he commanded.
I groaned, knowing that even if I wanted to move, I couldn’t.
He licked relentlessly at my hole before pushing his tongue past the rim.
My arms wobbled a bit, but I forced myself to stay upright. “Daddy,” I whined, feeling his tongue
message my walls.
“So wet for me, baby girl.”
I dropped to my forearms and buried my face in the sheets, whining. “Daddy, Daddy, please, please,
please.”
“Like that?! Do you like being Daddy’s princess?”
I nodded, whimpering into the sheets. “Please,”
He pulled away. “Taste so sweet, princess. Did you know that?”
“Daddy,” I whined.
He shoved two fingers into me and I yelped at the sensation.
“Daddy,” I chanted, fisting the sheets.
He pulled his fingers out and I whined at the loss. All of the sudden, he shoved his fingers into my
mouth.
I licked them clean immediately.
Harry draped his body over mine, pulling his fingers out of my mouth to cage my body in. “Do you
want Daddy to fuck you like this? Cover you up and protect you while he wrecks your sweet little
pussy.”
I cried out, cumming onto the sheets under me.
“You’re dripping, love.”
“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy,” I leaned back into him.
He thrust into me and I fell forward completely. “Like that baby? Like daddy destroying your pussy
by fucking you like an animal?” He fucked me at such a brutal pace that the bed shook.
I whined high in the back of my throat.
“Answer me when I ask you a question.” He snarled, slapping my ass.
“Yes, fuck, yes, Daddy. Love it,”
“Love what?”
“Love It when you wreck my pussy.” I panted. “Daddy, take care of your baby girl so good.”
“Damn right I do. My girl. Mine.” He bit into the other side of my neck, earning a scream as I came
on the sheets again.
“Love you so much, princess.”
I mewled.
“One more,”
I nodded.
He grabbed me by the hair and yanked up. “You belong to me,”
“Yes, Daddy, yes, yours.”
“My pretty girl,”
“Yes. Yes.” I thrust my hips back to meet his. “Daddy, love you so much. Want your knot, Daddy.
Please, please. Been good,”
“Have you?” He grunted. “From what I recall,” he fucked into me slow and hard. “You favor
Liam.”
“No, no, no,” I clawed at the sheets. “No. Not, ‘s not Daddy.”
“You want me to ask if he’ll knot you, hmm? I’ll ask if I can knot Zayn.”
“Daddy,”
“Cum.”
I shook with the force of my orgasm, sobbing into the sheets. “Daddy,” I whined. “I need it. Please,
f**k,”
He gripped into my hair and yanked me to basically sit in his lap. “Work for it then. Show Daddy how bad you want it.”
I fucked myself on his cock, leaning my head back to rest on his shoulder. “My Daddy, mine.”
He fucked up into me a few times before he slammed my hips down, his knot popping.
I panted and slumped against him. “Fucking finally,”
He hummed.
“I’m tired.” I whined, glancing at the dirty sheets.
“I’ll plug you up and then change them. That’s why I wanted you like that. No mess on you.”
“Thought it was so you could fuck me like an animal.”
“Added perk.”
I snorted. “Ugh. It’s gonna suck to be in separate houses when the tour is over.”
“Yeah, about that, no.”
“No?”
“You’ll be moving in with me.”
“What?! No! Then you’ll boss me around all the time.” I complained.
“Alright, I just thought that you’d want to.” He shrugged. “Most omegas want to nest and they can’t nest without their alpha,”
“I don’t need a nest.”
“Okay, well, I guess I’ll tell Nick that I was wrong and that he can come live with me after all.” He reached for his phone.
“What?”
“Nick wanted to stay at my place because it’s safer for omegas in my neighborhood. I told him you would be moving in and nesting so he couldn’t.”
“He can’t live with you.”
“Why not? My place is safer than his.”
“Why not? There’s plenty of space.”
“Because you’re my alpha!”
“So? It’s my house.”
“Yeah, but you’re my alpha.”
“You said that already.”
“What about when I want you to knot me?”
“It’s a big house.”
“What about when he’s in heat? He’ll want you.”
“I’m mated. It won’t matter.”
“It does matter!!!”
“Well, it isn’t your house so it isn’t up to you.”
“I would rather die.”
“Than what?”
“Let Grimshaw try to take my alpha!”
He rolled his eyes and started typing.
I snatched it.
“Louis,”
“Phone. Now.”
I whined. “I wanna move in.”
“You’re only saying that so I make Nick find another place.”
“I wanna move in. With my alpha. Wanna sleep next to you. Wanna be there all the time.”
“Yeah?”
“Yeah,”
“You’re only saying that because of Nick.”
“Doesn’t matter why. It matters that it’s true.”
“It matters why.” He took his phone back and busied himself with it.
“It doesn’t.” I argued. “It doesn’t because I want it. But I didn’t know that I’d want it. I didn’t think
I’d want it.”
He didn’t answer or look up from his phone.
“Pay attention to me,”
He snorted, but otherwise did nothing.
I whined.
“Stop,”
“Then pay attention to me.” I demanded, taking his phone again.
“Enough,” he growled, his alpha voice washing over me.
I melted into him, handing it back and saying nothing.
He scratched at my scalp. “Tell me the truth, Louis.”
“I wanna live with you.”
“And?”
“I don’t want Nick around you. Don’t want him taking my alpha. Mine. He likes you. I’ve always
known that. And it’s not alright anymore. It’s not alright. He can’t have you. And I just...I don’t...I
can’t...”
“I don’t want Nick. Never did. Not even before this,” He mouthed at my neck.
“It’s not enough. It doesn’t feel like enough. It’s not secure.” I complained.
“It’s secure,”
“It’s not! I’m marked. You’re not. I belong to you. You don’t belong to me.”
“That’s not true.”
“It is.”
“It’s not.”
“It is.” I snarled at him, trying to get up.
“Calm down. Still,” he growled.
“No.” I shoved at his hands, but my body otherwise stilled.
I whimpered, stilling and overall melting into him again.
“I want to be clear and concise, Louis. Are you listening?”
“Yes,”
“Good. You are mine and I am yours.”
“But-”
“Enough. Stop. Tell me why you’re so distressed.”
“Because I can’t claim you like you can claim me. And it’s not fair. Nick wants you. Always has.
And so do millions of people. They want you. And you’re supposed to be mine.”
“I am yours.”
“No. You’re not!”
“And why not?”
“Because you’re just not. And I want you to be.”
He hummed. “Your omega is distressed by this.”
“Yeah, I know. Why do you think I’m fucking squirming.”
“Because you’re an idiot who never studied.”
I raised an eyebrow.
“Should’ve paid more attention in class.” He snorted.
“Tell me,”
“Do your homework.”
“Harry!”
“Louis!”
“Tell me.”
“Ask Zayn in the morning.”
“Harry!” My omega whined in distress, making me cry out.
“Alright, alright.” He caved. “Turn around, Lou.”
I cringed, forcing myself to swivel around on his slowly decreasing knot.
“Look at me,”
I looked up at him. “Tell me,”
“Use your pretty little teeth,”
I raised an eyebrow.
“Your mark on me will be much tinier than the ones I’ve made on you.”
“But I can mark you?”
“You can mark me.”
“Why doesn’t Liam have one?”
“It would be far too obvious.”
I licked his neck.
“Do it already,”
I bit down into the flesh and other than hardening in me, he didn’t react. I pulled away to look at the mark. “It’s fucking tiny!” I groaned.
“It’s enough,” he snorted. “It’s a good mark. All yours, yeah?”
“Yeah, mine.”
“Better?” Harry ran a hand through my hair and looked at me.
“Yes, thank you,” I nuzzled his neck. “I just don’t wanna lose you.”
“Couldn’t if you tried.”
“You almost broke our bond.”
“I wasn’t actually going to do it.”
“You were. And then you were going to end up with Grimshaw.”
“That’s disgusting. I have standards.”
I smiled. “I love you,”
“And I love you.”
Harry’s POV

I carried Louis out of the hotel and to the bus, listening to him whine quietly about being moved. “I know, princess. I know. It’s alright. You’ll be back in bed soon.”

“Just me?”

“I’ll be with you after I load our luggage.”

“We’re famous, Harry. Don’t load our luggage. Have someone else do it.”

“Fine, but I have to go ask someone to do it. So it’ll still be a second.” I put him into his bunk. He whined and I shushed him.

“I’ll be right back.” I went and got off the bus, finding the driver loading Niall’s luggage. “Would you mind loading ours as well? I’m not too keen on leaving my mate all that long to do it.”

“Sure, no problem.”


He made grabby hands so I immediately got into the bunk. “Daddy,” he murmured, his voice soft as he buried himself in my chest like his life depended on it.

“I’m here, princess.” I wrapped my arms around him.

After he fell asleep, I got up to get a snack and chat with the other boys. It wasn’t too long before he started whining.

“Louis, enough.” I rolled my eyes.

He stopped and came out to see all of us, his hair messed up. “You left me.”

“I went to get a snack and chat with the boys.”

“You left me. And you said-”

“I didn’t leave. I’m right here. And also you said not to let you wake up alone after sex. You were just taking a kip, love.”

“You-”

“Hey, enough. I’m right here. Found me immediately, didn’t you?”

He crossed his arms and pouted.

“Is this what he’s gonna be like now? A giant baby?” Niall asked.

Zayn shoved the Irish boy off the couch. “Hey, being an omega is hard. Alright? Especially at first.”

“It’s true. He cried because I was in the bathroom for too long.”

“One time. ONE.” Zayn yelled.

Liam have him a look and he quieted.

Louis crossed his arms. “It’s hard, okay? It’s not like nothing changed. All of the sudden, my life revolves around Harry. Every single fucking aspect revolves around him. My body, my brain, my everything. So fuck you guys. My entire body bends to someone else’s will. So you can shove off. Zayn is the only one who has any room to talk. You can all suck your own dicks and-”

“Louis, calm.” I demanded.

His body relaxed and he glared at me. “That’s not fair,”

“It’s not supposed to be fair. The advantage is evolutionary.” I snorted. "Come here,"

He was still glaring at me, but came over to stand in front of me.

I pulled him into my lap. "We're not going to always be able to be right on top of each other. You know that."

"Why the fuck not?"

"Because we do have to eat and do our jobs and-"

"Okay well, we're on the bus and you did not have to get up. You shouldn’t have gotten up. I never said you could.”

“Wasn’t aware that I needed YOU needed to give ME permission.”
“Louis,” Zayn kicked his foot. “Don’t push. His rut is in a week and you’re going to trigger it early if
you aren’t careful.”
“But-”
“Zayn, why don’t you get Louis your old books?” Liam interrupted.
I mouthed a thank you and nudged my mate. “You should read up. You need to know what’s
happening to you.”
Zayn put a stack of books in front of Louis. “I have more that I still reference from time to time, but-”
“That’s a lot of reading, Zayn. What the fuck?!”
“Hey. Be nice. It isn’t his fault that you didn’t study.”
“Right, because I’m sure you paid so much attention in class.” He snapped.
I snorted. “Who’s been taking care of you? Teaching you things?”
“Louis got to mark you?” Zayn said, derailing the argument.
I looked at Liam who rolled his eyes. “You can’t mark me when you’re pretending to be a beta.
Especially not now.”
“Why not?”
“Because people already think I’m fucking Harry’s mate. I don’t need conspiracy theorists saying he
marked me too.” Liam growled.
“That’s not fair,” Zayn snarled.
“Life isn’t fair.” Liam yelled back. “You asked me to help me hide you and I have. I asked you not
to hide. You begged me to help you hide. I don’t want to fucking hear it.”
“Liam-”
“Enough!” Liam growled.
“Hey, that’s enough from both of you.” I snarled.
Liam threw up his hands in frustration, but said nothing.
Zayn tried to nuzzle into Liam’s side, but Liam snapped at him.
“Liam, go to the bunks.” I hissed.
“What? I don’t-”
“Go. To. The. Bunks.” The Sound of my snarl overtook the room.
Liam got up and left for the bunks.
Niall, Zayn and Lou all looked at me with their mouths open.
“What?”
“How did you do that?!” Niall asked. “He’s an alpha.”
Zayn sat up straighter. “But we’re a pack now. We’ve got two sets of mates and a beta. We’re a
pack. Packs have leaders. That means-”
“That means we all bend to Harry’s will.” Niall finished. “Oh God.”
“Ha! Fuck you guys. Welcome to my life.” Louis snorted.
“Enough.” I rolled my eyes. “Lou, are you-”
“Shut up. Shut up. Stop. You gotta stop. The alpha tone thing.”
“You’ll get used to it and you won’t get wet from it forever.” Niall laughed.
“Why do you know that?”
“Well, I can smell the slick. And I also went to my classes.”
“Zayn, crack open the books with Lou.”
“What? No, Liam’s-”
“Fine. He’s fine. And you will help Louis get through some of this.” I looked at him. “Liam needs to
cool off. You need to give him a little space. An hour. Just an hour.”
“You’re not my mate.” He snarled, pulling a book into his lap.
“No, I’m not, but I know that Liam needs the space. You’re going to give it to him so that you two
can talk calmly later. You’re here, with Louis, for one hour. Actually helping him with this material.”
“Harry, fuck, please, stop.” Louis wiggled in my lap. “I’m gonna be soaked.”
“Go change and come back to Zayn.” I pushed him off of me. “I’m going to talk with Liam.” I went
out to the bunk area and crouched to look at his face. “Hi, I didn’t know I could do that. I’m sorry I
forced you to listen to me. But I am right. You need to calm down before you say something you
don’t mean.”
“I wasn’t-”
“You absolutely were. I could see it in your face. I know you want to claim your mate in public.
God. I can’t imagine not. But it’s a secret. His secret. He sleeps next to you. He gets wet for you. He
whined for you. He begs for you.”
“It’s going to get harder to hide his heats. And my ruts,”
“Actually, Lou is going to sync his with Zayn’s. They’ll think it’s all him the whole time. They will
say nothing about a beta walking with an alpha and his writhing little omega. Plus as time goes on,
he’ll become frustrated with how many people think you’re fucking Lou. And the shift in attention.”
“Attention?”
“Who has been constantly in the center of things since the signing?”
“Louis.”
“Exactly. From us. From the media. It’ll scratch at him. Let him get there on his own though.”
“It’s been-”
“Years. I know. But things were different. Things are different.” I sighed. “Let him adjust to the
change in dynamics first. All of the sudden, Louis is an omega, my mate. All of the sudden, we’re a
pack. Things have changed. You should let him react to that change.
“But-”
“Let him react and then have the conversation with him. You could’ve said no when he asked you.”
“You didn’t see the eyes, Hazza.”
“You’ve seen Louis, right? You’ve seen the shit he pulls.”
“Okay true.” He nodded. “Fine, fine, but talk to me about something else for a bit.”
“Should I be nervous for my rut?”

~~~

I was onstage when I felt it hit, early.
Louis was in the middle of the solo and his voice cracked a bit.
The energy of the audience changed and I knew that they could tell what was happening.
I struggled to keep my composure, but all I could think about was Louis.
He was immediately next to me, nudging his way into my side. "Is this...?"
"Yes."
I grabbed at his waist when I sang, my voice deeper than usual.
"Daddy," Louis whispered, his knees buckling.
"After the concert ends, you go straight to the car. You do not look back. You do not stop. You go.
Am I clear?" I snarled.
He nodded. "I will."
"Don't push me, Louis. I don't want to hurt you. I don't."
He nodded again. "You won't."
The second we were walking off stage, Louis didn't even bother changing. He headed straight
towards the car and I followed immediately after.
"Good girl." I praised, pulling him to straddle my lap. "So fucking beautiful."
"Daddy," I licked into his mouth. "Going to take my knot? Going to be a good girl for Daddy?"
He whined into my mouth.
"Answer me," I smacked his thigh.
"Yes, gonna be good, Daddy. I am. I will. Good for you. Good for just you." He locked his arms
around my neck and rocked his hips back and forth.
"Is this what good girls do?" I asked, looking at him.
"I'm sorry, Daddy. Won't do it again." He still in my lap.
I licked into his mouth and felt his thighs quiver.
"Daddy," he breathed.
"Cum." I snarled.
He whimpered out my name and came in his jeans.
"Good, princess," I licked his mark. "Going to make you cum over and over until you can't breathe. Then I'm going to fucking knot you. Fill you up."
He groaned. "Yeah, okay, yeah, please."
I nipped at his mark and slid out of the car when it stopped, never letting Louis move from his position. I pinned him up against the door as I tried to unlock it.
"Open the fucking door, Harry. Jesus." he snarled.
"You don't make decisions." I slammed him against the wall. "I'll fuck you right here if I want to."
"Yeah? Get on with it then." he tugged on my hair.
I snarled, opening the door and all but throwing him down on the floor. "Undress. Hands and knees,"
"Make me."
I tore his clothes off and manhandled him into the position. "You're fucking dripping again. Just like your heat. Except this time you've got a fucking attitude." I tossed my clothes away.
"Do something about it then."
"Cum."
He yelped, spilling into the carpet.
I got on my knees behind him, yanking his hair back so that his neck was strained. "Are you going to behave?"
"Yeah, fuck, yes,"
I thrust into him quickly, pounding into his ass, making him mewl. "Cum." I tugged on his hair and he clenched around me, screaming.
"Harry, fuck, Daddy, it's...fuck, please,"
"Gonna cum again?"
"No. Fuck you."
I put my hands on either side of his and loomed over him. "You'll do as you're fucking told." I smacked his ass and he whined.
"Harry,"
I bit into his mark and he cried as he came again.
"Please, please, please. Knot me, please, Daddy. I can't. I can't."
"You can. You fucking will." I leaned back, pulling him with me by his hair. I forced his head to rest on my neck, earning a whine. "I want you to be so spent before I knot you, every time, so that you fucking shake like a God damn bitch."
"Can't."
"Cum."
His body shook with the force of it. "Please, please, please,"
I fucked into him harder. "One more,"
"One more," I insisted. "You can do it."
"Give me a sec-"
I pressed my free hand to his stomach, pushing down as hard as I could.
He squirmed and whined and shook. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy;"
"Last one, baby. One more. Then I'm gonna fill you. Knot you so good. Knock you up with my babies."
"Daddy," his voice was breathy. "Please,"
I mouth at his neck and pressed harder into his stomach.
"Can't."
"You're gonna," I glanced down to where my dick was disappearing into him. "You're fucking gushing. Look at you." I moved us so that he was on his hands and knees again, my body covering his. I fucked him harder, not helping to stop his body from shaking.
"Daddy," his voice broke.
I licked the shell of his ear. “Cum.” I whispered. His body clenched and he clawed at the floor, his silent orgasm destroying him. He started to lose his resolve so I locked an arm around his waist. “Did so good, baby,” I murmured. “Daddy’s so proud of you.” I praised, pulling him in closer and popping my knot to lock our bodies together. He made a soft noise, clawing at the floor again. I moved my arm a little and found him moving with it. “Can you hold yourself up?” I asked, humming. He tried to. He genuinely tried. But he ended up almost falling into the pool of his own cum. I pulled him closer and was careful to roll us onto our sides to spoon. I waited for his breathing to slow down some before trying to talk. “Lou?” “What?” “What happened to you giving in and letting me do my thing?” “The books said to push, not a lot. But just enough. For the alpha to need to prove a point. So I pushed. Not enough to make you hurt me. Just enough to make you hold out longer to knot me.” “Why?” “More orgasms equals better chances of me getting pregnant. If I was off birth control.” He panted. “Satisfies the alpha. Keeps you stated a little longer.” “That’s not in the books.” “No, it isn’t. But it’s online.” He huffed. “You did research outside the books.” I stroked his cheekbones. “Of course I did. I looked up every single thing that I could find about ruts. I went through every fucking textbook I could. I went on every website. Every article.” He shrugged. “God, they were right. You’re still cumming in me. I guess I did do the right thing.” “You pissed me off, Lou.” “Yeah? Well, fight me about it later.” He snorted. “You’re not getting off that easy.” “I’ll be soft and pliant for the rest of your rut.” He promised. “It only needs to be the first time. The rest of the time I can be pliant.” “I doubt you’ll be any kind of pliant.” “I’ve got a few tricks up my sleeve.” He hummed. I licked into his mouth. “We’ll see.” “You’ll see.” He snorted.
Chapter 5

Louis’ POV

I slipped out of bed while Harry was sleeping. I grabbed a few things from my bag; flowery body wash and baby shampoo. “God. This better fucking work.”

I showered and dried myself off, drying my hair with a blow drier until it was soft and shiny. Then I slipped into Harry’s jumper and pulled on my underwear.

“Lou? Where are you?”

“Bathroom. I’ll be back in a second.”

“Louis,” he snapped.

I went back into the room and stood in the doorway.

“You got up to shower?” He growled.

I looked at my feet. “Yes,”

He stood up and shoved me onto the bed. “I want you on your back.”

I scrambled to do as he asked.

“You smell so...pretty.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

His eyes turned black almost immediately. “I want you to be a good girl and take what you’re given.”

I nodded.

“So pretty for me, baby. Did you dry your hair?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Is this your favorite jumper of mine?”

“Yeah, it is.” I nodded again.

He hummed. “Off,”

I yanked it over my head, tossing it to the ground, feeling my face heat when his eyes raked over me.

“You, fuck, princess.” He growled, sucking on my neck.

“You like them, Daddy?” I asked, squirming under him.

His thumbs dig into my hipbones. “So pretty in your panties, love.”

I keened. “Thank you,” I moved to take them off.

“No,”

I froze, looking up at him.

“Keep then on. Gonna have you mess your pretty pink panties.”

I gasped, squirming and twisting my fingers into the sheets. “Daddy,”

He sucked hickeys into my collar bones. “Are you hard for me, princess?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good. Cum.”

I mewed, cumming into the panties and clawing at the sheets. “Please?”

“Flip over.”

I scrambled to do so. “Daddy,”

He kissed the bottom of my spine. “Up,”

I got on my hands and knees.

“Down,”

“I...what?”

“Forearms,” he demanded. “Ass up,”

I dropped to my forearms and arched my back.

He grabbed a fistful of my hair and slid his other hand down my back.

I purred quietly.

“Mine,” he growled, biting into my neck and thrusting into me.
I mewled, letting it happen and turning pliant in his hold. “Yours, just yours, all yours.”

He gripped into my hips and fucked me slow and rough. “Look at you, with these fucking panties.”

“For you, Daddy.” I panted. “Thought you’d like them.”

“I love them, baby girl. You made yourself all soft and pretty for me to ruin, didn’t you?” He asked, grabbing at my hair with one hand, tighter this time.

“Yes, yes, fuck.”

He smacked my ass. “Is that how good girls talk to their Daddies?”

“No, Daddy,” I groaned. God, Harry. I’m gonna kill you one of these days.

“That’s right. It’s not.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy.” Fuck me harder. Knot me. Knot me.

“Cum,”

I added to the mess in my panties, screaming into the mattress. “Daddy, Daddy, Daddy.”

“Cum.”

I made a noise of protest, but my body didn’t give a shit that it was too soon or that I hadn’t even finished my second orgasm. I opened my mouth in a silent scream, no noise coming out as I violently shook. I whimpered. “Please, just knot me. I can’t...I can’t. Too close together.” I ripped the fitted sheet from its spot on the top two corners. I couldn’t stop shaking and moving.

“Come on, princess. Look at you, two in a fucking row. Think you can keep going?” He asked, nipping at my ear.

No. God no. I’m gonna pass the fuck out. “I don’t know. Do you want me to?”

“Fuck, so soft and pretty and submissive. My perfect omega.” He grunted, thrusting into me faster.

“You can cum if you need to, after I knot you.”

I let go of a breath that I wasn’t aware I was holding. Being submissive DOES work in my favor. Well I’ll be damned.

Harry yanked my hips back particularly rough, earning a yelp. He loomed over me, using his weight to push me further into the mattress.

I felt his knot pop and my entire body went numb with white hot pleasure, my jaw slack and choked on my own scream.

“Lou? Baby? Can you hear me?”

“Hmm?” I blinked a few times, breathing harshly.


“Me, I’m your baby.” I answered, my voice broken and weak.

“That’s right, Lou. Did so good for me.” He whispered.

I realized that my face was no longer squished into the mattress. I turned my head and Harry kissed me. “Uh,”

“Gonna take these off of you when my knot goes down, alright?”

“What?” I asked, still a little dizzy.

“The panties,”


“You are. Lou? Baby? You alright?”

“Fuzzy,” I leaned back, happily finding my alpha pressed up against me. I trailed my hand to my stomach. “God, I can feel it outside.”

He moved my hand and replaced it with his. “I can’t believe how small you are. Fuck.” He groaned.

~~~

I woke up to find Harry sitting at the edge of the bed. “Hi,”

He looked at me.

“How many days did your rut last?”

“Four,”

“How many does it usually last?”

“Seven,”
I grinned. “Awesome.”
He snarled at me. “It isn’t awesome.”
“What? Why not?!”
“You’ve been out cold for about thirty six hours.” He stood up.
“I deserved a rest.”
“That wasn’t a nap, Louis. That was basically a coma!”
I frowned. “I was tired.”
“No. I almost seriously hurt you. All because you couldn’t listen.”
“I did listen! Soft and pliant! I was soft and pliant.”
“You had to have control, didn’t you?”
“I was just—”
“Louis, I could’ve seriously hurt you. What the fuck were you thinking?”
I sat up. “I just wanted to help. I looked up everything and—”
“Did you ever look up the differences between your first rut with a mate and normal ruts? Did you ever consult Zayn on your plan? Did you ever think that everyone who told you to just do as you’re told probably had a reason for doing that?!?” He snarled at me.
“I just—”
“This was the most irresponsible thing you ever could have done!”
I looked up at him. “I thought—”
“I could’ve actually killed you, Louis. Do you realize that?”
I picked at the comforter. “I just...I just...I really just wanted to help, Harry.”
“I could’ve fucking killed you.” He got up and walked to the door.
I started to get up.
“No, you fucking stay in here.”
I nodded. “I’m sorry.”
Harry returned with a tray of food and water and pills.
“Harry, I’m sorry.”
“I know. It doesn’t change the fact that I could’ve killed you. And that what you did was fucking stupid.”
“God, my ass hurts.”
He made a face, but didn’t respond.
“Please, look at me.”
“You look like you’ve been run over by a bus. Eat your food.”
“Harry, I just—”
“Eat.” He moved to leave the room.
“Stay? Please?” I whined.
He looked at me while I started to eat. “Alright,”
“Thank you,”
He stayed in the room, leaning up against the wall.
“Harry, you can—”
“I need to calm down, Louis. Finish your food. Drink the water. Take your pills.”
I sighed, but let it go for now. When I was finished, I hesitated. “Do you want me to put this stuff away?”
“I’ll do it. You stay in bed.”
I flopped over to his side of the bed, shoving my face in his pillow to muffle a whine.
“What are you doing?”
I cleared my throat and moved back to my side. “Sorry.”
“What’s wrong? Why is your omega in distress? Are you hurt?” He came over to cradle my face in his hands.
“Um,” I looked away from him.
“Tell me what’s wrong, please.”
“Are you...do you hate me now? Because I’m not a good omega?”
He growled. “You’re a good omega. I’m sorry that I yelled at you. But I could’ve killed you and that’s not something I’m taking lightly.”
“I thought it would help. I just wanted to be good at this.”
“You are good at this. You didn’t know. And it was unfair of me to take it out on you.” He sighed.
“Do you know why I lay myself over you when I fuck you?”
“Control?”
“It protects you from vulnerability.” Harry ran his thumb over my lips. “I am built to protect you at all costs. And I thought...” his eyes darkened. “It doesn’t matter. What matters is that you’re alright.”
I looked up at him. “I’m sorry.”
“It wasn’t your fault.”
“I’m still sorry.”
“So am I.” He kissed me carefully. “I love you.”
I exhaled a breath that I had apparently been holding.
“Mmm. Your omega is calming now.”
“Why do you refer to me like that? As two separate parts?”
“Because it is two separate parts. Just like I have two separate parts.”
“I’m just one person.”
“Mmm. So tell me, did you think I’d hate you because I was upset?”
“I mean, no, but,”
“And why did you shove your face in my pillow?”
“I don’t know. I couldn’t smell you. You didn’t sleep here last night.”
“I didn’t sleep last night. Haven’t since you passed out.”
“You need to sleep.”
“I’m fine, now that I know you’re alright.”
“Please, come to bed. It doesn’t smell like you anymore. Plus you need the sleep.” I looked at him.
“I’m fine.”
I slumped. “You’re mad at me still.”
“If you weren’t my mate you’d be yelling at me.”
“But I am your mate.”
“So you’re pouting.”
“You’re mad at me.” I picked at the comforter.
He sat on the bed and pulled me into his lap immediately. “Better?”
“Yes,” I admitted.
“I love you.”
I hummed. “Love you.”
“So,”
I nuzzled into his chest. “So?”
“Panties?”
I flushed. “Um,”
“Come on, baby. Slipped out of bed to take a shower and pull on panties?”
“Maybe,”
“Where did you get them?”
“Went out with Zayn,”
“Shopping for panties?”
“Maybe,”
He huffed.
“Yes, okay. fine. So I want shopping for panties. What’s it to you?”
“Looked good on that ass of yours.” He trailed his hands down my sides.
“Stop,” I whined.
“I’m not admitting or denying anything.” I hid my face in his chest.
“Then I guess I’ll have to dig through your bag.”
“Harry! No!”
“Tell me then.”
“Fine, fuck, fine. Yes. I did get more. They’re comfortable. And I’m steering into the skid here.”
“I’m proud of you.” He kissed the top of my head. “Also quite the turn on.”
“It’s the soft thing.” I shrugged. “Makes me look extra omega.”
“You looked so fucking good like that.”
“Mmm,” I snorted. “Like I said, you like the soft look.”
“You probably got lace, to play with.”
“I...”
“Hmmm. Knowing you red or black. So which is it?”
“Both,”
He groaned. “Fuck, when you’re all better, I want to see them on you.”
“You could see them now.”
“No,” I kissed his cheek. “You need to rest, alright?”
“Ugh, didn’t you say I had like two days of rest.”
“I meant rest your ass.”
“You could always just let me pull myself off.”
“Mmm no.” He laughed. “You only get to cum from your prostate.”
“That’s unfair.”
“Omegas have said that they aren’t as satisfied after getting pulled off.”
“Right. I forgot my sole purpose in life is to whine and need things shoved up my ass.” I snorted.
“Listen, I’m all for you getting off. But I think that you’re really going to prefer getting off with your prostate.”
“Does it even matter how I get off? I just kind of convulse when you tell me to cum. Don’t know that it would be all that different.”
“Alright, go on then.”
“What?” I looked up.
“Pull yourself off,”
“Right here? In your lap?”
“Yeah. You’re naked under my jumper anyway. Off it goes,” He pulled the jumper over my head.
“Or do I need to do it?”
“I...Haz, I...I’m gonna leak all over your lap and—”
Harry wrapped his hand around my dick and I squirmed. “Easy,” he nuzzled my neck. I panted under the attention.
“Harry,” I groaned, spreading my legs out. “I need...”
His hand sped up.
“Harry, fuck,” I arched my back.
“Yeah?”
“Please,”
“What is it?”
“Need...”
“Need what?”
“Something inside,” I whined.
“No, you wanted one like this. You’re gonna cum like this,”
“When?”
“Whenever you have to,” He thumbed at my slit.
“Ah, Harry, Daddy, please,”
“What is it?”
“Inside, please,”
“No.”
“It’s not...”
“Cum,” he growled.
I came, my back arched and my nails digging into his arm.
“And?”
I panted. “It’s not the same. I don’t think I would’ve cum if you hadn’t told me to.”
"Told you. Never thought I’d see you beg for something in your ass."
"I’ve got slick all over us both."
"You need a shower anyway."
I snorted. "Rude,"
"Well, I’d offer to lick you out, but I can’t because your ass needs a break."
I huffed. "Make it a bath."
"Deal."
Harry's POV

I held Louis close to me, watching the fans line up. "If anyone-"
"I'm right here. I know what to do if someone tries something." He rolled his eyes. "You're overreacting again."
I snarled. "Mine."
"I know, but Haz, it's just fans."
"Yeah, well," I gripped his waist tightly,
"Daddy, fuck," he whined.
Niall's head snapped up. "Did...did he just?"
"NO." Louis tried to squirm out of my grasp. "No. I didn't. Harry, let go. Harry."
"Still." I demanded.
"You call him Daddy?" Niall asked.
"Niall, shut up." Louis gave him a look.
"That's fucking hilarious."
I snarled at Niall. "Enough."
"I'm sorry, Hazza." He huffed. "Forgot that you're my alpha too now."
"Yeah, well, try to remember because Louis is going to make me rip people's limbs off soon." I sighed. I licked his mark and tugged down his shirt shoulder a bit. "Keep your mark visible."
Liam threw an arm around Niall's shoulder.
"No, no." I pointed to him. "Other side. Other fucking side. You stay over there with Zayn. All the way on the end. Far far away from my baby." I yanked Louis on my other side, on the end with me next to him.
"Harry!"
"No, Louis, stay right there."
"But it's just Liam!"
"Alright, fine then." I shrugged. "Can't wait to be sent more gifs and videos of you grinding on another Alpha." I let go of him to turn to Niall.
"That's not fair and you know it." Louis pointed to me.
"You want to go play with Liam, go play with Liam then." I snapped.
"I didn't mean it like that."
"Sure, Louis, sure."
"Harry,"
"What?"
He nudged his way under my arm to bury himself in my side, looking up at me with big eyes.
"Daddy,"
I sighed. "What?"
"I forgot to grab a jumper."
"I told you that you should've grabbed one before we left."
"Can I, please, have your jacket?"
I looked down at him, seeing the giant eyes and pout. "Yeah, alright, fine;" I shrugged out of it and his eyes lit up.
"Thank you," he slipped his arms into it. "I love you." He stood on his toes for a kiss.
"Love you," I answered, kissing him and flicking my tongue into his mouth.
"Daddy," he whimpered.
I stroked his cheekbone with my thumb.
"Can we..."
"Later. If you're good."
“I can be good.” He promised.
I snorted. “We’ll see,”
He stood up on his toes to nuzzle into my neck.
“Ready boys?” I looked down the row of us and raised an eyebrow. When they all nodded, I signaled to the guards to start letting people in for the meet and greet.
Most of the time it was omega girls, squealing when they spoke to Louis and being brief when they interacted with me. A lot of them even waited for Louis to nod before touching my arm or hugging me.
The Alphas were the general problem. Some of them, the female ones usually, gave Louis a quick hug and moved on. The males were usually the problem.
A couple of them had aggressive looks to them and for those, Louis would hide himself behind me, clutching my shirt. The majority moved on with an eye roll, not too concerned because they were accompanying their own mates.
Louis was speaking with a teenage girl who was gushing to him about how he made her feel like it was okay to be an omega, making him grin.
I turned my back for a second and heard him yelp so I spun around and snarled.
“Don’t be a bitch.” The man gripping into my mate snapped.
I ripped the man away from Louis and threw him on the ground. “You think you can touch my mate like that?”
He tried to get up from the floor, but I snarled and shoved him back down.
“I want him out. I want him arrested and I want it done yesterday.” I hissed at Paul who had people immediately hauling off the alpha. “Lou,” I grabbed his face in my hands. “Are you alright?”
He clutched his fingers into my shirt, his hands shaking.
I stroked his cheekbones. “Baby? Sweetheart? Talk to me.” I leaned forward and stroked his hair.
Niall took a step towards us, but my snarl stopped him.
“I’m here, Lou.”
He shoved himself into my chest, trying to get smaller.
“Shhh, it’s okay.” I hugged him to me, petting his hair. I glanced at the fans for a second before calling over Zayn.
“Yeah?”
“Tell Liam that we’re going out in the hall and that I’ll let him know if we’re leaving. If we do, it’s up to him whether or not you three stay.”
“Can I help?”
“Tell Liam.”
“Why me?”
“Because you pose to serve the least threat to my baby.” I hummed, petting Louis’ hair still.
“Okay, I can do that.” He reached out to touch Louis, but I snarled.
He whined. “Harry,”
“What? What is it?” I asked.
“I can feel it.”
I raised an eyebrow.
“It’s gonna bruise,”
“What is?”
He pulled me over to a nook in the hall, raising his shirt a bit.
I carefully ran my fingertips over the already forming bruises. “Baby,” I texted Liam and pulled Louis out the door. “We’re leaving. Now.” I signaled for the guards to follow, leading my boy to the car. I picked him up and put him in the car.
The second the door closed, Louis dissolved into tears.
I pulled him into my lap, rubbing his back and kissing his face.
He sobbed into my chest, his entire body shaking in my lap.
“It’s okay, baby. It’s okay. I’ve got you, alright? I’ll make it better.”
“Harry. I didn’t like it. I didn’t want it. Why did he do that?”
“I don’t know, Love. I wish that I did.” I pulled him into the hotel room and locked the door immediately.
He clung to me. “Harry,”
I kissed him. “Come on, let’s lay down.” I pushed him to sit on the bed. “I’m going to get you something comfy, alright? Do you want a jumper and some boxers?”
“Can you...um...” he flushed.
“You want some panties, baby?” I asked, looking at him.
“Um, yeah,”
“Okay,” I dug through his bag to find some and put them on the bed. “Do you want a jumper? Your favorite one?”
He nodded and I grabbed the purple jumper and undressed him. “I can do it.”
“It’s okay, I’ve got you. Yeah?” I tossed his jeans and boxers to the floor and slipped the panties over his hips. I kissed the bruises forming on his waist and pulled the jumper over his head.
“Harry.”
“I love you so much.” I cradled his face in my hands, kissing him softly. “It’s okay, it is. I love you so much.”
He snuggled up to me. “It isn’t fair.”
“It isn’t.” I agreed.
“You were right.”
“What?”
“You were right. About me. About this. About us.” He played with my jumper. “I should’ve listened.”
“This wasn’t your fault.” I tucked his hair back. “You are not responsible. You did so good for me, Lou. You did everything that you could. You followed orders. You were so perfect, love.”
“I didn’t know what to do.”
“You got my attention. That was good, baby.” I praised, kissing his forehead.
“What do I do in the future?”
“You did exactly what you should do.” I promised. “If you had done anything else, he could have hurt you even more.”
He whined. “I didn’t...I didn’t want him to touch me. It hurt and it burned. And it wasn’t...it was different. You’ve never...you’d never.”
“I thought you were being all big alpha when you said people might try to hurt me.”
He nodded, settling into my chest.
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“Because I don’t want to be assaulted. Did you not see what happened to Louis?! Of course I’m scared! You think that I want this? To not be able to touch you the way I do in private? To not be able to run to you for protection? To not stop omegas from telling you that they’d die for your mark? Tell you how wet you get them?!” Zayn yelled. “I want to be your in public. I want to tell people to fuck off. You-”
“No, you don’t get to pin this on me. You begged me to let you do this.” Liam yelled right back.
I rolled out of bed when Louis put his head under his pillow. “Guys, lower your voices.” I glared at them.
“Harry, fuck off. We’re in the middle of something.”
I snarled at Zayn. “You’re not an alpha. You’re not a beta. You’re an omega and you’re part of my pack. And right now three fifths of that pack are trying to fucking sleep. So you can lower your fucking voice on your own or I can take it away from you altogether. It is four in the morning. Why are you even up?”
“To fight,”
"Well, either talk about this like adults or done talk about it." I snapped.
"It's not that easy." Liam argued.
"Yes, it is." I rolled my eyes. "Zayn, Liam wants you to be his publicly. Liam, Zayn wants to be yours publicly, but he's scared of shit happening to him like what happened to Louis. Zayn, Liam doesn't want you to get hurt when he isn't around because, well, someone could hurt you and if he's not there because you're not his, it could be bad. Someone could try to claim you or shove their knot past your rim to knock you up."
"Harry, that was crude." Liam cringed.
"I'm not wrong and you both know it."
"Harry?!" Louis fell out of the bunk and onto the floor. "Fuck," I picked him up and cradled him to my chest. "Baby,"
"Put me down, you animal. I'm not a child!"
"But you're my baby."
"Harry!"
"Alright, alright." I sat him down on the bunk. "Let me look at you."
"I'm fine." He swatted my hands. "Why weren't you in bed?"
"Liam and Zayn were screaming at each other. I'm surprised it didn't wake you."
"You not warming me up woke me." He pouted.
"I'm sorry, baby. I had to stop them from being idiots." I kissed him carefully.
"Kiss me like you mean it." He demanded.
I licked into his mouth, flicking my tongue in easily.
He hummed happily.
"Do you want to go back to bed?"
"No."
"Alright then, baby." I ruffled his hair and returned to Liam and Zayn.
Louis got up and reached out for Zayn.
Liam snarled at him, but Louis growled back at him. "Did you just growl at me?"
"Yeah, I did. Bite me." Louis snapped.
Liam raised an eyebrow.
"He's a Luna now, Liam. He does have some power in certain circumstances." I laughed. "Zayn is an omega. He's in distress. You can't stop him from handling this."
Liam growled quietly, but Louis was persistent.
"You smell like Niall." Louis nosed at the Zayn's neck. "Did you know that this is fading?" he touched Zayn's mark. "Is that why you're distressed?" He paused, their eyes locking.
Liam moved to get up, but Louis pointed to him.
"You stay put."
I smiled at Louis' cute little snarl.
"Zayn," Louis ran his fingers through the black hair. "Come on, pup, tell me." He turned to me after a minute or two before chewing on his lip.
"What?" I wanted to show him that the bruises are gone, but...I've only got...I'm wearing...I don't..."
"Liam, leave." I snarled.
"Ugh, fuck you." Liam got up and left.
Louis lifted my jumper up. "You can see that the bruises are gone, Zayn. I'm okay."
I licked my lips at the sight of the pale green panties on his hips.
"Are you wearing panties?! I thought you only got one pair for Harry's rut."
"That's not the fucking point." Louis flushed. "The point is that it's alright. I'm alright. I was startled and scared when it happened. But I'm fine."
"But."
"Do you not trust your alpha or do you not trust your omega?"
"It's not that. I don't trust anyone else. I don't trust other people. I saw it happen to you. I did. I saw you get grabbed like that. I saw that alpha's eyes. He was going to-"
"Harry was never going to let that happen." Louis interrupted. "Liam isn't going to let anyone hurt you. Neither is Harry. It isn't just you. It isn't just you and Liam. It's the five of us and about fifteen guards."

I nodded. "Zayn, we've got you."

"Yeah,"

Zayn looked at me. "I want to know about this whole panties wearing thing."

"Listen, they're comfortable, okay? Don't be an ass. I've got a higher status than you."

"I'm not judging. I'm just...surprised." He flushed. "I...look there's a reason that I knew where to take you for you to get panties."

"You're wearing some now, aren't you?"

"They're comfortable!" He argued. "And the pads work better when you're slick."

"Yeah, I noticed that too." Louis agreed. "Liam, come back."

"I hate this. Who chose you two to be in charge?" Liam grumbled.

"We don't fight like you guys do. Also Harry's always kind of told us what to do."

I grinned, pulling Louis into my chest and sucking marks into his neck. "Mine," I whispered, sliding my hands over his body.

Liam rolled his eyes. "So now what?"

"I want to stop pretending to be a beta." Zayn said quietly. "I'm tired of hiding. I'm tired of lying. I'm tired of pretending."

Liam attacked the other boy in a heated kiss.

"No fucking on the bus." I growled, pulling Louis back to our bunk. I licked into his mouth and rubbed the heel of my hand between his legs.

"Daddy," he whimpered, squirming under me.

I licked over his teeth for a second and fucked his mouth with my tongue.

"Daddy, please."

"Is your pretty little cunt wet for me?"

"Daddy, Daddy, so wet for you. Just you. Daddy, need you. Oh, God,"

I rubbed my hand harder over his entrance, feeling the cotton of his panties dampen. "Been such a good girl. You've done so well. Such a good Luna for me. Love you so much,"

He mewed.

"What happened to no sex on the bus?"

"We're not having sex." I called back, pushing harder against his hole.

Louis squirmed. "Harry,"

"I'm sorry, what was that?"

He tried to grind his hips down.

"No," I scolded. "Is that what good girls do?"

He shook his head.

"Words, baby."

"No,"

"No what?"

"No, that's not what good girls do."

I smacked his thigh.

"Daddy," he whined.

"There it is, baby girl. Was that so hard?"

"Daddy, I'm so hard."

"I know, baby."

He moved to touch himself, but I grabbed his wrists. "Daddy!"

"Yes, baby girl?"

"Please,"

"What did we learn the other night?"

"That pulling myself isn't as satisfying."

"So what are you going to do?"
"I'm gonna wait."
"Wait for what?"
"Wait for you to hurry the fuck up." he growled.
I moved away from him. "Fine, go ahead and try to pull yourself off to completion."
"That's not fair. You know that you've got control over my orgasm."
"How do you figure that?"
"I can't...I can't cum without you telling me to. Or that I can."
I raised an eyebrow. "How do you know?"
He turned his head to look away from me.
"Louis," I growled.
"I tried to pull myself off in the shower. And then I tried to finger myself in a bath."
"How many times have you tried to get off without me?"
"Um."
"Louis."
"Fine, fine, fuck, okay," he squirmed. "Five."
"Why?"
"Why not?"
"That's not an answer."
"I wanted to see if I could. And then I was horny so I kept trying."
"Hmm. Interesting." I moved away from him.
"Daddy, please,"
"Why should I?"
"Please,"
"I can't get off without you. Did you know that? But not because I've tried, but because I've studied. What I love is that even though you couldn't get off, you still tried. And you managed to keep it a secret. You'll probably still try it, won't you? You'll probably still try to get off without your alpha."
Louis whined. "Harry,"
"What?"
"Please,"
"I thought you didn't need my permission to touch yourself." I got up.
"Daddy. Daddy, nonono," He whined.
"What? It clearly worked well enough for you to keep doing it. It should suffice until a hotel." I went into the common area with the other three boys.
"I thought you were..." Liam waggled his eyebrows.
"My plan was to get him off, but that's apparently not what he wants." I shrugged.
"Judging by the whine he's got going, he really does want that."
"Actions speak louder." I shrugged.
Louis whined high in his throat.
"Enough, Louis."
A few minutes passed by and Louis came out, disheveled and flushed.
"God, you're...Jesus, Tommo." Niall snorted.
Liam's eyes darkened a bit. "Wow, that is...strong." His eyes went back to normal. "Hazza, you alright there?" he asked.
I clenched my fists and then relaxed them. "Louis, you need to relax if you don't want me to knot you without letting you cum."
"I'm trying. Believe me. I am." Louis glanced at me. "I just...I can't."
I looked him over and watched his thighs tremble. "You're so close to orgasm. And you're just dying for it, aren't you?"
"Daddy,"
"Jesus," Niall put his head in his hands. "Harry, you gotta get him off before his scent kills us all."
"He's fine. You're fine."
"If you don't fuck him, I will."
I snarled at Niall. "Lou, bunk. Now."
Louis tripped over himself to get to the bunks.
I followed him, rolling my eyes.
"You started this so don't roll your eyes at me, Mr. I Studied More Than You."
"You want me to leave you like this? I'm sure fans would get a field day of this."
"Don't you dare." His hand clutched mine. "Please,"
I moved his panties a bit, rubbing my fingers against his hole.
"I need you to knot me. I need you to knot me right now. Please, I promise not to try and get off without you again. Please, please, please. I'll be so good, Daddy. So good."
"You need to keep it down."
He whined, squirming.
I slipped his panties off of him and shoved them into his mouth. "Quiet," I pulled his legs to fall over my shoulders and licked into his entrance. "You can come when I bite your mark." I fucked him with my tongue until he was in tears, writhing beneath me. I let him rest on his back while I stripped. "You doing alright?"
He nodded.
I pulled the panties from his mouth and shoving my tongue in instead.
Louis whimpered under me. "Please, Daddy,"
I looked at him, wearing my huge jumper and his thighs quivering uncontrollably. I fucked into him hard and fast, shoving his body up the bunk with the force of my thrusts. I looked down at him and he looked so utterly destroyed that I knew I was done. I bit deep into his mark and he came when I knotted him.
He chanted the words "Daddy" and "fuck" relentlessly, screaming as he came between us.
"You two are going on a separate fucking bus." Niall yelled.
"You guys wanted me to fuck him. I fucked him. Shut up." I snapped.
Louis panted under me, pouting. "Stop looking at me like that."
"Like what?"
"Like I'm the kid who got caught stealing from the damn cookie jar."
"Stop stealing from the cookie jar and you won't get caught."
"I didn't do it to spite you. I did it because I was horny."
"And it never occurred to you after the first two tries that it wasn't going to happen?"
"I...look, we're not separated that often. And you were gone for forever."
"I was gone for about an hour." I snorted.
"Forever," Louis whined. "My life revolves around you, remember? So I was sitting around at home, whining about missing you and I got hard so I tried to wank and then I tried fingers and nothing. It's hard to be without you. Especially since I can't even get off without permission. I can't go anywhere without you. I can't get off. I can't do anything. It isn't fair."
"If you wanted to go somewhere you could've-"
"Called you and asked for permission? Yeah, sounds fun."
"Well, I can't help you then. Ask for what you want. I'm not a mind reader. You know that I have you on lock down for your own safety." I nuzzled his nose.
"It doesn't matter. I'm still on lock down."
"Do you want me to just take you everywhere with me?"
"Yes." He answered immediately. "I mean, um,"
"You were trying to get off out of spite!" I looked down at him.
Louie flushed. "I...shut up."
"If you wanted to come with me when I went out, all you had to do was ask. I'll take you everywhere if that's what you want."
"That's what I want."
I hummed and pulled out of him, reaching under the bunk for my bag. "Gonna plug you up, baby." I pressed the plug into him and he hissed. "Easy,"
"I'm tired. And sticky."
I licked the cum off of his stomach and he twitched under me.
"Daddy," he complained, his eyes glassy.
"Love, come back to me. Lou,"
"If you leave this bed, I'll fucking murder you."
I laughed. "Glad to see that you're back."
"I'm not kidding. Don't leave this bed."
I nuzzled into his neck. "Just because Niall was an asshole, Liam, you can fuck Zayn on the bus if you want."
"YOU'RE THE FUCKING WORST, HARRY. LIAM, DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE."
Louis curled into me.

