Le troisième époux

by Miage

Summary

Harry, Omega, recently of age, will have to face the innumerable challenges related to his status. Will Harry be able to find a place in a nest with the head of the country: the mysterious Tom Riddle? Will he manage to overcome the many family adventures while making a name as a defender of the rights of his caste in society?

Notes

Hello,
I'm French and following the request of my English readers, I decided to translate my own fiction. I accept all remarks, criticisms, questions and comments. I hope you'll enjoy this first chapter, please feel free to leave me kudos or comments ;)
I don't own anything.
Big thanks to Fairygirl34 for your excellent work She's now my beta ;)

Miage.

This work was inspired by [The third husband](#) by Miage.
Chapter 1

Three hundred years ago, werewolves revealed themselves to humans to save their dying species. They kept saying that the Moon had turned her backs on them, and in order to be in her good graces again, the Moon whispered to them on each full moon they had to mate with humans. It would make their blood even purer, perfecting their transformations. Needless to say, it had been very badly perceived by humans, who despised them and their beliefs.

An unprecedented war between humans and werewolves soon followed after and lasted a hundred and fifty years. During these tumultuous times, hatred, blood, and death, were the daily lives of the inhabitants of the earth. In the end, the creatures won with the help of their Moon who wanted change and did everything to make it happen.

All humans who had not been put to death were forced to procreate with werewolves. Over the years, and over the process of this inter-species reproduction, humans and werewolves, disappeared, to form a new hybrid race, commonly called: homoïys.

Homoïys had all the characteristics of humans, however, their senses had been increased tenfold by the presence of werewolf’s DNA in their genes. Homoïys were a hermaphroditic race, composed of different castes: Alphas, Beta and Omegas.

Harry was lying on his bed, his eyes forcefully closed, desperately wanting to shut himself off from the world. Today was his declaration day. He had to go to the Omegas' office, where he would be auctioned off like a vulgar commodity to the highest bidder, regardless of his caste.

"You know your father and I did everything, to protect you as best we could."

He had felt his mother enter his room, and sit on his bed next to him, but only opened his eyes when she had spoken to him. His eyes moistened with tears as he thought of his auction, and he turned his head, not wanting his mother to see him in that state.

"I know," he murmured depressed

A sigh escaped his lips when his mother put her hand on his head. She caressed his hair carefully, wanting to show him all the love she had for him. She leaned over and kissed his temple.

The declaration days of an Omega should normally follow, maximum of two years, soon after the day of caste presentation. The latter one, normally takes place during puberty. For Harry, his caste presentation had happened when he was fourteen years-old, four years ago.

He was an Omega. That day, he had raged with all his might, he had been so angry, against the whole world, against his parents, against his ancestors for mating with werewolves – not that they
really had the choice on this matter—he had even raged against the moon, but had changed his mind shortly after that, knowing that his behavior was childish.

Omegas were last in the food chain, only good at having kids and maintaining the home. They did not have the right to hold a job that did not involve nurturing and maintaining the household, to drive a car without the agreement of their mate, or to have a bank account. Not long ago, they did not even have the right to vote!

No, Harry loathed his condition. He had prayed so hard to be an Alpha like his father, to be able to become an auror, to investigate and put anti-revolutionary criminals in prison, to settle with a nice little Omega or Beta mate and to build his family. But no, the Moon had wanted otherwise. And he wanted so much to scream and say fuck to everything, fuck his biology, but alas, he cannot.

"I know," he repeated, this time, with more conviction.

He did not want to make his parents feel guilty. Because yes, it's true that they had done everything in their power to delay the deadline of his declaration. They had not sent him to N.O.S.E, the National Omega School of Education, where all the Omegas went after their presentation to be trained, for three years, on the principles and behavior that they were to hold as a future mated omega, before being sold as soon as they reached their seventeenth birthday, the legal age to mate.

He had begged, implored, resisted, balked, and his parents had agreed to let him be homeschooled with a personal tutor, Mr. Zqovish, a Bulgarian, who had taught him more than what the legal curriculum required. 'You came from an old aristocratic family', he liked to say with his pronounced accent, 'you must learn to behave as such'. But two weeks ago, the Omega's Office, more commonly known as the ODO, noticed him and registered him for the next declaration session. He would not escape it.

"We have to go, otherwise we'll be late,"

However, despite her statement, his mother plunged her face into his neck, wanting to soak up his scent, as if to reassure herself. Soon her son would not have the same smell. Once mated, he would take the smell of his nest, of his Alpha. He would not have that reassuring smell that shouted family to his parents.

Harry hugged her tightly and sniffed, not holding back the tears that flowed down his cheeks.

Once mated, there was a certain period of adaptation where omegas could not go out, in order to get acquainted with his mate and his new nest: his own nest where he will be building his family. And that thought terrorized him. He was very family oriented, he needed his parents in order to function fully, and to know that he won't be able to see them for a while because of his mating...

Lily began to hum slowly to calm him while still gently stroking his hair.

"Ahem ..."

"We're ready, James, let me just say my goodbye to my baby," murmured Lily, her nose still buried in her son's neck, on his scent gland, where his Omega pheromones were the most concentrated. She licked it, wishing to put her smell on him. 'It will help' she rationalized, 'It will temporarily dampen is scent and limit the drift of Alphas.' This thought sowed a hint of joy in her heart, and she stood up with a smile on her face. She reached out to her son to help him up.

"I really do not want to hurry you," James approached Harry, and put his hand on his shoulder
"Son, I know it's hard for you, but if we do not hurry, we'll be in delay, and you must be prepared by the ODO's officers." His hand touched his son's cheek, before putting it behind his son's neck, having the same desire as his wife.

He let out a sad sigh and blinked quickly, holding back his tears. But his sadness could be felt in his scent, making the distress of the Omega increase.

Harry gently pushed his father's hand away from his shoulder with his eyes staring at the floor and walked out of his room onto the path that led to the car, his parents right behind him.

If he stays a minute longer in this room, smelling sour scent of his parents, sign of their sadness and bitterness, he was going to crack.

The ODO was located in the heart of London, Sixth Street Boulevard, right in front of the Big Ben clock tower. From the outside, the building looked old. The facade of the galley was greyish, with no apparent windows, and Harry had a choking feeling just by looking at the building. The logo "Ω" followed by a "£", appeared above the front door, in large letters with neon effects.

The Omega suppressed a shudder. The logo alone made his condition feel very real.

By crossing the doors of the ODO, he would no longer be Harry Potter, beloved son of Lily and James Potter. No. He would become Omega number x, the weird Omega who was home-schooled one year longer than the legal duration, he will be older than every Omega present. The fact that he had been home schooled for four years instead of three could be detrimental to him. This could influence his price, and he would then be sold to the lowest bidder, which could turn out to be a bad choice in the end, according to the testimony of Omegas who had gone through this scenario.

"Hello and welcome to the Omega's Office, I'm Charlene, your host. How may I help you?"

"We came for our son's registration," James said, putting his hand on Harry's shoulder, implicitly indicating who the Omega was. "We had been asked to come at an hour early so that he could be prepared."

"Very well." The host assistant turned to Harry and looked at him sharply. "Omega?"

"..."

"Omega?" She one again said, her voice a little stronger and assertive.

Harry was not paying attention to what was happening around him, fascinated by the inside of the office. It was in perfect opposition to the facade of the building. Indeed, the office was decorated with finesse. The walls were covered with a chestnut-colored painting and adorned with several arts that brought out the oligarchic side of this society.

On the wall opposed to the entrance, there was a tapestry that represented all the noble families of
the city of London. He was nevertheless drawn from his contemplation by Lily who gave him a
nice nudge in his sides. He raised his puzzled eyes to his mother and then turned his head towards
the host assistant when his mother pointed her chin at her.

Charlene was an old lady, she was quite tall, about seven feet tall. She was wearing a ponytail,
and her peppery hair had been braided neatly, which emphasized the roundness of her face and
brought out her blue cobalt eyes. There were wrinkles on her face that gave her a playful look
when she smiled.

"Please excuse me, I was not paying attention." Harry said.

"It's nothing, I will let your parents fill out the forms of your declaration, as for us, we will start
your preparation. Follow me."

She turned away and opened a door, which had the same color as an trompe l'oeil effect-style
walls, and with a gesture of her hand, implied for him to enter.

They walked in silence, Charlene had not specified exactly where she was taking him, and he did
not dare ask the question. His eyes wandered around, watching his entourage while they landed
on a text of law, which had been bordered in a golden frame and dominated the other present
decorations.

He stopped in front of the board to look at it more carefully. This one indicated in big fat letters:

**Law No. 1980-1563 of 16 December 1980 about the position of Omegas in society.**

Given the Homoïys code of March 6, 1774

Considering the law n° 1790-0413 of February 4th, 1790 relating to the mating of Omegas

Considering the ordinance of May 3rd, 1874 relating to the rights and obligations of Omegas

Considering the decree of application of January 15, 1877 relating to the rights and obligations of
Omegas

**Article 1**

Without the express agreement of their mate, whether it is an alpha or a beta, omegas are not
allowed to carry out a paid activity, or an independent activity. They are not allowed to take on
tests and examinations that are granting them a degree. Furthermore, they are not allowed to buy a
house and other grand purchases under their name.

**Article 2**

According to the referendum of April 6, 1973, Omegas, now have the right to vote, the right to
express themselves publicly through all the existing means of communication, and the right to own
a two-wheeled vehicle, without an engine, to transportation.
"Omegas' rights have evolved a lot in the recent years. Some people may think that we are in a society of injustice, but 50 years ago Omegas did not have all these rights. Many tell me that I cannot understand because I'm just a Beta, but my mate is an Omega," says Charlene, who had noticed when Harry was not following her anymore and had turned around.

She looked at the frame with an intense look that Harry couldn't understand, and he shadowed her as she urged him to follow her.

"We're late in our schedule," she said, taking long strides.

They passed multiple doors, turned at the end of corridors, and crossed long alleys in silence, which only the sound of heels meeting the ground prevailed.

He almost bumped into Charlene, not noticing that she had stopped in front of a red door with an Omega's sign graved at the front, the "Ω".

"We are here," she said.

She turned her head slightly towards him and looked at him with kindness. "I want to warn you," she stopped, thinking about how she could say it and then added quickly: "all Omegas must pass by, I know it may seem impersonal, but Omegas who enter ODO must be examined before being auctioned off." She narrowed her eyes slightly and pursed her lips, as if she was restraining herself from adding something more, then without further preamble, she opened the door and let him in.

The first thing Harry noticed was the auscultation table that dominated the room, he only noticed the person present a few moments later, when their smell tickled his nose. 'Beta,' he thought. The said Beta cleared her throat before slowly approaching him, uncertainly, as if advancing in front of a wild animal, fearing of being suddenly attacked. Harry found that attitude so ridiculous that he quietly rolled his eyes.

