The Notch in the Bedpost is Permanent
by Everyday_Im_Preaching

Summary

Everett's suppressants have been delayed a tad too long—and now he's spiralled into miserable, suffocating heat, wanting nothing but an alpha. Needing nothing but an alpha.

Bast proves merciful.

Notes

Well hello there, friends!

If you find yourself liking this fic, please leave a comment below! (Please?) It really helps motivate me to write more for this pairing! (And in general) And if you show enough interest, I'm ready to spring for a second chapter of this fic in particular!

See the end of the work for more notes.

It hadn’t been his fault.

Everett had ordered his suppressants, he had. He’d ordered them a month ago but hadn’t been incredibly concerned when they hadn’t shown up on time. Day after day went by, and at about a week, Everett had called to check on them—he had been assured that they were on their way, and he
didn’t need to worry. They’d be in Wakanda before Everett knew it. They had promised. And Everett had believed them.

He had sat on his hands, toying with the idea of asking Shuri for a dose of temporary suppressants, or, at the very least, some sort of scent-muting cologne that would prevent any of the alphas (specifically, T’Challa) from scenting the fact that he was an omega. It wasn’t that he was ashamed of being an omega. But he didn’t know how T’Challa would react to finding out he was one.

T’Challa had already expressed interested in him, even under his guise as a beta. And the worst part was that Everett liked him back—he’d even risk saying that he’d begun to love the gentle alpha. Revealing that he was actually an omega would open an entirely new door—a door that invited in courting and mating marks, heavy scenting and territorial, male posturing. God knew that he’d never be allowed to enter M’Baku’s court again alone. Or, worse, T’Challa would be put off at the idea.

It was a risk, spending so long on what should have been a simple decision. As soon as he heard his medicine was delayed, he should have gone to Shuri. He should have explained his situation—if she had proceeded to tell T’Challa, then he would have dealt with it in time. But at least he wouldn’t have gone into heat.

“Alpha,” Everett whined, arching his back, presenting and bearing his neck desperately—not that it would do much. There was no alpha, and he doubted one would come. Everett, even with his heat-addled mind, knew that he was an old omega. His womb wasn’t nearly fertile enough to entice an alpha into breeding him, no matter how much his body begged him for it.

Pain laced its way through Everett’s body, singing through his veins and punishing him for spending so long on the blockers. He shuddered away from it, trying to arch his back further and reaching back to run his fingers through the slick that had been dripping from him constantly. He had started his heat in the bathtub, hoping to keep the mess to a minimum—but he had become so anxious sitting in the cold tub. Anxious for his scent. Anxious for the lingering whiffs of T’Challa on his unwashed clothes. It made Everett feel pathetic, searching so desperately for the scent of an alpha. Any alpha.

Everett let out a hungry moan as he breached himself, shoving not one but two fingers into his hole—he was so wet, and they felt so small, even as they stretched, curled and twisted into him. This wasn’t the first time he’d tried to get himself off this way, to help that burn. It didn’t help, and he knew it didn’t help, but what else could he do? He needed something in him.

There was a sharp bang on the door, and then the doorknob rattled, getting Everett to jump. A yelp went to escape him, but it caught in his throat, turning into a begging moan. Whoever was on the other side of the door was an alpha. He could smell the scent, even from across the room. He yanked his fingers out, trying to push his hips higher. Alpha left his lips, a sobbing, hungry cry that had the door handle shaking demandingly.

“Open the door, omega, and I will fuck you full,” an unknown voice demanded from the other side of the door. Everett blinked dumbly, trying to process the order. His body shook as he tried to move, tried to get up and do as he was told. Pain shot through him at the attempt, and he fell back down against the bed with a hungry cry. His body demanded he lay still and submit, even if the alpha wasn’t in the room.

“Open the door,” the alpha ordered again, a growl rumbling through his voice—he began to say something more, but yelped instead. There was a sharp crack as something slammed against the door, and Everett dropped his hips, wrapping himself in his poorly put together nest. He whimpered in fear, even as his pupils widened. There was a second scent, far more powerful than the first. It was familiar and dominated the area, completely drowning out the first alpha.
The sound of the alphas snapping and snarling had Everett’s face heating and cock twitching—they both wanted to breed him. They were fighting over him. His fear fled as quickly as it arrived. He chirped loudly at the door and the snarls he received in response had a fresh rush of slick staining the bed beneath him.

