You Break it, You Fix It

by Ninalb

Summary

Edd hadn’t hidden Tord’s hentai at all. Tord was here, in fact, because of a change in power dynamics. With Edd gone, Tord was now head alpha and had claim to any omegas in his pack. And of course, since Tord’s instinct were telling him that he had just defeated an enemy alpha, they were also telling him to claim all of the new omegas. And Tom bore Edd’s claiming mark. Usually Tord had enough reasonability to keep his hands away from Tom. But to make matter’s worse, Tord smelled like he was in the peak of his rut. Which means that Tord’s reasoning and sensibly were completely gone.

Notes

Hey guys! This is my first time writing anything this mature at all. Of course, these characters are not meant to be related to the actual people in life. Also there are some trigger warnings, so just make sure to read the warnings.

Peace!
“You stupid commie bastard!”

Edd covered his ears as a roar of anger resounded through the house. He let out a sigh. Tom and Tord were at it again. There was the sound of something shattering followed by a laugh.

“Missed you dumb ass!”

Edd groaned. The two were perfectly fine on their own but put them together, and they were a hurricane of trouble.

“EDDD!”

Edd put down the dish that he was washing as he could hear Matt calling for him.

“TOM BROKE MY MIRROR!”

“I’m about to break his neck!”

“I’d like to see you try!”

Edd wiped his hands on a nearby towel and headed over to the living room. He had barely entered when Tom dove behind him. Edd was startled as a pillow smacked him in the face. He let out a growl of annoyance, and the commotion practically stopped.

“Edd!” Tord barked, growling with anger, “Throw Tom over here so I can wring his fucking neck for trying to throw a mirror at me!”

“I was defending myself!” Tom shouted back, “Kick his ass, Edd!”

“Ugh!” Edd shouted, “I am not doing either of those! Everybody calm down and stop fighting! Seriously, it’s like I’m babysitting children.”

Tom and Tord. He loved them both, but they could really push his buttons sometimes.

“I don’t even want to know what’s happening or who started it,” Edd sighed, “Just clean up the glass please.”

“My mirror,” Matt mourned over the pieces.

“You have like 15 others.” Edd reminded him.

“But that one was my favorite,” Matt whined.

“They’re all your favorite,” Tom said.

Edd thanked the lord that he was the head alpha in this house. If Tord was, well, Tom would probably already be dead, but if not, then there would be no way to stop them from tearing the house to pieces with their fighting. At least his authority still meant something to them. Of course, they practically had their own omegas. Since Tom wouldn’t be caught dead going to Tord for his heat and Tord had a soft spot for Matt, an unspoken agreement formed that they were paired with their own omegas. Of course, being paired with them had turned into being each other’s mates, and they had each claimed their retrospective omega.
“You know I’m leaving for an artist convention in about a week,” Edd reminded them.

“That reminds I’m going to be at my grandma’s house tomorrow,” Matt said.

“We know Matt. You’ve told us already,” Tom and Edd sighed.

“But I’m going to miss you so much.” Tord groaned leaning onto Matt.

“I’m going to miss you too,” Matt pecked Tord on the cheeks.

“Ugh, I’m gonna puke,” Tom murmured.

Edd smiled and kissed him on the forehead, watching as a blush spread across his cheeks.

Tom was sitting in his room, Susan placed comfortably in his lap while he strummed her strings. With Edd gone to his artist convention for the night, Tom had decided to spend the rest of the day in his room and away from Tord. Edd had given them both firm rules to not get into any fights while he was gone or he would kick both of their asses. Tom looked up as Tord entered his room.

“What do you want?” Tom sighed, annoyed he was interrupting his song.

“I’m pretty sure Edd hid my hentai comics behind your bed.” Tord sighed.

“Good,” Tom spat, shifting Susan in his lap.

There was a moment of silence as Tom plucked at Susan’s strings while hoping Tord had taken the cue to leave. The sudden dip in his bed told him otherwise.

“Fine! Fine!” Tom hissed shoving Tord off the bed, “I’ll get it for you! Just get off my bed and out of my room!”

Tord rolled the cigar to the other side of his mouth as he watched Tom set Susan down against the wall before climbing back onto the bed. Tom got on his knees and reached his hand behind the backboard of his bed frame, feeling around for Tord’s comics. The sooner he got them, the sooner Tord would get out of his room and leave him alone.

“I don’t think-“ Tom started, but he stopped when he felt someone leaned over him.

“What the-“ Tom growled, trying to sit back up but Tord’s weight kept him pinned down.

Tord grabbed both of Tom’s wrists, holding them under the backboard. Tom twisted, trying to jerk his hands free from Tord’s grip to no avail. He took a deep breath in realizing the smell of cigars and gunpowder. Under the overwhelming smell of Tord’s cologne, was the unmistakable scent of an alpha’s rut.

“Get off me, Tord!” Tom barked, trying to buck Tord off of him.

“Aww, how cute,” Tord laughed, leaning an elbow on Tom’s back.

Tom was about to tell Tord to go find Matt, but then he remembered that Matt was out tonight. Matt had been out at his grandma’s for the whole week. And Edd was gone too… The dots started to click together as Tord pulled something out of his back pocket. Edd hadn’t hidden Tord’s hentai at all. Tord was here, in fact, because of a change in power dynamics. With Edd gone, Tord was
now head alpha and had claim to any omegas in his pack. And of course, since Tord’s instincts were telling him that he had just defeated an enemy alpha, they were also telling him to claim all of the new omegas. And Tom bore Edd’s claiming mark. Usually, Tord had enough reasonability to keep his hands away from Tom. But to make matter’s worse, Tord smelled like he was in the peak of his rut. Which means that Tord’s reasoning and sensibly were entirely gone.
Tom struggled as Tord wound a coil of rope around his wrists. He tried his best to wiggle his arms out of Tord’s grip and try to slip out from under him. However, Tord had soon secured the rope around his wrists and was pushing him closer to the backboard. Tom’s head was nearly touching the frame when Tord wrapped the rope around the top of the board. He tied it tightly, letting Tom test it out to make sure it was secure.

“Get the fuck off me Tord! So help me! Stop thinking with your dick!” Tom growled, trying to kick Tord back with his legs.

Tom tried to bite Tord’s fingers when they neared his face. Tord only chuckled and pressed two fingers on each cheek right at the back of his jaw. Tom tried to keep his mouth closed, but soon Tord was painfully opening his mouth.

“Tord, wait. Tord, I swear to Jehovah I’ll-!” Tom managed to sputter out before a ball gag was wedged into his mouth.

It was pushed as far back as it could get. Tom shook his head back and forth as the plastic ball pressed painfully against the roof of his mouth. Tord just held his head still with his knees as he tied a fancy knot with the strings. He took a step back drinking in the sweet pineapple smell and the beautiful sight of Tom right before him. Tom was throwing his whole body backward trying to break free from his bondage.

Tord let out a purr as he climbed back over Tom and pressed their hips together. Tom’s increase of muffled noises only turned Tord on more. He wrapped his arms around Tom’s waist holding the both of them together for a minute. He’d watched Edd fuck Tom, he’d watched as Tom and Matt shared a passionate kiss together while Tord and Edd plowed into them, but this was going to be his first time with Tom. He would make it something that Tom would never forget. He pulled his cigar out of his mouth and put it out using Tom’s shoulder causing him to let out a pained hiss.

