# Migraine

by IKnowWhat_YouDid

## Summary

"Louis, why are you doing this to yourself and dragging us down also? Can't you see that we are happy"

"Because Liam, sometimes to stay alive, you got to kill your mind"

.....

Louis can't keep on going on like this but he doesn't have a choice, because domestic relationships don't sell.

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- Don't steal, be original.

## Notes

Hi! This story is also posted on Wattpad under the name "Migraine (louis-centric)" by -lustforlou

For more frequent updates, go there!

Enjoy reading!
See the end of the work for more notes.
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One direction. What comes into your mind?
Harry. The handsome gentle Alpha?
Liam. The caring, daddy af Alpha?
Zayn. The nice, sweet, mysterious and sexy Alpha?
Niall. The Adorable and cuddly omega?
Louis. The troublesome, wild and funny beta?
This all came into your mind, didn't it?
Well all this are Lies they feed you to believe. You don't see what goes on behind the sugarcoated curtains.
If I told you something was very wrong, who would you blame? The management? The boys? The fans? The families? But the real culprit is the mind.

leave comments and kudos!
all is appreciated.
all the love, xx
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

It's all about the mind

<Liam's pov>
1st December 2015

'One direction star Louis Tomlinson spotted making out with unknown blonde : New womanizer?'  
'The new bad boy of one direction? : Louis Tomlinson'  
'Is One Direction member Louis Tomlinson a crackhead? Read more to find out'

I had just opened my laptop and this was what I was greeted with. That beta! Giving us a bad name. And management was being complete shit about it! It was 5:34 in the morning and everyone else except me was asleep. And Louis of course. He never came home yesterday, not that I expected him to. Me and my mates had given up on him Long ago, a beta just didn't fit in the pack. But we still had him, because we weren't heartless.

I really wished Louis was same as he was a few years ago. I miss the sweet Louis who'd call us over for Friday night sleepovers and have friendly banters. But since Niall presented, he changed. We bonded with him on his first heat, Louis had grown cold by then. We four were in love but he was always unhappy about it. Since then he had become a attention whore. All the partying and drugs came into picture then, coming to back to the hotel with a new girl each time. I wish I could change him back.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

"I feel broke, like I'm half of an whole"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

~Louis Pov~

I woke up at 4:00 in Morning, at a random girl's house. The girl was still sleeping, her blonde hair covering her face. The room was small and messy. The blonde lay naked on the bed, with the blanket barely covering her body. Why was I doing this? I don't even want this, to sleep around, be a slut. I just wanna be loved. And before I know it, I'm crying. Great, I'm such a weakling, a pathetic person, a failure, I should seriously die.

The room begins to get stuffy, as I get up to leave. It was pretty hot, in the room. Quickly finding my clothes in the pile of clothes on the floor. Collecting, my phone and wallet, I make sure to take everything that belongs to me not wanting to leave any trace of my existence in that house. Outside, it was pretty cold, and no one was outside. Quickly, I begin to make my way to my house, which was around half an hour away. I seriously had no memory of what happened last night, side effects, I guess.

I didn't even realize I had reached my house. I opened the door and was greeted by darkness. Typical. I had a quick shower and changed into comfortable clothes, ditching uncomfortable jeans and shirt.

I got into my bed, just staring at ceiling, thinking of my sins, what I did to deserve this. I wish I wasn't such a failure, a faggot, a waste, a worthless human, a pathetic omega. I just wanted to die, to leave and drop of the surface of the earth. I wish someone cared, I wish everyone didn't hate me, I can't help who I am, I'm only human. I'm sorry for existing. I should just do everyone a favour and die.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapters
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

"Metaphorically, I'm the man but literally, I don't know what I'd do"

Louis P.O.V

I got up around one, lucky we had a day off. I checked my phone, a few twitter and Instagram notifications, the usual. But no texts or missed calls, nothing at all. I felt upset and hurt as a few tears rolled down, Ughh I'm such a cry baby. I tried to hold it in, but the silent tears turned into sobs, it hurts so much one minute you're on top of the world and happy, then you're all alone, in the dark waiting for death to take you. I really don't know where I went wrong, I wish someone would tell me.

I can't carry on like this for too long, knowing nobody cares. I always get so much hate, but when people closest to you hate you, its like a bee sting not treated. Everyone hates me, my mom, my siblings, my 'friends', everyone!

Slowly getting up, I walk over to the bathroom, looking at myself. I pick out every flaw I can see, from my ratty face to my fat body. And all over again, I'm crying. I'm so weak, so sensitive, such a weakling. I pick out a box filled with cotton and dig through it. When I find what I was looking for, I slowly strip and draw angry red slashes on my hips and inner thighs. I don't stop until i'm covered in blood. I do this all in the bathtub so I won't have to clean up.

Smart, aren't I?

I take a bath quickly, watching the red liquid flow down the drain. I get dressed in the most comfortable clothes I can find. I have to have my suppressants, can't let the world know that I'm an omega.

I ignore the slight grumble in my stomach or the the pain between my eyes. I sit on my couch, closing my eyes. I pick up my phone a few minutes later, and just stare at the contact number. Harry's number. I debate whether to call him or not. Maybe I'll call him over and just enjoy company. I call him, but after a few rings it goes to voicemail. I cut the call. Of course they wouldn't pick up. Nobody likes an asshole, but I don't wanna be an asshole, don't wanna be an omega, don't wanna pretend to be a beta, don't wanna be a fukboi, I just wanna be loved and cared for. Someone to hold me at night and listen to me talk random shit in wee hours of the morning. Is that too much to ask for? I guess so.

I miss the early days into the fandom, where I didn't have to pull of this facade, when people still liked me, when someone actually gave a flying shit about me. Those were days man.

I just think until darkness consumes me as I fall as sleep into a dreamless slumber, side effect of the pills.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"I've been thinking too much, help me"

I woke to the constant beeping of my phone. I pick it up, still a little sleepy to check the caller ID. "Get yo dumb ass up, loosah. You're going to the upper side club with Banana" Jones, a man from management screamed from the other side.

"You mean Brianna?"
"I don't give a flying f. uck, just be ready in 5"
Before I could protest, the line is cut. It wouldn't be of any use trying to argue, I'd be forced either way. People don't care about me. I could be Dying of a major organ failure and nobody would care, not that it would surprise me.

I didn't like going out with Brianna, she really hated me (nothing special) and treated me like shit. But when we were out doing public stunts, she acted liked an obsessed girlfriend. She'd stare at me, stick to me like a koala bear and try to kiss me. Then when we got away from the camera, she'd get as far as she can from me, and pretend to gag while making disgusted faces. The cherry on top of the cake.

I get ready wearing a t-shirt which said t-shirt, real smart and black skinny jeans. I just push my hair to the side, avoiding the mirror. I really don't need to see my fat body when everyone already tells me.

Hearing the honk, I get in the black SUV outside my house. Brianna sat in the far corner. She looked at me with pure disgust and looked back to her phone. I look through my twitter, most of which are hate. Then I see one from Harry:

"@LiamPayne @NiallOfficial and @zaynmalik Thanks for the amazing party babies! All the love, H x"

Party? What party? Why don't I know anything that is happening? I should probably call him but what the odds he'll pick up. In minus, that's the answer. Sometimes I wonder why, then I remember I'm such a huge piece of worthless, dimwit shit.

I can't help but blink way tears, really wish I had someone to listen to me or just be there. As get closer to the club, I'll have to pretend that getting high and drunk is what I want. Sleeping around with betas, omegas and alphas. Not caring about what someone has to say about me or that my family and bandmates hate my existence. I grab Brianna's hand and make my way to the club, smirking at people. I don't want this but I'll have to.

I can do this, I can be an asshole, make people hate me more. But they'll never hate me as much as I do.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

"I care what you think"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Louis's Pov

Maybe I should keep a diary? Or record my voice and when I die, release it in public but that will surely not happen. As if management will ever let it out, as if my mum or bandmates will fight for the release of private documents, as if they would even hold a funeral, as if they would shed a single a tear.

Anyways, Imma still doing it, cause I am a worthless piece of shit ready to waste his time on everything useless. Sometimes I just wanna take the next flight to nowhere and drop of the surface of the earth. Just tell Harry, Zayn and Liam that I don't hate their omega, I'm not omegaphopic. I don't know what it feels like to be a beta, to love yourself, to look at my reflection in the eye and not want to cry. I don't want to remembered as that bad boy, that horrid son, as the player, as the ugly rat, as the weird one in the band, I just want to be loved or at least acknowledged.

And I know I sound selfish, wanting so many things while I have so much money, girls and boys dropping to sleep with me, fame but all this can't buy me a time machine and when the noise from people dies down and it becomes dark with no cameras flashing, I don't want to be alone, so scared of being replaced and forgotten and so afraid to breathe.

I should stop thinking about this now. Actually, I should stop thinking, the dark parts of my mind come alive in silence. I put on Twenty One pilots, I like them, cause I can relate to their lyrics. It gives me at least some peace that someone knows what it feels like to drown while everyone else around doesn't struggle at all. To be lost withing yourself, to not be able to stop yourself and get help. To be depressed.

Just as 'polarize' starts, my phone rings. It's Jones, the only person who still calls me. I pick up the phone and he begins shouting about how I have to come to some random location for a meeting with the whole band. Before I could even say anything, he cuts the line.

Well sh!t, meeting with the band means being alone, called names, ignored and generally hated. Zayn, Liam and Harry hate me for partying so much, for having so many affairs, for being so blunt and rude, for doing drugs, for being so ugly, for being so fat, for being so worthless, so waste of oxygen, heck they even hate me for breathing and generally existing. Niall was the only one that remotely still liked me, but now even he's beginning to hate me, thanks to his alpha's constantly feeding him facts on why my birth was a huge mistake on universe’s part. But that's alright I guess, I hate myself too.

I quickly pop a few pills which help me keep my identity a secret (as if that's a good thing) and a
few cuts (around 20 cuts, some small and going over each other) around my waist, stomach and inner thighs and very few on my calf. I eat an apple as to prevent my stomach from digesting itself and making myself seem fatter (as the stomach bloats, you know).

I drag myself to my bed, but I don't want to sleep. It leads to disappointment, waking up next morning. And I really don't want to visit the black paradise with voices telling me to end the suffering of other people and kill myself. I guess Netflix will keep me company tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapters, this was more of a filler
For more updates, check my wattpad,
xinfinityxgirlx
https://www.wattpad.com/user/xInfinityxGirlx
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hi! Sorry for the delay. You can find me on wattpad if you want on xinfinityxgirlx
Or just leave a Comment if you wanna reach out!

Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loud.
It's too loud. The voices in my head, they are raging and screaming. All I want is quiet. Peace and some sleep, but I can't have that. Nightmares spoil everything but it doesn't even help when you wake up when you live in a nightmare. It's always the same, I'm on a rollercoaster and everything's great. Then I suddenly falling into darkness and unable to breathe. It's all a mess like my life.

There's one way to shut the voices, drinking and drugs.
I don't like it but I don't have a choice. I walk to my cabinet under my bed, where I keep my secret stash of coke, meth, vodka and beer. Also my surpresents and my spray which covers my omega scent. I don't where it that often but only when I'm with the boys, concerts or signings.
My phone buzzes as I pick it up. It's a message from Jones.
Meeting with the boys at 7:00 tomorrow sharp you also go clubbing at 8:00
Whole day, your out with Banana
What a wonderful day ahead
And they send that at 4:00 am in the morning like wow, do you want a noble award for being the best management?
Hate them
I just have three hours before I go to the damn meeting so I get into the shower, make myself presentable and avoid the mirror. I take my razors out and cut around my thighs.
My stomach hurts and I should probably eat something but it's 6:00 am and it usually takes an hour to get the headquarters, so when I finally decide to eat, I can't. Fucking fantastic!

I seriously can't even do this. I just want to die, disappear from the surface of Earth. I wanna sleep without having to worry about tomorrow. I hope and wish that someone sees, the pain of being unwanted, of being rejected. I just want someone to see my constant try to achieve perfection which fails all the time and tell me it's alright, I'm okay even when it's a lie.
I get into my car and begin my journey to another meeting with evil itself.
Tears fall from eyes as I force myself to take deep breaths. It will all be alright, it will be. And maybe if I keep telling myself that, I'll believe it one day.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter End Notes

Leave comments or kudos, inspires me to write more.
Thank you
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

A few chapter on the way!

Thanks for reading!

Chapter Notes

Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I reach the center after half an hour, pulling in the parking lot, I see only one car which I recognise. I guess it was Liam's and since there were no other cars which the others owned. Of course, they carpooled, but they never invite me. Cause I don't fooking matter. I'm a piece of shit.

Slowly I get out of the car, as there still is some time for the meeting to start and I don't want to be alone with them. Even though they don't talk to me, I still feel their judgemental stares and hear whispers. As I step out, the winter air hits me but I'm only wearing a hoodie and some sweats. I couldn't be bothered to wear something warm plus shivering burns calories.

I check my face with my phone and Make my way inside. Slowly walking to the conference room, I hear the boys laugh and talk. Standing outside the road, I can clearly hear their words.

"Can we go out to nandos after this meeting?"
"Okay babe, anything for you"
"Yas, thank you alpha! But what is this meeting even about?"
"Some shit Louis did and now we have to listen to a dumb lecture because of it, that dumb fuck"
"Not very nice Zayn but I have to agree, Louis is a bit screwed up, I mean his fashion sense sucks. All he wears is disgusting hoodies and old faded sweats, looking like a hobo. What does he even do with so much money!"
"I don't like Louis' voice when he sings after smoking or drinking, it cracks and gets screechy, damn annoying I tell you"
"Then we have to stay in the studio for ages and sound checks are damn boring"

I literally had to bite my hand to stop the Sob coming up my throat, I knew everything they said is true, but it hurt when they said that aloud. Being stabbed and shot through the heart would have hurt less. This just proves the fact I'm so pathetic, so worthless, so lonely, so helpless. I wish my mom had suffered a miscarriage when she was pregnant with me, would have saved so many millions. I ran to the nearest bathroom, luckily it was empty. I ran into the stall and cried, cried till the tears dried, till I couldn't breathe.

I can't even call anyone, no one gave a shit about me. I'm done with this, pretending with crying, pretending I'm fine, that everything is alright. I'm not a perfect, happy, full of life Beta, I'm just a deeply flawed, depressed and lifeless omega who wish for death more often than not.

As thoughts run in my head, I run as fast as my scrawny legs can take my fat body. I run out of the glass door, tears running down my checks and people looking at me as though I escaped a mental asylum but none stopped me. I run until my body hits something large and heavy. Pain overtakes
my body as things go black. I hear someone shout for 911.
"Death at last"

Chapter End Notes

Please leave comments and kudos, it inspires me to write more often!

Thank you
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Another chapter in one day!

Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry Pov
I laughed at Niall's comment about these sound checks. It was true, Louis' voice cracked an awful lot. It was probably because of the overall drinking he did.
I do feel bad though, Louis is a nice guy, funny and good company but that's all. He drinks too much, too loud, very rude, doesn't maintain his voice and generally not good enough. He was perfect when he joined, heck I wanted to date him soo bad but his beta wants and needs toke over.
And he changed into this horrid creature. He would such pretty colored trousers and cute stripped shirts with adorable suspenders. With an arse to kill for, Lou looked so young, so fresh so alive. I wish he didn't change as much.

We chatted and cuddled, the meeting should have begun by now but he was late again. I don't know what he thought of himself, a king or some shit like that. A man entered the room as he told us the meeting was cancelled. Liam asked why as he were forced to wait for a good 2 hours. He told us something happened to Louis, panicking we all stood up asking him what. Shit, I hoped it was just a upset stomach from drinking ing too much, I don't want anything to happen to him, because at the end of the day, he's my Lou and I'm his Haz.

"I don't know what exactly happened but He's at the hospital, E.R apparently. Y'all might wanna visit him, I Guess?"
As soon as he said, we all literally ran to Liam's car.
E.R ? Fooking hell! This must be bad, I don't want anything bad to happen to him. I quickly buckled up and Niall who was next to him, cuddled to my chest. I was scared, and Zayn must have felt the same as he was much above the speed limit, but which hospital was he in? I asked Liam who called one of the management guys who told him. 'Kemberly General Hospital'
It take some time and the ride was generally quiet but once in a while one of us would reassure us. When we finally reached, everyone quickly got out and rushed to the reception. The lady recognised us and immediately knew who we were here for.
"Room 586, floor 3, elevators on the right"
I gave her a thankful smile and ran after the boys who were about to enter the elevator. We reached the floor quickly and ran around trying to find the room.
"What are y'll doin here, eh?" A voice behind us spoke, turning behind it was one of the boys from management.
"We're here for Louis obviously!" Liam replied.
The boy shook his head before laughing,
" it's not a big deal, why do you care?" He told us .
"What do you mean?!"
"Of fucking course it's a big deal! Louis' in E.R for fook's sake!"
He looked at us funny, before speaking.
"He got into a fight with some of the guys in the club and he's not in E.R, that pussy just broke a
few bones trying to fight those gun freaks"
What? So he got us thinking that he met with some freaking accident with some truck or something, when just got into a fight.
"Calm down and go back to your hotel room. He's fine just some bruises here and there. Non of this would have happened if he could control his temper. Not even the fault of those boys, they just bumped into him and apologised but Louis here wanted to fight. Look where it got him now. Knock some sense into wouldn't you?"
The lad quickly scampered away when suddenly anger washed over us like a tidal wave.
What the actual fuck?!?
Why the hell was Louis such a huge mess, I can't see Louis right now or I'll beat him worse than those boys! When we actually got worried about Louis, it was such a lame reason, reminding us why we should never really be bothered over him.
"Oh my Gosh! Louis is so god damn stupid! I can't see him right now!"
"Yes, lets just go home and cuddle!"
"Ya, plus all this stupid worrying got me hungry" Liam laughed at Niall's comment and kissed his forehead while Zayn wrapped an arm around me. As we got in the lift, a doctor came in.
"Wait aren't you that band who's Friend is here? Why are y'all leaving so soon?"
Lian was quick to reply,
" first off, he isn't our Friend and we aren't going to visit him for such a stupid reason. He really needs to gain some common sense setting wrong example for millions! So we're leaving now."
"But it's not really a stupid reason and no ones come to visit him at all"
I don't know what GAP but I snapped at the doc.
"What do you mean it's not stupid, it's the dumbest reason on earth to wind up in a hospital ."
We completely ignored the fact that Louis was alone all morning, and before he could say anything. We stormed off as we had reached the ground floor. The lady at the reception gave us confused looks as we left quite early but we ignored it. Quickly we got into the car, and got comfortable. This was such a waste of our time.
Liam began the car, and switched on the radio as I fell asleep with Niall resting his head on my chest.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading
Please leave comments and kudos, inspires me to write more!
Dance under the moon
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

More of a filler

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third Person POV

As Niall, Liam, Zayn and Harry drove away, unaware of the lie feed to them and the fact they believed showed how dumb they actually were. So ignorant and unaware of the suffering of their fellow bandmate. They might have known something was up with Louis if they weren't so self obsessed always putting there needs first and took time to really observe Louis. How his lively and joyful spirit faded into one of a small fragile who desperately wanted to die. They would notice how the sleeves of his clothes would only grow longer and if they really bothered to hear him, they would notice the troubled cries desperately trying to be muffled. And if they took even a second out of their precious time to even glance at Louis, they would see a corpse. Too thin body, bruises-like bags under his eyes and the deadness in his eyes and once angelic voice now sounding like a desperate cry for help.

Louis was a great actor and that was his greatest flaw but the facade was starting to fade. But why didn't his family or bandmates realise that? They were too selfish while telling Louis to stop being a piece of shit and not disturb Louis. They seemed to shout at him for even breathing. The only reason Louis hadn't overdosed yet was the small but faithful group of fans. They were his only Friends who actually noticed, cared and would still love him when he couldn't bring himself to even remotely like himself.

Through the sea of hate comments and constant humiliation from the management, there was always one comment which would tell him he deserved to live, to take care of himself or if he was lucky, someone would claim to love him as he beautiful and perfect. He always wanted to reply but management were in charge of his account as they were mainly used for publicity. They were the only reason louis would talk himself out of suicide and but it was getting harder now as they were turning into hate comments now, and Louis feared one day he would not bother to argue with self and have an extra pill or make a deeper cut.

But now Louis was at peace, he wasn't dead but he wasn't alive either. He was having a vivid dream of his childhood before he presented, he once broke his leg while playing with his friends, having a tea party with his little sisters, painting Lottie 's nails and having silly food fights with his friends. Chatting with mum about how great the day was or watching sunset with his family by the castle on the hill nearby. He was on top of the world but on his 12th birthday it was all destroyed. He misses how nice his parents were back then and how close he and his Sisters were back then. And while being in his comatose state, a single tear ran down his checks. He wished that someone or something would really love him. He wished he was actually a beta, life would be easier or an alpha then he could also be part of the pack with atleast his mum and mates by his hospital side. He can't wait to visit his hometown and just lay on the green grass under the stars listening to Ed Sheeran. And just smell the fresh perfume of the mountain grass, just like when he was younger. This was never the life he planned.
The nurse seemed to notice the tears streaming down his eyes, when she slowly wiped his tears and smiled at him. "He doesn't deserve this" she thought to herself before exiting.

And while Louis remembered the adventures of his childhood, remembering the people who raised him and bought him to where he was,
The other boys were busy cuddling while bitching about Louis and his antics and how ignorant, rude and annoying he had become.

Sometimes Louis would hear them and laugh. He wasn't ignorant they were, he wasn't being rude they were just being inconsiderate and about the annoying part, maybe he was but in his Defence the pills were working.

Usually they would just end the discussion with a laugh and watch Netflix or sleep or just get a lil nasty. But today they went on talking about how Louis doesn't understand omegas and their needs or how disrespectful he is to even the nicest alphas in management and themselves. They didn't realise that calling him omegaphobic and shun him in even interacting with them, made them too betaphobic. Just because one way of sexism was common didn't mean the other way didn't happen at all.

Some times Niall would notice Louis' behaviour but before he would do anything, his gorgeous alphas would distract him and when he finally remembered Louis would be gone.

Management also played a big part in murdering Louis and destroying his life. They kept the boys away, forced Lou to sell his soul and destroyed all evidence that could get them in trouble. Everyone who the accident in video or witnessed it could tell you louis was crossing the road on the red light and the truck which hit him, was actually an hit and run case. They feed everybody money to keep their mouths shut and that coming forward to the law could have saved Louis from his doom. As one wise man once said, "Justice may be blind but she is not deaf"

And we all can hope one day Justice will be served, to the dying body of Louis William Tomlinson.

Chapter End Notes

Leave kudos, comments and thanks for reading!!!!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Anyone has a wattpad account?

Sorry for taking forever to update. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis's pov
Everything was blue, then it was raining. Eventually that became a storm. And I was getting wet. Soaked to the bone, the coldness and the water felt good against my skin. As heard the soft pit-pat of the rain hitting against my skin and the wind howling, I heard footsteps. Turning behind a boy was walking towards me. He took small but heavy steps as though chains were dragging him down. He slowly walked up to me and looked at me with the familiar blue eyes. I had seen those eyes before, but where? After looking at my face for a moment before smiling at me. As raindrops ran down mine band his face, he began changing. Blue eyes morphed into beautiful emerald eyes and caramel hair changed into curly brown hair. Harry! He smiled at me with his dimples showing, a real genuine smile not the forced or mocking one. As I reached out, he began changing again. Scared I jumped back, as his skin tone and hair Coloured changed, he changed into Zayn. Smiling at me, he whispered, "We love you boo." I was shocked yet unable to stop myself from going closer. I blinked slowly and he whoosh! He had changed again, Liam looked at me, softness and warmth radiating from him. He smiled and said," Don't be sad, we still love you" and once more, he morphed into Niall. Crooked teeth and electric blue eyes. He ran forward and crushed me into his famous Horan hugs. It felt good to be hugged especially by Niall again. Last he hugged me was when one of our first shows during UAN tour had gotten over. And a few seconds later, it was gone. The empty feeling was back. And the blue-eyed boy was back again. When it suddenly struck me, it was younger version of myself, back when I was 13. He was smiling at me, no, I was smiling at myself. A real one for once. But the smile began to fade as chains began appearing on his wrists and feet. They seem to pull him down too, and until he was nearly drowning in chains with the smile completely gone and eyes looking down with a sad expression on his face. I tried to reach out to him, but he just whispered in a small voice, "Help, please"

Then I woke up.
It was all white. Then I realised it was a ceiling. Small beeps could be heard, and I could see I was in a hospital bed, quickly remembering why
So I lived, another thing in my life I have lived through. A nurse enters a few minutes later, happy to see that I'm finally awake. At least someone is pleased. She checks a few things then begins speaking, " Louis, you've been knocked out for three days and the accident caused more of internal damage than outer. A few broken ribs, a hairline fracture in your shoulder, internal bleeding and one torn tissue. Seeing as you are making fast recovery, you'll be good to go in two weeks or so"
She then goes on explaining how the surgeries will take place and the complications that might be faced.
"And also Someone named John came visit you yesterday and wanted me to inform him when you wake up. Do you want to meet him now?"
It might be important so I say yes.
She exits as I look around the room. The walls and ceiling are white except one wall which has a really large window and is painted a pastel blue. It overlooked a park with a few children playing.
The room was mostly empty except the machines and a sofa for visitors. It looked plain and simple, not a single flower or card. No one had come to visit either, except John.
The nurse entered half an hour later, this time with a tall, lean man following her. He smiled at her politely and thanked her before turning to smile at me. The nurse exited the room closing the door, big mistake.
"What the actual fuck were you thinking!!!! Do you know how much drama would have been caused if the world got to know about the accident?!? Now listen here, you foolish Omega. You are going on 6 arranged dates with banana girl starting on 25th which is next week, I don't care how you're doing. And you have to play along on the story we told the boys. You got into a fight with some men at some club and the media knows nothing about this so you better be careful, Tomlinson"
I knew I had no choice, well maybe I could file a lawsuit and have them sued for damages but that's a Long shot. I sighed softly as he went out after giving me a Long lecture on how I should not screw up this time.
So my bandmates think I got into a fight, my family and the world knows nothing. Liam, Zayn, Niall and Harry hate me more now. Nobody likes a whim who gets beaten all the time. As I feel tears flow down my cheeks, I wipe them away.
No, this is it. I will fight back and get my life back. I can't let them control my life. Stupid suppressents, can't let them stop me. I am sick and tired of always giving up. I'll fight back and die in the process if I have too.

Sometimes being alone makes you stronger.

Chapter End Notes

The story's taking a turn for the good.
Leave kudos and comments!!

Qotd: If you could live in a tv show, which one would you live in?
Aotd: Drop Dead Diva!
Chapter 12

Louis' pov

I wanna leave.

This hospital is stuffy and blank. I wish someone who was not a doctor or a nurse would visit me. It gets lonely here and I don't want to be lonely. The doctors say I'm making progress, my leg which is in a cast will be out in a few days. Bandages cover my torso and except a few bruises on the side of my face, I'm completely fine (maybe).

John from management visited me a few days ago, I'm off suppressants right now, since they reacted horribly to the medications. But they're gonna but me back on it in a few days, apparently my omega is showing, and that is completely 'unacceptable'. They already gave me my schedule of what to do after I come back, partying and whoring around being the main part. They somehow already covered up the accident. I don't even wanna know what they did.

John bought me a new phone since my old one was completely crushed. I went through my twitter feed and apparently I was having a few nights in with my family. Bullshit, I had not visited my family in so long, management never lets me go and nor did my family want me there. No one wants me around for too long, but they never tell me why. Except once in third grade, a girl told me I stink. Guess I still do.