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"Lou, you said that you wanted to come with me so you don't get to complain about this."
"I thought it would be fun, not boring." he grumbled.
"Do you want me to send you to the hotel then?"
"No," he sighed.
"Alright then, shut up." I snorted. "Some of us have to get things done."
"Harry, that was mean."
"I'll send someone to get you some tea, okay?" I ruffled his hair.
"It has to be-"
"Louis, I know what kind of tea that you drink."
"Well, I don't want them mixing it up with yours. You take crap in yours."
"I'm not getting any tea so you'll be fine." I waved over the assistant. "Can you please go and get the largest cup of steaming Yorkshire tea available? And a scone, please." I handed her some cash.
"Of course, sir. Anything else?"
"A water would be lovely, thank you, Sarah."
The girl disappeared and Louis pouted.
"What?"
"Don't like how you said her name."
"You're pouting over the person I picked to fetch you tea and a scone?" I rolled my eyes.
"Honestly,"
"I'm allowed to not like her."
"She's a beta and I'm mated."
"You're not happily mated?" He looked up at me with a fake pout.
"Sometimes. Depends on your attitude."
"Harry!" He shoved me. "That was mean."
I rolled my eyes. "I was kidding, baby." I pulled him into my side.
"Mean."
"Yeah, yeah," I snorted.
"Here you go," Sarah handed me the tea and the pastry, which I promptly handed to Louis. "And your water," she gave that to me and I opened it.
"Thank you, Sarah." I smiled, nudging Louis. "Darling, what do we say?"
"Thank you, Sarah." He looked at the girl before digging into his pastry.
She beamed at him. "I guess it's true then, what they say about omegas."
"The musical voice and killer cheekbones." She hummed. "God. Could cut a bitch with those, right, Mr. Tomlinson?"
Louis flushed.
I ran my thumb over his cheekbones. "Pretty, isn’t he?"
"I can't believe we all thought he was a beta. Betas aren't that attractive."
Louis' eyebrows shot up. "But you're really pretty."
She laughed. “Well, thank you. That’s very kind. Mr. Styles, would you like to meet with the lawyers now?”
“That would be perfect.”
“Why are you meeting with lawyers?”
“I’m insuring your ass for eight hundred million.”
He snorted. “What currency?”
“Euros. What am I, an idiot?”
“Harry,”
“Hmm?”
“Why are you meeting with lawyers?”
“Technically my answer wasn’t exactly that far off.”
“What does that mean?”
“Mr. Styles, they’re ready for you.” Sarah called. “Would you like me to show Mr. Tomlinson to the entertainment room?”
“That-”
“Harry, I wanna stay with you.” Louis glanced at me. “Please,”
“You should listen to the whole thing before you speak, Louis.” I scolded. “Drink your tea, darling. And Sarah, that won’t be necessary. But thank you. I might have you come retrieve him if he doesn’t behave though.”
Louis whined, but didn’t respond.
“How’s your tea?” I asked, guiding him along to the meeting room with a hand on the small of his back.
“Good, thank you.” He hummed.
“My simple girl,” I laughed, making him turn a new shade of red.
“Harry! Someone might hear you!”
“Yeah, what about it?” I asked. “You afraid people will know about us?” I removed my hand from his back.
“Harry!”
“Yes?”
“You can’t just-”
“I can do whatever I want.” I snarled.
“Harry, come on. I was-”
“I have a meeting to be in right now. I don’t have time for this. Either you’re coming or I need to get Sarah to take you to the entertainment room. If you’re not going to behave, tell me now.”
He frowned. “I’ll behave.”
“You better. This meeting is important.”
“What’s it for?”
“Not your concern. Drink your tea.”
“Harry, I just-”
I shut him down with a look and went into the meeting, him trailing behind. “I understand that we’ve got contracts to sign. Agreements to be made,”
“Yeah, each and every single body guard has agreed to your terms. And if anything so much as gives Louis a papercut, you can probably kill them.”
“Good. What are your concerns or should I sign now?”
“You should sign. They’ve agreed to way more than we thought they would. But they feel like they can take excellent care of him, even if they’re not seen.”
“Alright, let’s get to signing.” I nodded. “So what else is on the agenda?”
“Zayn, then bus arrangements.”
“What about Zayn?” I asked, signing the contracts.
“He wants to be out as an omega.”
“I know.”
“And?”
“And what?” I raised an eyebrow.
“We’re not sure it’s the best idea. Four out of five mated and claimed?”
“Well, if we don’t want Zayn to be attacked and or Liam to kill someone, I’m sure we can allow
Zayn to come forward as an omega. It shouldn’t be an issue. Liam will be seeking you out to make
arrangements. I’ll discuss with him beforehand.”
“But.”
“But what?” I raised an eyebrow. “He’s probably going to only want one more guard.”
“That’s not the issue. We’re all for security. However-”
“Great. So let it go,” I challenged.
“Right, sorry,”
I heard Louis’ breathing hitch. “Next,”
“The buses. With two pairs of mates and a beta...it’s not ideal.”
“Niall requested a change in the buses?”
“Yes,”
“And your thoughts are?”
“Niall requested to go with the band. Liam and Zayn on one, you and Louis on the other.”
“Okay, is that a problem or is that something we can do?”
“We can do it.”
“Then let’s do it. It will provide a decent buffer, should someone’s heat or rut come early.” I nodded.
“We’ll need to draft contracts for any extra staff we add on. Privacy and protection. I won’t have any
of us at risk.”
“You mean the omegas.”
“I mean any of us.” I rolled my eyes. “Contact me when they’re drafted. Anything else?”
“No, that’s it.”
“Great.” I stood up. “Louis, let’s go.” I walked out of the room and he followed close behind me.
“Harry-”
“Mr. Styles!” Sarah interrupted him. “Sorry to interrupt, but I have your things.” She handed me a
bag. “You know where to find me if you need something.”
“Thanks, Sarah. You’re the best.”
Louis snarled quietly and she rolled her eyes.
“You’re just adorable, aren’t you? Thinking a beta would have the hots for an alpha.” She looked at
him and then flashed her left hand. “A happily married beta, thank you.”
“Give James my best.” I nodded to her. “I’m...well. I’m sorry about...” I glanced at Louis.
“It’s alright, as long as he’s learning.” She sighed. “Can I...?”
“Absolutely, and Sarah, thank you.” I said again. “You have no idea how much I appreciate
everything.”
“Based on how much I get paid, I think I get it.” She laughed. “Back door is free of paps. You
should be good to get into the car without raising too many eyebrows.” And with that she was gone.
I walked towards the back door, Louis trailing behind me. “Want to tell me what the fuck that was.”
“You’re fond of her and I don’t like it.”
“God, don’t say that it’s not fair. You’re not a teenager and I’m not your parent. Enough already.
We’re basically siblings.”
“Then why haven’t I heard of her?”
“Why would you have? You didn’t need to know that she works for me. You still don’t.” I opened
the car door. “Get in.”
He huffed, but did as I said.
I climbed in after him and closed the door.
“How long has she worked for you?”
“Forever,”
“That’s not a proper answer!”
“Wow, you’re all kinds of lovely today, aren’t you?” I groaned. “I don’t know why you’re acting like a child about this. She’s been around loads of times, you just never paid any attention to her.”
“That’s not true! How long?”
“Since I had the money to hire her.”
“Why?”
“Louis,” I warned. “Enough, this conversation is over.”
“The hell it is! I should’ve-”
I snarled at him and he stopped. “Christ, what is with you today?”
“She was flirting with you!”
“Oh my God. Louis, no. You’re wrong.”
“I am not.”
“Stop.” I snarled, glaring at him. “Why did you even ask to be brought along when all you’ve done is be miserable? I’m not a fan of this attitude.”
He opened his mouth and then snapped it shut.
“Tell me, Louis. What is it that you’d like to say?”
“It’s not something I’d like to say because I know better.”
“Must be pretty bad if you know better.” I quipped.
“Fuck off, Harry.”
I snorted, but turned my attention to my phone.
“Are you mad at me?”
“Louis, pick an emotion.” I looked at him. “You can’t be stubborn and frustrating for a while and then be upset at me.”
“You are mad at me.” He moved to get in my lap, but I stopped him. “Harry!”
“Stay in your seat.”
He whined.
“Careful, someone might hear you.”
He put his head in his hands. “I didn’t mean-”
“Enough. We’re here.” I pulled him into the hotel and up to our room. “You stay in here. I’ve got to go meet with Liam.”
“Can I come with you?”
“No, stay here.”
“But-”
“You said you could behave and you couldn’t. You’re staying here.”
“I did behave.”
“Is that what you call snarling at someone who works for me? Works for us? She’d do anything you asked at a drop of a hat and you treated her like she was a threat to you. A beta, Louis. A beta. You’re an omega. Different sexes.”
“Harry,”
“Study while I’m gone of something. Stay sober. We’re chatting when I get back.”
Louis’ POV

I paced the floor of the room for a while before grabbing my phone. I scrolled through my contacts, stopping when I saw Sarah’s name. I called the number and she answered on the first ring.

“What can I help you with, Mr. Tomlinson?”

I hesitated. “I’m. Um. I’m sorry. For before. For snarling at you like that. I shouldn’t have. I had no reason to.”

“You didn’t. I’m not a threat to you. I don’t want your mate. Even if I was an omega, I watched him grow up. He’s still a just kid to me.”

“I’m not very good at this.” I groaned. “I’m like the worst omega in history I think.”

“I know. I know. I’m just...God. I’m horrible at this.”

“You’re not horrible. You’re just new. And you need to review your schooling.”

I groaned. “I thought I was a beta!”

“Mhmm. I know. But you’ve upset the alpha in Harry. Tread lightly, okay?”

“Can’t I just let him fuck the frustration away?”

“You can try.”

“What was in that bag?”

“Ask Harry.”

“He’s not here right now.”

“Well, I can’t tell you. Sorry,”


“You’re forgiven, little one.” She laughed. “Put on the cutest thing you can find or the sexiest thing you can find.”

“Okay, yeah, thanks.” I put my phone down and starting digging through my bag.

I pulled out a pair of black lace panties. I can do this. I can do this. I can fucking do this. I changed into them quickly, avoiding the mirrors. I could hear voices so I pulled on his packers jumper and went into the living room.

“What were you getting into?” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“I was changing.”

He hummed. “Sarah told me you called her.”

“I wanted to apologize. I didn’t mean to do it.” I looked at my feet.

“I know, I’m proud of you.”

“What? Why?”

“Calling her, apologizing. Without prompting.”

“I may be a shit omega, but I know how and when to apologize.” I snapped.

“You’re not a shit omega.”

“I am.”

“You’re not.”

“I am!”

“I’m your alpha. I’ll tell you if you’re being a shit omega.”

“I’m not good at this.”

“No one is immediately good at this. Stop fighting being an omega. Just relax a bit, okay?”

“I can’t. I can’t relax because I suck at this and I can’t suck at this. I have to be the best at this.”

“Stop trying so hard. You’re my omega. You’re already the best.”

“You have to say that!!” I argued.

“No, I don’t. I wouldn’t have claimed you if I didn’t think you’d be the best. You’re a pain in the ass and I wish you would calm down, but you’re my pain in the ass.”
“Harry!”
“What? I love you. I think you’re perfect. Why isn’t that enough for you?” He walked away without waiting for an answer.
“Harry fucking Styles, you do not get to walk away from me. I’m wearing lace for fucks sake.” I grabbed his arm.
A bowl crashed in the kitchen and I looked up at my mate, his eyes both pissed and amused.
“Harry, you want us to go?” Liam asked.
I felt my face heat. “I...oh my God.”
“So lace? What color?”
“That’s none of your business.”
“Tell me the color and I can tell how deep in the shit you are.”
“They’re black,”
“Okay, so not too deep in the shit. Well, not as deep as you could be, anyway.” He hummed. “When are you going to get over it?”
“Get over it?”
“Yeah, get over the fact that you’re an omega. You wanted to be a beta. You thought you were one. I know. But the sooner you get over it, the easier it is.” He shrugged. “It can even be fun!”
“Fun? Being someone’s bitch is fun?”
“Liam?”
The alpha appeared, bowl of ice cream in hand. “Z,” he kissed Zayn’s cheek and handed over the bowl.
Zayn grinned. “Thanks,”
“As soon as I find a wine glass, I’ll put a full one in your hand.” Liam gave Zayn’s waist a squeeze and walked away.
“What the fuck,” I looked at him.
“We’re not bottom feeders, Louis. At least, not when we accept our role. You’re making Harry force you to be his bitch. You know that, yeah?”
“I am not!”
“Louis, you are.” Zayn snorted. “Every time you try to take dominance, you make him shove you down into your status. Just let it go. Accept it and that alpha will give you the world. Hell, he’ll make everyone give you the world.”
“It’s not that easy.”
“Sure it is.” Zayn walked away and I followed him.
Harry and Liam were on opposite ends of the couch and Niall was on the floor again.
“Niall, you can sit on the couch,” I poked him with my foot.
“There’s five of us and three seats.”
“No, there’s technically five of us and six seats.” I climbed onto Harry’s lap.
Niall raised an eyebrow.
“What? You think I’m gonna let you sit in his lap? Not a fucking ‘chonce’ mate.”
Liam snorted and Niall looked offended.
“It’s hard to take you seriously when you’ve got lace knickers on.”
I looked down to see the hem of Harry’s jumper above my hip. “Oh my God.”
“Want to keep those eyes, Niall?” Harry asked.
I flushed, trying to pull down the jumper. “Fuck,”
“Alright, I lied. I’m not okay with this. Louis, bedroom. Everyone else, out.”
I scrambled into the bedroom, listening for Harry.
He entered the room and shut the door quietly.
“I’m sorry. I didn’t know they’d be here.” I frowned.
“I know,"
I squirmed under his gaze. “I put them on to say that I’m sorry.”
“Take the jumper off. On your back.”
I scrambled to do as he said.
“Zayn was right. You need to let go, Louis.” He hummed.
I watched him drop his clothes to the floor and move up to me. “I don’t know how.”
“Say it,”
“Say what?”
“That you’re an omega.” Harry ran his hands up my thighs. “It’s what I had to do when I found out I was an alpha.”
“What? Being an alpha means you’re top dog. No pun intended.”
“You think I cared about that? I didn’t. I wanted you. I wanted to be a beta. I wanted to be with you. I fought it and it sucked. That’s why I took a month to come back. I hurt people. I hurt myself.”
“You wanted to be a beta?”
“Yes,”
“Yeah,” He hummed.
“Did you really want to be a beta because of me?”
“I literally refused to believe I was an alpha for the first day of my rut.”
I smiled. “You loved me before all of this. You never stopped loving me that whole time?”
“The second I laid eyes on you, I knew I was fucked.”
“I loved you then too, Haz.” I stroked his hair. “I just thought it wasn’t meant to be.” I shrugged.
“You were wrong.”
“Mmm. I’m an omega. A lucky omega. Fuck, my alpha. Gonna take care of me forever?” I asked.
“If you ever decide to let me.”
I frowned. “I’m trying.”
I closed my eyes. “I don’t know how.”
I took a deep breath. “My alpha,”
“What about your alpha.”
“It sounds stupid. I don’t want to say it.” I mumbled.
“Say it anyway. I’m not gonna laught, baby. Just tell me.”
“Smells like home. Safe. Warm. Which doesn’t make any sense because-”
“You’re thinking again. Just focus on the scent. Focus on me.”
I opened my eyes to look at him. “I can’t stop thinking.”
“Try for me,”
“Harry,” I cleared my throat. “I’m scared. What’s going to happen if I let go of this? I just...”
His eyes softened. “Lou, it’ll be okay. I’ve got you, do you believe that?”
“Well, yeah, of course.”
“And you trust me?”
“Yes,”
“And you know I’d never do anything that would hurt you?”
“I mean, of course. But...”
“But?”
“Every time I start to let go, it feels like I’m falling. I can’t.”
“You can,” Harry rubbed soothing circles into my hip. “I’ll catch you. I promise. And if i don’t, I’ll
let you cut my dick off.”
I snorted.
“There’s my girl,”
I squirmed at bit. “God,”
“Come on, Love. Give in. Trust me. I won’t let anything happen to you.”
“Kiss me and tell me you love me.”
He moved up a bit, kissing me softly. “I love you. I love you so much. Not going to let anything happen to you, omega.”
I closed my eyes again. “I’m an omega.” I took a deep breath, focusing on Harry’s hands and his scent and his breathing. My legs fell open and Harry hummed.
“You’re so, so beautiful, Omega. I’m so lucky.” He made lovebites up my thighs. “You are perfect.”
I felt my skin heat. “Alpha,”
“You alright?” His hands paused.
“Yeah, I’m good.”
He slowly thumbed over the pace. “You look like pure sex.”
“I don’t really know what drove me to get them. I just kind of...did.”
“They look amazing on you.”
I preened at the compliment.
“Love you so much.” He whispered, licking up my thighs.
My legs fell further open and I sighed happily at the sensation.
“What do you want first?”
“Um,”
“Don’t think. Just answer.”
“Want your mouth,” I blurted.
“Okay, baby.” He hummed. “On or off?” He looked at the panties.
“On, if you like them.”
“Of course I do,” he moved them to the side and licked into me.
“Oh,” I squirmed a bit at the feeling. “Fuck, love your tongue.”
“So wet for me, taste so good.”
I stopped squirming. “Am I wet?”
“Yeah, baby. So wet. So lovely.”
“I didn’t notice,”
“That’s good, baby. Proud of you.” He fucked me with his tongue, rubbing his hand across my stomach.
“Alpha,” I whined, getting close.
He kept fucking me with his tongue and I groaned.
I came suddenly all over myself, leaving me breathless. “Sorry, sorry,”
“Why are you sorry?”
“I didn’t get permission to cum.” I panted.
“If that was true, you wouldn’t have cum, baby.” He hummed, licking his way through the mess on my stomach.
“But you didn’t say—”
“Didn’t have to. Your omega is in tune with my alpha.”
I nodded, looking at him. “I love you,”
“I love you,” he licked his lips.
“Jesus, I feel like that should be gross, but it’s really hot.”
He laughed, moving up my body to fuck my mouth with his tongue. “Taste yourself? So good, baby. So perfect.”
I keened. “Daddy,” I tangled my fingers in his hair to drag him back to our kiss.
“You see how good you look? All spread out for me, dripping wet. Go on, look,”
I looked down, following the trail of bites and marks down my body to end where my legs were impossibly open. “Fuck,”
“So beautiful, baby girl.”
“Please,” I whispered.
“Please what?”
“Want you,”
“Want Daddy to knot you?”
“Always, but I wanna...” I struggled to find the words so I just pulled his mouth back to mine.
“Anything you want,” He hummed, slowly pushing into me.
I moved my hips to meet him until my ass was flush to his hips. “Can I ride you?” I asked suddenly, surprising us both.
“Sure, baby.” He rolled us over so that I could be on top of him. “Want you to say something if it’s too much. If it’s too vulnerable.”
“Want you to sit up, please,”
Harry raised an eyebrow, but didn’t comment as he sat up.
I wrapped my arms around his neck and sighed in content, resting my forehead against his.
He put one hand on my waist and the other on my thigh. “Love you,”
“Love you,” I swiveled my hips a bit, groaning at the sensation. “Can I?”
“Whenever you’re ready,” He tightened his hold on my waist.
I raised myself up and dropped myself down. “Fuck,” I threw my head back, trying to build a pace and a rhythm.
“Look at me,”
I locked eyes with him, his pupils blown.
“That’s it, baby,”
I raised an eyebrow and looked between us to find that while looking at him I’d settled into a rhythm and a pace. “Oh,”
He used his hand to shift my hips a bit and when I dropped, I yelped.
“Fuck, fuck, Daddy.”
“Is that good, baby?”
“So good,” I muttered, keeping the angle and fucking myself down. “Daddy, need you to...”
“Need me to what?”
“Finish. Can’t. It’s not...”
“Need Daddy to destroy your sweet little pussy?” His voice was low and rough and I almost came from that alone.
“Please,”
“Still,”
I stopped moving, seated entirely on him. I looked at him when I felt him move both hands to my waist.
“Like this or on your back?”
“Like this,”
He tightened his grip and fucked into me at a brutal pace, hard and fast.
“Daddy!” I clawed at his shoulders, getting closer and closer. I felt so surrounded by him; he was in me, on me, around me. “Daddy, I need...”
He didn’t respond, just kept fucking into me at a rapid pace.
On a particularly hard thrust, I shouted and spilled between us.
“Love watching you cum.” He mumbled, fucking me harder and faster.
“Oh, Daddy,” I groaned.
“Gonna knot you like you love.” He growled, pulling me down and grinding into me.
I gasped and whined out a “Please” Just before he knotted me, filling me with his cum. I started to catch my breath, realizing after a while that I was clutching my alpha to me like a child would to a parent when he didn’t want to go to school.
“You are so fucking beautiful.”
I pulled away a little to look at him. “You say that a lot.”
“That’s because I can’t believe you’re mine sometimes.” He hummed.
I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, whatever. I mean...look at you." I trailed a hand down his chest. "Millions of people all over the world want you."
"And I don’t give a single fuck about that." He wrapped his arms around me. "I care about you. Just you. I never wanted anyone else. I never will." He nuzzled my neck.
I hugged him close to me. "Tell me you love me every day."
"Every day, forever." He promised.
I nipped at his neck. "Thank you. For taking care of me."
"Thank you. For letting me."

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I took my tea from Harry. "Thank you,"
"You're welcome, baby." He kissed my forehead and handed me a scone as well. "I feel like I should be concerned over the way your eyes light up every time I give you a scone."
"It’s one part the sugar and two parts the love." I murmured, leaning up for a kiss.
He indulged me and went to chat with the management team.
I sipped my tea and went over to the other boys.
"Zayn wants to go out tonight, you coming with?" Niall nudged me.
I shrugged. "We’ll see. Is Liam going?"
"Of course I am." He snorted.
"And the guards?"
"We’re ditching them, duh." Niall smirked.
"Then, no. I can’t. Sorry."
"Come on. Have some fun, Louis." Niall nudged me.
"I do have fun. I just don’t make stupid decisions. I’m not ditching the guards. I can’t and I won’t."
"That’s my boy." Harry hooked an arm around my waist.
I hummed, leaning back. "Yours,"
"Liam, I’m surprised that you’re okay with this." He mused.
"I’ll be with them." Liam shrugged.
"Lou, if you want-"
I shook my head. "I don’t want to go. I’m not going without the guards and I’m not bringing the guards. It would ruin everyone else’s fun."
"Alright, baby. That’s fine. Just wanted to check,"
"Zayn, you shouldn’t go either." I looked at him.
"That’s not your decision, Louis." Liam snarled.
I backed into Harry, who snarled back.
"Alright, Liam, you didn’t have to snarl at him. You could’ve just said that."
"Look, Louis, I’m glad you and Harry are together. I am. Frankly, you guys were pining over each other forever and it was bound to happen. But you have power over the group when it comes to the safety of the pack and when it comes to Louis, but neither of you get to decide what we do."
"Liam, I know that."
"Well, teach it to your pup."
"Hey!" I frowned. "I’m not a pup."
"You might as well be."
"Okay, wow, this turned ugly quick. Why don’t we all calm down." Niall interjected. "All I wanted to know is who will be helping me get laid. That's it. That's all. It didn't need to become a pissing contest. Life was so much simpler when I wasn't the only beta."
"That's because we got drunk and tried to pull every night." I snorted.
Harry's grip on my waist tightened.
"Pull birds, Harry. It's not the same."
"Did you fuck any of them?"
"What am I, stupid? No. I went with Niall and I tried to pull the friend." I rolled my eyes.
"It sucked when he got drunk though."
"What do you mean? I was a great wing man."
"Not when you were plastered crying about how life is unfair and how you're star-crossed--"
I scrambled to put my hand over Niall's mouth. "No, God. Oh, fuck,"
"No, Niall, please continue." Harry yanked me back.
"He would bawl about how Harry should've been a beta or he should've been an omega and that it
wasn't fair because you're in love and you're perfect for each other and you're meant to be. Not the
best mood to set, Tommo. Which, I'm so glad this conversation took place because it reminded to
laugh and say be careful what you wish for."
I leaned back. "I was right. We were meant to be."
"Yeah, well, being right doesn't get me laid."
Harry laughed. "Look, you just have to say the word and we can hire people to--"
"I don't want a hooker, Harry!" Niall hissed.
"I meant to search for a mate! Gross."
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Ziam? Ziam.

Zayn's POV

I took two more shots, trying to keep up with Niall's pace.
"Z, maybe you should slow down." Liam looked at me.
"Right now, I'm a beta. You have no power over me." I reminded him. “Until management gets all the contracts finished, I’m a beta.”
“No, you’re a beta until I get you into the car.”
“And then what am I?”
“In trouble,” he got up and walked to the bar for his second beer of the night.
I rolled my eyes and leaned over to Niall. “Liam’s being lame. Wanna dance?”
“Sure, but don’t get too close. I’d like to not be brutally murdered.”
“He’s not going to do anything. Not his style.”
Niall rolled his eyes. “If you say so.”
“He can’t. I’m a beta.”
“But you’re not. And when we get to the hotel—”
“He won’t do shit.”
Niall grabbed my arm and pulled me aside after a while. “He left, Zayn.”
I spun around and frantically scanned the club. “Oh my God, that means he’s actually upset. No, shit shit shit.”
“That’s what you get for telling him he has no control over you. He couldn’t use his alpha voice without someone else hearing. You’re gonna be fucked.”
“Niall, we need to go. We need to go right now.”
“He’s already—”
“I’m not gonna make him wait for me. I’m not THAT stupid. That would give him more time to think of things to do to me.” I clutched Niall’s arm. “We need to go. I need to go. Fuck, he’s gonna be so mad.”
“Alright, alright, calm down.” He led me out to our car.
I racked my brains the entire car ride for anything else I’d done that would upset him. I couldn’t think of anything other than blatantly disrespecting him.
“Zayn...” Niall cleared his throat.
“What?”
He tossed over his phone.
I looked at the pictures and froze. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, I didn’t. Why am I fucking stupid?!”
The second we got to the hotel I bolted for my shared room with Liam.
“You’re anxious. I could feel it while you were in the hall.”
“You left the club.”
“I did. And?”
“And I knew what that meant.”
“What is?”
“That you were upset.”
“You see the pictures?”
I put my hands behind my back and looked at my feet. “Yes,”
“Yes, what?” He snapped.
“Yes, alpha.” Oh God. Oh fuck.
“So you saw what it looked like to have someone else’s hands on you.”
I grimaced, but nodded.
“Bet you can’t even imagine how pissed I was. That’s why I had to leave. Would’ve torn that man to bits.”
I held my breath.
“You think he left bruises from where he gripped you?”
I closed my eyes.
“I asked you a question.”
“I really, really hope he didn’t.”
“And why’s that?”
“Because I’m not his to mark.”
“So you do know your place.” Liam snorted. “I would’ve never guessed.”
I whined.
“Stop that, Zayn.”
I quieted immediately.
“Strip to your boxers,”
I hesitated. “Um, I’m not...”
“Spit it out, Zayn. I haven’t got all night.”
“Im not wearing boxers.” I blurted, feeling the heat rise to my face.
“What are you wearing then?”
“I...um...”
“Zayn,” He snapped.
“Panties,” I said quietly.
“Strip to them then.”
I quickly dropped my clothes to the floor.
“Red lace ones?”
“They’re your favorite.”
“But you didn’t wear them for me, did you? Wore them for whoever you could find in the club.”
“What?! No. Liam.”
He snarled at me.
“Alpha, fuck.” God I’m making it worse. “I thought we’d...after the club.”
“Yeah? Then why are there fingerprints on your hips?”
I cringed, looking at them.
“I asked you a question, omega.”
I whined. “I’m sorry.”
“That’s not an answer.”
“I got carried away.”
“Mmm. Wanted someone else to see that pretty lace?”
“No. Wanted you to see it.”
“Then what exactly were you doing?”
“I don’t know.”
“I don’t believe you.”
“Alpha,” I whined.
“Stop it.”
“Liam, I didn’t mean to piss you off.” I insisted.
“Sure, sure,”
I closed my eyes for a few seconds. I’m so hard holy shit.
“Up against the wall,”
I immediately backed myself into the nearest wall.
“No touching. Yourself or me,”
I whined. “Liam,”
“I could just leave you like this, you know. Dripping in your pretty panties.”
I hadn’t realized how wet I was until he mentioned it. “Oh fuck,”
“Turn around and take them off,”
I slipped the panties off, tossing them somewhere and faced the wall. I mewled when I felt his hands
on my hips.
He pulled them back and pushed me to bend with my hands braced against the wall. “Look so pretty
all spread out for me.” He hummed, nudging my legs apart with his knee. “It almost makes me want
to let you cum.”
I whined before I could stop myself.
“Who gets to see you like this? All spread out and dripping buckets?”
“You, just you. My alpha,”
That must’ve been the right answer because Liam started licking up my thighs. “You’re so wet and
I’ve barely touched you.” He made lovebites up my thighs, stopping only to nip at my ass.
I’m gonna die like this.
“Do you have any idea how much you’re leaking?”
“No, but I’m sure you’re going to tell me.” The second I said it, I regretted it.
“Thought you wanted to cum tonight. My mistake.”
I hung my head and whined, getting cut off by my own moan. “Fuck,” I felt him lapping at my hole.
Lapping. The fucker.
He ate me out for what seemed like hours, only moving away when my arms started to quiver from
holding the position. “You were so good for me then, Zayn. Such a shame you couldn’t have been
earlier. Would’ve had you cum twice by now.”
“Alpha,” I whispered.
“On the bed, on your back.” He demanded, moving away from me. “If I knot you, you can cum.”
“If?! You’re not going to knot me?!” I looked at him, frozen on the bed.
“We’ll see,”
I squirmed, restless now.
He licked into my mouth. “My omega,”
“Yours, all yours, forever,” I spread my legs for him.
He thrust into me. “God,” he clenched his jaw. “Fuck, you’re fucking dripping, but you’re still so
fucking tight.”
I threw my head back, baring my neck. “Please,”
“Why should I? Not even sure you’re mine.” He snarled.
I thrashed. “Alpha, yours, alpha, alpha, please, yours,”
“Still,”
I whined, but froze.
“There you go,” He cooed.
“Liam, please,” I begged. “Please, need it. Need it, need you to mark me.”
“Yeah?”
“Need you to mark me, knot me. Come on, please, I’ll do anything. Anything.”
“Yeah? Anything?”
“Liam, yes, fuck,”
“Even if it means that you don’t get to come?”
“Need this more, need you more.” I looked up at him. “Please, God.”
“Okay, alright. One condition,”
“Liam, anything,”
“Cum for me when I knot you.”
I moaned. “Oh, God, yes, fuck,”
He fucked me harder for a bit, his knot swelling. “That’s it, Z. So fucking gorgeous like this.”
“For you, only you,” I breathed.
The pushed him over the edge, making him snap his hips into me and popping his knot.
“Relax,” He soothed. “You need to breathe first. Because you’re gonna cum again when I mark you up all nice.” He sucked on the skin and then bit down hard, making me cum between us immediately.
“Good,” he praised.
I panted, watching him trail his fingertips over the bruises from the club. “I wasn’t thinking.”
“It won’t happen again.”
“It won’t.” I agreed.
“It happens again, it won’t be pretty. There won’t be sex. There will be yelling and there will be changes.”
“It won’t. I’m sorry.”
“I love you,”
“Love you,”
He licked my mark. “Mine,”
I nodded, staying quiet.
“Why are you in distress?”
“I’m not.”
“Bullshit.” He looked down at me. “Tell me, now.” His Alpha voice hit me.
I whimpered. “I’m yours, but you’re...” I looked away.
“You can’t mark me if you’re a beta.” Liam’s jaw set.
“I don’t want to be a beta. And I don’t want you to seem unmated. I want you. For real. I want this. I want-”
“Shhh, Z,”
I frowned, looking at the ceiling.
“Look at me,” he asked, his voice soft.
“No.”
“Don’t make me force you.”
I sighed, meeting his eyes.
“Are you sure you want this?”
“Yes, fuck. It’s what I want.”
“Okay,”
“Okay what?”
He snorted. “I fucked your brains out apparently.”
“You’re gonna let me?”
“If you’re ready,”
“Really?!”
“I was waiting for you to be ready. Not the other way around.”
“I know, but...”
“But what?”
“I just...I don’t know. I wasn’t sure you’d want it. Or that if you did I...”
“You?”
“Didn’t deserve it,”
He ran his thumb across my lips. “Why? Because you were scared?”
I nodded, looking away when I felt my eyes water. “I wanted it. I always did. I just...I was terrified.”
“I know. I wish you wouldn’t worry so much, love. I let you hide, didn’t I? I could’ve forced you into the public eye as what you are. You made a request. I made a choice. I am not upset with you for being scared. I’m not upset with you for wanting to hide.” His voice was soft and soothing. “I could feel how scared you were. I wanted you to feel safe. And this made you feel safe. It doesn’t have the same effect anymore, though. I can see it.”
“It’s like...” I squirmed a bit, trying not to cry at the overwhelming discussion.
“Your omega feels lost, like it’s missing something. But it’s okay, love. I’ve got you. You’re mine. And you’ll always be mine. Hmm? If you want it, you can take it. I’m yours. With or without it.”
Liam ran his fingers through my hair. “I love you more than anything.”
I felt him maneuvering us and before I could stop him, he was sitting against the headboard and we were face to face.
“You are, without a doubt, the most beautiful thing to ever have existed. Can’t believe you’re mine. Can’t believe I’m yours."
I whimpered. “I’m tired of acting.”
“I know, love. I know. It’s time. It’s okay. I won’t let anyone hurt you. You know that I won’t. You know that the lankiest mother fucker on the planet and his little mate won’t. You know the Irish one won’t. The body guards won’t. I’ve seen the contracts. They’re, like, leagaly obligated to die for you if it’s you or them.”
“They are not.” I laughed, wiping my face.
“It’s in between the lines.” He nuzzled my neck. “But they honestly probably would. With what Harry’s arranged for them to be paid, anyway.”
“I believe it.”
His hands trailed up and down my waist. “I won’t make you do this, Z. I won’t make you come out as an omega. I think it would be best for you, but I won’t force you. It’s your decision. But the second you mark me, I’m not holding up the facade. If you mark me, we’re going public.”
I licked at his neck for a bit. “I want it.”
“Go on then,”
“Wait. Tell me that you love me.”
He laughed. “I love you.”
I broke the skin with my teeth and with the exception of twitching in me, he didn’t react. “That was anticlimactic.” I muttered, licking the wound.
“That’s because I was already yours.”
I rolled my eyes, smiling.
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Liam pulled me through the paps, my mark on full display and our fingers laced together.
I stuck to his side, clutching his hand probably tighter than necessary.
A reported tried to say something crude and Liam snapped at him, effectively stopping him.
“God, I love you.”
He laughed, pulling me inside with the other boys.
Louis beamed at us. “Yes, bitches.”
Harry rolled his eyes fondly. “He’s very excited.”
“Yes!! Because now we can do things together in public and it’ll be fun!! Like we can...add to our collections without the Alphas around.”
“Us or Niall,”
“What?” Louis whined.
“You can’t go anywhere without at least one of us or Niall.”
“Wait, when did I agree to this?” Niall asked. “I don’t want to follow them around while they shop for lingerie.”
“You know I can’t let Lou go without me, Liam, you or some combination of that.” He squeezed Louis tighter.
“Even with all the new guards?”
“Even then.”
Louis snorted. “Alright, well, Niall is now roped into shopping for panties.”
“I hate you all.”
“Relax, Niall. We’ll work on finding you a companion. We just haven’t found the right bird.”
“I’m equal opportunity, thank you.” He quipped before he could stop himself. “I. Um.”
“Well-”
“Harry!” Louis interrupted. “Don’t ask that. I know where this is going. Don’t ask that. You can’t
I leaned back into Liam, feeling him nuzzle my neck. “By the way, Niall, they approved your request. We’ll be separated on the buses from now on. Except management isn’t all too thrilled about you being on the band’s bus.” Harry sighed. “Why not?”
“Because there’s at least three male betas in there.”
“So?”
“So management is concerned.”
“About what?”
“You,”
“What about me?”
“Oh for God’s sake Niall!” Louis groaned. “They’re worried that you’re gonna get fucked.”
“So you guys can get laid, but I can’t?”
“No, they’re concerned you gonna get FUCKED. Like fucked over.”
“Oh, I can handle myself.”
“They’re putting a guard on there with you, Niall.” Harry snorted. “I don’t think they care that you can handle yourself.”
“You did this, you...stupid alpha.” Niall accused.
“He didn’t. He was actually against it.” Louis shrugged.
“I said you wouldn’t like it.”
I felt Liam’s mouth on my neck and immediately my attention shifted. “Liam, shit, can we fuck?”
“Not right now. After the show.”
I whined. “Then quit teasing me.”
“This isn’t teasing, love.” He mumbled. “I’ll tease you so good tonight.” He rubbed the heel of his hand between my legs.
I whimpered. “Liam, now. We have time,”
“I said wait.” He growled.
I leaned into him. "Okay,"
During the concert, I was careful to exaggerate anything that would look even remotely provocative. The second that we were backstage, he had me shoved against the wall.
I licked my lips. "Alpha,"
"You want to play? Let’s play.” He growled. "Rule number three?"
"Don't provoke.” I melted into him. "I wasn't-"
"Rule number one, Zayn. Don't lie."
I whimpered. "I'm sorry."
"No, you're not."
"Car, now."
I sprinted to the car, slipping past the others to make it. Liam slid in smoothly next to me. I started to get into his lap, but he stopped me.
"No, no touching."
I whined. "Liam!"
Harry and Louis climbed into the car, Louis happily climbing into his alpha's lap. 
"Ass." I mumbled, glaring at Liam.
"Rule number two, Zayn."
I whined. "No cursing at you."
"Breaking all my rules, aren't you?"
"Not all of them...I've still got a few left." I shrugged. "Four is still in tact."
"Is it really?” He raised an eyebrow.
"What's number four?"
"Don't let other people touch me."
"Which you broke."
"I didn't break it today." I grumbled.
"There goes five."
"No talking back."
"All five of my rules,"
I whined.
When the car came to a stop, Liam pulled me with him up to our room.
"Strip down, bare."
I tossed my clothes to the side and looked up to find him in his boxers, sitting on the bed.
"Over my lap, right now."
I scrambled to comply.
"How many per rule?"
"Five, Alpha." I sighed.
"And an extra five for being a shit." He trailed his fingertips down my back. "No noise, Z. No biting into your lip either."
I clenched my jaw and waited. It was a solid minute or two before his hand finally came down on my ass. My body jerked, but he stilled me with a hand on my hip.
By fifteen I was trying to rut against him, which he didn't let happen. By thirty, I was a shaking, crying mess in his lap and slick all over me.
"Did so well, love." He cooed. "You can make noise now. Cum,"
I cried out, losing it on his boxers. "Pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease," I whined.
"Shhh," he manhandled me onto my hands and knees. "Going to fuck you so hard." He growled.
"You'll feel it, every second of every day for a week."
I felt him cage me in, his body on top of me and his scent clouding my brain. "Please,"
He hummed. "What is it that you want?"
"Alpha, please, need you. Please," I dropped to my forearms, making my back arch obscenely.
"You look so fucking good like this." Liam grunted, thrusting into me.
"Alpha, yes, fuck," I gripped the sheets tightly.
"Your ass looks so pretty all flushed like this." He growled in my ear.
I whined, pushing my hips back to meet his.
"Stop,"
I froze, feeling his fingers on my hips. "Yours," I whispered.
He fucked me harder and leaned forward, latching his teeth into my neck.
I screamed his name as I came all over the sheets.
"That's right," he growled.
I started to crumble under him so he hooked an arm under my waist to keep me up. "Knot me, oh God, Alpha, Alpha, Alpha, please,"
"Yeah, easy." His fingers pressed into my hips so tightly that I could feel the bruising.
I mewed, cumming for a third time when he knotted me.
"Stay up." He demanded.
"I'm tired. I can't." I panted. "I know it was an order, but I don't think I physically can."
He rolled us over to a dry patch. "Alright, alright, we'll sleep now. I'll clean you up later."
"I love you."
"I love you." He licked my mark.
Niall's POV

I crossed my arms, huffing as I was surrounded by the stupid couples. “You want to get out of here?”
I looked up to find a tall, broad man in front of me. “So you’re the one they hired to make sure I don’t get laid.”
He extended a hand. “I’m not here to make sure you don’t get laid. I’m here to make sure no one takes advantage of you.”
I raised an eyebrow. “You’re a Beta.”
“Well, yeah,” he ran a hand through his dark hair.
“But you’ve got the...air of an alpha. The confidence. The persona. The...dominance.” I looked up at him.
“It’s only because he’s a bloody American.” Louis snorted.
“I’m not going to hurt you.” He promised.
“Maybe try introducing yourself,” Harry snorted.
“Right, sorry,” he laughed. “Just...Right. I’m Max.”
“Niall,”
“I know,”
“God, this is awkward.” Harry laughed. “Way to pick, Lou.”
“I picked just fine, asshole. They’ll be fine.” Louis pulled me to stand up. “Niall, I’ve picked him. Which means he’s fun. And not annoying. And not picked by management. Or Harry.”
“That's not very nice of you, princess.”
Louis squirmed. "You never...used that one in public before."
I rolled my eyes.
"Come on, me letting you go out for drinks has to be better than sitting between them while they dry hump." Max kept his hand extended. "I'll buy,"
"I'm a famous popstar. I can buy my own drinks."
"Yeah? What fun is that though?"
I snorted, starting to get up when Louis grabbed my arm.
"I...um...put every bottle of lube I had in your bag. Just in case."
Harry growled.
"Shut up, okay? I thought if I had enough lube that you could maybe try to knot me as a beta." Louis snapped at his mate.
Max laughed, pulling me up. “Let’s go, Popstar.”
I sighed. “I’ve dug myself a hole, yeah?”
“Yeah,”
“Can’t believe they gave me a bloody American to watch over me.”
“Louis didn’t like me at first, because of the whole American thing.” He shrugged. “But I promised to never throw his tea into the ocean and from there on I think it was pretty good.”
“Cute,” I snorted.
"Yeah, I thought so."
"So are you on the clock here to watch me or are you actually gonna be a good lad and have a pint?"
Max raised an eyebrow. "I'm not on the clock, but I don't think I'll have a pint. Just a beer."
"A pint is a beer!"
"Oh, um, alright then, yeah." He flushed.
"I've embarrassed you." I grinned, poking at his cheek.
"Niall, stop it." He swatted my hand.
"Uptight American boy." I continued to poke his cheek.
He grabbed my wrist and I froze. Neither of us moved for a solid minute. "Everything okay here?"
Max let go of my wrist and we both looked at the waiter. "Um, yeah, fine. Two pints, please,"
The waiter nodded and walked away. "Sorry," Max cleared his throat. "I didn't mean for it to be weird."
"It's fine."
I lost track of how many pints I'd had, but I was vaguely aware that I was drunk at some point. I woke up the next morning, hung over and in my own hotel room. I groaned and got up, moving to the door and almost tripping over something. "Ow, what the fuck, dude?"
I jumped and looked down to see Max on the floor. "What are you doing?"
"After I carried my favorite little leprechaun back to the hotel, I sat down on the floor in front of the door because that same lovely little blonde leprechaun kept trying to wander his way out of the room no matter how many times I tucked him in."
I felt myself turn red. "Sorry, I've been told I'm a handful."
"It's alright," He stood up, brushing himself off. "I've got a few hours before I'm actually supposed to be taking care of you and I'm sure I reek so my next big thing to do is take a shower."
"I'm sure I should shower too. Before we're on a bus together for hours."
"You could probably get away with it if you wanted, I think you smell nice."
"I'll smell better after I've showered."
He hummed, smiling. "Mmm. Maybe without the smell of beer."
When I came out of my room, tugging my luggage along to the hall, Max cleared his throat. I dropped my stuff, startled. "Sorry, sorry,"
"Did I scare you?" He smirked, looking at me.
"Just startled me," I went to pick up my bags, but he got to them first.
"I've got it."
"Right, you’re on the clock."
"I’m not on the clock until we’re on the bus. And besides, my job is to keep you safe. Not to carry your luggage."
"Then why-"
"Because I can."
"Right."
Max pulled me to him. "Hey, are you alright? I can just slink into the background if that’s what you want. I can leave you alone." He touched my jaw.
"You’re just...being nice."
"Is that a problem?"
"You’re just...I don’t know."
"I’m sorry. I’ll stop." He dropped his hand and stepped behind me. "Go,"
"I didn’t mean-"
"It’s fine, Horan. Keep walking,"
Horan. I frowned, walking to the bus with him trailing after me.
"You’re supposed to be at breakfast in a few minutes. The other guards can walk you."
I frowned. "What are you going to do?"
"Set up and check the bus,"
I nodded, looking at the other guards and motions for them to follow.
I found the boys at a large table, waiting. "Hey,"
"What’s that face for?" Harry snorts.
"I’m hungover. Fuck you." I grabbed a water bottle and slouched in my chair.
"You’re upset. What happened?"
I snarled. "I’m not your bitch. I’m not going to bend over for you. That’s what Louis is here for."
Harry’s snarl made everyone in the room stop and I flinched. “Up,” he dragged me out of the room and into the hall. “What the hell is wrong with you?!?”

“None of your fucking business.” I started to walk away, but Harry grabbed my arm as he dialed someone’s number.

“Get over here now.” He hung up and looked at me. “You want to tell me what this was all about?”

“No,”

Max jogged over to us. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Fuck if I know! You stay with him. You keep him away from my boy.”

Max raised an eyebrow. “What did you do?” He looked at me.

“I didn’t do anything.”

“You talk to Louis like that again and I’ll hit you.” Harry snapped, walking away.

I rolled my eyes.

“What’s with you? Why are you like this right now?”

“I’m not like anything. You don’t know me.” I hissed.

“Look, if this is about me carrying your luggage and all, I’m sorry. It won’t happen again. But you really should watch it. You’re really pissing Harry off. I got the message that you want me to lay off. I said I would so chill out.”

“You don’t know what I want.” I shoved him back.

“Hey,” Max shoved me up against the wall. “I think that’s enough. You need to settle down.”

I heard my breath catch and I started to squirm.

He put his hand on my waist, stilling me. “You want to know what I think?”

I watched him, his stupid brown eyes staring at me.

“I think you freaked out because you’ve got a reaction to me.”

“I do not. And I did not!” I argued.

“Fine, then why do you get more aggressive every time I tell you I’ll leave you alone?” He asked, watching me.

“I don’t.”

“You do. You’ve been significantly better behaved since I’ve been touching you.” He leaned in to me.

“You... shut up.” I argued. “Maybe I just like to be touched.”

“Right, come on. Harry will probably punch you if you approach him or Louis right now. Best to stay safe.” He put a hand on my hip and guided me onto the bus. “Is this because you’re hungover or because of me?” He asked, looking at me. “Do you want someone else to take this job instead of me?”

“What if I do?”

“I’ll call management and tell them that.” He pulled his phone out.

“I didn’t say that’s what I wanted.”

“Jesus, what do you want?”

“I don’t know.”

Max rolled his eyes. “Alright then. Can you at least tell me what’s going on? Is it because you’re being separated? They told me you wanted this.”

“I do. I’m sick of listening to them fuck all the time. Sometimes I wanna fall asleep without hearing my best friends moan in the background.”

“You can say you miss them, you know.”

“I don’t. I just saw them.”

“Then what’s your probably, dude?”

“I don’t know.” I groaned.

“It’s okay if you just need the contact sometimes.” He reached out and brushed his thumb against my cheek.

“Stop being nice to me!” I hissed.

He dropped his hand. “Okay. Sorry.”

I closed my eyes for a second and when I opened them, he was gone. I spotted him sitting by the
driver, watching the band board the buses.
“Nialler!”
I waved at them, but ultimately retreated to the bunks.
“Can’t believe they let you ride with us.”
I raised an eyebrow. “Why?”
“Because you’re going to end up riding at least one of us.”
I stared at the guys.
“That’s enough.” Max voiced, his tone stern.
“Right, Babysitter. Forgot.”
“Shove it up your ass. Don’t sexualize the kid.”
“I’m not a kid.” I snapped.
Max rolled his eyes.

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We unloaded from the buses and I couldn’t have been more on edge.
I was sent off to dinner with my pack and Max trailed along behind me. I pulled out my seat between
Zayn and Harry, grumbling quietly. “Hope you don’t mind I brought my shadow.”
“Are you okay? You seem a little tense.” Zayn reached out for me and I snarled at him. “What the fuck is your problem?!” He hissed.
“Niall, enough.” Max growled at me. “Stop it.”
Harry moved his seat closer to Louis and pulled a chair. “Come on, Max. Join us,”
I rolled my eyes. “You-”
“Niall.” Max’s snarl made me freeze. “I said enough.”
I crossed my arms and pouted.
He sat between me and Harry. “Stop pouting, Niall.” His hand rested on my thigh and I melted into
the touch.
“Oh my God. You’re serious, Niall? That’s what this is about? You lashed out at me because you
like the guy that I made Harry hire because I thought you’d like him.”
“I don’t!” I argued, glaring at Louis.
“You want a new one then?”
“What? No! I don’t.”
“Prove that you don’t like him then.” Louis challenged. “Go find him a cute beta for the night. Or
find one for yourself.”
I looked at him, pleading. “Louis.”
“Yes, Niall?” He quirked an eyebrow up.
“I’m a cute beta.” I mumbled.
Max moved his hand to run his fingers through my hair. “Yeah, you are.”
I flushed.
“So?” Louis cleared his throat.
“I hate you.”
“You’re a bloody liar.”
“Louis, don’t.”
“I’ve got a cute beta friend. I can-”
“Louis!” I whined. “Stop.”
“Hey, shhh, it’s alright.” Max cooed. “Look at me, not them.”
I kept my eyes locked with Louis.
“Niall, look at me.”
I moved to look at him and he kissed me. I startled for a second before leaning into it and easily
letting him lick into my mouth. I only pulled away when I needed a breath, immediately trying to pull
him back in for another kiss.
“Easy,” Max stopped me.
I made a whine in the back of my throat. “But I want-”
“Niall,” he scolded.
I huffed and slumped in my chair.
“Welcome to our lives,” Zayn smirked.
I rolled my eyes.
“Niall, do you have anything to say to Louis?” Max asked, raising an eyebrow.
“You weren’t even there! How do you know about that?!”
“You think Harry didn’t tell me?” He snorted. “Now, what do you have to say?”
I looked over at Louis to meet his eyes. “I’m-”
“I know, Niall. I know you didn’t mean it. Harry was more upset than I was. Probably because I
knew what was up your ass. Or rather, what you wanted up your ass.”
“Louis!!”
“Enough, both of you.” Harry sighed.
I put my face in my hands. “I hate you. You did this on purpose, Louis.”
“Of course,” he snorted. “You think Haz over here knows how to play matchmaker?”
Harry raised an eyebrow at the smaller man.
“What? I’m an omega. I’m more in tune with this stuff.”
“Mhmm,” he snorted.
I chewed on my lip, watching them. “Never met any beta couples before.”
“My mum is a beta though. You’ve met her and Dan.”
“I guess,” I shrugged. “Forgot that they’re Betas. With Lottie and everything, you know?”
“What about Lottie?”
Harry made eye contact with me and shook his head so I stayed quiet. “Lou, baby, when’s the last
time you talked to your sister?”
“I don’t know. A while. Why? What happened?”
“She’s fine. She’s just presented.”
“Betas don’t present.”
“We know.”
"Wait. Lots is an omega?!
"Louis," Harry cleared his throat. "She's an alpha."
Louis' eyes flashed with different emotions. "But her boyfriend..."
"Also an alpha."
"YOU SAID ALPHAS DON'T MATE TOGETHER." He hissed pointing at Harry and standing
up.
"Lou,"
"YOU LIED TO ME."
"You were crying and in heat. Of course I lied! I wanted to get you to calm down."
"YOU. LIED. TO. ME. MY SISTER IS A FUCKING ALPHA."
"You're making a scene." Harry hissed.
"I DON'T GIVE A FUCK." Louis screamed.
"Lou, calm down, please,"
"FUCK YOU."
"Lou, calm down. Now." Harry's snarl made even Liam pause.
Louis made a face, but quieted.
"Enough, Louis, sit down and finish your food."
"How come I'm the only one who didn't know about Lottie being an alpha?"
"Because you won't call her and she doesn't know that you're an omega."
"It's all over the rags." Louis argued.
"You know that she doesn't believe that shit. She's called all of us to get a hold of you." I cleared my
throat.
"No matter what I said, she doesn't believe me that I'm your alpha." Harry growled.
"I mean, Louis is Louis." I snorted. "If you didn't smell it on him, would you have believed it?"
"Yeah, look at him. He's so fucking pretty."
"Okay, Harry, we get it. You love him."
"I do. That's why I'm flying Lottie out here so he can get over it and talk to her already."
"Okay, great, look. I'm glad you guys are figuring your shit out, but can we please get this show on the road? I would like to get back to making out with Max. You're not the center of the universe."
Max snorted. "Easy, Niall. We've got all night."
"Not to just make out."
"Yes, to just make out." He looked at me. "You've known me for a few days. You shouldn't be so eager for me to fuck you."
"Yeah, well, I also shouldn't be this tightly wound without you touching me, but here we are."
He rolled his eyes.
"Can you guys fuck later? I'm having a crisis." Louis complained.
"If we wanna fuck, we'll fuck."
"Niall, we're not fucking."
"You suck."
"You'll live, Niall." he laughed. "Let me at least take you out before you try to let me in your pants."
"Can we at least make out while they're arguing?"
"Sure," he laughed, kissing me.
I licked into his mouth and eagerly moved closer.
"Knock it off!" Louis snapped at us.
"Alright, that's enough." Harry hauled Louis into his lap. "You're going to stop that, right now. Let them be cute. Alright?"
After dinner, I managed to pull Max into my room.
"Niall, you know that I'm-"
"Off the clock." I mumbled, pulling him closer to me.
"I'm still here to protect you."
"Protect me by fucking me into the mattress."
"Not tonight, Niall," He muttered.
"Why not?"
"Because you're mine and I prefer to keep you safe. Even from me."
I whined.
"If you're good, I'll stay here tonight. I'll cuddle you."
"Is that code for fucking me?"
"No, it's not. It's code for cuddling."
I whined.
"You can earn a good fucking, but you haven't earned it yet."
I frowned. "Hey!"
He snorted. "I'll let you get off if you relax."
"Can we snog?"
"If you behave," he smirked, sitting on the bed and hoisting me into his lap. "Let's see how pretty you can be when you cum for me."
I raised an eyebrow, but his tongue was in my mouth before I could say anything. I eagerly let him lick into my mouth, rocking my hips while we snogged.
"That's right, babe. Go ahead. Get yourself off."
"Like this?" I asked, looking at him.
"In your jeans like the horny Irish fuck you are. Cum in your jeans for me like a teenager."
I shifted in his lap. "Fuck,"
He yanked me closer to him, his grip on my waist tight.
I moved quickly to grind up against him.
"God, this is hotter than I thought it would be." Max groaned.
"We could be shagging, you know. That would be hot."
He smacked my thigh, earning a jolt. "Not yet."
“Thought you American boys liked it fast and dirty.”
“Clearly you don’t know the right Americans.” He moved his hands to my ass and I gasped, squirming.
“Fuck,” I slammed my mouth to his. “Come on,”
“What? What do you need?” He asked.
I looked him in the eye and groaned, seeing his pupils blown.
“You need a promise, don’t you?” He leaned forward, sucking on my neck. “I promise that in the future, I’ll fuck you so hard that people will question your status. I’ll fuck you so hard that you have to cancel your entire week. I promise that I’ll leave bruises on your hips from my fingertips. I’ll suck bruises into your collarbones. Litter your pretty white skin with hickeys and love bites.”
I whined, grinding harder and faster against him.
"One day I'll sink my teeth into your neck, right here." he clamped his teeth down on my neck, not hard enough to break the skin, but enough to make me scream as I came in my jeans.
"Fuck, you look like heaven when you cum."
He grunted. "Come on, it's only fair."
I laughed, breathless.
"Want you to cum for me. Because of me." I leaned closer to him. "Cum to the thought of fucking me into the mattress. Cum to the thought of claiming me, making me yours."
His hips stuttered and he cursed, cumming in his jeans. "You caught on quick." he panted.
"Yeah," I grinned, slumping against him.
He hummed, nuzzling into my neck.
"Are you scenting me?"
"And if I am?" He asked.
"Can't say that I'd mind." I admitted.
"Good. Now get off me and go shower."
"Come with me."
"No," Max growled quietly. "Go shower."
"Only because the more I listen to you, the sooner you'll shag me." I grumbled, staying put. "I can't get up yet, though."
"Why?"
"I've got jello for legs, that's why."
"Fucked you senseless and I haven't even touched your naughty bits."
"My what?"
"Never mind, European little shit." He laughed, rolling me onto my back on the bed. "Let me clean you up, alright?"
"Aw, is the American boy sweet on me?"
"Oh, shut up. If you ever want to get fucked, you'll let me clean you up."
"Gonna lick me clean?"
"Not a chance, I'm not overstimulating you. I'm also not giving in to the horny Irish pop star."
"Damn," I complained, watching him tug my jeans off. "If this were a porno, we'd be having sex in about three minutes."
"Yeah, well, this isn't a porno."
"Don't you want to fuck me?" I asked, kicking his arms.
"Um, hell fucking yes, but I'm not looking to fuck and forget, Niall."
"Neither am I. Doesn't mean you've got to act like I've never been touched before."
Max's growl rippled through the room.
"I struck a nerve, I see."
"Don't push, Niall."
"You almost sound like an alpha."
He snapped at me, getting up. "Niall," he threw a pack of baby wipes on the bed and started stripping. "I'm taking a fucking shower."
I sighed, watching him leave. "If you weren't a bloody romantic, you'd be fucking me."
"Don't be a douche or else we'll never get to the good stuff."
I groaned, cleaning myself off and putting on a pair of boxers before digging through Max's bag for a t-shirt that I could wear.
"What are you doing?"
I looked up, a shirt of his in my hand. "I..."
"You've got a little bit of romance in you after all." He hummed.
"It smells like you." I sighed.
"Mmm."
"I was promised cuddles."
"You'll get them. I promise." He tugged on a pair of boxers.
"When?"
He tackled me onto the bed and dragged me to him by my waist.
I laughed, squirming to face him. "Hi,"
"Hi." He kissed my forehead and pulled me closer.
Harry's POV