Tord left the room, grabbing the leg bar out from the corner of his closet. He hadn’t gotten the chance to use this one yet, and he was excited. He closed one shackle around one of Tom’s ankles before having to force the other in as Tom was fighting him every second of the way. Once that was done, he grabbed Tom’s pants and pulled them down to his knees.

“Hnnmf,” Tom protested, his struggling doubling.

“Aww, Thomas. What’s a matter?” Tord cooed, wrapped a hand around Tom’s dick.

He gave it a warningful squeeze and Tom paused for a second. He could feel as Tord fit a cock ring snugly around the base of his dick before he sat back. He could hear the sound of Tord shucking off his pants. Tom shivered, he wished that Edd was here to knock Tord out of his rut-filled craze. But Edd was gone to an artist convention. He was probably excitedly viewing other animator’s
artworks, clueless to what was happening to Tom right now. Tord’s weight reappeared along with a pair of teeth along the back of his neck. Tom tried to suppress his moan as Tord sank into him, taking him straight to the hilt. He stopped just at his knot. Tord bit down hard on Tom’s shoulder and with a jerk of his hips, slammed his knot into Tom. Tom let out a high pitched squeal, and Tord reveled in how Tom’s legs started to shake, the drool that was dripping out of his mouth around the gag, and the heaving of his chest. He held still for a second, enjoying how Tom squeezed around him.

The smell of pineapple only became heavier, and Tord drank the scent in. He slowly pulled all the way out, loving how it only caused Tom’s legs to shake more. He gave a few experimental thrusts, one of which caused Tom to bang his head on the backboard. At least Tord had the decency to wrap his arms around Tom’s waist to stop him from smacking his head as he started plowing into the omega. Tom was moaning and groaning around his gag, his struggling forgotten as he tried to keep up with Tord. Tord’s roughness was utterly different from Edd. Edd was gentle, working him into it with cuddles, foreplay and stretching. Usually, he sucked Tom off first as well. But Tord just rammed into Tom, regardless if it was pleasurable for Tom or not. The initial sting from the sudden stretch was starting to fade, but Tom was left feeling like nothing more than a fancy cock sleeve.

Tord paused for a second, reaching down and unlock the bar and throwing it off to the side of the bed. Tom couldn’t do much from the hips down anyways. The rocks of Tord’s thrusts were too fast and his legs for shaking too much for him to be able to get them underneath him. Tord was basically holding Tom up by the hips anyways as his legs had given out on him.

Tom sucked in a breath of air from his nose. The fact that it was hard to breathe around the gag only made him feel like he was suffocating under Tord. His hands were clutching the bedpost so hard they were white. Tord was leaving a trail of hickeys along his shoulders and neck. Tom jolted as he felt Tord’s knot catch. He tried to wiggle away from Tord, but he only tightened his grip around him and pulled him closer. Tom braced himself as he knew that Tord had let his knot grow inconsiderably big before he decided to push it in. Tord leaned into Tom, straining as Tom let out a pained yelp. Tord ignored him and gave his hips a couple more thrusts as he tried to force his knot in. Tom was letting out a distressed whining noise, so Tord pushed his head down into the bed to muffle him further.

It was slow, but he was getting it in. Tom’s whole body started to shake as Tord pushed it to the broadest part of his knot. It sounded as if Tom was begging, but he wasn’t a 100% sure. Tord licked his lips at the thought. Tom, the feisty, arrogant, stubborn-head omega was begging at him, the alpha he was sure Tom hated the most.

“What a good little omega you are,” Tord purred, pausing as he rubbed his hand along Tom’s sides, “God, I wish I had done this to you sooner.”

Tom was silent underneath him; the only noise in the room was their heavy breathing. Tord gave his hips small thrust, revealing in the power trip he was experiencing from Tom’s powerlessness. He untied the gag, wanting to hear Tom beg.

“Tord, tord,” Tom panted, sobbing as he tried to catch his breath, “Please, Tord. I can’t. I can’t.”

Tom only sank down into the bed as Tord sucked another hickey on his back.

“Oh, I know you can.” Tord gave Tom’s stomach a small pat.

Tord waited for a moment as if he was thinking about it. He could feel Tom relaxing under him, assuming that Tord would grant him mercy. But Tord hadn’t set a safe word for a reason. Tord rammed his hips forward, causing Tom to slam into the bed frame with a scream as the knot slipped in.

“There,” Tord puffed, “Not that hard, am I right?”

Tom was gasping, simultaneously trying to move and not move at the same time. He wanted to get off of Tord, but every movement only caused the pain to increase. Tord stroked underneath Tom’s chin, giving him the second to adjust. Then he was off again, each thrust of his hips only pushing the knot deeper and deeper into Tom. He reached down and pulled the cock ring off Tom and with a couple of thrust against his prostate, Tom was gasping and shaking underneath him as his orgasm overtook him. Tom’s clenching around him only spurred him on, and with a couple more thrusts, he was coming. Tom jolted as he felt Tord’s claiming teeth clamp down on his neck. They paused for a second, catching their breath as Tord’s knot kept them tied together. Then Tord was pulling out, ruffling Tom’s hair almost affectionately, gathering his pants, and sauntering out of his room with his leg bar and gag in tow.

Tom lay there gasping for a while. Slowly he gathered his legs underneath him, wincing at the pain. He leaned up and used his teeth to untie the knot holding his hands. Once they were free, Tom rubbed the raw skin around his wrists and crawled over to the door. He turned the lock, making sure that Tord couldn’t get back in. With that done, he pressed his back against the door, pulling his knees up to his chest and burying his head in his arms. He sobbed into his arms, trying to get the feeling of Tord’s ghosting hands off his body. He moved into the shower, staring at the myriad of hicckeys along his shoulders and neck in the mirror along with the new claiming mark that covered Edd’s. He stepped into the shower, turning the heat of the water up while he vigorously scrubbed his body down. After the shower, he slipped on another pair of clothes and turned to his bed.

He pulled all the sheets and covers off his bed unable to stand the smell of Tord on them. Tom flopped onto the bed, his body starting to shake again from pure exhaustion. He tried to remind himself what Edd had always told him.

“I’m more than just a cock sleeve,” Tom told himself listening to how defeated his voice sounded, “I am more important than a quick fuck.”

Even though he told himself that, the new claiming mark along the pain in the ass and the numerous hicckeys he now bore seemed to say to him otherwise. Here he was again, left alone in a bed after being used as an easy one night stand. Maybe even a two night stand if they thought he was a good enough lay. Either way, they never stayed around any longer than they need to fuck him.

He reached under the bed pulling a box out from underneath. He opened it up and pulled out a bottle of Smirnoff from his emergency supply. He uncapped it, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of the alcohol. When he had drunk 1/3 of the bottle, he paused letting out a burp. He took one more sip before setting the bottle down on the bedside table. The hangover he would experience tomorrow morning would be killer, but he was willing to sacrifice that for the alcohol to blur his thoughts into oblivion. He stared up at the ceiling in the dark, his arms wrapped around his chest. What was he going to say to Edd tomorrow?

He didn’t want to think about it. His arms started to sag, the weight of his limbs becoming apparent. A haze wrapped around his mind and he succumbed to the relaxed feeling of intoxication. His head lolled to the side, and he looked blearily at his clock. He blinked rapidly, trying to get the
red letters to clear into something readable. He eventually gave up, lifting the bottle to his mouth and taking several gulps. He waited a couple seconds before the warm feeling of alcohol burned in his stomach. He smiled at the familiar feeling.

“Fuuuck Tooord,” Tom slurred, raising his fist into the sky for no reason.