Wait, no, do not put yourself down and hating yourself will not help your cause. I need to fight this darkness taking over, but what do I do if I'm the darkness? I'm only human, I bleed when I fall down, I break down more often than not. Why can't someone save me?

But I'm sick of waiting, no one will ever stand up for me if I don't myself. I need to amend my relationships with the boys first. Give them gifts, spend time and then maybe we'll be friends again. Have a chat with my mother without any fear like when I was a little kid. Play with my siblings, talk to Lottie more often and stand up for myself in front of management. And just maybe, someday I'll be ok.

As I stared out of the window, just looking at the park, someone walked in. It was John. "Get ready, we're leaving. I'll be back in five"
"Wait, what? I can't leave now. The doctor sai-"
"I don't give a flying shit about what the doctor said, now you better get ready or I swear to god, you'll suffer"
"More than I already have?"
And that was it, his eyes turned dark and his nose flared up. Pure rage evident on his face. He marched forward, taking my hand and twisting it, hard.
"HEY! LET MY HAND GO!" I cried out, he let my hand loose and smiled a twisted smile. "Don't wanna disobey me, do you?"
My hand had turned an angry red and throbbed painfully. I cradled my hand softly as I slowly shook my head.

I got up slowly as pain shot through my body. I muffled a whimper as I got up with support from the bed post. My body hurts and the cast is very uncomfortable. I can walk with it but I have to limp and it hurts an awful lot. Tears fall down my eyes, as I try not to make too much sound. I look at the bundle of clothes John left me with as I slowly change and limp out.
"Took you long enough, now follow me"
He led me to a series of staircases, "Wait, I can't climb down those. My leg's still in a cast"
"It's a walking cast, now c'mon stop being a wimp"
Slowly I take small steps walking down,"Why can't we use the lifts?"
"Because I said so" And before I could react, he grabbed my hand basically dragged me down the stairs. So much for having a song named, 'Drag me down'.
I tried to push him off but he was stronger than me, most people were as I wasn't really big, more on the tiny side.
He finally let his death grip on my hand go. He opened a door which led to the reception. The receptionist looked at us confused, then looking at my state, she put two and two together.
"Hey! where do you think you are going? He is still in recovery, he'll be discharged 10 days later!"
"Look lady do you know who I am? I could destroy your life and I'm taking him with me. He doesn't have time to stay here!"
"But-"
"Stop Jane, he's right. Let the lad go, he's signed the official documents." A doctor butted in the argument.
"But sir, he's not fi-"
"Jane! go back to your work"
The said nurse slowly sat back on her seat as she had been standing previously and glanced at be shooting a smile and glaring at John. The doctor and John talked to each other briefly which I completely missed. He then took me to his car and began driving.
It was silent so I began talking,
"How did you convince him to let me go?" Seeing as John was a beta and the doctor was an alpha, it was hard believing that the doctor listened without any protest.
"Some dollar bills can solve a lot of problems, kid" So he bribed him.
"And why are you taking me home so early?"
"The fans are beginning to doubt so we had to show the world you're alright and that reminds be tomorrow the first thing you do is go on a date with Brianna and at night, you go to the club."
"What!? I can't do it, I'm too tir-"
"Louis, I don't fucking care. I just want to do it to show the world that you're alright"
"Even though I'm not?"
"Shut up and by the way, we told the other boys that you got into a fight at some club, so you better play along. If you don't listen then, believe me, you won't see daylight."
That explained why the boys had been sending me messages along the lines of 'Why the fuck, can't you be normal', 'keep your hands to yourself' and 'you drunkard piece of shit'
Honestly, I wasn't even shocked anymore, of course, The management doesn't care if I'm actually alright, as long as they have the money rolling in.
I just wished somebody cared for me.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, Guys! I updated! I hope you like this chapter, more of a filler I think.
Anyways, I obsessed with Troye Sivan and Benny currently.
Like 'heaven' and 'boys will be boy' are so good songs.
Till the next time,

* Not edited.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update, had some personal issues.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis' pov

I slowly got from my bed, groaning when a sharp pain shot through my body. I limped to the washroom and stripped to inspect myself. My face was a mess, as usual, dark circles were gone but my face was sucked up. Check bones were prominent and I looked tired as much as I felt, maybe I was a bit more tired. My hip bones stuck out and my ribs were visible. My tan skin was replaced by a bleached pale skin tone. My hair was messy and stuck to my face. My eyes were outlined red, probably from crying so much.

I really needed to eat, counting ribs was not a good thing, I'm sure and my thighs were slimming. Not eating gave me bad headaches and I've started having sore throats and stomach aches recently. I'd grown accustomed to not eating but puking still made me cry. It's ironic how often celebrities tell fans to live but think about ending theirs so often.

I wrapped my cast with a plastic bag and quickly took a shower avoiding touching too many bruises. After getting dressed, I wear my favourite sweater and some sweats. I take out cereal and milk and begin eating, usually, an apple keeps me going but my weight has to be increased. Management is going to throw a fit about it, they preferred me like this, broken and weak.

After about finishing half the bowl, I can't eat anymore. And as I get up, I feel myself get sick all over the kitchen sink, the cleaner is gonna hate me for this (considering she doesn't already) about it.

I rush to the bathroom before getting sick again and throw up again, in the toilet thankfully. Ok, maybe trying to overeat all of a sudden is not a great idea, but then when again, when do I have great ideas?

I flush the toilet and pop a mint in my mouth. As soon as I come out of the washroom, I hear my phone ring. After finally finding it under my bed, I answer.

"Louis, get ready, a black limo will pick you up in half an hour. There will be a new girl in there. She's your new bitch."

"Wait, what happened to Briana and where am I going?"

"Forget about her and move on, And you're going to a club, Party Kid."

And the line is cut.

I pick out a beige knitted oversized sweater and some blue jeans. I leave my hair the way it is, cause I'm tired, sleepy and aching all over my body. The car arrives just in time, I grab my house keys, phone and my wallet, the usual.
I see a pretty lady in the car, who, thank god, is nicer than Briana. Briana didn't even pronounce my name right.

"Hello Louis, I'm Danielle, your new girlfriend."

"Eh, hi?"

"Don't be so awkward now. I have a boyfriend but I am an actress and I have to do this. So, let's be friends? Make it easier for both of us."

A friend, was I to deny that? "Sure"

We spent the whole ride chatting about nothing and everything, she was nice (for a change). When we finally reached, she grabbed my hand and began walking, taking the lead. Paps were already there, their flashing lights threw me off-guard, but meh.

I walk into the club, the lights are dimmed (thank god) and the music isn't too loud, it's actually peaceful. Danielle wants to dance and who am I to deny? It's just general dancing, nothing sexual. And for as long as I can remember, I feel happy and alive.

If I make more friends, then maybe, just maybe, I'll want to live again.

The music becomes louder and suddenly the room becomes smaller, I need to get some fresh air. After informing Danielle who goes to get herself a drink which I deny cause my liver is already muddy thus not worth it.

I go out for a smoke, the cold air helps me relax and breath. There's an alley behind the club where I sit, my back against the wall. It's peaceful, just looking up at the stars. Sometimes I wished I was one of them. After a few minutes of silence, I hear a scream. Quickly jumping up, I run towards the sound deeper into the alley, I see a girl beating up a few boys.

"Hey, hey, hey, calm down. What's all this about?"

"None of your business twat!" She replies back before going back to kicking them. I run to the girl, pushing her off the boys, who see their chance and run.

"What the hell dude! I was just getting to the fun part"

"Fun part? you'd have killed them"

"I wasn't gonna kill them, just hurt them really really bad." She mumbles, calming down a little.

"Why were you beating them up, though?"

"Well, I came out for a smoke and suddenly they show up, all flirting and shit. When I tell them to fuck off, the corner me and I lose my shit. I was a karate champion back in high-school so I give them a few punches and kicks and they're down."

"Well, you sure know how to defend yourself."

"Yeah, it's a cruel world, you gotta stand up for yourself. I'm Kelly by the way. I feel like I've seen you somewhere before." She takes a close look at my face before realising, "Wait, aren't you that guy from that band, uh what was it? Ah, One second of summer:"

I can't help but laugh at her mistake, "It's one direction, love"
"Oh yeah, sorry. My sis is a fan. She really likes you, says you're the best thing in the world. You know, she's really concerned for you and boy, you're thin. But you're cute too so eh."

I was touched at that really, someone liked me. They were a fan of me! "Thanks, I guess"

"Anyways, my girlfriend is waiting for me at home, you can call me if you want ...?"

"Louis" I say taking the piece of paper she was offering me.

"Right, bye Louis. Take care of your ass, you're pretty" She says before hitting my butt lightly.

"Bye, Kelly, Take care" She does a piece sign before walking off. Two friends in one night, first real achievement in a long time.

Maybe I didn't want to die after all.

Chapter End Notes

Next update will be next weekend sometime.
(NOT EDITED)
Hope you enjoyed.
Comment and leave kudos
Dance in the middle of a street.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Exams Suck

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis' Pov

56

56 missed calls from management. I was literally asleep (which was rare) for about an hour or so and they had already spammed my phone with schedules and meetings. Most voicemails and messages were along the lines of "Why the fuck did you leave early", "where are u??" and "you're late for the meeting". Just as I was about to go back to sleep, my phone rang again and I ignored it.

That didn't last long as there was a knocking on the door. And by knocking, I mean crazy banging as though a lady was trying to save her baby from her burning house.

Slowly getting out of my bed, the pounding on my door grows as does my migraine. Soon it's blasting making it harder to concentrate on the stairs. Finally making it to the door, I hope it's not a crazed hater wanting to kill me for being so pathetic. As soon as the door opens, there's somebody shouting in my face and fists clenching around my shirt collar. I can't catch his words but I know he's shouting at me for 'being worthless' and 'doing nothing right'. His grip gets tighter and I'm struggling to get air into my lungs.

"Let..go..you'r.re chocki..ng...me" I manage to gasp out. It takes him a while to realise what I said before tightening his grip. I begin to kick around and try to hit him but my swipes have no effect. He finally lifts me by my neck and flings me across the room. It takes a while to recover, everything's blurry, my head throbs, I wanna throw up and I'm sure my neck has bruised. He towers over me before saying, "Because of you I lost a deal! You were supposed to come for the meeting and tell the men that my experiment was working! You idiot! Now they think you're not happy or healthy! Do you even know what happens now, you worthless little fag!"

I don't understand what he's talking about before it struck me. Today's 15th June, the meeting with them. Oh shit, I knew I fucked up something. "I..I. I'm sorry! We'll fix this, I'll fix this! Please, just one more day, can't we do this tomorrow?"

His eyes widen before scoffing, "So you think the world revolves around you huh, what are you? a little prince, you worthless piece of shit. Now there's only one thing you can do. The little boy is now my prisoner!" He had a creepy mocking tone towards the end which really freaked me out. I stared at him with wide eyes, wondering what he was going to make me do.

"I've hired an actor to claim that she was abused by you. You're going to jail kid."

Wait, what? What the actually fuck? "WHAT??!! WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT? WHY ARE YOU SENDING ME TO JAIL. HOW'S THAT GOING TO HELP YOU? YOU'RE A SICK FUCK YOU KNOW THAT!" What was sending me to jail do? Make people hate me more or just torture me more?
"A bit of both" Apparently, I said the words aloud, one of the side effects of the pills, I guess. He carries on talking, This will prove that the pills are dangerous and make you aggressive and switch you to the other ones. The stronger dosage, that'll make you perfect. And this little incident will be enough to still keep you relevant."

"What do you mean relevant? And the other dosages are just ten times worse than the ones now. They'll never agree"

"They already did. Nobody really cares about you as long as you appeal to little twelve-year-olds desperate to see you. And you are losing relevance. Surveys shown you're the least known band member. We can't have a world famous band with an unknown member. Niall has his golfing and mates, Harry is the most famous so he's always under media attention. Liam and Zayn have talent and looks which you happen to lack. So ya, it's not their fault, they're perfect and you're pretty much talentless."

I felt my heart break, I knew what he was saying the truth but I didn't want to believe it. The last few days had made me fall in love. In love with myself but it was turning into hate. I wanted to find an isolated hole and go hide there forever. Just the night sky and some Lana Del Ray, it would be the best getaway but I guess a cellar had to work for now. How did someone even press fake charges without any proof but then again, the management probably had many under their control, like me.

"Look the police is coming to get you now and since I'm a good man. I've talked to them, they'll soften up the rules for you. Like you'll get clean jumpers and room with nicer inmates. Be grateful, fag."

Grateful my foot, I wouldn't be in jail if it wasn't for the management or this guy whose name I forgot, I could be happily napping.

"Can't you do somethi-" Before I can complete my question, a police officer barges in.

"Mr.Tomlinson, you're under arrest for harassing a minor. You have the right to remain silent and anything you say will be used against you.Hands on your head and you'll come with me."

The man from management shoots me an evil grin and whispers in my ear, "Just think of this as a small punishment. You'll only be in jail for a week, be thankful, okay?"

Only a week can't be that bad, I think as the police officers lead me to his car and cuffs my hand. The officer just gives me basic information that he'll lock me with another guy who's not 'that' bad. If he's not bad then why is he locked up? His management also forced him to get arrested?

Either way, the roads are empty and everybody on the street walk is so lost in their own world. No one seems to care about the person walking next to them.

When did the world become so cold?

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Thanks for reading. I know this is dragged out a bit but hope you all like this chapter. I have finals going on and I couldn't find time to update earlier.
Leave kudos and comments, inspires me to write.

QOTD: Would you spend a night under the stars or a day at the beach?
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Hello! I hope y'all haven't forgotten me! I'm soo sorry for the late update. Been a bit busy, but now I'm back.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Louis P.O.V ~

Jail is pretty freaky.

I arrived here about three days ago. My cellmate was a psychotic murder, with big muscles and twice my height. It was the scariest night of my life. He stared at me in the eeriest manner, when I entered the cell. The first thing he told me was if I'd like to be strangled to death or stabbed. That night I sat next to the door with tears streaming down my eyes and quietly praying.

Turns out, he isn't that crazy since he is on anti-psychotics. But I still am on full alert in case he doesn't swallow his pills.

The jail is quite lively in the morning with inmates chatting and some fighting. People doing their chores and screaming at the top of their voice. My job is to clean the shower area, which I'm not terrible at since dad made me clean the whole house after coming out as an omega. 12 years later and I'm down the same lane, just this time cleaning a completely different place. It's still the same reason, punishment.

I don't feel I deserve this. All this pain, all this punishment. But people don't always get what they deserve, they get what they get. I don't want to be alone, I don't want to be miserable. But I don't want to wallow in self-pity either.

At night, the jail turns into a haunted house. No proper lighting and eerie silence and I hate it.

I'm forced to confront my thoughts, I hate my thoughts. It's like hell on earth.

On the first night, I had to bite my hand to stop sobbing too loudly.

When did I get like this? So insecure and miserable? I don't want to be like this, I mean who would want to? And the saddest part of all this is people think I like being miserable, that I enjoy being this miserable, cold jerk who lives off sarcasm and coffee. They confuse me for him. They don't see that he's just a mask.

And honestly, I'm scared. I'm scared to make real human connections with anyone, too afraid they'll hurt me. I'm scared of this self-destructive life I've made. This mask causes me more pain than anything but I'm too scared to remove it. But I can't just give up on myself now that I've come so far. What is left?

But sometimes I wish I could just mute everything, just a moment of silence with my thoughts stepping in, just quiet.

It's currently 5:27 am and I can't sleep. So I do the next best thing, stare out the window. It's a full
The moon and the stars are shining pretty bright. Using the dark background as an advantage. It lights some parts of the cell. The more I stare into space the brighter they seem to shine. And suddenly, I don't feel sad anymore. Kind of inspired to break out of my shell, coming clean ( or maybe not). It's like the universe was trying to make me realise how much I can make out of my life, so many things I can do if I want.

It's kind of fucked up that I'd be inspired to change my life by looking at the stars in a jail at 5:27 am, but hey, whatever works, I guess.

I spend the next hour laughing at literally nothing because for the first fucking time I realised I can literally turn my life around and I've never been this happy since forever.

At about 6:30 the bells ring signalling for everyone to wake up. It was pretty much the same routine every day for everyone. Wake up, assemble in the cafeteria to get food, which was basically never seen before mush. Then we had duties to attend. Mine happen to be the shower duty. Since all the sinks and toilets are in the cells themselves, the shower clean up isn't really much. And it's kind of pointless because cellmates take their baths immediately after the duties. Then we have kind of free time. Cellmates take calls and visits from family, chat/exercise In the outdoor ground or chill in their cells. It could have been just like a club but with a long list of restrictions, armed men and caged windows.

Just as I was about to head outside, an officer comes up to me. I'm being bailed out. Finally!

I pack up all my stuff which is pretty less and change into nicer clothes, removing the orange jumpsuit. I reach the main the office and an official takes me out the gates. I see a figure with a black hoodie and sweatpants and a pair of sunglasses hiding their face. I come closer to him when he removes his sunglasses and hugs me really hard. Okay, that is definitely not someone from the management. When he finally pulls away, I see their face. That is a huge fucking surprise.

Niall.

Niall fucking Horan, the innocent little omega managed to rescue me. Out of all the people I expected to meet, he was not one of them.

"Aye Louie, you idiot! Why didn't you tell me?"

"How did you know I was here? And where the fuck are your alphas? Why aren't they currently lecturing me? What about management? What the actual fuck is happening."

"Okay, calm down laddie. See, after you "club fight", I couldn't really believe the story the management gave us. Me alphas didn't anything to do with you, them idiots. So I did some digging, mostly on Tumblr where I found some pretty dark things, I shit you not. Then I found this video that of you getting hit by a bus and oh my god, I nearly got a heart attack. Then after further digging, I found out you left the hospital early and went to your house searching. When I didn't find you I asked the neighbours and they said some policemen took and then I reached here."

"Oh my god Niall, you did all this alone. You seriously are the most incredible omega on earth."

"About that. I found suppressants at your house while looking for more clues. And I found a bunch of prescriptions which date back to twelve years ago, all in your name. So I put two and two together came to my conclusion."

OH SHIT, OH FUCKING SHIT. HE KNOWS HE KNOWS EVERYONE KNOWS I'M
"Hey, hey calm down boo, it's ok. I didn't tell anybody. Calm down breathe. I'm not telling anybody anything you don't want them to know."

Then Niall hugged me and just kind of broke down. Began sobbing the ugly snotty kind. My whole body shaking because finally, someone knows.

He just holds be like that for a few moments quietly whispering, "Just let it all out. You're fine now, you're safe now. You've come home, you'll be fine. Don't worry, I'm here for you. I love you very much baby, you're safe."

For the first, I find comfort in someone else.

Chapter End Notes

Finally, something happening in boo's life. Yay! Hope y'all enjoyed this chapter. I'm soo sorry for such a late update. I had a major writer's block. But now I'm back. Also, it's currently 3:45 am here and I'm sleep deprived so sorry for any grammatical errors.

Any of you watch House, M.D? I'm obsessed with it even though I finished the series.

Leave kudos and comments!
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Hi! I made the trailer for migraine. It's on YouTube
Follow this link : https://youtu.be/lv_aPLXbSto

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Louis P.O.V~

"Are you hungry?"

Niall turns to look at me, taking his eyes off the road for a second. I smile and nod.

"That's good, now there has to be a restaurant here somewhere." He says looking around. "Turn the GPS on, smartie."

"Good idea"

And he does exactly that. A comfortable silence falls over us and I look outside the window, watching the world pass us by.

What am I going to do now? What if management finds out? Then even Niall is screwed. God knows what they might do to him. I can't let that happen, maybe I should run away. Just disappear and no one will know. Nah, that's stupid, I'm part of the biggest boy band, they'll probably notice a missing member. Ugh! What do I do?

"What you thinking about boo?"
"Oh, um nothing. You find a place to eat yet?"
"Ya, mate. There's a Chipotle nearby. Wanna go there?" "Ok then let's go!" I flash him my best smile. Nial just looks chuckles lightly at my fake enthusiastic reaction. I wasn't hungry at all nowadays.

About half an hour and a few Lana Del Ray songs later, we reached Chipotle. The restaurant was pretty empty. We got a seat pretty quickly and the waitress took our orders without really recognising us. Niall took a burrito bowl while I had a salad. I didn't want to gain extra pounds, management would be pissed.

*******
"Then Liam told Harry that once a man died after tripping over his own beard and catching fire. The look on Harry's face was hilarious... hey? boo? Are you listening?"
"Huh? What- yes, I'm listening. Carry on"
"Are you sure? Do you wanna talk about something?"
"Nope, I'm fine."

But Niall was having none of that.

"No, something is up. Tell me now boo."
"It's nothing Niall"
"Tell me, I deserve to know"

He was right, he deserved to know. If not for him, I would have still been stuck in jail for god knows how long.

"It's just what will happen if the management founds out? They'll punish you too and I can't let that happen. If your alphas get to know then I'm double screwed. I mean, so many horrible things can happen."

Niall was quiet for a few seconds before speaking.

"Oh my Gosh, you're such a idiot sometimes. Chill Lou, nothing will happen. Even if the management finds out then they'll just have to deal with it. And the alphas would accept you with open arms. After all, they're yours too."

I wasn't least bit convinced but I didn't want to talk about it anymore.

"Ok, but promise me that you won't tell anyone"

Niall hesitated a bit before agreeing silently. We quietly ate our meals then.

Niall's phone started to ring halfway through his meal.

He checked his phone before his eyes widened and he quickly rushed out to answer the phone.

It had to be one of his alphas.

I wasn't least bit convinced but I didn't want to talk about it anymore.

"Ok, but promise me that you won't tell anyone"

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Niall's phone started to ring halfway through his meal.

He checked his phone before his eyes widened and he quickly rushed out to answer the phone.

It had to be one of his alphas.

I was right.

Liam had found out that Niall was missing for the past nearly three hours and since there was no service while Niall was driving from the jail, no one picked up their calls. Now they were really angry at their omega cause they were supposed to have a nice afternoon in but as usual I destroyed it.

Niall seemed to be on the verge, after all he was still an omega and still got upset if his alphas were angry at him. I knew I had to drive him back and get him out of this situation, I got him into.

"C'mon Niall, you go pay the bill since I don't have my wallet, I'll pay you back later. I'll start the car, I'm driving."

He looked at me before heading over to the main counter to pay the bill while I headed outside. I had taken his car keys previously and enter the car, switching on the GPS. Niall joined me shortly.

He quickly put his seatbelt on like me.

It took us 20 minutes to reach to their shared villa, which was 20 minutes too late. Zayn and Liam seemed to have heard the car pull in as they stomped out, anger radiating from them.

Niall and I quickly stepped out. Liam gripped Niall's hand and began to drag him into the house while Zayn pushed me against the car.

"What the fuck were you thinking? How dare you take my omega away without telling us? What is your bloody problem, Louis? Why can't you fucking have common sense for once? You just had to call, you know how worried we were?!!?" Zayn kept shouting at me, pinning me against the car door. I couldn't help but stare at his blown brown eyes. They contained so much anger, so much hatred. Why couldn't they look at me ever with love? That's when I realised I'd never fit in. Nobody liked me.

I was dragged out of my thoughts with a punch to my face. Zayn had started to hit me, a few kicks and I was down. My lip was bleeding along with my nose, and my body ached everywhere.

Zayn stopped after what seemed like an infinity. Before walking away in a dramatic, angry way. I slowly got up and turn to look at the house. Niall appeared at one of the windows, hands over his mouth and tears running down his cheeks before being dragged away by Harry, who was in the house. Niall was probably going to get a good spanking today, because of me.
I slowly get into Niall's car since my house was a decent distance away and I didn't think he'd mind it. I was too exhausted to think properly.

I needed to sleep my problems away.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Hope you enjoyed!
I don't really like this chapter but I needed to update.

Leave kudos~comments~❤
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy the chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Louis' pov~

I don't go home. Not now.

I know I need to sleep, but I can't go home, because of all the memories. After One Direction was formed, all of us would do things together. If someone was hungry, everyone went. Nobody felt any kind of sexual attraction with each other. Nobody cared who was an alpha or beta or omega. We were still babies. Unaware of how the world worked.

Every time, I'm home alone(which is all the time) I can't help but remember all those times we spent together.

Once, Zayn and I brought a bunch of onions and covered them with caramel. Then we left them in the fridge where we knew Niall, Liam and Harry would find. They were so excited when they found it. After taking a bite, all the looks on their face was priceless. They were so disgusted when they spit out the bite. The look was similar to the look they give me now. It's hard to believe that during one time, I was their favourite. They'd include me in everything they did, they liked having me around but things changed.

Life changed, to be honest.

We all grew up, hormones came into play. Management came into play, they knew if the group was filled with alphas and omegas, one direction wouldn't happen. They said, "Domesticity doesn't sell".

I was the oldest, after all, I couldn't let Niall take the fall. Maybe life would have different if I didn't agree. Maybe it could have been better. It would have been better.

But it wasn't.

I didn't know where I was going when I started driving, but the road I was following would take me to a park, Eisenhower park.

It was a cool night, with lots of stars. It was also a quiet night, but it wasn't depressing. It was ... alive, like the wind was humming a tune. It was the kind of silence that made you happy, the comfortable silence you felt with someone you loved.

I think I am gonna spend my night there.

From where I am right now, it's a fifteen-minute drive to the park. And it was getting closer, now that I was over the speed limit. I reached there five minutes early.

The most special thing about this park were the memories and the rocket slide. I remember so
many sleepless nights, I would come here. Mostly with eyes filled with tears and heart filled with hatred. But a tiny part of me was always hopeful, always believing that something great was about to happen. That's why I came here. It was peaceful here, I could escape my thoughts here but I didn't come here that often. I don't know why. Maybe because management forced me to stay out a lot of nights doing stunts or clubbing.

The rocket slide in the park was also special to me. So many nights I had fallen asleep there, counting the stars. Sometimes crying because so much of my love for the boys had gone to waste or all my failures came back to me, haunting me. But not all memories I had here were sad. Not often, but sometimes I would come here, just to look at the stars. It was like they could fix me, tape me up and make me believe in joy again.

Like today.

I climbed up through the holes to the very top, where I would lean against one of the rods, just looking at the stars. When I'd be ready to leave, I would slide down.

It was starting to get a bit chilly and I got cold easily. But I couldn't bring myself to care.

My stomach was hurting from the bruises that Zayn had left. While my hands were covered with cuts given not-so-kindly by Liam. And I could feel my lips bleed a little, but I didn't care. It was not worth caring.

It didn't matter at the end of the day, someone will always hurt you, you'll just have to move on and forgive them. Holding grudges got you nowhere. But sometimes, it'd be nice to know someone cared.

I closed my eyes for a few minutes to let my depressing thoughts go and let my mind be completely silent. I learned something valuable in this park a few months ago, that you're going to be alone sometimes. But I was alone all the time. And I might as well start to enjoy it.

I'd make up stories to entertain myself from time to time. The boys and me living different lives. In different worlds. What if we lived in a world where there were not a/b/o dynamics but loving the same gender was a problem? What if there were secret relationships between me and one of the boys, say Harry. And we'd be called... Larry! The management wouldn't let us come out but the fans knew we were real, and they accepted us! What would life be like then?

My mind could go on forever, with millions of possibilities. Especially, in this silence, with no one to disturb.

But unfortunately, it was short-lived.

My phone began ringing, just when I and boys were about to save the world (in my mind obviously). I was going to ignore it but then I saw the caller ID. Harry was calling me.

Why?

I answered the call, putting it on speaker.

"Hello?"

"Lou?"

"Harry?"
"No, It's me, Niall."

"Nial! Oh my gosh, are you okay lad?"

"Yep, I'm fine lou, they wouldn't do anything to actually hurt me, are you okay?"