*Whomever wins will breed me,* Everett decided firmly, mind running off with the idea of being bred, of getting pups in his previously barren belly. *I will be a good omega for them. I will bear strong pups for them.*

The familiarity of the second scent was so strong, the alpha’s name dancing on the tip of his tongue and rooting itself deeply in his mind—but he couldn’t say it, couldn’t remember it.

Another crack resounded against the door, and Everett jumped when it flew open. He scrambled to present, rolling over onto his belly and shaking the blankets off. He heard the door close, mildly quieter than it had opened. There was scraping and scratching as a dresser was pulled in front of it, and Everett wiggled his hips in anticipation. The alpha was making sure they weren’t interrupted. Pups would come from this mating, Everett was sure of it.

The bed dipped with the alpha’s weight, and Everett let out another chirp. He wiggled his hips enticingly, hoping to convince the other man to just *fuck* him already, and skip the preamble. He was so wet. So ready to be bred. He needed it.

“Everett.”

Everett’s fingers curled in the sheets and his body froze with a fresh rush of realisation. It was T’Challa. And then fingers were on his hips and he was melting into them, hips hiking higher. T’Challa bumped their hips together and kept them there, soaking the front of his pants in slick and letting Everett feel his cock. It was hard and hot, the knot at the base already half-swollen with the scent of Everett’s heat.

“You are an omega,” T’Challa growled, gripping Everett’s hips. Everett whined in agreement, offering his neck. “You’ve been hiding your true nature from me, letting me believe you a beta—you would have had my knot hours ago, if you hadn’t done so.”

Everett shrunk from the tone T’Challa had taken. He couldn’t really understand the words, just that he was being lectured. He whimpered and pressed his face into the pillow, trying not to cry. A soothing burst of pheromones rushed to comfort him, and a hand gripped the back of his neck. A thumb pressed against his scent gland, and Everett went lax.

“Oh, oh no, don’t cry, don’t be sad,” T’Challa murmured. “I didn’t mean to make you fear me, I don’t want your fear. I want you to understand.” He ground his hips against Everett’s, snarling in time with the moan he received. “You are going to take my cock. You are going to take my knot. And you are going to take my mark. You are mine, omega.”

“Yours,” Everett breathed in response. He placed a hand on his belly, feeling the fire in it burn hotter at the idea of being fucked.

A relatively cooler hand laid itself over Everett’s. “You’re going to give me such beautiful pups,” T’Challa rumbled, and Everett nodded enthusiastically. He rocked his hips back against T’Challa, vocalising his impatience. The hand on the back of his neck squeezed, and Everett went limp and quiet, save for a soft pant.

“I’m going to fuck you,” T’Challa promised. “Do not move, or I will leave.”
Everett went stock still, trying his best to remain quiet. Both hands left him, and he felt tears unwillingly spring to his eyes. The lack of touch had him wanting to flatten against the bed. He would do anything the alpha asked, if he would just—

—The sound of cloth shifting and robes being undone had the thoughts freezing in his mind. Everett listened carefully as T’Challa undressed, drawing his bottom lip into his mouth to mute himself. A hungry whine left him all the same, body trembling. He was going to get fucked. T’Challa was going to breed him.

“Higher,” T’Challa ordered, and Everett jerked his hips higher, letting his chest press against the messy, sweaty sheets of the bed. Everett waited with all the patience he could muster, breaths uneven and shaky. T’Challa spread his ass cheeks and purred, dipping forward to enthusiastically bury his face between them. Everett’s voice cracked in a pleased cry, hips bouncing back and shoving into T'Challa’s face.

If he was offended, Everett never knew it. T’Challa happily licked up the slick he was presented with, curling his tongue against Everett’s entrance. It coaxed the slick to flow thicker, dripping out of him and whatever wasn’t caught by T’Challa slipped out of him and down his thighs.