"Hello Omega Potter, I'm Dr. McLaren, in charge of your auscultation. We will proceed to the examination, so I ask you to please undress and settle on the table, we will proceed."

"Hm, here, in front of you?" He shyly asked, his cheeks red.

He quickly looked up at Charlene, who had been sitting at the back of the room, she was looking at him tiredly, as if she were confronted with such behavior every time she took an Omega to this place. He lowered his head quickly, feeling ashamed, gathering his courage, and with both hands he started to undress under the gaze of the two people present in the room. Charlene came to take his clothes he had put on a chair next to him, and with a large pliers she put them in an impermeable and transparent bag.

Frowning slightly, he settled without a word on the table and rested his feet in the slots provided for this purpose, indirectly causing him to spread his legs. Dr. McLaren came to sit on a small stool, placing herself between his legs. She put on her gloves and started the exam. Harry closed his eyes and tried to imagine that he was at Grimmauld Place playing "spells and curses" with Padfoot and Moony

Nonetheless that was futile when he felt the doctor's fingers probe his entrance, the vagina that made him an Omega, and allowing him to bear children. The entrance (vagina) was located between the sex and anus of Homoïys. For Alphas and Betas, it did not open during the presentation, while for the Omegas, it was manifested, accompanied by great pain for three days.

His blush spread all over his body, a clear sign of his embarrassment.
"Virgin." She said, to no one in particular. "Have you had your first heat Omega Potter?"

"No," he replied, his jaw clenched. He swallowed and then added: "I am under suppressants since the opening of my entrance".

"Hmm, you'll have to go through a detox phase before your mating. Please Charlene, add this to his file so that his future Alpha will be informed of his condition."

"It will be done."

Heats were the most fertile period for Omegas, it was a period when mating was the most recommended for procreation. In times of heat, omegas were often sick: fever, vomiting, headache, those were the warning signs. Furthermore, during heats, Omega had compulsions of procreation, and did everything to favor that: eating more healthily, avoiding physical activities, multiplying sex activities et cetera. The duration of heat depended on the Omega's cycle, however, the heat cycle of a typical Omega was four days every sixty days.

The auscultation continued in silence, and when it was over, he dressed himself with clothes that the doctor handed him. It was a gray flannel set, devoid of any smell, which perhaps had been bought and then washed with an odor neutralizer. The top and the bottom covered most of his body. However, his feet had been left bare.

Charlene took him to a "beauty" room, but for Harry, it was more of a torture room than anything else. It started well though: Beautician Omegas had first taken him to an adjoining room, where he had been bathed with Sakura's flower oils, which had largely served to dampen the odor associated with the emission of his pheromones, thus rendering the act of his parents obsolete.

He was then massaged; the forks of his hair had been cut off and he had been given a manicure and a pedicure. But it was tough when he was put on a hair-removal table, and all his body hair – apart from his head, eyelashes and eyebrows – had been torn off. His raucous voice was one of the many signs that showed how much he had suffered.

"Wait here with the others, Omega Potter, we'll pick you up when people are starting to bid on Omegas." Charlene gave him one last glance and turned on her heels.

Harry looked around him: there were twelve of them in the room. He was intimidated. The principle of the auction was to put a price on them and be selected either because of their beauty, talents or the education they had received.

And apart from his virginity, which more than ninety percent of unmated Omegas possessed, he had nothing special. He particularly detested his horrible scar that adorned his forehead, protruding from his bangs. He had it during a game of spells and curses. At first, he found it cool. He liked to say that it was a scar of war, because it was the proof of the only day he had won at spells and curses.
But by being bullied by his comrades who enjoyed making fun of him and criticize him during all of his childhood, before his presentation, this had impacted his way of seeing himself today. He had lost all confidence in him. Who would like him? Would he have a happy mating? Would he-

"Hi, is it your day of statement? Me too! My name is Hermione Granger. Do you know that there are only twenty percent of omegas in the world? And that most nest are composed only of a Beta and an Alpha?" Hermione looked at him with sparkling eyes, a sign of her enthusiasm. She then continued to chime out words, asking questions but leaving no time for Harry to answer.

"Oh, excuse me," she said when she seemed to have finished her monologue. "I don't behave like this habitually… I think it's because I'm anxious, I tend to talk a lot when I'm nervous… So, I presented myself without giving you the opportunity to do the same." She gave him a smile and held out her hand. "Hermione, Hermione Granger." She narrowed her eyes and added slowly: "peasant."

She raised her head slightly, looking at him defiantly. Peasants and aristocrats did not mix. Except Omegas, during the auction. The probability that a peasant Omega mate with an Alpha or Beta aristocrat was very very low. However, when this was the case, Omegas were often abused or ill-treated, used as a living incubator, good only at popping out babies, and nothing else.

But sadly, nobody was really interested in their fate. Nobody except Harry, who took the condition of Omegas, regardless of their social class, very seriously.

When Hermione pulled her hand away and tried to get up, an air of rejection and weariness on her face, Harry held her by the arm, smiling.

"Harry Potter, aristocrat."

"Oh ..." she said, surprised that he answered her. All the aristocratic Omegas present in the room had not even bothered to answer her, treating her like a plague, an insect that if ignored would go away and stop bothering them. "Nice to meet you, Harry, did you know that only the regent ruler of the country has the right to have three people, Betas or Omegas, in his nest while others have only the right to have one?"

Harry arched an eyebrow, his face showing a slight smile. This girl really went randomly in her remarks, without a link between them. "Err, yes, I know. Everyone knows it, I think."

"Not everyone," she said, "you must have read: Earthly change: the life of homoïys, to know it".

"You don't really need to read this book, you learn it in high school," Harry added.

She frowned stubbornly, "Yes, but the book has more explanations than what is said in class."

"I admit it," he laughed. Hermione laughed with him, and at that moment, Harry knew it would be the beginning of a great friendship between them. 'I hope I can keep in touch with her,' he thought very hard, crossing his fingers.
"Stand in front of your respective names, they will be indicated on the ground with white plaster. Do not step on it, stand in front of it to make your name appear," said a host assistant who introduced herself as Matilda Rogers, a beta. "Once placed, do not move, do not say a word, do not look up, keep your eyes down until you are spoken to."

They had been in the waiting room for a while, and that had allowed Harry to learn more about Hermione. She, too, took the condition of Omegas at heart, and even wanted to create a charity group to advocate and change the current society. "Except once mated, I could say goodbye to those dreams," she had added with an air of defeat.

She lived in Bath with her parents but was attached to the ODO of London instead of the ODO of her hometown. Her parents were dentists, both Beta. And she was a miss-know-it-all according to Harry, but he would not dare say it in front of her.

Matilda had taken them by surprise, interrupting their discussions and asking them to follow her. It was time, and most potential buyers had arrived.

Harry sat down in front of his name "Ω Potter", crossed his hands behind his back, and stared at the floor. That's what Mr. Zqovish had taught him. 'Above all, do not look an Alpha in the eyes. A Beta, it can happen, there would not be lots of fuss, but an Alpha, you must absolutely not do it. This would be seen as a challenge to his authority," repeated his teacher at the end of each lesson. Admittedly, there were not only Alphas in the room, but Harry did not want to try his luck.

He looked up briefly as the master of ceremonies spoke, quickly staring at him, then lowered his eyes. The guy was slender and had blond wavy hair. He had particularly bright teeth only visible when he smiled.

"Hello and welcome to the declaration of twelve Omegas. Tonight, I'll be your host. Let me introduce myself, I'm Gilderoy Lockhart! I know it's a joy for you to see me, but unfortunately, we're not here for me." He laughed at his own joke and then quietly cleared his throat when his statement was accompanied by an icy silence.

"Well, let's start!" He turned to the prompter and began to read fluently. "On your left, at the beginning of the line, we have Omega Abbot, virgin. Unfortunately, she took heat repressor since the day she came of age. A detoxification phase will therefore be necessary. She comes from two Beta parents, one peasant, the other aristocrat."

Murmurs of discontent were heard in the assembly. It was very bad to have a mix of social classes. Everyone had to stay in their place. However, some were progressive and did not care about class - but it was only a minority - like the parents of omega Abbot, or Harry's parents. Lily was a peasant woman while James came from an old lineage of aristocrats, who were important in society. However, after their marriage, the name of the Potter had lost some of its value because of it. And even though his father was a high-ranking Auror, it did not change the fact that the peasantry had 'diluted' the aristocracy of the Potter's name.

"Ahem," said Lockhart, "she's 17 years old and she validated her training at N.O.S.E with a mediocre appreciation. The auctions start at one hundred pounds."

The result of the auction was fast, the highest bid being 250 pounds sterling. It came from a Beta called Marcus Flint.

The omega's auction went on, but Harry did not pay attention until it was Hermione's turn. There were four people between her and him. Gilderoy announced, her name, her age, and her virginity. "She validated her training at the N.O.S.E with excellent results and with the congratulations of the jury," he says with astonishment.
"It's a pity she's a peasant girl," he added. And at that moment, Harry wanted to hit him, to hurt him. Because his simple sentence had just erased the fact that she had had excellent results. All that was left was that she was a peasant girl. And that was reflected in the amount of the auctions. It went up to fifty pounds, nobody wanted to bid a hundred pounds.

"Congratulations Alpha Rabastan Lestrange, you have just bought Omega Granger for a price of fifty pounds. I wish you a very fertile mating," Gilderoy said cheerfully.

Harry turned his head discreetly towards her friend and noticed that she her lips were sealed tight and that she was holding back her tears.

Rabastan Lestrange came from an old family of aristocrats. He was a member of the inner court of the country's chief ruler, Alpha Tom Riddle. After the war, when the homoïys had emerged, the need for a leader was strongly present. At first it was Alpha Gellert Grindelwald, who turned a war-torn country into a flourishing country. His slogan 'Let's lead homoïys to happiness with an iron fist' justified the dictatorial regime he was doing.

He was overthrown by a uprising, led by Tom Riddle and his followers, fifteen years ago. True, the dictatorship continued, but the chief ruler focused on giving more rights to Omegas, while strengthening the power that Alphas had on them in order to increase its popularity and limit revolts. To give with the right hand and to take subtly with the left hand, such was his policy.

"And finally, Omega Potter, virgin, he took suppressants in order to contain his heats since he came of age, so a phase of detoxification will be necessary. He is one year older than the previous omegas and homeschooled, so we don't know about the kind of education he received. He's from a peasant and aristocratic kinship. Yes, we may say that his aristocratic statue was diluted because of that."

Harry started to fidget on the spot. His statement was not very flattering. "The auction starts at a hundred pounds" began Gilderoy.

"I offer fifty thousand pounds," said a baritone, assertive voice. The amount of the auction exceeded all other offers that had been made for said Omega.
"Hurry up and follow me, Omega. I don't want to delay this any longer."