"Louis,"
"Harry, I cannot fucking believe you." He screeched.
"Me? Really? Because I'm not the one lying to my family, am I?" I snapped.
"That's not fair!" Louis crossed his arms.
“Get it the hotel room.”
“No!”
“Now.” I snarled.
He went into the room, as slow as humanly possible.
I walked past him. “Is this really how you’re going to be?”
“Maybe.”
“Fine. Have it your way.” I shrugged.
He raised an eyebrow. “What does that mean?”
“It means that I’m not going to fight you over this.”
“You’re not?”
“No, I’m not.”
“We’ll see,”
I shrugged and flopped down onto the couch.
“I’m taking a shower.”
“Okay,”
“You going to join?”
“No, I’m good.”
“You’re good?”
“That’s what I said.”
“But...you always join me in the shower.”
“I’m not feeling it.”
“Fine.” He huffed, storming off into the bedroom.
I snorted and turned on the television, sitting up when I realized the Packers game was on.
Eventually Louis came out of the shower and into the room.
“What are we watching?”
“The packers are playing.”
He sat in my lap and I moved him next to me. “Harry!”
“It’s fourth quarter, Lou. Just hang out for a bit. Order some food or something.”
“Ugh, but you always do it.”
“You can do it. I believe in you.”
“Harry! Why do you hate me?!”
“It’s a phone call. It’s not like I’m asking you to go outside and get it yourself.”
“But you always do it. Always have done it. Why do you want me to do it all of a sudden?”
“Because I didn’t think it was such a burden to ask you to make a single phone call. I’ll do it my damn self.” I grabbed my phone. “I thought I’d just have you do it this once. My mistake.”
“Harry, I’ll do it.”
“I’ve got it.” I stood up and went to the kitchen, flipping through the takeout menus.
“You’re mad at me.”
I looked up at Louis. “What do you want to eat?”
“Whatever you want.”
“That’s not true at all.”
“You should choose. Tell me what you want. I’ll call.”
“I’m already up. And you can’t placate me with choosing the food.”
“Look, it’s not fair for you to be mad at me. You know I had a hard time with this.”
“Just tell me what food you want, Louis.” I huffed.
“Can we do pizza?”
“Sure,” I dialed the number and ordered our usual before putting my phone down. I returned to the living room, looking at the tv. “And the game is over now.” I sighed, sitting on the couch and flipping through channels.
“You want me to look up the highlights?”
“There’s no point.”
Louis climbed into my lap. “I’m sorry I made you miss the game.”
I shrugged.
“What should I tell Lottie when she gets here?”
“Whatever you want. It’s what you’re going to do anyway.”
“Harry,” he groaned. “Can’t we just...fuck it out?”
“I’m not in the mood.”
“You’re always in the mood.”
“That’s another lie.”
“Harry, come off it. It’s not that big of a deal.”
I shoved him off of my lap and to the other side of the couch. “Alright then,”
“That’s not what I meant!”
“That’s exactly what you meant.”
“It’s not. Harry,” he crawled over, attempting to get in my lap again.
“Stop it.”
He made a noise of disagreement, but settled.
I got up and put money on the counter. “Money for the pizza is on the counter. I’m taking a shower.”
The next day, we waited for his sister at the airport.
“Lottie!” Louis yelled, throwing himself at his sister.
“Lottie!” Louis yelled, throwing himself at his sister.
She snarled at him. “You don’t answer any of our calls or texts. Harry had to fly me out here for you to acknowledge that I exist.”
“I’ve been busy.”
“Busy lying. God, could smell you when I got off the plane, Louis. Mum is gonna be pissed. You lied to us!”
“He does that. It’s his new favorite thing.” I muttered.
Louis whined. “Harry!”
“Mhmm. Not into Harry, yeah right.”
“Technically Harry.”
“Stop.” Lottie and I both hissed.
Louis frowned. “Unfair. You two get to tell me what to do, but I’m older than both of you.”
“Oh, hush. Stay with your sister, stay away from other Alphas and don’t do anything fucking stupid.”
“You’re not coming?!” He raised an eyebrow. “But you always~”
“You’ve been saying that a lot lately.” I interrupted.
“Woah, woah, woah, I can feel the tension. Is that why I can smell you so clearly? You gagging for it over there?” Lottie snorted.
“Hey! Fuck you, alright.”
“Is he really that bad?”
“It’s pretty bad.” She sighed. “Let’s go to the hotel. I’ll check in and get settled. You take care of that before it gets out of hand.”
“I’m right fucking here, Lottie.”
“I know,”
I hesitated for a second. “Yeah, alright.” I finally agreed.
We all went to the hotel and the longer it took, the more prominent Louis’ scent got.
“Louis, Jesus,” Lottie shoved him.
“I’m sorry. I’m just...I need it.”
“Harry, get him out of here. It’s even starting to bother me.”
I rolled my eyes, but dragged Louis away. The second I closed the door, he started shedding clothes.
“You ARE gagging for it, aren’t you?”
“Well, you shouldn’t have taken it away from me.”
“It’s been like a day since I fucked you.” I rolled my eyes.
“Yeah, but I got used to us fucking often. You can’t just take it away. My body doesn’t care that you’re mad. It cares that I haven’t been knotted in...” he checked the time on his phone. “Twenty six hours.”
“You’re keeping track?”
“Can we talk about this later?! I’m leaking over here.”
“Alright, alright,” I muttered, shrugging out of my clothes.
“Don’t sound so enthusiastic, Harry.”
“Don’t push, Louis.” I warned.
“I’ll push if I want to push.” He hissed, trying to shove me.
I snarled at him, grabbing his wrists with one hand. “You want to act like a bitch? You’ll be treated like one. All fours.”
He moved to go to the bedroom, but I manhandled him into the position on the floor. “You’re not serious?”
“You want it or not?” I growled.
He dropped to his forearms, presenting. “Yeah, I want it.”
I nipped at the base of his spine. “Mmm. Can smell it. Your fucking sister could smell it.”
“Want you, need you,” His voice was breathy. “Please,”
I shoved his head down so that his face was smushed in the carpet as I thrust into him quickly.
He scrambled for purchase on the floor. “Fuck,”
I leaned over him, caging him in and making him moan. “You like that?”
“Love it,”
“Yeah?”
“Yeah, love being surrounded by you. Especially when you’re fucking me. It’s my favorite.”
I made a noise of approval and started fucking him earnest.
“Daddy,” he whined. “Please,”
“Please what?”
He pushed his hips back to meet mine. “Please,”
I changed the angle of my hips and fucked him harder.
He screamed “Daddy” and came.
“Looks like Daddy found your prostate.” I smirked. “Three more,”
"Three?!”
"That's what I said." I fucked him harder.
"I'm not in heat. I don't think I can." I grunted, shoving in hard and grinding my hips.
"Oh, oh, oh, fuck." I smacked his ass and he hissed in response. "You like that, baby? You like knowing that you'll feel Daddy in you and on you when you sit?"
He whimpered under me.
I smacked his ass again, reveling in the hand print it left on his skin. "You've got Daddy's hand print on your lovely ass, baby."
"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Louis' body locked up when he came again.
I sucked hicckeys into his shoulder blades.
"Daddy, your knot."
"Two more, baby."
"Daddy, no, can't."
"You can and you will." I growled.
He moved his head so that his mark was exposed to me. "Please,"
I latched onto the spot, not breaking the skin.
"Yours, yours, yours,"
I bit down harder and he released a silent scream as he came for a third time. I kept my teeth latched
in his mark and glanced down.
"Daddy."
I used my grip on his mark to slowly move us so that I was kneeling with him sitting on my dick.
"Gonna cum dry."
I made a noise of agreement.
"Please, knot me," he panted. "I can't. I'm spent. I can't."
I let go of his neck and licked the wound. "Please, Daddy."
I hooked my around around his waist, trapping him into me. "Should I knot you?"
"Please, please, please, I'll do anything."
“One more,” I looked at his throbbing erection.
“I can’t.” He whined.
“Then I can’t knot you.”
“Ngh,” he put his head on my shoulder and nuzzled into my neck.
“You’re still hard, baby. Know you’ve got it in you.”
He whined.
I pulled out of him, earning an even louder whine. "Relax, baby.” I put him a clean section of the
floor on his back.
“What are you doing?”
I threw his legs over my shoulders and thrust into him again, making him keen.
“Fuck,”
I put my hands on either side of his head and fucked into him at a brutal pace.
He starting whining and I raised an eyebrow at him. He leaned up and I met him halfway for a kiss.
I licked into his mouth earning a groan. “So lovely. So gorgeous. My beautiful omega. Love you so
much.” I whispered.
He cried out, writhing as he came dry.
I spread his legs obscenely and pushed us as close together as possible before I knotted him.
He mewed, pulling my mouth back to his. “I love you.”
I guided his legs to wrap around my waist and stood, carrying him into the room. “Side or back?”
“Side, please,”
I carefully got on the bed and arranged us on our sides.
“Hi,” He nuzzled my neck.
“Hi,”
“Haz,” he cleared his throat.
“I don’t know if I can take you seriously with how wrecked you sound.”
“Well, try.” He whined. “I didn’t mean to lie. Okay, I did. But not for this long. I just...in the
beginning I didn’t want it to be true so I just lied. I didn’t want my sisters or my mum to think I
couldn’t take care of them. And then I got more comfortable with this and I didn’t know how to
backtrack. So I just hoped that if I ignored them all, they’d get the hint. Which was stupid. But...” he
kept his face in my neck. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry that I lied. And I’m sorry that I pushed. I thought that
if I could get you to fuck me, you’d get over it. Which is...I don’t know.”
I drew patterns on his back.
“Say something, please.”
“I love you. I wish you hadn’t lied. I wish you had just talked to me about it.”
“Next time,”
I snorted. “You know that your family doesn’t care. You’re still you.”
“I know that now. I just...I don’t know. I didn’t want them to think I needed to be taken care of.”
“Everyone needs to be taken care of. That’s kind of the whole point in this mating thing, Lou.” I laughed. “We take care of each other.”
“I haven’t taken care of you at all though.”
“That’s not true. You took care of me for my rut.”
“And I fucked it up.”
“But you didn’t know better. For my next rut, you’ll be perfect.”
“I’m gonna fuck it up. I can’t even take care of my own alpha.”
“Hey, none of that.” I snarled quietly. “You take care of me just fine.”
“How?”
“Who makes me drink water on stage? Who keeps me calm when dealing with management? Who makes sure I eat enough and get enough sleep?”
“Liam,”
“Bullshit,”
He looked at me, big blue eyes.
“I love you.” I brushed his lips with my thumb. “Always in my heart,”
“Oh god, shut the fuck up.” He groaned, burrowing into my chest.
I laughed. “C’mon, Lou,”
“You’re the worst,”
“Who wrote the song about waking up with a boner because of their best friend?”
“Oi, you don’t know that’s about you.”
“I’m not an idiot. I knew you got hard when we cuddled.”
He flushed. “So?”
I was about to answer when his phone went off.
“Ignore it. It’s not like I can get it anyway.”
“I’ll get it. It’s probably your sister.” I pulled out of him carefully.
“Hurry back,”
I kissed him on the forehead and went into the kitchen to grab our phones. I went back to find him hissing as he plugged himself up. “Need it that much?”
“I was leaking. Shut up!”
I handed him the water and his phone. "Drink up."
"Lottie wants to know if we want to go to dinner with her tonight."
"You're the one with a plug up your ass. I'll let you decide if you want to."
"Can we?"
"Didn't I just say you could decide?"
"Yeah, but you're still the alpha."
I climbed into bed and kissed his forehead. "If you want to go, we'll go."
"I want to."
"Alright, pick a time. You want the boys?"
"I'd like that."
"I'll ask Liam and Niall."
"Ask Max, not Niall. You might rub him the wrong way if you don't."
"You're right."
He preened. "Love you,"
"Love you."
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Ziam!!!

Chapter Notes

Mobile upload so we’ll see how this goes. Next chapter was gonna be Niall and Max (Nax? Mall? Miall?) But I think I’m gonna do another Larry one so I can set up a few things. Xx

Liam's POV

"Want to go to dinner with the boys and Lottie?" I asked, running my fingers through Zayn's hair.
"Sure, sounds fun." He agreed.
I kissed him. "Our first public dinner."
"Mmm." He grinned. "I like it. I like not having to hide."
"I do too."
He hummed. "I can bite the server's head off for flirting with you now."
"You will not." I pointed at him. "You will behave."
"Who's going to tell Louis to behave?"
I snorted. "Harry, if we're lucky."
By the time we got there, Louis was squirming in Harry's lap.
"Lou, stop squirming." Harry sighed, tugging his hair a bit.
"Sorry, just can't get comfortable."
"You want to sit-"
"No, I wanna sit here."
"Okay, baby." Harry hummed.
I looked at Zayn, raising my eyebrows.
"You're not that lucky." He laughed, sitting next to me.
"I'm luckier. I'll have you-"
"Guys, we have innocents here." Max covered Niall's ears.
"Fuck off!"
I smirked. "Good pick, Louis."
"Why is everyone so surprised that I know how to pick 'em? I got Haz, didn't I? Doesn't that speak volumes?"
"Harry picked you. Doesn't count." I disagreed.
"You don't know that."
"He knocked all three of us over to get to you." I rolled my eyes. "We know."
Louis raised an eyebrow.
"You smelled so good." Harry groaned.
"Untouched. You smelled untouched." I clarified.
"To you." Harry rolled his eyes. "That's like if I said that Zayn smells-"
"Don't." Zayn interrupted. "You'll set him off. His rut is coming up."
"No, no, go ahead, Harry. What does Zayn smell like?"
"Touched is what I was going to say. Since he said untouched." Harry laughed. "I wasn't planning to insult him."
"Mhmm,"
"Honestly he just smells like you mostly."
"Louis smells like you when he’s not dripping all over the floor." I shrugged.
"Hey!"
"Sorry. You’re not very good at keeping your hormones in check, Louis."
"It’s Harry’s fault!"
"It’s my fault that you’ve got no control?"
A fraction of a second went by the other six of us sang out “no control” at the top of our lungs.
"Lottie, you’re not helping. And why are you so enthusiastic about a song your brother about morning wood?"
"Harry! I’m never letting you touch me again."
"You say that. But he blinks and suddenly you’re a puddle." I snorted.
"I am not!" Louis squeaked. "I hate you all!"
Harry put his hands on Louis’ waist.
"Holy fuck they meet.” Zayn gasped. "Jesus, Harry. Louis, if you won’t ride those fingers, I fucking will."
Louis and I snarled together.
"I wasn’t serious, guys. Gross. But the size difference...Jesus.”
I growled at my mate and he glanced back at me nervously.
"Li, love, calm down. I didn’t mean it.”
I didn’t comment.
He ran his fingers through my hair. “Shhhh, yours.” He whispered, leaning into me.
I hummed, accepting the gesture.
Everything from then on went great until the server brought out the checks. We’d established earlier that it was me and Zayn, Niall and Max, and then Harry, Louis, and Lottie.
Harry was handed his, Max and Niall argued over theirs, and Zayn was handed ours.
“Zayn,” Louis hissed from across the table.
“What?” He raised an eyebrow.
“Zayn.” He said again, looking at the check.
“Is there a problem?” The server asked, looking at us.
Zayn tugged they shoulder of his shirt down and the server gasped.
“Oh, fuck, fuck, I’m sorry. I didn’t...I just...” he backed away.
Louis started squirming.
“Liam, I’ll take care of it. Just go.” Harry cleared his throat, dialing on his phone.
“I can take care of my mate.”
“I know. But your rut is now. You need to go. Now. Before you fuck Zayn on this table.”
“Fuck, his scent is really strong. I never noticed.” Louis squirmed in Harry’s lap.
Zayn snapped at him and I pulled him up, heading out the back.
The driver had the door open for us and the partition was already down when I shoved my mate into the car.
“Alpha,” Zayn whispered, climbing into my lap.
I buried my face in his neck. Keep it together. Keep it together.
Paul met us at the hotel and shoved a key into my hand. “Penthouse. Go.”
The second the door closed to the elevator I had Zayn pressed against the wall.
He mewled and gave me access to his mark, which I bit into immediately.
“Alpha, Alpha, fuck.” he whined, cumming in his jeans.
The elevator dinged and I shoved him into the room. “Strip,” I ordered, throwing my own clothes off.
He tossed his clothes to the side and then stood by the bed, hands clasped behind his back. “On the bed,” I demanded, nudging him.

He climbed onto the bed and flipped to his back. “I know you like to watch how quickly you make me fall apart, alpha.”

I growled and got on top of him.

“Can we kiss, please?”

I licked into his mouth and slid my hand between us to see how wet he was. I pressed two fingers into him and he whimpered into my mouth. “Fuck, I love how wet you are.”

“For you. Always wet for you.” He panted.

I curled my fingers, hitting his prostate and making him writhe beneath me. I removed my fingers and he whined.

"Come on, Alpha. My alpha. Mine. Gonna knot me? Gonna make me take it? Gonna make me scream your name so that the fans know who's fucking me like this?” Zayn tugged on my hair.

I thrust into him and he whined. I fucked his mouth with my tongue and shoved his hips down against the mattress as I fucked him brutally.

"Fuck, alpha, fucking me so good." He arched his back.

I suctioned on his mark.

"Alpha, please," he whined.

"Cum," I demanded.

He came with a scream of my name and I fucked him harder through it.

"Knot me, please."

"Yeah, you want it?"

"Need it. Please."

I hooked his knees in my elbows and yanked his hips to mine, tilting his up just as I knotted him.

His jaw went slack as he came for a third time. "Fuck,"

"So good for me." I praised, panting. "Always so good for me."

Zayn preened. "Love you,"

"Love you."

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I rolled over and found Zayn asleep. “Z, wake up.” I growled, getting on top of him. “Z,”

He yawned. “You horny, Li?”

“I’m gonna fill you with my babies. Gonna fuck you so good.”

“So yes,” he snorted.

I growled. “It’s not funny.”

“It’s kinda funny.”

I shoved two fingers in him without warning and he whined.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.” He squirmed.

“Is it still funny?”

“No, shit, shit, sorry.” He scrambled to get out from under the sheet that he had been wrapped in.

“Alpha, Alpha, please,”

I tore the sheet out from between us and pinned his wrists to the mattress. “I’m gonna knock you up, fill you with my fucking pups, omega.”

“Yes, alpha, fuck, please. Wanna have your pups.” He tried to move his hips down to meet mine.

“Alpha, please, please, please, I want your pups.”

“Gonna look so fucking good all full like that.” I growled, thrusting into him and bottoming out quickly.

“Yeah? All full of you? Everyone would know I’m yours. Everyone all over the world would know who my alpha is. Who I belong to. The world would watch me grow your pups. Write articles about how fucking full I am of you.”

I fucked him roughly, letting go of his wrists to put my hands on either side of his head. “Gonna so
“Yeah, I will. Can’t wait. Fucking gonna knock me up tonight, aren’t you? Gonna show the whole fucking world that I’m yours. Gonna be on-stage and everyone’s gonna see. Gonna have your pups and meet and greets aren’t going to matter because no alpha will touch me. I’ll be too full of you. Of your pups. I’ll smell like you. I won’t be able to wash off your scent. I’ll-”

“Fuck,” my hips stuttered and I knotted him, making him mewl and cum between us. “Jesus, Zayn.”

“Wow,” he looked at me. “ Didn’t even mark me and you came in like a minute.”

“You’re really good at hitting every nerve.” I panted, looking down at him.

“You really like the idea of me carrying your pups.”

“You just...you kept making it sound so good,” I groaned. “You full of me. You smelling like me. The world knowing. The world seeing.”

“Does this mean that whenever we have pups, I’ll get extra super laid?”

“If you’re carrying our pup, you can have whatever you want. I think that’s a fair trade.”

“Damn right it is.”

I laughed. “You’re so good at this. Makes me feel bad for Harry.”

“Why?”

“Because I’ve got you.”

“He’s got Louis.”

“You’re without a doubt much better at all of this than he is.”

“Well, that’s not fair. I didn’t present at twenty. I presented at sixteen. I’ve been doing this for a while. We’ve been together for almost two years.”

“I mean they’ve basically been together for two years.”

“Not like this. Not like us. I also got the chance to figure this out in private. Louis doesn’t get that. Don’t be mean to him.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“What? He’s like a pup. We’ve got experience. We should be helping them.”

“If we have an omega I don’t know what I’m gonna do with myself because God knows I’ll probably say something that comes across as insulting because I have no idea what it’s like. Did I mention that I love you???”

“Think of Louis as a practice run. If you handle it well, we can discuss the possibility of tossing out my birth control.”

“Wait. Seriously?!”

“Yes! Be nice to Louis!”

“Alright, deal. But who says I didn’t knock you up this time, hmm?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Zayn rolled his eyes at me. “Let’s nap before you go all ‘I’m gonna put a baby in you’ again.”

“I always want to put a baby in you.”

“Be nice to Louis and we’ll see.”

“If he’s my pup I’m gonna be the nicest.”

“Shut up and take a nap.”

When my rut was finally over and we went to see the other boys, we went to Harry and Louis first.

“Harry!” Louis yelled. “You washed it!”

“It was dirty!”

“Zayn! Tell him he shouldn’t have washed it!!”

“What’s what?” I raised an eyebrow.

“I washed a few of my jumpers and he’s lost it.” Harry snorted.

“None of them smell like you anymore!!”

“I’m sure one of the other ones-”

“They don’t! You washed them!”

“Harry, you gotta give him at least one or he’s gonna harbor them somewhere until he needs you to wear them again.” Zayn shook his head.

“It’s not like you can’t buy more jumpers.” I reminded him. “But I’m with Louis on this one.”
“What?! No way.”
“He’s the omega. If it makes him comfortable, suck it up.”
“Did you not yell at Zayn for shredding your favorite shirt?”
“That was signed and authentic and not a jumper he wanted to wear. He shredded the shirt. And besides, I got over it. It made him happier to have the damn thing.”
“I can’t just not wash my clothes.”
“You could’ve left him one while you washed the rest.” I rolled my eyes. “You’re gonna hate when he nests.”
“Why?”
“Because! It’s his nest. You don’t fuck with it. He’ll tell you if something needs to be washed. Otherwise, don’t fucking touch it.” I pointed to Harry.
“Why not? What happens?”
“Just...don’t. It’s like the second biggest betrayal.”
“Alright, alright,” he held up his hands on surrender.
“Harry!!!” Louis whined, holding out a purple jumper.
The alpha reluctantly pulled the fabric over his head. “Turn up the AC at least, Lou.”
“Don’t.” Zayn warned. “Because then he’ll be cold and your jumpers don’t smell right anymore. He’ll throw a fit.”
“I will not!” Louis argued.
“I did.”
“Oh.”
“So much for the break I thought I was getting.” Harry groaned.
“Well, I’m moving in and apparently probably nesting. So Grimmy isn’t coming into the house.”
“He’s not.”
“Harry,” I interrupted. “You really don’t want Grimmy there while he’s nesting.”
“Mmm. Pizza girl was an omega, wasn’t she?”
“Yes.”
“I tried to take her head off.”
“You bit him, Z.” I snorted.
“You bit him?!” Louis’ eyebrows shot up.
“He was in my territory! He shouldn’t have stepped into the house! I was nesting! It’s my nest!” Zayn snapped. “I was in the right. It’s my nest.”
“I know. I know. Should’ve had you make it on the second floor.”
“It’s my nest and I’ll put it where I damn well please.”
I ran a hand through my mate’s hair. “I know. I should’ve suggested it I mean. You’d have been less upset because she wouldn’t have seemed as threatening if she was farther from your nest.”
“I don’t know where I’m putting my nest, Haz. But you better not let Grimmy in the fucking house.”
“Speaking of Grimmy.” Max cleared his throat. “Is now a bad time to tell you that you’re doing an interview with him as soon as you get back to London?”
“No. We’re not. I’m not. Harry’s not.” Louis protested. “Let the others do it.”
“No, Lou. We’ll have them make it radio only. You can sit in my lap the whole time. I promise.”
“Fine. But if it’s tv, I still want to sit in your lap.”
“Okay, baby.” Harry shrugged.
“Have a jumper ready for him. He’s gonna be fresh off a plane and faced with Grimmy. He’s gonna want that jumper.”
“Since when are you so invested in what happens to me and Louis?”
“I just am trying to help.”
“I told him to think of Louis as our pup so he has to be nice or else I won’t give him any kids.”
“I’m not a pup!”
“Well, you’re what we’ve got for baby practice.”
“I’m not a bloody child!”
“We know that.”
“So am I not supposed to do the whole diaper training thing with him?” I asked, looking at Zayn.
“If you even try I swear-”
“He’s kidding, Lou.” Harry rolled his eyes.
“I’ll scratch your fucking eyes out if you so much as think about it.”
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Miall to come - wish me luck this weekend as I go present research like an adult

Louis’ POV

“Haz, can’t we just go home?”
“Baby, you know we have an interview.” Harry sighed, pulling his jumper off and handing it to me.
“I’m tired.”
“I know. After this, we can go straight to bed.”
I frowned. “Can I still sit in your lap?” I pulled his jumper on.
“Of course, if that’s what you want.”
“I want to sleep. I want Grimmy to go and-”
“Easy, Nick is still my friend.”
“He’s my arch enemy.”
“He is not.”
“He is!” I whined, rubbing up against him. “My alpha. Mine.”
“I know, Lou.”

We got into the studio and arranged ourselves comfortably.
Harry sent Sarah to get tea for me and told Nick that he could go ahead.
“Alright, I’ve got One Direction here with my today. My friend Harry Styles, the picture perfect alpha, is in the house. You guys can’t see this, we’re having camera issues today, but Louis Tomlinson is perched up in his lap. It’s quite cute. Harry, love, would you like a towel for between you?”
“Don’t be ridiculous, Nick. Do you have a towel under you?” Harry rolled his eyes.
“Actually, yes, since I knew you’d be here.”
I clenched my fist in Harry’s shirt.
“Louis won’t be spilling his tea so we won’t need a towel, but thank you for asking,” Harry brought his hand under my shirt to rub soothing patterns into my back.
“Captain Two Ships Niall is also in the house. I feel kind of bad that he’s here all single while his two ships cuddle. Which brings me to Ziam! Live and in the flesh. Wow, they’re stunning together. Even fresh off a plane! What a power couple.”
Sarah handed me my tea and ruffled my hair before disappearing.
“Tommo has tea so now we can truly kick things off. We all need a good cuppa in the morning, unless you’re Harry Styles. Then you just roll out of bed fabulous. I’m not kidding. You should see how unfair his advantage is after he’s just woken up.”
I tensed. When did he see Harry after he just woke up?
“They can’t see my Louis. He’d put me to shame.” Harry responded. “So, what have you got us in for today, Nick?”
“We’ve got some fan questions for you boys if that’s alright. A few fans have called in to talk to you and then we can do submitted fan questions. To those fans we’ll speak to, please remember that the show is delayed a bit and if you stray from our rules, you’ll be cut.”
I raised an eyebrow.
“It’s so you don’t have to answer really personal stuff. You’ve got the right to privacy on anything you don’t want to share.” Harry whispered, putting his chin on my shoulder and nuzzling my neck.
“Alright, so our first caller is Allison from the states. Hello, love. Quite a ways away for this station.
How are you and who do you want to talk to?”
“Um so this is for Louis,”
“Hi, love, what’s up?”
“How the fuck does Harry even fit in you? Are you okay? I mean—”
“That’s enough of that.” Nick pressed the button to end the call. “For those of you listening, we had someone who wanted to push. But that’s fine. Next caller.”
Harry’s hands gripped my waist tightly.
“Hello, Maddie from London! Talk to the boys!”
“So this is for everyone I guess. Are you guys technically a pack now? And if so, who is the pack leader?”
“We actually do make a pack,” Liam answered. “Two sets of mates and a beta so we’ve got a good setup. Harry’s actually pack leader.”
“We’re not sure how or why, honestly.” Harry laughed. “I don’t feel like I should be.”
“I think it’s because your voice is the deepest so when you snarl at someone it’s really terrifying.” I said, shrugging.
“Thank you, Maddie! Next we’ve got Sam from Doncaster,” Nick switched the calls.
I sat up to get closer to the mic. “Oi oii! A Donny lad. Let’s have it.”
“So to Louis and Zayn, have you both always been omegas or did you present late?”
Harry kissed my cheek. “You can lie, if you want.”
“I’ve always been an omega. I presented at sixteen and it was quite literally the worst because everything changed so quickly and I was in high school and it just sucked.” Zayn answered.
“I presented at a signing a few weeks back. I’m sure you all remember Harry dragging me out of there like the building was on fire.” I laughed. “I know some of the fans were trying to politely hint at it, but I was clueless. I didn’t know what was happening. I didn’t even realize until I was in the car and Harry had told me I was presenting. Was freaking terrifying. I’m really lucky that Harry was able to pull me out and tell me what was happening. I should’ve known, honestly. Harry’s always smelled incredible to me. I just never put two and two together I suppose.”
Harry grinned like a fucking idiot behind me.
“Thanks, Sam! We’ve got Jay, also from Doncaster!”
“Mum?!” I panicked.
“Hi, Love,”
I squirmed in Harry’s lap a bit. “Hi,”
“What advice would you, or Zayn, give to a newly presented omega?”
I flushed. “Attack head on and get over it. Don’t fight it so much. The more you fight it, the more shit it is. Oh crap. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to swear.”
“It’s alright, we’ll bleep it.” Nick waved a hand at me.
“I would say relax and just listen to your body instead of your brain. Your body will follow instinct and that will really help.” Zayn tacked on, giving me a sympathetic look.
“And I’m being told we’ve got a surprise on deck. I have no idea what this is though, fingers crossed it was screened.” Nick looked at his phone and then the door. “Bring them in here already,”
“Harry,” I looked at him.
“I don’t know either, baby. Sorry,”
The door opened and all five of our mums came into the room.
“All of the mums of our lovely boys are here with us now. Enjoy some of their tunes while I find more mics!” Nick pressed a few buttons and disappeared.
I panicked and looked everywhere except for at my mum. I could feel her eyes on me and Harry rubbing my back.
“Boobear,”
I looked up at her. “Mum,”
Harry nudged me. “Go on, it’s okay, Baby. She’s not mad. She just misses you, yeah? Go hug her.”
“I can’t.” I whined, hiding my face in his neck.
“Yes, you can. And I’ll be right here. If anything goes wrong, we can leave immediately. Okay?”
I slid out of his lap and found my mum not even a foot away. “Hi,”
“Are you going to hug me or stare at me?” She asked, pulling me into her.
I snuggled into the embrace and felt her pet my hair.
“I’m so proud of you.”
“But I lied!” I pulled away to look at her.
“Yes, but you lied to protect yourself. It’s okay. And look at you now! Talking about it on the radio.”
“I’m sorry that I lied.”
“I’m sorry that you felt like you had to.”
“I didn’t want you to think that I couldn’t take care of you lot anymore. I still can. I just-”
“Let me interrupt you and tell you that I’m fucking relieved you’re an omega.”
I raised an eyebrow. “What?”
“It means someone is taking care of you for a change. That’s a good thing. A needed thing.”
“But I’m-”
“You’re Louis fucking Tomlinson and you kick ass and take names and you had better let Harry Styles take care of you.” She pointed to me.
“I’m working on it.”
“I’ll take it.”
I hugged her tightly for a minute before letting her go.
“Come here, Louis. Let me get a good look at you. Make sure my son hasn’t gone all caveman alpha on you.” Harry’s mum laughed.
“I didn’t!” Harry argued.
“Hi,” I hesitantly stood in front of her.
“Jesus, H. Watch the teeth, would you?” She shook her head. “He’s not a chew toy.”
“I know he’s not a chew toy, mum.” Harry rolled his eyes.
“Then act like it!”
I laughed.
“It’s not funny, Lou.”
“Yes, it is. For once it’s you on the chopping block about us.”
“Harry! You can’t make everything his fault!”
“Mum-”
“Harry Edward Styles, Louis is not a punching bag or a sex toy.”
“Jesus,” Harry groaned, putting his head in his hands.
I bit my lip to stop myself from laughing.
“If he treats you poorly, let me know and I’ll slap him around.”
“Yes, ma’am.” I grinned.
“None of that. You’re family, yeah? It’s Anne for you. I’d let you call me Mum, but if Harry called Jay Mum I think I’d lose it so it wouldn’t be right.”
“Can I have him back now, mum? Are you done examining him?”
“I am not!”
“Well, can we finish this later, please?”
I flicked his forehead. “Relax, curly.”
“Lou,”
“Pixie,” he mumbled.
“What does that make you then? An oaf?”
He threw his head back, laughing.
“I love you.”
He looked at me with bright eyes. “I love you too.” He kissed me and I moved, straddling his lap to get another kiss. “Needy,” he teased.
“Watch it, Styles. I’ll stay with my mum for my next heat.”
“Oi,” he pulled my mouth back to his, easily slipping me the tongue.
I locked my arms around his neck and sat up to make things easier.

A few moments later, something hit me in the back, making me whimper and break away. Harry snarled.

“Shit. Sorry, I didn’t mean to hit you,” Nick held up his hands. “I was aiming for the wall. Thought it would shock you two out of it.”

Harry growled at him, looking at me. “Turn around.”

“I’m not hurt.”

“Louis,”

I rolled my eyes. “Come on, our mums are here.”

He turned me around himself so that my back was to him. He moved my shirt and ran his thumb over the spot, making me hiss. “So you are hurt.”

“It’s not serious.”

He made a noise of disagreement and must’ve given Nick a death stare because he froze in place.

“Ice. Go.”

Nick disappeared.

“Okay, I need you to chill because I don’t want to get wet in front of our mums.” I hissed, looking at my alpha.

“Fine,”

Nick handed Harry an ice pack and returned to his seat.

I squirmed and whined when I felt the cold spread through my back.

“Shhh, easy,” Harry hummed, brushing his thumb back and forth across my thigh.

“I hate being cold.” I complained.

“Just for a bit, okay? Can you do that for me? Then I’ll take you home and let you sleep as long as you’d like and then I’ll run us a bath.”

“Promise?”

“Anything for you, love.”

I preened.

“Does everyone have a mic?” Nick looked around before locking eyes with Harry, who nodded.

“Okay,” he pushed a few buttons. “Sorry for that, folks. You’d be unsurprised to know that most of the mics here have people at them already.” He paused and looked out the door. “Don’t look at me like that! I asked before I took them. You’d think I’m a thief or something.”

“For the audience, Grimmy hit Louis in the back with God knows what while we weren’t on air.”

“It was an accident! And besides. You were sniffing like bloody teens!”

“I am a teen! And it wasn’t an accident.” Harry tightened his grip on my waist.

“It was. If I’d wanted to hit him, I wouldn’t have thrown something little. I threw a bloody plastic toy. You’d think I threw a paperweight or something.” Nick huffed.

Harry’s grip on me tightened again and I squirmed. “Louis,”

“You’re crushing me.” I whispered.

He loosened his grip and I stilled in his lap.

“We’ve got two final callers on the line. Thank you so much for waiting, Abby! You’ve got the boys and their mums.”

“Well, this is more for Niall since he’s single, but what do you lot look for in a mate. Or did you look for, I guess.”

“You know, I don’t really think that’s how it works. Or at least it didn’t for me. I just kind of saw him and I was like ‘that one’. You just...know. Which I’m sure isn’t what you wanted, but.” Liam shrugged.

“No, I agree completely. It’s not about the qualities. It’s the specific person. Even before Louis was an omega, I kind of had this feeling of ‘this boy is mine, don’t touch him’ and we just clicked.”

Harry laughed.

“See for me it wasn’t until he touched me that I was like ‘Oh, this is not the same as normally interacting with an alpha’ and then he was all over me and that was it.” Zayn laughed.

“I don’t know. For me, I just kind of gravitated towards Harry and it was like ‘I can’t stop it’ even
though I kept telling myself ‘this is ridiculous! He’s an alpha!’ Which is good now and all, but. I was convinced that there was something wrong with me. Turns out that I just am late to everything. Presenting included.”

My mum laughed. “You were always extra, love.”

“Well this time I wasn’t being dramatic!” I laughed.

After the interview, Harry asked Niall to wait with me and disappeared.

I sighed. “Where is he-”

“You know bloody well what!” I jumped at the sound of Harry’s voice.

“Don’t yell at me I’m not your-”

“I would think very fucking hard about what word is about to come out of your mouth, Nick.” Harry seethed.

“Just leave it alone, Harry. I don’t want to do this with you. Especially not where I work.”

“Oh, we are doing this here. You had no right to-”

“Don’t! Don’t you fucking dare. I had every right. I was aiming for YOU. And you know why. You know exactly why. Don’t act like you’re in the right. I’m sorry that I hit Louis. Wasn’t my intention. Why don’t I apologize and have a little chat with him as well.”

Harry’s snarl made me whimper. “You stay the fuck away from my mate, Nick. You lay a fucking hand on him and I’ll-”

“I don’t want to hurt your precious little mate. Get your head out of your ass. I don’t have a problem with him. I have a problem with you and your bullshit.” Nick snarled, heading out of the room and storming past us all. “Good luck, Louis. You’ll fucking need it. But I am sorry I hit you.”

“What are you two-”

Harry snarled at Nick and pulled me up.

“Harry!”

“Lou,”

“We’re going. Thanks for staying with him, Niall.”

“But what-”

“Lou, now,” he yanked me along.

I could smell how pissed off he was. “What’s wrong? What were you two on about? Why are you so mad?”

He growled at me. “Later,”

I got shoved into the car and the second the door closed, he was yanking me into his lap and gripping my waist. “Harry,”

“Just...please, I can’t.”

I leaned back to nuzzle into his neck.

His breathing evened out a bit and his scent relaxed, but still overwhelmed me.

We got to his house and he pushed me in the front door.

“Don’t leave this house. I’ve got to go deal with Nick.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Later. Promise. Just take a nap and I’ll be back soon.”

“But-”

“I’ll tell you everything later. Swear.” He kissed my forehead and was gone.

I huffed, but went up to his room to take a nap. I woke up an hour or two later, sweating. “No, no, no!” I whined. “Harry,” I shoved my face into his pillow, inhaling his scent.

I had to shift to get my phone, rubbing up against the mattress. “Fuck, fuck, fuck! Harry,”

I dialed his number and the call went to voicemail. I whined, rutting against the bed. I threw all of my clothes on the floor and whined again when I realized how wet and hard I was.

Can I even get off? Will I be able to? God I fucking need it. Fuck. I’ve got to try. I can’t. I can’t stay like this.

I spread my legs and shoved two fingers into myself. It’s not enough, fuck. I inserted a third and fucked myself down anyway. After too long of not achieving anything, I wiped my hand on the
sheets and gave up, my thighs trembling.
“Louis?” Zayn called. “Harry said...fuck. You’re in heat.”
I whined, smelling Liam downstairs. “Harry,”
“Shit. He told us to come by to check on you if he didn’t tell us he was back by now.” Zayn answered, getting closer to the room.
I couldn’t smell Liam anymore and I shoved my face back down into Harry’s pillow, sobbing.
“Tommo? It’s just me.”
“Harry, I need, I can’t. I just...” I sobbed brokenly into the pillow.
“Can you get off?”
“Harry,” I threw a pillow at him.
“Alright, mate. Liam went to fetch him. It’s alright.” He sat by my head and stroked my hair.
“You’re alright.”
I clawed at the sheets. “Where is he?!”
“He went to sort Nick out,”
I cried into the pillow, full on weeping and hiccuping now. “My alpha,” I whimpered. With Nick.
“No,”
“He’ll be here soon. It’s okay.”
I shook my head violently. None of this is okay. He’s supposed to be here with me. He’s gonna smell like Nick.
“Jesus, I don’t know what to do with you. I’ve never...” Zayn tore the pillow away and I cried even harder. “I need to get you out of here. Everything smells like Harry. You’re drowning in it and he’s not here. It’s not helping.”
“My alpha,” I wailed.
“I know, he’s coming.”
“He’s with Nick.” I choked out, dissolving into tears again.
“He’s coming back for you. He’ll be here soon. Liam told him that you need him. He’s coming to you. Your alpha,”
I don’t know how long I sat there sobbing before I could smell finally Harry in person. I rolled onto my back and spread my legs.
“So he’s here then I’m guessing.” Zayn snorted, getting up.
I could smell Nick on my alpha and clawed at my arms in distress. How could I let this happen?!
“Hey, woah, Louis, stop.” Zayn whispered, sitting back down and trying to soothe me. “He’s here now.”
“Smells like Nick.” was the only thing I could say before going back to sobbing and clawing at my own skin. I was stupid enough to think that I could have Harry Styles. Fuck. I tried to claw at our bonding scar.
“Louis, stop,” Zayn grabbed my wrists.
“No!” I cried, trying to pull away. “I have to. I have to. I have to.”
“Lou, baby,” Harry sat next to me. “You’re okay.”
“No! No! No!” I screamed, breaking Zayn’s hold on me and shoving my alpha.
“You reek of Nick. And those aren’t your clothes.”
I clawed at my chest and my collar bones. “No, nonononono.”
“Zayn, go. I’ve got it.” Harry nodded towards the door.
“He didn’t start clawing at himself until you walked in.”
“It’s going to get worse if I don’t do anything about it so either watch us fuck or go.” Harry started tossing his clothes off. “Baby, enough of that.” He pinned my wrists down above my head. “Stop trying to destroy your own skin. You’re alright. It’s alright. I’m here. I love you. I’m so sorry. Shit. Shouldn’t have gone without you. Should’ve known that today would’ve set you off early.” He licked the clawed marked on my skin carefully. “I smelt you on Liam before I even knew it was Liam. My poor baby. Made them break every traffic law to get to you. I’m here. I’m gonna take care of you.” He pushed three fingers into me and I wailed as I came between us. “I love you. I’m so sorry. I never should’ve turned my phone off.” He fucked me to another orgasm with his fingers.
“Not gonna wait. Gonna knot you, okay?” He thrust into me quickly and I came twice more before he knotted me.
I finally quieted down to little sniffles that I couldn’t stop.
“Shhh, love you so much.” Harry stroked my hair.
I looked away from him.
“I’m sorry, fuck. You look like you tried to claw your own skin off.” His fingertips lightly trailed my red, irritated skin.
Because I did.
“We need to talk about it.”
I shook my head.
“Louis,”
“Go to hell. You disappear for hours to go see Nick. Your bloody phone is off. I’m in heat and everything smells like you, but it isn’t. I can’t even get off because I don’t have your fucking permission. You finally fucking get here and you smell like HIM.” I hissed. “Go to hell. You set my heat off early. And you weren’t even here to take care of it. Don’t tell me that we need to talk about. There’s nothing to talk about. I needed you and not only were you gone, but you had your phone off. If Liam and Zayn hadn’t checked on me, I would’ve been here alone still.”
“It’s not like-”
“Don’t. I can’t. I physically can’t right now.” I interrupted. “You fuck it out of me and I’ll punch you after I’m sane enough to do it.” I snapped. “And you still smell like Nick.”
“It’s because blood is easier to smell.” He mumbled.
“I don’t care. I care that I was alone for...” I picked up my phone. “Wow. I was in heat for five hours before they came to check on me.”
“Shit, were you really?!”
“Woke up fucking sweating and alone. So fuck you.”
He moved to kiss me and I growled.
“No. No, you don’t get to kiss me after ditching me for five fucking hours.”
“So, what? I can’t kiss you?”
“You can kiss my ass after you help me through this. Then I’m going to claw your skin until YOU bleed.” I mumbled, looking at my arms.
“Why were you doing that?!”
“Because I wanted to die.”
“Don’t be dramatic, Louis.”
I looked over my chest and my arms. “Right. Because I did this to myself to get a reaction out of you.”
He sighed. “I said I was sorry.”
“Yeah, good for you. Did that make you feel better? Because I still feel like shit.”
“What do you want from me, Lou? I didn’t do it on purpose.”
“It won’t be on purpose then when I rip all your favorite clothes for my nest.”
“Lou, look. I didn’t mean to and I’m sorry. And I know that doesn’t fix anything, but at least let me tell you what happened.”
“What were you doing?”
“Because I wanted to die.”
“Don’t be dramatic, Louis.”
I looked over my chest and my arms. “Right. Because I did this to myself to get a reaction out of you.”
He sighed. “I said I was sorry.”
“What do you want from me, Lou? I didn’t do it on purpose.”
“It won’t be on purpose then when I rip all your favorite clothes for my nest.”
“Lou, look. I didn’t mean to and I’m sorry. And I know that doesn’t fix anything, but at least let me tell you what happened.”
“Do I have a choice?”
“I mean, you could tune me out I suppose.” He shrugged. “I went over there because I was right pissed about how he was acting towards you. Wanted to confront him outside the studio.”
“What was he yelling about.”
“Don’t be mad.”
“I’ll be mad all I want, thank you.”
Harry rolled his eyes. “When I found out that I couldn’t mate a beta without physically hurting you, I decided that I wasn’t going to mute anyone. So when Nick asked me to mate with him, I said no.”
“I fucking knew it. You asshole. You should’ve told me.”
“I planned to. Just not when I thought it would set you off. Which I’ve already done so I might as well get it all out there.”
I scratched at my arms again and Harry snarled.
“None of that, Louis.”
I hissed at him, but stopped. “I’m not doing it on purpose.”
“I know. That’s why I used my alpha voice.” He used his thumb to brush over my hip. “I told Nick that I didn’t want a mate and that if I had it my way, I would never mate. And then you presented. And you were mine. You are mine. And I’m yours. I’ve always been yours. I was never his. So I went to his to confront him. When he admitted he hit you on purpose, I...might have punched him and drew blood.”
“Jesus, Harry, it wasn’t that serious.”
“It was though. Because he wasn’t going to stop. And it was going to stop. I broke his nose, I think so he was bleeding all over the place. When he finally stopped screaming rude shit, he calmed down and let me change into some clothes of his because there was blood on mine.”
“He did it on purpose and you should’ve known better. He knew you’d smell like him. He knew you were walking into this house in his clothes smelling like him. If you’d been bloody, it would’ve made sense for you to smell like him.”
“Well, I thought you’d panic if you saw blood.”
“I fucking smelled him the second you walk in and I couldn’t stop myself from trying to claw my own skin off. I wanted to die. I wanted to bleed.”
“I’m so sorry. Fuck. It’ll never happen again. Promise.” He licked over the scratches, soothing them. “Your knot hasn’t gone down.”
“You’re in distress still. It will take longer.” He nuzzled my neck. “My phone wasn’t off. It died and I didn’t know until I tried to call you.”
“You shouldn’t have been gone so long.”
“I know. It was stupid and reckless.” Harry put his forehead against mine. “I’m sorry, Lou. I love you so much.”
“You don’t get to blame me for everything. You fucked up. You...I almost...I almost clawed our bond.”
“I’ll make it up to you.”
“I’m in heat and my mum is in town. That’s not fair!”
“I’ll tell her I’ve set off your heat early and we’ll go see your family when you’re out of it. Alright?”
“Fine. But you can still go to hell.”
He licked into my mouth like if he moved too quickly I’d fall apart. “I’m sorry, I love you so much. Your big, stupid alpha loves you.”
“I’m still mad.”
“As you should be. I was stupid and I didn’t take care of you properly.”
I looked into his big, dumb, green eyes. “No, you didn’t.”
“I’ve got you, shhhhh.” He kicked away the sheet out from between us and shoved me onto my back. “Love you so much,” he licked his tongue into my mouth.
“Harry,” I whined.
“I know, baby. I’ll take care of you.” He pushed into me before fucking me hard and deep.
“Fuck,” I pushed my hips back to meet his and came between us. “Knot me,”
“Of course, baby.” His hips sped up and I came again before his rhythm started to stutter. “So good, baby. So perfect. Love you so much.” He bit into my mark and I came another time, just as his knot popped in me.
I sighed in relief.
“Love you,”
“Shut up,” I grumbled. “Should I not bother moving in? Let your precious Nick come live here instead.”
“Don’t be like this.”
“I’ll be however I damn well please. How about for your next rut I go roll around on a football pitch
with some other Alphas, come in smelling like all of them. See how you like it.” I snapped. “What were you reading anyway. You’re here are you’re still being a shit mate.”
He moved to sit up, situating me in his lap. “It’s like a how to book.”
I raised an eyebrow and glanced at it. “Does that say ‘Mating for Dummies’?”
“I am your big, stupid alpha.”
“When did you even get that?”
“I had them sent here like after your first heat.”
“They?”
“Well, yeah,” he leaned over to pull a few books from his nightstand.
“This one is about nesting. This one is about heats. This one is about ruts. This one is about general stuff.”
“There’s a lot to learn.”
“You bought books.”
“Why does that surprise you?”
“Because you’re Mr. I Studied and I’m the idiot who slept through omega PowerPoints.”
“You’re not an idiot. And I’m not exactly nailing this whole thing. Liam suggested them and I got them. Didn’t think I’d need them which was fucking stupid.”
I didn’t answer, glancing at the books again.
“Tried to claw your own damn skin off because I’m an idiot.” He pushed my hair back. “I’m not risking it. I should’ve known better.”
“Our mums are going to murder you, you know.”
“And it wouldn’t even scrape the surface of what you should do to me.” Harry frowned, nosing at my neck. “I’ll do better. I’ll be better. I promise. It won’t happen again.”
“You ever pull that shit again and as soon as I’m sane enough, I’m stabbing you.”
“That’s fair, I think.”
“It’s not fair. It’s not. You don’t get it and you won’t get it because if I showed up smelling like another alpha while you were in a rut, my ass would be destroyed. You showed up covered in Nick’s scent and clothes and...I didn’t want to take it out on you because it was my fault for thinking-” I stopped. “Nevermind,”
“Tell me.”
“I don’t want to.”
“Please,”
“I just...I felt stupid for thinking that I could have you.”
“Well, don’t. You have me. I felt like the biggest dick on the planet for ruining the most precious thing to ever exist. So. Besides, I suck. You’re lovely.”
“You do suck. But you’re my big, dumb alpha.”
“Mhmm. I put Nick’s clothes in the fireplace for when you’re through this. Thought you’d like to light them yourself.”
“I’m gonna light him on fire.” I grumbled.
He used his fingertips to tilt my head up. “I’m sorry. I love you. More than anything. More than anyone.”
“I’m still mad.”
“Know.”
“Mmm. Your prostate, I would assume. I’ll take it. Your ass is bigger than your heart anyway.” I laughed.
He smiled at me.
After my heat passed, I woke up to the smell of bacon. I yawned and stretched, hitting a piece of paper.
‘Downstairs making you some food. x H’
“Good boy,” I hummed, getting up. It took me a bit longer than usual to get downstairs, but I was pretty proud for making it.
“Hi, baby,” Harry’s hand rested on my waist.
“Hi,”
He kissed me, closed mouth and simple.
I made a pleased noise and he pulled away. “So,”
“Um Lottie may have decided your family is coming here whether you like it or not. And I didn’t tell her no because you said you wanted to see everyone and they wanted to see you. But I can tell her no if you’d like.”
“They can come here?”
“If you want them to. It’s your house too. Plus you haven’t nested yet. When you do, we’ll just keep it off limits, yeah?”
“But I can nest here? And have people here?”
“Um, yeah?”
“Just...give me warnings if it’s gonna be unmated Alphas, please.”
“And what about you?”
“This is where you’ll nest, Louis. No one comes into this house without your say so.” He kissed my forehead.
“What?”
“This is supposed to be a safe place for you. It wouldn’t be if I let anyone come here, would it?”
“So if I said I wasn’t comfortable with Gemma being here?”
“I’d like to know why, since she’s my sister, but I wouldn’t bring her here.”
“I don’t want-”
“The guards are allowed to tackle Nick if he gets too close to the house.”
“Thought you were friends.”
“So? Your nest is going to be upstairs. I may not know a lot about this whole mating thing, but that’s like lesson number one for Alphas. You don’t let people who make your mate uncomfortable in the house they’ve nested in. I think you’ll get a better sense of who you do and don’t want in the house after you nest.”
I hummed, thinking. “I don’t know how to nest.”
“Well, you can pick whatever room you’d like for it and go from there. Preferably upstairs so that it’s less of a hassle to police who goes near it.”
“Like...doesn’t it take the place of a bed?”
“Is that what you want?”
“I...I don’t know.”
“Well, it can be just for specific times or it can be for all the time. That’s your decision. You can just kind of gather things and decide later if you want.” He pecked me on the lips and I pulled him back to smog me. “I do enjoy snogging you, but you need to eat.”
As if on cue, my stomach growled.
“Fine. When are they coming over?”
“I said dinner the latest. Wanted to give you time to say no or just hang out before they got here. Gemma wants to see you, now that she knows we’re together.”
“Why?”
“I dunno. Think she feels connected to you, since you’re the only other omega in the family, since Mum is an alpha. She’ll probably want to talk shit about me.”
“You should have them over tonight. Your mum and Gemma. Giant family gathering.” I shrugged.
“You want that?”
“Feel like it’s easier that way. It’ll be less spotlight on me. Because everyone is family now.” I looked at him. “The boys too?”
“Mmm,” he agreed. “I’ll invite them,”
“If we’re not gonna snog, you better fucking feed me.”
“Of course, idiot.”
We chatted quietly while we ate and then somehow I ended up bent over the edge of the bed with Harry’s tongue in my ass.
“So pretty, all laid out like this.” He hummed against my skin. “Taste so good.”
“Harry,” I whimpered.
“Gonna give you whatever you want.”
I whined. "Harry, please,"
"I know, baby, I know. I-
"Daddy," I breathed out the word and it made something click for him because suddenly he was
hovering over me.
"Tell Daddy what you want, baby."
"Want you..."
He turned me around and guided my legs to wrap around my waist, picking me up.
My back came into contact with the wall and I gasped. "Daddy, please,"
He hummed, holding me up with one hand and using the other to guide himself into me.
I keened, throwing my head back.
"You like that, baby? You like that Daddy can hold up your tiny body while he's fucking you
against the wall, don't you?"
I nodded, jerky with my movements.
He sucked on my neck and I mewed.
"I'm not gonna last, Daddy. I can't."
"It's okay, baby. Always love watching you cum for me."
"Daddy, can't..." I thrashed a bit in his arms and came without any warning.
"Shit." He fucked me harder. "You want me to knot you or do you want me to-
"Knot me. Oh, God, you better. I need it, want it. Please,"
He latched onto my mark, breaking the skin as he came, locking us together.
I panted, feeling him lick at my open wound. "We better start burning candles before family gets
here. The whole house is going to reek."
Harry laughed. "I'll take care of it."
"You better."
"Mmm. Love you,"
"Love you," I nipped at his collar bones. "My favorite big, dumb alpha."
Max’s POV