"Yes I'm fine, but are you sure those fuckers didn't hurt you?"

"Yes, I'm fine lou but I nee to tell you something."

"Niall, what did they do? And why are you sounding so panicked? Have you been crying, your voi-"

"Louis! Shut up, I'm fine. But I really sorry for what I did! T-th-ey ga-ve me an al-pha comman-d. I'm s-sorry. Pl-ease!"

Niall had been full on sobbing by the time he reached the middle of the sentence. Did the alphas do something? Cause if the hurt the precious soul then I would start a fucking war with them.

"Niall, honey calm down. Take a deep breath. Now tell me what happened."

"I told them! I told them about you!. They kept on telling how worthless you were, such a horrid beta you were! So I gave them a piece of my mind. I told them they knew nothing about your situation, that they deserved to burn in hell, for saying something so horrid. I'm so sorry Louis, Please don't hate."

I was speechless, they know. They fucking know! What would happen now? Would they accept me or would they throw me out for lyin-

"Louis! Please reply! I 'm so sorry! Don't hate me please."

"Nialler, my sweet muffin. I don't hate you, in fact, I love you very much. But honey I need to cut the call the right now. I need to leave before they find me. Goodnight Ni, love you"

"But-"

I cut the call after that. I couldn't go back, they'd check there.

I need to find a place to stay for the night.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave kudos and comments!
I can't hide forever.

I can't go back but I have to. It's a paradox.

I have to hide the evidence, all the pills, razors and fix up the house. I rush towards my car, their house is approximately an hour away from mine. They don't know the shortcuts to my house and if they drive at an average speed then it will take them at least 15 minutes extra with the confusing turns and at least five minutes to figure out the house. They hardly ever come over, and all the houses in my neighbourhood look similar.

As I drive over the speed limit, I desperately feel the urge to crash my car and end it all. But I can't do that, not to Niall or the few that actually might care about me.

After a few turns, I stop in front of my house, quickly parking and getting out.

I stumble while climbing the stairs at the front door, and nearly have a mental breakdown while trying to open the door. When I finally enter my house, the first thing that registers is the smell.

Dead rats.

That's what it smells like. I don't know what dead rats smell like but I think they'll smell like this. I open the windows and spray air freshener all over the house.

First, I cover the bathroom. There's a bit of blood on the floor, and towels everywhere. I wiped all the blood with some of the towels and stuffed them at the bottom of the laundry basket. Then I dispose of my razors (which still a bit of blood on them) in the back yard, hopefully, I'll step on them and cut my feet. I'll deserve it.

After the bathroom looks decent, I cleaned up the living room. Which had half empty alcohol bottles everywhere. It looks like the aftermath of an awesome teenage party. Except no one came to my pity party.

After all the bottles are thrown into the trash, I swept the floor. Which was covered in all kinds of trash. Then I move onto the most important thing, the pills.

I pop a few pills since I had to take mine for the day/night. In jail, they gave me the pills every day with breakfast. But I didn't get mine for today due to Niall's thankful discovery. Did the alphas notice my smell or were they too busy being angry? Probably not, since they would have said something about it. They probably thought Niall had been roaming with other omegas.

The pills also covered my scent all the while destroying my organs. I needed an area to hide them. I can't throw them out in the trash cause they'll probably search the house, and they'll expect the alcohol bottles in there. I put the pills in the vitamin pills' bottle and I throw the bottle over to the yard of one of the vacant houses in the neighbourhood. I hope they only search in the house if they even care enough to do so.
I know I shouldn't be hiding the evidence but I'm cowardly. I'm afraid of the consequences, the reactions, the changes. The management would hire assassins to kill me. But Niall would be overjoyed. Some fans would be probably excited while the majority would hate me even more for lying and most likely call it a publicity stunt.

But I don't know how the alphas react. Would they want me in the pack? Ha, I'd be lucky if they became a bit friendlier.

I get dressed in some pyjamas and wash my face which had a few bruises along the side. I clean all the blood from my busted lip and brush my teeth, making them a little less ugly. Then I lay down on the sofa, switching on the t.v. Netflix is connected to my t.v so I open the first show I see, which happen to be thirteen reasons why.

And it's so damn ironic. A girl who kills herself, providing thirteen reasons why. What would my reasons be If I killed myself? I don't actually know who I'd blame for all this. The management? The society? The alphas? The fans? Myself? or the human mind?

I zone out thinking when someone bangs on my door rather aggressively.

I slowly get up, pausing the episode and put on my poker face. I can do this.

I open the door and there stand the people who I was expecting. The alphas.

Harry looks disoriented, his hair is a mess and he's taking deep breaths. Liam looks equally out of breath and confused. He eyes me, head to toe while Zayn looks the calmest out of the group. A bit sceptical at the most and looks at me with an unreadable expression.

Harry hugs me unexpectedly and it takes all the self-control I have to not melt into the hug. He just smells so damn sweet.

"Erm... Wassup lads? Everything good?" I say, to break the awkward silence.

"We..um.. have to..talk to you about something... Uhh-"

"Niall told us you were an omega so we came to check."

Zayn cuts Liam off in a blunt manner, with a cold tone. Liam throws daggers at Zayn for being so straightforward while Zayn seems so done with all the bullshit. Harry still hasn't let go of me yet, so I push him a bit as to avoid the question. He quickly steps back before whispering to the others.

"There's no scent"

So he wasn't even giving me a decent hug, he was scenting me. And I wanted to cry at that crappy reason.

Zayn smirks at them, and Liam whispers something like pills, and exchange a few glances.

"Let us search your house."

"What! Why the fuck would want to search my house? Isn't what you've done to my face enough boys?"

I can't let them look through my house even though all the evidence is gone. A real beta won't let them search their house without a proper reason or a fight.

"As we told you before, Niall has raised some ..um.. suspicions which we need to check since they
might huge consequences." Liam calmly replies.

They subtly try to avoid the fact that I might be an omega cause that would mean that they had technically abused me. But what if I actually a beta going through all this? Why wouldn't it be abuse then? Why do I need to be an omega to get justice, why-

"Louis! Move or we'll make you move" Zayn's harsh response pulls me out of my thoughts. I should join equal rights campaign.

I spit out an even harsher reply, "So you really believe your immature, naive and idiotic omega. Well, I'm sorry to say this but he just fooled all of you, to get off punishment. Gosh, you all are such idiots and that omega! Such a big fat liar-"

I'm cut off my punches and kicks which hurt less than what I just said. I adore Niall, the sweet little omega, but I need them to leave. Harry just looks at me with a disgusted look in his eyes, a bit of pity included. Almost as if he understands.

Liam and Zayn then go searching my house, entering themselves while Harry and I wait at the front door. After about five minutes, they come out shooting me disgusted looks and hurrying out. Harry soon follows, his eyes seem to try and comfort me, before rushing out.

I don't think they even checked the house properly, they were too pissed. I closed the door and sat down against it.

My whole body ached and my head was screaming. I was hearing sirens.

I had one chance to come clean, to restart my life but I blew it.

I want to be happy, but I've only known sadness. I'm brave to go through all this but too cowardly to stop. I like being alone but hate being lonely. I'm worth a million dollars but I'm worthless.

I'm a paradox.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! I hope you enjoyed the chapter.
leave comments, kudos <3
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

"Inside this place is warm, outside it starts to pour"

Chapter Notes

okay, so the last few chapters were extremely sad, and I'm a horrible person for doing that to Lou. So I'm paying for my sins. Also, guys, my laptop began glitching so sorry for any mistakes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third Person P.O.V

Louis takes a few moments to collect himself, he has given up another huge opportunity, like usual. Niall is going to hate him for sure after he hears what Louis said. That's all he's good, lying.

He gets up slowly, all his joints and limbs hurting. And his head's screaming. Louis' vision is blurred from the tears too. He wants to cry but his throat burns and it's extremely hard to cry, he's too exhausted. He's got nothing now, except his aching soul.

He skips dinner again, he can't gain any more weight. He can't be bothered to close the lights or switch off the t.v. He's emotionally and physically done. He's exhausted and the long night is catching up to him. He comes to a brilliant realisation, he needs sleep.

So as the tiny boy cuddles into the white sheets with about a million pillows surrounding him, he feels lonely but cosy. He can live for the night.

Meanwhile, outside, a pair of alphas express their anger towards the exhausted boy, unaware of their extent of the anger. Nothing made Liam and Zayn more anger than anyone insulting Niall. He was their precious little thing. But Harry didn't get angry. More of confused than anything.

Louis and Niall were extremely close. They had always got along. Louis was always gentle with Niall. Always speaking about him as though the boy was made of gold. So nothing shocked him more today when Louis said those things about Niall.

"Aye, Haz, you coming? We're going back home. I can't stand to be around that piece of filth. And we have to talk about Niall lying to us about the 'omega' thing. I don't understand why he lied to us. Have the punishments been too bad?"

Liam's now gentle voice brings Harry out of his thoughts. He had to bite his tongue before he can bite back a snarky remark about how Louis is a thousand times better than all of them, giving them no right to call him filth.

It's not like Harry had always believed in Louis, but after him ending up in the hospital and then
disappearing for two weeks, Harry saw a certain sadness in Louis' eyes when he appeared out of nowhere, to drop Niall off, earlier that evening. It looked like Louis was losing himself, drowning within himself. Even though Harry only watched from the window, he picked it up.

And right now, while Louis said those spiteful things, there was a certain undertone. It felt like he directed all that to himself. Harry had just begun to notice, there was always a bit of self-loathing vibe from Louis. His beautiful eyes were so dead, and honestly, Harry hated himself for not noticing before.

Louis had always been there, every day and night, during boot camp and the first two years of one direction, of them. What changed? Oh, right pulled himself away. And the boys? they pushed him away. The pushed him so much, he was falling over the edge. And now, Harry knew they had the catch before he hit the ground.

"Hey, Haz, you coming?"

Zayn's question is quickly answered with a nod. Harry makes his way to the car, he'll probably deal the Louis situation in the morning.

Just as he's about to close enter the car, a tiny voice in his head screams. Telling him to do something, not walk away like an idiot. It was so unsuspected it takes Harry by surprise, causing him to jump a little. Almost as if his guardian angel was screaming, to go save the boy he first loved and still does.

After an incomplete explanation, to the boys who were too exhausted to argue, he rushes to towards the house.

The door isn't locked, that's the first thing he notices.

Which is extremely dangers, especially at night, so of course Harry panics. If anything happened to Louis, Harry'd probably want to crack his forehead open. Thankfully, the inside still looks like the way, he and the others saw about half an hour ago.

So he walked around the house, finding the vitamins bottle. It looked old and Harry opened it to see if it's expired. But the pills smelled odd, licking them a bit, they tasted like something Harry tasted before but couldn't put a finger on it.

Setting the bottle down, Harry found no dishes. So either Louis ate out of his hands or he skipped dinner. Harry settled for the later since Louis had been looking rather skinny (Harry could see his ribs even through not-so-tight clothes).

He found Louis in his room, asleep. He'd explain to him tomorrow morning, about his concerns and why he felt the need to sneak in and hide in his house.

Just as he began clearing up the blankets in the living room, it hit him. That taste and smell! When Harry was in school, in was compulsory for everyone to learn about suppressants. How bad they were and how alphas, betas and omegas were made aware by smelling and having a tiny lick so they would remember the taste and smell since looked a lot like normal medicine.

He must have let out some kind of noise cause behind him a wide-eyed Louis with an expression of shock and fear mixed. Harry could see Louis replace his expression with his signature smirk.

But Harry could see through it, he jumped right in, hugging Louis extremely tight. He whispered things like sorry and I love you in Louis' ears. Louis stumbled a bit before pushing him away.
"What do want harry, it's 3 a.m."

Harry just looks at him, tears pooling at his eyes. How could he be so fucking stupid and blind?

Whoever said ignorance is bliss was a huge idiot.

Something must have told Louis, cause his expression changed from blank to confused to shocked. And before Louis could reduce himself to a panic attack, Harry hugged him. Slowly rubbing his back up and down.

Both of them were crying but for different reasons. Louis was relieved because one more step closer to freedom and Harry felt guilty. Louis had suffered so much while he lived without a care in the world. Harry had only now noticed how much he didn't know and how horrible things went on behind the curtains.

Harry lifted Louis up, who weighed as light as a feather all while pressing soft kisses to the boy who was still sniffling softly in Harry's neck. He laid down next to him in his soft bed, turning to his phone, Harry played soft songs. With the window slightly open, the pair could see the stars and the moon. And never had Louis felt such comfort. This was all he ever wanted.

That's how they feel asleep, in each other's arms. Without exchanging a single word but yet, they understood each other right then. And Louis wanted to take a picture because

it was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

❤️ Leave comments and kudos ❤️
Third person p.o.v

Sleep was something Louis needed, he was physically exhausted too. And with a warm body next to him, who was he to deny the darkness.

However, the body next to him didn't share the same sentiments. He was too bothered to sleep, lost in his thoughts. The body next to him was so small, a bit too small, Harry could feel Louis' ribs, how long had this been going on? And even though the boy looked peaceful, his eyes had sunken in and his face had lost all colour. He didn't even look like the Louis (he thought he knew) anymore.

Thinking about it, there were a million signs. Harry and the rest had been so ignorant. And if Niall hadn't told them about it, how long would Louis keep going before coming out. If Niall hadn't looked so damn serious while telling them, Harry wouldn't have even bothered to catch the broken eyes. All Harry wanted right now was for Louis to heal and a truck to run over him and the other alphas.

They were supposed to protect everyone in the pack, omega or not. If Harry looked back at the times, they mistreated Louis, he was sure they all would fall under abuse. But beta abuse is often ignored since betas are still able to protect themselves to an extent but even they need protection. If Louis wasn't a secret omega, Louis would have to suffer through hell. He'd just be an abused beta, without any secrets which could save him. He'd have no hope of escape then.

And Harry wanted to rip his hair out, cause it wasn't fair. He'd become someone he promised he'd never be.

He needed to call the boys, maybe Liam first. He quietly slides from under the covers, grabbing his phone from his back pocket and heading outside to call him.

The phone rang for a few moments before a groggy Liam picked up. He could hear Niall's loud snores probably while cuddling Zayn.

"Hello?"

"Liam! You guys have to come here now. Niall was right-"

"Woah, Harry calm down. Come home honey."

"Liam! This is serious! Call a cab and come to Louis' house!"

"Harry, you're drunk. Come home."

"Liammmm, I'm not drunk! Why don't you do as I say? goddammit!"

This was an extremely critical issue which had to be discussed and Liam wasn't co-operating.

He heard a sigh from the other side before a tired Liam whispers a response.

"I'm gonna pick you up from Louis' house, you better be near."
Harry wanted to slam his phone against the concrete because no one was taking his concern seriously. And Harry loved these boys, it pained him to imagine what Louis might have felt when they would team up against him.

Harry headed inside, hopefully, Louis would still be asleep and when Liam came. They could discuss this in peace.

But when Harry entered the room, he heard a defeated sigh. The boy on the bed had now sat up straight while looking out the window. The moonlight illuminated his tears.

"lou?"

Startled Louis turned to look at him before blinking a few times. Harry rushed in to hug him.

"aww, my baby. Don't cry, sweetie. What's wrong." Harry gently rubbed Louis' back as Louis sniffled in the crook of Harry 's neck.

"I thought... that you left or that it was all a dream. I just felt so sad..." Louis whispered out in a soft whisper, it was clear that Louis' mind was in a muddle of emotion. Too confused and shocked to think properly. But Louis couldn't be blamed, one second, he was a rebellious and wild beta and the other, everyone knew he was a damaged little omega.

louis was incredibly strong to withstand all this. And Harry respected him so much now.

When Liam entered the house, he noticed the front door was open. Hopefully, Harry had been the only one who entered and was sleeping on the sofa or the floor. He was sure Harry had gotten drunk as hell or even high. But when he heard whispers coming from the master bedroom, he hoped Harry was having a chat with Louis.

But when he entered, the scene in front of him was not unusual. Louis had his face buried in Harry's neck while sitting on his lap and Harry rubbed his back while whispering something.

Harry noticed Liam with his jaw hanging, standing in the doorway. He signed him to keep quiet before gently placing Louis on the bed and climbing off. He gave Louis a soft kiss on the forehead and headed towards Liam. He grabbed Liam by his arm, dragging him out of the house. Hopefully, Louis won't wake up again.

"What the actually fuck?"

"Calm down Lima"

"What do you mean calm down? What was that Harry? I thought you hated... him?!"

Harry cringed at Liam's choice of words. He didn't hate Louis, he loved him very much. But never made a move because betas and alphas didn't work out. And Louis was not just a 'him' even though they treated him like that.

"Liam, Niall was right. He is an omega. We have done soo much damage Liam, we are such shitty alphas. We broke him soo much Liam, we-"

"Harry, what the fuck? How high are you?"

That was it, Harry lost it, how fucking dare he? Why couldn't he just take Harry's word? HE HAD EVIDENCE!
Just when Harry was about to shout profanities at Liam which would wake half the city up a small voice spoke up.

"guys?"

There stood Louis, looking extremely soft and small.

Chapter End Notes

not edited as usual, and this was written in a rush. so its more of a filler. sorry
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Third person p.o.v

The tired voice echoed, startling the men in front of him.

Green eyes filled with fear and brown eyes filled with disgust.

"What are you doing?"

"It's my house, Liam."

An exhausted voice answered the question. Liam just looked at Louis in disbelief before turning to Harry, who was still trying to find words to explain Liam. This time it was clear the question was directed to Harry.

Within five seconds, words were running like a bullet train from Harry's mouth. Liam could only make out abuse, Louis, omega and beta from the string of words.

This got Liam's attention, it was an interesting combination of words. Was Louis abusing an omega? Did Louis know an abused omega who was ill-treated by his beta? There were endless possibilities in Liam's mind, all with Louis as a horrible person.

It was an image Zayn and Liam had painted in his mind. According to them, Louis was all evil with nothing nice about him. Too loud, too rude, too mean.

"What?"

Louis had left before Liam gathered the sensibility to ask him what he meant. Louis knew what was coming and he didn't want to be there for it. Harry took a deep breath before starting again.

"Louis is an omega. Niall was right. He's been pretending to be a beta, for god knows how long. And oh lord, Liam, we've been so bad to him. So horrid and rude. And we've abused him so much. Liam! What are we gonna do? He hates us, I'd hate us if I was him."

By the end, Harry's pulling his hair out and tears lining his eyes. The reality is sinking in, what are they gonna do? Liam's reaction is a bit different. It's confusion before he begins to eye him.

"How high are you?"

That's when Harry loses it.

"ARE YOU THAT DUMB LIAM! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU SINCE- OH MY GOD. Just come with me"

With a sudden burst of energy, Harry drags Liam into the house. He shoves the bottle of suppressants into his face.

"Smell this, taste this. These are suppressants. I can bet you my life they are suppressants. Now, why would Louis have these on the same day he goes out with Niall and Niall tells us that Louis is an omega? Aren't these clues enough?! Liam use your damn brain!"
Liam smells and tastes them, and yes, they are suppressants. But unlike Harry, Liam can't believe. He just doesn't understand why Louis would hide this? They already had an omega, they could live with another one. Especially, when that omega was Louis.

Louis walks into the living room a few minutes later with a tray with some biscuits and three cups of tea where Harry is walking around seemingly talking to himself, pain visible on his face. Liam was kept staring at the pills, unable to believe that the loud, wild and the only beta in their band was not a beta.

Louis places the tray on the centre table before taking a cuppa himself and looking at the distressed alphas, expecting anything from a hug to a slap. They seem more distressed than himself about the ordeal. Louis actually remarkably calm and he would have applauded himself if he didn't feel so numb.

The alphas finally notice the presence in the room, Harry rushing to hug Louis. Liam just takes a cuppa from the tray, before saying a quiet 'thanks'.

The room's silent, with an exhausted omega breathing in Harry's scent, Harry holding onto Louis as though he would break if he let go and Liam just looking at the pair, unaware what to do.

"So.. umm.. I guess that both of you know?" Uncertainty was filled Louis' voice.

And this has to be the first time Liam notices that Louis is so small, so tiny. Too small to be a beta, he looks so fragile and that confirms Harry's claim. Liam gets up to hug Louis and he'd be lying if his heart didn't break when Louis flinched.

Liam finally seemed to understand Niall's desperation and Harry's frustration. Liam's mind kept on racing with thousands of questions. He just didn't know what to do. What could he to help Louis, what would happen to them as a pack and as a band. How would they deal with the management. They still had to tell Zayn, but that wouldn't be an easy task.

It was anyways 4 am, maybe they all should just go to sleep. Wake up at probably one o'clock and think about it then But sleeping wasn't going to make their problems go away.

And they probably wouldn't be able to sleep, not every day did that one mistreated beta come forward and confess to being an omega taking such harmful drugs.

That reminded Liam, they needed to take Louis to the doctor, these were the A1 type drugs. Used by the omegas in the army but they were only allowed for maximum 16 months under strict supervision. It was a wonder where Louis found them. It was a huge crime.

Louis sat opposite Liam, on Harry's lap. His head on Harry's chest, for the first time, his mind was silent. He didn't feel anything, physically and emotionally. A few days ago, this was all he wanted but now, nothing made sense.

Harry couldn't do anything except hold Louis, as though that would fix everything. That made Harry feel a little better about himself, a little useful in this situation. Louis was soft and warm, he smelled good and they fit together so well, why hadn't Harry noticed before.

No one disrupted the silence, just let it guide their minds. Even though Harry's mind was a puddle of emotions, Liam's was in a state of shock and confusion while Louis' was a daze.

"Let's tell Zayn if you haven't already." Louis croaked out.

Liam wasn't startled this time, too much had happened for him to be shocked even more.
He got up, car keys jingling in the back pocket, as Harry asked Louis if he wanted to come. Sighing, Louis silently agreed. before they all of them bundled into the car, Louis rushed to get a bunch of papers. Papers he agreed to show them when all the boys were together.

Papers from the management.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, so I'm writing this half asleep. Sorry for the mistakes.

leave comments and kudos <3
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third person p.o.v

The ride was quiet.

Usually, whenever Harry and Liam traveled anywhere, Niall would constantly be chatting and everyone was used to jokes or gossip. While Louis would blast the radio to drown out the loneliness.

The silence wasn't exactly comforting yet it wasn't uncomfortable either. It was just... silent. Yet, it was so loud. A million unasked questions rang through the air. Harry had an arm around Louis' slim waist while Louis clutched the papers tightly in his hand. Liam tried to focus on the road, nearly crashing into a truck at some point which led Harry to practically move Louis to his lap.

Louis didn't protest, frankly, 21 hours ago Louis would have killed to be on Harry's lap. But now he couldn't care less, the numbness had taken over Louis. Right now, Louis was running on autopilot.

"So..umm, what's up with the papers, lou?" Harry's deep voice tried to start a conversation. Liam wished Louis would reply with than just a "You'll see."

He kinda missed the sometimes annoying but loud beta. Always cracking jokes, not affected by anything and talking about all the shit in the world. But Louis wasn't a beta, that was the whole point. It was all a well-hidden lie. Louis could just tell them the shorter route to the pack's house rather than have them take the hour-long route but all he wanted was to look out the window. The world looked so pretty when you stopped caring with nothing left to hide.

The light's at the pack's house were on and Zayn stood at the door. The minute Liam parked the car in the driveway, Zayn was opening the car door, shouting at them for leaving him and their 'precious omega' home all alone. And the moment his eyes landed on Louis; half on the backseat half on Harry, his rage grew.

"Don't tell me you left me and Niall alone to pick up a stoned Louis. Guys, we discussed this. Anything to do with him calls for a pack meeting."

Liam had never realized the disgust filled in Zayn's voice until just now. Did his voice reflect the same amount of disgust?

"Zayn, calm down, it's important. Let's go talk inside." At Liam's command, Zayn stepped aside. Harry and Louis climbed out the backseat with Louis hiding behind Harry's broad torso. Louis was much shorter than Harry, with only his soft hair peeking over Harry's shoulder. Holding Harry's huge hands, Louis entered the house for the first time in years. He remembers the last time he came when the management had just switched him to the strongest dose of suppressants, used by the
omegas in Military under strict supervision. It wasn't very clear since the last time he came was during the Christmas of 2012. Five years ago.

The only part which wasn't blurry or in quick flashes was him playing the piano and the boys dancing. It was a wonderful night. 26th December 2012.

Niall crushed Louis in a hug, kissing his forehead softly.

Liam followed Zayn into one the rooms, grabbing Harry's arm who was planning to cuddle with Louis. Niall was there for that. Niall took Louis to sit on the sofa, letting him lean against his chest.

"So, um, Louis is an omega and not a beta." There was no other way to put it, short and simple. At first, Zayn began laughing loudly at the ridiculous claim, but quickly caught on when he saw Harry's eyes turn into the face of death. Harry's arms reached out to strangle Zayn and Liam thanked God for his strength, being able to hold him back.

"Wait, you aren't kidding?"

"For god's sake Zayn, why don't you believe us?"

"It's just that Louis does do some shit for attention. And even if he was an omega, why would he hide it? He knows that we love Niall a lot and we are around him quite often, I mean we would have noticed something, guys. So I think you should just probably send him home."

"OH MY FUCKING LORD ZAYN! LOUIS IS A BLOODY OMEGA AND NOT A BETA, WE FOUND SUPPRESSANTS!"

Harry's voice roared through the silent house, Zayn had managed to hit the last nerve.

"Jeez Harry, calm down. Think about it practically. Louis did do some ridiculous shit in the past, remember when he nearly got himself killed while drag racing? Maybe he's doing this for attention. And those suppressants could have easily been placebos, they were on the news a few months back. They tasted like and smelled like them. And since Niall is an omega, maybe Louis forced him to play along. Remember, he was gone the yesterday? Poor baby. Let's send Louis home and comfort Niall."

"Zayn, You are the dumbest person I-" Liam's rather mean insult was interrupted by a soft voice.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me, so I bought these." Louis offered the papers from the doorway which Zayn skeptically took. These contracts weren't supposed to be disclosed but who gave a shit anymore. Even if the management sued him, he could easily win because the terms on the contract were inhumane.

All the changes in Louis' behavior were clearly explained. Louis was forced to deal with all this kind of abuse alone and the boys just added salt to the wounds. From the severity of punishments, if the rules provided were broken to the incredibly dangerous brand of suppressants prescribed, every statement made their hearts clutch. Niall had already read the contract so he took it upon himself to hug Louis. His chest against Louis' back, soft kisses placed on the fluffy sandy hair.

By the end of the contract, it was clear Louis had basically sold his soul for one direction to carry on and never had the boys felt more damn guilty. Their eyes were brimmed with tears and throats were hurting from trying to hold back tears. Louis had done so much, yet they never gave him a second glance. Louis had seen the worst and best of the very much illegal underworld. They used to see these things on news, but only Louis truly understood how it felt. For the first time, they finally realized how strong and courageous Louis had been.
The silence was broken by Louis' soft giggles, the looks on the alphas' faces were ridiculous. At the harmonious sound, all of them rushed to hug Louis. And got a respond. Louis hugged them back as tightly as he could while softly laughing. Only Louis could laugh at a situation like this.

And after years of hugging pillows, trying to fill in the empty void, Louis felt complete.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! I hope you liked this chapters.
Comments and kudos are appreciated a lot <3
all the love,xx
Third person P.O.V

Somehow the boys managed to make it to one of the spare beds in the guest rooms, considering none of them wanted to let go of Louis. How ironic, first they couldn't bother to spare a second glance now they couldn't let go.

It was around 4 am and Louis was wide awake. Maybe it was the softness of the bed or the warm bodies hugging contrasting to the cold pillows. Looking at each their faces, Louis wasn't sure what would happen now. Maybe he could look for that piano and just think about the muddle of confusion which was his life, while playing it.