Harry hurried to follow his alpha, the one who had paid for him. His price was a shock to all those present at the ODO. Matilda had revealed to him that it was the first time that an auction was so high. It was the first time that someone had bided so much money on an Omega. But the young Homoïy didn't understand why. Why him? There was nothing special in him, nothing extraordinary. What did this Alpha see in him to bid such a large sum? All these questions left him confused.

When he was fetched by his alpha, Matilda handed him the waterproof bag that contained his effects, and without being allowed to say goodbye to his parents for the last time, his Alpha asked him to follow him.

Filled with curiosity, Harry ventured to look up and contemplate his Alpha once he arrived before him. And what he saw left him a little perplexed: his alpha was a slender, tall man and quite handsome. His skin was so pale that it left him a bit translucent, but it fit him handsomely. He had long blond hair which cascaded down his back. That man was quite a sight to look at.

He dominated the room mainly by his charisma, highlighted especially by his accoutrement worthy of haute couture, which revealed his aristocratic membership and his bewildering wealth that would make more than one pale with jealousy. It was clear that this man come from a very hierarchically high family in society. An unreachable social sphere for someone like Harry, despite the fame of the Potters.

However, despite his beauty, Harry thought that his clothes made him look kind of cold. It was clear that this man was a strict, tough man who didn't let anything pass without his approval. And certainly, it was his mate that would have to suffer his hard and strict behavior. At this thought, a shiver ran through his body. Harry was going to be his mate, so he's the one who was going to suffer ...

Wanting to linger on the face of his Alpha, the Omega met his eyes. Pearly-gray eyes, tending slightly towards the griffin gray, as cold and icy as winter, were dangerously staring at him. Harry saw his alpha's eyes crinkle badly and he swallowed.
His alpha's eyes pierced him and froze him, so that he didn't even have the presence of mind to lower his eyes as Mr. Zqvish taught him. His body began to shake slightly, feeling the annoyance and disdain altered in the smell emitted by the Alpha.

The Alpha took the few steps that separated them, then with his hand lifted Harry's chin, raising his head to him. The gentleness of his hand was the proof that he never had to do any manual labor, but his grip was firm: everything in him emanated hardness and authority.

"Was your statement misleading Omega? Were you poorly educated?" He hissed, raising one of his eyebrows.

Harry opened his mouth as if to answer, but no sound came out. He gasped in amazement as his brain managed to put a name on the person in front of him.

Lucius Malfoy.

His Alpha was Lucius Malfoy. And it was not just any Alpha, he was the right arm of the regent leader of the country.

The Omega pursed his lips and looked down at the floor. What the hell did Lucius Malfoy want from him? He was already mated with a Beta: Narcissa Malfoy, so he couldn't mate with Harry, if so, he would be doing it against the law. The law stated clearly that, minus the Regent leader of the country, every Alpha or Beta could only be mated to one person, be it an Omega or a Beta.

So, if Lucius Malfoy took him as a mate, it would be illegal and indecent. Only the regent leader had the right to have more than one person in his nest. 'Maybe he wants to use you as a sex slave?' whispered his conscience. 'Or, use you as a servant' it added.

He was pulled from his thoughts by his Alpha, who dropped his chin and made him follow him with a wave of the hand.

"We need to get you through a detox phase, if I believe your record," he added over his shoulder as he walked toward the exit, not bothering to check if the Omega was following him or not.

Harry didn't dare to answer. Firstly, because he didn't know if it was expected of him or not, and secondly, because he didn't want to aggravate his case anymore. So, he preferred to remain silent. He was lucky that his little behavioral deviation of earlier was not seen as a challenge, because if it had, by the Moon, he dared not imagine what could have happened to him.

The sound of Lucius's cane pounding the ground was the only sound that accompanied them while there were crossing of the long corridors of the ODO.

In front of the office, a car was waiting for them, to accompany them to their destination. A black Bentley with tinted windows. If the outfit of the Alpha could leave some doubts about the level of his wealth, his car, for sure, swept them away with a wave of a hand.

"If you please," said the driver, a small bald man slightly bulky, while he was opening the door to the rear.

Harry climbed quickly, and settled down as quietly as he could, not wanting to draw attention to him. Lucius climbed after him, and it was in an icy silence that they took to the road. From time to time, the driver - a Beta from the smell he was giving - looked up to observe him through the rear-view mirror, with a calculating and curious look that left Harry feeling cold and anxious.
"Undress and put your clothes on the counter next to you, Omega Potter, we will proceed to your detox."

Harry was too tired physically as well as mentally to feel uncomfortable with this command. Since his arrival at the mansion, yes mansion because unsurprisingly his Alpha lived in villa kind of house, and the building alone proved the opulence of the Malfoys. The greeting he had received upon his arrival was so cold that it left him feeling like a trespassing stranger.

Only one question was circling in Harry's head repeatedly: why did Lucius Malfoy buy him? The Alpha didn't say a word in the car on their way to the house, and as soon as they arrived, he left Harry in the airlock and went to tend to his business.

Harry undressed and handed his clothes to the current mate of the Alpha. She raised an impeccably cut eyebrow and, with a wave of her hand, signaled to a servant beta to take care of Harry's clothes. Her attitude left him perplex. Narcissa took his arrival too calmly. No surprise, no chills, no other emotions.

Narcissa Malfoy had introduced herself to him as a woman of her rank had to do and then made him follow her. "Detoxification can take up to three to five days. So, we have a lot to do by then. Everything must be ready."

She hurried him to enter a large bathroom. It was a very spacious, and a finely arranged room. The Omega closed his mouth, noticing that he had left it open as he entered the room. The room had a wall-mounted shower and in the center a large, a very modern white bathtub. This one was already filled with water, and judging by the steam emitting from it, very hot water.

Harry was astonished when Narcissa personally took care of cleaning him with the Nacre oils, which aimed to make him more sensitive to the effects of the Moon, outside of full moons. She had her hand immersed in the water and began to wash Harry's hair and then she put a sponge on his body in order to scrub him. Despite her previous remarks, she cleaned all the spots of his body with haste.

Once finished, she waved him out of the water and when Harry was wiped down, she handed him some extra clothes. They were no different-apart from those Dr. McLaren had given him earlier.

Seeing the confusion appeared slightly on his face, Narcissa gave him a small contrite smile, probably to put him at ease, but it had no effect. "You're going to sweat a lot, to get the toxin out of your body. That's why it is better to favor a cotton outfit."

Then, Narcissa took him to a room, certainly one that had been prepared for him, and he gave a small sigh of contentment when he saw the majestic bed waiting for him. All the freakiness of the pre-statement, the wait, the stress, the fear, and his selling at the Alpha Malfoy had put a lot of pressure on his body, which had left him feeling dead tired. He settled on the bed, closing his eyes, finally able to rest a little bit, but Narcissa stopped him.

"We need to administer you the fluid to fight the chemical presence in your metabolism that acts as heat suppressants."
"Oh yes, of course, please go ahead." Harry said.

She gave him no answer, heading to the desk office, where a silver briefcase was present. She opened it and took out a syringe loaded with a mimosa-yellow substance which, visibly, seemed very opaque.

Narcissa tapped lightly on the body of the syringe, the needle pointing upwards, to pull all the air bubbles up to the plunger so they can be released through the small hole in the needle.

"Roll up the sleeve of your top of your right arm and hold it towards me."

She approached him, and without further preamble, thrust the syringe into his arm, injecting the product. Once done, she tidied the equipment and headed for the exit.

"A servant will come to see you twice a day to tend to your needs. So, don't be too conscientious if you put mess everywhere."

Harry watched her close the door, putting his sleeve back correctly. Her last sentence made him feel doubtful and especially apprehensive.

He had read an article about the detoxification process in The Quibbler, and according to them, this process is not pain free. The article featured testimonials from people of his caste, accompanied by a mini interview with a doctor who explained that the toxin would seek out any exits by any means possible: sweating, vomiting, tears, excrement, bleeding.

The Omega suppressed a shudder, thinking about what was to come. He lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking of his parents, melancholy overwhelming him.

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Harry woke with a start and drenched in sweat. The bedroom window was quickly opened when the first hot flashes made their appearance, but that hadn't changed anything. He had quickly found refuge on the tile of the bathroom, whose coolness had calmed him for a short time. Apart from the fever, no other symptoms had yet to appear, and the Omega was delighted about that.

The hours passed, but the hot flashes didn't falter, despite all that Harry did to cool his body. Sweat pearls flowed down his forehead, which he wiped every two minutes with a towel. Exasperated, he removed the few clothes that remained on his body, then, after adjusting the level and temperature of the water, slipped into the bathtub. Another person would find the temperature of the water too cold, but it was perfect for Harry. He sighed contentedly, closing his eyes.

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Emerald green eyes opened abruptly when their owner felt hands shake him to wake him up and pull him out of the water.

"You could have drowned! It was very dangerous what Omega Potter has done!"

Harry stammered a few incoherent words before closing his eyes. He was miserable. He had body aches, his head was hurting him like hell, and the sweat didn't weaken. The servant gently placed the back of her hand on the forehead of the young homoïy and pursed her lips, frowning. She helped him put on an undergarment and a very thin cotton top, and then helped him settle on the bed.

With one hand, she lifted his head and brought a bottle of water closer to his lips.

"You're dehydrated, it's a good sign, it means that the toxin is escaping from your pores through sweat."

She urged him to drink by sticking the bottle more strongly to his mouth. "Drink, it will prevent the appearance of headache caused by your dehydration state."

The Omega quenched his thirst, then with a slight wave of the hand, pushed the bottle away. Drinking water had done him good, made him more lucid. He opened his eyes and looked up to the person who had just helped him in his distress but could not discern her precisely. However, her smell left no doubt about her caste: she was a Beta.

"Thank you," he said weakly, "for your help."

"I'm just doing my job, but you're welcome."

"Can I at least know your name?"

The Beta gave him a strange look, but Harry was too haggard by his condition to fully grasp the meaning. She was silent for a long moment, then leaned toward him, wiping his forehead with a damp sponge.

"Esmeralda. My name is Esméralda Portlointain." She had pronounced her sentence in a whisper so that he almost didn't hear it. He nodded and closed his eyes, thrusting his head deeper into the cushions. The sound of the door closing on itself was the last sound he heard before falling asleep.

However, his sleep was only for a short time, Harry woke soaked in sweat in the middle of the night, feeling a hot pain in his stomach. A pain so strong, hot and intense that he felt as though he had just been branded with a hot iron. The taste of the bile rose to his throat and he could not help vomiting on his sheets, not even having the strength to move. A grimace appeared on his face, before turning into terror when he also saw spots of blood in his vomit. Horrified, he got up with difficulty and staggered back to the bathroom to rinse his mouth. When he raised his head, he groaned bitterly, gazing upon his reflection in the mirror: his appearance sickened him. He had a frightful look, pale face, cracked lips, big black circles under his eyes – a sign of his lack of sleep – and bloodshot eyes.