“What do you mean you’re not going?!” Niall whined.
“They’re your friends.”
“Please.”
“I don’t want to intrude. I can just go to my place. I need to get more clothes anyway, since all the ones I have here are dirty.”
“You can just wash them here. I own a washer.” He straddled my hips and leaned in to nip at my ear. “If you ever want to have sex with me, you’re coming to this with me.”
“Jesus, alright.”
“Dress like a normal person.”
“I do!”
“You don’t! You dress like a body guard.”
“I am a body guard.”
“But you’re not on duty.”
“Mmm. I think I should always be protecting you.”
“Protect me by being such a good party date.”
“Mmm,” I kissed him. “You could’ve just asked me to go with you, Ni. Didn’t need the theatrics.”
“Wanted to make sure you’d do it.”
“Manipulative,” I teased.
He shrugged.
“Maybe, if you’re good, I’ll lay you out and fuck you after.” I whispered.
His jaw went slack. “Oh,”
I sucked a hickey into his collarbone.
When we got to the party, Louis answered the door giggling.
“Are you drunk?”
“No, sorry, I just-”
Harry appeared behind him, a small girl in his arms and a small boy latched to his leg. “Hi, guys,”
“Cute kids,” I laughed.
“Mhmm,”
“They favor him now, I think.” Louis laughed, his eyes shining.
“Tommo, are you-”
He sent me a panicked glance, clearing his throat. “I’m not sure who I’m more jealous of, the kids or Harry.” He joked.
“Louis,” I rolled my eyes.
Max raised an eyebrow.
“Zayn! Liam!” Louis yelled, changing the subject.
I snorted, pulling Max into the house.
“What was that about?”
“Louis has always had this fond look for Harry. Especially with kids. Did you see him in there? He’s gonna ask Harry for a baby. I know it.”
“You don’t know that,”
“I do too!! Louis wants it. Bad. And Harry always tells him that he’ll give him anything he wants.”
“Doesn’t mean he’ll ask for it.”
Niall growled. “He will!” He reaches for a drink and I grabbed his waist.
“Consent only counts when you’re sober. So keep track of your drinks.”
“I’m Irish. I can handle my liquor.”
“Alright, just keep track. It’s not consent if you’re drunk.” I kissed his forehead.
He hummed and grabbed a drink.
I tried to keep up with him, but it wasn’t long before he disappeared into house.
Zayn grabbed my by the wrist, frantic. “What do I smell like?”
“Uh, what?”
“Smell me. Like really smell me. Not my shirt. Not my clothes. Me.”
“...okay.” I leaned into his neck to nuzzle his pulse point. “You smell like Liam. You always do though.”
“Not like this. Never like this!”
“Wait. Are you telling me that you’re-”
"NO." He yelled, clamping a hand over my mouth.
Louis appeared next to us. “What’s wrong?”
I shoved Zayn’s hand away from me. “Sniff him.”
Louis raised an eyebrow, but inhaled deeply; a whine escaped his lips. “You! You set off my heat, not Harry.”
“You can’t blame that on me. It was at least half Harry.”
“But it’s your fault that I can’t stop thinking about babies. Jesus. You’re-”
Zayn slapped Louis. “Don’t say it.”
Harry’s snarl ripped through the house. “What the fuck, Zayn?!” He ran his thumb over his mate’s cheek. “What were you-” he stopped. “Oh my God. Zayn, you’re-”
“No. NO. I am not!” Zayn whined.
“Z? What’s wrong?”
“Hmm?”
“Z, I think you’re pregnant.”
“I can’t even get laid and he’s pregnant!!” Niall snorted.
I sighed. “Niall, not now.”
“Fuck you! Yes, now.”
“Niall! There’s children here!” Louis hissed, trying to take the baby from Zayn.
Liam swatted the smaller boy away. “Don’t. Don’t take the baby from him. He’ll...it won’t be pretty.”
Louis sighed. “Fine.”
“Harry!” Teenage twin girls yelled, running up.
Louis intercepted them immediately. “No, my alpha.” He rubbed up against Harry, glaring at his sisters.
Harry hummed idly. “He’s still adjusting to the status, darlings. Just keep your distance for a bit, okay? There’s a lot of people in this house right now. Zayn’s hormones are changing him. But for now, just...” he squeezed Louis’ waist and held him closer.
“We wanted to show you the old photos of Louis we found!”
“Could you not?” Louis whined.
One of them handed the photos to me. “You look like I can approach you without you trying to-”
“Daisy!!!!” Louis snapped.
“What? He’s a beta. It’s fine. I haven’t even presented yet. I’m-”
“Not a Beta, you’ll present soon. You and your sister. Zayn’s made sure of that. Putting all of you in
a single area? You’ve created a hormone bomb.” I pointed to the twins. “You’re both presenting
soon. We need to get Zayn especially out of here before the other one-”
“Jesus Christ, she smells like you.” Harry’s voice was suddenly very deep.
“Pheobe,” Louis looked at his sister.
“Go get your mum. She has to get out of here right now. Louis, go.” Harry demanded, snarling at
anyone who got too close. “Feebs, you’re alright.” He crouched to her height.
“Harry,” she breathed.
I dragged Niall to me, keeping him close.
“Feebs, you’re alright. Not gonna let anything happen to you. They’re gonna take you home, alright?
You’re gonna sit this one out, you hear me? You’re going to go home and be good for your heat,
yeah?” His voice was deep and throaty, commanding.
“Want to be good,” she whined. “Harry,”
“Gonna go with your mum, aren’t you? Gonna do that for me?”
“Yeah, yeah,” she nodded.
“Good, Feebs. You’re gonna go home and you’re going to listen to your mom, yeah? Your first heat
alone, promise me.”
“Harry, can’t.”
“Pheobe, promise me.” He growled.
good.”
Louis returned, his mom in tow.
“Come on, Love,” she cooed, taking the baby from Zayn.
“Go. Now.” Harry directed.
Both twins followed their mom out.
“Jesus, that scent gave me a headache. She smelled like you a bit, but wrong.” Harry pinched the
bridge of his nose. “God. Come here. You smell so fucking good. Love how you smell.”
“Thank you for doing that, for making Feebs go home.” Louis nosed Harry’s neck. “Didn’t know
what I was supposed to do.”
“Zayn, we’ve got to get out of here.” Liam snapped.
“But there are kids here!”
“And other heats for you to set off.” Liam yanked the other boy out quickly.
I looked at Niall. “Anyone else we’ve got to worry about?”
“Uh, Gemma?” Niall looked around.
“She’s fine. She’s got full control over herself.” Harry said, a little proud.
“It’s weird that you know that.” I snorted, watching Niall walk away.
As the party continued, Niall got at least tipsy and shoved his tongue down some girl’s throat.
Harry’s cousin maybe. Shit. It didn’t matter. Doesn’t matter. I made my way to the door and Louis
grabbed my arm before I could get through it.
“Are you leaving? Without Niall?”
“Didn’t feel like being the third wheel on the date I was asked on.”
“I don’t think-”
“Well, don’t then. I can see him making out with that girl, whoever she is. Whoever the fuck she’s
related to. A Kardashian for all I fucking know. I’m not blind and I’m not stupid.”
“Max-”
“It’s fine. It’s fucking fine.” I yanked my arm away from him.
“Don’t go. You-”
“Look, I did my part. I made sure he didn’t get fucked on the stupid bus. I’ll see you when the tour
starts up again.”
“Max!”
“I’m not in your pack, Louis. I don’t have to listen to you or your alpha so just let it go.” I snapped.
“Hey, woah, woah, what’s the problem here?” Harry protectively grabbed his mate.
“Fuck off, Harry.” I hissed, slamming the door on the way out. I went back to my place, my phone
buzzing with alerts from paparazzi.
Niall had apparently let someone take his phone and post a video of him making out with god knows who.
That's fine.
That's just.
I woke up the next day to about a million texts and calls from Niall, as well as pounding on my door.
I groaned. "Fuck, alright, enough. I'm getting the fucking door." I opened it to find Niall in front of me.
"You left me there."
"Didn't seem to mind. Sure took you a while to even notice."
"What's that supposed to mean?"
"You should watch what you post so publicly. Someone might have gotten a notification about it." I tried to slam the door in his face, but he shoved his way through.
"What are you even talking about?"
"You got trashed last night, didn't you? The one thing that I asked you to do. Didn't know I needed to keep your tongue in your own fucking mouth. Not that you'd have listened."
"What?" He shut the door behind himself and watched me. "Max, what are you talking about?"
"Check your fucking snapchat story."
He pulled out his phone and did as I said. "I don't see what the...oh."
"Yeah. Thought I was third wheeling so I left."
"Shit...I don't know...I didn't..."
"It's fine. I just thought we wanted the same thing. You could've said something. Why did you even drag me to that party? What was the point?"
"I just got frustrated and I was drunk and..."
"Frustrated with what?! It was my idea to have sex after. All I said was that you needed to be sober because otherwise I wouldn't be able to get consent from you. So tell me why I got separated from you, was trying to help out your friends, and found you eating someone's face."
"I don't remember."
"Yeah, well, that's...that's fine."
"I'm sorry. I obviously wasn't thinking."
"Niall,"
"Let me make it up to you. Won't happen again. Promise. Don't know what I was thinking. I remember wanting your attention. I remember drinking. I don't remember the girl."
"Zayn pulled me aside to see if he smelled right. Then one of Louis' sisters went into heat."
"I saw you nuzzle into Zayn and it just...and then Zayn's pregnant...and I don't know. I just didn't want to think so I drank. Which led to dumber decisions apparently." He dropped to his knees. "Let me suck you off."
"Niall, no. Get up."
"What? Why not?"
"Because you blowing me doesn't change what happened. It doesn't fix ANYTHING. I'll order some food and we'll talk, alright?"
"But..."
"Niall, you've got two options. Stay and eat or leave. I'm not playing this stupid game Harry and Louis got trapped in for so long. We're talking or we're not doing anything."
"Okay," he nodded.
We sat on the couch, talking in quiet voices over our food for a while. It wasn't until the middle of a movie that he spoke loudly.
"I wanna date you. And I wanna get fucked. But I also want to hold your hand. So in conclusion...have sex with me and hold my hand in public. Or don't. Um. You know. I shouldn't have said."
"You should shut up so I can get my tongue in your mouth. Then I can get it in your ass. Get you all wet and loose so that I can fuck you until you cry."
"Jesus," Niall sat up quickly, knocking all the food to the floor. "Shit, shit, shit, I'm sorry I-
"Forget it. I'll buy a new apartment if I have to." I slammed my mouth to his, licking into his mouth. He mewed, grabbing at my hair.
"Bed, come on," I nudged him.
"No, here, now. Right now."
"Bed. I want you all laid out for me. I want you squirming on my sheets. I want you to cry with how hard I'm fucking you. I want the neighbors to hear the bed frame hit the wall." I laced my fingers in his hair.
"Fuck, Max, you can't say shit like that." He scrambled off the couch. "Now, now, room, now."
I got up and tossed my shirt off, shoving him towards my room. "Mine,"
"Gonna mark me up real nice? Gonna stake your claim?"
"Yeah, I'm gonna show everyone that you're mine. All over the world people are gonna know."
"Yeah, gonna force the rest of the band to put us on a separate bus so that we can fuck whenever we want." Niall panted, struggling to get out of his clothes.
"Niall, take it off or let it be ripped in half."
"Fuck, you can't..." He fell back on the bed and fumbled with the buttons on his jeans.
I stripped quickly and growled when I realized he had most of his clothes on. "Niall, you cannot be fucking serious." I ripped his jeans open by the zipper, tossing them aside. I yanked his boxers off and looked him over. "Fuck, want you. God, you're so fucking good looking." I crawled over him and started sucking hickeys into his neck, reaching a precious whimper and rutting against him.
"Mark me,"
"No."
"What?!"
"I'll mark you when I'm fucking you so hard your body shakes."
"Fuck me, Max. Right now. Fuck me. Want it. Want it now."
"Patience is a virtue, my Irish baby. I'm going to open you up first, have to." I was reluctant to get up and grab the lube. "I made sure it was flavored so I could also lick you out when I finger you."
"If you say something dumb like how it tastes like freedom or some shit, I'm kicking you out."
"It's my apartment."
"Yeah, but when you fuck me senseless and make me yours...well, then it's partially mine, isn't it? Does that mean I get American citizenship?"
"Knew you were in it for the green card." I laughed, slicking up my fingers. I worked one in slowly, licking at his rim and making him squirm.
"Hurry the fuck up,"
"Hush, Niall or I'll take even longer." I nipped at his thigh.
"Do I have to do it my fucking self? Or do I have to fuck you?"
"Maybe next time," I plunged in a second finger.
"Oh. OH. Fuck," He pushed his hips down to meet mine.
"Three fingers and then my dick, alright?"
"Just...fuck, give it to me. Third finger, please."
"Alright, easy, easy," I pushed in a third finger, avoiding his prostate and stretching him wide.
"Ung, please, I'm ready."
"Yeah?" I crooked my fingers and he squealed.
"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, please." He squirmed.
I slicked myself up. "Does this mean America now has a stake in Ireland?"
"You-" I thrust into him all the way and he thrashed a bit. "Hey, it’s alright, I’ve got you." I soothed petting his hair. “You’ve gotta relax, leprechaun. You’re doing so well.”
He squirmed, adjusting. “Think your dick got bigger since I last touched it.”
I laughed. “Mmm, maybe. Got extra hard thinking about getting to see you like this. Thought about
this you know, watching you kiss her? Thought about all the ways I could make you know where you belong. Thought about getting my hands on you. Thought about how pretty you’d be like this,” I whispered, using my thumb to rub circles on his hip.

“Thought about this a lot,” he panted. “Since we kissed the first time,”

“Want to fuck you so good, when you’re ready to take it,” I licked up his neck and nipped at the skin. “Need you to relax first,”

“My arse isn’t slicked up like an omega, it’s gonna take me a few,”

“I know, time or a distraction.”

“So distract me, bitch.” He huffed.

I bit into the sweet spot on his neck, making him scream my name out and cum between us.

“Max,” he whined. “Fuck, wow, okay so that’s why Alphas use it like a chew toy.”

“Are you thinking about Harry and Louis right now?” I looked down at him.

“What? No, gross,”

I snorted. “At least you relaxed,” I drew back and thrust roughly into him.

“Oh, shit,” he arched his back and shoved his hips back. “Christ, this feels so much better than it did two minutes ago.”

“Good.” I fucked him harder and he whined under me.

“Fucking hell. We should’ve been doing this from the beginning. You should never stop fucking me.”

“I wish that was possible. I’d never stop. I’d keep on fucking you like this, until you couldn’t take it anymore. Until you started begging me to stop. Until you couldn’t breathe from how hard I was fucking you.” I tweaked his nipple and he jerked out a moan.

“Fuck,”

“Like that? You like the way I’m fucking you?”

“Love the way you’re fucking me.”


He whined high in his throat.

“Mine,” I flicked my tongue into his mouth, fucking him harder.

“Please, Max, fuck, Max,”

“Yes, Ni? What?”

“Please, Max, Max, fuck,” he slid a hand between us, but I smacked it away. “Max!!!!” He screeched.

“Mine,” I reminded him. “All of you,” I slipped my hand down his chest and then grabbed at his dick, pulling him off. “Think you can cum again?”

“Yeah, fuck, wanna,”

“Cum for me, know you can. Wanna watch this time,”

He grunted at that. “Want you to cum,”

“Think you can wait until I lick you out to cum again?”

“I could’ve if you didn’t put the image in my head.” He groaned. “Fuck,”

“Next time,” I laughed, slowing my hips to fuck him deeper and grind into his prostate with every thrust.

“Max, I can’t hang on,”

“Alright, Ni, cum for me.”

“In me,”

“You first,” I jacked him off faster and he screamed what I assume was supposed to be my name as he came between us. “Fuck,” my hips stuttered.

“Come on, claim me the way you want to. Claim me in the best way.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,”

I leaned down and clamped down on his mark, cumming in him with a grunt.

“That shouldn’t be hot. But it is,” Niall panted. “You should fuck me all the time,” he scraped his nails through my hair.
“I’m gonna,” I promised, kissing him.
“Kiss me after you take your cock out of my ass.” He complained.
“Demanding little popstar.”
“Yeah, well, I’m demanding that you not lick me out right now. Can’t cum again,”
“Alright, alright,” I pulled out of him and got up.
“Max!!!!!!” He whined.
“Someone has to clean you up. Can’t have a sticky popstar in my bed,”
“Come back to bed!”
“After I clean you up. You’ll be uncomfortable in the morning if I don’t.” I rolled my eyes.
“Ugh,”
I wiped him down carefully and tossed the rag onto the floor before climbing onto the bed again.
“Cuddle me,”
“Damn. Popstar has an attitude,” I laughed, pulling him into my chest.
“Mmm, I get what I want.”
“Always?”
“Got you, didn’t I?”
“Yeah, yeah, you did.” I snorted, kissing his shoulder. “You kiss anyone else again and I will lose my shit.”
“Won’t, just wanted your full attention.”
“You had it. You have it.” I sighed, rubbing circles on his stomach.
Chapter 14

Liam’s POV

“Did you know?”
Zayn didn’t answer for a while. “Had a hunch. Kinda thought I was being paranoid.”
“And you didn’t think to tell me?”
“If I did, it would be real. It would be true.” I looked down at the floor.
“Look at me,”
“No.”
“Zayn,” I snarled.
He whined, looking up at me. “I’m scared,”
“Of me?”
“Of having a baby. We're so young. We're so young. We're supposed to live while we're young. Not raise a child on a fucking tour bus.”
“When did you figure it out?”
“I didn't. I had a hunch. I asked Max to sniff me. Told me that I smelled like you. I just...God. Your rut.” He put his head in his hands.
"Just relax,”
“Can't. I can't. I'm growing a human. I'm growing a fucking person.”
I grabbed his chin and tilted his head up. "You will be fine. We will be fine. We are going to have a beautiful baby. I will give you everything that you want. You can get, what was it...'super laid'?"
"I said 'extra super laid', Liam. Get it right.”
"Yeah, yeah. Anything you want. God, can't wait to see you all full of me.”
"Liam, Jesus. You have a pregnancy kink.”
"It's specific to you." I snorted. "Come on, carrying my baby. How much better could you get?”
He squirmed.
“Are you...are you wet?!”
“I...shut up.”
“You are. That means you really are pregnant.” I grinned, kissing him.
He whined. "Fuck me,"
"As you wish," I laughed, fucking his mouth with my tongue. "You know, if you really are pregnant, I can't knot you." 
"You better fuck me and find out then."
"Mouthy," I mumbled, sucking hickeys down his neck and collarbones. "You're pregnant though so you can have whatever you want.
"Off, take it all off." He demanded.
I stripped and then yanked at his clothes until he did the same. "Mine, full of my baby." I licked into his mouth and thrust into him immediately.
He mewed loudly. "Harder,"
"Anything for you. Anything." I fucked him harder and harder until he came between us.
"One more, please, want it." 
"Course." I licked into his mouth and pushed harder. "You're gonna look so good full of my baby.”
"Yeah, fuck, yeah,”
"Gonna take such good care of you. Love you so much," He groaned. "Please,”
"And this is just the beginning. Thing about how sensitive you’re gonna be. Think about how fucking good you're gonna feel, riding me while full of our baby. Do you know what I'm gonna do after this? I'm gonna lick you out. I'm going to taste you. I'm going to taste all the hormones. I'm gonna fucking taste what we make together."
"Liam, I'm not gonna last."
"I know."
"Want you to cum in me. I'm so fucking sensitive. Want to know what it feels like when I'm like this."
"Fuck, love when you talk while I'm fucking you." I growled. "I fucking love you."
"Show me."
I bit deep into his mark and he clawed at my back, cumming between us. "Fuck, you are so tight." I growled, cumming in him.
He whined. "Fuck, it is really weird to not be tied to you right now."
I looked down at him. "We're gonna have a baby." I grinned down at him.
He purred a bit. "Yes,"
I ran my hand across his stomach. "I love you."
"I love you."
I kissed his forehead, trying to catch my breath.
"If you try to lick me out, I'll fucking kill you."
I laughed. "Anything you say. Anything." I licked into his mouth, carefully tilting his head up.
"You're so gentle with me,"
"You and our baby."
"Better be the cutest fucking baby in the world."
"It's half you. It'll be amazing." I kissed him. "Do you want me to clean you up?"
"Um...plug me, please?"
"Yeah?" I stroked his hair.
"Yeah, I'm not used to the whole 'whoops there you are, your dick slipping out of me'."
I hummed. "I can only imagine how strange it is for you. It's weird for me as well." I grabbed the plug from our nightstand and set it down beside us.
"Thanks,"
I laughed, pulling out of him and plugging him up. "Love you,"
"Love you." He sighed.
I wiped us clean and snuggled into him.
He nipped at my jaw. "My alpha,"
"Yeah, your alpha. Our baby," I rubbed his stomach.
"You look fascinated,"
"I am fascinated. I'm always fascinated by you. I'm always going to be fascinated by our children."
"Children?"
"Yeah, children. That...is that okay?"
"Yeah, want that."
"Mmm," I flicked my tongue in his mouth. "I love you so much. Oh, fuck," I rolled off the bed and dug through my bag to find my phone.
"Li?"
"Just a sec. Need to grab my phone,"
"For what?"
"Need to have Paul make an appointment. Has to be on the down low. Until you're ready for everyone to know."
"Me?"
"It's your body, your life, your decision."
"Should see a doctor first? Then tell family? Then talk to the boys?"
"If that's what you'd like,"
"You make it sound like I can do whatever I want."
"You can. Anything," I promised, straddling him.
"Even if it's a new tattoo?"
"If it's safe for the baby, sure. You deserve the fucking world. Always have. Now you double deserve the fucking world."
"Tomorrow for the appointment alright?" I asked, typing on my phone.
"Mhmm."
"Doctor first and then family. We can call them and invite them for dinner, after your appointment."
"Yeah, okay," He nodded.
I licked into his mouth, slow and smooth.
He whined. "Fuck, Liam, I'm tired. Can we go again later."
"Alright, baby. You want anyone with you at the appointment? Do you even want me there? You're the one getting probed, after all."
"Um, Louis. Can we ask Louis?"
"Sure,"
"Harry can come...he's just gotta...stay by my head. You know? I'm just not digging the idea of him like...I don't know. Louis. Want Louis."
"Alright, love." I nodded.
Paul texted me a time and I dialed Louis' number, putting the call on speaker.
"HARRY, IT'S LIAM FOR FUCK'S SAKE." The smaller boy snapped.
"Still mine."
"Harry! It could be about Zayn!"
"Louis?" I raised an eyebrow.
There was a loud smack that came across the line, followed by a breathy whimper.
"Hi, Liam." Harry growled.
"We're both here, by the way." Zayn spoke up.
"Good." Louis panted. "Thank God. Okay, yeah, um. What's up?"
"Are you okay?" I snorted.
"I'm fine. Just...Alpha."
"Everything okay? Is the baby okay?"
"Ow, Harry, stop gripping my hips like that."
"Sorry, 'm worried. It's the first baby in the pack. I dunno. Feel like I've got to protect it."
"Zayn's fine. The baby is fine." I rolled my eyes. "You really think that either of us would be this calm otherwise? We've got an appointment tomorrow, at 11."
Louis returned the whine, but directed his at Harry. "Wanna go. Wanna comfort my best friend. Don't you wanna know what you're in for when I have your baby?"
"I wasn't going to say no, Lou. Christ, if Zayn wants you there, you should go. I'm coming with, but just to sit in the waiting room. If only you three go, paps will know. They'll be all over it. We can sell the press on prescription refills. You both had a less than great response to the current prescription."
"You're good at that, making up stories for the press." I mused.
"I've had to be." Harry sighed. "Because the world needed to think that Harry Styles is an alpha who dates, specifically dates women, and does not pine over his best friend."
Louis growled quietly. "I hate Taylor Swift."
"For what? A PR stunt? She didn't do anything. It was her management and my management. So was Kendall. Just like Gigi was for Zayn."
"Mmm. Twinning we were, mate. Two gays dating lesbians." Zayn snorted.
"Mine," I grumbled.
"Yours," he agreed.
"Tomorrow," Zayn whined. "11?"
"Tomorrow, 11?" Louis confirmed. "And then Harry is gonna hang around with Zayn some. I have a feeling he's gonna need time getting used to how he smells. Because when I hang out with Zayn, I don't want him to freak out."
"I've got an idea of what Louis and I can go do." I grinned.
"I'm suspicious. Especially since he kissed my mate on stage."
"I didn't kiss him!!!" Louis snapped. "I ran into his mouth with my mouth. We turned to each other at the wrong time. It's not like we lingered or were frenching. I didn't put my tongue in his mouth or
anything. I immediately ran over to MY mate. My Alpha. I don’t want your fucking alpha.”
“Hey, enough,” Harry interrupted before anyone else could respond.
Louis whined quietly. “Fuck, Harry, alright. Zayn, shit, didn’t mean to snap at you. Haz, stop tugging at my hair.”
“DON’T tell me what to do.” Harry snarled.
“Alright, this is gonna turn gross fast. See you tomorrow guys.”

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I shooed Harry up to be behind Zayn’s head. “I know you want to be here, but you cannot be looking in his ass.”
“Niall said he wants pics since he couldn’t be here without raising too many questions.”
“Not pictures of my ass, idiot!” Zayn hissed.
I soothed him, petting his hair. “Shhhh, baby, shhh.”
“Alright, let’s get started.”

It was a lot of needles and probing, but eventually we were looking at an ultrasound.
"Oh my God. We've got a baby."
Zayn stared at the monitor.
"Z?" I raised an eyebrow.
"Lou, let's give them some privacy..." Harry cleared his throat, pulling Louis away.
Zayn didn't let go of Louis' hand so Louis whined.
"Z, you can let go of Louis." I whispered, stroking his cheek.
"No."
"FUCK, hey, alright, Zayn. Alright," Louis hissed, yanking Harry back. "We're staying. I'm staying." "It's so fucking small." Zayn finally said, not looking away. "How can we protect something so small? Oh my God. It's like...me. I'm carrying it. Oh my God."
"Hey, shhhhh. It's okay." I stroked his hair. "You're already doing so great."
"It's a spec. The baby is a spec. I'm gonna ruin the spec."
"You're not. You're not capable of ruining anything, let alone our baby."
"I'll take you to Paul after this. We'll increase your security. It will be fine. I won't let them slack, alright? You will be fine. We'll create a whole new security team if you want." Harry promised.
"Plus the baby is doing just fine. This is what your baby is supposed to look like so early." The doctor reassured. "All we've got left is to check up on you, okay?"
We sat through some tests and more poking before we were finally done.
"Z, I'll wait for the print outs, okay?" I promised. "You go with Harry and talk to Paul. I'll get one for each of our mums and one for the fridge."
"And one for each of our wallets. And the boys!" He pointed to me.
"Of course," I laughed, smiling. I kissed him, flicking my tongue in his mouth.
"Li," he whined.
"Alright, alright, go." I shooed. When the door closed, I looked at the doctor. "Can I get a print out of his heartbeat?"
"Are we...are we getting tattoos?" Louis smirked.
"I'm getting a tattoo. You do whatever you want." He rolled his eyes. "I brought something. I had a feeling we'd be getting some tats."
"What is it?"
"You probably don't want to know."
"Is it on your ass?"
"No, inner thigh."
"Lemme guess, Harry's signature or some shit."
"Or some shit." He laughed. "You getting Zayn's heartbeat?"
"Yeah,"
"Where?"
"On top of my own heart."
"That's cute."
"Mmm. Going for the sentimental whereas you're going for sultry."
"Listen, there's nothing Harry loves more than seeing me spread my legs for him. Imagine."
"No, no, I'm good." I stopped him.
"I'll call and get us both in."
"Don't tell Harry. I want him to be surprised. I want him to drool over it when he sees it in person."
"You're disgusting." I rolled my eyes. "As soon as we get the printouts, we're out of here."
When we got to the tattoo parlor, Louis was becoming squirmy.
"What's with you?" I asked.
"I don't know if Harry's gonna like it."
"What is it? Where are you putting it?"
"It's...the H from his signature...um...in a private place."
"He'll love it. He loves branding you. Just...get a beta or an omega to do it. Yeah?"
He raised an eyebrow.
"It's in a 'private' place. If you've got an alpha scent on you...just...just trust me. Please,"
"Yeah, okay. Um, can you be with me when I do it? Just...you know. In case Harry goes nuts over it since he wasn't here? I think he'd feel better."
I watched him fidget. "Would it make you feel better?"
"Maybe,"
I laughed. "Sure, Louis. Wouldn't want Harry's baby to be uncomfortable."
He punched me in the arm. "Shut up,"
Chapter 15

Harry's POV

"Lou, I'm back." I yelled, finding the living room empty. "Love?" I called, walking through the house. I went upstairs and found him in a guest room, sitting in a pile of clothes and blankets. He didn't look up, fidgeting with a soft blanket.

"Lou,"
"Um," his voice was breathy and nervous. "Can we talk?"
"Of course, love, what are we talking about?"
"Um...well, the thing is...um,"
"Louis," I sat next to him.

"Harry," Louis cleared his throat. "Um, I want...I mean...I think I want..."

“What do you want?”
“I think I want.” He corrected.

I looked at him curiously.

“Please don’t look at me.”

“Lou, baby,” I hummed, kissing his forehead. “You know that all you’ve got to do is ask and I’ll give you anything.”

“But...you don’t know what I want.”

“Tell me then,”

“I don’t know how.”

I kissed him deeply, using my tongue to lick into his mouth easily. “My little love,”

“’M not little, Harry! I’m 5’9’’!!!”

“If you say so,”

“Harry!”

“Baby, don’t stall. Just tell me so I can get you what you want,”

“I want...” his voice went quiet. “I want a baby,”

“You want a baby because Zayn has a baby.” I rolled my eyes.

“This is why I didn’t want to tell you.” He huffed, getting up from his spot.

I pulled him to sit in my lap. “Listen to me, hmm? If you want a baby, really and truly, we’ll make a baby. But I think it would be unwise to make a baby when you THINK you might want one right now. I’ll give you one if it’s what you want. I’d like nothing more that to fill you with my child.”

“Yeah?” He asked, not looking at me.

“Yes, but not before you know you want one.”

“How am I supposed to know?”

“You’ll know.”

“I don’t want to ruin our kids.”

“You won’t. You’ll be so good at parenting.” I hummed, rubbing a hand over his stomach. “I love you. I’ll love our baby. You’ll love our baby. And you’ll be so good. You should see yourself with your sisters.”

“That’s different! I didn’t have to carry them in my body for nine months or get up with them every time they cried or feed them at midnight from my own body.”

I shrugged. “I believe in you, baby.” I trailed my fingertips down his rope tattoo.

He made a noise of disagreement in the back of his throat.

I nipped at his ear. “Relax,” I coaxed. “We’ll figure it out, yeah? And there is two of us, you know. It’s not like their entire lives are for you to take care of.”

He shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“We could be the greatest team that the world has ever seen.” I sang, tickling him a bit. He giggled, squirming in my lap.
“In the meantime, we can certainly practice making a baby.”
“Yeah? Want to fuck me, Daddy?” He asked, batting his eyelashes at me.
I groaned. “Fuck, you’re so fucking pretty.” I nipped at his jaw. “Prettier every day too.”
“Liar,”
I growled at him. “Don’t talk back to Daddy, baby girl.”
“M not pretty.” He grumbled.
I slapped his thigh and he keened. “What did I just say?”
“Not to talk back,”
“And what are you doing?”
“Arguing,”
“Daddy is going to have to do something about that, isn’t he?”
His breathing hitched.
“Asked you a question, baby girl.” I slapped his thigh again.
“Yeah, fuck,”
I griped into his hair and pulled him back. “Try again or daddy gives you nothing.”
“Yes, Daddy. Sorry, I’ll be good.” He promised.
“Hmm, what to do with you. I could make you come four times. Or I could make you wait to cum until the very last second.”
He squirmed until I tightened my grip on his hair. “Sorry, Daddy.”
"I'm not pretty." He argued, shoving me.
He whined, but got up. "Don't have to go all alpha voice on me."
"Which ones?"
"Blue ones, doesn't have to be specific."
He returned, holding them out. "Why am I putting on more clothes? I thought-"
"Strip. Now."
He raised an eyebrow, letting me take the suspenders from him. He tossed his clothes onto the floor.
"You going to tell me what you wanted my braces for?"
"When I damn well please." I growled, moving the mirror to be up against the wall and to face the bed. "I want you to get on your forearms and knees, facing the mirror."
"Harry, I don't."
"Do it, Louis. Hands together." I waited for him to do what I said before crouching in front of him, using the braces to tie his wrists together. "That's so you can't disobey me."
"Harry..."
"You are going to watch that mirror while I fuck you. You are going to watch yourself. I'll stop fucking you when you agree that you're pretty. That you're beautiful."
"Harry, no, come on, please."
"I've angled it so you shouldn't be able to see me properly."
"That's not fair! I-" He yelped when I smacked his ass.
"Love watching your ass jiggle." I muttered, smacking his ass again.
"Fuck, Daddy."
"Keep your eyes up. Want you to see yourself. Watch your eyes dilate."
He arched his back. "Please,"
I sucked a hickey into the bottom of his spine. "Cannot wait for you to watch yourself drip all over the sheets." I slapped his ass again.
"Fuck,"
"Look how pretty you are for me."
"I'm not pretty." He grumbled through his teeth.
I rubbed my thumb over his hole. "Agree with me or I won't touch you."

"Yes, Daddy. Sorry, I’ll be good." He promised.
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"Fuck,"
"Look how pretty you are for me."
"I'm not pretty." He grumbled through his teeth.
I rubbed my thumb over his hole. "Agree with me or I won't touch you."
"You're lying. You won't leave me here to drip all over the sheets."
"Oh, I won't? My mistake." I got off the bed.
"Harry,"
"Louis, stay." I used my alpha voice.
"Harry!"
I left the room and went to grab two waters.
"Harry," Louis hissed. "Fuck you. You can't just leave me like this. I'm trying to have your fucking baby and this is how you treat me."
"Agree with me," I grabbed a fistful of his hair and yanked him up to his knees, his back against my chest. "Tell me how pretty you are."
"I'm not."
"Well, that's unfortunate. I was enjoying our sex life." I hummed, rubbing my hand against his thigh and gathering slick. "Maybe I'll just fuck you, but not let you cum."
"Harry,"
I smacked his ass, a hand print forming on his ass. "God, I love seeing my hand print on your ass." I pushed two fingers into him and he mewed.
"How do you find me pretty? I'm fucking sweating because you've got two fingers in my ass."
"You've never looked lovelier."
"Daddy, please."
"Ask for what you want or get nothing."
"Fuck me, please. Want your baby. Want to have your baby. Need it. Need to have your baby. Need to be full of you. Need to have it. I need it. God. I want it so bad. Please, please, please."
"Look at yourself in the mirror." I demanded. "Look at how flushed you are. How arched your back is. Look at how raw and bitten those lips are."
He whined, high in his throat.
"Tell me how fucking good you look like this." I demanded. "Say it."
"I look good like this." He said quietly.
"Say it like you fucking mean it." I slapped his ass.
"Ah, fuck, fuck." He whimpered. "I look good like this."
"Good girl,"
"Daddy, please, if I look so good then why won't you fuck me?"
"Dirty. You play dirty."
"You've got two fingers in my ass. I don't think either of us know how to not be dirty." He tried to fuck himself back on my fingers, earning a slap. "You've got to stop that. I'm already close."
"Yeah?" I asked, rubbing the reddened skin. "Close already?"
"Yes, fuck."
"Thought you could be a good girl for me." I chided, slapping his ass again. He choked on a whimper. "Sorry, Daddy. Please,"
I pushed my fingers deeper, crooking them to rest against his prostate.
He whined, his thighs shaking. "Daddy," he panted. "Please,"
I rubbed the spot, putting continuous pressure there. "I'm not going to use my alpha voice. But you will watch yourself or you won't cum."
He whined, but didn't say anything.
"Think you can do it or do you want to stop?" I asked, my voice a little softer. "If you're uncomfortable, we'll stop."
He made a noise of distress. "I can do it."
"You sure,"
"Yes, Daddy."
I pulled my fingers out and moved to sit on my knees in front of him. I shoved my fingers into his mouth and he groaned. "Clean them for me. Taste how sweet you are,"
He keened a bit, licking my fingers clean.
I took my fingers back and he looked at me with wild eyes. "You look..."
“Like a fucked out twink,”
“Why do you say that?”
He nodded to the mirror. “I look so fucking small compared to you. Looks like you’ve wrecked me five ways from sanity. And...” he stopped.
“And?”
“I look good like this,”
I grinned. “Proud of you,” I flicked my tongue into his mouth. He whined. “Wanna put my hands in your hair.”
“If you behave, maybe for round two.” I sucked a hickey into his neck and he squirmed a bit. “Think I should fuck you now?”
“Please,”
I kissed him again, licking the taste of his slick from his own mouth. “My gorgeous omega. I’m so lucky to get to see you like this. To have you,” I ran my fingers through his sweaty fringe, kissing his forehead before getting up and stripping.
Louis made a noise of displeasure so I immediately spun to look at him. “Can’t see you,” he said quietly.
“Round two,” I promised, throwing my clothes. I got up on the bed, kneeling behind him.
“Can see your leaves,”
“Laurels,” I corrected, thrusting into him. “Fuck, baby, you’re so wet. Fuck,”
He struggled against the braces, unused to not being able to claw at the sheets.
“So tight, even with how you’re dripping,” I whispered, leaning over him and caging him in. His eyes flickered to me in the mirror for a second, but refocused on his own image. “I thought—”
“You thought Daddy would miss a chance to watch you fall apart? Not a chance,” I pulled out until just the tip was in him, watching his thighs start to shake.
“Please,”
I fucked into him, hard and fast. He chanted “Daddy” over and over, getting breathier each time.
I watched him keep his eyes on his reflection. “That’s right, baby. Tell me what you’re thinking.”
“Love being fucked by you, love how it feels. Never had it like this,”
I growled. “Who did you let fuck you before me?”
“Thought I was a beta.” He mumbled.
“You are mine. Do you understand that?” I snarled, biting into his neck. He yelped, his body clenching. “Need to cum, Daddy.”
“You’ll cum when I say you cum. Tell me who you let fuck you.”
“Um, I can’t...I...” he dug his elbows into the bed. “I’m...I...fuck. Daddy,”
“Did you let him call you baby? Did you call him daddy?” I fucked him harder, gripping his hips tight enough to bruise.
“No, no, you. Just you, Daddy please.”
“I wanna know who.”
“I...”
I used one hand to tug on his hair. “Name. Now. Or you don’t get to cum.”
“Aiden, Daddy. Shit. Shit.” His thighs were shaking. “Daddy,”
“You let Aiden Grimshaw fuck you?”
“Beta. Thought I was a beta.”
“And?”
“Alpha. Thought...” he spoke through his teeth, clenching around me. “You hadn’t presented yet. But I knew you’d be an alpha. I couldn’t...” he whined when I fucked him even harder.
“Talk...After...Can’t. I...”
“Cum,” I demanded, yanking on his hair. He put his head down as he came all over the sheets under us. “Daddy!! Knot, please, need you to knot me.” He panted.
I growled. “I’ll do as I please.”
"Daddy, please, please, please, I need it."
I bit deep into his mark, fucking him harder and harder until I couldn’t hold back. I forced my knot into him, clamping down harder on his mark.
Louis screamed out my name, cumming again.
I released his neck and moved us to be on our sides. “You fucked Aiden?”
“Technically-”
“You really want to go that route?”
“Look, you were an alpha and I thought I was a beta. So I did what I thought I needed to. I let him fuck me in the X Factor house and I punched him when he tried to mark me.”
“Technically-”
“You should’ve told me.”
“You didn’t ask.”
“Didn’t know that I had to.”
“Anyone else fuck you? You fuck anyone?” I asked. “I cannot believe I’ve got to ask these questions.”
“I can’t believe you were fucking me while trying to ask.”
“I can’t believe you let Aiden fuck you.” I snapped.
“What was I supposed to do?”
“Where was I? Where was I when you were letting him use you?”
“Um, out?”
“Out where?”
“I had asked you to take Liam to the movies so you can bond. He was an alpha. Knew you’d be one,”
“You got me out of the house so you could get laid? Seriously?”
“Couldn’t...I couldn’t do it with you in the house.”
“Did you ever stop to wonder why?”
“No because I was too busy trying not to watch omegas fawn over you.”
“And too oblivious to know that I never looked at anyone other than you. That I didn’t want to touch anyone other than you. I wouldn’t let anyone touch me except for me. I wouldn’t even let the other boys near me.”
“I know.”
I didn’t say anything. I just clenched my fists and looked at the ceiling.
“I thought it would fix me. You know? I thought that if I could get off without thinking about you then it would be alright. That we could go back to normal. That I could look at you and not want you.”
I stayed quiet.
“I can hear you thinking.”
I made a noncommittal noise in the back of my throat.
"Harry,"
I closed my eyes.
"Haz," He tried.
I sighed.
"Daddy," He whispered, nuzzling back into me. "Please,"
"Lou, I need...I just need a minute. I don't want to hurt you because my Alpha is pissed off. I just...I just need to...I don't know what I need to do, but my Alpha is fucking pissed. I know why you did what you did. It makes sense. I'm not mad at you. But-"
"Your alpha is throwing a tantrum." The logical part of me is fine. I can't be mad for something you did when you didn't even know we were compatible. But my brain is...it's just screaming 'mine' at me and I can't...I can't shut it out yet."
I grabbed his waist, tight.
"Yours to mark. Yours to bruise. Yours, just yours. Love it. I love being yours. I love you. I wanna
always be with you. I wanna have your baby. Well, I wanna have your babies. God, I don't even know if there's a number you could ask for that I'd say was too many."

I snorted, pulling out and moving away from him a bit.

"I don't know. I just...I'm gonna love being pregnant with your babies. Gonna love always being full of you."

"Stop. I'm gonna have to fuck you again if you don't."

"So fuck me again. Take me again. I'm yours for the fucking. I'm yours for the taking. But you better fucking untie me."

"Why should I?"

"Because I was promised that I could look at you and put my hands in your hair."

"Mmm. Yeah, I suppose I did." I reached around him, undoing the braces.

He rolled over to get on top of me, licking into my mouth.

I grabbed him by the back of the neck, yanking him closer and claiming dominance in the kiss. "My omega," I hummed, using my free hand to push two fingers into him.

He pulled away from our kiss to release a whine.

"What's wrong, love?" I smirked.

"Harry," he whined, tugging on my hair. "You can't just-" he choked on his words when I crooked my fingers, rubbing against his prostate.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" I asked, tucking a third finger into him.

He gasped, trying to roll his hips.

"No,"

He whined, but stilled. "Daddy, please,"

"Good girl," I praised, pushing him off of me and removing my fingers. "On your back."

He rolled over onto his back. "Daddy,"

"Hmm? You wanted to watch. You wanted to pull on my hair, hmm?"

"Yes, Daddy, fuck."

"Daddy is going to tilt your tiny little hips up so that when he fills you up good and proper, you don’t lose any of it. Then Daddy is going to plug you up so he can lick you out later."

His breathing hitched and his eyes darkened while he watched me put a pillow under his hips.

"Spread your legs for me."

His legs immediately fell open.

I spotted ink, high on the inside of his thigh. "Did you get a tattoo while you were out with Liam?"

"Maybe,"

"Don't be cheeky, Louis. That ink wasn't there before."

"Then logically, it's new. You didn't see it yesterday so I think you know that I got it while I was with Liam."

I forced his thighs open a little more and he whined. "Is that..." I licked my lips. "Louis," I thumbed over the black ink.

"It's, um, it's from your signature."

"That's my H." I whispered. "You tattooed my H on your thigh."

"Wanted something just for us...something no one else will ever see except for you and me. I was going to put your signature on my ass, but that tattoo would've caused a lot of problems for me. I need my ass to be just fine so you can destroy it. Love the way it feels when you fuck me so hard I can’t think." His face turned red and he watched me. "You hate it."

"Christ, no. I just can’t stop looking at it." I kissed him, deep and dirty. "God, you are everything. Want you to ride me so I can see it," I rolled us over.

"What?"

"Think you can ride me, baby?" I hummed, sitting up to tuck his hair back. "I'll happily bend you over the bed and fuck you. Want me to do that for you, baby?" I brushed his cheekbone with my thumb.

"No, I can do it. I can ride you."

"You don't have to. If."

"Why should I now?"

"Because I promised you I could look at you and put my hands in your hair."

"Mmm. Yeah, I suppose I did." I reached around him, undoing the braces.

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"No, I can do it. I can ride you."

"You don't have to. If."
"I can do it, Daddy." He shook his head.
"Are you still wet?" I asked, tucking three fingers into his hole.
He clutched my shoulders. "Fuck,"
"Not as wet as you could be." I pulled my fingers up to his mouth. "Suck."
He obediently sucked my fingers clean, keeping eye contact.
"Good girl. So lovely for me, aren't you, princess?" I asked, taking my fingers back.
He mewled. "Daddy,"
I put my hands on his waist, my fingers spanning his back. I tightened my grip on him. "I'm gonna leave you little bruises, remind you of all this."
"Like I could forget," He snorted. "If you don't get me on your dick, i'm going to drip all over your thighs."
"Suddenly I have a new goal. I want to see how wet you can get for me." I whispered, licking into his mouth.
"Good. Love it. Love how you smell. Want the whole house to smell like you," I latched onto his neck, sucking obscene hickeys.
"Uh, please,"
I made a necklace of love bites on his collarbones. "Love marking you up."
"Daddy,"
I latched onto his nipple and he arched into it. "Think you could cum just from me marking you and playing with your nipples?"
"Um, if you wanted." he breathed, moaning when I latched onto his other nipple. He whined when I started marking him up again. "I'm gonna drip everywhere." He squirmed.
"Still," I growled, nipping at his jaw.
"Daddy, please,"
I bit down on his mark, not enough to break skin, but enough for him to turn to putty in my hands. I felt slick drip down onto my thighs. "Fuck, that's so hot," I groaned, moving my hand to put pressure on the new tattoo.
He gasped. "Please,"
"I promised I'd let you touch, but sometime, I'll have you ride me with your hands tied behind your back. Make you work for it. Sometime I'll tie you to the bed and fuck you so hard you feel it in your lungs."
His high pitch moan made me lose it; I broke through the skin on his mark. He cried out, a steady amount of slick dripping out of him now. He scratched my back and whined. “Please, fuck, I can’t.”
“How many orgasms do you think I can pull from you? Hmm? What is your favorite way to be fucked?” I asked, tweaking his nipple. “I should get you nipple clamps so that way you have something to pull on when I fuck you from behind. You know what else? Should buy you a collar,” Louis let out a strangled groan.
“You like that, princess? I’d yank on it while pounding into you. I would destroy your sweet little pussy while pulling you back by the collar. I’d have you marked as mine in so many ways. Claimed. Course, I plan on claiming you other ways.” I leaned forward to whisper in his ear. “So many things I could do to you.”
His thighs quivered where they bracketed mine. “Daddy,” his voice was quiet and breathy.
“How about when I put a ring on that cute little finger, hmm? Marry you in front of our friends and our family. Louis Styles,” I nipped his earlobe.
He started letting out small sounds.
“How about when I fill you to the brim with my pups? Bet you’ll give me a litter, won’t you, princess? Bear my children, help me raise them, all of it. Gonna get so big. Your tiny body will be so fucking full.” I could see him trembling, so close. “For a wedding present, what do you think about pretty panties that say ‘Daddy’s Angel’? Hmm? So pretty for me, always. My angel,”
That did it, making him thrash and cry out as he came between us.
“Gorgeous,” I mused, dragging my fingers through the slick.
“God. It’s a fucking puddle,”
“I love making you melt like this,” I whispered. “Want me to clean you up?”
“No, ‘m gonna ride you.”
“You don’t.”
He slammed his mouth to mine and sunk down on my cock.
I growled and used my tongue to lick the roof of his mouth. “Such a tight little pussy. So good,”
“Daddy,” he whined.
I rested my forehead against his. “Want me to-”
“Stop asking me that! I can fucking do it.” Louis snapped, swiveling his hips.
I grabbed his hips. “Hey, relax, I want you comfortable. Promise me you’ll say ‘red’ if you need to stop.”
“I’m not-”
“Tomlinson.”
He deflated a bit. “Yeah, okay, fine. But I won’t.”
“Just in case,” I panted.
“Fine,”
“My beautiful angel, can’t have you hurt, can I?” I loosened my grip. “Whenever you’re ready,”
He fucked himself down, grinding against me. “Fuck,”
“Yeah, shit,” I licked my way into his mouth again, feeling his fingers tangle in my hair.
Soft sounds found from his mouth as he kept up his movements.
We kissed for a while before I felt his hips slow down.
“Daddy,”
“Mmm?”
"Daddy." he said again.
I flipped us over quickly, keeping us intertwined.
He threw his head back, cursing. "Fuck, yeah, please," he let his legs fall impossibly, sinuously open.
I put an arm under his lower back to change my angle as I fucked him into the mattress.
He mewed, thrashing a bit.
I slowed down a bit, grinding deep into him to assault his prostate.
"Daddy!" His back arched, clenching and cumming between us.
I growled, biting into his neck when I knotted him the second time.
Louis panted under me. "Alright, while this is probably the best sex anyone has ever had, I need a break. A real break."
"You started it." I argued, looking him over. "You look like you were attacked by a wild animal."
"I was attacked by a wild animal." 
"If I'm a wild animal, what does that make you? My little sex kitten?"
He started squirming.
"Really? Kitten does it for you? You do know that our genetic makeup is-" 
"Listen, I didn't judge you when you used my braces to tie me up."
"You are a man of many kinks."
"Lucky you."
"Lucky me," I agreed, smiling at him.
God I’ve been so slammed I’m so sorry but it wasn’t abandoned I promise. Niall and Max! xx

Niall's POV

I crossed my arms and leaned against the dressing room. "I don't remember signing up for this."
"Well, we weren't going to bring the alphas." Louis snorted. "I'm not trying to get knotted in a public place."
"Gross."
"You're just complaining because you're finally having sex and now we're cutting into your dick time." Zayn snorted.
"Don't you have a baby to grow? Why are you here?"
"So I can't wear lingerie because I'm having a baby? So I can't be sexy because I'm pregnant?"
I looked at Louis for help.
"Don't look at me. I'm not helping you. I'm gonna be pregnant one day and if you were to tell me that I was ugly-"
"I didn't say that! I meant that, like, Liam wants to jump your bones anyway. So you don't need it."
"So I need it? Is that what you're saying?" Louis hissed.
"No, I didn't...Jesus, why did you even want me here?"
"Because I like not getting fucked in a changing room." Louis snapped. "Some of us are satisfied with our sex life, thanks."
"I'll tell Harry that you ditched the security team earlier this morning while he was in his meeting."
"That's not funny." He glared at me.
"I'm not your mate. I don't bend to your will. Don't fuck with me." I snapped.
"You won't do shit."
"They do call him Niall the Badboy." Zayn smirked.
"Niall the Badboy? Niall the Church Boy more like." Louis rolled his eyes.
"Keep pushing me, Louis. Keep pushing. You woke me up at 6 this morning screeching and then you dragged me to do this after telling me we were going to do something fun. This isn’t fun. This is shit. You’ve dragged me around all fucking day to do omega shit. If you had fucking asked me and hadn’t woken me up at 6 am for no God damn reason, maybe I would be nicer to you today."
“Louis, you actually pissed him off. And he’s the nice one!” Zayn sighed.
“Well, what are we supposed to do?! We can’t go with Harry and Liam. It has to be you or else we can’t do anything. And I would much rather the three of us have some time out than I would getting knotted in a God damn dressing room by my teenage, horny alpha. I’m sorry that you don’t want to be here with us. But I thought you would be more fun. Fuck. My bad.” Louis threw his hands up.
“I’m gonna need both of you to knock it the fuck off.” Zayn hissed grabbing us both by the ear and yanking.
Louis yelped and I glared at him.
“I am pregnant. So why are you too being emotional little shits?”
“Because I didn’t agree to this.” I snapped. “And Louis is being annoying.”
“You act like that is news.” Zayn snorted, letting us go.
“HEY.” Louis snapped. “I hope your baby likes me better than you.”
I slid between them before Zayn could slap the smaller boy. “Alright, alright, enough. That’s
enough. I get that there’s a lot of hormones fucking with all five of us. But that’s quite enough. You guys are best friends.”