Getting out of the bed without waking anyone up proves to be a task, nearly stepping on Zayn's face and falling off the bed due to Niall suddenly moving. But louis, thankfully, lands on a rug, muffling the sound.

Softly closing the door behind him, he looked around the corridor. Thousands of pictures lined the walls, some even with fans but not a single picture of him. With him cropped out of the picture or him not looking at the camera, face hidden. And sadness flows through him, but rage quickly replaces it.

Not even a minute ago, they were crushing him in hugs whispering sweet things to him but looking at these pictures brings back so many times he's suffered purely because of them. Maybe if he wasn't an omega, he would be doomed to their torture his whole life.

And suddenly, he can't bear to be in that house anymore, the walls seem to be closing in. The air suffocates him and his feets are running through the pathways to the main door. Before he leaves, he writes a simple note to the boys. i'm leaving, don't look for me.

He knew they'd never see his text if he sent them. His number was blocked in their phones.

The cold air hit his face, rushing to his lungs and letting him breathe again. The door probably closed loudly, waking at least one of them but he couldn't care less. The road in front of him was empty, the sun wasn't completely out; just peeking out. The sky looked beautiful and for once Louis actually felt alive with needing anybody.

Thankfully, his phone and earphones were in his jean pockets. He had forgotten to take them out. Plugging in his iphone, he put the first song he found. Which happened to be fumes by EDEN. The song matched his mood, lonely but free and hopeful.

Singing loudly and dancing, Louis walked down the streets and he didn't care if he woke someone up, for the first time, the only person he cared about was himself. Eyes closed, walking blindly on the road, louis crashed into something.
It was a street lamp and Louis couldn't help but laugh at himself. Sitting on the still slightly wet grass, watching the sun rise. It was the best feeling ever. Why hadn't he done it before? Tired blue eyes seemed to light up for the first time as the sun shone brightly. Even the strong gust of wind blowing in his face soothed him.

The peace was disrupted by his ringtone. It was Niall calling. Half-heartedly he answered Niall,

"hey ni, good morning."
"oh my god! Louis! where are you? are you okay? why'd you leave? do you nee-"
"chill boo, I'm fine."
"What- are you seriously asking me to chill? Louis! you left without a warning!"
"hey! I left a note saying i left. and i'm fine. I've taken care of myself all these years."
And Niall's heart cracks a little, without the alphas, he couldn't take care of himself for even a day.
"do the alphas know Niall?"
"huh-what- no. No, they don't, I was gonna tell them but I thought I'd call you first."

Louis softly chuckled at the boy on the other end. Niall was always the first one to know things. Maybe that's why Niall was the coolest member of the band.

"Okay, Neil. I'm gonna go now. Tell the alphas good morning."

"what?! where are you though? you didn't tell me!"

"skydiving without parachutes"

With that Louis cuts the call, getting up and stretching. The sky is a pastel blue with hints of purple here and there and it looks so perfect, Louis takes a picture.

His phone rings again, but this time it's an unknown number. Louis just cuts the call. He doesn't want to spend his time talking to people who didn't really like him. His phone rings again, it's the unknown number again. Maybe the alphas changed their numbers but a text from that number proves him wrong.

where r u??
New phone, who dis?
tomlinson, don't play with me. it's john.

Louis shoots back a sassy remark.

New life, who dis?
don't be snarky, louis. you know i can end you.
chill dude, you're the management guy. i remember your face.

Usually, Louis isn't so chilled and calm in front of the management guys but in about 28, everything has changed. The large part of him which was filled fear, anxiety and self-hatred has disappeared.

He ignores the next few text messages coming in, frankly considering throwing his phone away. Looking around, Louis realizes he doesn't know where he is. He's never seen these streets before and since he was walking around blindly, he doesn't know how to go back.
But that's okay. Louis just wants to be lost for a while.

Meanwhile, a few kilometers away, the rest of the band is freaking out. Niall took Louis last statement as a way of saying he was going to commit suicide. Not realizing Louis was joking, Niall worked up a storm. Harry soon joined in, calling the police and nearly filing a missing person report. Until Liam stepped in, the only one who could keep his calm in tense situations. Liam managed to calm Harry and Niall down to an extent where they weren't having panic attacks and Zayn just kept staring at the note. Praying Louis' location would just appear on the piece of paper.

It takes them a while, but it hits them eventually. After how they treated Louis, always pushing him away and ignoring him. They really didn't deserve his love. After all, why would he want to stay close to them or in their house after they made it clear in the past that his presence was clearly a burden.

Somethings just can't be forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked this chapter! not edited cause I'm too sleepy.
also please leave comments if you liked this chapter, they really inspire me to write!

all the love, xx
third person p.o.v

They couldn't really do anything except hope by some miracle, Louis would call them or come back.

It was their fault, after all, everything had consequences and they had been so foolish to think the consequences wouldn't be valid for them. Nearly every day they had a chance to talk to Louis, ask him about his life and how everything was but they couldn't be bothered. Now all they cared about was Louis but he seemed to have dropped off the surface of Earth. Karma really was a bitch, but then again they deserved it.

Louis, meanwhile, wandering the streets, clueless.

He didn't really know what to think of all this. First, he was numb, unable to react then he was happy because everything just might have been fine for once. But then common sense kicked him in the head and he felt angry and disappointed at everything. It seemed the boys only loved him because of his actual identity, but he was still the same person. Why couldn't they love him for that?
The truth didn't solve his problem, it just set him free from the 'what-ifs '. And maybe that was a sign, he had no-one except himself.

Management was another problem, this was only the calm before the storm. If he just went now, he could get it over with. Just as he opened his GPS, his phone rang. It was the unknown number again and maybe giving them a little warning about his situation would soften the blow.

"'ello"
"Tomlinson, I swear, you better have a will ready because I'm going to kill you. Where in hell are you?"
"Where are you?"
"How is that even relevant, gosh you're weird. But I'm your house because you were supposed to meet me at the HQ about half an hour ago! Stupid ass."

The comments didn't bother Louis at all, he was turning a deaf ear to them. But that didn't mean Louis didn't believe them. He was weird, a 'stupid ass', he was much worse.

"Umm, I need to tell you something important."

"Whatever it is, as long as you've not been kidnapped and are being held at gunpoint by some international criminal, I don't care. but if that is the case, then I'm calling the press."

"It's more important than that, it's about the rest of the boys-"
"Yes about that. The fans think the boys hate you, which they probably do, so I need you guys to chill more together."

"Wait, what? What does 'chill together' supposed to mean?"
"Gosh, you really are a loner, just meet me at the HQ, in five. No buts."
The storm was much worse than what he expected.

A few kilometers away, Harry received a call from an unknown number.

"Hello Harry, this is John from management. We need you and your mates to come to HQ immediately it's important."

"Hey John, can we not come? it's like 8:00 in the morning, and we have umm something important and it's about-"

"Louis will be there in hopefully five minutes. Better not cancel now Styles."

"What? Louis will be there? How do you know this? Where is he? When did you talk to hi-"

"Styles, calm down, get the rest and yourself here and then we'll talk."

Even though the call wasn't on speaker, everyone in the room was wide awake at the fact some news about the missing member was found. Niall who was nearly asleep on Liam's lap was now standing and staring wide-eyed at Harry.

"guys, management found Louis. Get dressed, we need to be there in five."

With that everyone rushed into their shared bedroom, grabbing the first decent piece of cloth they could find (which happened to be sweats and hoodie) and put it on.

Harry and Niall had their sizes mixed up, while Niall drowned in his hoodie, Harry barely fit in it. All of them climbed into their car, nearly to forgetting to lock the main door. HQ was approximately about twenty minutes away but they managed to make it there in 10 minutes nearly killing a drunk person crossing the road.

Rushing in through the front door, the receptionist pointed the room they were supposed to go to. Louis had comfortably adjusted himself on one of the large sofa chairs. The chair swallowed him up and his head rested again the soft velvet. A man who probably was John sat opposite to him, hands resting on the table with a piece of paper on the table.

"Ahh, there they are. C'mon lads, take a seat."

Louis turned his head a bit at an angle so he could see the boys. Smiling lazily at them, he waved at them.

Niall reached to hug louis but stopped midway before realizing Louis was not gonna hug back. Louis seemed grateful at Niall's change of plans because explaining John why they didn't hate him all of a sudden. He wasn't gonna confess now, John was already pissed. His wife had left him recently and Louis didn't want to fall victim of his bitterness.

"Hello lads, the fans seem to think the beta of the band and pack don't get along. They feel we've drifted apart and probably hate each other. So John over here thinks that we should take a vacation
together. Whatcha think?"

The emphasize on 'beta' clearly conveyed his message to the Alphas and the other omega didn't speak, getting a bit confused. Louis' eye looked at them in pure desperation as his mouth curled up, hoping that they would give a reaction of disgust, the usual reaction they had whenever they had to do anything with Louis. Maybe then John would reconsider the decision, Louis' opinion was usually ignored and thrown into the trash. But the management was always more considerate to the pack's request, after all, they were the main attraction.

The document stated their plans and agreements on what they had to during this two-week 'vacation'. Unpredictable things just kept happening and by now Louis had stopped trying to guess what was coming.

While they all read through the contract and the whole schedule, Louis kept making sarcastic and funny remarks. Louis had to keep up his act to make John believe that the pack didn't know about his true status. The boys tried to ignore Louis as that was what they usually did.

Louis was an amazing actor, there was no denying that, he actually looked happy and completely normal. As though he wasn't hiding anything from anyone or living a lie.

Everyone went separate ways after that. Liam and Zayn went home while Harry, Louis, and Niall went to Louis' house to pack up. Niall wanted to be with Louis and Harry just needed a reason to be near Louis.

Louis didn't mind, maybe some cuddles would do him good.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! I hope you enjoyed reading! Also it's not edited. Sorry Comments~kudos
The night at Louis' house was very eventful. Niall cuddled Louis throughout the night, while Harry packed Louis' bag. By packing, he meant basically dumping all the clothes, Louis hadn't worn since forever. Colorful pants and Khakis with striped shirts and suspenders. He missed Louis wearing them. He also added some skinny jeans and graphic shirts to cover the top of the pile so Louis wouldn't suspect it. His suitcase was overflowing by the time Harry was done, having him to sit on the suitcase to shut it.

"Jeez Harry, are you planning to ship off to some other continent. Why will I need so many damn clothes? It's like two and a half weeks, right."

"Ya never know what might happen, Louis."

"Ironic"

And it honestly takes Harry a minute to understand, by that time Louis' already moved on to removing the unwanted clothes from his suitcase.

"Harry! You've filled my suitcase with my old clothes. I don't wear these anymore!" But Louis' not angry, not really. This is nothing compared what they have done in the past.

"Please, lou! You'll look good in them!"
"Harry, you haven't seen me in these since like 2012. And I doubt I'll even fit in these."
"Lou, you haven't grown a centimeter vertically or horizontally. These will fit you just fine. How about this? You take five pairs of these and five of your choice. Fair deal?"

Louis just nodded his head with a small smile graced on his face. He didn't actually care what he wore as long as management didn't have a problem. And they had invaded his privacy enough to know what he had in his closet.

Harry wraps his arm around Louis' neck and they both head to one of the master bedrooms. Niall munching on some chips he found and surfing through Netflix. Louis really wants to Black Mirror but he's not sure they'll like it so he stays quiet.

Eventually, they end up on Youtube, discussing whether Liza is better than iisuperwomanii or was it really a good decision for Anthony to leave smosh. It's a casual conservation, no hidden meaning, everyone's pretty chill and Louis could talk like this for hours. But he just can't let himself fall like that, let go of all his defenses and let them in. It was hard for him to pick himself up and he's not sure he'll be able to pick himself up again.

They end up watching some anime called Ghost Stories and the english dub is hilarious. The night is spent giggling and throwing chips at each other. It's the most joy Louis' experienced in a long
time.

He excuses himself in middle of episode 8, taking a minute to collect himself and shifting his position from between Harry and Niall to the extreme left of the bed. He's keeping his distance this time.

It's 1 am by the time everyone's asleep. Niall curled around Louis while Harry awkwardly manages to sprawl himself out in a position where his arm is also wrapped around Louis. They're a tangled mess it's quite cozy. While Liam and Zayn also happen to be cuddling, two packed suitcases standing by the door.

The morning is a bit of a mess. Usually, Louis would be up by sunrise, management always had a task for him. Heading to his bathroom, he realized his lack of razors having thrown them out two nights ago. He's just gonna have to do with his light stubble. Quickly bathing, Louis heads to the kitchen. His pills.

The world still thinks he's a beta and management probably doesn't want him to come out right now. But the pack knows the truth and he isn't sure if he needs to take the pills. Holding his pills, he doesn't realize the figure sneak up behind him until it's whispering in his ear.

"whatchu doin' little louis?"
"Jeez, Harry, dude. You scared me."

At that Harry giggles, a 5'11 giant with broad shoulders and deep voice giggling has to be the funniest thing Louis had seen.

"But seriously, what are you doing so early? and what's that in your hand?" Harry takes a deep breath before talking again, "and why do you smell so fresh?"

"I get up early Styles and I took a bath for your information, something which I doubt you take."
"Excuse me?"
"Excused"
"Sassy."

Louis walks towards one of the counters deeper into the kitchen, "You know it."

And it feels like its 2010 again. Just Harry and Louis, no status, no omegas or alphas. Just two best friends who made it lucky. Just pure and raw friendship. Friendly banter carries on till Niall wakes up, hungry and grumpy.

By the time they reach the airport, Liam and Zayn and taking pictures with fans. The minute the fans seem the other three, a bunch of ear piercing screams are heard around the arrival gate. Almost as though someone was going to get murdered.

Luckily, Louis spotted of his acquaintances/friends who worked in the security team. He lead them through a shortcut, avoiding anyone who wasn't part of the airport staff. Within a few minutes, they were on their private plane. Louis had traveled on this about a million times, mostly alone.

Sitting in his usual seat, Louis rested his head against the window pane. He listened to the pack's general chatter, sometimes answering questions directed at him. The answers were short and choppy as they would be if the pack wasn't aware louis was an omega. It was obvious Louis didn't really want to talk, preferring to listen. like he usually did.
He opened one of the books he carried on hand luggage, The Summer I Turned Pretty. Half-way through the book, Louis realizes everything's a bit too quiet. Everybody's asleep and they all look so cute, he takes a picture.

Putting his ear phone, Louis begins humming. So lost looking outside the window, he doesn't even notice Liam waking up and recording Louis singing.

Louis gets a jump scare when he sees Liam recording him, his phone in Louis' face.

"Nice Louis, what were you singing?"
"Hold me down by Halsey."
"Oo, kinky."
"Shut up."

Soon that turns into a mini wrestling fight, just like ones they have on stage. And it seems so unreal, Louis just waits to wake up and realize it's all a dream. Eventually, they all wake up one by one. And in the last one hour of the flight, an intense game of uno takes place.

Harry and Niall watching Zayn as he swears he's sure Louis' cheating since he's kicking their asses.

"Well, Zayn, It isn't my fault I can play my cards well."
"You don't talk, I swear I saw you sneak some plus 4 cards from the deck."
"If you can't prove it then it never happened."

And they have landed in Malibu. Sunny weather, fresh air and soft humming of birds, it seems so dreamy.

Louis swears he's in a Lana Del Ray music video.

Chapter End Notes

hey everybody!
Please leave comments, they really inspire me to write more!
Thank you so much for reading.
comment~kudos
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Hello, hope you enjoy this chapter. Also if you are on wattpad, please read my story over there as I have entered them for wattys2017. All the support is appreciated.
It's under the same name,
user is -hurricanelou

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third person P.O.V

It wasn't a small mansion at all, quite the contrary, actually . It had at least four rooms and five bathrooms, a kitchen which only Harry was going to use, a nice and cozy living room and a lovely balcony which overlooks the beach. Usually the pack shared a room and he was never invited to join them so it was not Louis' fault that he kept his suitcase in the farthest room from the master bedroom where the pack's suitcases reside. That's usually the room he took. So it takes Louis by surprise when Niall asks.
"Where's your suitcase Lou?"
"It's in my room, why?"
"Your room?"
"What? You're not kicking me out, are you?"
"No, no, no. It's just- aren't you sleeping in our room?"
"Have I ever?"
"But-" Niall just shuts up after that, not having anything left to say. The obvious discomfort in the room causes Liam who watched the whole scene unfold from the sofa, to pick up 'Peter Pan' from the CD shelf next to him and insert in his laptop (connected to the tv) so everyone can watch it. Everyone settles on the L-shaped sofa while Harry trails in with a bunch of nuggets.

On any other day, if they watched a movie together, the pack would huddle on one side of the sofa while Louis stayed as far as possible and almost always left halfway through. He wouldn't be able to bear the snarky remarks thrown around at him or cold stares sent his way. But guilt really worked miracles, knowing what effects actions had changed on someone anyone. Louis really tried not to resist when Zayn dragged him in middle of the huddle but so many bodies cuddling him was unusual. His pillows were always stone cold, unlike the body heat radiating off the lads. His head rested on Harry's shoulder while he had a arm around his shoulders and Liam had his tiny sock-clad feet on his lap. Zayn sat to Louis' right with an arm around his waist while Niall opted Louis to sit on his lap.

Somewhere in middle of the movie, Liam had left the movie to go to their room to sleep and Harry had gone to cook lunch. As Zayn's fingers rubbed against Louis softly, even with a shirt and a jacket on his torso, Zayn could feel Louis' ribs. Louis had gotten so thin, so small, so tiny. It reminded Zayn of a incident a few weeks ago.
Lou had been complaining all day about Louis' clothes not fitting. They needed a new measurement and Zayn had been getting his hair done. It was just Louis and him in the room since the tailor had gone to get a working pen to write down the measurements and Lou had gone to get some kind of hair spray. The lads were probably watching some movie in their room.

The conversation went something like this:
"So your clothes don't fit you eh?"
Louise looked up from his phone before nodding.
"Ha, you should stop eating then fatass. How much are you gonna gain before you finally stop stuffing your face."
"But my clothes are too-"
"Tight? Ya, I know. Lou's been on about it for the whole day. You should join a gym and get a diet plan. Maybe then you'll stop looking a giant ballon."

Back then, the pain and sadness in Louise's eyes gave Zayn a sick joy, because back then he was just a dumb beta. Ignoring how Louise's eyes watered and how he bit his lip to stop sobbing was much easier than apologising apparently. Louise left the room shortly, just before Lou entered the room.

"What happened to him, Zayn?"
"I dunno, but he's a crybaby so it's not a big deal." A small smirk was present on Zayn's face.
Lou just looked at him disapprovingly. Louise skipped lunch that day and the day after that.

And now it was Zayn's turn to cry, because how dare he do this, be so damn horrid for no reason. Just for the sake of causing pain.

A small pressure on his ribcage caught his attention. Louise had been observing for a few minutes now. He reached up to his ear before whispering, "you okay? You were crying and mumbling something under your breathe."

That made Zayn cry more because this blue-eyed boy next to him still cared after all the shit Zayn had given him. He pulled him out of a sleeping Niall's lap and placed him on his. He hugged Louise as though his life depended on it, digging his nose into Louise's shoulder trying to smell Louise, only to get a neutral scent. They stayed like that for a while, letting Louise's body slack against his, before whispering, "Can I kiss you? On-on the cheek obviously."
Louise's body shot up, nearly every synapse in Louise's brain lit up, almost killing him. Emotions flooded through every muscle.
"I-um-I gotta go. Work's waiting for me," removing Zayn's hand from his face, he rushed into his room and locked the door.

The noise alerted Niall, who was a bit confused on why Louise had left so abruptly and why Zayn's eyes were lined with tears. Before he could ask any questions, Zayn left for the toilet.

Louise's heart thumped so loudly against his chest, he felt like he was going into cardiac arrest. His head rested in his arms as he slouched against the door. Everything was happening so fast, suddenly Zayn wanted to kiss him albeit on the cheek when he wouldn't look him in the eye until two days ago. And he found it so damn hard to hate them, even while remembering all those times they'd been asses to him. So hard to forget them, to stop wanting them. They didn't even bother to check if he was okay after his run in with a vehicle nearly half a year back. Or when he went to jail and he felt like he was going to die. Any concern or emotion except hatred towards him kicked in only about four days ago when Niall finally figured out the truth.

And yet, Louise loved them endlessly. Maybe his omega just wanted someone to love or maybe he was a stupid slob who fell in love with assholes. But he didn't want to fall, because falling meant getting hurt and he doesn't think he would be able to get up again, ever.

Getting up slowly, he went and stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom.
"Stop crying, stop crying, stop crying, goddamit! Deep breaths; in, out; in, out;"
He scrubbed his face before leaving his room. No traces which disclosed he was crying, were left. He held the jacket closer to his body (he had been very cold recently), before leaving. Harry and Niall were talking to Zayn who had just come out of the washroom.
"Oh there he is! Where did you go Lou, you left me lonely!"
Niall came forward to hug him which Louis willingly accepted.
"Nah mate, just thought my phone was ringing so I went to check it. Right Zayn?"
Zayn looked like a deer caught in headlights, so Louis decided to cover him.
"And I just discovered a fact, Zayn here, isn't all that of a strong alpha, he began crying in middle of 'Peter Pan'! Too embarrassed to show his face, he went to the toilet."
Zayn looked grateful and sad at the same time. Louis helped him again. It wasn't fair.
The others looked convinced at the explanation, laughing at Zayn and cracking jokes. Liam entered the room at the commotion, bursting out laughing after hearing the fake story before elbowing Zayn softly as to mock him.
"Not so much of a big, bad alpha, eh?"
That was all that they talked during lunch about, chatting about funny incidents in the past where they all pretended to be brace and strong but ended up getting scared. Zayn was uncomfortable throughout because Louis looked happy and he didn't know if he was pretending or not. He was such a good liar.
Meanwhile, Louis was genuinely enjoying himself. It felt nice to make fun of someone else which wasn't himself.
Loving them was going to be hard but maybe not all bad.

Chapter End Notes

Hey everybody, hopefully you all liked this chapter. If you did please leave a comment, I love reading them. Also if you are on wattpad, please read my story over there as I have entered them for wattys2017. All the support is appreciated.

All the love, xx
The afternoon ends with a game of uno which Liam swears he was falsely accused of cheating by Zayn, causing him to be disqualified. Nevertheless, it's the most fun Louis has had in a long time. He isn't required to talk, to make sarcastic comments, to act like a beta. For the first time, he can hug the pillow on the sofa and listen to the pack's talks. It turns out they are quite funny when they aren't being mean. The comfort in the room lasts until it is disrupted by Liam's ringtone. He picks up his phone while Harry and Zayn continue play fighting and Niall watches in amusement. Louis' attention remains on Liam.

"Uh, Hello? Yes, this is Liam... oh, yes, hello... Louis? Yes, he's here, uh... oh ok."

At mention of Louis's name, the call has caught everyone's attention, all of them watch Liam hand the phone over to Louis.

"Uh hello?"

"Louis, this is John speaking."

Louis sits up straight before continuing, "umm, hello John? What's up?"

"Ok, now, straight to business. I'm not on speaker right?"

"No-"

"The rumours are getting worse. The fans really doubt the relationship between the pack and the 'beta'. There's a club near the mansion, the paps will be there by 8:30-9:00. You need to tell the pack to be ready."

"But-"

And before Louis can even say anything, they cut the line, not letting him say anything as usual. Sighing softly, he gives the phone back to Liam. The distress on his face is obvious as Niall softly rubs the other omega's arm.

"What happened?"

"They want us at a club by 9 pm, pap pictures." Louis tries to explain but they look more confused. With a sigh, he starts again, "see, we aren't seen together anymore except concerts and award shows and some interviews. The fans seem to think there's a dent in the relationship between the pack and the beta therefore this whole trip. The management hired paps to picture us and release them, and clear the image. Make sure there's no hatred within the band, it's also for good publicity, to be seen together, you know."

No one could deny, it was the truth. They weren't as close as they used to be. Back when the band had just started, sure they knew their second genders, but they still were babies, none of them had even thought about mating and packs. The alphas weren't so dominating yet, one omega wasn't given so much love and care from them back then and the other omega had just begun stuffing the pills. The effects of the pills hadn't kicked in. Louis was still himself back then. Everyone was just too giddy and happy to care really. They all were trying to last longer in the competition, in the business, but once fame hit them, they all got busy with their personal lives. The pack formed itself while the 'beta' dealt with the first few symptoms. Louis remembers his first
symptom, it was a migraine. A stabbing pain in the center of his brain appearing right after a live-
show, making it impossible to function properly. They were a warning sign, the calm before the
storm, warning just how worse the bi-effects were going to get.
Right now, Louis was getting a migraine, as the guilty silence dragged on, the discomfort was
visible. Louis buried his head in Niall's neck, eyes shut trying to tune out the world and numb the
migraine. Niall's grip on him tighten, rubbing his back as if he knew Louis had a migraine. Omegas
could feel each other's distress, especially when they were physically so close. The silence
managed to soothe Louis enough to a slumber, slowly dragging Niall too. Both fell asleep like that.
The alphas just laid a blanket over them and left the room for a private conversation.

"When the last time we hung out with Louis?"
"Dunno, don't remember Haz."
"No forget that, when was last time we talked to Louis like a casual conversation when he was still
pretending to be a beta. Before we knew."
"Back in 2011-2012, Lima."
"Even I'd think there was a problem within the band if I was fan. Don't blame them."
"Did you see how quiet he was today? I'd grown so used to him being loud and sarcastic. To be
honest Liam and Harry, never thought I'd say this but I kinda miss obnoxious Lou."
"We have to be the biggest hypocrites on Earth, every single time he was loud, we told to shut up,
or physically hit him as if emotional abuse wasn't enough. What's worse is we called him
omegaphobic. Can you believe it? Can you? Everyone fan out there who thinks of us as good
alphas are fucking blind."
"We need to take him to the doctor, god knows what effects the pills have had on his body."
All the boys sat in silence after that. The only which provoked them was when giggle ran through
the house. Followed by a "not funny". The alphas made there way to living room where they had
last seen the omegas. Louis laid on the floor giggling softly and Niall looked at Louis as though he
had lost his mind all the while trying to conceal a smile.
"What are you silly boys doing?"
Within giggles Louis chocked out a response, "I fell from the sofa and Niall's face was hilarious."
At that Harry rushed to Louis, picking him up. "Are you hurt?"
"Jeez, I'm fine. Plus I fell on the carpet, no biggie."
Harry pulled Louis to his feet and checked once for any bruises. Huffing, Louis pulled away and
made his way to his room.
"It's 7:56, if you wanna make it on time you should get ready." Louis shouted from his bedroom.
Niall followed him to his room, earlier on he decided he would stay with the other omega.
The alphas changed into their clothes while Louis came out in a white tank top and black skinny
jeans, a simple costume. Niall wore similar clothes except it was a white graphic tee-shirt with
skinny jeans and a jacket since it was a bit chilly. Louis had to wear Zayn's green Adidas hoodie
since Harry very conveniently forgot to pack them.
It took them half an hour to finally leave the house.
Louis was the only one who knew where the club was, management had forced Louis there a
million times, normally with a beard or alone. Louis uploaded a picture on instagram of his shoes,
without any caption as a warning picture of the paps pictures coming in the fandom's way. He liked
to prepare them, good or bad.
In about half an hour, they were greeted by camera flashes and cameras recording them, blocked
their way as they tried to make it past the bouncer. Harry gripped Louis's hand similar to Liam's grip
on Niall. They eventually manage to enter the club, sweating bodies and drinks everywhere.
It was one of the biggest local clubs, with huge dance floors and litres of alcohol. It was also one
of the costliest not that it mattered to them.
Somewhere along the way, between the loud music, the prominent smell of alcohol and groups of
people the pack gets separated.
Louis found himself alone, separated from the lads. He could see the back door, slowly he making
his way, it was an isolated little area where he could breath in peace. It opened up to a alley which Louis always wanted to explore each time he had ever been to the club. But the alley has always been those kinds which your mother warns you of, lurking shadows and dangerous people hiding in the corners waiting till the coast is clear. Louis had been to this kind of an alley before, he remembers it as clear as day. He was fifteen, his father took him to buy suppressants. His father had never really done anything with Louis (except start them and influence the management to make Louis keep taking them) his father's pride mattered to his family more than Louis's health and comfort. The only reason his father ever gave him as to why he took Louis was to 'roughen him up'. It was petrifying to say the least. His Father had left him near a lamp post and disappeared further in the alley. He remembers as clear as day, a man came up from behind. His grubby hands pinned Louis to the wall, alcohol stank off him. Louis felt his heart come out of his chest. He begged and begged to be let go but the man paid him no heed. Fingers pressed along his neck, creating bruises and his knee rubbed against Louis' thighs. His Father eventually came along, high-fiving the man and handing him 20 bucks. Since then Louis didn't trust dark places (or his Father) and the scene kept repeating itself in the form of nightmares until X-factor.