His arm fell to the side like a rock and bounced once on the bed.

“Ugh,” Tom groaned, slinging an arm over his eyes.

The room was starting to feel like it was moving even though his vision was saying otherwise. Tom yawned, letting the alcohol and the shock of what had just happened overwhelm him. He let his eyes closed, falling comfortably into the ‘this all has to be a dream’ feeling.
Early Morning Regrets

Chapter Summary

The chapter in which Tom and Tord both wake up and have their retrospective freak outs.

Chapter Notes

On we go with the story! I'm not sure that I'm going to keep posting a chapter everyday but since it's already done, why not?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Tord woke up, he knew he was in big trouble. Not only had he fucked his best friend’s mate, but also his head alpha’s. He tried to remember last night, but since he was in the peak of his rut, the only thing he had focused on was the feeling around his cock. Everything else was a lust-filled blur. What he did remember was sinking his claiming fangs into Tom’s neck. Tord leaped out of bed, pulling a pair of pants over his boxers. While he was pulling on his pants, it came to Tord’s mind that Tom might have not been the most willing partner either. I mean, the two were practically at each other’s throats every second of the day.

What if he had done something terrible to Tom? What if he had gotten too rough the small omega? Tom was small even by omega standards, and Tord was known for being rougher than most. What if Edd kicked him out of the pack for what he had done to Tom!? Tord froze his grey eyes widening with worry. If Edd kicked him out, Matt would probably stay with him. He and Matt had been friends since kindergarten and Matt was the first to join Edd’s pack. The two were practically inseparable. And if he had hurt Tom, he made his chances of leaving with Matt even smaller. Edd might not even let Matt go with him.

Tord was pacing around the room, wondering what he could do to get out of this mess.

First, he needed to make sure Tom is okay. If he didn’t hurt him, then he could probably explain to Edd that it was an accident. Edd was super understanding. That’s why he was such a good head alpha.

Tord ran out of the room, almost bumping into Edd who was standing outside of Tom’s room.

When Tom woke up, he was wrapped in a blanket. A familiar green sheet that was the favorite of his alpha. He drew in his lingering scent on the blanket. Edd must have placed it on him when he came home last night. He lay like that for a second, blinking rapidly as he tried to wake up. He moved to sit up, but the pain in his ass reminded him of last night. Tom’s mood suddenly plummeted. He opted to instead stay wrapped in the blanket that smelled like Edd. Soon, there was a knock on his door before it was opened. Edd entered the room with a warm smile on his face.
“How was the convention?” Tom asked, not surprised to hear that he was hoarse.

“Good, are you sick?” Edd asked, looking worried.

“Ya,” Tom answered despondently, “I’m…sick.”

“I’ll go make you some breakfast,” Edd offered, giving Tom a kiss on the cheek before heading towards the door.

“How did you get into my room?” Tom asked, “Wasn’t the door locked?”

“It wasn’t locked when I came in,” Edd shrugged, “You must not have locked it all the way.”

“Oh.”

Tom couldn’t imagine if Tord came into his room again last night. He shuttered and drew the blanket closer around himself. Edd left the door half open, and Tom watched as his shadow under the door paused.

“How’s Tom?” Tom heard the unmistakable voice of Tord.

“He’s feeling a little sick today,” Edd hummed, “I think I’m going to make him some soup for breakfast.”

“Oh, that’s not good,” Tord remarked, “I’ll go check on him and see if he needs anything.”

Tom’s heart jumped to his throat, and he silently begged Edd to send Tord off.

“That’s so… unusually kind of you, Tord.” Tom could almost hear his smile, “It’s good to see you to getting along for once. He didn’t say he needed anything but you’re more than welcome to go make sure he’s okay.”

Tom’s stomach sank and burrowed under the covers. He heard the door slowly open and close. Tord’s heavy methodical footsteps were dreadfully loud in the silence as he approached the bed.

“Tom?” Tord called softly.

Tom was frozen underneath the blanket, trying to breathe quietly and seem as if he had fallen back asleep. He hoped maybe Tord would leave him alone. When a hand was laid on his back, Tom leaped away with a hiss.

“Leave me alone!” Tom growled, glaring at Tord from the other side of the bed.

“Tom, I’m-“

“I said leave!” Tom snarled.

Tord climbed onto the bed, moving closer to Tom. Tom inched to the very edge of the bed, leaning as far away from Tord as he could get.

“Tom, I’m sorry.”

“It doesn’t fix anything. It doesn’t make anything better! I want you to leave me alone.” Tom spat.

“I was in a rut. I wasn’t thinking straight. I didn’t mean to do that to you. I just- I’m sorry.” Tord face was filled with concern.
There was a moment of tense silence between the two.

“Can we just not tell Edd or Matt? Keep this between ourselves?” Tord asked quietly.

There was the kicker. The whole reason that Tord was in his room. He really didn’t care for him at all. He was just trying to get away with what he had done to Tom.

“What?!” Tom practically shrieked only to be shushed by Tord, “Don’t shush me! Why wouldn’t I tell Edd!? He would probably kick your ass, and you would deserve it! I hope Matt dumps you as well! God forbid you ever do something like that to him!”

“Come on, Tom. I know we aren’t on the best of terms, but I would never do something like that to you-“

“But you did!” Tom cried, “You did! You used me like I was nothing more than a dirty whore! Then left me there was you went off to do whatever you wanted with the rest of the night! You-you used me!”

Tom didn’t have time to scream when Tord pounced on him. He froze in terror, Tord’s heavy weight above him all too similar to last night.

Tord had definitely hurt Tom. There was no denying it by the way the omega was acting around him. Fearfully aggressive would be what Tord would called it.

Okay. So the situation just got a lot more difficult than just explain to Edd that it was a mistake. Tord knew that Edd was very protective of his omega. And with the way Tom was acting, Tord might as well have cut off one of his legs. Maybe all wasn’t lost. If he could convince Tom that it was an accident, if he could make it all okay between them, perhaps it wouldn’t be so bad. He could explain to Edd that he had gotten a little rough with Tom, Tom wouldn’t act like Tord had shanked him in the back, and they could still fix things up between the three of them.

But it soon became apparent that Tom wasn’t going to be doing Tord any favors any time soon. Tom was practically screaming on the top of his lungs, and Tord was worried that Edd was going to burst in and find Tom cowering on the edge of the bed with Tord looming over him. Then it was going to be an even bigger mess than if he hadn’t talked to Tom at all. Tord was starting to panic as the options got smaller and smaller. What else could he do? At this point, he felt trapped in the grave he had dung. He hadn’t meant to dig it, but still, here he was.

He could get Tom not to tell Edd at all. If he could do that, then the whole problem would be swept under the mat. Tom wouldn’t be dropping this any time soon, so there was only one way to make him drop the subject. He had to make the omega not want to tell Edd. Tord hated to do this, but he wasn’t going to risk losing Matt. He loved his omega too much for there to even be a possibility that he would lose him. He was willing to do anything for the omega, and if it meant scaring Tom a little, so be it. In the end, it wasn’t really his fault anyway. Tom had forced him to go to dire means with his unwillingness to cooperate. He’d call it even as say it was the both of their faults.

Chapter End Notes
Leave me a comment! Any idea you have, what you think about the chapter, or even just say hi. I love hearing back from my readers!
“Don’t say anything,” Tord growled in his alpha voice.

Tom shuttered, his omega instincts causing him to still at the sound.