“Yeah, and it’s his God damn fault that all I can think about is babies.” Louis hissed.

“You’re mad that my birth control was defective? Really?”

“No, I’m just...everything is different! Everything keeps changing all the time and I don’t like it. It’s a lot to process and I hate change to begin with and now my life is weird and I’m gonna lose Zayn to the baby and Niall’s gonna, like, quit to join the security team or something and I can’t!”

“Woah, woah, woah.” Zayn pulled Louis to him. “Things aren’t going to change that much. Yeah, we’re gonna add a baby to the crew and yeah, things are different. But you’re gonna be an uncle. Come on. It won’t be that bad.”

“It will.”

“You sound like a petulant child.” Zayn pinched his cheek.

“I do not!”

“You do too.”

“You ladies doing alright over here?” An Alpha snorted, standing between them.

“Fuck off,” I muttered.

“What is today the twink outting?”

“You do talk some shit, don’t you?” Louis rolled his eyes.

“Little ones are always feisty,” he tsked, pulling Louis into him.

“They’re mated, fuck off.” I snapped.

“Little beta sent to be the big bad twink. Nice mark.”

“Alright, asshole, that’s enough of that.” Max interrupted, the security team behind him. “Get away from them.”

“Mmm, don’t think I will. Tiny little thing is so fragile...” the alpha squeezed Louis tight, making him yelp.

Louis clawed at his arms. “Dick head,”

Max punched the alpha in the face, pulling Louis away from him. “Take him, get him arrested. I don’t care. Someone needs to call Harry.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Well, I was here for some stuff and-”

“Here?!”

“I meant the mall, idiot.” Max laughed. “Anyway, I saw the team and figured I’d come see how you guys were. Clearly it was a good choice.”

“I could’ve handled it.”

“Yeah, but then he would’ve pressed charges because you’re a pop star.”

“What the fuck is wrong with people?!” Louis crossed his arms. “Twice now that’s happened to me.”

“I dunno. You’re just small so they probably think you’re an easy target.”

“I’m 5’9’’!”

“Yeah, and I’m Australian.” Max snorted. “I’m calling Harry.”

“No! Come on. He’ll freak.” Louis whined.

“Yeah? And? Louis, that guy could have crushed you.”

“Yeah, well, he didn’t. I’m fine. We’re all fine. No one has to tell-” his phone cut him off. “It can’t be.”

I took his phone from his hand. “Oh my God. It’s Harry.”

“Don’t answer that.” Louis tried to snatch it. “If it’s not me, he’ll know.”

“You have to tell him.”

“No, I don’t.”

The call ended and his phone dinged with a voicemail.

“Fuck! Niall! Give it here! He’s gonna-”

My phone rang in my pocket and I pulled it out. “It’s him.” I answered the call. “Hey,”

“Hey. Where are you guys? Lou didn’t answer and I’m done with my meeting so I’m here.”
“You’re here?”
“Yeah, I’m here. Why?”
“Well, you’re not gonna-”
“Niall, shut the fuck up.” Louis hissed.
“Niall, tell me what happened. Tell me where you are. Tell me something.”
“Max, what store is this?”
“It’s the really bright department store. Fuck, I don’t know.”
“I see the team.” Harry hung up and I groaned.
“Great. Now he’s mad at me too.”
“Well, one of you should’ve answered the fucking phone.” Harry hissed. “What happened, Niall?”
“He has my phone! I couldn’t answer!”
“Well, you were going to lie anyway. An alpha manhandled him a bit. But he’s fine. He’s alright.”
“And where was the team?”
“We asked them to wait outside.” I answered, not looking him in the eye.
“We?”
“That’s what I said.” I grumbled.
“Yeah, I heard it. I just don’t believe it.”
“I was handling it. We were fine. Max showed up though and he took care of it.” I crossed my arms.
“So you weren’t handling it,”
I looked up to glare at him. “I was handling it. You weren’t here. Also, fuck you.”
“Is that why you smell funny?” He looked at Louis.
“It’s not like it was on purpose!”
“I’m not mad it happened. I’m mad that you lied about it.”
“I didn’t lie!”
“Because I got here first.”
“Well, you can’t be mad at me for something that I didn’t do.”
Harry ran a hand through his hair. “Why did you ditch the security team?”
“Did you really think I’d want them following me around? Look what department we’re in!”
“I was just asking!” Harry held up his hands.
I rolled my eyes.
“I’m not here to stay. I just had a longer break than I thought and I wanted to see you.” He sighed.
“Are you okay?”
“I’m fine,”
“Okay,”
I moved over to Max. “Does this mean we can leave? Harry’s here.”
“I’m not staying, but if you’re miserable I don’t see why you have to stay.” Harry shrugged. “I can drop you off if you want.”
I raised an eyebrow. “That’s okay.”
“Alright, well,” Harry checked his watch. “I guess I’ll head out. I’ve got to be across town soon.”
“Why do you have so many meetings?” I asked.
“Because management decided that as pack leader, I get to do all the paperwork and meet all the boring people. Yay.”
“But you’re the youngest. And it’s just you.”
“Yeah, but they used to have three people do this shit. Having me do it is cheaper since they don’t pay me.”
“That’s a lot of responsibility.” Louis frowned.
“It is what it is.” Harry hummed, shrugging and putting his head in his hands.
“You alright?” Zayn looked at him.
“Yes, just a headache. I’m fine.” He kissed Louis on the forehead.
“Do you want one of us to come with?”
“It’s boring and you’ll all hate it,” he rubbed his temples. “Alright, I’ll see you guys later. Have fun.”
“Haz, wait, you look exhausted. Can’t you cancel and do it some other time?” Louis grabbed his
wrist.
“No, can’t. Because we’ve got to be recording soon and then we’ll be on tour again and it’ll spiral.”
“I’ll do it. I’ll go. You should—”
“It’s alright,” he shook his head. “You wanted to spend the day out with Zayn and Niall.”
“But—”
“Lou, it’s alright. It’s just a meeting.”
“Yeah, but you look like shit.” Louis argued.
“Thanks, babe. Love you too,”
“You know what I meant.”
“Lou, it’s fine.”
“I’m Luna. I should go with you.”
“Just have fun with your friends. You didn’t even want me here in the first place.” He rolled his eyes. “I shouldn’t have shown up anyway.”
“Harry,”
“I’m gonna be late, Lou. I’ll see you later. Have fun with the boys.”
And with that, he was gone.
Louis deflated and put his head in his hands. “I’m a shit mate. Christ. He’s exhausted and now he’s gonna worry about me.”
“Max,” I nodded after Harry. “Go with him, please.”
“He hummed, kissing me. “Bye, love ya.”
“Harry will be fine. He just needs a break.” I ruffled Louis’ hair.
When we finished at the shopping center, we went back to Harry’s house.
My phone buzzed and I answered it. “Hey,”
“Hi, so I’m not sure if this is out of line or not, but I’m taking this kid to get a beer. It’s legal here and he could use a break.”
“Of course, babe. I’m not gonna get him hammered. I just think he should chill.”
“Let me talk to Louis.”
Louis’ head snapped up. “What happened?”
“Max, maybe bring him home and have him drink here? Louis is going a little nuts over here.”
“I think that Harry thinks he’s been too intense and so I don’t think he wants to go home.”
“Well, Louis is gonna burn a hole in the floor from pacing.”
“Let me take him out for a beer or two and we’ll head there after.”
“Yeah, okay.”
After an hour or two, Max led Harry into the house.
“I thought you said a beer or two!” I hissed.
“I went to the bathroom and when I got back, he was doing shots.”
“Jesus, Haz,” Louis scrambled to get over to the drunk alpha.
Harry swatted the smaller lad away. “Stop it. You don’t even like me.”
“What?”
“I bit you and I shouldn’t have. I didn’t ask you beforehand and now we’re mated and you hate me.”
Harry continued to swat him away.
“I don’t hate you, Harry. We’re soulmates. I wanted—”
“No, you didn’t. And now you’re miserable and it’s my fault. And that sucks. And management sucks. And I just wanna keep you safe and happy. But I don’t think I can do both.”
“Max, let’s get him upstairs.” I suggested, helping my mate shoulder the alpha’s weight.
When we went downstairs, Louis was gathering things.
“Do you want us to stay?”
“I can take care of my alpha.”
Max threw himself on the bed when we got back.
I got up on his hips. “Hi,”
“Hi,”
“How was the meeting?”
“Boring as fuck,”
“Want me to ride you?”
“Fuck, yes,”
“Kiss me then, fucker.”
He surged up and licked into my mouth. “Gonna let me watch you fuck yourself on your cock?”
“Mmm. Then you’re gonna let me mark you.”
“I am?” He teased.
“Well, I’m gonna do it anyway.” I shrugged.
He bucked his hips, jostling me with a smirk and I glared at him. “Need you undressed, babe. Can’t get my fingers in you like this.”
“Yeah, fuck,” I scrambled to get out of my clothes and he shucked his clothes to the side. I straddled him again and he shoved a cold, wet finger in me. “Shit, Max, warn a guy.”
“Sorry,” he laughed.
“Could’ve warmed it up a bit, Jesus.”
“Didn’t want to wait, want to be in you already. Should’ve been in you hours ago.”
My mouth went dry because fuck, yeah he shoulda been.
He worked his way up to three fingers and I swatted his hand.
“I’m good. I’m good.”
“No yet,”
I whined. “Why not?”
“Don’t wanna hurt you, Ni. Relax a bit.”
“I’m fine,”
“You’re fine when I say you’re fine.” He snapped.
I growled at him. “It’s my body,”
“Yeah, and? I love you. Don’t be a douche.” He handed me the lube. “Make yourself useful.”
I rolled my eyes and slicked up his shaft. I opened my mouth to complain again, but he rubbed against my prostate with so much pressure, I could only squeak.
“Alright,” he removed his fingers and I raised up and started to sink when he grabbed my hips.
“How what?!”
“Do you want me to cum right now? Cuz I’d like to hold off, but fuck you’re tight.”
I hummed, kissing him lazily until my ass met his hips. “Fuck, I forgot how big your dick is.” I groaned.
“Want me to-”
“Are all Americans this talkative?”
He bucked his hips and I yelped. “You were saying.”
I shook my head, placing my hands on his chest and raising up to sink down quickly. “Instead of going to the gym, this is how I should work out,” I panted, gaining a rhythm.
“Fuck, God,” he groaned, tightening his grip on my waist.
“You can call me Niall, but thanks.” I smirked.
He fucked up when I sank down and I lost my breath. “There it is.”
“Christ.” I muttered, speeding up and keeping the angle change he’d made. “What the fuck, why do we ever leave bed?”
“Because I like to show you off.” He answered, not stopping his hips.
My rhythm stuttered and he grinned.
“You like that, don’t you? You like the idea of me bragging about you. How much I love you. How fucking hot you are. How brilliant you are. How cute that accent is.” He tugged on my hair a bit and I fucked myself down harder, chasing release. “Bet you’re excited for when the tour does a stop near my hometown. I can finally take you home and parade you around to the family.”
“Max,” I choked. “I’m not gonna-”
“Gonna tell them about you. Already have. Tell them how you’re the greatest thing that’s ever happened to me. All the time.” He started pulling me off.
“Max, please,”
“Tell them how lucky I am. How relieved I was that you wanted me back. How damn great it feels just to be in the same room as you. You’re the fucking sun, you know that?” He asked, pulling me off faster.
“I can’t.” I squirmed a bit. “I gotta,”
“Come on, Ni. Cum for me. Love watching you cum. Love the sounds you make. I love you.” I came with a scream that I muffled by digging my teeth into his neck.
“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he hissed, cursing and cumming inside me.
I panted, trying to get my breathing even.
Max ran a hand through my hair.
“Mine,” I whispered, placing a kiss to his mark.
“Mine,” he answered, stoking my back.
“Love you,”
“Love you,” he kissed my forehead. “I really can’t wait to bring you home. My siblings are dying to meet you.”
“Yeah?”
“Yeah,”
I grinned and buried my face in his neck.
Chapter 17

Louis’ POV

I paced the floor, pulling on my hair. What the actual fuck. I grunted and went through my notes again.
“Ugh, Lou?”
“Living room.”
Harry grumbled a bit, but soon came into the room. “Hey,”
“You smell like booze. Go take a fucking shower.”
“I will after I call management. I slept through the meeting. They’re gonna be pissed.”
“I went in your place.”
“You what?”
“I went to the meeting in your place. Your alarm went off this morning with a reminder. So I went.”
“To my meeting?”
“Yeah,”
“Why?”
“Because you were asleep and hung over.”
“So? You could’ve had them reschedule it.”
“A thank you wouldn’t kill you,” I mumbled. “Go take a shower.”
“Are you pissed at me?”
“Harry, go take a fucking shower and then come eat.”
“You can’t cook.”
“I can cook. I just don’t like it. Are you going to take a fucking shower or not?”
“Come with me,”
“No.”
He raised an eyebrow.
I put my head in my hands. “If you can’t shower, I can’t have this conversation.”
“Alright, alright,” he held up his hands in surrender.
I waited to hear the shower turn off before I made him a plate of food. I put it on the table along with a bottle of water and some aspirin.
“Better?” He asked.
I pointed to his spot at the table.
“Lou, are you just going to-“
“Lou, are you just going to-“
“I’ll do whatever the fuck I want.” I snapped, glaring at him. “Come find me when you’re finished.”
“Lou, stay. Talk to me.” He grabbed my hand when I started to walk away.
“No. Because I want to yell and you’re hungover so it’s not fair.”
“Hey, I love you.”
“Yeah, well, you don’t think I even like you.” I pulled away from him and stormed out of the room.
“Hey, what the fuck was that about?” Harry hissed.
“Go eat your food.”
“Not until you fucking talk to me.” He grabbed my wrist and pulled me to him.
“I slapped him and he snarled at me.
I whimpered at the tone of his voice. “I don’t want to.”
His eyes went from dark and angry to soft and green. “What did I say that upset you, baby? I can feel it. You’re not angry. You’re hurt.”
I looked away from him. “Said you never should’ve mated me. Please let me go.” I whispered.
“That’s not what I meant.”
“It’s what you said. You mated me because I was in heat.”
“I did not. Don’t say that.”
“You said-”
“I said that I’m making you miserable. Which I am.”
“Why don’t you let me decide when I’m miserable?”
“I saw your face when I got to that store.”
“Because I knew you’d be upset! Because I knew what I did was stupid.”
“Admit it. You hate this. You hate this life.”
“What I hate is that I need security to protect me from creeps. It’s ridiculous. I hate that I can’t go anywhere on my own because I smell good to idiot Alphas. I hate that they don’t care that your scent is all over me. I hate being touched by other Alphas. I hate that I can’t claw their fucking eyes out. I hate that you have to watch over me like a small child because something WILL happen. I hate that being marked isn’t enough. I hate that I’m tiny and easy to manhandle. I hate that I can’t fight back. But I love you. And I want to be with you. And I don’t understand what I did that was so shitty that you think I don’t want to. But if you want me to claw our bond until it breaks, just fucking say it. Don’t be like this.”
“Don’t claw at your mark.” He snarled, his alpha voice making me melt. “I love you. I want you. I want to be with you. But I want you to be happy.”
“Then stop pushing me away from you. That’s my thing.”
He rolled his eyes. “I don’t-”
“It’s okay to ask me to go to stuff with you or for you. Boring meetings even. You’re exhausted and bored and run down. You need a break.”
“I don’t need-”
“Pack leader isn’t synonymous with someone who doesn’t need a break. I’m still learning about being an omega and a mate, but I know that you need a break. I can feel it.”
“Can you?”
“Yeah, felt it really bad around like 4 yesterday.”
“I was in a meeting that was pure yelling.”
“That’s terrible.”
“I want you to be happy. But I also want you to be safe. And it doesn’t seem like both is an option.”
“I’m not unhappy with you. Please stop thinking that. It’s okay for me to be annoyed that I can’t go places without you because of what will happen. It’s not like I think you’re doing this to piss me off.”
He frowned and didn’t answer.
“Where are my dimples, hmm? Love your dimples.” I poked the spot where I knew his dimple was until he cracked and smiled a bit. “That’s better. Still no dimples, but I’ll take it.”
He rolled his eyes. “Lou,”
“I love you. And it upsets me that you think otherwise.”
“I’m sorry.”
“Don’t be sorry. Just don’t do it.”
He sighed.
I stood on my toes to lick the tip of his nose. “Being Alpha and pack leader doesn’t mean you’ve got to be miserable.”
“I’m not-“
“Bullshit. I’m getting better at feeling what you feel, Harry. You can’t lie to me. I can see through your bullshit.”
“Oh, is that so?”
“And I can hear your stomach growling so go eat, you oaf.”
“Come with me?”
“With?” I scoffed. “It’s supposed to be before, what are you? An animal?”
He kissed me, and pulled me along. “I love you.”
“You better, otherwise I’m not going to put out anymore.”
He snorted. “Well, I love you. But that doesn’t mean you have to put out.”
“No, but it means you do.” I nudged him. “Your food is gonna be cold now.”
“I’ll still eat it. It’s not what I’m looking forward to anyway.”
“So what are you looking forward to?”
“Eating you out until you cum dry.”
I felt my breath hitch. “Oh.”
“In fact...” he unbuttoned my pants and shoved them to the ground before taking my shirt off and bending me over the arm of the couch.
“Harry, we can’t do this here. We’ll never get the stain out and-”
He growled, but pulled me up to throw me over his shoulder. He tossed me on the bed and manhandled me onto my back.
“Harry! You need to eat!”
“I’m about to.” He muttered, grabbing my thighs and yanking my entrance to his mouth.
I gasped and started squirming as he licked into me.
He looked up at me and I stilled. “Good girl. Didn’t even have to verbalize it.”
“What does that mean, I just-” I was cut off by my own moan when he started licking into me again.
I fisted a hand in his curls and whined. “Harry,”
He didn’t stop his ministrations, but I somehow got the message that he was no longer Harry for me, but Daddy. He screwed his tongue in me and I moved to pull at my own hair.
“Daddy, please, need you.”
He pulled me closer and I threw my head back.
“I’m gonna cum from this, Daddy. You gotta stop.”
He ran a hand up down my thigh.
My thighs quivered around his head and I could FEEL his God damn smirk.
One of his fingers slid easily in with his tongue and I screamed, cumming all over my stomach. He didn’t let up at all, licking me through it and then some.
I felt like I should squirm, but I stayed still and just laid back and took it.
He spread my legs wider and dove deeper, making me become a mess of breathy whimpers.
I whined my way through another orgasm, my hands tugging roughly on my hair. “Daddy, Daddy, I need you. Please, want you in me.”
“Daddy, please, need you.”
He pulled me closer and I threw my head back.
“I’m gonna cum from this, Daddy. You gotta stop.”
He ran a hand up down my thigh.
My thighs quivered around his head and I could FEEL his God damn smirk.
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I felt like I should squirm, but I stayed still and just laid back and took it.
He spread my legs wider and dove deeper, making me become a mess of breathy whimpers.
I whined my way through another orgasm, my hands tugging roughly on my hair. “Daddy, Daddy, I need you. Please, want you in me.”
“This is supposed to be about you.” He answered, sucking a hickey into my thigh, mirroring the placement of my tattoo.
“I need it. Please. God. Daddy.” I whined, feeling another finger slide into me. “God, why am I not squirming. I feel like I should squirm.”
“Because I gave you an order.”
“No, you didn’t.”
“Mentally, when I looked at you. It’s a good thing. It means we’re getting closer.”
“And?”
“Eventually it’s possible, with some pairs to communicate telepathically.”
“You’re shitting me,” I kicked him with my foot. “It’s not funny.”
“You can secrete lube out of your ass and can bear children as a biological man who has wolf DNA interlaced with your human DNA. I can knot you and bend your body to my will because I broke the skin in your neck with my teeth. But yeah, telepathy is off the table.”
“It only works for Alphas and omegas. And only if they’re true soulmates. Which is kind of shit, honestly. Because if you never gain telepathy, you basically bonded with the love of your life, but not your soulmate when they should really be one person.”
“Doesn’t work out like that for everyone? Isn’t that the whole point of this?”
“Yeah, if the system worked correctly. The fact that I can give you a mental order is a good sign, but even without it I’m not worried. I knew you were mine when I saw you the first time we met.”
“Well, you have me. So fuck me,” I demanded. “Please,” I added on as an afterthought.
“I’m saving the best for last.” He whispered, kissing me and adding a third finger. I arched my back for a second, unprepared for the addition.

“Be good, princess.”

“I am good.” I mumbled. “You surprised me,”

He didn’t say anything, he just curled his fingers, immediately hitting my prostate.

“Daddy! Fuck!”

His free hand pushed on my lower stomach, trapping my prostate between his hand from above and his fingers inside me.

“Shitshitshitshit,”

“You like that? The pressure everywhere on your sweet little spot? You like how daddy is getting your little pussy stretched?”

I choked out a quiet “Daddy” before resolving to whimpers again.

“Take it so good, princess. Taking my fingers so well.”

I felt a bit high off the praise. “Please,”

“Gonna take my cock even better, aren’t you? Made for me, princess. So lovely to take apart.”


“Tell me what you want.”

“Want you in me.” I answered immediately, spreading my legs wider.

“Not yet,”

“Why not?” I whined.

He rubbed his fingers against my prostate and I tugged harder on my hair. “Because I’m not done with you yet.”

I thrashed a bit.

“None of that, hands out of your hair before you hurt yourself.”

I moved my hands to his shoulders.

He fucked me harder with his fingers and I scratched at his shoulders. “Can feel your thighs shaking, baby.”

I made a noncommittal noise.

“You’re close.” He hummed, latching onto one of my nipples.

“Please, please, please,” I tugged on his hair. “Please,”

He put his clean hand over my throat and I came immediately between us. “Jesus, I didn’t even put any pressure on that.”

I felt my face heat and I looked away from him.

“Look at me or I won’t fuck you.”

I looked at him and he licked into my mouth.

“Mine,”

I stared at him dazily. “Yours,”

“Got something for you, princess.” He hummed removing his fingers and moving a bit away from me.

I let out a small whine of discontent, but he was back on me almost immediately. I hummed when he sucked on my tongue, but I squirmed uncontrollably when he shoved something in me. “What the fuck are you?” I cut myself off with a whimper when it started vibrating against my prostate. “Oh God, oh God.”

“Got you a pretty little vibrator for your pretty little body.”

I thrashed a bit, even with his hand pressing me into the mattress.

“Why?”

“In case I’m not with you when another heat sets in. So you can cum with something inside of you.”

I wanted to ask why the fuck he wouldn’t be with me, but I couldn’t do anything other than open my mouth and whine, digging my nails into his arms.

“In case it hits early and I’m in a meeting. Until I can get to you, you should be able to cum as much as you need.” He pet my hair. “You go into heat and you call me. And if I don’t answer, call Sarah and have her get me out of whatever meeting I’m in. Do you understand?” His voice was a deep
growl and I could feel his alpha voice bring me closer.
I nodded frantically.
“But you have permission. Longstanding permission to get yourself off while you’re in heat. However you want.”
I opened my mouth to comment, but he started fucking me with the vibrator and I couldn’t breathe anymore.
“So pretty, baby. Love you so much.”
“Ungh.”
“After this, I thought I’d tie your wrists behind your back and have you ride me.”
I whined.
“But I think now that I’ll pin your wrists down above your head and make you take it. Keep a hand tight around your waist so it’ll leave a bruise.”
I came between us, sobbing and shaking and downright desperate. “I...”
“Shh, baby. It’s okay,” he turned off the vibrator and discarded it somewhere.
I rolled my hips down, whining when I was met with his boxers. “Daddy,”
“Shhh, princess, I’ve got you. You’ve been so, so good. I’ll give you what you want.” He promised, stroking my cheek with his thumb. “Can you still for me, princess?”
I settled against the mattress, my body jerking a bit now and then.
“Thank you, baby. Such a good girl for me. Always.” He kissed me and I got a little frantic. “Baby, color.”
I looked at him curiously for a minute. “M. Ungh. Daddy.”
“Color, now.” He demanded.
“Green,” I finally managed.
“Thank you, baby. Such a good girl for me. Always.” He kissed me and I got a little frantic. “Baby, color.”
I looked at him curiously for a minute. “M. Ungh. Daddy.”
“Color, now.” He demanded.
“Green,” I finally managed.
He observed me carefully before getting up.
I dissolved immediately into tears and he returned, petting my hair.
“Easy, it’s alright.” He kissed me, slipping something into my hand.
I recognized the keychain almost immediately and batted it to the floor.
“Hey, no,” he scolded, reaching over for it.
I whined, shaking my head violently.
“Either you hold on to it or we stop.”
I nodded, slipping the keychain onto a finger. “Daddy,” I sniffled, spreading my legs until it was physically painful.
“Shit,” he groaned, slipping out of his boxers.
“Daddy, please,”
He fucked into me quick and fast, earning a pleased grunt. He fucked me so hard, it shoved me up the bed towards the headboard so he put his hands above my shoulders to cage me in.
I whined and squirmed, trying to meet his thrusts. I didn’t realize I was crying still until he started brushing the tears off my cheeks.
“You are so beautiful. I love you so fucking much. I love being the one to wreck you like this. I love destroying you. Love making your tight little pussy drip for me.”
I arched my back to get closer to him, unable to find words.
“You are beautiful. I love you. Cum for me, baby. Let me knot you and fill you with my pups.”
I rolled my head over to expose my mark and he happily bit into the skin. I came between us and scrambled to try to force him in deeper.
He pushed my legs open so far that it burned a bit from the stretch, burying himself as far as possible before popping his knot.
I came again, the force of my orgasm making my ears ring and my head spin. Before I could even process what what happened, I blacked out.
I woke up to find Harry pressing a cold cloth to my forehead. “’s too cold.” I complained, weakly swatting at his hand.
“You were overheating, baby. Was worried,” he said softly.
“My entire body aches,”
“I’m sure,” he rubbed circles into my hip. “Are you alright?”
“I’m good. Just tired and sore.”
“Your voice is shot. I’ll make you some tea.”
“Harold, you better be prepared to carry me wherever you’re going.”
“Of course, Lewis.”
I hummed, stretching my arms towards him. I laughed when he scooped me up bridal style.
“You look so cute like this. All bright eyed with sweater paws.”
I looked down to see that I was dressed in his lavender jumper. “It’s my favorite!”
“I know, baby. That’s why I put you in it while you were out.” He laughed, kissing my temple before setting me down on the counter.
I squealed, sitting down on what I assumed to be a plug. “Harry!”
“Sorry, forgot. Had to plug you up. I tried to clean you out and you went mental.”
“Sounds like me.” I laughed.
“How are you. Really?”
“I’m fine, Harry.”
“You blacked out on me.”
“Well, I came like eight million times.”
“Six, you came six times.”
“You sound so proud of that.”
“You’re not in heat. It's pretty impressive. Never heard of anyone with that much stamina before.”
“Not everyone has a stubborn, unrelenting, horny, teenage alpha rubbing at their prostate constantly.” I mumbled.
“Well, you could share your alpha if it's too much for you.”
I snarled at him.
“I was kidding,” he rolled his eyes.
“Don’t.”
“Don’t want anyone else.”
“Mmm. I’m still a little pissed about Nick.”
“Well, if he steps foot in this house, you can rip his eyes out.”
“He’s your friend.”
“But you’re my best friend. And my mate. I would slit his throat if I thought it would make things better for you.” He put his forehead against mine. “But let me tell you a secret. With the exception of heats, a mated alpha doesn’t even register the smell of an omega - not because we can't smell it. It's because any other omega is so insignificant. Even in heat, omegas are only noticed because we feel like we need to protect them. Not because we want them.”
I rolled my eyes. “You're trying to placate me.”
“I didn't know you knew what placate meant.”
I smacked his chest.
“I'm not placating you. Look it up. Google it. Ask Zayn.” Harry hummed, putting a mug of tea across the counter from me.
I made grabby hands at it and he shook his head.
“It's too hot, baby. Can't burn your pretty little mouth.” He rubbed his thumb over my bottom lip.
“God, I want to take pictures of you all the time. You're just so fucking gorgeous.”
I flushed and played with the hem on his jumper.
Harry surged forward and kissed me.
I was surprised that there was no sense of urgency or lust. It was like he was trying to commit the map of my mouth to memory.
“I'm gonna try and relax. With all of the ridiculous amounts of security. It's not working for you. You hate it.” He nuzzled into my neck. “How does a team of two sound?”
“Harry Styles, are you suggesting we decrease my security by two thirds?!”
“Yes, Louis. I'm saying let's ditch four of them, but...”
“But?”
"I think we should find someone who you can handle being at least in the same room as you. I want you safe, but I also want you happy. What about Paul?"
I groaned. "Not Paul. I can't buy panties with Paul."
"What if we got you a female body guard?"
"You're shitting me."
"A female alpha. Come on. It might not be a terrible idea. Then you can make friends and buy panties or whatever the fuck you want."
"A mated female alpha?"
"You think that I'd ever let anyone who was unmated get anywhere near you unless they are betas."
"Right, I forgot."
"So a female alpha and what? You can't have a male alpha as my other guard. They'd be at odds."
"We could try the one female alpha. Having someone at your side would probably be better."
"Yeah? You'd go from six to one?"
"If she was with you whenever I'm not, yeah. I'm willing to try it."
I hummed. "Who are you thinking of?"
"You might not like it."
"Come on, you're not serious. You think Eleanor would be good for this? They tried to make me date her."
"Yeah, but still. You guys got along as friends."
"Except that she was controlling and pushy."
"She's an alpha. Of course she's controlling and pushy. You don't have to even touch her. Unless you've got an alpha in mind."
"Lots."
"You want your sister to drop out of school to be your body guard?"
"No."
"Alright then. So we'll find someone else."
"No, you're right. Eleanor is a good option. She knows like some weird martial arts."
"We can try it and if you hate it, we'll fire her."
I sighed. "Okay."
"Unless you want six guards."
"No, no, I'd rather have the one."
"Thought so." He sucked a hickey under my ear. "But remember that you are the most important thing in my life, alright? If anything happens to you, it won't be pretty." His hand carded through my hair and then he was away from me.
I reached over and grabbed the mug of tea.
"If you burn yourself-"
"It's not going to kill me." I rolled my eyes and took a sip. I looked up to find him with his phone out. "Are you taking more pictures of me?!"
"Yeah, I am."
"Missed your calling as a photographer." I mumbled.
"No, you missed yours as a model." I flushed, sipping my tea again. "If those photos of me in lingerie get hacked, I'll fucking kill you."
I planned to get a photo of you all dressed up for me, Lou. You don't think that I was stupid enough to put them on the phone I carry with me everywhere, do you?"
I looked at him. "You have a second phone?"
"Yes, what kind of idiot do you take your alpha for? I'd never let anyone see you like that except for me," he crossed his arms. "That phone doesn't do anything except function as a camera. It has no data and can only connect to the wifi here. It's not even in my name. It's in an alias of an alias of an alias. I would never allow anyone to see those pictures. I would never take them if they were going to be vulnerable. I would never let anyone see you like that. I wouldn't have even taken the photos on anything that could be hacked. I would never throw you to the sharks like that."
I could feel a flare up of disappointment and disbelief so I looked up at him.
His eyes were a darker shade of green and he looked visibly put off.
"I didn't mean it like that. I was just teasing." I whispered. "Don't enjoy this head space you're in."
"What head space?"
"You're disappointed because you think I don't trust you. But I do trust you. I'll text you nudes right now. I'll DM them to you. Snapchat them. Whatever,"
"Don't you dare." he shook his head.
"Need a Polaroid camera then," I hummed. "My nudes have to be immortalized, obviously. And copyrighted."
He cracked, laughing. "They're worth more money than anyone on the planet has."
"Lucky you then. Live shows for you whenever you want them." I spread my legs as I said it, revealing pale cotton panties. "You put me in panties. Cotton ones."
"You like them. You said they're comfortable."
I made grabby hands at him.
He stepped closer and I licked his nose. "Love you."
"Love you,"
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Another Larry one bc it was pre written and I made you guys wait so long for the last two updates and plus also it sets up a nice Ziam chapter so here goes

Louis’ POV

I clutched my fingers in Harry’s shirt as we weaved through the paps. “Why are there so many?”
“I don’t know,”
Someone grabbed my arm and I yelped.
Harry’s snarl made a radius of empty space around us. “I’ve got you, yeah?” He whispered, picking me up and cradling me in his arms.
I nuzzled into his neck, inhaling his scent.
He didn’t put me down until we were safely inside the studio. He sucked a hickey into my neck and licked into my mouth.
I whined, pulling him closer. “Why are there so many fucking people?”
“Because a doctor leaked information that someone is pregnant.” Simon answered, glaring at me.
“Why are you looking at me?”
“Because you’re always causing trouble.”
I scrambled to get behind Harry.
“Hey, it’s alright. You’re alright,” Harry kissed me before shrugging out of his jacket and handing it over. “That’s quite enough, Simon.”
“It’s me,” Zayn cleared his throat. “It’s me,”
I pulled the jacket on and nudged my way into Harry’s side.
“So. We need to handle this,”
“Liam and Zayn will handle it as they see fit,” Harry countered.
“You’re not the only alpha here,”
“Maybe not, but I’m the only pack leader here.”
I growled when Simon stepped closer.
“Shhh,” Harry stroked my hair. “Go with the boys,”
“Harry—”
“No. now, ”
Max and Niall both nudged me along until we were all out in the lobby.
“Why couldn’t I stay?” I crossed my arms and paced.
“Because it might get ugly,”
“He’s my mate,”
“Yeah, but you’re his,” Liam snorted.
“Ugh. That’s stupid!” I argued. “I should be with him.”
“Sorry, Louis. You know he’s an alpha. Alphas don’t know how to not protect their mates.”
I frowned, listening to the fans scream.
Harry emerged just as one of the girls made a run for it, yanking him down for a kiss.
“I’ll have your baby. We’d have great babies.” She whispered.
I snarled at her.
“Max, remove her. Now,” Harry shoved the girl away from him.
Max dragged the girl out and Harry sighed.
“What the fuck was that? How did she even get in here?”
I rubbed myself against him.
“I know, I know,” Harry soothed, brushing my hair back. “It’s alright. You’re alright. She’s gone now.”
“She kissed you.”
“Yes, and talked about having my children. Which is concerning because she was like twelve or something.”
“You don’t smell enough like me. People don’t know. It’s not fair. You’re my alpha. And-”
“Alright, love. What would you like? Hmm? What can I do to make it better?” He looked at me.
“I don’t know.”
“Niall, do me a favor and take a picture for me.” He tossed his phone to the boy before grabbing me by the waist. “Relax, little love,” He hummed.
“I’m 5’9”, Harry! I’m not-”
He interrupted me with his tongue, flicking it into my mouth quickly.
I whined, tangling my fingers in his curls.
He explored my mouth with his tongue, licking the roof of my mouth and pulling me closer to him.
One of his hands moved from my waist to my neck, tilting my head a bit so he could have total access.
Harry hummed, pulling away to look at me. “I love how flustered you get from when I kiss you.” I whined, ducking my head to avoid his gaze.
“Easy, little love,” he hooked an arm around my waist.
My phone buzzed in my pocket and I pulled it out. “Harry Styles tagged me in an Instagram post? This can’t be good,” I looked up at him before opening the post. The first picture was our hands laced together, the second of us kissing, the third was me asleep on the bed, and the fourth was a video. The visual was a blur, but there was sound.
“Harreh!!!” I could hear myself slur. “No photos, yeah? Harreh!!”
“It’s a video, little love,” Harry laughed. “Come here, want to document you like this, all bright eyed and adorable.”
“You don’t think I’m adorable all the time?” I whined, stopping to look at him and making a clear visual for the camera.
“You can’t have put this online, Haz! I’m trashed!” I complained, looking up at him.
“You are magnificent,” Harry said in the video. “I love you,”
“Even now? When I’m drunk and refusing to sleep?”
“Somehow even especially now,”
“Harreh!!” I laughed. “Such a good alpha, my alpha.”
I groaned, feeling my face heat. “You put that online! I was drunk!”
“I took out the part where you-”
I whined high in my throat.
“It’s cute and endearing,”
“My mum is gonna see that!”
“She’s seen you drunk before,” he snorted. “I was sober. You were fine. You’re of age to drink,”
“I wonder how fast the screenshots of Louis all doe eyed will be online.” Niall laughed.
“Harry!”
“Hmm?” He asked, scrolling through his phone. “Our mums just liked it, by the way.”
“You’re not even listening to me.”
“I am. Niall said he was wondering how fast screenshots of you with doe eyes will be online and you whined my name in your adorable little accent.”
“Why did you post that?”
“Video evidence so people stop trying to attack you. So fans know that it’s for real. You were drunk and we were alone. There would be no reason for you to lie,”
I sighed. “Okay, that’s a good point. But still. I didn’t even know you had that.”
“I have a lot of cute photos and videos of you.”
“What does that mean?!”
“It means that I like taking cute pictures of you. None of them are inappropriate. I’m not stupid enough to do that when our phones can always be hacked.”
I groaned. “I wanna see.”
“No. You’ll delete them.”
“Ugh,” I crossed my arms.
He leaned in to whisper in my ear. “You’re lucky that I’m so possessive of you. Otherwise I would’ve had to post a picture of you in those pretty panties you love so much,”
I squirmed a bit.
“Now, now, kitten. We’ve got another meeting to get to. Behave yourself,” he laced our fingers together and nodded at the others before leading us out the door. He pulled me into his lap in the car, making me squirm again.
I felt his hand heavy on my hip and stilled.
“Good,” he praised, running a hand through my hair.
“You two seem to get along better.”
“Well, things are easier when he doesn’t make everything my fault.” I muttered.
“We’re working on it,” Harry sighed, tugging on my hair so he could have access to my neck.
“Mine,” he whispered.
“Mine,” I countered, nipping at his jaw.
“Later,”
“What’s this meeting for?”
“Dunno, something for the record label,”
We stepped into the lobby and I could smell him before I could see him.
“Harry.” I grabbed his arm. “Don’t be mad, but—”
“Hey lads, hi Louis,” Aiden smiled. “Good to see you again. Last time we—”
Harry snarled and Aiden took a few steps back.
“Woah, what’s with him?”
“A, just back off.” I whispered.
Harry snarled at me this time, a possessive hand on my waist before I even realized my mistake.
I called him A. “Harry,”
He dropped his hands from me completely. “Stay with Niall and Max then.”
Oh God. I made it worse. I made it worse. “I didn’t—”
“Go. Now,”
I whined. “But—”
“Louis.”
I chewed on my lip and moved to stand between Niall and Max.
“Stop chewing on your lip.”
I released my lip and played with my shirt. I saw that it wasn’t clicking with Aiden.
“Really are the pack leader then,” he laughed. “I won’t hurt him,”
“Mmm. Why are we here?”
“A bit of team up between the final three or something,” Aiden shrugged. “Not that I mind, I do get to see old blue eyes. Maybe we can get back to our old shenanagins.”
“Well, not that I didn’t miss you or anything, but I think Max would have a problem with that.” Niall threw out quickly.
I smiled. God bless the Irish one.
“Nice to meet you, almost mistook you for an alpha. Sorry, mate.” Aiden stuck his hand out.
“It’s fine, dude.” Max shook his hand.
“So you’re with Niall then?”
“Yeah, luckily,” he grinned.
“Louis, we should catch up after the meeting,”
Before I could answer, he was gone.
“Do you call me H because you called him A?”
“What?! No, I’ve always-”
“Give it a rest, Harry.” Sarah interrupted, handing him a coffee.
“You give it a rest.” He grumbled, sitting down. “But thank you,”
“Don’t be a tit to your mate.” She ruffled his hair and he shoved her a bit.
“You can’t like him better than me! I hired you. I grew up with you.”
“Which is why I can’t let you be a tit to the person who touches your-”
“Sarah!” I complained, squirming.
“Sorry, darling. Here’s your tea and your scone.”
“I didn’t-”
“Harry did. Always does. Had me go to four shops when they didn’t have a chocolate scone.” She poked my nose.
I hummed, going over to sit in Harry’s lap. “He asked us all to call him A, Haz. Now, tell me that you love me and share the damn scone with me.”
“I love you, but I don’t want your scone. I’ll lick the taste out of your mouth when you’re done though.”
“Talk to me. Tell me what’s bothering you so much.”
“Just don’t like...I can’t stop picturing you lying under him and him holding you and-”
“Wasn’t like that.” I interrupted. “It was more like I fingered myself in your bed and then-”
“In my bed?” He raised an eyebrow.
“Shut up. Don’t judge me.” I flushed, eating my scone. “So I fingered myself in your bed and got a little drunk and told him he was gonna fuck me. And I kept one of your shirts on and closed my eyes and told myself that it was you. And I opened my eyes and it wasn’t you and he tried to mark me so I hit him and I told him after that we were too young and I didn’t want a commitment and then I got more drunk and-”
“And I found you crying in my bunk.”
“I thought I could trick myself out of it. I wanted you so bad and you weren’t even legal.” I sighed, looking at the scone.
“I wanted you too. You were always mine. And if he touches you, I’ll rip his head off.” He kissed my cheek. “And then I’ll lick you out until you cry.”
“Yeah?”
“Yeah. Then I’ll fuck you until you’re raw and thrashing with how bad you need my knot.” He licked into my mouth.
I clutched my fingers in his shirt.
“How many times do you think I can make you cum before you can’t stand being without my knot?”
“Always want your knot.” I mumbled, feel the blood rush to my face when he looked at me.
His eyes were strong and green; he was fully controlling his hormones. “Your pupils are blown.”
“I’m gonna start dripping if you don’t stop.”
“Mmm, it’s a good thing we’ve got a meeting to get to.”
I grunted, getting up and following him into the large conference room.
It seemed like hours of the droning on about performing together and I tuned out almost immediately.
I wasn’t worried about having to make decisions - Harry was always better at knowing what I’d want anyway.
Harry nudged me when it was over and we all filed into a different room. “That was horrifically boring.”
“Sometimes it’s really nice to not be an alpha. Because I didn’t listen to any of that.”
“You’re making the assumption that I did.”
“Mmm, you’re right.” He smiled, ruffling my hair.
“Love you,”
“Love you, especially in my jacket. It’s like twice your size.”
“Yeah? And comfy.”
“Looks good on you.”
I opened my mouth to reply when his phone rang. “It’s my mum. I’ll be right back.” He kissed my forehead and left. I sighed, flitting my way to Zayn and Niall’s conversation about the set. “I think it would be cool to have different pieces to represent the three of the acts. Like a collection of things that are from us and them.” Zayn mused. “We could do some really cool backgrounds.” “I dunno. Shouldn’t we leave most of the stage open? That way we can run around?” Niall raised an eyebrow. “We could do both,” I hummed. “But kind of neither. Like if we did a piece that made a frame of things that represent the three acts and they could play back the tapes of our auditions and stuff.” “I think that would be a lovely idea.” Aiden voice, putting his hands on my hips. “What are you doing?” I swatted his hands, but he didn’t budge. “Aiden, come off it.” “Oh, come on, Louis. We’re not kids anymore.” “Yeah, and? Move your hands.” He spun me around to pin me against the wall. “Don’t be like this.” I looked to the boys for help, but Liam wasn’t around and the others were too shocked to move. “Aiden, get off.” “We had fun back in the house. We could do that again.” “No. We can’t. Get off of me.” “Why?” “What the fuck is going on here?” Harry’s snarl made the room go quiet. “Aiden, I said get off.” I pushed at him. “What? What is your problem?!” Aiden hissed. “Don’t look at your pack leader. Look at me. We’re Betas.” “No, WE aren’t.” Harry yanked Aiden back and got between us. “Are you that stupid? He’s wearing my jacket. He’s covered in my scent. Have you not seen the tabloids?” “What?” Harry ignored him in favor of looking at me. “You smell like him.” “It wasn’t-” He growled and I whined. “Harry,” I whispered, going pliant in his hold. His jaw relaxed and he licked at the wound. His eyes flickered from lust to anger quickly and I scrambled to bring it back to lust. “Harry,” I grabbed his arm. “Louis, enough.” He ordered. I dropped my hand, retreating to pull his jacket back on. “You touch him again, I’ll fucking kill you.” Harry shoved Aiden back. “You don’t even look at him, how about that?” “Geez. You act like I knew he was an omega when I fucked him.” I cringed. “Stop talking!” I hissed. “What? We thought you were a beta. He’s just mad because I deflowered you.” Aiden snorted. “Just turned 18 recently, I guess. Must’ve been what made him present. It’s a pity we didn’t have this meeting sooner. So much we could’ve done.” Something dangerous flashed in Harry’s eyes and I racked my brains for something to break it. “Haz, don’t.”
“You don’t get to tell me what to do.” He snapped, moving towards Aiden.
I threw my hands up and looked at Zayn for ideas.
He put his hands behind his back and made himself smaller. He mouthed “daddy” at me and I
clutched my eyes shut tight for a second.
I reopened them to find Harry on the brink of doing something very stupid. Well, shit. He might
actually fight with Aiden. He’s gonna kill him. If he hurts Aiden, he’s gonna be destroyed later.
“Harry,” I tugged on his shirt. “It’s not worth it,”
He snarled at me and I let go of his shirt.
I gotta. Just. Fuck. “Daddy, please,” I whispered, playing with the large sleeves of his jacket while I
brought my feet together.
Harry stopped for a second before turning to look at me. “Car. Now.” He hissed, grabbing my arm.
“Liam, take care of all this.”
“Right, no one leaves without signing a NDA.”
“NDA?” I raised an eyebrow.
“You called me Daddy in a room full of God damn people. Unless you want that all over the papers
and rags,” he shoved me into the back of the car.
“You weren’t thinking clearly. You were going to do something stupid. I was out of options.”
“Should’ve left it alone. I was handling it.”
“You were not! You were going to do one of two things, cause a massive scene or hurt him. Seeing
as the whole thing turned to a scene very quickly, I’d go with hurting him. You weren’t in control
and you could have killed him if I didn’t do something. What was I supposed to do?! You couldn’t
have come back from that. It would have destroyed you. I played my hand.” I crawled into his lap
and put my hands on his shoulders. “It’s my job to take care of you too.”
“I wasn’t-”
“Yes. You were. I know you. I know what you were thinking.” I ground my hips down to his.
“Take it out on me, Haz. I can take it, yeah? Take it out on me. Don’t do something that will take
you away from me. Need my alpha,” I nosed at his neck.
His hands rested on my waist, stilling me. “Home,”
I nodded.
When we got to the house, I wrapped my legs around his waist and he carried me in.
Harry deposited me on the bed and I watched him. “I have something for you, kitten.”
I raised an eyebrow, sitting up. “For me?”
“Who else, love?” He laughed, pulling two boxes out of God knows where.
I eyed them carefully. “Is one of those a shoe box?”
“Maybe, have a look.” He kissed me. “I’ve got to call Liam and grab some waters.”
“What?”
“Get changed, kitten.”
Kitten. Jesus.
“If,” he used two fingers to tilt my chin up. “If you feel comfortable.”
I nodded and then waited for him to be out of the room before tearing into both boxes. I found a
whole set of baby blue lingerie - panties, stockings, a garter, and a bra? I glanced down. “For what
tits, Harold?” I muttered, looking at the second box. “Heels. For fucks sake. I thought I was
supposed to be the kinky one.”
I changed quickly, but it took me a while (and a YouTube video I’ll never admit to looking up) to
figure out how to get the stockings clipped right.
I slipped the heels on and walked the length of the room until I could do it without tripping. It was
way easier than I thought, which was a little concerning. I walked downstairs, following Harry’s
voice into the previously unused study.
“Good, good. Yeah, thanks Liam.”
I pushed the door open, leaning against the frame. “Everything settled?”
I squirmed a bit under his intense stare. “Is it not what you pictured?” I looked down.
“Fuck, no. It’s so much fucking better.” He groaned. “Kitten, do you remember what word to say if you want to stop?”
“Okay,”
“Tell me the word,”
“Red,”
“Good girl,” he praised. “I’m gonna check in with you, okay? I’m gonna ask for your color, kitten. Red for stop, yellow for slow down or break, and green for good. Do you understand?”
“Yes, but why?”
“Because Daddy got something for you, kitten. Something that just the thought of had you dripping. And I don’t know how it will affect your mental state,”
“You think I might fall into a subspace?”
“I don’t know. Maybe. But I want to make sure that you’re alright.”
I hummed. “What is it?”
Harry pulled something out from the desk and I didn’t catch sight of it until he was in front of me. I felt my breath catch. “Daddy,”
“Do you like the collar Daddy got for you?” He asked.
I nodded, eying the black leather.
“It’s soft inside so it shouldn’t hurt you, kitten. Let me know if it’s too tight. Are you-”
“Green, green, green,” I urged, pulling him closer.
“Behave,” he scolded.
I whined, but dropped my hands.
“Good girl,” he secured the collar around my neck and I felt everything change. He took a step back from me and I watched him carefully. “Kitten, you look amazing.”
“Daddy,” I whispered.
Harry’s eyes were dark and his pupils were blown. He grabbed my hand and pulled me to the middle of the room. “Spin around, kitten. Show Daddy your outfit.”
I hummed and twirled in place, steadying myself on the heels easily. I was surprised when he suddenly kissed me, biting and pulling at my bottom lip. “Are you going to pull on my collar while you fuck me?” I blurted, unable to stop the words as they tumbled out of my mouth.
“You want that?” his eyebrow shot up and I flushed.
“Ehm, is that weird?” I looked at the floor.
“No, kitten. I just need to know what you want.”
“I want you to.”
“Kinky little kitten,”
“Says the man who put me in heels and a bra.” I huffed.
Harry pulled back on the collar a bit, making me yelp and stand straighter. “Don’t talk back, kitten.”
“Sorry, Daddy.” I breathed. Is this supposed to be weird? I feel like it should feel weird. Am I a freak? God, I’m so fucking hard.
“Kitten,” Harry snapped his fingers to get my attention. “If you don’t pay attention, we can’t do this.”
“I’m sorry,” God. I’m so fucking hard. And I’m wet. “Daddy?”
“Just one more thing,” he promised, handing me a little keychain heart with a button on it. “In case you want to stop and can’t get the word out.”
I smiled at the stupid little key chain. A heart. Of course. “Okay, Daddy.”
“I won’t ever be upset with you if you red out or hit the button, okay? But you get hurt and that’s it. This is done.”
I slipped the ring onto my middle finger and nodded. “Ehm, Daddy?”
“Hmm?”
I hesitated, trying to find the right phrasing. “Please?”
“You’ve been so good for me, kitten. Of course.” He drew me closer with a hand on my hip. I preened.
“You wet?”
“Fuck, yes,” I buried my face in his neck and nipped at the flesh. He pulled me back to kiss me, licking the roof of my mouth immediately. “Is your pussy wet for your Daddy?”

I whined, tugging on his hair. “Daddy,”

He spun me around to slam my chest against the desk. “Look so good bent over like this,”

I felt hot all over. “Please,”

“Don’t get impatient, kitten. Be good,” he chided.

“I am good.” I whined, getting up on my forearms to arch my back a bit. “Enjoying the view, Daddy?”

A flash went off and I turned around.

“Take a look for yourself,” he hummed, putting his phone in front of me.

I blinked a few times. “I look like a bird,” I noted. “Are my hips wider than they were?!” I tried to take the phone.

Harry yanked my collar back, not hard enough to hurt but hard enough to get my attention. “We talked about your features changing, didn’t we, kitten?”

“Yeah, but if I didn’t know it was me, I’d think that-”

“Well, I suppose it’s a good thing you do know.”

I felt his hand slide down my spine to my ass.

“Bet you’re wetter than any other girl, aren’t you, kitten?”

I whimpered.

“So fucking wet. None of the others would be so wet for me?”

“No, Daddy. My daddy.”

“Wouldn’t be as good for me either, would they?”

“No, no,”

“But you can be good for me, can’t you?”

“Yes, yes, yes. Wanna be good. Wanna be good for you.”

“Always are. Look so lovely, kitten.”

“When?”

He nudged my thighs open and I spread my legs as far as I could. “Had these panties made special for you so they won’t ruin no matter how wet you get. Got them in blue because you always look so good in blue.”