He ran a trembling hand through his hair and was caught in a sudden fit of tears that quickly turned into a fit of anxiety. The pearls of water flowed without restraint on his cheeks and noisy sobs escaped the Omega's throat. Harry was exhausted. The detoxification process was taxing and
being in an unfamiliar environment with no familiar presence had disoriented him. He began to hyperventilate and carried both hands around his neck, lacking air.

He tried with difficulties to sit on the tile floor, leaning against the bathtub and closing his eyes so hard that one could clearly see the creases on his eyelids.

His heart was pounding, so hard that he felt as though it was going to jump out of his ribcage at any moment. Harry tried to calm himself by thinking of his parents, the smell of his mother, her smile, the contagious laugh of his father which often turned into a coughing fit and the vegetation that surrounded his family’s home where he had spent all his childhood. And it was very slowly, while reciting all his childhood memories, that his breathing resumed to a slower and more regular rhythm.

His shoulders clenched as his sobs resumed more strongly and the Omega groaned when a new bile went up his esophagus. He tilted his head to the side and vomited, feeling a heavy abdominal pain because of the painful contraction of his muscles. His breathing was jerky, and after rinsing again to rinse his mouth, the young homoïy, dragged himself slowly onto his bed.

He took a fetus position, folding back on himself, his arms around his body, and closed his eyes.

The sounds of whimpers and sobs filled the room for a long time before the Omega fell asleep, drowning in his tears.

Harry woke up abruptly, disturbed by the moisture on his sheets. He lay there for a long time, keeping his eyes closed: He felt like an empty shell, without any strength left in him. He ran a trembling hand over his face, pushing his bangs back and groaned in pain as he tried to sit up. His body was sore due to severe body aches. The young homoïy sighed loudly and blinked quickly, chasing away the tears that began to form in his eyes: He felt lamentable, he had a strong headache and there was a kind of bitter aftertaste present in his mouth that made him recalled too much the events of the day before.

He swallowed hard and coughed to chase the acid lifts that made their way down his throat.

It was only when he took a deep breath to gain more countenance that he became aware of the presence of Esmeralda, because of her perfume that filled the room. She must have ventilated the room as soon as she arrived to dispel the nauseating smells he had emitted.

Harry opened his eyes and sent her a lazy smile, which looked more like a grimace than anything else, but the maid made no comment, sending back a big smile that lit up her face. The servant's eyes were fixed on an invisible spot on the Omega's face, thus avoiding contemplating the state in which the young homoïy was now, and Harry was grateful for the tact with which she treated him.

Passing his hand in his hair, He swallowed hard because of the pasty and dry state of his mouth and then took the glass of water located on the bedside, drinking its contents in one stroke.
"Your detox had lasted four days, but it was a great success. Your heat cycle will start the day after the mating bite by your Alpha."

"It's finally over! I thought I was going to die," Harry said hoarsely.

Harry's gaze finally crossed Esmeralda's, though her eyes were full of kindness and goodness, the red rose to his cheeks and tears of mortification appeared, thinking back to the state in which Esmeralda had seen him earlier today and yesterday. It had not been something nice to see, to be frank, it has been a vision from a real horror movie. There had been mess everywhere, vomit, blood, tears... But the servant didn't make the slightest disparaging remark, on the contrary, she had cleaned him by helping him take a bath and had changed his soiled sheets, while reassuring him at every step of the process.

"Thank you," he stammered, "for your help."

"I only did my job, but you're welcome," she said, giving him a candid smile.

Being out of his detox phase allowed him to examine her face more carefully. Her ebony black hair had been lifted into a bohemian bun that cleared her face and emphasized her dark brown eyes and the fine features of her face. Esmeralda was small with strongly drawn curves.

"Do you know when my mating bite will take place?" He asked after a while.

This one was important because it would seal Harry's fate. Either he would receive it and then become a member of the Malfoy's nest, mated to the Alpha of the house, but would live illegally on a daily basis. Either he would become a servant, or worse, he would have returned to the ODO.

Indeed, the bite was the only way to seal the mating and legitimize his attachment to a nest.

The maid gave him an enigmatic smile.

"You first need to meet him."

"Meet who?" asked the Omega, perplexed.

"Well, your Alpha, of course." She said conveniently, as if this was an information known by everyone.

Harry frowned, confused, and opened his mouth to add sarcastically that his Alpha, he had already met since he had been brought, but closed it when he saw Esmeralda panic, after watching the time.

"By the Moon! We're late in our schedule, get up and get ready for your bath time Omega Potter, you have to be ready in less than ten minutes!" She didn't give him any time to answer, she ran to the bathroom to prepare his bath.

As he was undressing, he thought back to the servant's sentence, analyzing it as it was torturing his brains: 'I have to meet my Alpha? Who could that be if not Alpha Malfoy? ' Unaware of his surroundings because of his ruminations, he banged his feet against a chair and collapsed on the floor. Harry groaned as he began to feel a sharp pain on the arm he had used to cushion his fall. He looked at his arm and saw a scratch with blood beads.

Esmeralda, who had heard the noise and smelled the blood, came back quickly, and helped him
Harry squirmed in his chair, pulling on the collar of his blouse, preparing to undo the first two buttons. But he quickly lowered his hand, blushing with shame when his action earned him a glare from Narcissa.

His clothes made him uncomfortable.

Esmeralda had prepared it religiously. She had helped him take a bath, performing the same actions as those of the matriarch when he arrived at the mansion. She had coated his whole body with Hanashubu flower oil whose main function was to enhance the smell of Harry's pheromones. In effect, if he was present in a room, his smell would saturate it and dominate all the others.

Once she was done, she helped him put on his outfit for the evening. A navy blue satin suit that seemed to have been sewn to his measures. When had his measurement been taken? That was the question. *They must be present in my files,* he rationalized.

Harry looked up at the door when he heard footsteps. Then he dropped them eagerly when he saw the Alpha Lucius enter.

Shriveling on himself, Harry let his eyes wander through the room, taking care not to cross anyone's eyes. The room they were seated in cried wealth and aristocracy as the whole property did. Indeed, the room was large and finely decorated. The walls were covered with a metallic gray paint, sprinkled with gold wire motifs. On the ceiling, a crystal chandelier dangled imposingly, and a big dining table was dominating the room.

The Potters were not poor, far from it. But they didn't have this level of wealth, and that put the Omega very uncomfortable. Even the furniture in the room whose – quality was indisputable – shouted opulence.

"He has arrived, I made him wait in the entrance hall," said one of the butlers, who had just entered the room.

Lucius got up quickly, without even saying anything and left the room. Harry saw Narcissa stiffen in her chair when Lucius came back with his guest.

"Mr. Riddle, this is truly a pleasure to have you here!" She said, standing up with uncontested grace.

"The pleasure is mine." The guest answered softly. He took the hand that the matriarch handed him and kissed the back of it with a charming smile.

Mr. Riddle stared at Harry and arched an eyebrow. "And who may that be? His odor is exquisite like a glass of *pinot noir* (*French wine)*."

"It's Omega Potter, a recent acquisition," says Lucius.
"Hum, an omega Lucius? Are not you already mated?" Mr. Riddle stated in a very frivolous way, but the hardness present in the features of his face was the sign of his intransigence on the subject.

Lucius cleared his throat, slightly uncomfortable at the piercing, icy look of his guest.

"At the last meeting, you expressed the wish to gain the consent of social minorities. What could be better than to have in your nest a person who represents them. This would make them more willing to listen to you and limit most of revolts."

Harry lowered his head when he felt the eyes of Mr. Riddle turned to him, red patches appearing on Harry's neck.

"And tell me Lucius," said Mr. Riddle, his voice descending an octave, "would you have done me the affront to take a poorly educated omega, who does not know that it is necessary to rise in the presence of an Alpha, and even more in the presence of the regent chief of homoïys?"

This sentence was like an electroshock for the Omega who jumped up and bowed his head respectfully to greet this prestigious guest. Having made it with eagerness, his chair fell backwards, the back of it crashed on the floor with a bang. A tense silence greeted his gesture, and Harry stiffened anxiously.

Why did he have to do everything wrong? In front of the chief regent on top of that.

His blood only churned once when he understood the reason he had been bought. Lucius Malfoy was not his Alpha, and he had not bought him to mate with him. Harry was going to be given in a kind of political gift to the leader of the country. At this revelation, Harry's knees seemed like they wanted to slip under him, but he held himself back by grabbing the edge of the table.

"Dinner is ready to be served." Said a butler, breaking the silence that was starting to get oppressive for Harry. Discreetly, he picked up his chair and settled down.

The regent chief settled gracefully then bent his head slightly, "But tell me Lucius" he questioned, his eyes fixed on the Omega, "if you have so generously acquired this omega for me, why did you not take care of him? I sense that his blood was recently spilled". He said in a sharp voice.

"It's nothing, just a small scratch due to my awkwardness," Harry hurriedly corrected.

The Malfoys' hospitality to him was not to be questioned, and he didn't want to cast any doubt on this matter. However, he realized that he had spoken without having been invited, and mumbled an apology, dropping his head on his plate.

Lucius cleared his throat, narrowing his eyes dangerously. "I should have been more meticulous about the education he received indeed," he said coldly. "Well, once the mating bite is done, you'll have plenty of time to teach him... good manners."

The chief regent hummed with assent, then skillfully changed the subject, speaking politics and the files in progress.

The young homoïy paid little attention to the conversation and the meal as a whole, lost in his thought. And to say that he had whined about Hermione because her Alpha was Rabastan Lestrange. His case was so much worse!
Soon, he would be mated to the leader of the country, the chief regent, Tom Marvolo Riddle. How was he going to survive?! The regent chief already owned two Omegas, the name of the first one escaped him, but he had read in an article of the Gazette, that it had been a political mating to concretize an alliance with the Russians. And no information had been published in the media about the second mate, so Harry didn't know if it was an Omega or a Beta.

Harry's anxiety went up a notch as he thought about the mating bite. He wasn't even sure it was going to stay on his skin. And if it didn't stay, what would happen to him? 'You'll end up as a servant or sex slave' taunted his conscience again, further increasing the anxiety of the Omega.

The mating bite only stay on the skin of the one receiving it, if the two participants had romantic feelings for each other. They could be tiny, buried or even repressed feelings, but they absolutely had to be present. That is why the adjustment period was necessary, the Omega have to spend most of its time in the presence of its Alpha, so that they may be acclimatize to each other. In the jargon of homoïys, the Omega must be courted before being bitten.

But Harry was not fooled, the regent leader was never going to court him, the Alphas were not courting the Omegas, he didn't believe it. For society, Omegas were the weakest, most fragile and useless caste except when it came to raising children or tending to housework. And for the few Omegas that the possibility to work, their wages and working conditions were so much lower than other castes… It was so pathetic…

Harry was really interested in the place of Omegas in society. Their place was so pejorative and degrading that he had needed a good time before accepting his presentation as an Omega. And be mated to the regent leader who did nothing concrete to change their situation? No thanks. But unfortunately, he had no choice.