He lit up a cigarette, trying not to think about the incident again. "Smoking's not good for you."
Louis nearly jumped out of his skin, before realising it was Harry. "Jeez, you're gonna kill me of a heart attack someday."
"Awww, you scared?"
" Shut up." He dragged another smoke of his cigarette, blowing it on Harry's face. "Huhm, disgusting. How you smoke that fag is beyond my comprehension and it's not very good for omegas."
"When have I ever done things good for my omega body?"
Harry just hugs Louis not knowing what to say. He's not sure if Louis was trying to guilt trip him, but he feels guilty as hell. They stay like that for a while. The heat in the club eventually becomes unbearable.
The music fades behind them as they make their way outside, to the beginning of the alley. Louis stands against the wall while Harry stands in front of him. It's cold outside and his cheeks are going pink. "You cold?"
"Yes." Louis didn't know what expected Harry to do but he sure didn't expect him to wrap his arms around Louis. They both face each, closer than ever. Blue eyes stare into green eyes. Louis doesn't know who began moving first but he does know now that Harry's lips are softer than he imagined. His are probably chapped but it feels like feathers. The kiss is soft, no fireworks or anything weird like that, it's just soft and comfortable. It's blissful and happy. And Louis could stay like that forever.
Eventually a bright flash breaks them apart.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!
Please leave comments if you enjoyed, I love reading them.
Third person P.O.V

With a rough tug to his wrist, Louis drags Harry back into the club. The paparazzi already have enough.

He's already crossed his limits. Now the media will accuse him of forcing Harry to cheat on the pack and he can almost imagine the pack's fury. What was he thinking? He's pretty sure he crossed a limit by kissing Harry, on the same bloody day he refused to kiss Zayn. He's such a hypocrite. Why can't he ever stick to a single damn promise he makes to himself? Louis hates himself a little more now.

Meanwhile, Harry's in a daze. Black spots block his vision and chemicals in his brain made it hard to focus. He could still feel Louis' soft and thin lips on his, Louis' cold hands on his cheeks. And the flash made it even harder to see clearly, his only guidance being Louis' frosty palms. He only knows they entered the club again because he can hear some song about a rapper wanting to take a girl home blasting in his ear drums. Blinking twice, only bodies dancing crowd his vision, Louis' nowhere to be seen.

He pushes around, calling out for Louis would be useless. Why did Louis run away? Panic rushes through Harry's mind. Did he force Louis? Did Louis not like it? Oh god, Harry thinks to himself, he's screwed up badly this time. Louis' never gonna come close to him. He can just imagine the pack's fury and disappointment when they get to know about this. Harry's sure he hates himself.

The club's dark, so it's hard to make out who's who. Neon blue and purple lights are the only sources of light. Therefore, Zayn finds himself at the toilets. So far, he's only seen angry alphas grabbing their omegas or sick betas rushing to puke their guts out while their friends rub their backs.

He's about to leave and move on to the other toilets across the club to find the rest of the pack, when he hears a rather loud sob. Now he knows it could be a drunk beta or a lost omega or heck a heartbroken alpha and it's none of his business, yet, he doesn't have the heart to just walk away. He enters the well-lit toilet, two stalls are open, one has a puking beta and the other has sleeping alpha. The cry comes from the third stall to the left, the door slightly open so he can't help but peek in. Just to make sure whoever's inside is fine.

What he see though is completely unexpected. Louis' face was buried in his palms and sobs wracked through his whole body. A million horrible scenarios raced through his mind as he reached Louis.

"babe, Louis, Lou, can you look at me? It's me Zayn buddy." Louis mumbles out a response which Zayn hears partially. Only making out the words kissed and sorry.
"Baby, did- did someone force you to kiss them? did they do anything? did they hurt honey? you don't need to be sorry. I swear this person better watch out. I will fucking-"
"It was Harry." Now Zayn looks at Louis in confusion. He knows the curly haired lad well enough to know he won't stoop so low as to force Louis. He knew Harry had a fascination with Louis since One direction began but he'd never do anything like this.

"Harry didn't force me. It's just- he was so close and I think I had too much to drink. He came so close and he looked so good. I just- I'm so sorry Zayn. I really didn't mean for it to happen. I'm sorry!"

By the end of it, Louis was wailing and Zayn was even more confused. He didn't know why the lad was apologizing, he was pretty sure the whole pack wanted to kiss him (and do more), they always wanted to make the lad theirs from day one. But Louis never seemed interested, always into partying, drinking and having meaningless flings. But now they knew the truth and they had a second chance to win him over.

"Shh, shh. Boo, it's fine. We don't mind you kissing any of us. Shh now baby, no need to cry. No one's angry with you, don't cry lovely." He rubs Louis' back, doing his best to comfort the smaller man.

"You're seriously not angry? I mean if you are I understand.-" Louis cuts himself off to look up at Zayn and the sincerity in his eyes clears all doubt from his mind. Zayn just softly smiles at him before kissing his forehead.

"I just- you guys used to get angry if I talked for too long and it was about two weeks ago so I thought you'd cut my head off after... this."

Zayn frowns at that, they really are assholes.

"We were idiots back then, don't worry lovely. We've got some sense now." Louis giggles at that and Zayn doesn't mind to insulting himself if he can keep hearing Louis' laugh.

"Though I am a bit hurt, lovely that you would kiss Harry but not me." Louis just chuckles softly before reaching up and kissing Zayn's soft but slightly chapped lips.

It's a wonderful feeling, butterflies fluttered in his tummy unlike Harry, who gave him a sense of comfort, a sense of home. With Zayn, it was nervousness, the good kind. Like just before going on stage to perform.

They rested their foreheads against each other as both of them just looked into each other's eyes, Louis on Zayn's lap. Before they could go in for another kiss, the door swung open with a distressed Harry standing in front of them.

"There you are! I-I'm sorry if you didn't want to kiss. I thought you did. Please, I'm really sorry, I swear I won't ever try anything ever-"

"Oh just come here you fool," Louis responds with a smile graced upon his lips as Zayn tightens his grip on Louis. Eagerly Harry follows Louis' command, sitting down on the floor next to the pair.

Louis grabs Harry by his collar before smashing his lips on Harry's (literally). It's a quick kiss but it's enough to shoo Harry's worries away. He leans in crushing the pair with a bear hug. Kissing both Louis and Zayn on the lips, a quick peck each. Louis sits crushed between the two of them and thinking about it, he really doesn't mind letting his walls crumble away.
Zayn's phone rings, breaking the comfortable silence between the new lovers. He puts it on speaker as Liam's rushed voice sounds through the phone.

"Hey lads, where are you? Me and Niall - jeez sorry- Niall and I came back home since he wasn't feeling well."
"Oh, Liam, we're just leaving, okay?"
"Okay, see you, lads, soon. Love you lot."

Then the phone line goes dead. Slowly they manage to get up and into the club. People are now mostly doing slow dances or barfing on the dance floor. Most of the huddle has moved to the bar where everyone was taking shots. Leaving the club was easy but escaping the paparazzi which were outside was a task. Most of them had left by then but a few which remained were adamant on getting some good shots. Luckily, their car was just outside.

Somewhere, midway, Louis fell asleep, head resting on Harry's shoulder and his knees on Zayn's laps. Both lads wrapping an arm around Louis protectively.

Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry for any mistakes, it's quite late at night and I didn't edit this. Hope you all enjoyed!

Please leave comments and kudos! If you have any questions or anything leave them in the comment and I'll try to respond immediately.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Hope you all enjoy this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third person P.O.V

The sun illuminated the Pack room as a shriek filled the house.

Harry fell out of the bed as Liam rushed out to the omegas' room, which happened to be the location of the shriek. Zayn had just managed to sit up straight in the bed as the other hassled alpha ran after Liam. Louis sat on the bed, against the headrest face covered with his small palms. Niall rubbed his back, comforting the distressed omega. The light from the laptop in front of them lit up their faces as the curtain blocked all sunshine entering the room.

"Is everything okay? Guys? Anyone hurt? Lou-louis? Baby? What's wrong?" Liam walks toward the pair tentatively, not wanting to startle or intimidate the omegas. Harry follows closely behind as a confused and groggy Zayn enters the room.

"We heard a scream, so is everything okay? For a sec, I thought someone was getting murdered." Zayn tried to joke, trying to lighten the tense atmosphere. Liam rolled his eyes at Zayn's attempt and Niall looked at him disappointed. Harry leaned over to whisper to him, "Bad jokes are my area of expertise, Zayn."

Louis lifted his head to look at small crowd gathered by his side to point at the laptop screen," It's everywhere! All the articles, tabloids. Reaction videos on Youtube are trending and that's all every is talking about on Instagram. And it's only 11:00 am! How freaking fast do these people work?!" Frustration filled his voice as a certain sadness surrounded it.

The alphas diverted their attention to the laptop screen moving closer as Louis buried his face in Niall's neck in frustration. On top of the screen 'Beta Louis Tomlinson spotted kissing Alpha Harry Styles. New romance blooming in One direction?' in big bold letters. Underneath a picture Louis and Harry kissing with Louis pinned against the wall and Harry between his legs with hands on Louis' hips.

The word 'manwhore' and 'player' continuously repeated themselves, which boiled the blood in the Alphas' veins. Ironically, they were terms they would refer to Louis as not even two weeks ago. Louis' image in the public eye was really tainted and judging from Louis' frustration, it was bad news for him.

Before any of the alphas could even comment on the article or the situation, Louis' phone disrupted the silence in his room. Without even looking Louis knew it was the Management, hell, he was more shocked at the fact they called so late. Quickly he exited the room to attend the call as Niall closed the tab, he couldn't bare looking at it.
They could hear Louis speaking on the phone, screaming in frustration before they turned into small whimpers. Eventually, when they couldn't hear Louis speaking anymore, they made their way into the living room where Louis sat, staring at his phone.

"Boo? What happened? Was it the Management?"

With a soft sigh, Louis explained them the conservation which had just taken place previously, "They think it's bad publicity. The 'beta' of group stealing the one of the pack's alpha. The fans aren't very pleased about it, it seems." The bitterness in Louis' voice when he said beta made the pack flinch.

"What? You're not stealing anybody by kissing one of us. You're part of the pack, too!"

"Not really, the beta doesn't belong in the pack. He's a player, wild lad. Having flings, drugging himself to unconsciousness, hiding his sadness and repeating it all over again." Louis referred to himself in third person, his voice was emotionless as though he was stating something as simple as the weather and his eyes were so distant that it seemed no human's voice could ever reach him.

Then Liam dared to speak, "Why don't you just tell Management that we know and you know maybe come out to the whole world. It possibly can't be that hard-"

A giggle spilled out of Louis' mouth, soon turning into a hysteric laughter. He sprung to his feet, taking small steps towards them. His laugh soon faded into a mixture of anger and sadness.

"Come out? Come out! COME OUT! God dammit Liam! I can't fucking do it! Do you know how many fucking lawsuits will be involved! Do you have any idea what shit they would do? it's not only that, my dad would kill me, my family would hate me more! And the fans, they'll call me a liar, they'll hate me. They will destroy me, fuck; they'll destroy you too. Your whole careers and dreams. And I can't do it. I can't! I can't do this Liam! You don't understand! it's not that easy! It's not that easy..." By the end of it, Louis was breaking down in sobs. Niall hugged Louis as he buried his head in Niall's neck, fisting pieces of his shirt as he kept mumbling incoherent words in his neck.

None of them had ever seen Louis sob like this, heck, they had never seen Louis even cry. Louis was always the strong one always with a smile on his face and a joke to make. But this Louis, he looked so broken, so helpless, so... damaged. And it was a foreign sight to the rest of them.

Niall never kept his feeling bottled up, releasing them in small cries. But Louis was having a nervous breakdown and the distress radiated off him in such large waves that even Niall had begun crying.

After much coaxing, Harry managed to let Niall let go of Louis, taking him in his lap, while Liam took Louis in his lap. Harry rubbed Niall's back softly as they both watched the broken omega finally every pent up emotion in his fragile little body. A few tears rolled down Niall's cheeks, worried the fellow omega would never stop crying.

And suddenly, every time they wronged him when he meant no harm, every insult they ever called him, every time they ever laid a finger on him or ignored him wasn't worth it. It wasn't worth it because it all came out in the form of tears, every time they did anything horrid to Louis even when he had literally done nothing, he played it off as a joke, a laugh and a shrug of shoulders, while a part of him died inside. All they wish now is they could fix him, stick back all the broken pieces and kiss him back to life.

Louis' sobs eventually died down, head against Liam's chest and hand balled up into a fist, holding Liam's shirt loosely. Soft snores signaled that he had fallen asleep, his small and dainty body
unable to take so much pressure. Eventually letting out soft sniffles.

The alphas (and the omega) looked at one another and the asleep omega, giving a knowing look before Zayn softly whispered, "Guys, we need to do something."

Chapter End Notes

Hi I hope you all enjoyed this! Please comment and leave kudos if you did. It means a lot to me and also encourages me to update more often! All feedback is appreciated! I'm sorry for any typos or mistakes since this is not edited, it's quite late right now. Also, I can't wait for back to you!
Hey everybody, hope you enjoy this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

third person p.o.v

Niall snaked his arms around Louis, resting his head on the smaller boy's shoulder. The alphas were in the living room, Niall could have sat with them but he chose to be next to Louis, of course. Louis was warm and soft, with his oversized white hoodie. But his hands were cold, no matter how warm his body was, Louis' hands were always cold.

He held Louis' hand close to his chest as he kissed his forehead softly. Louis slept with his mouth slightly parted and his hair stuck down on his face. But to Niall, it was a beautiful sight. A bit hard to believe such a tranquil face could have sobbing so violently just about an hour ago. Maybe Niall would never understand the pain of going against every instinct in one's body, not have someone care for you or hold you or having alphas all around you be so mean one needs to drink away the pain. But he wasn't going to let this beautiful boy become a ghost of himself. He wasn't going to let him fade away into just a memory, at least not without a fight. But for now, he just wanted to hold the broken omega closer.

His grip on Louis might have been too tight as he stirred away slightly, whimpering. Niall was immediately alarmed and rubbed his hand down the Omega's back, trying to avoid another breakdown. Louis blinked his eyes open. He rubbed them gently as he tried to focus his vision. A feeling of helplessness and emptiness erupted in his chest as he found himself whimpering. Every inch of his body craving for contact. Luckily, Niall knew exactly what Louis wanted, he wrapped his arms tightly around Louis, sitting up straight and pulling him onto his lap. Luckily they were basically the same sight (as Louis persisted, but they all knew Louis was a good two inches smaller than Niall.)

"m'sorry." A raspy muffled voice came from Niall's shoulder.

"Hey lovely, there's nothing to be sorry about honey. you've been through a lot and everyone needs to let it out sometimes."

"I just- the way I began sobbing- god, it was bad. I just felt like I was drowning, you know and the surface was so close but I couldn't reach it. And-and everyone was able to see me but none of them noticed my lungs filling up with water. And I don't know- I just lost control. I think Liam said something and I just couldn't control myself- like I was letting go. Just giving up on trying to keep my head above the water and just let the current push me down and hold me there. Everything was blurry and blue and- this feeling just rushed through my veins. This feeling of emptiness and it was kind of fiery, not the good kind, though. Like it was burning my skin but I couldn't feel a thing. I just don't know what happened Niall- I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry about Louis, you can't keep all your emotions bottled up like that. You're fine now, we've got you." Niall kissed Louis' cheek softly before nuzzling him, as a
form of reassurance.
"You're fine, You're fine, you're fine, you're fine."

"Repeating it won't make it true."

Niall goes silent after that.

Outside, in the living room, Harry paced around the room tugging at his hairline while Zayn stood on the balcony smoking a fag and Liam sat with a notepad and a pen in his hands. They needed ways to approach the issue with Louis and the management without triggering a shit storm. But their minds were too occupied to produce any proper ideas.

"I think he fell into subspace." Liam's voice broke the increasingly frustrating silence.
"What...do you mean?"
"I mean he felt into subspace, back in school, they taught some common effects of long-term suppressant use. One of the after-effects was falling into subspace when confronted about a sensitive topic. Think about it- he didn't have suppressants for the past two days, at least none of us saw him and then the management call happened. I'm no doctor but I feel his mind slipped into subspace to cope with it, without any suppressant to block it. We really need to get him to a doctor, guys."

"On it, Liam. The earliest appointment I can get is today at 5, cool with everyone?"
"We should ask Lou, guys," Harry called out before making his way to the omegas' room.

The others were hot on his heels, entering a moment later after Harry, awing at the sight behold them. Louis sat on Niall's lap, head resting on his chest and eyes closed as he whispered something to Louis. Quietly, Liam took a picture, the sight was too adorable to just pass on, regardless of the circumstances.

"Lou?" Harry's deep voice drawled out, grabbing the attention the two omegas. Louis turned his head to look at the alphas and Niall lifted his gaze before giving a weak smile.

"Hey alphas." Louis' voice made him sound so fragile and delicate, Harry could have melted from the fondness.
"Hey, babies." Harry walked towards them, stroking his hand through Niall's hair and giving Louis a small peck on his cheek. Niall giggled softly when louis' cheeks turned a shade of deep red.
"How are you feeling Lou?"
"I'm fine, a bit embarrassed, that's all."

Harry sat down next to Louis, frowning. He reached to take Louis is his lap but when Niall tightened his grip on Louis, he just let his arms fall to his side.

"No need to be embarrassed little one, it's alright to cry, even my dad does sometimes, so don't wipe your eyes, tears remind you you're alive"

"Did you just make an Ed Sheeran reference?" A small giggle escaped Louis' lips and Harry felt a sense of pride explode inside him.

"Yes, baby."

"You're such a dork, but it's still embarrassing. I mean I just couldn't control my tears or anything really. Felt like I was losing control, drowning almost."
"About that little one. Liam, Harry and I think you might have slipped into subspace, it's like a withdrawal symptom due to the suppressants. We need to get you checked out Lou, so we made a doctor's appointment at 5."

The alphas managed to adjust themselves on the queen sized bed, watching Louis sigh and answer, "I don't have much of a choice, do I? What about management?"

"Nobody cares about them, Lou. We have some of the best lawyers at our fingertips, we'll protect you."

"And we're only doing this for your own good baby boy, the sooner we get you checked out the safer it will be. We all love you and care so much for you."

Louis buried his head in Niall's chest before whispering under his breath, no one being able to hear him. "Might be too late to care, the damage is done."

Chapter End Notes

thank you all for reading! Please leave feedback or any comments! they are very much appreciated!
Also, I have minimal knowledge about subspace, but I tired. Thank you very much for everyone reading this.
chapter 31

Chapter Notes

hi, sorry for the late update, i have exams (again)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third Person P.O.V

Sighing softly, Niall stroked Louis' hair. The other alphas took it as their cue to leave.

Eventually, Louis got up from Niall's lap and straight to the toilet. Standing in front of the mirror, he could see his face had sunken in and the hoodie he wore, drowned him. Slowly, Louis lifted his hoodie and removed it.

His ribs stood out, his usually tanned skin was now an abnormal pale color. Skin littered in scars, some red from irritation and some fading. On his hip bone, two large and deep scars stood out. It used to be his favorite area to cut, easy to hide and the most painful, the best way to punish himself for being worthless. But he lost feeling, the whole area went numb eventually, probably from too much nerve damage.

He softly traced his ribs, wincing, as pain shot through his body. Each scar had a bad memory of its own, whether it was the boys ignoring him or the interviewer calling him a manwhore, every word hurt more than any of the scars on his body could. His muscles were tense with frustration and tears were brimming his eyes. Louis just wanted to sit down on the floor and sob till the earth swallowed him whole.

He hadn't had a heat in the last ten years, his first one being his last one. And for the past two years, he couldn't remember if he had had any nutritious or healthy meal without puking it out, or a day without nearly overdosing on drugs. He smoked every day, going through packets faster than an F1 car. The godforsaken little white pills weren't any better, he couldn't even taste properly anymore, only being to taste something extremely bitter or spicy. His sense of smell had gone to hell a long time ago and sometimes he'd lose sensation in his body parts and have them numb for days. In all honesty, Louis felt an eerie sense of fear creeping up from his stomach to his chest, making it harder to breathe.

The last time he was this scared was when his 'father' looked in his eyes and then went on to destroy his life.

"No son of mine will be a fucking omega! Stepson or not, if you have my last name, you're not going to be a fucking male omega! Never, no, you little piece shit! you disgrace, I swear only the law is stopping me from breaking your skull." Mark's hand remained on Louis' neck, holding it tightly and forcing the small and fragile omega to look up. He had never seen so much hatred and anger in a person's eyes, Louis almost wet his pants.

"Do you hear me Omega!?" Tears escaped Louis' eyes, no matter how hard he tried to hold them in.
"Fuckin- goddammit. Omegas never learn, huh?" He pushed the smaller boy against his wall, causing him to crumble down, that was the first time someone had caused him to breakdown like that. That was the first time he actually had a breakdown. That was the first time someone had pushed him so hard. That was the first time someone had hurt, it sure wasn't the last time.

The next morning suppressants and a scent neutralizer were thrown at his face with a wordless glare on Mark's face.

"Louis? Louis! You okay in there, honey?" Niall's soft from the other side of the door brought him outside his own head. The salty taste in his mouth had brought the tears streaming down his face to his attention. Quickly wiping them, he replied back, "Yeah, I'm fine Niall. Just freshening up a bit." Thankfully his voice didn't crack, years of lying and pretending had paid off.

He took a quick shower before stepping out in some extra clothes he found in the laundry basket. Some mustard sweats and a huge white hoodie which defiantly wasn't his. Stepping out, he realized no one was in the room. He sat down on the bed, letting the warm covers engulf him as his mind raced with thoughts. What if he was broken beyond repair? What if the alphas didn't want a broken omega like him? Where would he go then? What would he do? He could never guess the answers to these questions, all he could do was wait.

The door swung open a few minutes later and Niall pounced on him. Careful not to squish him, as he wrapped his arms around the tiny omega, pressing soft kisses to his head.

"Ready to leave boo?"

"Sure."

The alphas sat in the living room after Niall made it very clear to them that what Louis was going through was a horrible cycle of hormones messing with his mind and his body tried to adjust in his own skin again, them hovering above him would only intimidate him and scare him more. Fear and guilt rushed through their veins, there was surely some fault in their parts for being so ignorant and careless. Only on the news channel and school text books had they seen these situations, it was much worse to live through one, especially when you were partly to blame.

All heads turned to Louis when he waddled in the room, only now aware of how tired he was feeling. Wordlessly the pack made their way to the car, Liam driving and Zayn taking the shotgun, Louis placed between Niall and Harry. Harry's protective hand rested on Louis' knee and Niall's arm wrapped around the back of Louis' neck, acting like a neck pillow. The whole ride was silent, everyone too lost in their own thoughts.

Being famous came with its pros and cons, one of the pros being that getting an appointment with one of the best doctors was fairly easy. They were quickly rushed into a private check-up room from the parking spot to avoid any fans from spotting them. The hospital was filled with sick people needing attention and fans mobbing the area was the last thing they needed.

The room was plain and sterile, the smell reminded him of the first time he passed out at age 15 from nearly overdosing on suppressants and waking up in the local hospital with his father looking like he wanted to kick him.

Doctor Maximus Sullivan, as the plaque on his table read, sat on a plush chair. He signaled for the others to sit down, everyone taking a seat on one of the velvet chairs except Louis who was asked to sit on the examination chair (it was normal velvet chair but closer to the doctor).

"Louis, can you take deep breaths for me please." He knew what was wrong, Dr.Sullivan was a
specialist in treating abused omegas. The grim looks on everyone's face just confirmed his suspicions that they had recently discovered this.

He put his stethoscope to Louis’ chest and listened to Louis' heartbeat. Repeating the same process on his back, slipping his hand under Louis’ shirt to get a better listen. He joked down some notes on the small notepad in front of him before continuing.

"How long have you been taking these suppressants?"

"Umm... Since I was fourteen, that was... eleven years ago." To say the pack was shocked was an understatement. Louis had nearly surpassed the longest known omega to live on suppressants, who had lived for 11 years and 9 months before he died. The doctor just frowned as he furiously scribbled down some more notes.

"and I'm assuming you haven't had your heat except for the first one, back when you were 14?" Louis just softly nodded, suddenly feeling extremely tired.

"I'm gonna do an examination now, just a simple to see your physical health is. Would you prefer if the alphas left the room?"

The alphas really tried not to voice their sounds of protest knowing Louis might not want them in the room. Louis softly shook his head again and the doctor would tell them anyway. The alphas smiled slightly, happy that Louis wanted them around.

"Go stand on the weighing machine please." Louis quietly obeyed, the weighting scale reading 45 Kilograms (99 Pounds) and checked his height 5'6 (170.68 cm). He scribbled down this piece of information before asking Louis to sit on the examination bed.

They were general tests to see his reactions to pain and measure reflex time. Eventually, he asked Louis to remove his hoodie which Louis did as slowly as he could. Hesitance and reluctance clearly visible, but the doctor didn't rush him. After treating patients for fifteen years, he knew better than to hurry the victim.

Once the hoodie was off, scars were on complete display as multiple gasps went around the room. The doctor, of course, tried to be as professional as possible but this had to be one of the worst cases in his entire career. The scars were deep and some were huge, which the same area had been cut over multiple times, never healing. Louis avoided eye contact with everyone, too embarrassed to look at anyone.

The doctor began feeling Louis' stomach and rib cage, making his way around his whole torso. His face made it clear that it wasn't good news. He pinched some places around his stomach but Louis' lack of reaction made his suspicions clear. Something inside was very wrong.

"I'm afraid Louis' gonna have to stay here for a few days. We need to do things like CT scans and MRIs to see exactly what we're dealing with. Currently, he's extremely underweight and his heartbeat is irregular which could mean arrhythmia. That can be extremely fatal and we'll need to keep him under supervision. However, I can arrange a room where at least two of you can stay overnight. It's more helpful in recovery if someone is there through every step of the way."

And there's nothing they can do about it, so they go over to Louis (who's put his hoodie back on) and hug him. Soft kisses and soft whispering in his ears. All they can do right now is comfort him.

It is what it is.
Hi, sorry for the late chapter. I have exams (again). Also, it's like 3 am over here so I'm really sleepy and really sorry for any typos or grammar mistakes. Anyways! thanks for reading so much, every single one of you.

Please comment and leave kudos if you enjoyed! they really encourage me to update more often!
The sound of someone calling his name woke Louis up.