“You’re so sweet,” T’Challa rumbled, pulling back briefly. “I could eat you out for days.”

“Breed,” Everett wheezed in response, thighs going to squeeze together. T’Challa stopped them, grabbing at the thick muscle and tugging them apart with ease. Everett chirped and pressed his face back into the pillow, toes curling.

T’Challa was gripping him hard enough to bruise, and Everett couldn’t have been happier. “Breed,” he repeated. “Alpha, please. I need—I need you to fuck me, please. I need your cock.”

A low grunt left T’Challa, sounding mildly displeased. Everett whined in question, turning his head and trying to look back—he turned forward when he accidentally met the alpha’s eyes, shaking in fear at what the punishment might be for it.

Whatever was bothering T’Challa didn’t stop him from grabbing his cock and smacking it against Everett’s ass. Nor did it stop him from growling out when Everett begged for it, trying his best to raise his hips higher, damned be the low ache in his legs. He would do a fucking handstand if it got T’Challa to fuck him.

His entire body shuddered when T’Challa drew his cock through the copious amount of slick between Everett’s ass cheeks. And then the head of his cock was against Everett’s entrance, teasingly pressing forward but not breaching him. Everett restrained from pushing himself back against it—T’Challa would likely make him wait longer, if he tried to force him. And he couldn’t wait any longer.

“Please,” he begged, voice cracking.

T’Challa hushed him, pressing forward. “I’ve got you, omega. I won’t make you wait any longer. You will not walk away from this bed barren.”

The moment that T’Challa breached him, Everett’s eyes rolled into the back of his head and he ragdolled, his hips the only thing remaining stationary. It felt amazing. Every inch of him vibrated with pleasure, and he moaned his approval. His thighs shook as T’Challa set a fast, vicious pace behind him, stinging delectably where their skin slapped together.

“Alpha,” Everett crooned, panting louder now. It broke up his moans and groans, weaving into his
yelps and wails. “Alpha, thank you, thank you.” He put every bit of emotion behind his words, trying to match T’Challa’s thrusts, but to no avail. The alpha was too strong, too fast. Too diligent in fucking Everett to let him do so.

“I’m going to fuck you until you swell with my seed,” T’Challa snarled, throwing himself over Everett’s back and slipping his hands under the omega to play with his nipples. He pinched and plucked at them, encouraging them to bruise and swell beneath his fingers. “I’m going to fuck you until I can slip my knot in and out of you with ease, until you can’t clench down on it.”

Everett shuddered, turning his head to the side when T’Challa dove for it. Instead of biting, he kissed and licked at the area in worship. It was by far the sweetest thing he’d done so far, and warmth blossomed in Everett’s chest—he felt owned. Safe and comfortable in the arms of a man, an alpha, that desired him. It had him starting up a crackling purr, and T’Challa returned it in-between the snapping of his hips.

“Do you want my knot?” T’Challa questioned. Everett, lost to the pleasure, replied positively. He wasn’t going to last much longer, not with how long he’d waited. But he needed T’Challa to knot him. He needed to be filled.

“Please knot me,” Everett begged. “Please fill me. Please put your pups in me. I need them.” He pressed the pads of his feet against the bed, pushing up against T’Challa the best he could. T’Challa’s knot was swollen at the base of his cock, pressing tantalisingly close to Everett’s rim, catching at it.

T’Challa bit at his neck, now, pressing his fangs too far from Everett’s scent gland for his comfort. He shifted his head up further, trying to help T’Challa find it, hoping that the alpha had simply missed it.

“I will mark you when I fill you,” T’Challa snapped, drawing blood as he bit again and getting a wail. “Not before.” His hips shoved forward, knot grinding against Everett’s entrance and gathering the slick there as it did so. Everett gasped, widening his hips the best he could.

When T’Challa’s knot slid home and expanded, Everett could only manage to scream, body seizing; pleasure coursed through him and sent stars dancing across his vision in a menagerie of colours. T’Challa followed behind closely, cock locked inside Everett and pouring a generous amount of cum into him.