“And a bra for my lack of tits.”

He hummed, smacking my ass. “Thought you wanted to be good.”

“I do. I am.” I whined.

“Is that what good girls do, talk back?”

“No, Daddy, I’m sorry. I’m just...” I squirmed, feeling his eyes rake my body. “Daddy, please,”

He trailed his fingertips down my spine and then all of the sudden I had three fingers in my ass and three fingers in my mouth.

I whined, feeling his chest against my back. Oh God. Oh God. I can’t. It’s just so much. It’s so much.

He added a fourth finger to the ones fucking in and out of me, making me lose my self control. I choked on a scream, cumming suddenly.

He hummed, pulling his fingers out of my mouth. “Kitten, what’s your-”

“Green, Daddy,” I panted.

“You want more?”

“Please,”

“What do you want?”

I flushed, overwhelmed. “A lot of things,”

He laughed. “You want my whole fist?”

“Oh. Yes. Yes. Please. Yes. Want it.” I pushed back on his fingers, which hadn’t stopped fucking in and out of me.

“Patience,” He tugged on the collar, restricting my breathing.
I came again, clawing at the desk.
“Jesus,” Harry whispered.
I put my head on the desk. Jesus.
“Color,”
“Want you to hold off until I tell you. Do I need to use my alpha voice or can you do that?”
“I can do it.” I protested.
“Alright,” he tucked what I assumed to be his thumb in and I felt my mouth drop open.
Fuck. I’m so fucking full.
He moved slowly at first before railing my prostate. "Your tight little cunt is so good at taking whatever I give it. So good, kitten." He put constant pressure on my prostate, making me squirm.
“Yellowyellowyellowyellowyellow.” I chanted, gripping the desk tight.
He immediately stopped. “What’s wrong, kitten?”
“Didn’t want to cum yet.” I breathed, putting my head in my arms.
“Good girl, proud of you.” He ran his hand on the inside of my thigh.
I keened at the praise.
“You can cum whenever,” he went back to abusing my prostate.
I bit into my arm when I came the third time, only pulling away when he moved away from me. I whined a bit.
“Turn over,”
I rolled onto my back, looking at my alpha for the first time in three orgasms. “Clothes,” I muttered.
“I was busy,” he snorted.
I made grabby hands until he stepped closer and then I started unbuttoning his shirt.
He tossed it aside soon enough and I slid to my knees in front of him. “Fuck,” he ran a hand through my hair. “Wish you could see how good you look right now.”
I took his phone from his pocket and handed it to him.
He took a picture or two before tossing it aside. “Mine,” he tugged me up by my hair to tangle our tongues together.
I kissed him lazily for a while. “Please,”
“Please what?”
“Knot, need it.”
“Alright, alright,”
“Wanna suck you off first.”
“You sure?”
I sunk to my knees again and undid his pants before pulling his boxers down. I licked at the head until he fisted a hand in my hair. I looked up as I took the head in my mouth.
“Fuck, your fucking mouth,”
I hummed and took him down a little further. I wonder if I can just...go for it. I pushed myself until my nose was against his skin.
We made eye contact and he cursed, his hips surging forward.
I was surprised that I didn’t gag. My throat just kind of took it.
Harry used my hair to pull me off of him. “On your stomach.”
He fucked me roughly, his hands by my head.
“Oh, fuck, fuck,” I whined.
He fucked me harder, shoving me up the desk with the force of it and making my feet dangle. “You take my cock so well. You look so fucking good like this. And you’re just fucking taking it. Your feet aren’t even touching, are they kitten?”
“Ungh,”
“Love your thighs. Love how they shake when you’re so close. Love how you fit against me.” He hooked a few fingers under the collar and pulled, using it to drag me upright. His free arm hooked
around my waist, plastering my back to his chest; all the while his hips never stopped. "Love how
tight you are around me."
He’s fucking standing there, supporting all of my weight on one arm like I weigh nothing. Oh my
God. My head lolled onto his shoulder and I whined.
“You are so tiny.” He mused, mouthing at my neck. “Love how small you feel against me. Love
how much I can give you. And you just take it all, don’t you, kitten?”
I mewled in agreement, thrashing a bit.
“Want to look at you when I fill you,” He muttered, pulling out to drop me on the desk and flip me
over like a rag doll.
“Daddy,” I whined, empty now.
“Shhhh, kitten, Daddy’s got you. Alright?”
“Daddy,”
He fucked into me harder and faster, determined to get something.
I gasped and writhed under him, panting into his mouth when he kissed me.
“Come on, angel, last one.” He pulled the collar back and bit into my neck.
I screamed, arching my back and shaking with the force of my orgasm. I was vaguely aware of
Daddy’s voice, but mostly everything was fuzzy and warm. Like being buried in layers of blankets.
“Lou, love, Louis, can you hear me?”
I made a noncommittal noise in the back of my throat.
“Come back to me, baby. Did so well. So proud of you.”
“But ‘s warm,” I complained.
“I know, baby. But can you come back to me?”
“Daddy,” I whispered.
“I’m right here, baby. Come on, come back to me.”
“Dunno how,”
“Tell me your color, baby. Can you do that?”
“Minty, Daddy.” I slurred.
“Minty?”
“Mhmm.”
“Is that a green?”
“Mmm.”
“That’s wonderful, baby. You did so well. Love you so much, Lou. Come back to me, now. Come
on, baby.”
I hummed, slowly becoming aware of the fact that I was on top of him. “I’m gonna crush you,”
“You weigh nothing, baby.” He snorted.
“Liar,”
“Sounds like you’re back, Lou. Can you tell me what day it is?”
“Tuesday,”
“Do you know where you are?”
“The study, I think. If we haven’t moved.”
“Who’s president of our country right now?”
“We’re British, you tit. Long live the queen,”
“There he is.” Harry hummed, stroking my hair. “Hello, little love,”
“I’m 5’9”, Harry.” I grumbled.
“If you say so, baby.” He hummed.
“Didn’t knot me,”
“Lou,” he snorted, bucking his hips, tugging at his knot tying us together and making me gasp.
“Oh, missed that.”
“You were in it, weren’t you?” His thumb brushed my cheekbone.
“Is that a subspace? Is that what that was? Is that why everything sounded like I was underwater?”
“Well, did you feel safe and warm and happy there?”
“Yeah,”
“Then yes, baby. You were in a subspace. I don’t think you were in very deep though.”
“Mmmm,”
“So, the breath play is big for you.”
“Apparently,”
“Breath play, praise, feminization, submission.” Harry hummed. “What a kinky little thing you are.”
“Feminization is your kink, you put me in heels for fucks sake. And size, obviously. Domination. Bondage.”
“Feminization is just my kink then? So you don’t want me to call you ‘baby girl’? You didn’t cum immediately when I called your tight little hole a pussy?”
“Alright, alright,” I groaned. “Both of us,”
He sucked a hickey into my neck and grabbed his phone. "God, I want that picture fucking immortalized and framed."
"Which one?"
He showed me his screen.
I hummed, looking at myself on my knees. My lips were red and my eyes were wet, pupils blown and barely a ring of blue to speak of. I closed out of the photo, and gasped. "Harry! You cannot have that as your home screen!"
"I can do whatever I want."
"Harry! What if one of our mums sees that!"
"They won't."
"Harry!"
"Relax. I'll take it off later." He snorted. "Speaking of taking things off..." He reached out and undid the collar, tossing it aside.
I felt the energy change again and exhaled. "I need a bath."
"Mmm. You probably do. I can only imagine how badly this lingerie needs to be washed."
"Its kinda sticky."
"My dirty girl." He hummed. "I'll run you a bath, toss it in the wash and come join you."
"Wanna sleep in my nest." I nuzzled his neck.
"You can sleep there."
"I want us to sleep in my nest." I huffed.
"Yeah? I wasn't sure if I was allowed in your nest."
"Just don't make fun of me."
"Never."
"Bullshit! You always make fun of me."
"Not for something like this. Never for something like this." He promised.
When we were both clean, we got out of the tub and Harry carried me in to the room with my nest in it.
"Haven't even been in here yet." He hummed.
The second I hit the mattress, I burrowed into the soft blankets.
"You found more soft shit than I thought you would...Is this my blanket from the tour bus? I've looked everywhere for this!"
"Well, if you had asked me, I would've told you. Don't get your panties in a twist. I'll give it back for the tour. It will smell like me and you can have it. When it smells like you again, I'll take it back." He snorted. "Alright, alright," he pulled my back to his chest. "Love you,"
"Love you," I hummed. "You know that I told him to fuck off."
"Yeah, I know. I got off the phone because I could sense you were distressed." He rubbed his thumb against my hipbone. “I was pissed at him. Not you,”
“Well, you weren’t thinking and you could’ve done something you would not be able to come back from.”
“You’re right. I couldn’t see anything other than red. God. Just seeing his hands on you...smelling him on your skin.”
“Yours,” I wiggled closer to him.
“Thank you,” he nosed at my hair.
“For what?”
“Bringing me back. I’m sure it wasn’t ideal for you to have to do that.”
“Was easier than losing you to something stupid,”
“Still, I’m sorry that you had to do it. I should’ve never put you in a scenario where you had to bring that out.”
“It brought you out of it,”
“I know, but-”
“You big, stupid alpha. It’s okay that I took care of you a bit.” I snorted.
Harry hummed, kissing me.
“No sex in my nest,” I muttered against his mouth. “I just got all clean. If you make me get all wet and sticky again, in my own nest, I’m kicking you out.”
“Of the nest or the house?”
“Both,”
He laughed, kissing my forehead. “Very intimidating. Ten out of ten would fear,”
I smacked his chest. “You’re the worst,”
He grinned at me before hooking his arm around me and pulling me closer.
“If you want me any closer, I’ll have to be inside of you.”
“That’s not how this arrangement works.”
I rolled my eyes. “Go to sleep, Harry.”
Zayn's POV

“Babe,” Liam wrapped his arms around me. “You’re freaking out over nothing.”
“It’s not nothing! I don’t know how we’re supposed to tell our families that you popped a few too
many knots and now I’m pregnant.”
“Love, you’re carrying our baby and that’s amazing. And if anyone says anything negative, I’ll rip
their throat out.” He kissed my cheek.
“Liam!!!”
“I’m kidding. Kind of.”
“Cheeky.” I rolled my eyes.
“Hey, seriously. You’re amazing. You’re carrying another life. That’s incredible. I’m so proud of
you. You’ve come so far from when we first met.”
“God. I was awkward.”
“You were...adorable. Remember when I said that you smelled amazing and you said-”
“And I said ‘if you tell me I smell like flowers or something sweet, I’m going home’. I was serious.”
“I know. And what did I say?”
“You said ‘well, I’d never be so insulting as to say something so generic. You smell like something
that I can’t describe and even if I could, ‘flowers or something sweet’ wouldn’t even cover it. You
smell like someone I want to come home to everyday for the rest of my life.’ I still think you had that
answer prepared.”
“I did not!” He squawked.
“Oh, no? This coming from the man who tried to tell me that he loved me by saying ‘if I could deep
fry every alpha that tries to touch you, I would’. I highly doubt that you just had a poetic answer spur
of the moment.”
“Listen. I was trying to not sound like a total freak by saying ‘I want you as you mine forever, okay?
Great, let me bite you so you can carry my future kids’. Kind of intense. And I still think deep frying
Alphas who touch you is a fair and just punishment.” He crossed his arms. “Remember when you
tried to tell me that you were ready for us to be mated?”
“No.” I lied.
“I think it was something like ‘Liam Payne if you do not mark me by the end of the fucking week,
I’m gonna fuck every alpha on the show’.”
“I did not!”
“Thought you didn’t remember.” He smirked at me.
“Shut up. I was nervous.”
“Let’s see...what was it that you said? You said something along the lines of ‘I want you to fuck me
for the rest our lives, okay? Fucking mark me already.’ I feel like that’s accurate.”
“I got the point across. You became a sap and thought I only wanted to fuck you.” I rolled my eyes.
“I’m still mad about that half hour talk we ‘had to have’ about what it means to be mated.”
“I wanted you all the way or not at all.” He shrugged. “You’ve grown so much over the years. God.
I’m so proud.”
“You’re worse than Harry is, honestly.” I snorted.
“Yeah, but I’ve got more reasons to be fond. I remember you being terrified to tell Simon that you
were an omega. Terrified to tell the Louis and Harry. I remember standing with you when you told
Simon. I remember Niall’s laugh when you told him.”
“The little shit already knew, stupid beta,” I mumbled.
“I remember how uncomfortable you were with the world knowing. I remember you begging to hide
what you are and what we have. And I remember you holding your head up high for the first time in
the public eye as an omega.” His thumb brushed my cheekbone. “Every version I see of you is better
than the last. I love you a little more every day and God I’m so in love with you. You are by far the most incredible person I’ve ever met. Which is saying something because we’ve been all around the world in a tour bus.”

“Maybe you are spontaneously poetic.” I hummed, feeling his hands on my waist.

“Say you’ll marry me?”

I spun around to look at him. “What?!"

“Say you’ll marry me?” He repeated, holding up a band of black diamonds.

“We’re tied at the soul, Liam, are you-”

“I want every piece of you. And we couldn’t do it before because we were hiding. But we’re not anymore. I want you in every way that I can have you. It’s a choice though, just like our bonding was. I won’t make it for you and whatever you choose won’t change-”

“Give me the ring and snog me, idiot. Of course I’ll marry you.”

He slipped the ring onto my finger and licked into my mouth. “I love you,”

“Love you, too. Stupid,” I mumbled against his mouth.

“Mmmm, lucky I have you then to guide me.”

I laughed, nuzzling into his neck. “Harry’s gonna have a handful.”

“Why do you say that?”

“You really think it’s not going to bother our favorite munchkin that we’re now engaged with a baby on the way? I mean, he loves us. But his omega is gonna lose it.”

“Mmm. You’re right. Oh fuck, we better keep you three apart for a bit. Don’t want to trigger Harry’s rut or another heat for Louis. One heat, fine? Two? He’ll go into overdrive. We’ll never see Louis again without Harry’s knot.”

“I guess. I’ve still got Niall.”

“Yeah, and it’s not for forever. Just until after Harry’s rut. With Louis having an early heat and you pregnant...triggering his rut wouldn’t be pretty.”

“Louis’ heat wasn’t entirely my fault! Even you could smell Harry after his fight with Nick.”

“Well, I didn’t think anything of it because you didn’t really react.”

“Well, I have your pup in me. I smell like you. Everything smells like you. Didn’t care what he smelled like.”

“I didn’t know that then,”

“Should we call them then?”

“If you want,”

“I wanna tell our families in person. When they get here. But I gotta call Louis before I explode.”

"Alright, alright,"

I dialed the number and put it on speaker.

"Harry, I'm on the phone!" Louis yelled.

"Yeah? With who? Oh shit, you actually are." "It's our favorite pregnant boy."

I rolled my eyes. "Can't wait until you're knocked up."

"Don't set off Harry's rut, Zaynie. It's not polite."

"Yeah, well, I called for a reason. I have something to tell you."

"Did you? Interesting. That's how this works then? You press buttons on a phone and then tell your friends things?" He teased.

"You're in a good mood."

"Harry's gonna let me have one guard. So suck on that, preggers."

"One guard?!"

"We're going to try it. And if she leaves his side when I am not around, it's double what it was."

"She?" I looked at Liam.

"You're pulling Eleanor into this?!" Liam snorted. "Why don't you just-"

"She's trained in Jujutsu and could knock you on your ass. It's a trial. But Lou's bloody miserable and I've been doing some reading and-"

"You can read?" Louis gasped dramatically.
"Oh great, trickster Louis is gonna be back." Liam sighed.
"Not to where it's annoying or destructive."
"You're no fun sometimes." Louis whined.

There was murmurs that I didn't catch, but I definitely caught Louis' little whimper. "Um...okay."
"Sorry, Zayn. You were saying." Harry cleared his throat.
"We're engaged."
"Aw, guys that's great!" Harry laughed. "Tied at the soul and now, after this, you can share a last name. Weird, isn't it?"
"Wow." Louis cleared his throat. "That's great guys."
"You okay, Louis?" I raised an eyebrow.
"Yeah, just my omega is getting squirmy. But I'm really happy for you guys!"
"God, we should definitely not be in the same hotel as them when his rut hits."
"Don't think it's going to be a problem. It'll be early. We probably won't make it until Monday, if I'm right. My omega is gonna set him off it hasn't already. Just assume that if you don't hear from me, he's gone all caveman on me."

I snorted. "Heating pads for days, Louis. I'll drop some by tomorrow morning with a guard."
"I'll do it. One of them could react badly to how good you smell."
"He already said he'd marry you, freak." Louis snorted.
"Alright, enough, I'm hanging up now." I snorted, ending the call.

I turned to face Liam. "So...I think we should...I mean, I want to, but you might not want to."
He tapped my chin until I met his eyes. "Tell me what it is that you want so that I can give it to you."
"I wanna play. In case we don't get to before I'm gross."
"First of all, you'll never be gross. Second of all, we can play all you want until our pup is about three months. And after that we can play. I just can't rough you up." He pulled my shirt over my head.
"I like it when you rough me up though."
He spun me around and pressed me against the counter. "Better be a good little omega then, yeah?"
"Yeah, fuck, Li,
He smacked my ass. "What was that?"
"Yes, Alpha," I groaned.
"Beautiful, baby." He dropped my jeans to the floor. "You were looking to get wrecked, weren't you, in your lace panties?"
"Yes, Alpha, please." I wiggled my hips.
He stepped back from me and I stilled. "Don't forget who's in charge, omega."
"Never, Alpha."
Liam hummed, pulling me backwards. "Hands on the counter only. You know that I like to see you struggle to stay upright while I destroy you."
I groaned, bracing my hands on the edge of the counter. I heard the fridge open. "What the fuck are you?" I interrupted myself with a yelp when he slapped my ass.
"Don't worry about what I'm doing. Be good."
"Sorry, Alpha."
"Stay still,"
I nodded and waited, feeling something cold and wet slide across my shoulder blades.
"Just melts right off you,"
"Fuck,"
"I wonder..."
I felt the ice slip down my spine and shuddered. I whined when he nipped at my ass.
"With your pregnancy, how wet you can get for me? How may times can you cum for me?" He purred.
I clenched my eyes shut. "Please,"
"Please what?"
"God, anything, Liam."
He smacked my ass harder. "What was that?"
"God, anything, Alpha. Anything, please,"
"Be careful what you wish for."
I heard his knees pop. "Don't hurt yourself, old man." I snorted.
Liam snarled at me and I straightened my back.
Oh no.
He moved around the counter to look me in the eyes. "I thought you could be good."
"I can be good."
"No, you can't."
I looked at the floor.
"You think Louis is good for Harry, hmm?" His voice sounded increasingly distant.
I glared at the floor.
"Maybe you can be good for me." He hummed. "Come here,"
I stood up and my back cracked.
"Maybe you're the old man."
I rolled my eyes.
"Come on, Z. We don't have all day."
I stood in front of him, watching sitting there while he pulled himself.
"Was gonna do so many things to you, but now you're gonna do all the work. Ride me, come on. I know that you're wet enough. Wanna see you fuck yourself down."
I straddled his lap while he guided his dick to my hole. "All way," I slammed myself down so my ass met his hips. "Fuck,"
"So fucking tight. No matter how many times I destroy your ass, it’s still just as tight as the first time. My blushing virgin omega,” he leaned up.
I clutched at his shoulders. “Alpha,”
“Look like a wet dream. Always have. Like a fine god damn wine. You get better looking every fucking day. If our baby is half as attractive as you and an omega, I’ll have to keep a shotgun on hand to keep all the Alphas away from them. Can’t believe I was lucky enough to get to you first.”
I whined, fucking myself down faster.
He grunted. “Got to you first. Loved you first.”
“Love me best, never wanted any other alpha. Wouldn’t let them touch me,” I groaned, trying to move to the right angle. “I need...”
“Omega, all these years and you still don’t know where your prostate is.” He yanked me closer by the back of my knees and I choked on my breath.
“Never need to. You fuck me best. Why would I need to know? Never even used a toy.”
“Never?”
“Never, fuck. Wouldn’t...it wouldn’t have...been the, fuck, same.” I dug my nails into his skin.
He leaned forward, latching his teeth into my mark.
I screamed, clawing at his back. “Oh, fuck, please,"
“Please what?” He asked, licking the open wound on my neck.
“Please, need you to fuck me. I can’t. It's not...need it.”
He hummed, fucking up into me. “So fucking pretty. Love you so fucking much. Gonna take such good fucking care of you and our baby.”
“Liam.” I choked.
He tightened his hold on my hips. “I’m gonna leave you bruises. Remind you that you’re mine.”
“Like I could forget,”
“Love you so fucking much. You are only gonna get more attractive the more our baby grows. I’m gonna keep fucking you full of my pups for the rest of our lives.”
I came between us and tugged my head into his shoulder.
He grunted, cumming inside me.
“I don’t want to get up, but your cum is gonna leak out and drip all over the couch.” I panted.
He laughed, laying me back and propping up my hips. “Stay,”
I sighed and watched him walk away. “Still miss your knot.”
He returned to me with a plug and a wet cloth. “I know,” he eased the plug into me before cleaning me up. “Why don’t you head upstairs and nap? I’ll start dinner and wake you up before the family gets here.”
“I should clean up and burn a candle or something.”
“I’ll do it. Go nap. You need to rest. You’re making a person. You’re probably exhausted.”
I smiled. “I love you,”
“And I love you,” He laughed.

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“Please?”
“Absolutely not.”
“Louis! Come on. We haven’t announced to the world that I’m pregnant. If we both go—”
“No,”
I whined, high in my throat.
He sighed dramatically so I could imagine him rolling his eyes even over the phone.
“Please?” I asked, putting the phone on speaker.
“Zayn, no. I’m not doing it.”
I pouted at Liam.
“Louis, give Harry the phone.” Liam demanded.
“Hey, I don’t have to—”
Liam interrupted him with a growl.
Louis huffed, but we heard the phone change hands.
“What’s up?”
“Can you please get your boy to go with mine to the place? It would make Zayn more comfortable. He’s really stressing out about being called out by the paps until we announce it and you know stress isn’t good for the baby.”
Harry snorted. “Playing all your cards, Payne?”
“Look, he’s having my kid. I’ll kill a man to make him happy. So yeah, I’m playing all my cards. You’re pack leader. It’s gonna drive you nuts to think that an omega, a pregnant omega, is stressed out and you could do something. Plus Louis is Luna so—”
“Fuck off, Liam. I’m not going.” Louis snapped.
“Lou,”
“Harry, no.”
“Lou, come on. You can get some things for your siblings. It’ll make Zayn happy. And it’ll give you practice for when you’ve got a pup on the way.”
“Harry, that’s not fair.”
“It’s not fair to make Zayn go without you when you know Liam has to go deal with management.”
“You go with him.”
“He doesn’t want that. Neither do you. You don’t want people suggesting that it’s my baby that Zayn’s having. Do you?”
“Well, no, but—”
“And everything you do for Zayn, he has to do for you when you’re pregnant. You wouldn’t want to go alone, without me or him. Would you?”
“No. But you’ll be with me or I’ll hurt you.”
“Lou,” Harry’s tone changed and I sat up a little straighter.
“Fine, alright,”
“Give us an hour.” Harry finalized. “He’ll be there in an hour. With Eleanor.”
The line went dead and I hugged Liam to me.
“Love you.”
“Love you.” He hummed kissing my cheek.
An hour later on the dot, there was incessant ringing of the doorbell.

“Zayn, I’m giving you two minutes and then I’m going home!” Louis yelled through the door.

“I’m right here.” I opened the door. “What’s up your ass?”

“Right now? A plug that is on its lowest-AH-second setting. It’s Harry’s idea of keeping me in line. Making sure I be-fuck-behave while we’re out. Eleanor is in the car. Please, let’s just go.”

“What are his parameters for turning it up?” I asked, grabbing my jacket.

“You think I know?”


“Wait!” He called.

“Oh God.” Louis groaned.

I glanced at him. “You’re not even hard.”

“Cock ring and an order not to,” he ground his teeth together.

I snorted. “Fun,”

“Yeah, it’s a real fucking delight. Can we go? I’m pretty sure he’s gonna turn it up incrementally until we get papped where you want to go.”

Liam came up to me, grabbing my hips. “I love you. Be safe,”

“Yeah, always. I’ve got Louis. And Eleanor.”

“And your security team. They’re outside.” He pulled my mouth to his.

“If you guys start touching each other, I’m-shit-I’m gonna, Oh. God.”

Liam raised an eyebrow. “Are you okay?” He stepped towards the omega and I snarled. “He’s fine. Don’t touch him.”

Liam threw his hands up and stepped back. “I can call Harry.”

Louis whined loudly. “Fuck, Harry.”

“What’s wrong with him?”

“Vibrating plug.”

Liam’s eyebrows shot up. “He thinks that’s a good idea?”

“Yeah, apparently.” Louis griped. “Can we go?”

“Yeah, let’s go before you try to scent my alpha.”

“I don’t want your stupid alpha. I want my stupid alpha.”

I pecked Liam on the cheek and pulled Louis out the door.

We got into the car and Louis squirmed for a bit before getting comfortable.

“Hi, Eleanor,”

“Hi, Zayn,” she smiled, briefly looking up at me before returning to her phone.

“Harry’s really letting you out in the world with just her?” I asked.

“Well, think of it like this. She comes with me everywhere. In stores and stuff and it isn’t weird. So it actually does work better. Plus she snarls almost as much as Harry.”

“It’s my job, Tommo. Your mate pays me very well to keep everyone and everything away from you.” Eleanor snorted. “Can’t imagine what’ll go down when you’ve got a pup on the way.”

“Well, we’ve got a car full of guards for me behind us so.”

“Oh.” She blinked. “So you’re...you’re pregnant?”

“Yeah, I am,” I rubbed my stomach.

“Girl or boy?”

“I’m not far enough along to-”

“You’ve got a feeling though, don’t you?”

“Um, boy, if I had to guess.” I shrugged. “Who knows though,”

“Could be twins,” Louis smirked.

“Shut up. I’ll tell Harry you’re being mean to me.”

Louis crossed his arms. “It’s not fair. I’m his mate.”

“Yeah, but he’s my pack leader.”

“Yeah, well, when I’m pregnant-”

“Harry will make the world bend over backwards and then some.” I pat the top of his head. “And he’ll slaughter anyone who won’t give you what you want.”
He hummed. “You think so?”
“Are you kidding me? The only reason he’s making you be here is because he gets off on thinking about you with a baby.”
“The baby is gonna like me more than Liam.”
“More than his own father?” I laughed. “You’re nuts.”
“Maybe, but my alpha is hotter than yours.”
I rolled my eyes. “Fuck off. I’ll tell Harry I think you’re pregnant.”
“I’ll tell Liam I caught you smoking.”
“I’ll tell—”
“You two are the oldest members of the band and you act like children.” Eleanor snorted. “How did anyone ever believe you were Betas?”
“Rude.” Louis frowned. “You know we have to go shopping for lingerie now, right? Because I’m here. You’re here. The Alphas aren’t here and Harry keeps ripping shit because he can’t wait two bloody seconds to stick it in.”
I laughed so hard that my stomach hurt. “That does not surprise me at all. Stick to pinks and blues. He likes those.”
“You should do a baby doll. He’d shit himself over that. Talks about how adorable he thinks you are to anyone who will listen. His precious omega,” Eleanor laughed. “Also, crotchless panties might be your friend.”
Louis turned bright red. “This is so weird to talk about casually.”
“It’s fine. Come on, let’s go look at baby stuff!!” I pulled him out of the car, stopping when I realized how surrounded we were. “Oh, shit.”
“Alright, listen. Look, but do not touch them! I will bite your head off to keep them safe. Make a path or get shoved!” Eleanor yelled.
People moved to make a path for us and I looked at Louis.
“This is why Harry is okay with just her. Makes sense,”
“Yeah, she scares them shitless.”
“TODAY,” Eleanor snapped.
Louis jumped and started walking, tugging me along.
“Louis!! When’s the baby due?!” Someone yelled.
“Need some chick to protect you?” A pap snorted.
I stepped between my set of body guards.
“Get a real job you fucking loser!” Louis hissed, taking a step towards him.
“Louis, come on, they’re not worth it.”
“Smile, asshole. I’ll let my alpha deal with you.” Louis snapped a photo and ducked into the shop. I followed him in. “Louis, what was that about? Harry’s gonna—”
His phone rang and he picked it up. “Harry, he was being an ass and...oh. Yeah, I will. No, yeah, I can tell him. When? Tomorrow? Okay, why isn’t Liam? Oh, right. Management is annoying about phones. Right. Love you,” he preened for a second and then hung up.
“Why isn’t Liam what?! Tell me what?!?”
“They’re releasing the statement about you tomorrow. Liam’s drafting it and they won’t let him have his phone for security shit so Harry wanted to make sure someone told you as soon as possible in case it leaks early.”
I nodded. “Yeah, okay, thanks. And thanks for not selling me out,”
“I’d never sell you out. Unless you made a move on my alpha. Which you wouldn’t.”
“Ew, no offense, but ew.”
“Good. So I’ll never sell you out.”
I grinned. “Fair. Okay, okay, baby stuff?”
“Baby stuff,” he agreed.
Harry’s POV


I could smell him before I could see him.

“Haz, you here? Traffic took for fucking ever and—”

“And you turned your God damn phone off.” I snapped, pinning him to the door.

“Died on me,” he whispered, heartbeat going erratic. “Bloody thing said it was still at forty percent when it died.”

“Oh. Bullshit. And even if I fucking believed that, so, what? Can’t find a fucking phone?” I snarled, mouthing at his mark.

“I...Oh shit, Harry, come on. Let’s do this in our room.”

“I’ll do this wherever I fucking want.”

He closed his eyes. “God, you smell...”

“Good girl, getting nice and wet for me?” I dropped his jeans to the floor.

He nodded and I smacked his thigh. “Yes, yes, fuck,”

“Get your fucking kit off.” I shucked my shirt off and undid my jeans to shove them to the floor.

Louis watched from his spot against the door.

“Get your kit off. Don’t make me tell you again.”

He started pulling his shirt off and stepping out of his jeans. “Harry, love, come on. We can do this in our room. Can claim me there. Yours,”

“Doesn’t matter where I claim you.” I spun him around and pinned him to the door.

“How far in are you? Why didn’t you call someone when it hit?”

“I called you, smartass. What did you want me to do, call everyone we fucking know and tell them that my mate can’t pick up the phone or tell me where he is?” I tugged his panties to the floor. “That I don’t know where he is or who he’s with? Thought I could fucking trust you.”

“I just—”

“Enough.” I ordered, dropping my boxers and fucking into him fast.

“Oh God, Daddy, fuck,” he scrambled for purchase on the door.

I thrust harder and made him squirm where I held him, chest up against the door.

“Oh God, I’m so fucking close.”

“Been fucking you for two whole minutes and you’re all ready for me to knot you? No, I don’t fucking think so.”

“I need to cum, God.” He groaned, clutching his hands into tiny fists.

“Where the fuck were you when I needed you, hmm? Your phone wasn’t even dead, just off.”

“I...”

I shoved his hips harder into the door and tangled a hand in his hair, yanking his head back. “I’m gonna fuck you until you can’t move. I’m gonna fuck you until you’re so fucking full of my cum that you’ll have a litter.”

He whimpered. “Fuck,”

“Who do you fucking belong to?”

“You, you, God, you. My alpha,” he panted, bracing himself against the door. I dropped my hold on his hair in favor of putting both hands on his hips. “Look how fucking tiny you are. My hands can wrap around you like it’s nothing.”

“Daddy,” he whispered.

“Just fucking taking it, aren’t you? Just letting me destroy you.”

“Yes,” He hissed.
“Want Daddy to knot you, baby girl? You want that?”
“Yes, God, please,” he tried to push his hips back and I slapped his ass. “Oh, oh, oh, please let me cum.”
“You’ll cum. How many do you think you can give me?”
“I don’t know.”
“Let’s see, hmm?” I locked an arm around his waist, trapping him against my chest. “Cum for me,” He mewed loudly, tipping his head back as he came all over the door. “Please, want your knot.”
“No yet.” I growled. “I’ll knot you when I fucking feel like it.” I moved his hand to his stomach and fucked him deeper.
“So big.” He whined.
“Cum,”
He clawed at the door, thrashing a bit as he came again.
I sucked on his mark, pulling out of him.
“What?! Daddy, Daddy, no, no, no.”
I dragged him over to the counter, picking him up and putting him on top of it. I yanked his hips to the edge and fucked into him hard and quick.
“Fuck, shit, shit,” he wrapped his arms around my neck.
I bit down into his neck and squeezed his waist tight enough to bruise, making him cum all over our chests.
"Please,"
I released his neck. "You're gonna cum on my knot."
"Okay,"
I fucked him until I could feel my knot making it harder to thrust in and out of him. I yanked his hips to mine, grinding against his prostate as I came inside him.
He choked on a whimper and I could feel his dick twitch between us.
I picked him up and carried him into our room, earning a whine when my knot pulled at his rim. I arranged us on our sides and stroked his hair until his pupils returned to a more normal size.
"So I guess your rut is here,"
"Where the fuck were you? I hadn't heard from you all day."
"I can't bloody well surprise you if you know where I am."
"Right so you couldn't pick up your phone and keep in touch with me? Is that too much?"
"Don't be dramatic." I snarled at him and he frowned.
"It's not like you didn't know that I had Eleanor with me."
"I shouldn't have to contact someone else to find out where you are.” I snapped. "She's not your fucking babysitter. You're an adult and you can send your own fucking texts. I would've been fine with literally anything. Literally a fucking emoji would've sufficed."
"You're acting like I set you up for this. You're acting like I set your rut off."
"Maybe you did."
"I did not!"
"We need to stop talking about this before I say something that I don't mean."
"Hey, I'm sorry." He nuzzled into my neck. "I'm here now. And you should snog me proper since you didn't kiss me once while you were fucking me. I think I deserve a snog. Didn't argue with you. Let you make me cum all over the door."
"But I let you cum. Thought about not letting you. Thought about making you wait until the very end of my rut. But then I remembered that an omega’s fertility is directly correlated to how many times they cum. So I’m gonna make you cum over and over again."
"Harry,"
I snarled at him. “I can’t right now.”
"Hey,” Louis moved to expose his mark. “Come on,”
“No. Other side of your neck.”
“But my mark is on-"
I moved his head my damn self and but down deep into the unmarked side of his neck, digging my teeth in and latching onto it. “Oh, oh, oh,” he squirmed underneath me. “Shit, shit, Harry. Please.”

I let go and licked the wound. “Better?”

“Not really. Can’t wait to go plug your phone in and watch it turn on immediately because it’s not dead.”

“But it is dead!”

“I can fucking feel it when you lie. It’s worse that you’re lying. I was mad about you forgot to text me for, like, twelve hours. But I am livid about you lying to my face about it. Like I can’t hear your heartbeat or your breathing. Like I can’t feel your omega losing its shit? Did you really think that I couldn’t tell you were lying?” I snapped. “Did we not have a whole fucking conversation about how we’re forming a mental link?”

He crumbled under my glare. “I’m sorry. I thought it would help. Didn’t wanna piss you off any further.”

“How the fuck did you think lying would help?”

“I don’t know.” He squirmed, hiding his face in the pillow.

I could feel his omega growing more and more distressed. “Stop and look at me.”

He shook his head. “Can’t,”

“Now,” I demanded.

He turned his head and met my eyes, his big giant eyes.

“No more lying, okay?”

He nodded.

I put my forehead against his and closed my eyes, breathing in his scent and focusing on his omega. I could feel myself calming down finally and I opened my eyes to see Louis watching me.

“Can feel you settling,”

I rubbed my thumb over his neck. “Shit, I’m sorry. Damn it. Damn it. I should’ve known better. I should’ve known. With Zayn pregnant and engaged, I should’ve fucking known better. Shit. I’m gonna pack a bag and go stay at a hotel until this passes.” I stroked his cheek. “Shit, I’m so sorry. I swore that I wasn’t going to let it overtake me. I thought...it doesn’t matter. Fuck, God. I should have-”

“Hey, hey, hey,” He ran a hand through my hair. “It’s okay. You don’t need to pack a bag.”

“That had to have hurt. God. I shoved you around and oh, God. I’m so sorry. Fuck. The door.” I scrubbed my hand over my face. “I will pack a bag and call Paul. I’ll have Liam check on you-”

“I’m fine. I’m alright. I promise. You know if I’m lying. It’s alright. I’m alright. I’m built for this, you know. It’s okay.”

“It’s not okay. None of that was okay.”

“It was. It is. Haz,”

“No, Lou, I’m gonna hurt you.”

“If you were going to hurt me, you’d have already done it. I’m not afraid of you hurting me. Because you won’t. Your alpha wouldn’t let you, even if you were that pissed off. You love me and I love you. But you should at least song me, you know. Taxes and such.” He poked my cheek.

“What-”

“No,” he growled at me. “You’re staying here. With me.”

“You’re cute when you growl. Like a puppy,” I hummed.

“Well, stay with your puppy. I know you. I can handle you. I can take it. I know how to spread my legs for you. I’m quite good at it, I think.” He gave me a small smile.

“But-”

Louis got all squirmy and whined, higher than I’d heard him before. “Don’t leave me, please,”

“Alright, alright,” I conceded. “But if I hurt you-”

“You won’t.”

“If I do, the second you have the chance, you pack a bag and you go, okay? Go to Niall’s and stay
there.”
“I’m not-“
“If I hurt you, you need to leave.” I snarled.
“Okay, fine. But you won’t.”
I kissed his forehead. “I’m gonna song you proper, now.”
“You better,”
I licked into his mouth slowly, my hand cradling his neck.
He made a pleased noise in the back of his throat and moved closer to me.
I deepened it quickly, exploring his mouth with my tongue. “You taste better every time I kiss you.”
“Flattery will get you nowhere, Styles.” He mumbled, his cheeks flushed.
“It’s not flattery. It’s facts.”
He keened into the kiss.
I woke up a few hours later to an empty bed. Growling, I got up to find my mate.
Louis was on the edge of the tub, scrubbing dried cum off of himself.
“Lou.”
He looked up. “Hey, sorry, woke up almost stuck to the sheet. Got most of it off my thighs, but...should’ve used a plug before I fell asleep.”
“I’ll plug you this time.” I yanked him up and shoved him to the bed.
He fell on his back, pulling me with him. “I’m sorry you woke up without me. Didn’t want to be stuck to the sheets when you were ready to go again.”
“You wet yet?” I asked, rubbing a thumb over his hole.
He gasped. “I’m getting there.”
I latched onto his mark, sucking a hickey there as I pushed two fingers in him.
“Daddy, shit,”
“Look so fucking good with all these bruises. My finger prints all over your skin. Fucking love how these marks look on your skin.”
“Love wearing them. Love being yours.” He slid his legs open wider for me. “I’m ready, fuck me.”
I growled. “You’re ready when I say you’re ready.” I added a finger and curled my fingers.
“Oh, oh, oh,” he squirmed under me.
“You’re gonna cum like this first.”
He nodded. “Yes, Daddy.”
“Cum.”
His back arched and he came all over his stomach.
I pulled my fingers of him, licking the slick off. “So fucking sweet, baby.”
He whined, spreading his legs impossibly wider. “Please,”
I fucked into him immediately, the force of it shoving him up the bed to where his head was dangling off he side of the bed. I grabbed onto his thighs, yanking him back so that he was completely on the bed again.
He tipped his head back, exposing his throat.
I latched onto it and sucked marks along the column before making a necklace of hickeys along his collarbones.
He clawed at my shoulders. “Please, fuck, God.”
I flicked my tongue into his mouth and tweaked his nipples.
He whined and came between us.
“Love when you cum for me.” I growled, fucking him harder.
He gasped, clawing at my shoulders. “Love cumming for you. Never want you to stop fucking me.”
“Want to never stop fucking you. Want to fill you so much that you can’t avoid getting knocked up.”
“Yes, yes, yes,”
I bit into his mark and his back arched to meet me chest to chest. I put a hand by his head to cage him in, the other pinning him to the mattress at his hip.
“Please.”
I made a small noise of agreement, licking his mark and moving to bite into the new one.
He whined and I lost it, spreading his legs as far as physically possible and shoving my hips up against his ass to knot him. He cried out, cumming dry and tugging at my hair. I licked the mark until it sealed again and then pulled back to look at him. Louis panted, not releasing his grip on my hair. I moved us carefully to put him with his head on the pillows before reaching over to the nightstand and grabbing the baby wipes. I wiped the drying cum from his chest and tossed to the dirty wipes into the bedside trash. “My alpha, love you.” He whispered. “Love you.” I gave him and Eskimo kiss and he giggled.

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I woke up with Louis wrapped up in my arms. I stroked his hair and looked him over, my thumb moving to brush over his new mark. He stirred a bit, rolling over onto his back and spreading his legs. I snorted. “Very good at handling my rut,” “It’s not that hard to spread my legs and get laid.” He gave a small smile. “Out of it, yeah?” “Yeah,” “Good.” He rolled back into my chest. “Go back to sleep.” “Or I could put you in your nest and go make you food.” “Nuh-uh. You don’t get to drop me off and walk around all free. Mine. You’re going to stay here with me and be my pillow or you’re going to take me with you into the kitchen. There is no compromising. What I say is law.” I laughed. “What you say is law.” I agreed. “You hungry?” “Yes, but I don’t want to move.” He mumbled. “I’ll have Sarah pick us up something.” I pulled him closer to me. “Good boy,” I grabbed my phone and texted Sarah. She called when she got to the door and I pulled on boxers before getting up. “Law. What I say is law.” Louis pounded his tiny fist on the bed. “Alright,” I laughed, getting a pair of cotton panties and a jumper to dress him in before picking him up and carrying him to the door. I opened the door and let Sarah in. “Thanks,” “Yeah, of course. I didn’t really expect you two to last that long without food anyway.” She laughed. “Why are you carrying him? Is he alright?” “He’s carrying me because what I say is law and he is not allowed to leave the bed without me.” Louis answered. “I see,” I put him down on the counter to get plates and silverware. “Harry Edward Styles, what the fuck is that?” I turned to see her pointing at Louis. “My mate?” “Harry. You marked him again!” “Oh. Erm. Yeah.” I scratched the back of my neck. “It was during the worst part of my rut. Didn’t mean to.” “Almost cried when he saw it after he knotted me.” Louis snorted. “Big baby, that one.” “You okay.” Sarah raised an eyebrow. “I’m fine. He’s the one who freaked out. Was gonna pack a bag and run to a hotel. He does talk some shit, doesn’t he?” “I was going to do it. I still think that I should have.” “Yeah, well, I maintain that I’m fine.” Louis snapped. “I’m fine. I don’t know why you think that I can’t handle you in your rut when you bloody well know that my body is fucking built for this. And if you ever try to leave me because of your rut, I reserve the right to fucking stab you. I handled you just fine and it’s fucking insulting for you to keep talking like I don’t know how to take care of you
when you’re in a bloody rut.”
I blinked a few times, looking at him and then Sarah for help.
“Don’t look at me. He’s right.” She whacked me on the back of the head.
I growled at her and Louis grabbed my hand.
“Hey, none of that. You be nice.”
I frowned at him.
“If you ever want a baby out of me, you be nice.” He grabbed at the curls on the back of my neck.
“Being an alpha doesn’t mean you get to be rude.”
“More comfortable with being an omega, Louis?” Sarah laughed.
“He’s so good at it.” I grinned, kissing him.
“Alright, alright, I’m sorry I asked.” Sarah snorted. “Smells like sex in here, by the way, Harry.”
“ Weird. Almost like we’ve been fucking in this house for a week.”
“I’m leaving. And I’m telling your mum that you marked your mate up again like a possessive little shit.”
“Sarah!” I yelled, but she was already slamming the door.
“Make me food,” Louis demanded.
“Alright, I’m going.” I moved away from him as his phone rang on the counter.
He grabbed it. “Hi, Anne.”
I spun around to look at him, seeing his lips twitch into a smirk.
“Sarah called you? Yeah, he’s out of his rut now.” He paused. “Yeah, she brought us food.”
“Give me the phone.”
“Harry wants to speak with you...yeah. He did mark me again. Well, it wasn’t like that. I shouldn’t have turned my phone off while I was out. I really shouldn’t have lied about it. I knew he was due for his rut.” He picked at the lint on my jumper. “Yeah, freaked out when his head was cleared. Told me he was gonna pack a bag and go to a hotel. He does talk such shit; made me promise to leave if he hurt me.”
“I don’t want you hurt. Even by me.”
“I’m not a China doll! I’m built for this. I can handle my mate.” Louis growled.
I raised an eyebrow and watched him posture shirk.
He handed off the phone and I sighed.
“Mum, what did you say to him? Did you scold him?” I asked, plating our food.
“He should’ve left if you were hurting him.”
“I didn’t hurt him. I used my alpha voice. He would’ve had to leave if I’d hurt him. He can’t disobey an order. He can’t even disobey orders I don’t verbalize.”
“He wants to be there for you. And I get that. But he needs to understand what his limits are. You can’t just go digging your teeth into him whenever you bloody well please.”
“It was a misunderstanding. There’s a learning curve with this, mum. He’s okay.”
“Dinner. Tonight. I’ll text you where.”
“Mum, he probably just wants to sleep.”
“Well, he needs out of that house.”
“Why don’t we let him decide that?” I snapped.
“Harry Edward Styles.”
“Sorry, mum. Hang on a sec.” I looked at Louis, brushing his cheekbone with my thumb. “You alright to do dinner with my mum tonight?”
“Does it matter?”
“It matters to me.”
“I think I’ll be fine,”
“Hey, if you’re not up for it, we’re not going. Alright?” I said, watching his face. “Remember that I can feel it when you lie to me.” I put my forehead against his.
“I’m okay,” he promised.
I hummed. “Alright,” I brushed his hair back and turned my attention to the phone again. “Mum, text me where. Let’s say half seven, okay?”
“Okay. I expect him to be alright, Harry.”

“Just because Gemma dated a few shit Alphas doesn’t mean that I don’t know how to take care of Louis.”

“You’re barely eighteen and you’re completely responsible for someone else’s wellbeing. I just don’t want to see anything happen to either of you,” I sighed. “I know, mum. We’re learning. We’re working on it. He’s done so well with all of this, mum. Even with everything going on and all the hormones from Zayn, I mean he handled this like such a pro. He’s handled me for what will probably be my two worst ruts ever.”

“That’s great, love. I’ll see you soon.”

“Yeah, mum. Bye,” I hung up and handed Louis his plate. “So water first and then I’m sure you’ll want a beer,”

“I’ll just have wine at dinner.”

“Okay, baby.” I kissed him. “Couch?”

“Yeah, please.”

“You want me to carry you?”

“No, but.” He pulled my mouth to his and licked into my mouth.

I put my plate down to cup his face and deepen the kiss. “I love you,”

“And I love you,”

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I kept my hand on the small of Louis’ back as we walked into the restaurant.

“Is your mum gonna be mad at me?” He played with the sleeve on my jacket.

“No, of course not. She’s just worried about you.” I fixed his braces. “She wants to make sure I take care of you properly.”

“I can take care of myself.”

“I know, but you don’t have to. She is right though. If I hurt you, ever, you need to leave.”

“You won’t hurt me.”

“Louis-”

He shoved me. “I can handle my God damn self. I don’t need to leave and I won’t leave and fuck you for suggesting that I can’t handle this. That I can’t handle being your omega. Fuck you for telling me to leave you whine you were in your rut. Fuck you for telling me now. Fuck you for-”

“Everything alright?” Gemma cleared her throat.

“Peachy.” Louis snapped.

“Lou,” I rolled my eyes.

“Shut up. Fuck off. Fuck you.”

“Hey,” I pulled him to me.

“Harry, fuck off.”

“Louis, enough.” I snarled. “I’m not saying that you can’t handle this. I know very well that you can handle this. I don’t plan on the house catching fire, but I’ve got insurance just in case. I need to know that if, God forbid, something happened to you because of me that you would leave. I don’t expect it to happen. I don’t think it will happen. But I need to know that you will not stay and be hurt. If I hurt you, you need to leave. Are we clear? Go to Niall. Do you understand?” I forced my alpha voice to sound rougher.

He ground his teeth together.

“Omega,”

“Fine, yes, I understand.”

“You are my everything. And I don’t want some stupid hormone trip to destroy you or us. It’s not that I think you’ll need to. But it’s going to drive me crazy if I have to think twice about every time that I touch you. I love you. Please don’t think that I don’t trust you or think that you can’t handle this.” I kissed his forehead. “But I could never live with myself if anything happened to you, Lou.”