Niall was softly whispering his name as he tried to wake him up. "Hey boo, wake up honey. You need to eat something." Louis slowly stirred as he opened his eyes, trying to get used to the blinding whitewashed walls as he looked around for the other omega. A soft kiss to the side of his temple made him aware of the other's location.

"Hi Ni" He greeted the other omega as he tried to wipe the sleep out of his eyes. As his blurry vision cleared up, he sat up straight, with the help of Niall. He looked around as he remembered the events of the previous evening. The doctor had asked him to stay for a few nights as they wanted to do some tests on him, to see how badly the suppressants had affected him. He also remembers Harry dropping off Niall and two bags of clothes as only one person was allowed to stay with the patient and Niall had put up a long fight to make sure it's him. The last thing he remembers is getting up early for a CT scan before going to bed again.

The hospital room was plain, white walls and white ceilings. A small table on the far left corner and a sofa-bed to his right. A small television hung on the wall facing him as the main door remained open, enabling him to see outside.

"The nurse asked me to wake you up and to give you this. You haven't had anything since the morning, the nurse told me you need to have some food!" Niall handed him a glass of water from the small side table from the place he sat on, next to Louis, on his bed. He took the glass of water as a small headache began to mature in his forehead.

"Thanks, Ni, where are the alphas?" Niall looked at Louis before thinking about it for a moment, pulling his classic confused Horan face.
"I don't know. After your CT scan, they went to ask something to the doctor, but I think they got lost."

Louis smiles at Niall, slightly amused by his interesting choice of words before gulping down the whole glass. He didn't realize how thirsty he was until he had gulped all the water down. He gave it back to Niall who just hugged him back after placing it down. They stayed like that, just letting the silence fill up the room. Eventually, a set of footsteps broke them apart.

The alphas rushed in, eager to see their omegas. Louis sat on the bed, looking extremely small under the sickly white sheets and Niall had a protective hand on Louis' knee.

Zayn rushed next to Louis, Harry hot on his heels while Liam sat next to Niall, reaching out to caress Louis' cheeks softly.

"How ya doin' boo? Feelin' sick or something?"

"Nah, I'm okay. Except I have a bit of a migraine, I think. Feel quite refreshed actually."

"That's great and how about you Niall? Missed us?"
"No Liam, I had your better half here with me" Niall replied back with a wink and a playful smile. Liam replied with a chuckle as Zayn feigned an offended gasp. Harry was too lost staring at Louis to be bothered about the friendly banter taking place.

Louis had become a shell of himself these days, so soft-spoken and calm. Harry remembers the cheeky boy he met at the X-factor toilets, he remembers the initially shy boy who eventually became the loudest in the band during their first years. He remembers a lot of moments when all he wanted was to make Louis his but he doesn't remember much from after it went wrong. His memory of Louis after their second album fades into blurry and badly-lit pictures of Louis in clubs and pointless arguments with Louis about nothing which made them avoid each other for weeks. And Harry wishes he could buy a time-machine with his wealth so he could stop himself from making these mistakes again. He wishes he had done something earlier to save the boy he truly loves than to make him go through hell alone.

A small tug on his hand made him aware of the life around him. Louis' tired yet beautiful eyes stared at him as a beautiful smile graced Louis' lips. And all Harry wanted to do is scream because Louis looked so precious.

Louis opened his mouth to say something but the doctor walked in, holding some files and interrupting their moment. The grim look on his face obviously didn't mean good news.

"The CT scan showed some scarring in the lung and kidney tissue. The scarring in the lung is relatively small but it can lead to difficulty of breath so if you feel tightness in your chest, please inform a doctor immediately. The scarring in the kidneys is much more serious though, it has affected the filtering unit so you're going to have to watch very carefully what you eat and I recommend a few round of dialysis. The scan also shows that your ribs are a bit cracked, as though they were shattered but never fully recovered. Do have a memory of any type of incident or anything?"

"Umm, I was in an accident a few months back, it wasn't anything major. A small run in with a car or something like that.."

The alphas turned to look at Louis, confused and unaware of what he was talking about. They had no awareness of their bandmate being in an accident or anything like that. They'd have to ask Louis later.

"Hmm... could you please tell me if you feel this." He walked over to louis, placing his hand on Louis' flat tummy and pinching softly. As he moved toward the ribs, Louis stopped feeling.

"That confirms it, there's certainly some kind of nerve damage. The pain receptors aren't working properly. This means the suppressants have had some neurological effects already, so we're gonna have to take some blood tests tomorrow. I suggest you eat and rest plenty today."

The doctor handed some papers to each of the alphas who were having a hard time comprehending the depth of the situation. Never in a million years had they thought they would have to face this. Niall was shocked, to say the least, Louis had always been in good health, to hear such a long list of threatening effects scared him. He didn't want to lose Louis, he loved him too much.

Harry reached out to hold Louis' hand who was staring at his lap, unable to react. Before any words of reassurance or comfort could be exchanged, Zayn's phone rang.

Management was calling them.
thank you soo much for reading (also this is not edited so sorry for grammatical errors). Also i'm not a doctor so some facts maybe inaccurate. please leave comments and kudos as they encourage me to update faster.
Third person p.o.v

The phone rang a few times before Zayn reached forward to answer it.

He bought the phone up to his ears as he swiftly walked out the door, not wanting to have this conversation in front of the other boys. Liam scooted closer than where he was previously situated next to Louis. He ran his hands over Louis' soft hair. It hadn't been washed in a few days but Liam didn't care. He just wanted to hold Louis close.

"Must be Murphy's law." Louis whispered softly, breaking the silence.

"What boo?"

Louis raised his head a bit, his sad blue eyes looking around the room as he repeated his statement.

"Murphy's law states that everything that can go wrong will go wrong. Fits, doesn't it?"

No one spoke after that, it was just quiet. It isn't comforting at all, but it isn't awkward or tense. It was almost like everyone was trying to exist within their own minds. Trying to accept all of this. Harry moved closer to Louis as Niall adjusted himself between Louis' legs, laying down on him. Everyone was touching some part of Louis, hoping physical contact would solve everything or at least ease the pain. They could hear footsteps charging up and down the hall and aggressive arguing. The door wasn't fully closed, a small crack enabled them to see Zayn being confronted by a nurse to 'stop shouting, it's a hospital' and left without further argument, phone still wedged between his shoulder and ear as his hands held a bunch of papers.

"I need some fresh air, can you lads excuse me for a moment?" Louis asked from underneath them, small hands pushing himself up.

"What? Boo, you need to rest. We can open the window for you if you want?"

"Lima, I think I really just need a walk plus I've been napping for the whole day. I need to make sure my legs still work." Louis smiled slightly as Liam, as untangled himself from Niall. Niall looked at him with big eyes, slightly sad to let go. Harry didn't say a word, only grabbed Louis' arm to lift him up. Louis stumbled slightly, feet landing on the cold floor before slipping on some fluffy slippers. The hospital gown hung off him, his collar bones standing out.

"Are you sure?" Harry's deep voice startled him, he had placed his hand on the small of Louis' back. Rubbing softly, he stabilizes Louis. Louis took a shuddery breath before looking Harry straight in the eye, he gave him the most reassuring smile he could muster before taking a step forward.

"I'm sure, haz. I'll be fine, just going for a walk. Fresh breath, that's all."

"Do you want one of us to come with you-"

"Niall, love, I just need some time alone. I'll be fine alone, honey. It's not like I'm going across the world."

With that Louis was gone, small steps disappearing into the hallway as the remaining members of the band tried to make small talk with each other. Filling in awkward blanks with the discussion
about something as useless as the weather.

Louis, however, had no intention of going for a walk. He actually just wanted to talk to Zayn (or give him some cuddles) after the small 'chat' with management. He knew very well how horrid they could be (he had the first-hand experience for the nearly past six years) and he knew that all Zayn would want right now is a hug (and a brick wall to punch).

He asked a blonde nurse if she had seen Zayn anywhere, only getting a simple point towards the toilets. He made his way, taking small steps, passing elderly men and women walking around with their walkers. He walked into the men's washroom, nearly all stalls were empty. The last one to the far right had the sounds of angry muttering and periodic slamming the wall with a fist. Louis made his way to the stall, noticing the door wasn't locked or fully closed for that matter. He pushed it softly, just enough to see Zayn with bloody fists and head in his palms. His phone lay cracked next to him, his whole body shook softly as though he was crying.

"Zayn?" The said boy immediately looked up, eyes were bloodshot and his face held a frustrated frown. His eyes immediately softened and his arms stretched out, silently asking Louis to come closer. Louis fell into his lap, wiping away some of the tears as Zayn let out a choked sob.

"It isn't fair.. it isn't fair" Zayn murmured softly against the soft skin of Louis' cheeks. His nose nuzzled Louis' jaw, as Louis' arms tightened around Zayn's torso.

"Shh, I know it isn't fair, babe, but we're gonna try very hard to make it right." Louis realizes as he comforts Zayn, that this is the first time he's seen him cry. Sure, he's seen alphas cry (he's been to the club enough times) but never Zayn or the other alphas for that matter. He isn't crying for the reason alphas usually cry, like being dumped by some beta or omega. He's crying out of frustration, as though he's been screaming loudly for a long time and the people around just don't hear him. And Louis knows what that feels like as much as he wished he didn't. It was one of the worst things to feel, to be ignored and hurt continuously by everybody you ever loved. And Louis does everything he can to make Zayn feel better.

"They are so fucking ridiculous, it makes me want to crack their skulls open and just- ugh. Do you know what they said- such fucking bullshit. They want to fly you out to Ibiza, they're planning to get you in a cheating scandal this time. And oh god, I tried telling them that it's utter nonsense and that you're not fine right now, that this is the most ridiculous thing they've done but they fucking told me to shut up. That a fucking beta can live through this. So I told them, on their fucking faces, that you're not a beta! And then they just went silent. They said something about you breaking some contract and then they hung up. And I tried calling them again and they just ignored it. And oh my god- that just annoyed me so much like dare they. How dare they think they can do anything they want without us doing anything. Then it hit me. All these years, they forced you, Louis, against your will to do things you never wanted and we never batted an eye. We always thought everything was fine, that you were just a bit of a diva. And I feel so pathetic Louis. I'm the worst alpha out there, I've hit you, verbally abused you, the whole pack has ignored you and made you feel like shit, as though no one cared about you. But what makes it worse is that Louis now, you're still so accepting of us, even after all the bullshit that we put you through. How do you do it? How do you forgive someone who destroyed your life?"

Zayn's words really hit Louis' core, avoiding eye contact with Zayn. As he felt Zayn's breath even out, he spoke up. " I don't know, I guess I'm dumb that way. I forgive quickly, it's a waste of breath to hold grudges. I think I realized a long while back that it's easier to accept things in life and move on rather than hold onto it. It's easier to release the pain onto myself than people around me because if I hurt someone else, I'm getting hurt too. But if I hurt myself, it's only me. So I guess my biggest problem is the ability to do the maths."
And it's silent. That's all that has ever been.

Chapter End Notes

A.N: Sorry for the late chapter, hope you all liked it :) (also this is not edited, like always) I hope you also had a great weekend since mine was wasted in some stupid school event.

kudos~comment
all the love,xxx
**Third Person POV**

The silence doesn't change. Louis' head rested on Zayn's head, while Zayn ran his hand through Louis' hair.

While Liam grew worried. Louis had left about an hour ago and still unaware of his actual wearbouts, Liam worried something bad might have happened.

"Guys, it's been a while since Louis left. Should we go check up or something?"
"Let's wait for a while, he'll just be coming back. I mean it's a hospital, I think he's fine.. right?"
"I don't know Harry, what if he fainted or something? He's been so weak lately, so tired. Who knows where he is? Maybe he passed out on the stairs or outside. Oh my god, what if he got mobbed? They saw him in a hospital gown and the flashes of the camera and questions being thrown at him- if anything happened to him- I swear to god I will kill something- what if-"
"Niall, Niall, honey, baby, sugar- calm down. Honey, take a deep breath, don't get yourself so worked up. Take a deep breath, don't get worked up. Take a deep breath, sugar, let's go look for him now, yeah?"
"Ya, baby. He's probably fine, a bit tired and lost maybe, but honey it's a hospital. I'm sure they'll be there immediately if anything happens. And it's a private property, the paps can't come here and fans won't be let in."
"Well, I'm not gonna be reassured Liam, not until I have him in my arms."
With that, the remaining members of the pack left the room. Liam walked around the main corridor, an eye looking out for a small man with shaggy brown hair.

"He should be outside right, I mean he did say he wanted 'fresh air'?” Liam looked at Harry then Niall, the omega was getting worried, his anxieties spreading out to the taller Alpha too.

"I'll go check the healing garden towards the back, you guys check out the parking lot, okay?"

Liam didn't want to leave Niall or Harry alone in case they freaked out but missed out on the fact that together they'd freak out more. While they searched for Louis, getting more anxious as time passed by, they temporarily forgot about Zayn. In their minds, he was probably smoking, to ease the tension.

Zayn and Louis, on the other hand, had managed to get and make their way out of toilets. Zayn had his hand wrapped around Louis' waist and Louis' hand remained around Zayn's neck. Both holding onto each other for support and warmth, each of them exhausted emotionally.

"But Harry, if they didn't see him go outside then where could-wait, is that- is that him?"

Footsteps ran after Zayn and Louis as they both slowly trudged along the corridor. Their heads turned slowly at the source of the noise. Niall crushed Louis into a bear hug, jerking him out of Zayn's grip. He would have taken both of them to the ground if not for Harry, catching them quickly. Zayn recovered from the impact and Niall managed to lift Louis up.

Now usually, an omega would never be able to lift another healthy omega but firstly, he worked out (it was part of their contract under appearance and fitness) and secondly, Louis by no means was a healthy omega. He had lost so much weight already that it was a wonder he could still stand
on his two feet with out passing out. Louis buried his face in Niall's shoulder, a sudden wave of exhaustion taking over his body as the lot walked back to the hospital room.

Liam, who kept pacing around the front door, let out a relieved sigh at the sight of his favorite boys. He rushed straight to them, cooing softly at the sight of Niall holding the tinier omega.

"Where were you guys? We looked everywhere for you!"

"Chillin' in the toilets, Haz."

"Why? This lad over here told us he went to get some fresh air."

"Guess we got ourselves a bit of a liar here, huh?"

Louis sleepily mumbled a response from Niall's chest, which no one understood. *Lying's easy when you've been doing it for years.*

They laid Louis down on his bed, cuddling next to him. The door was slightly ajar, they could make out figures rushing along the corridors.

It was so sudden, people in tight black suits barged in, invading their privacy. One of them held a suitcase in his hand, the scene looked similar to some cops busting a crime scene. One of them stepped forward, right at the foot of the bed. Taking off his aviators, the boys soon realized who they were. Well, at least the ones that were awake.

Niall and Louis cuddled next to each other, both snoring softly as Liam sprung to his feet. The look on his face clearly show-cased his confusion and anger.

"What the hell? What are you doing here?"

"Liam, calm down, this has nothing to do with you. We just want to talk to Louis." John spoke from his place at the foot of the bed, his face clean-shaven and hair slicked back with too much gel.

"Course it has something to do with me. Louis' in the same pack as me, it's my responsibility!"

"Well, Liam, for the past few years you could care less about him, why the sudden the change?"

John smirked maliciously, pleased at the fact that he hit a weak spot.

Thankfully, Harry and Zayn stepped in, speaking in a synchronized manner.

"Hey, we always cared about him-" "You have no right to interfere in matters which don't concern you-"

A soft whimper ceased all the argument in the room. Niall lay aslepp on his side as Louis' eyes fluttered open. He lifted head up, baby blues peering at people in the room. Although he had only been aslepp for about half an hour, his bones felt heavy and an invisible weight lay on his body. As soon as he recognized John, a shot of energy ran through his veins. He sat up straight, eyes widening as the realization hit him.

He was so screwed.

Chapter End Notes

hello everyone! thank you so much for reading, it's a bit of a filler.
Also, it's 2:10 am here and I am extremely sleepy, sorry for any grammatical mistakes. Don't forget to leave kudos and comments, they really encourage me to write more.
all the love,xx
Third Person POV

Louis stumbled out of his bed, eyes widened in fear and his hands rushed to stabilize him. Louis' body went tense as he struggled for words.

Niall immediately shot up from his place by Louis' side, helping him up as the alphas looked to and fro from Louis and John and his crew. The atmosphere was tense, a million words were being screamed into the silence. It was so loud that Louis could cry. Louis wanted to cry because this was what he feared the most. This was his end.

Louis had begun to whimper slightly, no longer being on the suppressants caused him to wear his feelings on his sleeve. The scene looked very much unreal, like a planned candid or scripted scene from some documentary of a predator and its prey. The other omega in the room tensed up, the distress and anger in the room finally reaching him. On seeing two of the pack's omegas worried, protective growls emerged from the back of the alphas' throats.

It was quiet for a while before John laughed. A disgusting, evil laugh. The one which could make the strongest heroes breakdown in fear. The one which Louis had heard too many times before fate threw another horrible obstacle in his life. His blood ran cold when John's laugh turned into a psychopathic one. His evil eyes started into Louis' eyes, as though he could see Louis' broken and fragile soul. John didn't care about anybody else in the rooms, not even the alphas. He got what he wanted and right now, he wanted Louis' face scrunched up in misery and fear.

"Well, well, well, look who we have here."

He took a step towards Louis, causing the alphas to step into. Kind of forming a protective wall around the tinier omega.

"Step back." Liam's voice was bursting with authority with John didn't flinch. Both alphas were adamant and hardheaded.

"It's none of your business, Liam. Move out of my way and we can solve this in peace later." "It is our business! Anything which has to do with Louis is our business because he is in our pack. And he is our omega."

"Well, Harry. He wasn't your business or 'omega' two weeks ago. What changed? His status?"

John's voice was confident, laced with sarcasm and filled with guilt-inducing content. Louis knew what John was doing. He'd played the same cards a bit too many times, first lure the victim into thinking they were winning then, be a smartass and blackmail them and finally, watch them struggle as they tried to escape their own trap.

Liam grinding his teeth as his fists balled up. Harry stared into John's soul with rage-filled eyes which could make anyone pee their pants and Zayn's whole body went rigid. The pulsating vein on his neck was prominent.

"Look, back the fuck off. He was, is and always will be ours. Louis is with us so if you have something to say then say it our fucking face mate. Or are you too scared?"
John's smile dropped slightly before he grinned again.

"Louis, sweety, please tell your -big, bad alphas- who the fuck you belong to ?" His voice was spitting anger, almost like a dragon spitting flames.

The neurons in Louis' brains lit up, almost at once. He could feel his heart beat go haywire as Niall's grip on his tightened. He could feel the other omega getting angry too. It was rare to see such an angry omega, mostly because they were very forgiving species. But his blonde-haired man in front of him had managed to fill the sweetest omega in town with rage.

"I-um-I-don't...uhh"

"Talk to someone your own size, man." What surprised John most was the voice was coming from Niall, the calmest in the group. Niall's voice wasn't deep but it boomed in the room. The alphas smirked, even their sweet little omega could turn into a badass when it came to fragile, little Louis.

"Look, Niall and you boys too. I have nothing against you lot. You're great but this is between me and Louis and we need to talk... in private." John knew it was a losing battle, he needed to change his tone. He switched from threatening to official and cold.

"Louis, if you would step out for a moment then we can sort... this out, yeah?"

If he hadn't shown how evil he could be, the alphas might have let Louis go alone. But they knew that nobody was who they seemed and this seemingly harmless man could pass off as a maniac serial killer. This was the fastest they'd seen a person change, it was astonishing.

"No, we're letting Louis go alone."

"Well, boys, this is important. It's official business..."

"No- a second ago, you were-"

"I'm coming." All the heads turned to the small figure slipping his feet into his shoes. Louis' voice was like velvet, although it was hoarse. Everyone looked shocked, except John, he knew it was coming. He knew Louis would be the first to crumble, the first to give in., the most broken one.

"Boo, we can handle this, baby.-"

"It's fine, Niall. It's just gonna be a... talk, right?"

Louis avoided eye contact with the pack, looking straight at John. Even though his stomach was doing backflips and his heart was beating too fast, he needed to look strong at least. He needed to hold on even though he was falling apart inside.

Louis took brisk steps as he straightened his posture and followed John outside. John lead him to an isolated area near the toilets so no one would overhear. His goons stood a few meters away, just outside the hearing range. Louis' hands shook and his breath picked up. He just wanted someone to hold him while he cried but he needed to do this. Only for a little while longer. He waited for John to start talking, stand through the shouting and then go back hiding in the toilets in peace to cry. Just before John began talking, Louis' eyes went over the clock overhead. Just as the clock struck 11:11, Louis wished in his head.

_I wish it wasn't so hard._
please vote and comment, they make me really happy! also sorry for any grammatical errors, I'm half asleep.
All the love, xx.
third person P.O.V

Louis stood jammed between John and the bleached wall of the hospital.

There was no risk of getting caught here as firstly it was a private, expensive hospital reserved for only emergencies, really bad conditions and the rich. Secondly, it was the most isolated part of the hospital, the north-west wing toilets. No one ever really came here unless they fancied seeing a dead body as the morgue was further down the corridor.

John grinned, in a way which made Louis shiver. The grin was malicious, as though he had something horrible planned for Louis.

"Ahh, Mr. Tomlinson. Finally, we can have a little chat."

Louis could feel the sarcasm dripping from his voice, he knew what John was doing. Stretching out his misery, making every moment agonizing for him. Louis could feel dread coil at the pit of his stomach as his heart thumped loudly in his ears. If this happened to get physical (like the few times in the past) Louis could probably stand a few punches and kicks. But without suppressants numbing the pain and his already weakened body due to the aftermath of suppressants and extensive treatment, Louis would be knocked out at one go.

He needed to keep this as professional as he could, breathing in slowly.

"And what might that be about Mr. Jones?"

Bad move. Louis could now smell the anger radiating from John. He shouldn't have the same tone with John, it pissed him off when people talked to him like that, especially the ones lower him. But at least, Louis knew that his sense of smell isn't completely gone.

John took a sudden step forward, pushing Louis harder against the wall. Even closer than he already was.

"Don't you fucking dare sass me! You should be fucking happy you're still alive, you little worthless good for nothing! You broke the fucking contract, you told the fucking pack and then you did stupid shit like be seen kissing Harry, which I still don't know the whole story behind, and then you decide to sass me. You're not even good enough for the band, I don't even remember why we put you in the band. So mind your fucking language, Cause I hold the key to your future. It's a fucking favor that you're still here. So you listen to me-," John shoved a finger in Louis' chest, enjoying every second of the crippling fear present in the smaller boy's eyes, "-without me, you would be nothing, absolutely nothing. Next time, instead of trying to get attention like the little whore you are, use that fucking peanut-sized brain and ask me before you do anything!"

And in that moment, Louis swore he wanted the moon to fall on earth and destroy the whole plant. He wanted to sob and scream and run into the street where a car might hit him, killing him for good, this time. His insides twisted into knots, the voices in his brain screamed, he couldn't even feel the part of his skin where he had been digging his nails.

"I'm sorry."
And Louis meant it. Every word coming out of John's mouth was correct, at least to him. He wasn't good enough, he'd never be good enough. His once beautiful eyes looked like death. His face looked like that of a 60-year old man, his stubble was disgusting. Fat poked out of every inch of his body, thighs the size of couches and fat rolls bulging out. He was always going to have the body of a nine-year-old, while the other guys became butch. Louis would always be the fat and girly. The only remotely decent thing about him had been was his voice. Which he destroyed by puking out most of he ate (he couldn't afford those calories) and smoking non-stop. He hated himself, more than any hater in the world ever could. All those times he told himself it would get better was all a lie, he was never going to be 'fine'.

He really just wanted to peel his skin off and get out of the cage of a body that held him. He didn't want to be him anymore, he rather be anyone else in the world. Because in Louis' mind, he was an abomination. A worthless creature ready for disposal. A mistake.

"Oh, so you think a sorry is going to fix it? What is this Tomlinson? Second grade? where you steal my cookies and then say sorry so I let you play with me on the monkey bars? Please don't tell me you're so naive that you don't even know that this is not how this works. You know, how much work I'm having to put into this? Do you know? Do you know how much I'm doing so your identity can be a secret?"

"I'm sorry, John. I really am. I'll do anything to help."

"Okay then" And there it was again, the infamous grin which made Louis' blood run cold.

"It's simple, what you need to do. We-no wait- I am going to fix this. You have two choices, you carry on with suppressants so the world knows you as the beta bad boy-as they already do- but you can be an omega with the pack while the pack goes through some scandal every 12 months and we all carry on as though it never happened. Or the second choice, you go and tell the pack that you did all this for attention. That everything is false, you were trying to get validation on being a part of this band. That the medical reports were fake and the doctor who uncovered you as an omega was paid to say it. That it was meant to be the next big headline since the pack isn't doing anything to remain relevant."

Louis' breath caught in his throat, it was happening again. He was going back to the lifestyle which will certainly kill him in the near future, but then again, he did want to die.

"But- how? will that work? I showed them official documents, the contracts we signed. The doctor, Dr. Gray, has been the go-to band doctor for three years now. And this hospital, it's known to always be authentic. And those medical reports, they are all official! How is this going to work?"

John smiled, "Never underestimate the power of wealth, Louis. I know the right people for the job, the most flawless storyline. I know which strings to pull to make you all dance like lifeless rug dolls for me. And if such a terrible actor like you can fool them into believing that you're a beta for four years, then believe me. They aren't very strong obstacles to take out. So which option do you take Louis? Carry on with suppressants, be a beta in front of the world but an omega at home, but have the pack go through scandals annually. Or carry on with your normal life, nothing changes and everything is right what it used to be."

And the silence in the room kills Louis, it suffocates him. Filling his lungs with water and drown him in the sound of the clock ticking. His heart pumped slowly as if even his body was giving up on life. If he took the first option, he could at least have comfort at home but the pack would never agree on letting him take the suppressants again. And he couldn't let them go through the horrible scandals he went through even if it was only once a year. He didn't have a choice but to take the second one. He was trapped. Telling them it was all a lie, a big elaborate prank, something for
attention and nothing would change. Maybe, that was what he needed to do. Stop thinking about himself but for others.

"I'll take the second option."

And as Louis gave away his only chance at living, John just smiled.

Chapter End Notes

hey everybody! im sorry for taking forever to post this chapter but i've been busy. my life's a bit of a mess right now with the exam results coming back. i'm so sorry for the late updates. my mum hasn't been very well and my dad's not around. So if you are the few people who are still reading this, thank you so much. i can never appreciate it enough. also, sorry for any grammatical errors.
if you want to reach me as i might not be online on here, here's my snapchat: alicewonder121
"That's what I thought, too."

John smiled and clapped his hands, "Thank god that's sorted. Now, Louis, get to work and fix this, won't you?"

Louis nodded his head, rubbing his face and taking a deep breath. Ok, Louis thought to himself, I can do this, not a big deal.

He stretched a bit, almost as though he was getting ready for some kind of battle. Then again, this was no less than fighting multiple lions while stranded on an isolated island due to being shipwrecked and completely hidden away from the world.

Louis made his way towards the hospital room, a fake confident smile on his lips. Fear and dread coiled in the pit of his stomach, though his face remained relaxed. Louis was a great actor, too good to be good for him.

He could hear John's footsteps behind him and he knew there was no turning back now. It was final, nothing could save him now.