“You wouldn’t want poor Edd’s heart to be broken knowing you’ve slept around with other alphas. I thought you promised that you would be his forever. He’d hate you after he figured out you were a whore of an omega. I don’t even worry about Matt leaving me because he loves me. I don’t have anything to lose if you end up telling Edd.” Tord growled in his ear.

Tord let him up, swiftly leaving the room. Tom laid there for a second, scared out of his mind by the sudden change in Tord’s behavior.

“Oh, Tord,” Tom could hear Edd’s voice from outside the door, “I’ve got the soup. Did Tom need anything else?”

“Nah,” Tord’s voice was perfectly nonchalant. Not like he had been threatening Tom a second ago. “But he did say he wanted to tell you something.”

Tom’s brain froze for a second. He should tell Edd. He should tell Edd. Edd loved him. Even if he was bearing the mark of another alpha right now. But Tord was so confident that he was setting him up to tell him. What if what Tord said happened to be right? What if Edd did end up leaving him? If he just didn’t say anything, he wouldn’t risk that possibility at all. As Edd walked into the door carrying a hot bowl of soup, Tom made up his mind to remain silent.

“You wanted to ask me something?” Edd asked.

“Uh…um…” Tom stuttered for a second as he tried to come up with an excuse.

“You can tell me anything you know,” Edd smiled assuringly to him.

“Can you lay with me for a second?” Tom asked.

“Of course! The soup’s a little too hot to eat right now anyway.” Edd beamed, setting the soup down on the bedside table.

Tom moved over as Edd got into the bed with him. He curled up around Tom, his hips fitting perfectly around Tom’s. Tom snuggled into Edd as an arm was draped over him and wrapped around his chest. Edd pulled Tom closer, and Tom couldn’t help but freeze for a second. It had felt too similar to how Tord had pulled him closer. But Edd was softly petting his hair, and Tom let out a contented sigh, his whole body relaxing.

“I missed you,” Tom sighed.

“I was only gone for one day. Matt was gone for nearly a week.” Edd hummed, and Tom could feel the vibrations of his vocal cords in his chest.

“It was one day too many,” Tom tried to fight back the memories from last night, “It felt like forever.”

“Well, I’m back now, so you don’t have to worry,” Edd rested his chin on Tom’s head.

The two sat together in a comfortable silence. Tom enjoyed the gentle hold Edd had wrapped him
in, how he didn’t question the lingering smell of Tord on him, and how he massaged the tenderness out of his back and shoulders. Too soon though, Edd was sitting up leaving the cold air to attack Tom’s back.

“It’s cool now. You should eat it. I will make you feel better.”

Edd handed him the bowl.

“Where are you going?” Tom asked, watching as Edd moved for the door.

“To make breakfast,” Edd laughed, “Everyone else hasn’t eaten in the house yet, silly.”

With that Edd left the room. Tom sighed and set the bowl back down on the bedside table. He headed to his bathroom, staring at his reflection in the mirror. Tord’s hickeys contrasted greatly in color from the ones that Edd had lightly pressed into his skin from their last night together. Edd’s was a barely noticeable brown while Tord’s was a deep black and blue. Tom tried to situate his hoodie so that they were hidden. Unfortunately, when one was covered, another one was showing. Edd would notice them once he saw them in the light. Tom tucked his hoodie over his head and snuck out into the hallway. He looked around before heading into Matt’s room and grabbing the concealer that sat on the table. He retreated back into his bathroom, pulling off his hoodie then shirt so he could get a good look at the marks. One by one, he covered up the black and blue bruises along his shoulders. Matt’s skin tone was a little lighter than Tom’s, but it would have to do. Once done, he slid his shirt and hoodie back on. As long as he kept the claiming mark out of sight, there was little to no evidence of his romp with Tord.

Tom stared at the bowl of soup Edd had brought him. It was a kind gesture, but Tom wasn’t feeling hungry at all. He picked up the bowl and dumped it into the toilet. With one flush, its contents had disappeared down the drain. Tom finished the rest of his Smirnoff off before taking both the bowl and the empty bottle out to the kitchen. He set them down in the sink ignoring how Matt was pressed up against Tord’s chest, practically purring his lungs out as Tord ran his fingers lovingly through his hair. It made Tom feel sick. He left the two alone, walking out of the house and heading to the local bar.

Tom slid into the seat, looking up at Eduardo. They both knew each other reasonably well, not only because they were neighbors, but since Tom visited the bar often. At first, it had been tense between the two. But slowly, over small conversations and between orders of drinks, they had warmed up to each other.

“Hey, if it isn’t Tom. What will it be tonight?” Eduardo asked.

“Whatever’s strongest,” Tom sighed.

“Rough night?” Eduardo asked looking through the rows of drinks behind him. He found what he wanted and pulled it from the group.

“Ya. How’s the pack?” Tom asked wanting to switch the conversation from him.

“They’re good. Jon and Mark are out though. I was half awake when they explain where they were going tonight.”

Eduardo slid a shot to him, and Tom downed it in a gulp.

“Let me guess,” Eduardo sighed taking the cup, “Another?”
“You know me too well,” Tom smiled.

Eduardo only sighed and poured him another cup.

“You going to tell me what’s bothering you? Or are you going to keep drowning yourself in liquor?” Eduardo asked.

“Keep drowning myself in- hic -liquor,” Tom moaned.

The warmth in his stomach started up, and Tom sighed. He was going to get hammered tonight. Eduardo would call Edd. Edd would have to bring him home. He would scold him. Maybe even ask what was wrong. And Tom wouldn’t be able to tell either.

A couple of alphas took a seat next to him, one ordering a couple drinks for him and his buddies.

“I’ll have to get a new bottle from the back,” Eduardo said, “Give me a second.”

Tom watched him disappear while finishing the last of his shot.

“Hey sweetie,” The alpha next to him cooed.

Usually, Tom would have snarled for them to buzz off, but Tord had taken him down a peg. Right now he just wanted to be left alone. He didn’t want to be reminded how the alphas could easily overpower him. How he currently felt as worthless as a used tissue. So he ignored them, hoping they would get the message. They didn’t. The alpha wrapped an arm around his waist, and Tom tried to lean out of it.

“Uh, I’m taken,” Tom told them.

“Ya, by us.” The alpha snickered.

Tom tried to push the alpha’s arm from around him, but he grabbed onto Tom’s shirt. Tom was starting the panic. His chest was getting tighter and tighter as his attempts to remove the appendage got more and more frantic.

“Hey, no means no. Don’t make me kick you out.”

Tom breathed a sigh of relief. Eduardo had returned with an unopened bottle of gin to find the alphas getting all handsy with Tom. The alpha begrudgingly removed his arm, made a remark about how this place was dumb and moved to leave with his buddies in tow.

“Thanks,” Tom breathed.

“Usually you’re pretty feisty. I was surprised they even managed to get an arm around you.” Eduardo remarked, placing the bottle along the rows of others.

“I’m just feeling under the weather today,” Tom lied.

“I’d sure say so.” Eduardo agreed.

“I’ve got to head home. At least if I don’t want Edd to drag me home.” Tom mentioned, wanting to leave and just go home.

“Wow, leaving relatively sober. What have you done to the real Tom?” Eduardo laughed.

“Haha, very funny.” Tom shot back even though he was in no mood for joking, “I’ll see you around
Eduardo rolled his eyes at the nickname.

“Ya, I’ll see you, Thomas.”