Everett would have loved to slide down against the sheets, now that his head had cleared, and he could get some sleep—but T’Challa’s fangs were sliding home, slicing through his neck and digging deep as a mate mark. He yelped, trying to jerk away from the initial pain; T’Challa raised a hand and wound it into Everett’s hair, holding his head still in an iron grip. His other hand went to smooth over Everett’s belly, kneading the flesh and humming happily.

Contentment flowed through Everett as easy as water. He allowed himself to be marked with little argument, only mewling when T’Challa pulled his fangs free and began to clean the mark. T’Challa shushed him gently, kissing at the rough bite mark he’d left. Calloused fingers danced a waltz down his side, rubbing gently at the bruises there.

“T’Challa,” Everett murmured sleepily as T’Challa covered his body, boxing him in. He had regained most of his motor functions, and something in him desperately wanted to apologise for the mess he’d gotten T’Challa into—he doubted that T’Challa would have marked him without wanting to, but coming across an omega in heat in his palace was a different topic entirely.

“Sleep,” he responded, kissing at the top of Everett’s head. “Your first day’s fever has broken.
Tomorrow will be worse, and you will need your energy for it.” He nosed the new mate mark happily, letting out a soft trill. “We will discuss this when you are lucid.”

“I had my suppressants ordered,” Everett muttered in response, eyes flickering closed. “They were delayed.”

A low, unhappy noise left T’Challa. “You should have told me. About everything.” He sounded oddly accusatory, as he spoke. He ran his knuckles across the slight swell of Everett’s stomach. “About being an omega, about your blockers. Your worth to me is not decided by your second gender. Did you think I would force your submission, if I knew?”

Everett didn’t respond.

“Everett, I know you’re still awake,” T’Challa murmured softly. “We are mated, now. Officially. There is nothing that can be done to change that. If you wish to speak to me about the new arrangement, feel free to. We are equals. Your worries are mine.”

“Would it ever have been official, if I wasn’t an omega?” Everett asked with a bit more force than intended; the hormones from his heat, while dampened, were still there. He didn’t want to be hormonal, he didn’t want to demand answers—but T’Challa had brought it up, not him.

T’Challa bristled, pressing his chest harder to Everett’s back. Everett cleared his throat, trying to flush the emotion from it. “I’m just curious. You’re the king. An heir is a pretty big responsibility of yours. There was a reason our relationship was never really public.”

“I am king, yes,” T’Challa said slowly, picking his words with care. “And your previous status as beta was troubling, as you could not be crowned Queen.” He paused, tugging carefully at his knot to see if he could pop free—Everett winced, and T’Challa hissed at how tightly they were still joined.

“But I loved you then, Everett, as I do now,” he continued, trying his best to nuzzle Everett’s cheek, turning his head at an awkward angle to kiss the corner of his mouth. “I apologise for not making that clear. I thought that the secrecy was a needed compromise. I would still have you, and you me, even if it was hidden from the people. I was unaware that you felt differently.” There was a significant amount of guilt weighing down T’Challa’s voice, and it made Everett feel guilty in return. “I was never ashamed of us, Everett. Nor of the fact that you were a beta. I loved you all the same. I still love you all the same.”

Everett nodded, not believing a word of it. T’Challa had never mentioned love before now. He’d avoided all questions of sex as well, keeping it chaste between them for months. Everett had considered himself a dalliance, at best. But of course, being an omega was different. Different rights came with being an omega, different reactions.

He hated it.

“Are you upset with me, and what I’ve done?” T’Challa asked quietly.

“No,” Everett answered, not sure how honest he was being. He wasn’t not happy, but he couldn’t tell how much of that was his heat talking. “I just think you’re right. This conversation is better held when I’m not in heat. I can’t think straight.” He swallowed at the admission. “Thank you for coming—I don’t want to know what would have happened if an alpha I hadn’t known had mounted me.”

A kiss was pressed to his temple. “I would never have let it happen,” T’Challa promised. “Sleep, then. I will be here to take care of you when you wake.”
Welcome to the end of the fic!

My wonderful, awe-inspiring beta looked over this for me.

Songs for this fic:
Wait For Me by Allison Weiss
Like This by Shawn Mendes

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