The dinner ended without a hitch, no one had spoken to him, but it was better that way. It saved him from ridiculing himself unnecessarily. Lucius and the regent chief retired to Lucius' office a short time later to talk business.

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"You are now officially my Omega." Declared the regent chief, thus breaking the silence in the cabin of the vehicle. "Know that I take care of what belongs to me," he added.

Harry was silent, staring at the floor, but gave a slight hiccup of astonishment when the Alpha's hand rested on his chin, making him turn his head toward him. The Omega's eyes widened when their eyes met. The intensity and possessiveness he read in the regent's eyes frightened him, and he swallowed nervously.

Tom scanned him, as if searching for something specific, then, without a word, let go of his chin. He slipped his hand into his jacket pocket, took out his smartphone, and began to ignore the young homoïy for the rest of the trip.

Harry slowly exhaled, realizing that he had held his breath during this brief altercation, then wiped his sweaty hands on his pants.
Hello everyone!

I'm happy to meet you again for this third chapter, I hope you'll appreciate this chapter ^^.

Big thanks to the lovely Fairygirl34, for her excellent work!

Miage.

If the Malfoy mansion was the epitome of wealth and opulence, the building Harry was seeing had no adjectives to describe it. But one thing was certain, it far exceeded the sumptuousness that had amazed Harry when he first saw the property of the Regent's right-hand man. It was totally different.

The landscape surrounding Riddle Manor was sophisticated and encircled with an amazing greenish scenery which was clearly showing all the hours spent maintaining it to the vegetation.

The mansion was huge and wide, and built with gray stone. The manor was littered with several windows and Harry was delighted to know that because of all those windows the mansion was going to be drenched in brightness.

However, apart from these few details, Harry did not really have the time to linger in his contemplation of the mansion, hurrying to reach Mr. Riddle, who was already on the porch of the house.

Following the stone path that led to the steps, the Omega noticed shadows on his left. Turning his head quickly, he was surprised to see several men surrounding the property. They were all dressed in black with a black cap and black glasses. What shocked Harry was that he didn't even feel their presence when he was observing the mansion. Harry narrowed his eyes and detailed one man in particular and noticed that he was a kind of bodyguard.

Strange.

'Don't forget who you're going to mate with' reminded his conscience.

He was going to be the mate with the regent leader of the country: The Alpha Tom Marvolo Riddle. He was an important and well-respected man and he managed the country with an iron first.

The Omega sighed, remembering his situation, then followed the Alpha, who was entering the house.
Not surprisingly, the interior of the mansion was as glitzy as the outside. ’

*It's really another level of wealth compared to the Malfoy mansion,*’ Harry thought. Seeing all this, all this exposure of opulence made Harry feel uncomfortable.

Admittedly, Mr. Zqovish had taught him the behavior to adopt should his Alpha be wealthy, or even more rich than the Potters, but no one had told him nor prepared him how to behave should his Alpha be the fucking regent leader of the country! Harry was ill-prepared for that and that’s was why he was so uncomfortable: how should he behave? what should he say? So many questions…

Harry's first impression of the Regent leader was rather mixed. Tom Riddle was a cold, calculating and charismatic man. And without any doubts much more charismatic than Alpha Malfoy. So how should Harry behave with an Alpha like this? Admittedly, Mr. Riddle was extremely handsome, as handsome as an Adonis, but beauty was not everything, what about his personality? What about his way of life? So many questions…

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"Clarisse, please lead Omega Potter to his quarters, for now on you'll oversee his well-being. Tomorrow you'll show him the house. Please make sure that he's present for the family breakfast. "

Harry looked at the figure of the regent leader that was moving away from him, then turned his attention to the so-called Clarissa, an Omega. She looked-like a mannequin, tall, thin and beautiful. She had red hair with almond-shaped green eyes, and she looked pretty young, around thirty or so. He laid his eyes as discreetly as possible on the neck of the Omega, looking for her mating bite, and saw none. Harry deduced that she had been granted to be used as a potential mate but finally became a domestic.

Harry blushed hard and felt shameful when his eyes met hers, but she wore a rather benevolent expression despite she caught him looking at her neck which was an intrusive thing to do. In effect, looking at a mating bite or even staring at where it was supposed to be located was considered very invasive and inappropriate. But fortunately, his action did not seem to have hindered Clarisse.

"If you will follow me, Omega Potter. "

"Harry, my—Please, call me Harry, just Harry." If this house were to be his home, if he were going to build his family here, he preferred to be called by his first name, and not by his caste. It was too impersonal and didn't make him feel welcome at all.

Clarisse gave him a strange look, filled with perplexity, then cleared her throat. "Well then, please follow me Mr. Harry. "

Finding this consensus acceptable, the young homoïy followed her, observing his new home. However, he was only able to see corridors and long alleys. The maid stopped in front of a flax-
colored double door, where you could see the inscription on the left door: "Sector Gryffindor". The doors opened on a kind of a living room finely decorated, in shades of chocolate. The room's furniture was refined and sober at the same time, adding to the charm of the room.

Harry entered in the living room after Clarisse, letting the door close on itself, and went through a sliding door on his right that gave access to another room. It was a bedroom. It had in its center a wooden canopy bed covered with a ton of pillows, which, amazingly, dominated the room.

It also had two small seats, a bedside table, a gray-patterned white decoration rug and an office area with a sophisticated desk. In short, a true decoration worthy of a deco magazine.

He saw Clarisse open another door, which probably led to the bathroom, and headed for a navy revolving door next to the bathroom. He opened it slightly and fell upon an empty dresser, but hey that was to be expected in view of his rather impromptu arrival.

"Mr. Harry?" Clarisse said as she was coming out of the bathroom. "I'll run a bath for you, it'll help you relax. I'll come back to wake you up tomorrow morning at seven o'clock to help you get ready. Breakfast is usually served at eight thirty."

The young dead tired homoïy nodded distractedly and collapsed on his bed as the maid took leave from his room.

"Unfortunately, your wardrobe is not constituted yet. But don't worry Nathan has already placed orders based on the data in your file. Everything should arrive within two days."

"Thank you, Clarisse. I appreciate it." Harry answered.

He looked at the clothes she had left for him on the bed when he had gone in the shower and arched an eyebrow. "Where did you get that outfit then? That's not what I wore yesterday and ..." He raised the top in the air with one hand as if to inspect it. "... it seems to be my size."

The servant gave him a mysterious smile and waved her hand at the clothes, silently asking him to get dressed. And as if to accentuate her request, she left the room and waited for him in to get ready in his living room.

"What time is it?" Asked the young homoïy when he joined the redhead domestic.

"Eight fifteen, let's hurry up, Mr. Riddle hates people who are late."

The path to the dining room was walked in silent, Harry was watching the many corridors they were taking in order for him to remember the way back to his rooms later. But they were so many corridors, Harry was certain he was going to get lost, lost in this huge mansion and nobody would
"You have to enter alone Mr. Harry, I cannot go in with you. And I have to deal with other things so, I have to go." She gave him a friendly smile, then turned on her heels, leaving him in front of an imposing double sliding opaque glass door.

He watched her go away, feeling the anxiety go up a notch.

With a long sigh as if to give himself some courage he was lacking, Harry entered the room and settled on the only chair available around the table. He glanced briefly at the Regent Chief and bowed his head, showing his neck – more precisely showing his scented gland located on his neck – as a sign of submission, to greet him.

Only they were not the only two at the table.

"I did not know that the help could now sit down with us. Is it a new law that you passed, husband?"

Harry looked up at the owner of that icy voice, and the look the person was giving him frightened Harry. In fact, the person was openly denigrating him and glaring at him with a pair of blue steel eyes filled with disdain.

Harry swallowed nervously and looked down with haste, feeling intimidated.

"Come on Mark, be more respectful to your new nest mate. " Mr. Riddle said.

"Alright, then," replied the said Mark with contempt.

Harry looked up discreetly through his bangs, gazing with less restraint at Mark, who was looking at the Alpha. It was apparent that Mark was older than him, he certainly was between twenty-four and twenty-six years-old. His golden blond short hair had been combed back stylishly into a comb over hair coif with an apparent stripe. His thick eyebrows and the hard features of his face made him look rather aggressive, but it was softened with a luscious and full mouth.

"We will continue this discussion more privately, after the meal," the chief regent said, with a rather firm voice.

Instantly, as if what Tom said was a magical spell, the door opened softly to let in four Beta servants, who brought the dishes. A rather short young Beta placed a delicious dish, in a well decorated plate, in front of Harry: two fried eggs, grilled sausages, a potato pancake with mushrooms and sliced cooked tomatoes. In short, a typical British breakfast. Another servant put down, on the center of the table, a tray filled with toast, accompanied by butter, jam and marmalade.

However, Harry was not really hungry, mostly because he was feeling anxious and nauseous. He pecked a few pieces of food here and there, before putting down his cutlery. His stomach was hurting him, but he kept his face straight, letting nothing filter through.

Felling curious, Harry looked around him and noticed at this precise moment - to his astonishment - the third person sitting at their table, who had been very discreet since the beginning of the meal, so that Harry had not paid him any attention.

Draco Malfoy.

Notwithstanding, Draco Malfoy was very different from the pictures in the Gazette which were taken at a gala last year. His hair, that normally was blonder than Mark's, and which had seemed
so silky on the front cover of the newspaper, was now almost dull. Huge black bags were present under his eyes, and his facial features were marked by exhaustion. In addition, the roundness of his cheeks was the apparent sign of the weight he had put on. Harry narrowed his eyes, confused by the image the blonde was presenting, a rather pitiful one: Draco seemed sad and dog-tired, almost on the verge of dying.

Harry was intrigued and was wondering about the causes of this condition: 'I hope it's not because he's poorly treated' Harry thought.

However, despite Draco's tired state, his shoulders were straight, and his posture regal, worthy of the Malfoy name and of his aristocratic lineage. He had an imposing aura around him that inspired respect. But despite this, the blonde did not look up from his plate during all the breakfast, and thus contradicting the charisma that emanated from him.

When the meal was over, the regent chief stood up and motioned his omegas to follow him. He led them into a large bright room - that had a large window - which had been converted into an office. The furniture, although not very present, was of a sophisticated design. However, the room lacked personality: it seemed as if it was coming straight out of a decor magazine, very impersonal, although very majestic.

"Take a seat," the Alpha said, pointing to the couch and chairs. "I want to introduce you to Harry Potter," he said. "And as I said earlier, he will be your new nest-mate."

"Potter? An aristocrat then." Mark said scrutinizing Harry.

"Not really, their aristocracy was diluted with the peasantry." Draco added wearily, clearly showing that he wanted to be everywhere but here.

Harry was not surprised by the Russian's contemptuous look. Hurt yes, but not surprised. They would form a nest together, so if they did not like each other, it would be very complicated from now on. And it was true that this was not how Harry had imagined his nest.