Tom rolled his eyes back at him, strolling out the door. He briskly walked back to his house, wanting to get there before the alcohol kicked in and left him unable to walk. He had some difficulty getting to key into the lock, but finally, he fit it in and opened the door. He walked across the living room, noticing that Tord was sitting on the couch next to Edd.

“Ahh, I’m surprised to see you home. I was just about ready to go out looking for you,” Edd remarked.

All Tom wanted was to snuggle up next to Edd. Especially after tonight at the bar. But Tord was sitting next to him. Tord shot him a glance before turning back to the TV. Tom let out a sigh, trudging over to Edd and tucking himself under his arm. Edd wrapped his arm around him, ruffling his hair affectionately.

“Aww isn’t he sweet?” Edd cooed.

Tord only gave him another glance to which Tom dropped his gaze from. They sat together like that until the end of the show. Edd watched the end credits scroll across the screen before turning to Tom.

“Wanna go have some fun?” He asked, his eyes half-lidded.

No. Tom thought. His ass was sore. He couldn’t handle being pressed down onto the bed by anyone right now without being sent into a full-on panic attack.

“I’m really tired tonight.” Tom sighed, pulling his legs up to his chest.

He really didn’t want to disappoint Edd. He loved Edd. And Edd loved him enough to share this special moment between them.

“I’m sorry,” Tom murmured.

“Don’t apologize. It’s okay,” Edd told him, pressing a kiss to his temple.

Tom looked up at Edd, who had turned back to the TV. Was the way that he wasn’t meeting his gaze right now because he was disappointed in Tom? Was the fact that his arm was no longer around his waist because Tom had rejected him?

“I’m going to get a glass of cola,” Edd remarked standing up.

“Wait, we can tonight. Don’t leave,” Tom blurted out leaping over the couch after Edd.

Edd tripped over Tom causing him to bang his nose on the ground.

“Tom,” Edd growled in his alpha voice.

Tom shrunk back his eyes going white with fear.

“I’m sorry,” Tom whimpered.

“Oh, no. I’m sorry, Tom.” Edd apologized rubbing his nose, “I didn’t mean the use the voice. I just
need to get a glass of cola and an ice pack. It won’t take that long.”

Edd stood up, continuing his journey to the kitchen.

“Smooth,” Remarked Tord, peering over the couch at Tom.

“Leave me alone,” Tom sighed picking himself up and heading to his room.

Tord’s eyebrows went up in surprise. He was taken off guard by the lack of witty comeback from the omega. His grey eyes followed Tom as he wandered off to his room.

Maybe it was the dejected wilt in Tom’s posture that made Tord feel concerned from him. Or perhaps it was the fact that Tom had practically thrown himself at Edd when he had tried to get a bottle of cola. Tord couldn’t help but wonder if he shouldn’t have threatened Tom that Edd would leave him. He bit his lip, watching as the omega padded off to his room. Matt had gone to sleep a while ago, but Tord was wide awake. He wondered if he should go after Tom but decided that the last thing he would want to see was Tord.

Tom would probably get over it. It was only a couple of days after the incident anyways. The claiming mark would fade and then it would be like it had never happened. He would wait out the storm and then when Tom wasn’t so angry, he would make sure that he knew it was an earnest accident. Tord knew that marking Tom would also make him feel more of a need to protect him. He wasn’t sure how to feel about that. Tord sighed and turned back to the TV.
(The next morning)

Tom was in a shitty mood. Every single thing that he came across only aggravated him more. Tom was inspecting the scar-like mark on his neck the next morning. The claiming mark seemed no less apparent than the day he got it. At least the hickeys were starting to fade. They would be there for a couple more days for the minimum though.

Tom grimaced, starting to feel subconscious. His soulless black eyes stared back at him. Tom frowned, walking away from the mirror. There was only one thing to do while he was feeling this miserable. Of course, it was to go to Eduardo’s bar. It wasn’t like he was planning on doing anything else important today.

“Isn’t it a little too early to be getting hammered at the bar?” Eduardo asked.

“Wow, with rude service like this, you’re lucky I just don’t up and leave,” Tom teased.

“Oh no, whatever will I do.” Eduardo laughed, drying off a newly washed cup, “But Edd said no alcohol before 3 pm.”

“Since when do you listen to Edd?” Tom asked.

“I don’t.” Eduardo answered, sliding him a drink, “But someone has to know that I’m doing it otherwise it’s not as fun.”

Tom took a sip from the cup, leaning back in the bar chair.

“I wasn’t sure if you were going to be here this early.” Tom admitted, “I was afraid you only worked the night shift.”

“I usually am only here during the night but since Mark is taking Jon out on a date, I just wanted to get out of the house,” Eduardo replied.

“Hmm,” Tom hummed, taking another sip.

Eduardo turned back to wiping down the bar. Tom finished off his drink and Eduardo automatically refilled it. Tom couldn’t help but smile at how well his neighbor knew him.

“Sorry, I’ve just got to get a couple things done before I can talk,” Eduardo explained rearranging some things under the bar.

“Ah, it’s no problem at all,” Tom sighed, sucking down the rest of his second glass.

This went on for a bit, Eduardo working the bar while making sure that Tom always had something to drink. Tom was on his fifth drink when Eduardo finally put his rag down with a sigh.

“So you going to tell me why you’re here?” Eduardo asked, leaning onto the counter.

“No,” Tom sniffed, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his hoodie.

“Is something really wrong?” Eduardo asked, legitimately concerned.
Tom bit his lip before letting out a shaky “ya”.

“Is Edd not treating you right?” Eduardo questioned.

Tom didn’t want to play 24 questions anymore. Especially since Eduardo was getting so close.

“Seriously Tom, talk to me.” Eduardo reached forward and set his hand on Tom’s, “I’ll cover your tab for you.”

“Oh Duardy, you know me too well.” Tom sighed.

“Of course, I really care about you—”

Eduardo broke off his sentence as Tom pressed his lips to his. It was a shy kiss that didn’t last very long.

“Wha-?” Eduardo sputtered baffled.

“Sorry,” Tom shook his glass of just ice, “I am just really having a bad time with relationships.”

“Oh?” Eduardo said still confused.

“How about we take it to the back and talk about it?” Tom asked.

“Well, it’s never particularly busy during this time,” Eduardo sighed, “So… I guess.”

Eduardo took Tom by the arm and helped him stumble to the room in the back of the bar. Eduardo similar to Edd, like cola, but he also had a smoky burnt wood smell to go along with it. Pressed up against Eduardo’s chest, Tom couldn’t help but start to feel him up. He really wanted it right now. He just needed someone who would not judge him. A quick fuck where he would be the one to leave instead of the other way around.

“Come on Duardy,” Tom slurred, “I’m having a rough time. I’m sure you could give me a rougher one.”

Tom wondered if this was really what he wanted. Five drinks drunk, his brain was sure this was exactly what he needed. He absolutely loved Eduardo. Too bad if Mark had taken Jon before he could. Jon just couldn’t see what he was missing. But Tom could. And Tom wanted it. What was one more alpha? He was already keeping Tord a secret, so why couldn’t he do so with someone he actually wanted to fuck? His shirt came off and he was straddling Eduardo’s lap. Eduardo took one look at Tom’s shoulders and hummed.

“Somebody chewed on you,” Eduardo remarked, still nervous from the overall situation.

“Fuck him,” Tom grunted angrily.

“Who?” Eduardo asked, his brown eyes littered with concern.

“Who cares?!” Tom laughed wrapping his arms around Eduardo’s neck.

“I care!” Eduardo protested.

“Come on Duardy,” Tom purred, grinding his hips down on the alpha.