He sighed heavily and I licked into his mouth, slow and easy.
“Nice to see you too.”
I stood up straight, breaking our kiss. “Hi mum.”
“Hi,” Louis said quietly, looking at the floor and fidgeting.
I shrugged out of my jacket and put it around him.
“It’s not cold in here.” Gemma snorted. “Why did you do that?”
“He likes my jackets. Having them makes him more comfortable."
“You can take it back.” Louis hurried to take it off and hand it back to me. “It’s weird.”
“It’s not weird. Harry’s just weird. The jacket looks better on you anyway.” Gemma gave him a small smile. “Plus, we always get the coldest tables because of Harry.” She stepped forward and pulled the jacket to rest on his shoulders. “Matches your braces,”
I gave my mum and sister hugs before immediately returning to my mate’s side.
“Come here, Louis. Let me see you,” my mum smiled, waving him over.
I kissed the top of his head and he hesitantly approached her.
“I shouldn’t have snapped at you earlier, love. I’m not mad. Just want to make sure my son, the horny teenage alpha-”
“Mum!”
“Let’s call a spade a spade, darling.” She laughed. “Louis, I just want to make sure you’re alright. You’re family now,”
Louis smiled a bit and was yanked into a hug.
“Later I want to check that mark to make sure it’s healed properly.”
“You think I wouldn’t have him at a doctor if it weren’t? I rolled my eyes.
“We’ll see, Harry,” she teased, leading Louis to the table. “Can’t be too careful since he’ll be the one giving me grandchildren.”
“What am I then? Chopped liver?” Gemma remarked.
I laughed. “I think it’s just that you’re not mated. It’s different.”
“Inside or out?” Louis asked, gesturing at the booth seat.
“I’ll take the outside.”
“It’s in case there’s an attack. Then Alphas are on the more vulnerable side.” Gemma rolled her eyes, sliding into the other side across from him.
“Well, it makes sense, doesn’t it? The idea that protecting him is necessary at all times? Is that not what I’m built for? Plus no one can harass him if they come over. Fans and stuff. Some of them can be intense.”
Louis hummed. “I think you just like being the big, dumb alpha.”
“Your big, dumb alpha.” I corrected, hooking my arm around his waist. “Were you still thinking wine?”
He shrugged. “Probably,”
“Hello, my name is John and I’ll be taking care of you this evening. What can I get you all started off with for drinks?”
“Water, please,” I voiced, not looking up from my menu.
“Um, red wine, please.”
“I asked the Alphas.”
My head snapped up. “He’s an adult. What does it matter that he’s not an alpha. If I had a problem with him ordering for himself, don’t you think I’d have ordered it for him?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.
“He’s an omega. I don’t speak to the weaker sex.”
I snarled at him. “That’s quite enough. Lou, stay here with mum and Gemma.”
“Harry,” Louis grabbed my arm. “What are you doing?”
“Requesting a different waiter.” I stood up and headed for the hostess. “Hello, could I speak to a manager?”
“Yes, of course. Is everything alright?”
“Not really,”
The girl raised an eyebrow, but didn’t press.
A broad looking alpha came out, looking at me. “Mr. Styles, there’s a problem?”
“Yes, I’d quite like to know what gives our waiter the right to disrespect my mate and refer to him as the weaker sex? To refuse to speak to him at all and only respect the orders of Alphas? That’s seems rather inefficient. I’d made the assumption that this restaurant was safe and well staffed. Imagine if I hadn’t been here tonight and it had just been my mate and my sister - two omegas. What would he have done then? Throw them out? Is that company policy? To treat omegas like lesser people?”
He blinked a few times. “What the fuck. God, Mr. Styles, I’m sorry. I didn’t know. I’ll get you a new server. I’m sorry. I can’t wait to find out who that is. I’ll come check on your table in a bit. Let me send someone else out to you.”
“Thank you,” I returned to the table and slid in the booth next to Louis.
“What did you do?”
“Requested a new server. Being an omega doesn’t mean that you don’t deserve respect. It certainly doesn’t mean that you don’t deserve basic human decency. It’s not okay. It’s not okay when it’s you. It’s not okay when it’s Gemma. It’s not okay when it’s anyone. What if a group of omegas come here and that’s what they have to deal with? None of them would probably complain because the manager is a large alpha. It’s not fair. I’m here. I think it should be dealt with. He should treat people with kindness. Not preconceived notions that dictate an entire gender irrelevant or incapable of ordering their own food. It’s ridiculous.”
“Hi guys, my name is Chris and I’ll be taking over for John. I don’t really know what happened, but hopefully everything from here on out is alright. Can I get you started with drinks? I’m assuming he didn’t get that far.”
“Water, please,”
“Ehm, red wine? Please?” I could hear the strain in his voice.
“Do you want a specific brand or bottle or anything? Personally I think what we’ve got is pretty good, but I’ve also been told that I am a human garbage can and know nothing, so.”
I smiled.
“Whatever the regular is, that’s fine. Thank you,”
Gemma ordered white wine and my mum ordered water.
“Oh, okay. I see how this table works.”
I tensed a bit, waiting.
“Drivers on the outside, passengers on the inside.”
I laughed, grateful for the change in personality.
Louis tugged on my arm.
“Hmm?” I raised an eyebrow.
“I love you,”
“You’re a person. It’s not exemplary for me to think you should be treated as such. But I love you too.”
“That’s my boy.” My mum grinned.
“My alpha,” Louis nuzzled into my side.
I kissed his forehead.
After a few glasses of wine, he started getting handsy.
“Lou,” I warned, glancing at my mum.
“Want you to kiss me.”
I kissed him for a second, breaking off before it got to be more than just lips.
“Harry, kiss me like you mean it.”
“You’re drunk.”
“I am not.”
“Louis,”
“Harry, I am your mate and you should kiss me.”
“At home, love.”
“Harry,”
I turned to look at him and he pouted with wine stained lips. I licked into his mouth, slow and
careful.
He made a pleased sound and pulled me closer for a second before breaking away. “That’s all I
wanted.”
“Mhmm,” I rolled my eyes. “Love you, my little liar.”
He huffed. “Hate you.”
I ran my hand through his hair. “I’m sorry, little love.”
“I’m 5’9’,” He grumbled.
I kissed his forehead. “Sure,”
He rolled his eyes at me. “Me alpha’s kinda annoying and a little possessive.”
I grinned. “I love your accent so much.”
“Me alpha’s also an idiot.” He snorted, sipping his wine.
“Louis, darling,” my mum cleared her throat. “Tell us about the second mark,”
I rolled my eyes.
“I turned me phone off cuz I was trying to do something for Haz and I knew if he asked me, I’d have
to tell him what I was doing cuz he’s me alpha. It was dumb. Knew he was gonna have his rut. But I
turned me phone off and forgot to turn it back off. So I get home and I open the door and I could
smell him and I knew I was up shite creek. And then I lied and said me phone died. Which was
stupid. I knew the hormones were gonna mess with him, but I did it anyway. And it backfired and he
wasn’t happy and his rut was in full force and it was dumb and I forgot about the mental link so he
knew I was lying. And it was just a shite situation and he just lost it, I think. But it’s fine. I’m fine. It
didn’t really hurt. It was just intense, you know? Kinda like it, actually,” he pulled down the shoulder
of his shirt. “It healed just fine.”
I ran my thumb over the new mark.
“I still prefer he keep it to my tattooed side. Lines up with our matching tattoos. Like that a lot.”
“Ink all over your skin marking you as mine. Like that a lot too,”
“Matching ones on you to mark you as mine.” He hummed. “Me alpha,” He nuzzled into my side.
I stroked his hair. “I think I should get you home, love. You’re a little drunk,”
“I’m tipsy, Harry. But I’m fine.”
I rolled my eyes, giving my mother a look.
“We should be going too, yeah, Gemma?”
“Yeah, we just have to pay for our food and then we’re good.”
“Mum, Gem, no,” I shook my head. “I’m an international popstar, you’re not paying.”
“Harry,”
“Can I just say that arguing with Harry never goes well?” Louis spoke up.
“Yeah, I know. I remember,”
“So how do you win arguments with him?”
“Usually I just whine at him. Or get him to kiss me. He’s pretty easy to deal with after we kiss.”
“Wow, that’s not true.”
He pulled my mouth to his, licking the roof of my mouth.
I started to pull away, but he made an unhappy noise so I put a hand on his neck and sucked his
tongue into my mouth.
He whimpered into my mouth and I let him go.
“Still not letting you guys pay. I have more money than I know what to do with. I should be able to
pay for your food.”
“You’re already paying for-”
“Gem, I have the money. Please just let me.”
“Yeah and now he has access to even more money because together we make two thirds of the band
and if you don’t let him spend anything, my money is gonna sit there and collect interest because
omegas don’t pay for shit apparently.”
“You spend your own money whenever you want.” I rolled my eyes. “I pay for your food and
shared expenses. I like to take care of you. It’s not like I don’t let you spend your own money. You
can spend your money however you like. By that same logic, I reserve the right to spend my money
however I'd like. And I like to spend money on people I care about. Do you not spend your money on your mum and the girls?"
"Yeah, I do."
"So hush," I kissed Louis on the forehead.
"This is why I go shopping without him. Because when he's with me, he tries to pay for everything because he's the alpha. We make the same amount of money. It really isn't that big of a deal." I sighed. "Listen, I like to buy you pretty things. Leave me alone."
"No one show him how to use Amazon Prime." Louis pointed to the girls.
I snorted, leaning in to whisper in his ear. "You weren't complaining when it was a collar and that pretty little outfit."
He squirmed. "Shut up."
"You buy tattoos." I voiced, louder.
"Harry, if you can mark up my body, so can I."
"You know that I love your tattoos." I rubbed the spot by his groin where I knew his H tattoo was.
"In fact, I'm getting a new one tomorrow."
"What?! That's me alpha you're markin' up. Don't get another dumb one."
"I don't have-"
"You wrote big on your big toe! You've got that obnoxious butterfly on your chest. The one under the birds."
"Darling," I laughed. "It matches one of yours. Thought you knew that."
"What? None of me tattoos have to do with a butterfly."
"Goes with your 'It is what it is' tattoo," Gemma chimed in. "That's why it's on his chest. And one of the birds is you. And-"
"Alright, Gemma, he gets it. Most of my tattoos are about him."
"Except the stupid ones." Louis smirked. "Mine are the ones that are well thought out and not ugly."
"Thanks," I kissed his forehead. "But what I chose as tattoos was none of your business back then."
"They were always every bit of my business." He leaned in to whisper in my ear. "Harry Styles, I wanna have your baby. And it's gonna be every bit of your business."
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Kinda short, but I didn't want to keep going and ruin the cuteness I created.

Thank you guys for being so patient; I'm so sorry it took so long for an update. I'm hoping to give you guys another before the weekend ends. I have been working non-stop and haven't had a chance to write.

Promise to let you guys know if this work is being abandoned (but I've still got ideas and it's not quite finished yet).

xx
CoM

Max's POV

I hummed, stroking Niall's hair while someone talked about Zayn's pregnancy.
"Can I ask you something?" He looked at me.
"Hmm?"
"Does it bother you that this is what I do? Like that my life is insane and people are always following us around?"
"No, why? Should it? I know that half the shit they say about anyone on there is shit." He exhaled heavily and nuzzled into my chest.  
"Why'd you ask?"
"Because I can't imagine what it's like on your side. I'm famous and it sucks." 
"And next up we have Niall Horan getting cozy with some girls last night." The TV spoke. "So that's why you were asking." I snorted. "Just so long as you keep it in your pants and your tongue stays in your own mouth, I'm fine."
"Even with you?"
"With me? You can do whatever you want with me."
"What if I said that I wanted you to suck me off?"
"I'd say that you're wearing too many clothes. I'd also say that your friends are going to be here soon. You invited Harry and Louis over."
"Ah yes, the frog and the hedgehog," Niall sighed.
"The epic love story."
"Okay, but how long does it really take to suck me off? I mean-" There was rapt knocking on the door. 
"Fuckers." I groaned. 
"You know that you love them."
"I do, but still."
"I'll blow you later and then I'll fuck you against the shower wall." I promised, getting up to answer the door.  
"Gross." Louis called through the door. "Louis, don't be rude." Harry scolded.
I opened the door.
"Hi, we brought beer." Harry held up two six packs.
"Add it to Niall's growing stock pile." I snorted.
"I don't have a stock pile!" Niall argued.
"Yeah? So what food did you keep in your fridge until I started staying here and buying groceries?"
I raised an eyebrow.
"That's not the point!"
"Mhmm."
"At least he has the decency to order actual food and not live off diabetes cereal."
"They are delicious, Harry. We're here for a good time, not for a long time." Louis crossed his arms.
"It's trash, Louis. You shouldn't put it in your body."
"You cannot tell me what to put in my body."
"Considering he's what you put in your body..." Niall snorted. "And also...alpha."
"Well, Harry can."
"Baby, I'm right here." Harry reminded him.
"Alright, well, now that you guys are here, I can cook something or we can order out."
Niall grinned, turning. "Mine can cook."
"Harry can cook. Don't be a twat. My boyfriend is better than yours."
"Um, rude,"
"He's an alpha. I win."
"Don't be a fucking tit."
I sighed, looking at Harry. "You want a beer?"
"Yeah, I could go for a beer. They're gonna be like this for a while. We could probably go out, get
food, come back, and they'd still be arguing."
"That's probably true."
"So...what do you want for food? There's a really good Italian place that delivers."
"That sounds good."
"Cool, I'll call."
Harry and I spent the night chatting while Louis and Niall battled it out on the game system. We both
sat back, amused at the more than tipsy boys arguing over FIFA.
"Haz, Haz, you wanna play?" Louis slurred, getting in Harry's lap. "You wanna play?"
"No, baby. I'm alright." He laughed.
"I wanna live here." Louis nuzzled into Harry's neck. "Wanna always be in your lap. Never wanna
leave. Love you so much."
"Love you too, baby." He stroked the smaller boy's hair. "I think I'm gonna take him home now."
"Yeah? You guys can stay in the guest room if you want."
"He's drunk so he's gonna want to sleep in his nest."
"Smells good. Smells like Harry. Smells like home and safety." He pouted. "Wanna be in my nest."
"I know, love. Let's get you home to your nest, yeah?"
"Yeah," He tucked himself into his alpha.
Harry stood up and shook his head. "Good luck with yours."
I looked at Niall who was on the floor, spinning a bottle. I heard the door close and Niall's head
popped up immediately.
"I wanna. I wanna be cuddled."
"To bed with you then, come on. Bed time, babes." I pulled him up.
"Babes?! Babes?! Why do you have babes?! You should have one babe. Me. I'm supposed to be the
babe!" He tried to shove me a bit.
"Hey, shhh," I hooked an arm around his waist. "It's an American thing. It doesn't mean multiple.
It's just you. You're my babes."
"Americans fooking ruined English. Ya give 'em freedom and then they destroy ev'rythin’. America
sucks."
"Thanks,"
"I have a secret." He poked me. "Do you wanna know?"
"Always," I gently pushed him to the bed.
“I have a favorite thing about America.”
“It’s the McDonald’s all day breakfast, isn’t it?”
“Noh,” He squawked, crossing his arms.
“Tell me then,”
“It’s you,”
I grinned. “I’m glad. You’re my favorite thing about Ireland.”
“You haven’t even been! You can’t say I’m your favorite thing.”
“Don’t have to go,” I brushed his cheek with my thumb. “I love you. Nothing else will ever compare.”
He giggled. “I love you. We should have sex,”
“We have plenty of sex.”
“Right, American.” He cleared his throat. “Yo bruh, I want to bone. No homo, but totally homo.”
“That was a terrible American accent.”
“It was not! That’s exactly how you sound!”
“If we cuddle now, we can fuck tomorrow.”
“I mean, fine. But I wanna sleep in your dumb American flag boxers.”
“Sure, sure.” I rolled my eyes. “You call them dumb, but you love wearing them.”
“S’cuz you get this look in your eye. Like you branded me or somethin’. I think you would cream yourself if I was jus’ in nothin’ but an American flag.”
“I’ll buy you all the American things you want, Ni, if you like it so much.”
“I do! But you can’t.”
“Why not?”
“Cuz I make more than you. You know. Monies.”
“I know. But that doesn’t mean I can’t buy you things that you like.”
“But-”
“Ni, we can talk about this when you’re sober, alright babe?”
“What are we gonna do while I’m drunk?”
“We’re gonna cuddle and you’re gonna drink some water.”
“Nooooo, just wanna cuddle.”
“Alright, alright, but you’re not gonna be happy tomorrow.”
“Why? Are you not gonna be here when I wake up?”
“I’ll be here.”
“Then I will be just fine. Now cuddle me. I demand it.”
“Whatsoever you want,”

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“Oh, fuck.” Niall shoved me away from him and got up to run into the bathroom.
“You alright, babes?” I asked, getting up to check on him. And then I heard him puking. “Oh, babes,” I sighed, leaning in the door frame. “I’ll be back in a sec,” I went into the kitchen to grab some saltines and Gatorade.
“I’m gonna die here,” he groaned, lying on the floor.
“Sit up for me, babe.”
“No.”
I got on the floor and pulled him into his lap. “Come on, Ni. You gotta eat something.”
“No.”
“Yes,”
“Alright,” he took the pack of saltines and started chewing on one. “These taste awful. I’m eating cardboard.”
“They aren’t that bad.”
“They are!”
“Well, they aren’t for you to enjoy. They’re to settle your stomach so you feel better.”
"Still, they could be flavored or some shit."
"If they were flavored, you'd just throw them up."
"Well, they're also dry."
"Drink," I handed him the Gatorade.
"What is this?"
"It's got electrolytes. It'll help you. You're losing electrolytes when you throw up."
"Americans and their stupid technicalities."
"Come on, when you feel better you can go back to bed."
"Did you know sex is a hangover cure?"
"Well, stop puking and we'll test it out."
"Yeah?"
"Yeah, absolutely."
"Okay, well, talk to me so I'm not thinking about it."
"About what?"
"I don't know, tell me about your kinks?"
"My kinks?"
"Yeah, you gotta have at least one kink."
"I don't know."
"What do you mean you don't know?"
"Haven't really thought about it."
"Everyone's thought about it."
"Yeah? What's one of yours then?"
"Uh, bondage sounds interesting."
"So you wanna be tied up?"
"I want to try it."
"So you don't know either!"
"I mean I haven't tried it, but I know that I want to try it."
"So you want me to tie you up?"
"I would like you to at least consider it."
"We can try that."
"Your turn."
"Uhhh, I think maybe exhibitionism?"
"Naughty, I can dig it." He smiled.
"So I'll tie you up in public sometime." I laughed.
"Mmm. Sounds like a date." he leaned against me. "I really wanna brush my teeth."
"You should probably do that."
"Mmm, but that involves getting up."
"It does. But it also means sex after."
"You should also brush your teeth. Morning breath is the number one killer of relationships."
"Oh is it now?"
"It is."
"Alright, fine, up we go." I helped him stand up and we brushed our teeth together. I got him into bed and we kissed lazily for a while before I pinned him down. "You really want me to tie you up?" I yanked his shirt off.
"Yeah, if that's okay with you."
"You'll let me know if you don't like it?"
"Of course."
"Alright, deal." I got off of him to grab something to tie him up with. I ended up grabbing a tie and using it to secure his wrists to the bed frame. "You alright?"
He bucked his hips up. "Come on, fuck me already."
"Wow, shit, you're so hard."
"I did say it was a kink, Max."
"Mmm." I unbuttoned his jeans and chucked my shirt off to a corner of the room. He watched me, carefully. "Come on,"
"Impatient." I scolded, kissing him. "Still got to stretch you,"
"Make it fast,"
"What if I don't? You can't do anything about it, can you?" I smirked, sucking hickeys down his chest.
"Fuck, Max, take your clothes off."
I laughed, getting out of my jeans and boxers before tugging his boxers down. I grabbed the lube and slicked up a few fingers before licking a stripe up his dick.
He groaned. "The thing that sucks is that I can't pull on your fucking hair."
"Want me to untie you?"
"No, I'm fine. 's just kinda annoying."
I hummed, wiggling a finger into him.
He made a noise of surprise. "Jesus, no warning there?"
"Nope," I grinned, making quick work of fingering him before leaning up to flick my tongue into his mouth. I fucked into him hard and fast.
"Untie me," He demanded.
I used one hand to free him and his fingers immediately tangled in my hair.
"Like this better."
"Yeah?" I asked, gripping his hips and fucking into him hard and fast again.
"Wanna touch you,"
"Mmm. Not so kinky after all."
"Maybe you're my kink." He smirked.
I had to stop fucking him to laugh. "God, I fucking love you."
"I love you too." He grinned, pulling me down for a kiss.
"Now stop being cute so I can make you cum."
"I mean, if you insist." He sighed.
I hooked his knees in my elbows and fucked into him roughly.
"Oh, oh, oh, fuck."
"There it is." I smirked down at him. "Love fucking destroying your ass."
"Mmm? Got, fuck, forever to, shit shit shit,"
"Yeah, I'm gonna cum in you and then I'm gonna lick you out."
He whined, squirming under me.
"Gonna make you so fucked out, you'll sleep for two days straight. Gonna make you cum like an omega in heat."
"Max," he groaned.
"Yeah? You close? Think you can cum for me untouched?"
"Dunno."
"Mmmm, well, you're definitely gonna cum." I started jacking him opposite of my thrusts.
He cursed as he came between us. "Come on, need you to cum in me. Right now. Come on," he locked his ankles behind my back. "Come on, American boy. Give it to me." he scraped his nails against my skull.
"Fuck," I hissed, thrusting harder into him.
"Love you, come on. Mark me up. Come on,"
"Fuck, fuck," I hissed, cumming inside him.
"If you lick me out right now, I'll kill you."
I snorted. "Alright, fine,"
"Later, maybe." He amended.
I licked into his mouth. "I'll clean you up."
"Not right now."
"The sheets are gonna be gross."
"I'll wash them later."
"No you won't."
"Fine, you'll wash them later."
I sighed. "Fine, fine. How's your hangover?"
"Cured, obviously."
I laughed. "Obviously. How silly of me to even ask."
Chapter 22

Louis’ POV

“You want me to what?” I raised an eyebrow.
“If I’m not around for your heat, you need to know how to take care of yourself.”
“You will be around.”
“I’m giving you a free pass to get off without me controlling it.”
“You’re implying that you won’t be with me when I’m in heat.”
“I’m saying that I might not be here if you get set off early. And-”
“And you’ll come home when I call.”
“Lou,”
“No. I’m not doing it.”
“You’re fighting me on you getting off?” Harry snorted.
“I don’t want to get off with a plastic toy when I don’t have to. It’s not rocket science to figure out the toy. Why do I have to do this when you’re right here? I’ll figure it out when I need to.”
“You should know how to properly use it.”
“Fuck you.”
“Lou, baby, listen to me. It’s a good idea. I was reading and-”
“Fuck your stupid book.”
“The book said that you’ll be more comfortable using it if I guide you through it the first time.”
“And I said fuck your stupid book.”
“Baby, I just want to make sure you’re comfortable. What happened last time-”
“Won’t happen ever again because you won’t come home to me smelling like another omega. Unless it’s Gemma.”
He pulled me in close and wrapped himself around me.
I snuggled into his chest easily, listening to his heartbeat. “You said you never knotted anyone before me.”
“Never,” He hummed.
“Did you ever fuck anyone else?”
“No. Pulled a bird once that looked like you. Couldn’t go through with it though.”
I smiled at the steady beat of his heart.
"She be my queen since we were sixteen; we want the same things. We dream the same dreams," He sang.
"I have loved you since we were eighteen," I sang back quietly. "Long before we both thought the same thing,"
"Pretty sure we were always thinking the same thing."
"Hey, Haz?"
"Yeah?"
"Um, why do you like me?"
"What?"
"I wanna know."
He pulled back to look at me. "You're anxious. Why is that a question that makes you anxious?"
"Because..."
"Lou,"
"Please answer the question." I looked at the floor.
"Well, you're vibrant and loud. You have the biggest heart out of all the people I've ever met." He ran a hand through my hair. "You're determined and stubborn. You fight for what you think is right. You're so good with your siblings. And, God, you're so fucking strong. I can't imagine being you. You are an incredible person, you know? Your perseverance is unmatched. Your eyes crinkle when
you're really happy. Sometimes you even pop a dimple when your sisters are around. You're bloody brilliant; the lyrics you've written for this band are incredible. You're incredible. I've always been just so amazed by you. Your tiny little self, being loud to make up for the brawn when you feel like someone isn't being treated fairly.” he laughed. "Your eyebrows scrunch together when you're angry and it's really cute. Your passion for what you do, your love for your family, your love for the boys, your love for the fans. I love how you never let pap or security shove them around. I like that fame hasn’t changed you at all. You’re still the little shit that I ran into in the bathroom. You're still afraid of thunderstorms and you will turn yourself into a blanket burrito the second the temperature drops below twenty degrees. Especially now, you always make sure to consider everyone's thoughts and needs and comfort. God, there's nothing I don't like about you, Lou."

I snorted.

"Why did you ask me this?"

"I dunno. You seem to always tell me that I'm pretty and I guess I thought that-"

"That what? That I liked you because you're pretty?!"

I saw the hurt flash in his eyes and then I felt my heart get a little heavier.

"That's exactly what you thought. How long have you thought this?"

"I dunno, I guess always. But-"

"So you just thought that I tied my soul to yours for something as superficial as that? Really?"

"Well, I-"

"Wait. Wait. Which always? Always as in since X-Factor or always as in since we mated?"

"Um," I shifted my weight.

"Oh," He took a step back from me.

"Harry,"

"Didn't realize I came off as such a superficial asshole."

"You don't. I just-"

"Apparently I do. Since X-Factor?! Jesus, Louis. I told you that I was in love with you in the X-Factor house. Told you I would follow you to the end of the damn earth if it was what you wanted. God. Since I've known you, this was your impression of me?! God. Why did you even mate with me then?!"

"Haz, come on. Don't be upset."

"Please don't tell me how I'm supposed to feel. Why didn't you ask me back then, in the bunks? Why didn't you ask me after your heat? God, Louis, I've been doting on you for years." He tugged at his own hair. "God. What the fuck. I need some air."

"Harry!" I grabbed his arm, but he yanked it back. "I should've never brought it up."

"No, you should have brought it up forever ago. I just can't believe that you don't think that I love you. You think that I'm infatuated with your looks so I mated you. All this time, our entire relationship? Our entire friendship? So what does that mean? Does that mean you think that I made a security team for you because you're my property or some shit? Is that what you fucking think?"

"No, Harry, I didn't say that."

"So you slapped me for saying that I shouldn't have mated with you because I make you miserable and yet this is what you've thought the whole time?"

"Harry," I reached out for him and he immediately backed up. "Harry!"

"I need some air, I think." He whispered, grabbing his phone and walking out the door. I stared at the door for a minute, stunned. I pulled my phone out and dialed Max’s number.

“Hey, Tommo. What's up?”

“Is there any chance that you are not fucking Niall into the mattress right now and can go make sure Harry isn’t going to do something stupid?”

“Niall’s out with some friends right now. Where’s Harry going to be?”

I heard him grabbing his keys. “I don’t...I don’t know.”

“Louis? Are you alright? What happened?”

“He just walked out the door. He can’t have gone far.”

“Louis, do you want me to have Niall come over there? Or I can send someone to fetch Harry and I
can come to you?"
“No, just. Please.” I sighed. “He’s just a little unpredictable sometimes and I can’t leave the house without it being a whole thing so just...find him and get him home safe.”
“Are you okay?”
“I’m fine.”
“That’s bullshit. I’m calling Liam.”
“Don’t. He can’t be here. I can’t smell like him. Especially if Harry comes home drunk. I cannot afford that kind of fuck up right now.”
“Then I’m sending Niall.”
“I don’t need someone here with me. I need my boyfriend to not do something he’ll regret because he’s a hormonal teenager who doesn’t know how to deal with his emotions in a healthy way.”
“Alright, fine, but if you need to call Niall, do it. Didn’t like those guys anyway.”
I rolled my eyes and hung up, pacing the floor.
A few hours later, I was sitting on the floor by the door when my phone rang.
"Hello?"
"Hey, Louis, it's Anne."
"Um, hi,"
"Harry's here."
I exhaled heavily and fell back to lay on the floor. "Thank God."
"I asked him if you knew he was here. When he said no, I thought I'd give you a call."
"I didn't even see him take his car."
"I don't think he did. He took a cab to the house."
"He took the train?!"
"I guess,"
"How was there no media alert or fan pictures?!" I put the call on speaker to scroll through my timeline.
"You know how he is. I'm sure he talked everyone out of pictures. Probably said he just wanted to see him Mum and then signed everything that was put in front of him."
I texted Max to let him know that Harry was in Holmes Chapel. "Probably. I'll come get him." I got up and grabbed my keys.
"It's late, Louis. What kind of mum would I be if I let you drive almost four hours in the dark?"
"I can drive. It's not that bad. It's about the same drive as it is to Donny. I've made that drive loads of times."
"Louis, no. You aren't making the drive tonight." She growled.
I whined. "But he's my alpha." I put my keys on the counter.
"I know, but I can't let you drive right now. Not this late, alone."
"It's not my fault that he just up and decided to leave me here!"
"So what exactly happened?"
"I-"
"Mum, are you talking to Lou?"
"Yeah. Thought he should know where you are."
"We're adults. I don't need to tell him where I am all the time."
"He's your mate. And you should've told him where you were going. The train here took almost four hours and you went alone."
"I didn't go alone. Nick drove me."
A noise I didn't permit came from my vocal cords.
"Tell him to calm down. He was bringing his brother here to see an old friend."
I hung up and threw my phone across the room, trying to stop the sounds coming from my throat.
My phone rang and I recognized Harry's ringtone immediately.
I got up to grab my phone and rejected the call. I spotted his keys by the door and locked the doorknob as well as the deadbolt. "Fuck you, stupid fucking alpha."
I fell asleep on the couch around four am, when Harry gave up trying to get me to answer his call,
and woke up to someone pounding on the door.
"Lou, open the door."
"Go to hell."
"I know that you know that I left my keys here."
"Well, don't leave without your keys and also don't leave for Holmes Chapel without telling me where you're going or that you're not coming back for the night."
"Louis."
"Why don't you call Nick?" I hissed.
"Open the fucking door."
I huffed, but unlocked the door before going upstairs into a guest room. I buried myself in the clean sheets and sighed.
"Lou, what are you even doing here?"
"Go away."
"We need to talk."
"There's nothing to talk about."
"I disagree."
"Well, fuck you."
"Lou, I should've told you where I was going."
"Doesn't matter."
"It does."
"No, it doesn't."
"Come on, Lou, we've got to talk about this. If we don't, it won't get resolved and we might make the same mistakes."
"You're just going to do whatever you want anyway."
"Hey, I'm sorry that I didn't tell you where I was going or that I wasn't coming back last night. In all fairness, I did try to call you like a million times."
"Okay."
"Hey, Lou," He got on the bed and pulled me into his lap.
"What do you want?"
He wrapped himself around me, burying his face in my hair. "Your scent is off."
"Fuck off."
"I'm serious." He nuzzled into my neck.
"I'm serious." He nuzzled into my neck.
"Cool."
He pulled me closer to him. "Hey, I love you. I'm sorry that I was overreacting. I shouldn't have left. I was upset and I wasn't thinking when I got on the train. I just couldn't think straight. I couldn't believe and I just needed to figure out what I was doing and what I needed to do. I'm sorry that I left. I'm sorry that I didn't tell you where I was going. And I'm sorry that I ever made you feel like I only wanted you because I thought you were pretty."
"I'm allowed to be insecure and you can kindly fuck off if you think that you-"
"And I'm not saying that you aren't. I just needed to step back and evaluate what I was doing and talk with my mom, but that isn't an excuse and I don't mean it to sound like I was in the right. Because I wasn't and I need you to know that I know that." He started petting my stomach.
"Shouldn't have gone with Nick. Shouldn't have left the house."
I squirmed, trying to get out of his lap.
"Hey, hey, relax. His brother really was there and I didn't intend on getting in his car. I was just walking and ran into them."
"Yeah? Go fuck yourself. And stop petting my stomach."
"I'm not."
I swatted at his hand and he froze. "What?"
"Lou, baby, I think maybe you should take a pregnancy test."
He slid his hands up to my chest and thumbed over my nipples.
I whined, leaning back into him.
"Still think that you shouldn't take the test?"
"I'm wet. I'm so wet." I sucked in a breath. "Fuck me. If you can knot me, I'm not pregnant."
"Is that what you want?"
"That's what I said."
"You're still distressed though."
"Fuck me, then. Maybe I'll be less distressed."
"Whatever you want."
"Want you to lay me out and fuck me." I turned to him and he kissed me, carefully pushing me onto my back. "I'm not pregnant. You don't have to be fragile with me."
"You don't know that you're not pregnant." He slipped my joggers off and I flicked my tongue into his mouth. "Love you so much, but you let a bloody idiot mate with you."
"My favorite bloody idiot."
"Can't believe I tricked you into falling in love with me." He pulled my shirt over my head.
"Ugh, I know. Heard Greg James is an alpha. That would've been something. We'd make cute kids. Don't you think?" I teased.
He growled at me a little.
"Oh, shut up. Like I'd ever spread my legs for anyone else." I rolled my eyes, letting my legs fall open for him.
"Can't believe I was so far away for even a night. Fuck," He groaned, breathing in at my pulse point. "Missed you so much. Came back as soon as I could."
"Should've never left."
"I know. Not a mistake I'll make again."
"You make lots of stupid mistakes."
"But never the same one twice. Promise. Don't know why I ever go anywhere without you." He sighed, sucking hickeys into my skin.
"Because you're a stupid, stupid man." I hummed, tangling my fingers in his hair and tugging.
He growled, low in his throat and pulled away to chuck his shirt away. "Can't say that you're wrong. Fuck," he latched into my nipple and I writhed under him.
"Harry, fuck, fuck, fuck," I arched my back into him.
He scraped his teeth against the skin and I whimpered.
"Daddy, fuck, fuck, fuck, Daddy," he asked, latching onto the other one.
"Do you like when Daddy plays with your nipples, baby? Think you can cum from just this?" I squirmed. "Fuck," I glared at him. "Real sensitive, baby?"
I grimaced at him. "No. I'm not pregnant."
"I don't remember you being this sensitive before."
"That's not my fault." I grumbled. "Greg James would've noticed."
He snorted, shoving three fingers into me and earning a mewl. "What was that, love?"
I threw my head back. "Fuck, no teasing."
"But you love when I tease, don't you?"
I tried to tell him to shut up, but he started rubbing his fingers against my prostate and I lost the ability.
He sucked hickeys down my chest and licked in alongside his fingers.
"Oh, oh, oh, oh, please,"
He smoothed his free hand over my stomach, rubbing circles as he fucked me harder with his fingers. I tugged on his hair until he looked up at me.
"Taste so lovely, baby girl. Taste even better now."
"Shut up. 'm not."
"You sure?"
"Fuck me already." I whimpered.
"Not yet," He shook his head, leaning forward to kiss me.
I leaned up to meet him, licking into his mouth.
"Taste that, baby? Taste the change?"
"Shut up."
"Tell me what you want,"
"Want you to fuck me."
"Cum one more time for me, love. Can do it. I know you can."
I rolled my hips back to fuck myself down on his fingers. "Shit,"
"Look so good like this. Love watching you like this."
"Creepy," I snorted, a little breathless.
He curled his fingers. "Love you,"
"Prove it."
"Come on," he moved back down between my legs, fucking into me with his tongue now too.
I came all over myself again. "Daddy,"
He hummed, removing his fingers and licking the slick off.
"Please, think you owe me this."
"Alright, alright, easy."
"Want your knot."
"Might not be able to knot you." He smirked. "Might've knocked you up already."
"Only one way to find out," I spread my legs further, watching him lick his lips.
Harry reached down to lace our fingers together before slowly fucking into me.
"Fuck me like you mean it, Styles." I locked my ankles behind him and pulled him closer.
"Don't want to hurt you."
"We both know I like it when you make it hurt a little."
"Don't wanna hurt our baby."
"Harry, I'm not pregnant. And even if I was, it's a bundle of cells. It's not big enough to be hurt by anything we do. It's not like you stab me in the stomach while we have sex. Zayn's further along than I would be and they're still doing all sorts of kinky shit. So man up and fuck me like you mean it."
"Come on, Haz. Don't make me awaken the alpha in you."
"Lou, don't. It won't be that difficult to make you cum without fucking you like an animal."
"Don't know why you bothered to come back here if you have zero intention of giving me what I want."
He growled a bit, pulling out of me and manhandling me onto my hands and knees. He locked one arm around my waist and put his free hand by my head.
I keened when he fucked into me quickly.
"This what you wanted? For Daddy to destroy your pussy?"
"Yes, yes, yes, God, yes," I lolled my head to side. "Love when you destroy me like this. If I'm not pregnant now, I will be after this."
"Damn fucking right." He fucked me so hard that I would've fallen over if his arm wasn't holding me up.
"Daddy," I whined, arching into him.
"What is it, baby girl? Tell Daddy what you want."
"Please, God, please,"
"Gotta ask to get, baby girl." He mouthed at my neck.
"I, fuck," I moved my head to further expose my mark.
He latched onto the skin and I clawed at the sheets.
"Please,"
He bit through the skin and I came immediately. "Fuck,"
"Want you to knot me. Please, come on," I whined.
"My omega, so full of our pups."
"Better knot me then," I reached up to yank on his curls and fucked myself back.
"God, can't wait to see your tiny little body swollen with our pups." He fucked me roughly and bit
harder into the other side of my neck.
"Oh, fuck," I groaned, feeling his hips stutter. "Love how you fuck me,"
He growled, fucking me harder until he came inside me.
I panted, letting my head fall when he relaxed his jaw.
He licked the wound, not releasing my waist yet.
"You ever leave me like that again and I will rip your balls off and mail them to your mother." I
growled.
He nuzzled into my neck. "Lou,"
"What?"
"Didn't knot you,"
"What?"
"I didn't knot you."
"That's not funny."
"Love," He pulled out and rolled us over, face to face. "Hi,"
"No," I pointed to him. "No."
"Baby,"
"No. No, I'm not. I'm not."
Harry tugged my hair back. "Hey, Lou, it's okay,"
"Yes. It is. Because I'm not pregnant."
"Oh, love,"
"No!" I shoved him.
"Come here," He pulled me closer to him. "Want me to run you a bath and then let you nap in your
nest?"
I shook my head and buried my face in his neck.
He rubbed his hand up and down my back. "It's okay, baby. It's okay,"
"No. No. Harry, no."
I kissed the top of his head. "Easy, baby, let's just take a nap. Hmm?"
"Harry, I'm not."
"Okay, love, you're right. You're right. I'm sorry."
"Oh my God, you're appeasing me." I groaned. "Fuck,"
"What?"
"If you're appeasing me then I must be." He sighed, petting my hair. "You want me to have Niall come sniff you?"
"No, God, no. Don't want to involve him or the others. Not yet,"
"Okay, alright, what do you want then?"
"I don't know. But it has to be before we see any of the other boys."
"I'll make an appointment, yeah? Everyone knows the last one was for Zayn so it won't be weird for
you to go see a doctor. Your hormones would be off regardless."
"Maybe that's why you didn't knot me."
"I'm sure that's it, baby."
"You're a fucking liar," I pulled back to look at him. "Remember that mental link thing we've got
going? Yeah, I know you're bullshitting me."
"Sorry,"
"Ugh. What are we going to do?! I'm twenty for fuck's sake. And, oh God. You're eighteen. You're
the youngest of us all. Fuck, fuck, fuck."
"At least if it is true, it'll explain why I went mental last night."
"That's not an excuse for you being a dick."
"No, it's not." He agreed.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Short little bonus chapter to resolve some shit -- Grimmy’s POV

Thank you guys for having been so patient with the slow updates and everything. I'm hoping to be able to update more regularly from now on!

xx comment with your thoughts! I love hearing from you all. You give me the best ideas!

Nick’s POV

I sipped my coffee and looked over my schedule.
“Grimmy, you’ve got another One Direction interview coming up later this week.”
“Me? Really?” I raised an eyebrow.
“Yeah, but try not to throw things at the small one this time. Alright?”
“They shouldn’t have been dry humping each other!”
“Right, and that had nothing to do with your weird friendship with Harry Styles.”
“We don’t have a weird friendship.”
“Yeah? Because I recall-”
“Annie,” I cut her off. “Don’t. Don’t bring it up. I know what you’re about to say.”
“So you don’t hate Louis Tomlinson and the best ass Britain has ever seen?”
“God, I need a better friend. And a God damn smoke.” I groaned, pulling out my pack and my lighter.
“That’s bad for your lungs.”
“You’re bad for my mood.” I grumbled. “Why do I have to do the interview?”
“Because you always do their interviews,” she snorted. “It’s never been a problem before.”
“Yeah, well, the pack leader didn’t chew you out at your own job.” I muttered, leading her out to the smoking spot.
“The pack leader is your best friend.”
“Not anymore he’s not. And Louis is gonna claw my eyes out the second he sees me. You know that.”
“Just make sure we get it on film.”
“You want someone to do it with you?”
“I can do my job.” I snapped. “I didn’t do anything wrong anyway.”
“You did hit Louis.”
“It was a dumb decision. That doesn’t mean anything. It’s not like I tried to break their bond. I was upset. People do stupid things when they’re upset.” I lit my cigarette and started smoking.
“So you’re not gonna get wet when you see Harry?”
“Go fuck yourself,”
She laughed.

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I looked at the clock and opened my second pack of cigarettes for the day.
“Grimmy, is that your second pack today? It’s not even two in the afternoon yet.” Annie raised an
They’re gonna be here soon. And Harry always gets here first because he’s the pack leader. And Louis will be with him.” I sighed, smoking another cig.

“Why are you so nervous?”

“Come on. It’s Harry. You know that I’ve always had a thing for him.” I sighed. “I don’t know what my problem is.”

“You really just need to face it and deal with it and get over it.”

“Oh. Get over it! Revolutionary, Annie! Why didn’t I think of that?! Amazing!”

“Alright, alright, I get it. As a beta, I’ll never understand your problems as an omega.” She rolled her eyes. “I still think that getting laid would solve all your problems.”

I snorted. “Gotta find an alpha for that, Annie.”

“Come on, we’ve got to get ready for the interview.”

“Or, and here me out here, I could die.”

She laughed. “Come on! It won’t be that bad.”

I groaned, but I put out my cig and headed inside. I walked in just in time to see Harry shoving his tongue down Louis’ throat. “Why didn’t I decline the interview?”

“Because you’re an adult,”

“God. I’m fucking sweating. Do I look clammy?”

Annie shoved me forward and I stumbled, knocking over a vase of flowers.

“Oh my God.” I groaned.

They broke apart to look at me.

“Grimmy, you’re here. Good, we need to talk.” Harry put his hand on my shoulder and I melted a bit.

“Okay,”

“Lou, I’ll be right back.” Harry guided me back outside.

I immediately pulled out my pack of cigs and he snatched them. “Harry!”

“They’re not good for you. You should stop smoking.”

“It’s none of your business. You’re not my alpha.” I muttered, trying to take the pack back.

“Nick, enough,”

I crossed my arms, but let it go. “That’s not fair and you know it.”

“Yeah, like I need to use the alpha voice on you?” He snorted. “Look, I wanted to talk to you about the interview. This is the first time that we’ll be addressing all the rumors. Most people already know Zayn is pregnant because someone leaked it. But we’ll be officially addressing that today and announcing some big stuff like the wedding.”

“The wedding?!”

“Yeah, you know, Liam and Zayn are getting married.”

I exhaled heavily. “Oh. Wow. That’s great. For a second there I thought I’d missed something big that had already happened.”

“Yeah, can’t believe it. But yeah so this interview is really important. Don’t you dare fucking throw anything at Louis.”

“I won’t! It was one time.”

“Yeah, it only takes the once. And we’re friends so I would appreciate it if you could lay off. And you know, play nice.” He put his hand on my shoulder. “I really don’t want to have to stop hanging out with you.”

“So then don’t.”

“Look, you know that it’s not that simple. You can’t just keep pushing. Louis is my mate.”

“Well, I’m supposed to be your friend.”

“Not at the expense of my mate’s sanity.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“Right. So your relationship is just at my expense.” I shoved past him to try and get back inside.

“Hey, stop.” He grabbed my arm and yanked me back just as his phone rang. “Look, I’ve got to take this. We’ll finish this conversation later.” He went back inside and I put my head against the wall.

“How many times do I have to hit my head against this to die?”
“Try it and we’ll see.”
I jumped at the sound of Louis’ voice. “Christ. Sneaky little fuck,”
“We need to talk.”
“Okay, well, let me go get a cig. Harry took my pack like an asshole.”
“You can’t smoke around me, Grimmy.”
“Why? You used to smoke. You get it.”
“I’m pregnant, you fuck.” He snapped.
I looked at him. “You’re what?”
“I’m pregnant.”
“Oh God. You’re serious?”
“Why would I lie?”
“Sorry, I’m just shocked.” I cleared my throat. “Um, congrats.”
“Wow. Try to fucking mean it next time, Grimmy.” Louis crossed his arms.
“Well, it’s a lot to take in.”
“Yeah, I’m sure. Considering you thought that you’d be the one carrying Harry’s pups.”
My jaw dropped. “I, um,”
“Oh, don’t act like I’m wrong.”
“I’m sorry.”
“No, you aren’t. But you will be if you keep trying to make Harry choose you over me. I will rip your eyes out of their fucking sockets. I will pull out every single one of your hairs one by fucking one. I will cut your heart straight out of your God damn chest. You leave my alpha alone. He’s not suddenly going to want you. He’s not going to break our bond for you. He’s my alpha and either realize that or you can’t be around him anymore.”
“You can’t tell him what to do.”
“You think that he’s actually going to choose you over me and our unborn child? Or children?” Louis challenged.
“You’re that insecure that he can’t have friends that are omegas?”
“Louis, don’t be ridiculous.”
“I fucking dare you. I will destroy you. I will destroy your life. I will make sure you never get our interviews anymore. I will make sure you don’t get any of our friends’ interviews. I will tear you down bit by bit and then I will actually cut your heart out.”
“Lou, what the fuck are you doing out here. Smoke is not good for the pups.” Harry pulled him in.
“You took my pack, Harry. No one is smoking out here.” I rolled my eyes.
“Why are you out here? Is everything okay? What were you guys talking about?”
“Nothing. Just chatting about the interview.” I shook my head. “Congrats on the pup or pups. That’s great, Haz. You’ve got to tell me when you find out girl or boy so I can buy all the ugly baby shirts so you can’t buy them for your kids.”
Harry snorted. “Fuck off,”
“So do the boys know or are we surprising them?”
“They don’t know, but they’ll probably see and smell it as soon as they get here.” Harry hummed, grinning. “Fucking glowing. He smells so fucking good.”
I snorted. “It’s your baby, I hope that you think he smells good carrying it. Now, I’ve got a show to set up for and you’ve got the boys to talk to. Also I need a new pack of smokes.”
“You can’t smoke around my baby.” Harry yelled after me.
I forced a laugh and went into my office, slamming my head into my desk repeatedly.
“Nick, you alright?”
I looked up to see Greg standing in my doorway. “Yeah, just a rough day.”
“Mmmm. Maybe try coffee instead of banging your head into the desk?”
“I can only have so much coffee in one day.” I snorted.
"Move to alcohol then,"
"Yeah? I've got an interview in about ten minutes."
"Is that why you reek of that teenager?" he wrinkled his nose.
"What? We were outside. I should smell like the pack I've been smoking."
"You really should quit smoking. It isn't good for you."
"Yeah, well, Harry took my new pack so I've got the rest of the day to get through without a fix. Well, I can make Annie go buy me a pack."
"Don't."
"What do you mean, don't?" I raised an eyebrow. "I've got the entire rest of the day to get through."
"I mean, don't. You don't need them. They're shit for your lungs."
"So? They're good for the soul." I picked up my phone to text Annie, but Greg grabbed it from me.
"Hey, Greg, come on."
"You don't need them." He growled. "Don't get another pack. Don't have anyone get you a new pack."
I whined. "You can't use your alpha voice. That's so unfair."
"It is. Go change out of those clothes."
"Why?"
"Because you smell like the teenager." He muttered.
"So? I'm gonna be in their interview in like-"
He crowded me up against my desk. "Do I have to tell you twice?" He nosed at my neck.
"Are you...are you scenting me?"
"And if I am?"
I moved my head to look at him.
"Change your clothes, Nick. Don't like it when you smell like another alpha." He nipped at the shell of my ear. "Smells like teen spirit."
I laughed. "Okay, that was good. But also, I don't have any other clothes here. So."
"Mmm. Guess you'll have to wear some of mine."
"Or you can get over it," I teased.
Greg growled at me. "Guess I'll have to walk you to the interview myself and do a sit in."
"It isn't nice to protest my show. That's not how you get in someone's pants."
"So I guess you just sit and stare at another prepubescent teen until he presents as an alpha." he whispered.
"Uncalled for." I snapped, shoving him.
He snorted. "So tell me about the interview. Why are you banging your head against the desk?"
"Two mated alphas, two mated and pregnant omegas, and a beta."
"Wait, wait, are you sure you should do the interview? That's a lot of hormones. Won't it set off your heat? You're due in like a week."
"What?"
"Can smell it on you."
"Bullshit," I challenged.
He hummed. "We've been coworkers for a bit, Nick. I know what you smell like before you go into heat. I'm also not new to being an alpha. So don't lie to me,"
"I'll be fine, Greg."
"Alright, if you say so." He sighed. "I'll walk you."
"Okay," I got up, feeling his hand on my lower back while we walked. "Not a big fan of One Direction, are you?"
"One Direction is a good band. They're cute kids. Larry Stylinson, that shit I love."
"Oh, I bet." I snorted, stopping at the door to the studio.
"Have a good show." He hummed kissing my forehead and scenting me. "Come find me if you need me."
"I will. Promise." I shook my head.
I wiped my forehead for the tenth time, texting Annie for more water. "And we'll be right back after a few songs with everyone's favorite boy band, One Direction." The second the music started, I put my headphones down. "Why is it so hot in here?" I groaned. "Grimmy, you need to go home." Harry cleared his throat. "I'm fine."

"Louis has a blanket, Nick." Harry said gently. "Think you're in heat. Think the hormones in here set you off."

"If I'm in heat, why don't I give a fuck that you and Liam are right there?"

"Nick? Annie said-" Greg leaned in the door frame, eyes darkening immediately. "Nick, you're in heat. You can't stay here."

"There's only twenty minutes left. I can handle it." I protested. He stepped into the room and I whined. "Fuck, Greg."

He came over to my chair and I nuzzled into him. "You need to go home."

"No," I grumbled. "I can't. I can finish the interview."

"Nick, you're going home." he snarled. 

"Okay, okay, alpha man." I used him as a support as I stood up. "Alright, that's...I'll just carry you."

"Alright, I'm fine," I waved Annie off. "When are the boys getting here? I need to set up."

"I think Greg is setting up for you."

"Of course," I rolled my eyes.

"I think the Stylinson duo is here,"

"I'll go check." I hummed.

"Grimmy! You look better." Harry grinned.

"Thanks, Styles. I'm trying."

He stepped towards me and I stepped back. "Sorry, just still working on the whole how close can other alphas get before-"

"Larry Stylinson is back," Greg greeted, hooking an arm around my waist. "You could've come to get me."

"There was no contact. Bite me, Greg."

"Already did. Speaking of which," he tugged the collar of my shirt down. I snorted. "You do know that they can smell you on me, right?"

"Good." He stuck his hand out to Harry. "Styles,"

"James,"

I watched them shake hands. "Jesus, the amount of alpha testosterone in here. No alpha is touching an omega that isn't theirs. No one is touching anyone that isn't their mate."

"You can touch Louis," Greg shrugged. Louis looked over at me and I shook my head at my alpha. "Welcome to my life. They're always like this."

"Lovely,"

"See, but you guys can be friends now." Harry shrugged. "Grimmy and I can stay friends. Just friends who don't hug or anything because now it's weird."

"Sure, now." Louis rolled his eyes.

"Are we alright?" I asked, watching him. "No. But this is better. We'll see how things go."
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Sorry this, again, took so long. RESEARCH IS HARD AND MY PROJECT IS HARD AND also the internet here sucks
xx

Liam's POV

I hummed, listening to Harry and Modest talk about tour arrangements.
"Stop petting me," Zayn nudged my arm.
"I'm not."
"You are." He grabbed my wrist and I looked down to find myself still stroking his stomach.
"Sorry, but there's a pup in there."
"It's like the size of a pea. It doesn't even know that you're here."
"I bet it does know. Bet it knows that we're gonna be the best parents in the world."
"I'd like to go ahead and disagree." Harry snorted.
"Well, we'll be parents before you guys will be." I snorted.
"Unless Lou has twins." Zayn pointed out. "They do run in the family."
"Don't." Louis hissed.
"When's your appointment?"
"Tomorrow morning," Louis reached out to Zayn, gripping my mate by the arm. "Please, please, please,"
"We'll be there. Promise he'll be there for you." I interjected before they started whining.
"He better be." Louis hissed.
"He will be," I promised, stroking Zayn's stomach. "When are you going to show?"
"Soon, Li. Leave me alone."
"Not soon enough," I sucked a hickey into his neck.
"If you suck on my neck like that, you better fuck me."
"So we'll see you guys tomorrow?" I asked, leading my mate out of the room. "Gonna take you home and fuck you."
"No, you're gonna fuck me right now," he demanded. "I want it. Now. Come on."
"Alright," I pulled him into the bathroom, locking the door behind us. "Tell me what you want,"
"Want you to fuck me. Now," he shucked his clothes off and leaned over the counter.
"Oh, fuck, you are so fucking pretty. What the fuck? How did I get so God damn lucky?" I tossed my clothes on the ground.
"Liam,"
"I know, I know." I soothed a hand down his back.
"Alpha, Alpha, Alpha," he whined.
"Gotta make sure you're nice and wet for me;"
"I'm wet. I promise. Just fuck me,"
I hummed, shoving two fingers into him just to hear him choke on a moan.
"Please, alpha, need you." He clutched at the sink, his engagement ring making a loud noise against the porcelain.
"Gonna fuck you until you've got twins."
"I don't know that is medically possible." He snorted.
I fucked two more fingers into him. "Right. Because all of this is so logical. If you want to be so
logical, then we aren’t mated for life.”
He snarled at me. “Pregnant, Liam. I am pregnant and hormonal. Don’t start with me.”
“Alright, alright, I’m sorry.” I withdrew my fingers and fucked into him immediately. “My lovely omega,” I hummed sliding my hands down his body.
“Alpha,” He whined.
“Your pretty little body. Love you so much. God, I cannot wait for you to be swollen with my baby. I can’t wait for you to show. Going to make you wear tight shirts until it starts to be uncomfortable. Really gonna show you off. I get to marry you while you’re like this. Pregnant with my pup.”
“Our pup,” he grunted.
“You’re mine. Therefore the pup is mine.” I fucked him harder.
“Ungh,”
“Who do you belong to, hmm?”
“You, God, Alpha,”
“Yeah? No one else ever gets to touch you like this.”
“Wouldn’t want them to,”
“Damn right,” I used a tight grip on his hair to pull him into a stranding position.
“Alpha,” he groaned, leaning into me.
I mouthed at his neck. “What is it, omega? Have to ask to get,”
“Please, please, please,” He stretched his neck to expose more of the skin.
I latched onto his mark, not quite biting down.
“Oh, oh, oh, please.”
I sunk my teeth into his skin and fucked him harder, watching him cum all over the sink.
"Oh, God, Alpha," he cried out. "In me, please, in me."
"Make you all messy?"
"Want you to plug me, brought one with me."
"Naughty," I groaned.
"Please, need it. Need you."
I hissed, cumming inside him. I dug in his jeans for the plug. "Naughty boy, coaxing me into fucking you in the bathroom and plugging you up."
"Love to be full of you, what can I say?"
I nipped at his neck. "I've got to clean you up, love."
"Love you."
When we had cleaned up enough to get out of the bathroom, Harry and Louis were crossing their arms outside the door.
"Beat us to it, assholes. Now we have no time to fuck because Harry's gotten called into another meeting."
"You've got a meeting too, love. So do they. It's about you and Zayn."
"Why us?"
"You'll see."
I raised an eyebrow at Harry who just smirked at us.
"Haz?" Louis whined.
"Shh, baby,"
I snorted. "At least tell us who the meeting is with."
"Victoria's Secret."
Both omegas darted into the conference room before we could even think.
"What do they want?"
"Liam, we've got two very attractive male omegas. They want to do a line."
"Lingerie?"
"Yep," Harry popped the word.
"They're gonna lose their shit."
"Mhmm, come on." He nodded towards the room.
We went in to find the boys sitting across from each other, empty seats next to them.
I slid into the seat by my boy, rubbing my hand on his thigh.

“Alright, let’s get started.” Harry took the seat next to Louis.

“We want to feature you both in lines, separate lines,” a woman with dark hair and a gray suit began.

“We’d even like to go so far as to have the lines follow you so we can create maternity, paternity, apparel.”

“So what would be the difference in the lines?” Harry asked, ever the leader and business man.

“Well, Zayn’s would be more edgy with darker colors and more daring cuts while Louis’ would be a softer line, pastels and such. More modest cuts. They have such different appeals that we think this will cover a lot of ground and start something great.”

“So, what? Does that make me uglier?” Louis asked.

“Oh, God, no,” the woman sat up a little straighter. “You’d both be able to model both lines if you wanted. Just your names attached to different lines. We’ve found that you just have different branding opportunities. Louis, you tend to appeal to the younger omegas who are growing into themselves and figuring out what they like, what they want where Zayn appeals more to omegas who are with Alphas or in the process of trying to mate.”

“So I’m cute, I’m not sexy.”

“Look, I’m a beta. I don’t know what to tell you other than you test really well in pastels and he tests well in darker colors. You’re both hot and you’re both plenty sexy. It probably comes down to personality. Louis, you’ve been open from the start. Even with being forced into being open. You’ve handled it wonderfully and you are someone people want to be. They want to learn how to be comfortable in their own skin. Since Zayn played beta for so long, people tend to view him as edgy and mysterious. I think we can all agree that this, for male omegas, can’t be easy. Especially when they’re coming of age. Louis, you’ve got a soft look that people trust. Plus, I can’t imagine how good the piece we helped Harry put together looked on you. We need to target two different audiences and this is the way we thought it should go. If that doesn’t work, we can swap or we can go back to the drawing board.”