"Harry, this is Mark Lurkovsky and Draco Malfoy, your nest-mates." Mr. Riddle said whose lips lifted slightly in a smirk, as if laughing at a joke he had just made.

"What I expect from my Omegas is very simple: obedience. Omega are essential for a balanced family nest, so I expect each of you to know your place." The regent chief then turned to Harry, "Harry, I address you in particular because you just got here, but you will notice that I'm behaving the same way with my mate as I'm behaving with the others, especially with the media. So, I expect discretion from you, what happens in the nest, stays in the nest."

He looked at Harry intently and then got up and went to the exit. "Well, my day's appointments are going to start soon, so I'll leave you by yourselves to ... Hum how to say it, to learn about each other better."

Harry looked briefly at the door closing and then looked back at the other two Omegas present in the room. He had chosen to sit on the couch located slightly to the left of the office, while they had preferred the chairs.

The young homoïy pushed his glasses toward the back of his nose, then wiped his sweaty hands on his pants. The silence in the room was accompanied by a tension so high that it was like a thick intense and invisible smoke that, once breathed, may leave you dead from asphyxiation. Mark and
Draco had turned their chairs to face him, and one was staring at him while the other was blasé.

"Know that if you're here, it's only for political reasons." Mark scoffed.

But Harry would not allow himself to be belittle and walked all over, if he let this kind of behavior happen now, it would be the case forever, Harry would then be lowered continuously in his own nest.

He refused that.

So, Harry straightened up and lifted his chin haughtily, which would have made Mr. Zqovish jump up of joy: two could play this game.

"As it was your case too, you mean." He replied condescendingly.

The Russian narrowed his eyes while thinning his lips. He opened his mouth to retort but was interrupted by three firm blows on the door: someone asked access to the room. After a firm and a somewhat aggressive 'yes' from Mark, the door opened on Clarisse, who carried a baby in her arms.

"Please excuse me for the inconvenience, but young master Thelian wants his odgajiti. I tried to calm him down, but he doesn't want to hear anything." 

"And what are you waiting for, give it to me." Draco ordered.

Clarisse walked over to Draco and gently put the baby in his arms. The way she arranged it allowed Harry to contemplate the toddler with greater ease. Thelian looked to be about five or six months old. His big blue cobalt eyes, which tended towards gray as his odgajiti, were open and filled with curiosity about his surroundings. His heart-shaped face and rosy cheeks put his childish beauty at the forefront. Draco tenderly caressed the dark brown hair of his child, then kissed him on the temple.

"Please leave us." Mark said coldly, his posture clearly showing his annoyance. The servant didn't need more to quickly disappear.

"Harry, I want to introduce you to Thelian, my son, and after the mating bite, he'll be your son as well. This is the first child from this family nest. He's five months old, and you'll see, he's an angel." Draco smiled.

"Humph." Mark scoffed disdainfully.

Draco gave him an exaggerated look before turning his attention back to his son. Harry looked at him and found himself smiling. To see Thelian with his odgajiti was like a breath of fresh air in all the changes that had appeared in the life of the Harry during the last forty-eight hours. There was no artifice, and when Harry looked at them, he able to see the sincere love of an odgajiti, who carried his pregnancy for six months - the normal gestation period of an Omega - to his child.

Harry did not need a mating bite to already feel affection toward Thelian, his Omega pheromones and Draco's contentment pheromones already predisposed him to love this child.

"This is the first and last time you disrespect me as you did earlier." Mark stood up from his chair, standing right in front of Harry and staring at him. He was tall and imposing and the clothes he wore revealed his well-defined musculature.

"I am the kralj of this nest, the first Omega," he said. "The one who commands after our Alpha, and you owe me respect. But know one thing, I'll never accept you and your corrupt lineage that
will only serve to defile this nest.” Mark glared at him angrily and then left the room, not without slamming the door.

A long silence accompanied this theatrical release, broken a few minutes later by the coos of little Thelian.

"Don't pay Mark any attention, he's like that because I had a child before him. After many attempts, the doctors said he was sterile ... so he feels like he’s in danger."

Harry raised an eyebrow, doubtful. "Why does he feel like that?"

"Well, as you said," Draco remarked with a mocking smile. "If Mark is here it's for political reasons: to bring the Russian empire closer to the British kingdom through an alliance that had to be sealed with a child. But without children, the alliance is weakened, and therefore Mark’s place in this nest is uncertain."

The blonde got up and came to sit next to Harry on the couch. "I have nothing against you, you know, I appreciate your presence more than Mark's. He made my life a living hell as kralj, and if there is any advice I can give you, it is to be wary of him."

Harry pursed his lips pensively. How to survive in a nest where he should constantly watch his back?

"Here, hold him". Draco said putting Thelian in his arms. Harry awkwardly arranged his arms to hold the toddler, then looked at him intently.

"You know, when I see you watching my son, it reassures me even more. Mark never wanted to hold Thelian, and when he looks at my cub ... I do not know, but I have a bad feeling every time his eyes lay on my son ... If he had the opportunity, I know he would hurt him."

"Why not tell Mr. Riddle?"

"Because I have no proof, except the sickly jealousy of Mark towards me. But that doesn't prove anything."

Harry looked down at Thelian and slipped his index finger into the child's palm, which immediately closed his hand on his finger. The toddler smiled and chirped happily. How could anyone want to hurt such a cute little thing?

"Can I ask you a question?" Harry asked without looking up from his contemplation.

"Hmm-hmm" humm'ed Draco positively.

"How ... How did your mating bite take?" He asked in a low, shy voice.

But Harry was surprised by a crystalline laugh, and turned his head toward the other. Draco had his head thrown back, and laughed heartily, without any embarrassment, accompanied by his son, who, after hearing the laughter of his odgajiti, joined him. Harry frowned, not finding that his question justified such hilarity.

"Excuse me." The blond said, wiping a tear from his eye, a sign of his recent giggle. "To come back to your question, I didn't do anything special. You just have to know that what we learn at N.O.S.E is a bit wrong. They tell us that Alpha and Omega or Beta and Omega must have romantic feelings for each other so that the mating bite will take. But it's wrong. It just needs an
attraction. Whether from the Alpha or the Omega."

An attraction?!

Harry had not been taught at N.O.S.E, so normally Mr. Zqovish should had taught it to him. Why had he left Harry in the dark regarding this subject with more than inaccurate information?

Draco must had read the confusion on the face of Harry because he then added: "It's to sell us a king of a pretty dream, that's why they do that. They know that the condition of Omegas is not very ... Flattering."

Thelian's Odgajiti put his hand on Harry's shoulder and looked him in the eyes. "Imagine what would happen if we told the young Omegas who just made their presentation that they don't really have the choice on their mating. That that those who buy them only have to be attracted to them so that the mating bite takes?"

"There would be a revolt." Harry whispered.

"There is already a revolt in the country, that's why you entered this nest. No, it would be much worse than that. There are other countries like the United States, where Omegas have more rights than here. Omegas would try to leave this country to others where they'll have more freedom. And our country would die, because Alphas and Beta cannot reproduce well without us. They can, but everyone knows that their pregnancies are very risky, and they cause the death of the person carrying the child in seventy-five percent of cases."

"And you, why are you in this nest? Do not take it badly, but Mark and I are here for political reasons, so I wonder about your presence here, in view of your father's position." Harry asked.

"Let's say I'm a kind of a vitrine Omega, a sort of trophy. Do you know about the political group of the chief regent? The Vol de Mort?"

"Who doesn't know it?"

"I met Tom at a private party organized by his group about a year ago. Actually, it was organized by my parents, to mate me to one of their friends without having to go through the ODO. This is possible for very high social families. And let's say that when the regent chief saw me, he wanted me."

"Is that why Mark is so jealous of you? Because you are the only Omega Mr. Riddle really wanted for himself?"

"Among other things, yes."

Draco looked down at his son and saw that he had fallen asleep. "He must have felt that you were soon going to be part of our nest, normally he only falls asleep in my arms or in Tom's, his stvoriti."

Draco took Thelian and got up. "I'm going to put him to bed. If you have other questions don't hesitate, we should support each other. You'll find me in the Slytherin wing." Harry nodded, and watched Draco close the door as he left.

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"Come in!" Harry shouted as he heard the knocks on his front door of his reception lounge. After the conversation with Draco, he had tried to return to his quarters but with those innumerable corridors and alleys, he had quickly lost himself in the mansion, and had landed in the kitchen. Thus, he had met Dobby and Caesar nicknamed Kreacher by the pairs following a bad joke.

Harry had quickly made friends with these two very nice people. After half an hour passed by them, Clarisse had joined him. She had given him a tour of the mansion, except the rooms, which were only accessible to the regent chief, and then took him back to his quarters and told him that she would come back at seven o'clock tomorrow morning to help him get ready.

'Clarisse must have forgotten something,' he thought. But he was surprised when the door opened on Mark and a servant, who was carrying a tray of tea with him. The servant placed the tray on the coffee table and withdrew quickly. Harry looked up at the Russian, slightly confused. Had he come here for another confrontation? To remind him how much his presence in the nest horrified him?

"What is the reason of this impromptu visit?" Harry asked, sitting up in his seat, arching an eyebrow haughtily.

But he bluffed, he was hiding behind this shell of arrogance to not to be eaten by the kralj. He was very intimidated by Mark's presence. But he behaved as if he were in front of a predator. Harry shouldn't show them any flaws, because at the slightest weakness this, kind of specimen would attack him without restraint, jumping on his jugular and leaving him to bath in his own blood.

Harry then remembered Draco's warning, 'but how can I stay away from him when he comes to me?' he thought annoyed.

The Russian gave him a tense smile before sitting gracefully in front of him. "Let's say we both got off on the wrong foot, so I wanted to rectify the situation."

Huh? But where was the arrogant Mark who had insulted him from the first minutes of their meeting?

"Oh." Harry said, confused.

"I brought Lunar Chai, a tea I imported back from my home as a sign of peace. These characteristics promote fertility. This will serve you well during your first heat. I asked John to serve you a cup every night after supper."

"That's ..." Harry cleared his throat. "That is very kind of you."

"I told you, I would like to have good relationship with my nest-mates. So, I decided to close my eyes on the 'situation' regarding your family, it's still prestigious despite some recent excesses."

Hmm.

Harry took the cup that was in front of him on the table and sipped it slowly. Yuck. The tea was awful. But not wanting to show anything as to not frustrate his interlocutor in his efforts for peace. Harry drank the rest of it in one go, to avoid lingering over the taste and put his cup down.
"Thanks for the tea, it was delicious."

"Yes, I don't doubt it." Mark said, a smile on his face certainly smelling of deceit. "With Draco we also started on the wrong foot when he arrived in the nest, I saw his presence as competition. But I understood my mistakes and I don't want to reproduce them with you. If I have any advice to give you, it is to beware of him. Unlike you, he did not agree to bury the hatchet, and every time I have to use my Kralj position to force him to respect me." Mark sighed dramatically, almost theatrically. "I do not want to have that with you… Think about it please."