Eduardo shifted uncomfortably underneath him, unsure whether to push the omega off him or not.
“Tom, I don’t know…” Eduardo sighed looking away from the omega, “You’re drunk.”

“Fuck, I’m drunk every day. What does it matter? I loooove you, Duardy,” Tom pressed his chest against Eduardo’s.

Eduardo bit his lip. He had been waiting for Jon for years. And now Tom was practically throwing himself at his feet. He closed his eyes. He could actually imagine living the rest of his life with an omega like Tom by his side. The idea almost brought a smile to face. Eduardo sighed, resting his arms over Tom’s shoulders. He smelled sweet, like a pineapple margarita. Tom purred at the touch, leaning into Eduardo’s weight.

If Eduardo was drunk as well, he would have fucked the omega without a second thought. He would’ve claimed him, took him home and snuggled him awake. But as much as Eduardo disliked Edd, Eduardo couldn’t do this to his neighbor. He knew how much it hurt to lose the love of your life to someone else. Tom was drunk, he was someone else’s, and Eduardo didn’t have the heart to break Edd’s. He pushed the omega off his lap, Tom looking up at him with a surprised face.

“Let me get you a glass of water,” Eduardo sighed, walking back to the front.

When he came back, Tom was still in the same spot with a spaced-out look on his face. He gave Tom the cup and made sure he drank it, before slipping his shirt and hoodie back over his head. He refilled the cup with water and handed it back to Tom.

“Ugh, I’m not thirsty. I don’t want anymore,” Tom groaned, staggering to his feet.

“I know. Drink it for me please?” Eduardo asked.

“Fine,” Tom gave the glass an indignant sniff before chugging it down.

He handed the cup back to Eduardo, almost dropping it. Luckily, Eduardo caught it, letting out a relieved sigh.

“You still never told me what was wrong,” Eduardo hummed, pulling Tom back out front so that he could watch the bar and take care of Tom at the same time.

Tom slid into a bar seat, slumping over so his chin was resting on the table. Tom didn’t answer his question, opting to look the other way. Eduardo let out an annoyed sigh, accepting that he couldn’t make Tom talk if he didn’t want to. The omega could be so damn stubborn sometimes.

“Fine, you don’t have to tell me,” Eduardo said, “But at least go talk to Edd. He’s an ass, but he seems like a good alpha.”

Tom avoided his glance not wanting to talk anymore. The fuzz in his head was slowly clearing and he was desperately trying to hang on it. It made his problems less of a sharp pain and more of an incessant dull throb. The knowledge that he would have a shit ton of regrets waiting for him when he sobered up only made him want to drink more. He couldn’t stay drunk forever, but he was damn well going to make it last as long as it could.

“Tom, don’t ignore me,” Eduardo growled and Tom looked up at him.

“Sorry,” Tom mumbled, knowing that his friend had to deal with a drunk him…again.

“Let me call Edd. He should probably come to pick you up.” Eduardo remarked, digging into his back pocket for his phone.
“Don’t,” Tom sighed. The last thing he wanted was to see Edd when he literally just tried to fuck someone else.

“I’ll drink a couple more glasses of water and then I should be sober enough to be on my way.” Tom decided.

“You sure?” Eduardo worried.

“Very. Come on Duardy, I’m a professional drunk. I know what I’m doing.”

“I’m not so sure that’s a good thing but okay,” Eduardo chuckled a smile crossing his face before it got serious again.

“Hey, Duardy?” Tom called.

“What?” Eduardo asked, filling a big cup with water.

“Thanks. And I’m really sorry about all this. I know it doesn’t make up for my behavior but I really mean it.” Tom apologized, “I’m sorry I put you in this situation.”

“Don’t sweat it.” Eduardo handed him the glass and patted the omega’s head affectionately.

Tom’s plan to walk home never happened. The omega had passed out at the bar, still clutching his half-filled glass of water, and drooling slightly on Eduardo’s just cleaned counter. Eduardo let out a sigh of annoyance, pinching the bridge of his nose. He pulled his phone out and sent a text to Edd.

Eduardo:
You’re fucking omega’s drooling all over my bar. Come get him.

Numero Dos:
I’m in the middle of a live stream. I’ll send Tord over.

Eduardo tucked his phone back into his pocket and waited for the bell on the door to ring. In 10 minutes, another alpha was walking in. Tord, he presumed. He gave the two light brown horns shaped out of hair an odd look. How did his hair defy gravity like that? On second thought, how did Tom’s? He would never know.

“Ugh, sorry about him,” Tord sighed, scooping the omega up in his arms.

“I’m used to it,” Eduardo shrugged, “He’s having a rough time. Make sure he’s okay for me, okay?”

Tord gave him a curt nod and slung Tom over his shoulder. The omega woke up for a second,
Tord had been sent by Edd to pick up Tom. He had expected to have to fight with him all the way home, but since the omega was out cold, his job had been made 90% easier. He could feel Tom’s warm breath along the back of his neck, tickling the hairs that rested there. He shifted his grip on Tom who felt more like a potato sack more than anything. With Tom leaning on him, Tord couldn’t help but feeling the rising feeling to protect him. It filled his chest, making him puff it out. Tord shook his head. Tom was not his mate. He didn’t even like Tom. They hated each other. He hated Tom.

Tord’s pace quickened as he hurried back home. When he got to the door, he shifted Tom so that he could reach into his pocket and pull out the keys. He unlocked the door and made his way to Tom’s room. He laid the omega down on his bed, pulling the covers over him and turning off the lights. With some space from the omega, he felt less attached to him. Good, he didn’t need to get any more wise ideas.

Tord found Matt sitting next to Edd on the couch. He sighed, heading over there. From how nervous he was being around Edd, he was surprised Edd hadn’t made him tell what was making him jump so much. He guessed the lie that he had watched a horror movie had gone over Edd’s head unnoticed. He pulled Matt into his lap, purring softly. Matt settled into the curve of his chest, giving him a peck on the cheek. Tord felt a warm fuzzy feeling bloom in his chest. God, he loved Matt.
Opportunity Cost

Chapter Summary

Time to make Tom's life a little harder.

Chapter Notes

I know this is a short chapter but I feel like something is better than nothing.

Tom woke up at 2 am. He yawned, realizing he was in his bed. Wasn’t he just waking up for the morning? Ya, he had headed down to the bar. Tom paused for a second. His memory was a foggy mess, little clips flickering in his mind. He tried to piece them together. He went down to the bar, probably had too many drinks in too little time, and…

Tom gave his shirt of sniff noticing he smelled strongly of Eduardo. Tom leaped off the bed and ran to the mirror. He pulled down the collar of his shirt checking to see if he had gotten a new claiming mark. No, he still had Tord’s. He let out a sigh of relief. Tord’s was better than Eduardo’s. Edd would skin Tom alive if he cheated on him with Eduardo of all people.

A memory of him straddling Eduardo’s legs popped into his mind and Tom cursed aloud. He had probably ended up fucking Eduardo. God fucking damn it. Tom trudged back to bed, burying himself in his covers. He was an absolute piece of shit. Edd didn’t deserve a lying, cheating omega like him. Tom was a rock that Edd thought was a geode. But when he cracked it open, Edd would find that Tom was just a rock. There was nothing special or beautiful about him.