Sometimes Louis wished he had revealed his status to mom before his father. That man wasn't even in his life anymore. All he did was screw Louis over, like everyone else. He was the only one who had a strong distaste towards male omegas, his mom would be overjoyed by if she knew. Louis also wished that he hadn't tried so hard to earn his father's love and affection. That man saw Louis as nothing but a burden, another weight to carry on his soldiers. Maybe then Louis would have signed up on X-Factor as an omega, without having anything to hide. Louis wished he could have been the part of the pack, know what it's like to be pure and innocent and so unaware of the tragedies in life. Then again, he also sometimes wished to come out of all of this and become an inspiration to all in his position. Sometimes he wished for small things. Like someone getting him a cookie when they stopped to refill or ask him how he was feeling. He wished for someone, may it be a stranger, to just glance at him and smile. Not a forced one, just a genuine polite smile. He also wished someone would ask him why he wasn't breathing, only heaving through corrupted lungs.

In the end, Louis wished for a lot of things, although none of them were answered. But in that exact moment, he didn't wish for anything, almost as though he had given up.

He reached out to grab the doorknob, taking a deep breath, His eyes were slightly glossy and he could see from the corner of his eyes, John was growing impatient. He turned the knob, focusing on breathing. The door suddenly felt a million tons, he seemed to struggle to open. His emotions and thoughts dragged him down to the floor, even though his body was still standing.

After all, nothing kills a man faster than his own thoughts.

The door made a slight noise, opening up the scene in front of him. Niall stood by Louis’ bed, arms wrapped around himself, never had he ever looked so confused. Liam stood beside Niall, looking a bit angry. Zayn and Harry stood on the other side, each looking confused and angry with a hint of disgust. But they weren't looking at him, but at a man in a black suit with a ridiculous tie stood with his arms crossed. Louis guessed he had come along with John.
He coughed slightly, everyone's heads snapping to him. He opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. No one had anything to say, everyone was speechless. John coughed once, prompting Louis to start speaking.

"I've... got something to confess, boys."

There was no response, Louis took it as his cue to carry on.

"I'm not an omega, never was and never will be. I'm a beta."

"Not you too. Louis, boo, don't do this. Don't hide the truth from us. We know the management is forcing you to do this, but you don't have to."

Harry shook his head, his curls bouncing in every direction as he spoke. Zayn's eyes remained fixed on the ground as Liam mouth opened and closed periodically much like a goldfish. Niall hid his face away in Liam's shirt.

"I'm not hiding anything Harry, it was all a lie. Take it as an experiment. A social experiment to see if you guys were that naive."

Harry's taken back, eyes blown in emotions Louis can't decipher. Zayn is frowning and Niall looks like he's going to cry.

"Wait-what? Is this- was this all a lie? Are you for real? Was this all a joke for you? What the hell?"

Liam looks like a confused and angry puppy and Louis would have surely laughed but he can't even bring himself to even look at Liam. Lying comes to him naturally but there's only so much he can take.

"What-what about the reports and the documents and-and" Zayn barely stuttered out a sentence and Louis honestly felt bad for him even though he's going through much worse.

"It was all fake. You know how easy it is to get these? Just slip a couple extra pounds and no one cares. Gosh, I could have gone around as an omega forever and you guys wouldn't bat an eye." He faked a laugh and forced himself to look in their eyes. To make sure he looked more convincing, more realistic, more beta.

"Why? Why are you lying? We know he's forcing you, isn't he? It's his fault right?" Liam has a finger pointed towards John and as much as Louis wants to scream the truth, he knows he's already swimming in the deep water. The looks John is giving him isn't going to do much good.

"No, I'm not. No one is forcing me to do anything. I am my own man and make my own decisions. The only thing they're forcing me to do is come clean about the truth and tell you guys, that I am in fact a beta."

"Why did you lie then? Why did you play with us like that?"

And it's Niall who finally speaks up, his voice cracking and barely above a whisper. But to Louis, it was louder than any noise in the world. The silence was deafening.

"I'm sorry."

That's all he could say, his mind had stopped working and he hoped that it would be enough. But like everything he ever wished for, it wasn't.
"YOU’RE LYING! YOU’RE LYING! I KNOW YOU’RE LYING! YOU ARE HIDING SOMETHING FROM US! YOU’RE LYING!"

Niall began screaming on the top of his lungs and Louis nearly died on the spot of a heart attack. Liam picked up Niall, who trashed around; trying to escape Liam's strong arms. By the time, he's gotten Niall to the door, Niall's calmed down. Now he's sobbing, shaking and crying, snot covering Liam's shirt but the Alpha doesn't mind. Zayn was hot on Liam's heels, following the pair. Harry sat down the soft hospital bed, head in his hands.

Niall's voice is just a whisper now.

"you're lying, aren't you?"

Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading! and sorry for any grammatical errors.
Louis' face was emotionless, his eyes were blank.

Harry didn't know what to believe. The past few days were a whirlwind of emotions. Louis, the beta of the group, came out as an omega and for the first time, they saw the vulnerable side of Louis. But just as soon as things were starting to look up, albeit the slightest bit, another tsunami crashed on them.

Harry and Louis used to be close, during X-Factor all the way until the end of their first world tour. It was a blur after that, mornings spent with Louis chatting about nothing and everything changed into cooking large brunches for the pack. Evenings cuddling with Louis, while criticizing movies turned into going to fancy restaurants with the pack. Louis was kind of left out during that time because the alphas and the omega were still bonding. Their love growing deeper as each day went by, almost forgetting about Louis.

'But Louis was fine,' Harry thought, 'he was going out and seemed to have fun, didn't he?'

Harry buried his face deeper into his hands, footsteps retreating. The sounds Harry could hear was the beat of his heart and the soft breaths of Louis. He didn't need to look up to know Louis was there. The other pack members had left already, in an attempt to calm Niall down. The PR guys had no reason to be in there anymore, the only one left was Louis.

Louis stood by the door, body frozen. He wasn't scared nor was he angry. He was numb if anything. A weight sat on his chest, his insides twisting and knotting. His eyes could see and his ears could hear, but his brain wouldn't process. Only black dots in the place of memories and deafening silences in the place of conversations. It was as if Louis was floating through a black hole, swimming in the void.

In his trance, he moved towards the taller alpha; creating a depression in the bed where he sat down next to him. Louis' gaze remained fixed on the wall, he's screwed, he knows that. However, he can't get himself to react. A part of him hoped Harry would not believe all this bullshit, he hoped Harry would start a conversation and ground Louis to Earth.

Harry rubbed his eyes, blinking and looking at Louis. He eventually breaks the silence.

"Why?"

It's a simple question, but Louis can't answer it. Wait-no, he has an answer planned in his mind but his brain won't let him speak. So he shrugs his shoulders, throwing a lazy smile at Harry.

"Why?"

Harry asked him again, his voice cracking up a bit. He was on the verge of crying. Louis, however, remained emotionless. Harry's green eyes stared at the right profile of Louis' face, watching him exhale through his mouth.

"Science"
Louis doesn't miss the way Harry grimaced. His gaze fell on his lap, playing with his small hands.

"What do you mean by 'science'?” Louis remained silent.

"Answer me!” Harry's voice boomed in the empty room, Louis nearly jumping out of his skin. He finally turned to look at Harry, looking at his chest.

"Human behavior. A science experiment of sorts, if you must say. I wanted to see how naive you guys were. How easily you believed someone. Not once did you guys fight back, you know? Not once did you doubt.” Louis forced a laugh, "idiots."

Harry was taken back for a moment, before springing to his feet, clearly frustrated.

"Louis! You don't need to lie! There's no one here! You can tell the truth, babe! We'll help you, I'll help you!” Tears rolled down Harry's face, his throat hurting like hell due to choking up his sobs. A blank smile remained on Louis' lips, eyes trained on the ground.

"I'm not lying, Harry. It's the truth. I'm sorry, I guess I just like having attention on me. I know it is a shitty excuse, but I guess it's a beta thing.”

Harry's mouth opened and closed like a goldfish's.

"What about the-the medical reports and the legal documents and all those things you showed us?"

Louis' eyes trailed upwards, stopping right at Harry's chin.

"They were fake, Haz. It's extremely easy to fake them, especially when you have money. I bribed all the doctors, hired someone to write the documents for me. And you know, I went to acting classes as an extracurricular on Sundays, I know how to fake a few tears. I guess you're wondering why I did it, well, I think boredom had something to do with it. And a bit of alcohol. But as I said, I did it in the name of science. As a study, to observe how easily you would believe me. Niall was the easiest to fool, such an idiot—"

"Shut up!” Liam's voice echoed from their left, where he stood by the door. Anger was written all over his features and his eyes were red-rimmed. Great, Louis thought, I made two alphas cry today.

Betrayal was evident in Liam's eyes, but it was the only way to protect one direction, to protect this dream they had built up using fragile pieces of glass. Ready to fall and shatter into tiny, microscopic pieces anytime.

Harry was dumbfounded. He couldn't comprehend what Louis had said. His brain was mush, unable to believe anything. He didn't know who to trust, at this point, he didn't even trust himself.

Liam looked away, as though even looking at Louis could give him an incurable terminal disease. He took brisk steps, grabbing the other alpha's hand and wiping away the tears with his thumb. He turned to look at Louis with disgust before grabbing the alpha's hand and walking out of the room.

Just before Harry left the room, Louis raised his head up to see Harry, for one last time. At least for a while.

Green met blue for the first time in a long time.

What Harry saw scared him. He saw the broken remains of a beautiful painting, he saw a beautiful set of flowers blooming in the middle of a black hole. He saw something so beautiful, so broken, so
tragic.

And for the first time, Harry really saw Louis.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for any grammatical errors, it's 3:52 am :)


Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

miss you is fucking great

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Third Person P.O.V

Liam's firm grip on Harry's forearm prevented him from turning back. He was seething with anger, probably having heard the conversation between him and Louis, Harry presumed.

He babbled in fury, all in one breath, without giving a chance to Harry to speak.

"How dare he?! How freaking dare he?! We trusted him! After all the bullshit he has done, we trusted him! And what did he do? Turn it into a joke!-

"Liam, listen to me-

"Suppressed omegas out there suffer from horrible things. And you know why they aren't ever taken seriously?"

"Liam, please just listen-

"Because of selfish pricks like Louis fucking Tomlinson, that's why!"

"LIAM!"

Harry's voice held as much rage as Liam's, finally getting the other alpha to shut up. To say he was taken back was an understatement. Harry had always been a calm alpha (unlike the other two). He has never been the one to raise his voice, but Liam was pushing his limits.

"Whoa- Harry, I'm just as angry about this as you are. C'mon, let's just go home. You can let it all out there."

That frustrated Harry more, he knew Louis was lying! He might have tried to hide his feeling but he must have forgotten that eyes speak. Harry could see through Louis' cover, albeit for the first time. And Harry wasn't gonna just let it go.

"No, Liam. It's not that." Harry's curls shook, as he tried to grab Liam's shoulder to get his attention.

Liam's eyes held confusion, unable to understand what Harry meant.

"I think Louis' lying. He is an omega."

Liam's face scrunched up in disgust and confusion, but Harry cut him off before he got a chance to speak.
"Listen, I don't know how you can miss it, but this is all clearly a scam! Can't you see what is actually happening?! It's the management! They're doing this!"

"Harry...we're all in shock but that doesn't mean we deny the truth-

"Liam! Goddamnit! Okay... listen closely now. Louis' being held back by wires, these wires represent the management. They surround him, trapping him in this 'prison'. But the wires are getting older, I can hear the way they are creaking. Liam, together, we can help Louis break free! We can help him before it's too late-

Liam cupped Harry's face, "Can you hear yourself? Harry, just listen to the things you're babbling. All this...all this nonsense about wires and shit. I think you've been reading too many books Haz. This doesn't happen in real life, Louis played with us. With you, with me, with Zayn even with poor fucking Niall. C'mon Harry, let's just go home. I don't think I can see louis without wanting to break his skull again."

With that Liam was gone, leaving a frustrated Harry. And a few rooms down the corridor, a heartbroken Louis on the verge of tears.

With brisk steps, Liam came towards Niall and Zayn. Niall had tears streaks running down his face, while Zayn rubbed his back. Zayn's angry expression was similar to Liam's.
Both the alphas felt ridiculed, humiliated and disgusted. Letting out all these emotions in tsunami waves of anger, all directed to Louis.

But the sight of their crying Omega intensified the feeling. Anger bubbled inside them, ready to explode any second.

"Hey Ni baby...hey,bubba, hey, breath. Follow me okay? Inhale...exhale...inhale...exhale."

Niall hiccuped softly, trying to follow Liam's advice.

"Why did-why did Louis do that? Were we all a game to him? A experiment?! Why does hate omegas so much? Why does Louis hate me so-so much to hurt me like that?"

"Fucking beta" liam whispered underneath his breath.

Zayn remained quiet the whole time. Things didn't add up. He did feel angry, ridiculed and a tiny bit disgusted, but mostly confused. Louis wasn't the kind of person to stoop so low. To what extent would the doctors go to keep up with these lies. Faking the second gender or lying about it could be a criminal offence and the doctor would have their license taken, why would anyone support that then?
Their personal doctor, one of the first one Louis went to, was a good man. Had a family of five including him, a pair of twins and a newborn along with a trophy life. He had enough wealth and greedy wasn't the right way to describe him. He had nothing in it for him, why would he lie?
The same way, management never stepped in. Louis could show up to a concert half drunk or extremely hungover and they'd just tell him to brush his teeth (because his breath used to stink of alcohol). One time he went streaking as a dare in one of his outrageous parties. Pictures were all over the internet and all the drama channels only talked about it for nearly months (until the next big scandal happened). If they wanted to protect their morals by exposing the ‘truth’, there were many instances the management could have stepped in.
And Zayn saw the contract Louis had signed with his own eyes. It seemed official, no something Louis could fake. Heck, the management seal was also on it. Proving its validity.
Louis wasn’t such a shallow person either, he might be a party animal or a bit too impulsive but he wasn’t so crude. He never dared to joke around with such sensitive topics, why start now?
Zayn’s train of thought was cut short by Liam vigorously waving his hand in Zayn’s face. “Earth to Zayn? Earth to Zayn!”

He blinked furiously a few times, “huh?”

Liam chuckled at his stupidity, Zayn noticing that Niall was no longer crying. Liam had succeeded in calming him down.

“C’mon boys, ready to go home?”

With that Niall and Zayn both got up, nodding in agreement. Niall was emotionally exhausted and Zayn needed a quiet place to think and add up the dots.

The three boys walked out of the spare room Niall had found to weep in. Harry stood outside the door, tugging at his hair. He seemed to have pushed back his already receding hairline.

“Haz?” Zayn called out the blurry figure, charging up and down the hallway. Harry turned his head towards them so fast, it could be considered a miracle he didn’t get a whiplash.

“Oh thank god you guys are still here. Okay now listen to me. I think management is forcing Louis to do this. I really do believe that he is in fact a omega. He’s not a beta! He can’t be a beta-”

“Harry stop with all this bullshit. I know, the truth hurts-”

“But secrets kill! Listen to me Liam for goodness sake!”

Zayn and Niall remained quiet, watching the exchange take place. Zayn was a least bit happy that someone too could see that something wasn’t right and Niall just wanted to sleep, today was enough for his omega body.

“You know what Harry! I’ve had it! I’be had it completely! I tried to be nice to you and explain you nicely but you don’t listen! Why don’t you get it that we’re all tried and we all find this hard to believe! You can’t come home until you come out of your daydream. Sorry to burst your damn bubble but the truth is Harry, Louis. Is. A. Beta!”

Liam’s voice boomed in the mostly empty hallway, earning a few glares from passing by nurses and a few shushes from the patients.

But the pack remained unbothered, too lost in their own world. Harry’s face held as much determination as Liam’s, not wanting to back down on what he believed in. Niall’s face held horror and confusion, the pack leader had just kicked the baby alpha outside of their house. Zayn was more baffled then he had ever been. Liam was never the one to kick someone out just because they didn’t agree with his thoughts And opinions.

The only thing Zayn was sure about was that this story had three sides. One the management’s, one louis’ and the truth.

He needed to find the truth.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone so much for reading! Sorry for the late update and any grammatical errors! If you liked this chapter, please leave a comment or a kudo!
Third Person P.O.V

Louis could hear the commotion outside of his room, quickly wiping his tears and getting up to check what was happening.

A frustrated Harry slammed the door open, Louis nearly jumping out of his skin. Although, he regained his posture quickly, a poker face ready as an armor. He observed Harry's face closely, his cheeks were red and eyes were red. He looked closely, Harry was misty-eyed. But he couldn't ask why, it wouldn't fit in with his unfazed, uncaring beta act.

"Can I stay with you?"

The question was unexpected to stay the least. What was equally shocking was the crack in Harry's voice. It seemed as though he were about to start crying or scream till his lungs collapsed. It took Louis an additional minute to process the situation before replying.

"Why? What happened to the pack?"

Harry's eyes diverted to the ground, he didn't want to upfront admit that he believed Louis was lying. It would only get his guard up.

"I...had a fight with the pack, to say the least."

Louis was skeptical, he knew the pack had fights like any normal couple but none of them had ever been so bad that they resulted in one of them moving in with Someone. Let alone Louis. And the fact that the whole fiasco had happened just a few moments ago, right after the management incident thing added fuel to the fire.

"What happened?"

"Louis, it's nothing. Just something...petty. Please, can I stay with you?"

"But I want to know why lover boy would-"

"IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!"

Harry didn't mean to startle or scare Louis, let alone raise his voice. But emotions and hormones were fogging his brain. He couldn't think of a proper excuse and he really needed to be close to Louis to figure out what happening. Observe every tiny detail about the boy, anything and everything is, after all, a clue. Also Liam had kicked him out and he don't want to waste this opportunity in a hotel room, watching rom-cops by himself.

"Oh...ok." Louis looked at the ground, his voice timid as ever. But his facial expression didn't change, he was a perfectly trained beta.

"I'm sorry, just- can I please tell a bit later? Please let me wrap my head around what happened? Could I please just stay at your house, I can do all the cooking and cleaning, I just don't want to be alone tonight. Please?"
The words hit a bit too close to home. Louis knew what it felt like to be alone with your thoughts. Every word those voices said, how much it hurt. Even if someone wouldn't hold, just knowing that someone was there in the same house filled the void. It made him feel a little less lonely. He knew how horrible it was to be abandoned. He was well-aware of the fact that it could all be a trick, if anything happened to Harry; he would never live it down.

Louis let out a small sigh, “ok. You can stay but my house over here is a huge mess.”

Louis knew he wouldn’t be welcomed in the mansion the whole pack was sharing when they arrived there. And since Harry was so adamant on staying with Louis, he had no choice but to take him to his house a few miles away from the mansion. He would just have to leave his stuff. He had some clothes which the pack had bought him during his stay in the hospital, he had his phone and charger. And the extra key to the mansion was hidden under a flowerpot. All he had to do now was figure out how to get there.

“Thank you thank you thank you thank you so much! I owe you!” Harry expected more of a fight or resistance against Harry wanting to move in. Louis looked concerned for Harry’s well-being. Usually only omegas would be more bothered about an alpha’s health and needs who played a significant part in their lives. Betas were more carefree and reckless. Now, betas weren’t heartless creatures but the way Louis went about and portrayed himself, one would seriously doubt if he had a heart or not. But Louis’ almost instant agreement to Harry moving in and his unexplained concern was completely out of character, once again raising Harry’s suspicions.

“I just need to inform the pack and I’ll be back, okay love? You could pack your stuff until then.”

With that Harry rushed out, leaving Louis alone with his thoughts. Harry called him ‘love’, louis couldn’t get it out of his mind. How badly had he wanted this, to be loved, to feel anything at all. A normal beta wouldn’t pay much attention to it but Louis was neither normal or a beta.

Anxiety coiled at the pit of his stomach, as a realisation dawned upon him. Why was Harry being so nice? Harry should have hated him right now, been as cruel to him as possible not move in with him. After the whole beta/omega drama, he had expected more shouting from the pack. Maybe Harry had a clue, maybe he was suspicious, maybe he knew! Louis could feel his stomach tie into knots if his lie came out to the world. He needed to pull his walls up.

Just as Harry stepped outside of the room, closing the door behind him, Zayn came into his line of vision. He looked at Harry with an unreadable expression.

“Where are the other two?”

Harry finally spoke up. The silence was stretching over. Zayn sighed, people seemed to be doing that a lot today.

“Look...Harry, I’m sorry for whatever Liam said. Don’t take offence to it. And just let him cool off for a while, he needs some cuddle time when Niall. He’s in the carpark right now. Said the hotel was getting too stuffy.”

Harry nodded his head slightly, “Since Liam kicked me out of the house, I’m going to be staying at Louis’ for a while. And before you say anything, I still stand my ground. I know Louis is lying, I can feel it. I’ll prove it to you.”

Zayn didn’t interject. He had no idea what to believe, Liam would be absolutely ferocious if Harry came back to the mansion. Louis, without a doubt, wouldn’t be allowed to return. Liam and Harry both stood tall in their grounds. Liam believes the management while Harry believed i the alternative. Zayn, best described, would be standing on no man’s land.
Harry expected a protest, a plea to make up with Liam and give up his ‘dilutions’. Instead all he got as a reply was, “whatever you do Harry, please make sure to find the truth. For louis’ sake.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! Thanks for reading. If you liked this chapter please leave a judo or a comment! It means a lot! Sorry for any grammatical errors :p (p.s it’s just a filler)
Third person P.O.V

Zayn backed up slowly, maintaining eye contact before finally walking away. Zayn normally agreed with the leader of the pack. He was also the one most skeptical about Louis being an omega, so saying Harry was surprised would be an understatement.

To be honest, he had expected Zayn to put up a fight and try to shut down any of Harry's suspicions. He expected some shouting and maybe even something physical before Zayn made Liam and him make peace.

Zayn's reaction gave Harry an essence of the gravity of the situation. Harry stood frozen for a few seconds before coming back to his senses. If even Zayn didn't believe Louis, then something was certainly wrong. Very wrong. It couldn't be all in his head.

As Zayn faded from his vision, he made his way back to Louis' room. He stood in the doorway, watching the smaller lad stuff his clothes in a small black duffle bag. Louis didn't acknowledge his presence, even after Harry let out a small cough. He had no idea what to do know, finding the truth was easier said than done. And if Louis planned to ignore him then his efforts were going to be futile. So Harry resorted to standing by the door, feeling awkward.

Harry sighed to himself, maybe Liam was right after all. He could just turn back right now, catch a cab, apologize to Liam and just go home. Forget about everything and just have a cuddle fest with the pack. But turning back meant giving up and Harry was not going to give up on Louis and just leave him, especially when he might need him the most. He sighed again, he seemed to sigh a lot these days.

As Harry zoned out, he was brought back to reality as Louis stood before him. His duffle bag hanging from his shoulder.

"Ready to go?"

Harry let out a small nod before following Louis. Louis took large steps with his chin up. Louis looked more confident than Harry who had his eyes trained on the ground, walking a bit further from Louis. They could easily pass off as an alpha and an omega couple. If it wasn't for Louis' small stature, he could pass off as an alpha, maybe. Before Harry could ponder over the possibility of Louis being an alpha, Louis stopped abruptly. Harry noticed he stood in front of the reception, asking for someone to the beta sitting at the reception. She immediately turned to her phone after listening to Louis' request.

Harry didn't have a chance to ask Louis what he was doing before a stout, bald man approached him. A tall nurse stood next to him, maybe a few inches shorter than Harry. Harry watched Louis and the man talk inaudibly, before exchanging a few papers. It seemed confidential, considering how the envelope was sealed tightly. The man had a huge grin spread on his face as Louis held a poker face. Harry stood a few meters behind him, watching the exchange in front of him patiently. He would ask Louis about it later. The last thing he wanted was for Louis to think he was too nosy and kick him out.

It wasn't until a small pressure on his forearm pulled him back from his initial position did he
realize that the nurse had managed to sneak behind him. She seemed to be only one or two inches shorter compared to Harry when they stood side by side, she had big brown eyes and silky black hair which was neatly tied back.

_She must be a beta_, Harry thought.
She nervously glanced between Harry and the pair, before letting out a rushed whisper.

"Are you close to him?"

It took Harry a moment to register what she had asked and who she meant by 'him'.

"If you're talking about Louis, then yes. But why?"

She took another breath (and a nervous glance towards the pair before continuing).

"Look, I'm not supposed to tell you this and I'm going to get into deep shit if I do, but it's against my moral code to not tell you; so I need to tell you- no scratch that- have to tell you. Shit- they're nearly done, I think. Look, here's my number, please just call me when you find the time, Okay? I can't tell you right now, if they overhear then you're dead too. I swear this is extremely important, I'm not a scammer, I'm not gonna sell your number or post it online. Please, if you care about your friend, text me when you can. It's extremely important, the sooner the better."

With that, she stuffed a small piece of paper into his hand, casually stepping away as Louis' and the man's conservation ended.

A booming voice, which Harry assumed was the bald man, addressed the nurse.

"Amelia? Would you mind telling me what you were whispering to this man over here?" His voice was laced with malice and sarcasm. He had obviously caught on.

"Oh, nothing sir! My sister happens to be a fan of his band! One dimension, isn't it? I was just trying to be a good sister and get an autograph for her, sir."

"Well, are you done?"

She stuffed a pen and book in Harry's hand, with a pleading look in her eyes. Harry understood what to do, immediately. He signed his name and turned around to face the stout man.

"Yes, sir. We'll be leaving now. Louis, are you ready to go?"

His voice seemed to have startled Louis as he looked at Harry with wide-eyes before nodding.

"Very well then gentlemen, it was lovely meeting you." The unnamed man directed it to Harry before looking at Louis and almost inaudibly whispering something along the lines of, "remember."

And with that, Harry and Louis walked out of the hospital. They made their way towards the taxi stand, waiting for a cab. When Louis and the pack had arrived at the hospital, it was Liam's car which had been used. Thankfully, it was a snowy day, not a single person paid any attention to them.

Harry scooted closer to Louis, noticing his tense posture.

"So, who was he?"
Harry tried to make small talk with Louis, while also being curious to know how Louis knew that man. It was obvious the man had some kind of authority over Louis, finding out more about him would help him make a step towards the truth.

"The chairman of the hospital."

Louis' answer was brisk and curt, making it clear he didn't want to talk about it.

"And why were you talking to him? What's he gotta do with you?"

"Gosh, Harry! Why do you need to know everything? Why do you care so much? All I did was lie to you! I'm not even an omega and a spent a whole week lying about such a serious matter! I played with the whole pack's heart, you know!?? Heck, I even dragged you to the hospital with me!? Why do you care so much!? Aren't you angry at me? Shouldn't you be angry at me!?"

Louis had turned to look at him, the pitch of his voice has changed drastically, almost as though he was going to cry. Harry could see his eyes turning red, as Louis swallowed hard. He wanted to hug Louis, but that would only scare him away.

Harry didn't know what to say, all he could do was respond with a measly shrug. The turn of events was unexpected. He didn't expect Louis to say it in such a... blunt manner. Secretly, Harry had hoped that Louis wouldn't bring the topic up at all, simply because it was one of the rare topics Harry had no clue what to say.

Louis closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath.

"Why? Why are you still around after all I did? You could stay in a nice hotel and not deal with me. You could talk to Liam, he would surely forgive you, he loves you. I lied to you, toyed with your feelings and you still care. You're still here, why? Why? Please tell me! Do you want to make me feel guilty? I don't understand why you want to do with a guy like me. Don't you feel at least a bit of anger or hate towards me? You have a beautiful omega, you know how fragile omegas are. And you know how these matters are really serious topics. It is a criminal offense to do what I did in some countries, for fuck sake! I just mocked them, the omegas, for attention- not even a decent reason- just because I felt like it. And you just shrugged it off. Do you want revenge or do you want to physically hurt me? Please just tell me why are you doing this? I'm just a pathetic beta, after all!"