He gave Harry one last smile and wished him good night then got up and left the room. When Mark left, a servant came quickly after him to clear the tray.

This visit had left Harry puzzled, and it was confusing that he went to his bedroom to lie on the bed. He looked up, staring at the ceiling and thinking back to his discussion with Draco and Mark.

'Strange' he thought.

The two Omegas were both trying to pit him against the other. Mark wanted to pit him against Draco and Draco wanted to turn him against Mark.

But why?

What was the purpose of this tactic? And above all, which of the two was telling the truth about the other? Many questions of this kind crossed his mind.

But one thing was clear, he could definitely not trust them.

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Chapter End Notes

So, what do you think?

I'm making you a sort of lexicon, about the terms I used in this chapter. I'm going to put this lexicon at the end of chapters when I use them to help you in your understanding. However, don't hesitate to ask me questions if you have any.

Thelian comes from the word 'Theli' which is the name of a big dragon who holds his tail in his mouth. His whole body surrounds the universe. This snake is similar to the Ouroboros. This name is therefore liked to his odgajiti, Draconis which also means Dragon.
Odgajiti: This is an older term who only designates a male Omega who carried the child. Knowing that the duration of gestation of a male Omega is six months.

Stvoriti: This refers to an old term that is close to the word "sire".

Kralj: Refers to an Omega that is hierarchically superior to other Omegas in a nest when there are more than one omega. It is also an old term.
Hello everyone!

I'm happy to meet you again for this new chapter, I hope you'll appreciate it!

Big thanks to the lovely Fairygirl34, for her excellent work!

Miage.

Chapter 4

Tom was so close to him that Harry could feel his breath brushing his cheek. Harry swallowed hard, and looked up, gazing into the hazel eyes strewn with red flashes of his Alpha. Harry was captivated by the intensity he saw in his interlocutor's eyes and a shudder ran through his body when he thought about Tom kissing him. The way Tom's eyes were flicking toward his lips made him feel… eager.

There was a fire in Tom's eyes, and the Omega was surprised that he hadn't been consumed yet as the intensity was palpable.

Harry tried to move back to put some space between them, but he could only do a couple of steps before his back hit the wall. Tom smirked before leaning toward the Omega, resting both hands on the wall, blocking any way of escape. Harry was stuck, and the Alpha knew it well, considering the smile he gave him.

"The request you made to me is so appealing," murmured the Alpha.

Harry could feel butterflies moving in his pelvis, a sign of his nervousness, with his hands getting sweaty.

He was uncomfortable.

Uncomfortable by the attitude of the Alpha, who looked at him as if it was such a succulent dish that Tom was preparing to slowly savor and appreciate all its flavors.

Uncomfortable because Harry was alone in this mess. This situation made him anxious because, by the Moon, he liked to be looked at like that, like he was desired, like he was wanted. It awakened in him strange sensations that warmed his heart.

Tom slowly put his hand on the cheek of the young Homoïy and caressed it slowly. With his thumb, he touched Harry's lower lip and then nudged his nose in the Omega's neck, on his scent gland, inhaling a great blow.

"You smell so good," Tom murmured.
The Alpha's breath, caressing Harry's skin with each exhalation, sent the Omega's nervousness up a notch, and the Omega felt his face grow hot: Harry was blushing so hard.

Shit.

His biology made resistance impossible and the Alpha knew it. Harry was attracted to Tom Riddle, and if the latter decided to bite him, right now, there would be no doubt: the mating bite would take.

The Alpha raised his head, and dangerously approached it towards Harry's mouth. Slowly, Tom turned his head slightly to be in a good angle, then kissed the corners of the omega's mouth. It was so brief that Harry barely felt it. Then Tom pulled back unhurriedly and gave him a carnivorous smile.

"You are mine now, you belong to me." Tom said in a hoarse voice.

This sentence, although of a very possessive connotation, gave a brief flashback to the young Homoïy. Indeed, it wasn't the first time that Tom had spoken these words to him. In effect, Tom had told him the same thing in the car that led to Riddle Manor, when they first met. If the first time Harry had heard them, these sentences had seemed to him pejorative, as if marking him as inferior because of his condition, making him believe that Harry will have no choice regarding his future and his life, today these words seemed to him like a promise, the promise of a near future sweet and pleasant.

A shiver ran through Harry's body and he cursed his condition, his biology that made him so sensitive to the attentions of his Alpha. A bit of panic enveloped him, changing his scent, despite the Sakura flower oil. Harry's smell took on a biting tinge, signaling than he was starting to be frightened.

Admittedly, his body was ready for the mating bite, but he was not! Harry hadn't gotten used to his new life yet! He hardly knew his Alpha and especially, he didn't want to have his heat now! Because the bite triggered the process of heat. And heats were the synonym to possible pregnancy.

'Shit!' Harry thought.

Why did he listen to Mark's advice? He knew that there was something fishy in the kralj's posture when Harry spoke to him. Harry should have been more suspicious!

'I told you so,' whispered his mocking conscience.

'Shit up!' Harry thought.

Harry turned his full attention to Tom as the regent chief walked two steps away without stopping to look at his omega. Harry bit his lip as the Alpha took his omega's hand, and licked slowly the inside Harry's wrist, there, where Harry's veins were the most visible: Tom was impregnating him with his scent.

"But I prefer that you come to me from yourself, without being forced to do so." Said Tom.

Saying this, the Alpha let go of Harry's hand and stepped back further to put more space between them. The regent chief pretended to remove a crease from his jacket and then giving Harry a last enigmatic look, he left the room.

Harry sighed slightly and wondered briefly what he'd done to put himself in such a situation.
Ten hours ago.

Lost, confused, puzzled, so many emotions, but not pertinent enough to sharply describe the state Harry was in. Lying on his bed, Harry thought back to all the events that had been going on in the mansion these past few days, and let's just say that all that left him ... Perplexed.

It had been four weeks since he entered in this house, truthfully, the family nest of the Riddle was very heterogeneous. Mark was dominating and loved controlling others, while Draco was cold, distant, and constantly with his son. And of course, the two Omegas did not 'appreciate' Harry.

Harry sighed and ran his hand over his forehead. He didn't know how to act. He was surprised that the mating bite still did not happen. He thought that the chief regent would have liked to do it immediately, but of course Harry didn't want to complain. Between the super-strange behavior of Mark, who tried every day to become Harry's best friend, and the behavior of Draco who, since he noticed the new relationship between Harry and Mark, had become super phlegmatic and was doing everything possible to ignore Harry if he was in the room: so yes, Harry had a lot on his plate.

To be honest, Harry was not ready for the mating bite. His inner consciousness of Omega was. And it was doing everything to let him know. Indeed, his body produced pheromones in large quantities to attract his Alpha, and he had constant hot sparkles, a sign that his body was impatient.

But not him. And to tell the truth, he was very grateful that this moment was delayed, for whatever reason.

"Hello Mr. Harry, I'm surprised you're already up, I usually have trouble waking you up." Clarisse joked as she entered the room.

Harry sat up on his bed and smiled at her. His relationship with the maid had improved over the days. He had not been there for a very long time, but the refreshing and pleasant personality of Clarisse never failed to relax him after some gloomy days.

"As you see, I'm not always a lazy bum," he said laughingly. "How are you Clarisse?"

"I'm fine, Mr Harry."

"Clarisse call me Harry, you know that."

The latter sent him an amused smile and then pointed the bathroom with a slight notion of her head. Harry sighed and stood up. He knew how to recognize when a fight was lost. He kept telling her to call him by his name, without honorific or anything, but the maid didn't want to hear anything, saying that she didn't want to be busted by Nathan, the head of the domestics.
Harry had dragged himself into the bathroom, not wishing to lose the lead he had had by getting up earlier. Because if there was one thing that his Alpha sported, it was the delay.

He dressed quickly and joined Clarisse in the reception room.

"What's the matter?" He asked, noticing the expression on Clarisse's face.

"What is this?" She asked, pointing at the cup of tea on the coffee table.

"Oh, that tea is imported from Russia, it's a welcome gift from Mark. He sends a servant every night to bring me a cup."

At first, Harry didn't appreciate the taste of this tea, whose name he couldn't remember. But after taking a second cup and a third, he began to like the taste of it, it was like being an addicted. Now he could not spend a single night without drinking it.

Clarisse frowned and, taking the cup with her hand, she brought it to her nose, sniffing it softly. She sniffed again more longer and then put the cup down and looked at Harry strangely.

"I hope you know what you're doing." She said a minute later.

"What do you mean?"

She didn't bother to answer him, shaking her head softly in a negative way.

Harry gave her a confused look and followed her as she walked down the halls.

Thoughtfully, Harry was staring at her back, trying to figure out her last enigmatic sentence.

"Since the weather is good enough today, master Riddle insisted that breakfast be served on the terrace this morning." Clarisse said when she walked down a corridor opposite to the usual one.

"Mmh," Harry replied, shaking his head, knowing full well that Clarisse wouldn't see his gestures.

"What's going on my little Harry?"

"I don't know," replied the Omega with a look of dejection.

After the breakfast on the terrace, Harry had joined the kitchens, one of his favorite places in the manor, in order to visit his only two friends after Clarisse, if he could consider them as such. But despite being in their presence, he couldn't take his head off his Alpha and his behavior vis-à-vis towards him.

Harry sighed again and put his head on the counter.

Tom was literally acting as if Harry didn't exist. He didn't look at him, didn't speak to him, content to ignore him royally. And that didn't put Harry at ease at all. His consciousness of Omega wanted at all costs to re-enter in Tom's good graces because Harry's body felt ready to be bitten by the
But despite all the looks, the acts Harry was doing to get Tom attention, nothing worked. In addition, Harry had tried to speak to Draco during the meal, and he had not even bothered to answer him.

So if at first it was Mark who had despised him, Harry had the impression that the roles had been reversed. Draco didn't despise him strictly speaking, but his actions annoyed Harry to no end.

Breakfast was tense on Harry's side because his consciousness of Omega didn't support the behavior of his Alpha.

Harry didn't understand why Tom behaved like that. Normally, the chief leader should jump at the chance to bite the Omega and seal their mating. But it was as if Tom didn't want him anymore. And sometimes, Harry wondered if Tom wasn't planning to send him back to the Malfoys or even worse to the ODO.

The last suggestion would be a catastrophe for Harry, because an Omega who was being turned over to the ODO, it was like an item that is returned to the store when it was defective…

A shiver ran through Harry's body thinking about what would happen to him if he was to be returned.

Harry raised his head when he felt a hand caressing his hair.

"Tell me," Dobby insisted, his eyes filled with worry.

"It's nothing," Harry mumbled, still shaken by his previous thought.

"It's not nothing if it puts you in this state."

"...

"I just want to help you, you know," Dobby gave him a sad look, upset that the Omega did not trust him.