Why the fuck did he drink so much? What the fuck had he even been thinking? Tom groaned, regret weighing heavy in his chest. He just wanted his brain to leave him alone. He wished that he could have slept at least a little longer. He would spend the rest of this night wallowing in his regret and mistakes. When morning would dawn, Edd would come in and seeing him would only make Tom feel even guiltier. Tom jumped into the shower making sure to scrub himself down and put on a new pair of clothing. Then he grabbed his teddy bear and moved into the living room, turning on the TV in hopes that it would distract him. Although his eyes remained on the screen, his brain was so crowded with his own thoughts that he couldn’t really focus on the show that was playing. His thoughts scratched at his brain making sure they were the only thing he could pay attention to.

Tom opted to watch the time tick slowly by instead. As the seconds moved by and the numbers changed one by one, Tom found that it was 3 am. Great, one hour down, three more to go. At least until the first person woke up. Tom wanted to head to the kitchen to get a glass of water but his body felt too heavy. He was too tired to even sit up. Tom chucked a pillow off the couch in frustration. He pulled Tomme to his face, taking a deep breath into the worn brown fabric. It didn’t really smell like much, maybe a little like Smirnoff. He must have accidentally dripped some onto him when he was drunk. He made a mental note to put him in the wash later. He hugged the bear to his chest, reminiscing in his childhood. Ahh, the good times. Well, until his father was shot by a
bear. Tom looked up at the ceiling, thoughts racing so quickly in his mind that it almost felt as if it was blank.

Tom huffed as someone poked him in the cheek. He rolled over, knocking Tomme off the couch. He groaned as someone gathered him in his arms, sliding him into their lap. Couldn’t they just let him sleep a little more?

“Tom,” Edd whispered into his ear, giving him a kiss on the temple.

“Urgh,” Tom moaned, swatting blindly into the air, “Lemme sleeeep.”

There was a chuckle and he was hugged. Tom blinked his eyes open, accepting that there was going to be no more sleep right now. He sleepily wrapped his arms around Edd and laid his head on his alpha’s shoulder. His hair was ruffled and he let out a yawn. He rubbed his eyes, shifting to look up at Edd.

“I love you,” Tom smiled.

Edd smiled back at him, leaning over to hiss him. Tom blinked and he was staring at the face of Tord. He immediately pushed away from him, trying to get away from the puckered lips. Tord pressed them to his cheek and…

Tom jolted himself awake, panting. He immediately looked around his eyes landing on the clock. It was 5 am. Tom let out a sigh and laid back down. He put his hand on his forehead, taking a moment to calm down. He closed his eyes, groaning. When he opened them, he was staring at the ceiling he had fallen asleep to. He scooped Tomme off the floor and stood up. He needed a drink. Just a little something to chill the nerves. Tom opened the cabinet door and pulled out a bottle. He returned to the couch, turning on the TV to fill the silence. He uncorked the bottle, taking a swig and watching the cartoon.

He had watched through two full episodes of Doctor Why when he heard the door open. Tom put down the bottle he was sucking on and stood up. He wobbled a bit, leaning on the couch to stable himself. It was Edd, who usually woke up at 6 am. It seemed he had gotten up at 6:30, a little later than usual. Tom sat down on the armrest, not quite wanting to reveal how drunk he was by his stumbling.

“Oh, Tom,” Edd looked shocked, “You’re up.”

“Well, I did sleep most of the day,” Tom spoke slowly making sure to enunciate his words.

“Hmm, I guess you did.” Edd walked over to the couch, taking a seat next to him. Actually on the couch unlike Tom was still perched on the armrest.

“You smell like alcohol,” Edd noted, looking at Tom.

Tom let himself slide into Edd’s lap.

“I did have a lot last night. I didn’t get to brush my teeth.” Tom shrugged.

“Tom, I can see the bottle right there.” Edd frowned.

“Well shit. The gig is up,” Tom sighed.
“Are you going to tell me what’s going on? You’ve been really distant lately,” Edd looked Tom straight in the eye.

Tom looked down, not that Edd could see that with his black eyes. But he had a feeling that Edd knew he wasn’t looking him in the eyes. Tom was too tired to talk. He leaned back into Edd’s chest with a sigh. His guilt was starting to get significantly heavy in his chest. He had almost forgotten about it. He couldn't even say it was all Tord's fault. Cause now he had just gone to the bar and probably fucked another alpha. He seemed to be the champion for continually digging himself a deeper hole. But this could be the chance to reach for the edge. Knowing him, he'd stick his hand in some poison ivy while doing so. Edd was staring at him, waiting patiently for Tom to figure out a response. Tom took a deep breath in.
Chapter Notes

I know this chapter is super short, but I just wanted to get something out there.

Tom took a deep breath in. Maybe it wasn’t too late to try to defer this situation into a casual conversation. He was way too drunk to talk about his feelings. He knew he had loose lips when he was drunk; he should stay away from conversations that were going to focus on him.

"Wait, is that...?" Edd was reaching for his collar.

Tom pulled it up to his chin, his brain racing to try to figure out what the hell he was going to tell Edd now. Edd stood up, rolling Tom off his lap. Tom yelped as he flopped gracelessly to the floor.

"Err, Edd," Tom sputtered, trailing off as he hadn’t figured out what else to say.

"I can't believe you," Edd's voice was deceitfully calm.

It was actually quite scary to see someone so mad and so calm at the same time.

"It was an accident! I didn't-' Tom blurted out.

They both paused, their heads turning to watch as Tord stumbled sleepily into the living room.

"Wha-?" Tord commented, rubbing his eyes.

"Tom's cheating on me!" Edd barked, "That's 'whaaa?'.."

"Oh shit," Tord snapped awake, "Oh, that, um sucks."

Edd's eyes narrowed as his eyes raked Tord over. Tom knew he was a goner, Tord was doing an absolute shit job of not looking guilty. Edd turned back to Tom, his eyes burning with anger and grief.

"You slept with Tord?" Edd looked like he was about to cry.

"I didn't want to!" Tom sobbed.

"But you did," Edd pinched the bridge of his nose.

Tord opened his mouth as if he was going to say something.

"Don't." Edd growled, "You get the hell out of my sight and you... we're done."

"What?!!" Tom yelled as he followed Edd down to his room, "Edd don't! Please!"

He stopped just short of getting his nose smashed when Edd slammed his door shut. Part of him wanted to bang on the door until Edd came out but that would probably make Edd even madder at him.
"I'm sorry," Tom said, sitting so that his back was to the door, "I should have told you. I should have said something. I should of-.

Tom wrapped his arms around his chest. He could feel the upcoming panic attack.
"Hey."

Tord crouched down in front of Tom. Tom put on a face that he thought conveyed 'I hate you' and scooted away from him.

"Leave me the fuck alone," Tom growled.

"I just thought, since this is kinda my fault..." Tord trailed off, running a hand through his hair.

"You can't fix this. You can only make this worse. Leave me alone!" Tom shoved Tord away and stormed off to his room.

Tom could feel Tord's gaze on him as he walked away. He grabbed his wallet from his room and left the house, storming off to Eduardo's bar. When he got there, he shoved the door open, the bell jingling frantically. Eduardo looked up in surprise, immediately noting the pissed look on his face.

"The strongest thing you have here," Tom ordered, sliding into a chair.

"Woah, it's only 10 am," Eduardo remarked, looking at the clock behind him.

"Nobody asked for your opinion," Tom snapped.

Eduardo looked insulted but still started whisking up a drink. Tom leaned against the bar, his thoughts fuming. How dare Tord try to act like it was all okay! Like he was going to help him! The fucker hadn't done anything but make his relationship more complicated. When he got back, he was going to tell Edd! If he was going down, then he might as well take Tord with him. Eduardo slipped him his drink and Tom downed it in one long gulp.