Harry didn't miss the way Louis' voice cracked at certain points or how his nails dug into his palms. Louis had somehow managed to make himself smaller than ever by tightly wrapping his arms around him. His breath growing unstable and rigid. Almost as though, Louis was holding back sobs. His emotions were all over the place, very unlike a beta. Harry observed every single of Louis' movements quietly. Harry felt Louis was already bursting at seams and was going to fall apart at any given moment.

Before Harry could reply, a taxi pulled up. Louis wasted no time in getting into it, quickly telling the driver his address. Harry got into the backseat with him.

Louis looked at Harry expectantly, awaiting his answer.

"I... I don't know, Lou. I don't blame you, that's the only thing I know. I'm not coming over to your's to make you guilty or take some kind of petty revenge. I just-I care about you, Louis. You mean a lot to me, even though the feeling may not be returned. And I'm not holding you responsible for whatever happened these past few days, it's all been crazy. I guess, I rather spend time with you then sulk alone in a hotel room. Maybe, some part of me loves you too much to be angry."

Harry really didn't know what to say. He didn't want to directly tell Louis that he believed Louis
was an omega because that would only cause Louis to pull his walls up. So he did the next most sensible thing which came to his mind, blabber out a non-answer. Although, most of it wasn't a lie.

He grabbed Louis's small hand, rubbing small circles on his wrist. It was a small gesture, to comfort the distressed boy. It would almost always work on Niall. He hoped it would have the same effect on Louis. And maybe it worked because Lous didn't pull away.

The rest of the ride was spent in silence.

Chapter End Notes

hi! im back (although no one cares) i was having bit of a writer's block but i've gotten rid of it now. also, i have holidays now so i'll try to update more often! thank you for reading and sorry for any grammatical errors.
Third Person POV

The keys clank slightly as Louis pushes the door open.

The stench of old books and dead flowers greet them. While it isn't exactly a rancid smell, it isn't too pleasant either; it’s an overwhelming smell, rather.

Dull, grey-blue eyes look around the living room, papers and documents scattered around the floor, cushions tossed around and the static from the television act as the background noise.

It’s familiar to Louis, the way the dark house casts shadows that seem to haunt him everywhere he goes and the chill he feels blooming at the pit of chest whenever he’s locked up in his bathroom with a blade pressed against his wrist. It used to be his home once, a place he could come for comfort; a sanctuary of sorts. Until somewhere along the way, he lost it too, just like the other important things in life.

The world around him moved on and he just couldn’t keep up, being dragged along helplessly.

Currently, he feels weighed down, almost as though he carries the weight of the world on his shoulders and a soft sigh escapes his mouth.

Of course, Harry notices. He notices the way his eyes look around the room with a faraway gaze, he notices the way Louis’ small body goes rigid and his fist tightens until his knuckles are almost as white as his sheets as he looks around the room. He notices the small sigh that slips out of his mouth, the disappointment and sadness oozing out of it. He notices a lot of things but doesn’t seem to do much about it.

The house was the same as Louis left it, three weeks back. When Niall told the alphas about his status, when he barged into his house, when they took him with them, when he still had some hope left.

As if a switch flipped in his brain, Louis broke out of his trance and made his way around the room. Harry followed him timidly, still clutching the duffel bag which held all of Louis’ clothes.

Although Harry had been to Louis’ this house a few times before, he had never really looked around properly, observing the details. He had never noticed the bookshelves filled with books, he had never heard of, which seemed to run on for miles. Or the fact that most of his furniture was IKEA bought, cheap and simple. Not what was normally expected out of a celebrity’s house. There was unexpected nothing fancy, at least not in plain sight, not even a fancy painting or display. It could pass off as a house of a middle-class family with an only child and two working parents.
Empty during the days and only a vessel to provide shelter during the night. Empty and bland otherwise.

His house had everything Louis might have needed yet it seemed lacked something. Warmth. Instead of having the usual warmth and peace of a home, it bore an uneasy chill. The kind which made one feel their bones were freezing. The intensity was enough to make even Harry uncomfortable, even though he had only been there for a few minutes.

Louis stopped in the middle of the living room, turning to look at Harry. The room was quite dark due to the drawn curtains, adding a sense of eerie to the house. Only Harry’s green eyes were visible through the shadow cast over Harry’s face.

“So..um, as I warned you, my house is a mess.”

Harry shrugged slightly, unable to think of an appropriate response.

“Well, I could show you the guest room and you could freshen up while I clean...this.”

It seemed more like a question than a statement, almost as though Louis was uncertain of himself. It scared Harry, the Louis he knew had a strong head, always knowing what he wanted. But then again, how much did he really know about Louis after all?

“No...It’s okay. I’ll help you.”
“It’s okay. You don’t need to, you must be tired.”
“I’m fine Louis, I want to help.”
“But-“

“Louis, I’m fine. You’re giving me a place to stay, this is the least I can do. How about this- you go and freshen up and I’ll clear this area up? After all, you were the one who was bedridden for so many days. If you suddenly work so much, your body won’t be able to handle it.”

When Louis let out a sigh of defeat, grabbing his duffle from Harry’s hand and made his way to a room at the end of the corridor; Harry thanked his lucky stars for giving him the gift to make his words sound convincing and also that Louis’ exhaustion had gotten the best of him.

Just as Louis disappeared from his vision, Harry picked up the first sheet of paper from right next to his foot, laying on the rug. It seemed like a page torn from a notebook, a cursive handwriting scribbled something on it in black ink.

“It is a sick feeling. Depression.

It’s like drowning-suffocating almost- while being able to walk around freely. It’s like free-falling in an endless abyss of darkness, no beginning or ending visible, just stuck floating in the void. Days pass without a purpose-nights float by dreamlessly. It’s aimless, getting up every morning, only to be enveloped by a crushing sense of numbness. The sadness gets harder to hide behind the mask I wear for a face, eyelids get heavier and every muscle in the body suddenly weighs too much.
And the worse part is no one seems to understand. Lazy, they call me. Procrastination, they call it. When I try to explain; they say they understand, they promise help but it never comes. Like a ship that never left the port. They romanticise it, but not once do they understand what it feels like.

It’s like being at a feast and only being to feel the roughness of the sand I’m forced to swallow. It’s like standing at a beautiful flower garden, and only being able to see the stretch of a vast, endless desert.

It’s an ineffable feeling, nearly impossible to describe with just words. But I hope no one ever has to go through it.”

The words leave Harry wondering. Wondering what Louis thinks, wondering what it all really means. Wondering about the sides of Louis, Harry has never seen before, simply because he was too caught up in his own head. It shocks him obviously, he knew Louis wasn’t exactly happy but he didn’t know that he was depressed either. Louis did a good job in masking his feeling, but he was cracking at the corners now.

Just before he could read further, Louis pulled the paper out of his hands.

“I’d appreciate if you didn’t dig through my stuff, Harry.”

Harry solemnly nods, picking up other pieces of paper and placing them on the glass table at the center of the room. He could go through it all later.

They work in silence, communicating only through nods or nudges. It’s comfortable, no spaces to fill with words. No forced conversations, no mandatory interactions. Harry think in peace. And for the first time, Harry understands why Louis likes it so much.

They spend most of their time together in silence, Harry notices. The taxi ride, the cleaning up, silence is their thing. Just each other’s presence lightens the mood.

1 hour, 42 minutes. That’s the time it takes them to put everything away. The kitchen is sparkly clean (as Louis’ never used it in his life) and Louis refuses to let Harry enter his room. The guest room is clean with fresh sheets and plenty of sunlight and warmth. Clearly, never been used before. The earlier rancid smell has been replaced with the smell of some tropical room fresheners Harry found. The house looks much more like homelier, with the sun's warm rays heating up the freezing living room.

He watches Louis plop down on the sofa, relaxing into the soft velvet cushions. Harry isn’t tired, but he can’t say the same about Louis. His head is rolled back, his arms are outstretched.

“What are you waiting for?” Louis signals Harry to join him, smiling slightly. Harry can’t tell if it’s genuine or forced but he hopes it’s not the latter.

Harry awkwardly placed himself next to Louis, his hand brushing against Louis’. They stay like that for awhile, before eventually molding into each other. Louis’ body cuddled against his feels familiar. They used to cuddle all the time during X-Factor days. Before all this mess began. When
they were just two boys in love, two foolish naive boys with great boys but terrible dancers. When they were just Lou and Harry.

Louis doesn’t feel as warm against him as he used to, and Harry really hates himself for letting someone nearly killing his sunshine. He strokes the small of Louis’ back and he buries his face deeper in Harry’s shoulder. His fluffy hair pressed against Harry’s neck, mouth slightly apart. Soft snores and even breathing tell Harry the beauty is asleep.

And he can’t help press a soft kiss in his hair.

“You’ve got a warm heart, a beautiful brain but it’s all disintegrating; darling.”
Chapter Summary

Harry does something

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry can't help but think.

Think how disgusting he is. Or how his pack is. In fact, the whole human race is disgusting. No one really cares unless you're hurt or dying. The possibility that he wouldn't really have been half as much concerned about Louis' condition, if Louis actually was a beta, scared him.

And really all of them have been so blind, too blind to all the suffering Louis has gone through. Harry can see it on his face, his sunken cheeks, and the almost bruise-like dark circles under his eyes. He can feel his bones poking him through the soft fabric of his sweater and he could count Louis' ribs with ease. The longer he looks at him, the more horrid he feels. And it isn't even him who has to go through so much.

He feels a deep ache settle in his bones, a heaviness surround him as the gravity of the situation makes him wonder. What are they going to do?

Louis still so young, he's still in his twenties. He has a life in front of him with so much to do and so much to see. Yet his body has as many complications as someone with stage 4 Acute Lymphoblastic Leukaemia (rather specific, he knows). It's tragic and tiring, Louis doesn't deserve it and somewhere, he knows, it's their damn fault. The management is just about doing everything in their control to maintain their public image as a band with three lovely alphas; a beautiful omega and a lively beta (it's all a damn lie). Liam doesn't want to acknowledge the fact that Louis is an omega because it's so much easier to ignore the truth. Zayn's lost, unable to differentiate between what's the truth and what's the lie; too caught up in his own head to know what he's doing. Niall's mental condition is a huge blur, like a ghost town filled with nothing but the void and a mixture of smoke and fog.

And Harry knows, even though he doesn't want to admit, they're falling apart. As if not saying it aloud will stop it from being the inevitable truth. Something in him snaps and he takes out his phone from his back pocket, as he gently moves Louis' head from his thigh to the sofa.

As the phone rings, he can't help but think about back when the band was formed. It reminds him of a supernova. A star that suddenly increases greatly in brightness because of a catastrophic explosion that ejects most of its mass. A star which suddenly shines so bright and so loud before it disappears, before it dies.

He'd say 2011 and 2012 were one direction's best years, everyone was so blissfully unaware and their main focus was having a great time. They weren't as famous as they are now yet a decent amount of people liked them. They had a perfect balance between work and private life. They weren't an official pack back then, Niall hadn't presented. They were all so naive and hopeful and so fucking happy, Harry feels a twinge of envy in his veins.
Liam picks up on the 5th ring, his voice is gruff as through he just got up from a nap.

"Are you calling because you are ready to apologize and beg for me to take you back in?"

"No, Liam. I'm calling to tell you to get your shit together. To fucking get your mind thinking straight and make use of that tiny ass brain in your fucking head. I'm calling to tell you that you need to open your eyes and see what is happening, we are falling apart Liam. We are falling apart and growing distance and breaking promises we told each other we would carry till our graves. Do you seriously believe them? Do you seriously believe management? The same fucking management that would sell us out to the fucking black market if it made them money. The same management that made Zayn go on that fucking diet which landed him on the verge of anorexia. The same people who screamed and shouted at Niall and refused to give him any solos because he wasn't 'good enough'. The management which made us all suffer and overworked us until we collapsed?! Do you really believe them, Liam? Or is it because you're too scared to face the reality. Do you really think that low of Louis? Or are you too scared to face to face that we are the ones at fault for the extent of Louis' condition? Too afraid to know that we could have helped him, saved him yet we didn't. If only we weren't so fucking selfish and judgemental, so quick to judge and just blame it on him being a beta. If only we could actually be good alphas and not worthless pieces of shits?!

Harry doesn't give Liam a chance to speak, rushing out what he needed to say in quick, breathless sentences filled with spite and anger and desperation. It's silent on the other and Harry is about to throw his phone across the wall when he hears Liam's reply in a small voice.

"We're on our way."

And Harry's left in silence, his ears are ringing and his heart is thumping. Even the sound of his breath is deafening.

Louis managed to stay asleep all throughout his not-so-little outburst and Harry's honestly not that surprised. Considering the amount of stress and pressure he has been in recently, even Harry could sleep through an avalanche. Louis also always been a heavy sleeper, he remembers carrying him while he remained fast asleep, from room to room, back when they shared a house. It wasn't also like Harry was screaming right next to his ear, he had enough courtesy to go over to another room.

He went in through the first door he saw, leading him to a bedroom. It had dark colored walls and the bed was unmade. The floor was a mess as cabinets and drawers remained wide open- as if someone had flipped the room upside down in search of something. The room smells of sadness, or at least how Harry thinks sadness smells like. The ache in his bones worsens as a chill runs through him. Picture frames filled with smiling faces remain on the floor either cracked or face down. The pillows hang barely off the edge as the half of the duvet lies on the floor.

There are marks on the walls, Harry notices, approximately the size of a fist. Slightly visible dents on the surface obviously created out of frustration or anger.

Harry doesn't notice the grimace on his face as he thinks about all those times Louis has cried in the same room because of them.
updating this fic frequently, please don't give up on it. all the kudos and comments are appreciated. thank you!
third person POV

Harry knows it is going to take them time, yet he can't help but wish for the boys to arrive faster.

He knows speeding is dangerous, but Louis' life is more in danger and it's their fault. The tapping of his foot against the marble floor obviously shows he's growing impatient, which is rare, considering he is the calmest person in the whole band. But he's human too, and all this stress has taken a toll on him too. He doesn't even want to think how much all this affects Louis if it affects him this much and he's not even on the short end of the stick.

He used to think of Louis as a weak person, once upon a time. He always thought Louis was delicate, from the very first time he laid his eyes on him, in the X-factor toilets. He always used to think one hard enough push and Louis would shatter into a million small pieces, one wrong word and he would fall apart. He always had this maternal urge to protect him, shelter him from the wrongs in the world even though the boy was the oldest in the group and the only adult in the group back then.

But somewhere along the way, it all changed. Mid-2012, Harry assumes, when Niall finally presented. The young alpha realized festering his energy in the blond omega was better than wasting his breath on the beta. He stopped being careful with his words, stopped defending him when someone trashed talked about him. He'll be fine, Harry remembers thinking every time his conscious would scream at him. Maybe deep down, he always knew Louis was an omega. Part of him wants to kick himself and the other part of him wants to scream and cry and beg for forgiveness he knows he doesn't deserve. But Louis will forgive him anyway, that's just how Louis is, too pure for this contaminated world.

Sometimes he wishes Louis would die. At least that way he would be free. He would be at peace, not hanging by the thread. He could breathe and move freely, without being constrained. He could love what he wanted and do what he wished without his every move being monitored. After all, he has been through, Harry finds it very selfish of him to keep him here. Ironically, he feels Louis would be happier in afterlife.

"Harry?" The voice startles him and he doesn't even need to turn around to know it's Louis. He turns around to look at the boy, shifting his eyes from the spot in the wall he had been idly staring into. His hair is disheveled and his voice is raspy as if he just got up.

"Liam, Niall, and Zayn are here. They said they wanted to talk? Um, is it about me? I-I mean did I do something wrong? Everything okay, right?" And Louis looked so small at that moment, Harry just wanted to hold him and never let go. But right now, he had more important things to deal with.

"Actually-Lou. We-we need to have this conversation for a while now, I mean, we already have postponed it for so long, and ugh, it's just better for all of us to sit down." The confused look he get's from Louis is enough for him to start speaking again.

"Look, Louis. I love you, even if it doesn't seem like it, I promise I will mend my ways. And so will the pack but we need to clear some doubts, please?"
Louis just nods, still confused and taken back by Harry's words. He doesn't remember the last time someone said 'I love you' to him.

Niall sits between Zayn and Liam on Louis' extremely large sofa (he's still a millionaire), looking extremely worried. Liam's eyes remain rained on his lap and Zayn's eyes search the whole living room. From the bare walls to the scene outside, the silence in the house somehow manages to send shivers down his spine.

The soft sound of footsteps causes the trio to direct their attention to the hallway. There Louis walks in, hair still disheveled with Harry behind him, not looking much better. The air between them hangs heavy, no one knows what to say and it reminds Niall of the first few days as a band. All of them had an aura of awkwardness around them. Even after spending nearly five years, surrounded by each other's dirty laundry and smell, they still couldn't find words to say to each other.

Harry shuffled to the love seat closest to him while Louis sat on one of the chairs across the pack and next to Harry.

"So..Um... What's going on? Is- is everything okay?"

Liam looks at him- actually looks at him- for the first time in a long time and doesn't see the infamous and cocky tommo the notorious beta he's grown familiar with. For the first time, he sees the reflection of a shattered person. Someone rough around the edges from being thrown and dragged on the floor so much. He sees the small, scared omega and honestly, that's all it takes for his doubt to disappear.

They're a mess, but they'll live.

Chapter End Notes

hello! sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry for this...chapter. i know i've been gone for a month and i have finals which get over on tuesday. i've been meaning to update but i have a terrible writers block. if someone's still reading this, thank you. i can no put it in words how much it means to me. sorry for all the grammatical errors, please don't give up on the story, i will try to update often. the book is close to it's end anyways.
Niall eyed Liam nervously, he desperately hoped that Liam wouldn’t do anything they would regret. He could sense Louis’ discomfort, a shared sense between all omegas so they could help and support each other.

His mind had been a blurry mess, all of it had happened in a week nearly. Omegas weren’t supposed to be put under too much mental stress, even if they were to enter extremely stressful fields like the military, they had special drugs which suppressed the quantity of hormones produced which helped them think straight and remain calm. Preventing normally disastrous situations. The fact that Louis probably didn’t even receive a proper night’s sleep didn’t help in calming his nerves.

The tension in the room was thick and everyone was too silent for Niall’s liking. All his memories and thoughts were jumbled, like a broken tape recorder, missing out events or repeating them. The only thing clear in his mind was that he needed to do something. So he did the most logical at the time.

He hugged Louis.

The sudden action took everyone by shock. He could feel the tension in between Louis’ shoulders, bones probing through the sweater wore. Louis eventually wrapped his arms around Niall, although the movement was hesitant and reluctant.

“Are-are you okay?”

Louis whispered softly in his ears, and Niall could swear he heard his heart shatter into a million pieces.

“I’m okay Lou, it’s all okay. We’ve got you.”

He knew the alphas would only scare Louis away, he knew they would send him in defensive mode. He knew his scent would calm Louis down, make him feel safe and loved. He knew his touch was enough for Louis to melt away. With the lack of suppressants, Louis’ senses would be heightened, the overwhelming smell of an familiar omega was enough to make him feel at home. It
was engrained in his DNA, he just knew.

“I-I don’t understand-“

“I’ve got you Lou, you’ll be okay. You’re not alone in this, okay honey? You’re safe now, sweets. You’re not alone.”

That was all it took to break Louis.

The alphas had no idea what happened, for they couldn’t hear what they whispered to each other. But seeing their omega comforting the other distressed one was enough enough to send them into overdrive. They managed to refrain themselves albeit barely, knowing it would startle the omegas but they couldn’t help the excess amount of phenomenons they were releasing. The air was a storm of hormones, only sending Louis into a more vulnerable state.

Liam only broke the silence when Louis began to visibly cry, finally cracking under pressure. He reached forward to touch Louis, backing off when Niall emitted a threatening growl. It was rare to ever see him angry, so to say they were a bit surprised was an understatement. It was justified though, so it wasn’t like they could reprimand him either.

Niall placed his hand behind Louis’ head, letting him bury in his head into his neck so he could surround himself with Niall’s scent. Niall signalled with his eyes for the alphas to leave the room, before slowly leading Louis into a more comfortable position on the sofa from where they stood next to it.

Zayn quickly dragged both the alphas outside before they protest. If they wanted Louis to be freed, they needed a plan.

He opened the bedroom nearest to him, which happened to be the guest room Harry was using in Louis’ large mansion-like house. He locked the door behind them, before speaking.

“We need a plan.”

Liam sat on the bed, his jaw tense and rigid. Harry paced around the room, his fist clenching and unclenching.
“No shit.”

Zayn rolled his eyes slightly at Harry’s statement.

“We need to take them to court, those fucking bastards. Make them rot and suffer in jail, make them pay for everything they did to Louis, fucking-“ Liam cut himself off, taking a deep breath.

“We need to deal with this in a cool, collected manner-“

“Well easier said then done, I just want to bash their heads in along with Simon’s. Did he even know about this? I swear to god, if he was behind this then I’m honestly going to murder him, that-“

“Enough you both!” Zayn managed to shut both of them up, devising plans for murder wasn’t going to come in handy, at least not right now.

“We need to take them to court, deal with it in a legal manner. We sue them, then break free from the contract and finally send them to jail. Also we need to get Louis to a health care center, this time more discretely. I don’t want those twats to barge in like last time, ya know?” Zayn looked at the other boys expectantly, who both seemed to be in agreement.

“Okay...but who do we do that?”

Harry’s eyes lit as he remembered the nurse from the hospital, maybe she could help them!

“There was this nurse from the hospital, she gave me her number, she seemed to know something about this whole situation. Maybe she could stand as a witness. Even if not, she can surely help us with temporarily taking care of Louis, just to make sure nothing is worse than last time.”

He dug through his coat, which sprawled out on the floor. The tiny piece of paper remained crumbled in his back pocket, eventually finding it.
“Okay, good at least that is settled. But...if you had her number, why didn’t you call her before?”

Harry just looked at Liam, sheepishly. Rolling his eyes, Liam turned to face Zayn.

“What do we do about the legal side of this mess?”

“We sue them, obviously.”

“No shit Sherlock, but on what except the omega thing? Will it be enough to win the case?”

“Inhumane terms.” Harry piped into their conversation, not looking from his up phone where he dialled her number.

Harry continued when no one replied,

“Remember when he showed us the contract? There was a paragraph which stated the weight he needed to be? I checked online and that is gravely underweight. I’m pretty sure we can get a good deal on that, also on the second page which showed how he was to appear to the public? That takes away his basic rights of freedom such as speech and I know celebrities generally have harsh contracts but that is just cruel, as if they just want him to suffer. And obviously, forcing someone to hide their second gender is illegal, in almost all countries. And the suppressants they gave are illegal too, I’m pretty sure. And the way they behave with him...just disgusting. So I think we are not the ones who should worry.”

By the end of his explanation, Liam was grinning and even Zayn had small smile playing on his lips.

“Well, let’s go show those asshats where they belong.”

Zayn and Liam exited the room, while Harry stayed back to call the nurse. Both of them slowly walked to the living room, noticing the house was dead silent with the exception Harry’s muffled conversation from inside.

They were both greeted with Niall gently rocking Louis against his chest while sing quietly. Niall signalled them to both to be quiet, Louis’ eyes were half closed; breath evened out.

It was adorable, they were so used to babying Niall that seeing him mother someone made their hearts swell. Louis was no less adorable, curled up against the omega’s side with sweater paws nearly hiding his own face. He looked like a small kitty, and all the alphas wanted to do was take pictures and cuddle them forever.
For the first time, they knew; everything was going to be alright.

Chapter End Notes

hello, thank you for reading. i am so sorry for the long wait so between updates and the grammatical errors. due to a family emergency, I am unable to update as I planned. But if you have read this story then I want to thank you with all my heart. Thank you for sticking with this story, I hope you liked it.
Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Hello?"

"Uh...hey! you gave me your number a few days back? I'm the tall- kinda lanky guy? brown hair, green eyes?"

"Uh...sorry sir, but I think you got the wrong number...?"

"No, no, no! I'm sure, please try to remember! I met you at eh central hospital reception, I was with a short brown-haired boy? Please!"

"No, sir. I don't remember such an encounter, I'm sorry but-"

"Please! C'mon! try to remember! Does the name Louis Tomlinson ring a bell? Please! We need your help!"

He was only greeted with silence on the other side, Harry felt his heart drop as he came to a conclusion that she cut his call. But before he could remove his phone from his ear, a small voice spoke from the other side.

"The omega?"

Her voice was just above a whisper yet Harry heard her. Over the thumping of his heart and the rushing of blood through his ears, he managed to respond eagerly.

"Yes! yes! him! him! So can you please help us? You said you will- It's not much! If you require money then it no big deal! Please- think of it as a favor for us-"

"Are you free right now?"

Harry was taken back by her tone. The initial bold voice was replaced by a more nervous one as if she were afraid of being caught. The urgency in her voice remained prominent as Harry scrambled to respond.

He thought about it for a second, should he leave Louis right now? Sure, he would be fine with the other right here but his heart ached at the thought of leaving him alone. But this was after all very important, and for Louis's benefit. If she did have some crucial evidence, they could have her stand in the court if the management happened to sue them or vice-versa.

"Uhh, yes, of course! Where do you want to meet?"

"What about near the park? On the 45th Avenue? Do you mind?"

Of course he didn't.

"Okay, I'll be there in 15, if that's okay?"

"I'm already here."

"oh, uh, okay!"
The line went dead after that, not that Harry cared. He was already pulling at the nearest piece of clothing he could find.

He stumbled out of the room in a black coat over his white shirt and black, skinny jeans. He had pulled out a black face mask and sunglasses, just in case, if any fan happened to be around.

Zayn and Liam sat on the sofa with Niall sandwiches between, holding Louis tightly in his arms. Louis' eyes were closed and his breathing was soft and even, signalling he was out. Niall's eyes were half-lidded and his breathing was calm, signalling it wouldn't be too long before he was out too.

Zayn and Liam looked at Harry who only pointed at his phone and mounted an 'I need to leave'. Zayn looked confused while Liam seemed to understand, nodding in agreement.

With that, Harry rushed out of the house, getting into the nearest cab he could catch and rushing towards the park. It's was just a ten minute ride but to Harry it seemed like forever. His heart thumped hard and loud as blood rushed in his ear. Maybe the taxi driver sensed his uneasiness as he remained silent (not once questioning his weird demeanour or the fact that he looked like he was going to a funeral) and instead switched on the radio. Soft hums of a song Harry had never heard of filled the car, as his mind wandered off to uncharted territories.

When the taxi halted to a stop, he practically threw the money at the driver before quickly jumping of to leave. Only shouting a 'keep the change' at his sudden departure.

At the main gate of the park, a young lady in simple jeans and shirt stood. Her hair was pulled back and her eyes remained trained on her phone. Harry immediately knew it was her.

"Hey! Hi! Sorry, couldn't find a cab fast enough"

She looked up, slightly startled but immediately relaxing when she caught his pretty green eyes. If she was into guys, she would have definitely drooled.

"Hey, I'm glad you could come as fast as you did. Wait- here, have a look at this before we start any real talk."

She handed Harry a brown leather file without further words.

NON DISCLOSURE CONTRACT

The words were in big, bold font in the front. Harry filled over the file, quickly rushing through it. It stayed various clause with repercussions if she happened to snitch.

"There's the official SYCO stamp on the file so you know everything I say is authentic. Because I need you to believe very single word I say, things are about to get messed up."

Harry only nodded.

Chapter End Notes
hey, there has been a death in the family thus this Super late chapter. thank you to all who are reading and sorry for any grammatical mistakes. I rlly appreciate y’all reading this thing :) thank you <3

End Notes

Thanks for reading
Please comment if you liked my story,
all the love x

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!