“No, no, I have to be the edgier line.” Zayn protested. “We can’t switch because I don’t know how to be soft. I can’t pull that off. I don’t play soft and cute when Liam’s in a rut. I spread my legs and talk until he can’t do anything other than fuck me. Louis,”

“Zayn, relax,” I demanded.

He sat back with a huff. “Louis, if I take the softer line, newly presented omegas are going to try to hide like I did. I can’t take on the softer line. You know that. Plus, I don’t have a soft look.”

Louis groaned, looking at Harry.

Harry leaned over to whisper something.

“But-”

Harry hummed, kissing Louis on the forehead. “Whatever you want, love. It’s okay to say no.”

“They’d be similar pieces to what we had put together for Harry. We’ve got some sketches, if you’d like to see what we’re thinking.”

Zayn kicked the smallest man under the table. “What did they put together for Harry?”

“None of your business.” Louis quipped, shifting in his seat.

Harry pulled his mate into his lap. “Keep in mind you look amazing in pastels.”

“Zayn doesn’t pull pastels off as well as you do, Louis.”

Zayn snarled at me. “Hey,”

“What? You hate wearing pastels.”

“And now I hate you.”

“Z, I was trying to-”

“Bite me,”

I sighed. “Babe,”

"Don't babe me. Why don't you just snuggle up to Louis?"
"For fuck's sake. I was trying to get you your way."
"Yeah, well, fuck you. Next time say nothing,"
I groaned, hitting my head against the table.
"Liam," Harry kicked me under the table. "Enough, this is still a business meeting."
Louis snorted. "I'll do the softer line. It is apparently a better look on me...if my alpha getting handsy is any indication."
"I think you look great in everything," Harry grinned.
"At least Harry can appreciate his omega." I sighed. "Later. We'll talk about this later."
We spent the next twenty minutes discussing things like possible modeling contracts and possible names for the lines. We finally cleared out of the meeting room and Zayn was still growling at me when we got into the van.
"Can you guys sort this out mentally?" Louis cleared his throat.
Zayn and I looked at each other.
"Mentally? We can't-" I looked at my mate. "Oh, shit,"
"Lou, baby, why don't you not talk for a bit." Harry suggested, sitting up and looking me in the eye.
"Don't start."
"Start what? There's nothing to start. We can't sort things out mentally."
"What's the big deal?" Zayn tugged on my jacket.
"Z, come on. You know why." I knocked my knee against his.
"Humor me."
"Z, only-"
"No, no, no, no, this discussion is done. Liam, no. Don't. Do not start this conversation here like this. If you guys are going to do this, you can do it in private. Do not stress out your pregnant mate. Do not stress out MY pregnant mate by stressing out your pregnant. We are on our way to the doctors appointment, are we not?"
"You can't-"
"Louis is your fucking Luna and you will not stress him out or I will tear your throat clean out." Harry growled.
I made a noise of discontent, but said nothing.
Louis climbed into Harry's lap. "God, you're so hot."
"I love you," I whispered into Zayn's ear. "No matter what."
"Why are you saying it like that?"
"We'll talk later." I kissed his forehead, following Harry and Louis out of the car.
I waited outside with Zayn until Harry let us back in.
Louis was fidgeting nervously and reaching out for Zayn immediately. "It's not gonna be like, triplets or anything. Right? I'd feel that, right?"
"Yeah, Louis, you'd know. You would know if it was triplets."
"And you were kidding, about the twins thing?"
"Um, yeah, of course."
Louis started crying. "You were not."
"I know, but I'm not a doctor."
"Twins run in my family. I'm gonna have twins. There's gonna be two of them. We can't...we can't handle two babies."
"Sure we can, Lou." Harry insisted. "Whatever you've got in there, we'll handle it."
"Whatever I've got?!"
"Li," Zayn leaned over. "You're so forgiven for the comment about pastels. But never refer to our baby as 'whatever' I've got in here."
"Of course not." I kissed his cheek.
"Fuck you, Harry. This is YOUR fucking fault. You put these damn triplets in me and we're not going to be able to handle it."
"We can handle anything. You are going to be an amazing parent. And we are going to love them no matter what."
"No, it's gonna be stupid because we'll probably have a daughter and you'll want to name her Diana or Olivia or Ana."
“What’s wrong with those names?”
“I’m not naming our daughter something you put in a song. That’s weird!”
“Lou, love, you’re overreacting. You can totally have veto power, infinite veto power, okay? You can pick any names that you want.” Harry promised.

The doctor laughed, pouring gel onto Louis’ stomach. “Alright, alright, let’s all relax.”
“Is that, is there, are we…” Louis pointed to the screen.
“Relax, she hasn’t put the wand to your stomach.” Zayn snorted.
“I will rip the baby out of you, Zayn.” Louis snapped.
“Okay, so maybe I stand between you two…” I cleared my throat.

“Alright, Louis, let’s have a look.”
Louis clutched Harry’s hand.
“It’s okay, Louis.” I hummed.

“Okay, so you see this little thing here? And this one here? Those are your babies.”
“Babies? We’re having babies?”
“We’ll look closer, but it appears so.” The doctor smiled. “Oh, wow, do you see the size difference between the two? That means they’re fraternal twins. Two separate fertilized eggs.”

“Damn, pack leader sperm is no joke.” I snorted.
“Harry Edward Styles, I fucking hate you.”

“Lou, it’s gonna be fine.”
“Yeah? You push two babies out of your ass.” Louis growled.
“Liam, Zayn, give us a second.”

I pulled Zayn out into the waiting room.
“Tell me what you were talking about in the car.” Zayn demanded. “We’re alone. We’re in private. I can’t stress out Louis here.”

“Z, I love you. You know that, yeah?”
“Yeah…”
“Well, you know that when two soulmates bond, they start to form-”
“A mental link. Yeah, I know. I went to class too.” He snorted. “So?”
“Z,” I put my forehead against his. “We’ve been bonded for a while now…since you marked me.”
“You think…you think we’re not soulmates?” His voice cracked.

“I think we are.”
“But you don’t know.”
“Zayn, I-”
“Fuck you!” He growled, storming out. “Don’t follow me. I’m going home and I’m taking a bath and I’m calling my mom and you can fuck off.”

“Z,”
“No, you know what? Fuck you. Fuck. You. Did you ever think with all the extra stress of the baby and the band and me hiding for so long would make it take longer?”
“Zayn, of course. I still think that-”
“But you think we won’t have it. You think we aren’t soulmates. I can feel your guilt. Don’t fucking lie to me.”

My head snapped up. “Z,”
“No, Liam, no.”
“Zayn,” I grabbed him. “You can feel the guilt. We started to form a mental link and we didn’t even notice. I love you.”
“I’m excited. But I’m still mad.”
“I’ll draw you a bath and give you a massage when we get home.”
“And you will bake for me.”
“Anything you want, love. Anything.” I agreed, kissing him.
At long last! I’m sorry that it took so long. I’ve been taking part in an intense program and writer’s block did not help. But here it is!

Hope it’s at least decent for you guys!

Xx

Harry’s POV

"If you laugh at me, I’ll kill you."
"I promise that I won’t laugh."
"Bullshit."
"I won’t."
"If you do, I’ll kill you." Louis mumbled.
"Baby, let me see."
He stepped out of the bathroom in a light pink lace dress thing that fell to mid-thigh. "It’s called a babydoll, I think. It’s...I don’t know."
"Fuck," I whispered. "You look so good."
"You like it?" He asked, playing with the hem.
"God, you look amazing. Want you to ride me in that."
"Harry, you haven’t even seen what’s under it."
"Come here and show me." I demanded.
He straddled my hips. "Feel,"
I slid a hand up his thigh.
"The panties, Harry. Not me," he scolded.
"Sorry, love the touch of your skin." I licked my lips. I slid my hand higher to feel silk. "Shit, baby."
"You like?"
"Fuck, baby. You look so pretty in this." I slipped a hand down his back, pushing up the lace with my other. "Is that a thong?"
"Mhmm,"
"God, this is part of their collection for you?" I asked.
"Yes,"
"I think you look amazing." I licked into his mouth. “Missed your calling as a model,”
“You’ve said that before,"
“I stand by it.”
“Can’t believe you’re gonna let me do this,”
“Why wouldn’t I?”
“Because you’re gonna let other people see me in my underwear. Men oogle the women in lingerie catalogs. Can’t believe you’re gonna let me be in one,”
“Well, I don’t love that. But I thought that you wanted to do this.”
“I do. I’m just surprised you’ll let me.”
“I think it’ll be good for you. Other people should be telling you that you’re gorgeous. All the time. Shouldn’t be just me,” I traced his jawline. “You are amazing. The world should tell you that.”
“What if...what if people don’t? What if people say-"
“I’ll rip their beating hearts out.”
He smiled.
I licked my way into his mouth. “You’re amazing. And if you’ll enjoy doing this, I want you to have it. I want you to have everything because you’re my everything. I love you so much. And you’re carrying our babies. You are incredible. Want you to have it all, want to give it all to you,”
He looked up at me, resting his hand on his stomach. “You have,”
I nosed at his pulse point. “Want to ride me or want to lie back and be the pillow princess you are?”
“I am not a pillow princess!”
“You are,”
“I’ve ridden you before!”
“Yeah, and immediately started whining for me to take over.”
He opened his mouth to argue, but I stopped him.
“I have something for you.”
He raised an eyebrow.
“All models need accessories,” I held up his collar.
“Daddy,” he whispered.
I hummed. “Do you want it?”
Louis nodded so I pinched his thigh.
“I need words, baby girl. Can’t do this if you don’t give me words.”
“Yes,”
I pinched his thigh again. “What?”
“Yes, Daddy. Please, want the collar.” He rocked forward and I secured the collar around his neck.
He instantly started rocking his hips against mine.
“Is that what good girls do?” I asked. “Keep that up and I might have to spank you until you cry.”
He bit his lip, grinding down hard.
“Over my lap, princess.”
“Make me,”
I hummed, pushing him off my lap and getting up. “No touching while I go get a water for you, unless you don’t want me to fuck you tonight.”
He licked his lips and clutched his tiny fists into the sheets.
I returned to find him as I left him. “So good, princess,” I praised.
He wiggled a bit, preening.
“Didn’t forget your punishment though,” I sat down, pulling him over my lap. “You’re not going to cum. Think you can do that?”
“Yes, Daddy.”
“My lovely omega,” I lifted the skirt up and groaned when I got a good look at the pink panties.
“Slutty little thing,”
Louis whined.
“Ready?”
He wiggled so I took that as a yes.
I brought my hand down, hard.
He yelped, pushing his ass back.
“Count for me,” I demanded, smacking his ass again.
“Two,”
By ten he was squirming. “Daddy,”
“Do you need help?”
“Wanna cum,” He whined.
“But you’re not gonna, are you? Not til daddy says.”
“I...”
“It’s okay if you need help, baby girl. Daddy doesn’t mind,”
“Don’t wanna need help,”
“Daddy wants to give you everything that you need, angel.”
He let out a loud whine and I could see his cheeks flush.
“Daddy won’t be disappointed in you,” I ran my fingers through his hair.
“Promise?”
“Of course, baby,” I soothed.
“Daddy, I need a little help,”
“Was gonna give you ten more, but I’ll give you five. For being so good and brave,” I soothed.
“Don’t cum,” I growled, alpha timbre making him shiver. I gave him five more before scooping him up to straddle my hips. “You did beautifully,” I kissed his forehead. “You tired or do you want to continue?”
“Want your cock,” he breathed, his speech a little slow. “Please,”
“What’s your color, angel?”
“Daddy.” He protested.
“Color or we’re done,” I demanded.
He frowned. “Green,”
“Why are you pouting?”
“Stupid question,” He grumbled.
I snarled a bit. “If we don’t do this safe, we don’t do it at all.”
His posture slumped. “Daddy, ‘m sorry. ‘M sorry,” He nosed at my neck. “Please, wanna have your cock. Need to have your cock. ‘M gonna be good, promise. Please. Just. Just please,”
I watched his eyes, dark blue barely visible with his pupils enlarged. “Do you feel fuzzy, baby?”
“Soft, velvety. Good. Pretty.”
“And what do you say if it’s too much.”
“Won’t be too much, ’s never enough.”
I smiled. “Tell me anyway,”
“I’m s’posed to say red if it’s too much. Yellow for slowwwww.” He leaned in to mouth at my neck.
“Wanna sit on your cock, Daddy. Please, I’m dripping. So much slick, daddy. Need you, please,”
I hadn’t noticed how wet he had gotten, preoccupied by the lingerie and the spanking. “Alright, baby, alright. Think you’ve earned it. Took your punishment like a champ.”
He immediately started pushing at the fabric of my boxers, growling at the fabric when it didn’t cooperate.
“Baby,” I laughed. “Raise up for a sec,” I waited for him to do as I asked before slipping the material off.
Louis immediately sank down so I grabbed his hips, earning a distraught noise.
“Easy, don’t want to hurt you.” I nuzzled his neck as he slowly sank all the way down. I held him firmly in place.
“Need to cum,”
“Not yet,”
“Daddy,” he whined, trying to move his hips despite my grip. “Let me,”
“Not yet,”
“Fuck,”
I raised an eyebrow. “Is that the kind of language good girls use?”
“No, Daddy, I’m sorry. Please?”
I hummed. “Please what?”
“Please, Daddy. Need you,”
“Need what?”
“Need to move. Need to feel you.”
I bucked up and he gasped.
“Oh, please,”
I licked into his mouth, pressing hard into his hips. “Wanna leave a few marks on your pretty skin first.” I sucked the spot under his ear and grazed it with my teeth.
He whimpered and squirmed.
I smirked, touching where we connect. “You’re fucking gushing, aren’t you love?” I whispered.
“Daddy,”
“Daddy has something for you,”
His breathing hitched.
I reached over and clipped a leash onto his collar. “Gotta keep you in line.” I felt his thighs clench.
“Oh God, please,”
I let go of his hips. “Ride me,”
He frantically lifted himself up and dropped immediately.
“Hey,” I eased him down. “Slow,”
He let out a strangled sound, his eyes glassy.
“Baby, color?”
He made an unhappy noise in the back of his throat. “Green. Said I’d tell you if it changed.” He grumbled like a scolded child.
“You just look a bit overwhelmed, love. Wanna make sure you’re good,”
“Normally I’d have cum by now. I am overwhelmed.”
I stroked his cheek. “Okay, but slow for now, yeah? Just for a few minutes,”
He sighed, nodding.
I tugged on the leash and he started to ride me, slow.
He started whining and panting and I felt his thighs shake.
“So good,”
“Yellow?”
I touched his face and held him close. “What’s wrong?”
“Need you to take over,”
“Is that so?”
“Please, Daddy, wanna be your pillow princess.”
I growled, low in my throat as I pinned him to the mattress. “You can cum when I mark you again. Not before,” I fucked him in long, slow drags that had him squirming.
“Daddy,”
I spread his thighs open. “Love you so much. Always loved you. You’re so bright and loud. So lovely and honest, smart as hell.” I started fucking him harder. “Don’t even want our kids to look like me. Just you. Want them to have your eyes. Your hair. Your fucking cheekbones.”
He writhed under me.
I pressed his hips into the mattress, going harder.
“Daddy,”
“If they’re half as pretty as you, we’ll be fighting off boys and girls for years.” I grunted. “Doesn’t even need to be half. An eighth would do it. God. They’re all gonna have your eyes and I’m gonna be wrapped around their fingers. Just like I am yours. God. I’m gonna give you everything that you want. Everything you need.”
His back arched, pressing him closer.
“I’m gonna take care of you and our pups.”
He whined.
“You are singlehandedly the most incredible person I’ve ever met. I love you. I love everything about you.” I whispered, contrasting the words with how hard I fucked him. I waited until he was reduced to whimpers and gasps before I gripped his thighs and shoved in, grinding into his prostate. I sunk my teeth into his neck, never stopping my hips.
His whole body convulsed and I felt him wetting his lingerie.
I let go of his neck and came in him not a second later. “Fuck,”
Louis panted under me, lax and pliant.
I brushed my thumb across his cheek. “Baby?”
“Mmm?” He nuzzled into my hand.
“Tell me how you feel,”
“Fuzzy, warm,”
I licked his neck. “Good? You feel good, baby?”
“Mmm, so good, Daddy.”
I fiddled with the clasp on the collar, but he wiggled and whined and went hysterical. “Alright, alright, I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m just taking the leash off, okay?”
He stopped losing his shit so I unclipped it, tossing it to the floor.
“I’m gonna pull out, okay? Daddy will plug you,” I promised. I waited until I was sure he wouldn’t react poorly to it before pulling out. I nudged a plug into him and he exhaled, nuzzling into the pillows. I stroked his hair. “Can you come back, Lou? Can you come back to me?” I trailed a hand down his body and pulled him in close. “Come on, love.”
He started to flex his fingers a bit. “H,”
“Hi,”
“I’m dirty,”
“Do you want a bath or do you want me to wipe you off?”
“Don’t get up. Please?”
“Okay, want to be clean?”
“Please,”
I grabbed wipes from the nightstand and cleaned him off. “Better?”
“Yeah,”
“You want to sleep like this or do you want me to get up at some point to get you clothes?”
“Like this,”
“Oh, I cleaned myself off and wrapped myself around him. “Love you,”
“So I’ve heard.”
I nuzzled his neck. “You feel better?”
“Who said I felt bad at all?”
“I know you’re stressed out because of the baby and what not. Wanted to make you drop so you’d relax,”
“You love me,” he smiled. "And I love you back,"
“You better.”
"I lied. I don’t.
"You're having my baby."
"Yes. I'm having my baby. It's none of your business," he poked my cheek.
"Sounds like a good song."
"I don't think it would do well with our current audience."
"No, maybe not. But I think it could work. A little more of a rock song, " I grinned. "I'm having your baby! It's none of your business!" I sang at the top of my lungs.
Louis rolled his eyes. "You're gonna scare our babies with your weird song,"
I put my hand on his stomach, rubbing a little. "What if we have omegas?"
"Then we have omegas."
I huffed. "Louis,"
"What?"
"What if we have omegas? What if I ruin their lives? What if they hate me? What if the world treats them unfairly? What if they get mated against their will?"
Louis smacked me. "Enough of that."
I growled at him a little.
"That's enough of that too, while you're at it." He flicked my forehead. "I won't let you fuck up our kids, alright? Their part me, you know. The Tomlinson family gets their way."
"They're in the Styles family, though." "Ugh, I know. A brute of an alpha." He snorted. "Hope they get my brains,"
"Louis, come off it."
"But I do want them to have your curls. Your eyes on at least one of them."
"Louis,"
"Harold,"
"I'm not Harold."
"You are right now because you're being stupid." He huffed.
"I'm just-
"Being stupid! These kids are half you and half me. They won't hate you. You won't fuck them up. They'll be a handful because they're partially me, but they'll never hate you."
"They could be hurt by someone."
"I doubt it, with Harry Styles as their father and alpha."
"I'm not the only alpha in the world."
"No, but you're my alpha. You handle me. You handle me publicly. I think you're well suited to handle anything else."
"They're gonna like you better than me."
"Well, yeah. But I have to carry them around in my body, don't I? I think it's fair." He tousled my hair.
"I don't know."
He shifted restlessly. "Do you...do you not want this? I know you thought that..." his eyes lowered.
"I want this. With you. I want it so bad. I just don't want to fuck this up."
"You won't. Look, we're a team. We'll be telepathic soon. It's you and me. We've always made a great team."
"I'd lick you out if I didn't think you'd drop immediately." I hummed, removing the collar from his neck and letting it clatter to the ground.
He wiggled a bit in my hold. "You really made me drop on purpose?"
"Don't be upset. That was a valid question."
"No, it wasn't. I'm your alpha. It's my job to protect you and keep you happy. If you have to question whether or not I was reckless with you..."
"Harry,"
I growled, petulantly. "I don't understand you. Why do you let me touch you? Why do you let me collar you? You let me do all this shit that's a massive trust fall and then you immediately question me about it. If you don't trust me, we shouldn't be doing this. I shouldn't be putting you in a sub space. I shouldn't be collaring you."
"Harry, come off it."
"No, I won't come off it. This isn't a game, Louis. This is your body. This is your mind. If you don't trust me to do it, I can't do it."
"It's not-"
"Don't say its not like that or that it's not important." I snapped. "If you don't trust me, then all I'm doing is taking advantage of your status as an omega. That's not what I want."
"You're overreacting."
"No, I'm not. I thought we talked about this. Yeah, sometimes there's times where I need you to obey because it's for your safety, but I don't want you mindlessly obeying and letting me control you. I thought we were a team."
"We are a team."
I got out of bed and he grabbed my wrist. "I'm doing the laundry. I'm not leaving."
"No leaving the bed after sex. You promised. I'm having your baby. Can't you just stay for a bit longer?"
"Why? Why do you want that? You don't trust me."
"I do."
"No, you don't. And I don't know what I'm supposed to do about it."
"Tell me that you love me and come back to bed." He pulled on my wrist. "Tell me that you know that this baby is making me a little crazy. Tell me that you know that I love you, more than anything. Tell me that you know that I have a hard time falling. Tell me that you love me, again. Hold me close and kiss me,"
I sighed.
“Harry, please,” I kissed him, licking into his mouth. “I love you. Please, trust me. I just want to take care of you.”

“Then come back to bed.”

I allowed him to pull me in. “I can’t have sex with you if you don’t trust me like that. You trust me outside of this. I know that. But if you don’t trust me with your mind and your body, I can’t have sex with you.”

“I do trust you.”

“Then act like it,”

“I let you fuck me.” He paused. “That sounds-”

I pulled away from him. He always does this.

“I didn’t mean-”

“Why do you do this?” I snapped, getting up and pulling on boxers.

“Do what? Come back to bed,”

“You always say shit like this. You twist your words to distance yourself. You know it’ll upset me so you say it to piss me off, make me push you away,” I yelled. “Enough. I don’t know what you’re afraid of, but you’re carrying my child. Our souls are tied together. We’ll be telepathic soon. And I’ll find out. So you decide how you want to live until that happens. You don’t get to push me like this and whine about me putting space between us. You are my mate and I don’t want to force you to tell me, but I’m getting real sick of this shit.”

“Haz,”

“What?” I hissed.

He sat up, spreading his legs a little. “Daddy,”

“No, you can’t distract me with sex. Especially not after that fucking comment.” I growled. “I’m gonna get some water. You can decide what happens next.”

“Don’t leave this room.”

“I’m getting water, Louis,”

“Harry. This is what I’m afraid of. You run when things go wrong for you. You run. You run away from me. You don’t run to me.”

“I’m not running. I’m taking a breath.” I rolled my eyes.

“Yeah, but you always run. That’s how you deal with things. Of course after going under I’m gonna be worried about it. You’ve never been under before. You don’t know what it’s like. It’s falling. Hard and fast.” He fidgeted. “You’re still a bloody teenager and I’m pregnant. It’s your baby. If you run from me, I’m fucked. I can’t do this without you. I can’t do any of this without you. You know that omegas can die of broken hearts? Their Alphas leave them and they die of their broken hearts.”

“Hey, woah, woah,” I sat on the bed. “I ran to my mum. Once. But that was about me. That was about me figuring out what I was doing wrong.” I scoped him up in my arms and pulled him into my lap. “You are the only person I’ve never run from. I won’t run from you. You are my compass. I’d be lost without you,”

“Fuck off.” He grumbled.

“I’m serious. Haven’t you ever looked at those FreddieIsMyQueen videos?”

“What the fuck?”

“Come on, you never looked?”

“I don’t know what those videos are.”

“They’re videos, um,” I drew patterns on his skin. “They’re about us.”

“Us? Like the boys? So concerts and what not?”

“No, not the Royal us. Us,”

“Oh, you and me,”

“Yeah, Larry videos,” I grabbed my phone and looked up the account. “There’s tons of people out there who make videos about us. But YouTube verified FIMQ.”

“Verified them?”

“Yeah,”

“So who makes these videos of us?”
“Larries,"
“Only people named Larry? That’s weird,”
“No, love,” I laughed. “Larries are people, fans, who knew about us before we knew about us. Some of them make videos. Some of them write stuff,”
“Stuff?”
“Fluff, smut, that kind of stuff,”
“Haz, I don’t understand what you’re saying.”
“Fluff is cute stuff, like, sweet boyfriend stuff.”
“Like what?”
“Like what we’re doing now, communicating. Like you, walking around in a jumper of mine that’s way too large for you. Like me, making you breakfast and sneaking veggies in because I know you won’t eat them any other way.”
He smiled. “So what’s smut then?”
“Smut is when we get intimate. Me in a rut, you in heat,”
“That’s...interesting. Any of them accurate?”
“Mmm. Some. Some of them know just how submissive and needy you are. Some think that you push me down and ride me until I beg you to stop.”
“Sounds like fun,”
“Maybe one day, but I really enjoy slamming you down and making you take it.” I purred. “I’m getting distracted.”
“Happens a lot,”
“Look, I love you and I cannot live without you. I promise that I’m never gonna run from you. I promise and I have been trying so God damn hard to find a way to prove that to you. I want you to know that I’ve got you,” I cleared my throat. “I...”
“You what?”
“I wanna marry you.” I removed my rings and dropped them on the nightstand. I rubbed my thumb over the ink on my ring finger.
“Is that my name?”
“I fucking hope so. Otherwise, the tattoo was a major mistake.”
“My name is on your ring finger.”
“You’re inked all over my body,” I whispered. “I will never run from you again,”
“You said name tattoos are stupid,”
“I thought they were. But I wanted your name on my skin forever,” I kissed his cheek and handed over my phone. “You should watch some of the videos. Millions of people all over the world knew that I was gone for you. Been trying to tell you for years. Maybe you can see it when it’s in slow motion and put to music. I particularly like the one about me being able to fuck you better than Eleanor.”
“I dunno. I think she’d hold her own with a strap on.”
I pinched his thigh and earned a laugh.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas, ya filthy animals!

Sorry for the long, long, long wait. I can’t even begin to explain how insane things have been for me.

Louis’ POV

“Harry, enough with the fruit and shit.” I groaned.

“It’s good for you.”

“It’s annoying. Just let me follow my cravings.”

“Love, that’s not healthy. I can’t just let you eat garbage for nine months.” He put a dark green drink in front of me.

“I’m not putting that in my body.” I argued.

“Come on, it’s for the babies. Don’t you want them healthy?”

I glared at him. “Not eating your hippie fruit shit doesn’t mean that they won’t be healthy. I’m not a rabbit. I can’t live like this.”

“Baby,”

“No. No, Harry, I’m not doing it.”

“We both know that you are so let’s skip the arguing and get to it.”

I swiped the glass of the table, watching it shatter.

“Louis, what the fuck. I can’t believe you just did that. I-”

“You what? You can’t do anything. You can’t take away sex because you took that away last week. You can’t force me to eat your disgusting hippie shit, Harry.”

“We both know that I can.”

“I’m going on strike.”

“You’ve got no bargaining chips, babe. We’re already not having sex. I won’t have a rut until after the baby. You won’t have a heat until after the baby. What card can you play, hmm? I’m trying to keep you and our pups healthy and safe.”

“Notice that the word happy isn’t included there,” I scoffed.
“I’d rather you be mad at me than sickly.”

“I don’t have to be either if you’d just fucking listen to me. We could compromise or something, but no. You can’t have that because you’re the alpha and what you say goes.”

“Last time we tried a compromise, you drank tea and only ate cereal for a week.”

“And it was awesome.”

“It was not awesome. You were sickly the entire time. This isn’t just about you anymore. There’s three of you. If you’ve got a compromise that doesn’t involve you being a fucking idiot, I’m all ears.”

“If you could get your head out of your ass, maybe you’d know that this isn’t about my diet.” I hissed.

“Enlighten me then,"

“You won’t touch me. You haven’t touched me. I’m pregnant and horny.”

“I touch you all the time.”

“Not the way I need you to touch me.”

“I can’t.”

“You can. You just won’t.”

“No, Lou. I actually can’t. Every time I try to, I just…it’s like these alarms are going off in my head. Loud and insistent. You don’t trust me with sex and I can’t touch you while that’s still true.”

“It isn’t true. You’re blowing this up way out of proportion.”

“I can feel your hesitance when I touch you like that.”

“Harry, it isn’t mine. It’s yours. You’re focused so hard on trying to feel if I’m nervous that you can’t even see that I’m not. Your nerves, your hesitance is so strong that you can’t feel how at ease I am.”

“I can’t…I just…”

I pulled him to the living room, pushing him down on the couch. I straddled his lap and locked my arms around his neck. “I will tell you to stop if I want you to stop. Focus on me.”

“Lou,”

“Daddy,” I huffed, frowning.

“Baby,” He sighed.

“Let me. Let me take control.” I whispered, brushing his hair back.

“Okay,”

I pulled his mouth to mine and moved his hands to my waist. “I need this, okay? For me, you can let me, yeah?”

He looked tormented by the question. “But what if.”
I got up to stand. “I’m gonna ride you. My pace,” I pulled my shirt over my head, kicking my jeans across the room.

“Okay,”

I slotted our mouths together. “You’ve got to let me handle it,”

“I am,”

“Good,” I yanked his shirt off. “You can touch me. Want you to touch me,” I whispered, riding him of his pants and boxers.

His hands slid over the swell of my ass.

“Want your fingers in me. Wanna get off like that first.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too. Touch me,”

He hesitated.

“Daddy,” I frowned, pulling back. “You don’t want me anymore?”

“Baby, of course I want you. I just-”

I started to get up, wrapping my arms around my stomach. “Is it because I’m fat now? It’s because I’m fat now.” I got off his lap and he stared at me. I hastily grabbed my clothes, pulling them on.

“This was a mistake.”

“Baby, no,”

“Yes. It was. God. I knew it. I knew this was about me being gross.”

“You’re not gross.”

“I am. I know you think so. You won’t even look at me properly.” I ran up the stairs.

“Baby,” Harry sighed, following me. “You’re not fat. You’re not gross.”

I climbed into bed and burrowed under the covers. “Don’t look at me. I’m hideous.”

“You’re not hideous.”

“I am! You won’t even look at me.”

“Baby, it’s not because you’re fat or gross or hideous.”

“I don’t believe you.”

Harry crawled under the covers and looked me in the eye. “Lou, love,”

I covered my face with my hands.

“Stop it,” He growled, prying my hands away.

I whined, squirming.
“You are so fucking beautiful. You don’t have any idea how hot it makes me to see you, knowing that you’re growing my pups. All full of me.” He wrapped an arm around me and yanked me closer.

“I’m fat now.”

“You’re not fat, Louis. You’re pregnant and it’s so fucking hot. I can’t look at you because I want you so fucking bad. I’m a little afraid of how fucking hot you are. How fucking good you look. How fucking good you smell.”

“Bullshit.”

He growled, throwing the covers off the bed and pinning me down.

“You’re hard,” I gasped.

“Yeah, baby. How could I not be?” He nuzzled into my neck. “You’re so pretty.”

“You can’t just say that because I’m upset.”

“I’m not.”

“You are.” I argued.

“Gonna make you believe me, baby.”

“How-”

He kissed me, coaxing my tongue into his mouth. “Get up and take off your clothes for me.”

I huffed. “No. I was just naked and you-”

He sucked a hickey onto the skin under my ear. “Do as your told, baby.”

I groaned, getting up and stripping. I wrapped my arms around my stomach and Harry clicked his tongue at me. “What?”

“Want to see you. All of you.”

I shook my head. “I’m fat.”

He growled. “You’re not fat.” He pulled my arms away from my stomach. “I love your tummy,” he got on his knees.

“I hate it.” I huffed.

He kissed the pudge that I wish would just go away. “It’s my favorite,”

“My ass is your favorite.”

“Close second to your tummy.” He argued, looking up at me, eyes bright. “That’s our pups in there, yeah? That’s fucking amazing, Lou.”

“It’s fucking horrible because your kids are making me fat.”

“You’re not fucking fat.” He snarled.

I rolled my eyes. “Of course you’re going to say that. You have to say that.”
“I don’t have to say or do anything.” He snapped.

“Can I put my clothes back on now or am I going to die of embarrassment?”

“Why are you embarrassed? You’re my wet dream. All of my wet dreams.”

“Shut up.”

“Never.” He laughed, kissing my forehead. “You are my omega.”

“I am your fat omega.”

Harry snarled at me. “Enough of that.” He pressed me into the wall, wrapping his massive hands around my thighs. “Up,”

I jumped into his hold, wrapping my legs around him tightly.

“My tiny omega,” He pulled at my bottom lip with his teeth. “You going to be a good omega for me?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

He hummed, sucking a bruise under my ear and fucking into me, one hand braced by my head.

I gasped, throwing my head back. “Fuck,”

“How’s it feel, baby?”

“Good, daddy.”

“My beautiful girl,” he growled, fucking me into the wall.

I whined, cumming between us.

He growled. “Fuck, you’re so fucking good, baby.”

I dug my nails into his shoulders while he slammed his mouth to mine, licking into my mouth.

He sucked on my tongue and pressed me harder into the wall. “Want you to cum again, baby.”

“Want you to cum,”

He pulled out and threw me down on the bed, pinning me down and fucking me again.

I clawed at his back when I came again. “Fuck, daddy.”

He growled, sinking his teeth into my mark as he came.

I wiggled under him a little.

He licked my mark. “Stay,” He mumbled, licking his way down my body, sucking marks into the skin and cleaning me up.

I whined. “Daddy.”

“Shhh, baby. I’ve got you.” He slid one hand to rest on my tummy and used the other to spread my thighs wider.
“What are you-SHIT.”

He licked into me, his tongue hot and insistent.

“I’m gonna die like this.”

“Not a chance, love.” He rubbed my tummy and dove back into it, licking me out like his life depended on it.

I whined, squirming. “Gonna cum,”

He hummed, not letting up.

I cried out, cumming again.

“Good girl,” Harry crawled up my body to kiss me. “My beautiful baby girl. Look so good, all full of my pups. Now that I’ve got you pregnant, I want to keep you like this. Want to keep filling you with more of my pups. Keep you round and lovely.”

I flushed, rubbing my face into the pillows.

“You want that? You want to stay pregnant and full of me so I can make the world bend to you? So I can worship your pretty little body?”

“Yeah? You think I’m pretty?” I asked, wiggling a little.

“The prettiest,” He whispered. “I’m sorry you thought that I didn’t want you. I just want you so bad sometimes that I can’t breathe with it. And I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t,”

“You don’t know that. You are the most important thing in my life. If anything happened to you, I’d-”

“Nothing is going to happen to me.” I promised. “You’re stuck with me. Forever,”

“Want you forever,”

“You’ll have me.”

He pulled me flush against him. “I love you,”

“And I love you, idiot.”

~~~

Harry slid a green drink in front of me and I glared at it. “Baby, just try it.”

“It’s green.”

“You were one of those kids, weren’t you? You never wanted to eat your green vegetables. I hope our pups aren’t like that.”
“Harry.”

“Just try it. If you hate it, you don’t have to drink it.”

“If I don’t like it, I get ice cream.”

“What? No. You can’t eat just ice cream.”

“I didn’t say just ice cream. But I want ice cream.”

“Oh, well, of course you can have ice cream. You can have whatever you want in moderation. But you can’t live off of ice cream.”

“Well no shit.”

“Try the drink,”

I sipped it and was surprised. “It’s minty.”

“Yeah, I know. You like mint.”

I snorted.

“Admit it. You like it.”

“No.”

“Fine, I’ll trash it then.”

“No. You put up such a fuss, I’ll drink it.”

“Oh, well don’t make me force you.” He held it over my head.

“Harry, stop it.”

“Say it.”

“It’s tolerable. Now give it back.”

“I’ll give it to you because you’re pretty and pregnant.”

“Damn right.” I huffed.

“Love you.”

“You fucking better. I’m having your spawn out of wedlock.”

“We’re mated, Lou.”

“We’re not married.”

“You’re gonna feel like a tit in about ten seconds.”

“Why?”

“Turn around.”
I spun around to sass him more when I choked on my breath. “You’re on one knee.”

“I’m on one knee.”

“You can’t propose after I brought it up!”

“Says who?”

“Says me!”

“I’ve had this ring since after your first heat. I’ll propose whenever I damn well please.”

“You can’t propose right now.”

“Why not?!”

“Because I said so.” And with that I took the drink and bolted out of the room.

~~~

Harry’s POV

The second time I tried proposing, Louis put headphones in to ignore me. The third time he said he had a migraine and ran. The fourth time, he took a phone call. The fifth time he actually called Simon.

Needless to say, there wasn’t a sixth attempt.

“He wants to marry you.” Niall snorted.

“No, he really fucking doesn’t.”

“He’s just—”

“Five times. I’ve tried five times. The last time he actually pulled out his phone and called Simon to chat.”

“Oh.”

“I don’t get it. He literally made a joke about how he’s having my kid and we’re not married and then I proposed and...”

“He’s probably trying to fuck with you.”

“Five times?! That’s extreme. Even for him. I think he’s made his point.”

“I don’t think that’s it.”

“Well, I’m done. He doesn’t want to marry me and that’s fine.”

“Is it?”

“No, it fucking isn’t. But what am I supposed to do? I tried talking to him about it and he’s not
I rolled my eyes. “Forget it.” I pulled the ring out of my pocket and sighed. “I’ll just have it melted down and made into a necklace or something.”

“Don’t.”

“Why not? There’s no point in keeping it as a ring when he doesn’t want it.”

“Give it some time,”

“No. I’m over it. I can’t have a sixth proposal rejected. Our kids will have to hyphenate.”

“Styles-Tomlinson?”

“Tomlinson-Styles sounds better.”

“That’s fair.”

“H,” Louis called. “I’m back!”

I put the ring at the top of our canned vegetable cabinet. “Don’t tell him about this, okay? The only thing worse than not being married is guilting him into a marriage.”

“Fine,”

“Thank you,”

“Zayn and I got baby stuff.” Louis came into the room. “Where should I put it?”

“Preferably in a room close to ours, but whatever you want.”

“Okay, love you.” he headed upstairs.

“Love you,”

We went to dinner with the other boys and he nudged me a little.

“You okay?”

“I’m fine.”

“Not gonna propose to me tonight, are you? Because I’ll have to punch you in the dick.”

“No.”

“Good.”

I stabbed at my food a little and he elbowed me.

“H?”

“What?”

“What did your potatoes do to you? You’re stabbing and glaring.”
“I’m fine.”

“You don’t look fine.”

“Cool,”

“Harry?”

“You know what? I don’t feel good. I’m gonna head home, alright? Niall can take you home, right?”

“Yeah, of course.” Niall nodded.

“Harry.” Louis hissed.

“What?” I snapped.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“I’m just tired from all the meetings recently. I’m sorry. I’m just gonna go to bed early, alright?” I kissed his forehead.

I was in bed when he got home and he slammed the door to our room.

“What the fuck, Harry?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Too fucking bad.”

“Lou, just go to bed.”

“No. You were so weird all day with me.”

“I’m sorry, baby. I’m just tired. Please just go to bed. Come on, let’s cuddle.”

“Harry, something is bothering you and I wish you’d just talk to me.”

“Tomorrow, yeah?”

“Fine.”

“Thank you.”

“Love you,”

“Love you.”

~~~

Gem nudged me. “When are you going to propose?”

“I did.”
She punched me in the arm. “You didn’t tell us that you’re engaged!”

I dropped the ring on the table between us. “No, no, I didn’t.”

“Oh.”

“Five separate proposals and he ran from every fucking one.”

“What?”

“Just...can you take it please? I can’t handle having it anymore. It’s like the damn thing is taunting me.”

“Harry, I can’t.”

“You can. Please. I don’t want to have to tell mum and I can’t keep it in the house anymore. It’s killing me.”

“I can’t, Harry.”

“Please, Gem.”

“Fine.” She huffed, taking it and putting it in her bag. “Isn’t Louis going to notice that-”

“That I’m not proposing to him after being rejected five times?”

She grimaced. “Sorry. I don’t get him though. You’re already together forever.”

“Yeah. Well. Our kids are going to fucking hyphenate and everyone is going to think we’re together by accident. Which, who knows, maybe we are.”

“Harry, come off it.”

“I’m just...why doesn’t he want to marry me?!”

“I don’t know, you’ll have to ask him.”

“No thanks, I’ll pass on that.”

“You’re being immature, Harry.”

“He called Simon to get out of the last proposal. Simon! He called him unprompted!”

“Yikes,”

“Mhmm. It’s fine. It’s totally fine. I have him forever anyway so it doesn’t matter.”

“It matters to you.”

“Yeah, oh well.” I shrugged.

“You should talk to him.”

“No, it’s fine. We’re together. That’s what’s important.” I shook my head. “I just need to remind myself of that.”
I stepped into the house. “Lou?”

“Nursery,” he called.

I found him on the floor in the middle of crib parts. “I told you I’d do it.”

“I can do it.”

“Yeah, well, I would’ve done it for you.”

“You’ll probably have to,”

“Mmm,” I sat next to him.

“So do we hyphenate our kids names?” He asked.

“What?”

“Like for a last name.”

“Well, I guess we can. We don’t have to. It’s your choice. They’re coming out of your body.”

“We’re not married so probably hyphenate.” he hummed.

I huffed.

“What?”

“Nothing, just Tomlinson-Styles is really long. That’s all,” I lied.

“Tomlinson-Styles not Styles-Tomlinson?”

“Tomlinson-Styles sounds better.”

“We could just use Stylinson.”

“Whatever you want, baby.” I shrugged.

“You love me,”

“Of course. Always,”

“Do you think they’ll be boys?”

“I don’t know, love.”

“Well, I want a girl so be prepared to keep giving me pups until I get one.” He pointed to me.

“I can do that, love.”

“Good.”

“Harry?”
“Yeah?”
“I love you,”
“Love you,”
“Do you want to talk about what’s been up with you lately?”
“Just...tired and cranky.”
“So you’re not mad?”
“No,”
“So we’re okay?”
“We’re fine.”
“Okay,”
“Do you want a snack?” I asked.
“Sure,”
“I’ll set you up with a snack and then I’ll put the cribs together.”
“Okay, thanks,”
“Of course,”
He followed me into the kitchen. “Zayn and Liam started making wedding plans.”
“That’s good. They set a date?”
“Not quite. They’re arguing over whether to have a spring or a winter wedding.”
“Mhmm. I assume you’re siding with Zayn either way.”
“No. I’m with Liam. Spring is better. I don’t want to freeze at their wedding.”
“I see,”
“If I were to ever have gotten married, I think I would’ve done summer.”
I flinched a little. “Right, so it’s warm.”
“You’re making the face.”
“What face?”
“The annoyed and upset face.”
“I’m fine.”
“But-”
“I said I’m fine.” I snapped.
“Okay.”
Chapter Notes

Another one because I’ve been so absent lately. I also wanted to resolve what was going on with Louis and Harry sooooooooooo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Niall’s POV

“Max?”
“Yeah, babe?” He looked up.
“Would you…ever wanna get married? To me? Married to me?”
“Why are you saying it like that? You make it sound like I’d marry someone else.”
“Just…would you ever wanna marry me?”
“Of course. Why?”
“Harry has tried proposing to Louis five times and they’re not engaged.”
“Oh, wow. How’s Harry taking that?”
“About as well as you’d expect. He gave Gemma the ring because he couldn’t stand it anymore.”
“That sucks,”
“Yeah.” I nodded. “I’m gonna talk to Louis. I think he’s trying to mess with Harry. And he doesn’t get that it’s really bothering him.”
“That sounds like a good idea, babe.”
“Just so you know. I don’t need you to marry me right now. Just someday.”
“I can do someday.” He laughed. “You know, I think Louis probably has something up his sleeve.”
“I hope so. I hope he moves soon. Harry’s going to get all in his head and think that their relationship was an accident in Louis’ eyes.”

~~~

“I never once rejected a proposal.” Louis scoffed. “I just didn’t let him propose yet.”
“Louis, you’re killing him. He told Gemma that he’s gonna have the ring melted down and made into a necklace for you.”
“He’s dramatic.”
“Five proposal attempts?!”
He glared at me. “Who knows Harry better, you or me?”
“I would’ve thought you, but—”
“Me. I know him better because he’s my boyfriend and my alpha and my baby daddy. And my best friend.”
“Get to the point.”
“The point is, those proposals are not what Harry Styles wants. He loves me so he’ll propose anywhere. I love him so I can’t let him propose because I will say yes.”
“You know, you make no sense.”
“Harry wants to do the big proposal. He always has. He just hasn’t because I’m pregnant and he probably doesn’t think I’d like it.”
“You’d hate it.”
“Not from Harry! Harry could punch me in the face and I’d still be in love with him!” He yelled.
“Not the point,”
“There’s a point?”
“Niall,”
“Sorry, sorry,” I held up my hands in surrender.
“He wants the rose petals and the roses and the string quartet and the banner and the suits and the photographer. He wants that. He wants that moment. And I’m going to give it to him if it’s the last thing I do.”
“Well hurry up.”
“It’s not that easy to coax him into a suit for no reason!”
“You’re pregnant, he probably won’t ask questions.”
“Stop trying to ruin it.” Louis snapped. “It’s all put together, alright? Gem has the ring, we just need all of you guys, me and Harry in suits and we’re good.”
“Gemma is in on this?”
“Well, yeah, she had to be. She called me screeching about how Harry thinks I don’t want to marry him.”
“He does.”
“Well, then he’s being stupid! There are only two things I might love more than him and they’re half his DNA!”
“When are you doing this?”
“Well, it depends on how fast you can get a suit put together?”
“You do realize I’ve got more than one?”
“Max too?”
“Yes!”
“Alright, good. Good. We’re selling it as a fancy engagement party for Zayn and Liam. It’ll be great.”
“Everyone is in on this except for me and Harry?!”
“YOU WOULD HAVE TOLD HIM.”
“That’s fair.”
“Let me give him this. He wants this. I know he wants this. He’s always wanted this. Just...I know it sucks because it physically pains me to see him so frustrated and undone, but I want to give him this.”
“Fine, fine.”
“Tomorrow night, alright? I’m doing this tomorrow night.”
“Okay.”
When Max and I showed up, everyone but Harry was ready and waiting.
“Oh, he’ll be here any minute so you...” Louis rearranged us a little. “Okay, no one else should be coming in here so the second the door opens, you guys need to start playing.”
The door opened and the quartet started.
“Shit, okay. Gemma!” He hissed.
She tossed him the ring which he caught neatly.
“Okay, um, okay.”

Harry’s POV
I was surprised by the path of rose petals that I met after entering the restaurant. Why would they do this?! “Louis?” I called, confused at the sound of a string quartet.
“Yeah, babe! Follow the petals,” He called.
Okay then. I followed the trail and stopped dead in my tracks when I reached a large decorated room.
I glanced around to see the boys standing around with a photographer taking photos and a string quartet playing and a banner that read ‘I love you’.
Louis shifted his weight awkwardly, standing in the middle of a rose petal heart.
“Lou?” I asked, carefully approaching him.
“Hi,” he whispered.
I reached him and he pressed a small box into my hand. And then it all clicked.
Zayn and Liam would never pick this restaurant. It’s my favorite. The rose petals. The string quartet.
The banner. The photographer.
“Louis...”
“I, um. I don’t know if you remember. But you told me that the three most important stories you ever
get to tell are how you met the love of your life, how you fell in love, and how you proposed. And I
always argued because our marriage is what’s important so the wedding story should be more
important than a proposal story. But you said that—”
“A wedding is a party for everyone to celebrate our love. A proposal is where I get to stand in front
of the person that I love most and for us to celebrate our love.” I finished. “That it should be in a
fancy place with rose petals and a photographer and our friends and a string quartet and a banner.”
“I think I got it mostly right.” He whispered.
“Baby, you got it so right.”
“This was important to you. I wanted to give it to you.”
I kissed him, hard. “Baby,” I slipped to one knee. “And here I thought you never wanted to marry
me.”
“Shut up. Refusing to let you propose is not the same as saying no.”
“It kind of is.”
“It is not! And aren’t you glad I did?”
“Harry Styles,”
“You are the most important person in my life.”
“I better be.”
“I love you more than anything in this world. You make me so happy. And I want to make you so
happy. I want to give you the world. I have always wanted that.”
“I deserve nothing less.”
“You deserve everything,” I answered, letting go of his hand to wipe at his tears. “I’m going to love
you forever. I have loved you since we met and I will love you long after I die. You are my world
and everything that I want. I am lucky enough to have you as my mate.”
“So lucky,” he choked out.
“I want to marry you. I want to be with you in every conceivable way. I want to marry you and share
a last name and grow old at your side. I want all our friends and family, our fans, to celebrate our
love.”
“As they should.”
“You sassy little omega, I am so, so in love with you. And even though you rejected me five times,”
“It wasn’t a rejection it was a postponement.”
“Louis, will you marry me?” I asked, opening the small box.
“Yes, of course, yes. Idiot.” He cried into his free hand.
I slipped the ring onto his finger and stood up to kiss him. “I love you.”
“We’re taking my last name,”
I laughed and kissed him again.
“Can’t believe you told Gem you were going to melt the ring down to make a necklace. You’re so
stupid.”
“Stupid in love with you.” I laughed.
“Shut up and kiss me.”
“Whatever you want,” I promised, licking into his mouth.
“If this ring isn’t better than Zayn’s we might have to call the whole thing off.”
“I’d be brain dead if I thought you’d expect anything less than massive diamonds.”
He laughed and looked at the ring. “Harry, no. This is obnoxious. I didn’t mean THIS insane. I just
wanted to one-up Zayn.”
Zayn grabbed Louis’ hand and examined the ring. “You can’t even see where the Titanic hit it.”
“Shut up,”
“Mine may not be as expensive, but I like it better because I’m not that obnoxious.”
“Fuck off, Zayn.” Louis snapped.
“You can swap it out if you don’t like it. I just liked the sapphires on the sides.”
“Shut up. I’m never taking it off.” He brushed back his fringe. “It’s mine now. Just like you.”
“Always,”
“Sap,” he grinned.
“Love you, so much.”
“Love you back. I’m sorry you thought I didn’t want to marry you.”
“It’s okay. This was amazing. You’re amazing.”

~~~

“I wore this suit because it’s your favorite, you know,” Louis smirked, licking the front door of our house.
“You wore it to your mum’s wedding.”
“I did.”
“Makes your bum look fantastic.”
“You haven’t seen anything yet. I also have a small surprise. Emphasis on small.”
I raised an eyebrow.
“Get undressed.”
I did as he asked and let him direct me to sit on the bed while he stripped. I groaned at the sight of the light blue panties. “You look so fucking good.”
“Yeah? I bet you’re gonna think I look even better in a second.”
I watched him turn to the side and gasped, sinking to my knees on the floor. “You’ve got a bump.”
“A little one, but yes.”
“Our babies all in my baby,” I whispered, pressing kisses to the little bump.
“Not quite as easy to see as Zayn’s, but-”
“Zayn has a bump?”
“Yes. Where have you been?”
“You really have no idea how much time I spend looking at you, huh?”
He flushed. “Anyway. Thought you’d be excited.”
“I am.”
“We’ll have to figure out what to do about the kids. I can’t call you Daddy when they call you Daddy.”
“You could be Daddy and I could be Papa,” I suggested.
“Okay,”
“Prettiest Daddy in the whole world,” I whispered to the bump. “You don’t even know how lucky you are. He’s gonna be so much better at taking care of you than I am. But I’m gonna do my best. And I’ll take care of Daddy, always.”
“We’ll have to put that to the test when I start lactating.”
“You’re gonna have the best tits.”
“You’re gonna be such a weirdo about them too, aren’t you?”
“When you have tits, I’m gonna get you off with just them.”
He squirmed. “Harry.”
“Could probably do it now, huh?” I asked, standing up and pulling him into my lap.
“I...”
“Shhh, baby.” I kissed him, licking into his mouth and pinching his nipples.
“Fuck, God, Daddy.”
“Sensitive?”
“Yeah,” he nodded.
I kissed him again, thumbing over his nipples until he got squirmy. I ducked down, flicking the tight
little bud with my tongue.
“Daddy, please,”
I hummed and sucked the nipple into my mouth, pinching and rolling the other one in my fingers.
“Fuck,” he tugged at my hair.
I bit down a little and he whined, tugging harder.
Louis has been leaking slick for a while and they’ve only just started.
I swapped sides, sucking at the dry nipple and pinching at the wet one.
“Daddy, want you. Need you. Fuck me, please,”
And how can I deny him anything when he’s squirmy and wet and wearing my engagement ring?
“Okay, baby. Okay,” I leaned up to kiss him. “How do you want it?”
“Like this, please, fuck.”
“Okay, okay, shhh,” I whispered, lifting him up and lining up my cock.
He moved his panties to the side and sank down slowly, moaning and tucking his face into my neck.
“You okay?”
He nodded. “Daddy,”
“Baby,”
“Can I?”
I nodded, letting go of his hips.
Louis raised up and fucked himself down. “Love you so much.”
“Love you. Can’t wait to marry you. Can’t fucking wait. You make me insane. I want you all the time. So fucking bad. I want you in every way.”
He closed his eyes and fucked down harder. “I’m gonna cum.”
“Cum in your panties, baby,” I whispered.
He cried out, digging his nails into my shoulders.
I fucked up a few times before cumming inside him. “I love you. Thank you for agreeing to marry me.”
He laughed, loud and bright. “You’re a fucking moron.”
"A moron you're gonna marry,"
"You bet your ass I'm gonna marry you."

Chapter End Notes

Zayn's: https://i.pinimg.com/564x/b4/ee/bb/b4eebb16827e2eae17c5b6da2ce085b8.jpg
Louis': https://i.pinimg.com/564x/84/f4/95/84f49589191d41e6457091ab6fa1a467.jpg

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