"'nother," Tom huffed.

Eduardo sighed and rolled his eyes but didn't interject. Tom raised an eyebrow when he was given a glass of water.

"What's this?" Tom grunted.

"You're already going to be hammered with how much alcohol you just dumped into your system. You probably didn't even eat breakfast, so that makes it even worse. Just drink it." Eduardo explained.

"No," Tom pushed it away stubbornly, "If you're not going to give me what I want, then it's best if I just go to another bar."

"Maybe it is best you do. But I'm not going to let you do this to yourself." Eduardo said, "I'm not going to be the one feeding you all this alcohol. I won't watch you do this to yourself. Do you remember what happened last time?"

"Actually no," Tom grumped, "It's mostly blurred pictures. We ahh... we 'you know'."

"Wait, no. No, we didn't. Why would you think that I would take advantage of you while you were like that?" Eduardo crossed his arms over his chest.

"Well, it's too late. Edd dumped me." Tom huffed, tossing some money on the table and getting
Eduardo rushed out from the behind the bar, catching Tom by the cuff of his sleeve.

"Wait, what?"

"Leave me alone!" Tom barked, shaking Eduardo off him.

He needed space. He needed a place where people weren't always trying to pry into his life. Tom left the bar and headed to the park across the street. It was pouring rain but he didn't care. It felt like nothing compared to the thoughts rushing in his head. He wasn't a good boyfriend. Heck, he wasn't even a good friend. He was unresponsive, irresponsible, unlovable. He just couldn't do this with Edd anymore. He couldn't do this with anyone. What was he even thinking getting into a relationship? He just had to let Edd go. This was like life now. He just had to accept it. The sooner he did, the easier it would be.

Tom sat down on the park bench, hunched over, letting the rain roll down his face and drip off his nose. He was done with all relationships. He wasn't any good at them. Why did he ever think he should be in one? He was trash. He could only push Edd away when all he wanted to do was help him. He deserved everything that happened to him. It was all his fault. All of this was his fault.

**Eduardo's POV**

Eduardo didn't want to leave the bar unattended but this was kind of an emergency. It was more than obvious that Tom needed him to be there for him. He needed to be there for him. Eduardo flipped the bar sign to closed and grabbed the umbrella. He checked the weather and noticed it was going to rain so he had brought it. He stepped outside pushing the umbrella open and holding it over his head. He started to wonder where Tom could have gone when he spotted him sitting on the park bench across the street.

His hair had flopped down into a soggy mess around his shoulders making him look even sadder. Eduardo took a seat next to him holding the umbrella over the both of their heads. Tom didn't respond to his presence; just kept his eyes glued to the floor. Eduardo didn't know what to say. What could he say? It didn't even seem like Tom would listen anyway so Eduardo didn't say anything. They sat there for a good 30 minutes, listening to patter of the rain on the umbrella and watching it fall around their feet.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Eduardo finally said.

"No." Tom's voice was quiet.

Eduardo sighed and leaned back into the bench.

"How about I take you back to my place then?" Eduardo offered, "Get a little time away from home?"

Tom looked over at him for the first time since he had sat there.

"I'd like that."
As Eduardo predicted, Tom was hammered. He was lounging on Eduardo's couch, a glass of water precariously placed in his hand. His wrist rolled any which way causing the cup to be lurch in any direction as he moved his hand. Eduardo was busy trying to grab it from the Brit while he assured the bartender that he was more than capable of holding a glass of water. It only took a few more seconds before Tom was sitting in front of a frustrated Eduardo as a puddle sunk into the carpet.

"Sssuurry," Tom slurred, "Guess you were riggght."

Eduardo groaned going to get a towel. When Tom closed his eyes, he could feel his head pounding with the beat of his heart. However, it wasn't painful; it was just there. Eduardo returned with a towel and a water bottle, exchanging the glass cup for it.

"How about we watch something," Eduardo said after he had finished mopping up the spill.

"Suuure," Tom was inches away from falling off the couch.

Eduardo shoved him back on and pulled the remote from underneath him.

"So," Eduardo said, flicking through the channels, "Let's talk about what happened."

Tom did not want to talk about what happened. He was drunk, laying on a couch, and currently avoid all of his problems by avoiding his house altogether. The last thing he wanted to do was talk. Tom crossed his arms. If he knew one thing about himself, it was to never talk about emotions when he was drunk. It was dangerous territory; he would either talk too much or end up sobbing as he let out his darkest feelings. It happened without fail. And he always woke up sober and ashamed the next morning.

"No." Tom huffed, "That'sss final."

Eduardo frowned, "I've been here for you all this time. The least you could do it talk to me about it."

Tom shook his head, refusing even to say no again.

"Talk to me, Tom," Eduardo growled in his alpha voice.

Tom hunched into himself, the feeling to obey arising from an instinctual fear.

"I..." Tom let out a shaky sigh, "I didn't- I slept with Tord."

"What?!" Eduardo shouted.

He didn't want to. He never wanted to. He didn't want to think about it. He didn't want the memory of it coming back.
"Stay out of my personal life," Tom growled defensively, "I don't need your opinion on it."

"You cheated on him! No wonder Edd dumped you," Eduardo crossed his arms over his chest, "That's pretty low, even for you Tom."

Tom leaped off the couch, grabbing his shoes and heading for the door. He didn't need this right now. He was trying to escape his problems, not face it with Eduardo scolding him about something he didn't even understand. He yanked open the door, but only take a couple of steps out.

"Don't you dare leave."

Tom shuttered, forcing against the urge to obey.

"Stop doing that!" Tom hissed.

Eduardo grabbed him by the arm and tugged him back into the house.

"You're drunk. And you've got to own up to what you did." Eduardo huffed.

"What I did!!" Tom shouted, "What I did!! I didn't want to, Eduardo! Tord was in a stupid rut and Edd just decided to leave! And you know how Alpha's get when their hormones get all jacked up!"

Tom was backing up as Eduardo was trying to reach for him. He got himself in a corner and was puffing himself up to look bigger than he actually was. Something told Eduardo that maybe it was best not to get any closer. A cornered rat will bite the cat.

"Okay, just calm down," Eduardo said.

"JUST CALM DOWN!!" Tom shrieked, "Nobody knows except Tord! And he's been manipulating me from the beginning! Fuck you! Fuck Edd! Fuck Tord! Leave me alone!"

Eduardo didn't know if he could do anything to help, so he just decided to give Tom his needed space and sat back down on the couch. He constantly kept looking over at the omega who seemed to be breaking down in the corner on the room. After 5 minutes, Eduardo couldn't help but head back over to him. Tom's usually black eyes were white as he stared into the ground.

"Are you okay?" Eduardo asked.

A high pitched whining noise trickled from Tom's throat as wrapped his arms tighter around his body. Eduardo took it as a no. He scooped up the omega, holding him in his lap as he retreated back to the couch.

"What if I just join your pack? I can stay here forever, I'll never have to see them again," Tom's voice sounded desperate with a hint of hysteria.

"No. Edd's just upset. He'll want to know what happened. You can explain what happened to him then. He just needed a moment." Eduardo assured the omega.

Tom looked up at him, "Are you sure?"

"Ya, he's probably wondering where you are right now." Eduardo hoped that Edd wasn't going to be difficult when he took Tom back. But he would cross that bridge when he got there. First things first, he needed to get Tom to calm down.
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