A feeling of shame filled Harry, and heat rose to his cheeks. He didn't want to offend his friend who was just trying to help him. Harry held him by the side of his T-shirt when Dobby wanted to move away from him.

"It's just that… I feel like I won't be among you sooner or later," Harry finally decided to confess.

Caesar who was a little behind during their interactions approached them, positioning himself alongside his colleague. He put his hand on the shoulder of the young Homoiy in a sign of support, but the frown of his eyebrows was the proof that he didn't understand the situation.

"Why? Are you going somewhere? Has Mr. Riddle told you he was sending you back?"

"Hm, not explicitly… But I feel it deep inside me."

Involuntarily, tears formed in Harry eyes, and he blinked quickly to chase them away. He didn't want to cry! Normally, he should rejoice that the Alpha took his time to claim him. But the consequences that hovered around a potential rejection were too great for him to ignore.

In his affliction, he began to think of his friend, Hermione. 'I hope she's not in the same situation
In his affliction, he began to think of his friend, Hermione. 'I hope she's not in the same situation as me,' he thought. Harry would have to find a way to contact her after she and her partner were mated and to contact his family. He didn't want to lose contact with her or with his parents. Knowing that Alpha Rabastan Lestrange was a member of the inner circle of the regent leader, he knew that one day or another he would eventually cross their path, especially at various balls or galas. But for his parents, it was another matter ... "If I can give you some advice," said Caesar slowly, 'I'd say go see Mark and talk to him about it."

Dobby told him off, retorting that his idea was completely stupid. "It's the only thing that seems logical to me," Caesar adds. 'I can see two solution, the first one, you take the bull by the horns and you go see the regent leader, or you talk to the first Omega of the nest Riddle about your situation and surely, Mark will surely advise you better than any of us. Maybe, you have completely misinterpreted Mr. Riddle's behavior."

Harry lifted his head and looked at Caesar carefully, considering his suggestion. It made sense. Well it's clear that Harry wasn't going to see the regent leader to say: 'Hey, I wanted to know why you are ignoring me, normally you should jump on me because of all the pheromones that my body is producing for you.'

No, he could definitely not do that.

However, the second proposition, about Mark, made a lot of sense. And since Mark did everything to be nice to him lately, why not try this solution.

"You forgot that Mark is a psychopath," Dobby whispered, he quickly turned his head and looked around them to confirm that they were alone in the kitchen, not wanting to be pinned by Nathan. "'psychopath' is a strong word, but you understood what I meant: Mark isn't genuine, and I really advise you to be wary of him."

"It's true that during our first meeting, he was rude to me, but since then he has been nothing but very nice and polite to me. " Harry said.

Dobby shrugged, without commenting.

After all, he had warned Harry and he would be the first to remind the young Homoïy of this moment if Mark showed his true colors. Dobby was well acquainted with the kralj's behavior, Mark wasn't courteous or even pleasant. Since his arrival in the mansion, he had treated everyone with contempt except for the Alpha himself. Dobby could see how the Russian was treating Draco, and that made him feel sick.

The Malfoys had been his first employer, and Dobby had been given as a gift to Mr. Riddle during the mating of the Chief Regent with Draco.

Many times Dobby had wished to intervene, but it was not his place, and then Nathan would have scolded him hard if he had. No, he could only watch or send the favorite dishes of the young blonde when Dobby had noticed, some time ago, that the appetite of the blonde had decreased.

Dobby could only act from a distance...

Harry looked up at the clock and stood up. "I should go now, at this time, Mark is usually in the library."
It was not the first time Harry had crossed the threshold of the library, but each time he was amazed by the beauty of the room. Indeed, it was large and very bright, especially through several large windows that gave a very airy effect. The colors of the room were in shades of green and gold, and the furniture present made the room very luxurious and sophisticated.

Large shelves were present with countless books and Harry was certain that it would take him a lifetime or more to succeed in reading them all.

There were also several work tables, and armchairs that seemed very comfortable for an afternoon reading. Admittedly, it was there that Harry had spent some late evenings, and it was also in this room that he had found the kralj several times when he had questions to ask him. Harry didn't want to go in Mark's quarters, finding it too personal at the moment, and even if the Russian had not hesitated to do so, Harry didn't want to disrupt Mark's privacy by entering his rooms.

Harry quickly noticed Mark, who was sitting on a couch by the fireplace with a book in his hand. Taking deep breaths, as if to give himself courage, the young Homoïy crossed the room in great strides and joined Mark. He took a chair and sat down in front of the kralj.

The kralj raised his head and gave Harry an inquisitive look, then refocused his attention on his book for lack of response. They spent good minutes in silence without either of them breaking the ice.

Harry bit his lip, searching for words, then cleared his throat. He didn't know how to bring the subject on the table. He knew what he was doing there but he was intimidated and didn't know how to express himself.

The Russian sighed and put his book next to him, focusing on the young Omega.

"I feel that something bothering you, how can I help you?"

"I-I… Hmm… I'll need your -hm- advice," Harry stammered, blushing.

Mark arched an eyebrow and sat up in his seat. He made Harry continue his explanations with a wave of his hand, the curiosity clearly visible on Mark's face.

"Hum… Do you know why the Alpha hasn't paid me any attention to me?"

Harry widened his eyes as he realized the double meaning of his question and hastened to correct himself, shaking his hands in front of him in denial: "Not that I'm complaining or anything else, but I wondered why the mating bite hadn't taken place yet. Normally it does not take as much time?"

The kralj's lips curved upward, and his eyes sparkled, a sign of his amusement. And Harry briefly wondered what Mark could find hilarious in this situation.

"Are you in a hurry to be bitten?" Mark asked laughing.
The young Homoïy raised his eyebrows slightly, wondering if he had made a joke without realizing it. He reviewed the last sentences he had just pronounced and found nothing funny in it.

"No, it's not that I'm in a hurry. And to tell you everything, I'm not ready. But I know what happens to Omegas who have been returned to the ODO and I don't wish it to happen to me."

Harry said

"You should know what you want, you want to be bitten or not?"

"Er… I- yes, " Harry said finely. He wasn't ready that was for sure, but what was even more certain was that he didn't want to be returned. For either he would be auctioned again, or he would become a servant or worse…

He shuddered and shook his head gently, wanting to remove that thought from his mind.

"Well, you see, it was not so complicated." Mark scoffed.

Harry fidgeted in his chair and rubbed the scar on his forehead, hidden behind his bangs. He felt uncomfortable and ashamed. The kralj's remarks, which might seem trivial, left him speechless. As if Mark was laughing at him openly while remaining civilized. The intonation of Mark's voice showed his contempt, concealed by an open gesture, which Harry was perfectly able to discern. Still, Harry was certain that their relationship had improved...

He didn't want to dwell on these arguments too much, not wishing to misinterpret the situation. "Do not forget that Mark has always been more than polite to us since his mea-culpa," added his conscience.

"And so you came to see me so that I help you, is that right? " Mark asked

The young Homoïy simply nodded, his eyes fixed on his lap.

Mark moved closer to the edge of the couch, and leaned forward towards Harry, as if he were about to reveal a well-kept secret to him.

"If I tell you what to do, will you respect all my advice to the letter without any hesitations?"

"Yes, yes," Harry agreed. He was so relieved that Mark agreed to help him that he didn't notice the dangerous glow that was appearing in the eyes of his interlocutor.

"Good," Mark looked at his watch. " Right now, Tom is in professional appointment, but he will be back in an hour and a half. What I advise you is to go to his office at that time and implore him to bite you. Tell him that you are dying for it and that if he doesn't do it, you will no longer answer for your actions. "

"Er… I tell him that? Exactly as you just did?" Harry asked puzzled.

"Do you trust me or not?"

"Yes."

"So say it as I just suggested. Before going into the office, take a bath with Hanashbuu flower oils so that your pheromones quickly fill the room as soon as you enter."

"Do you think that will work?"

"Of course, yes," Mark said, with a carnivorous smile. "You'll see, Tom is going to eat out of your
Hanashbou flower oil was the most difficult element to find. Harry had already selected the outfit he was going to wear to see the Regent Chief in his office, but the oil was nowhere to be found. He had searched all the drawers in the bathroom to no avail. That had freaked him because according to kralj, it was one of the most important tools for the plan to work. So, Harry had called Clarisse to ask her, and when she came back with the pale pink bottle, she had given him the same look as this morning when she discovered the cup of tea.

"I hope you know what you're doing." She told him before leaving the room, after putting the oil on his coffee table.

But pressed by time, Harry didn't bother to analyze Clarisse's behavior.

He quickly prepared himself, tried to arrange his hair to no avail, then looked at his watch. He had half an hour left before the return of the chief regent.

Harry sighed and sat on a chair waiting for the time. His heart was pounding, his hands were getting wet and if he had to wait any longer, he knew he wouldn't have the courage to go see the Alpha.

'But you do not find this weird?' whispered his conscience.

He frowned, Clarisse's behavior coming back to his memory. It's true that now that he was thinking about it, she had been acting really strange to him today since the tea story. He tried to remember what the tea could do to trigger such a reaction but nothing came to mind.

Mark hadn't told him anything special about the tea's components, only that it came from Russia and that he had ordered him specially for Harry.

'Nothing else ?' insisted his conscience.

Nothing else. Harry had searched, but apart from Clarisse's behavior, nothing was out of the ordinary.

However, he was troubled, because when his consciousness of Omega let him know that there was eel under rock, he had to pay attention. It knew how to spot abnormal things ten kilometers away, especially because of its increased senses. There were smells and behaviors that could go unnoticed by the naked eye, but his consciousness was always aware of it because it used the senses.

Harry waited to see if something else came to his mind, but he didn't feel anything special. He looked at his watch and got up quickly, noticing that the regent had already been home for two minutes.

The way to the Alpha's office was faster than he thought, and he hesitated a few moments in front of the door. What if Tom had already decided to return him and his speech didn't change
anything? Maybe it was because of his education? It is true that it had been questioned very often by the Alpha Malfoy and the chief regent. Maybe Tom wanted an Omega better educated than him ...

But whoever tries nothing has nothing: It was better to try everything than to be returned to the ODO and have regrets.

Harry rubbed his hands, wishing to remove the moisture on it, then decided, he rapped three times on the door.

"Come in!"

Taking his courage in both hands, he sighed and quickly turned the handle. Opening the door, he fell upon the intense brown eyes of the regent chief.

"Harry, come in. What is the honor of your visit?"

The young Homoïy closed the door quickly and timidly. Tom motioned for him to sit with a wave of his hand, but Harry shook his head, not daring to move from his place. If he did, he feared losing the little courage he had and abandoning the mission.

"Well?"

Harry was triturating his fingers, anxiety taking over. Technically, he knew what to say: he just had to repeat Mark's two sentences and hope it worked. But before the Alpha who scrutinized his every move, he lost his courage.

"Harry?" Tom voice was sweet, but impatience could be heard in his voice.

"Enthusiastsofthemostcountriesanditsfeastshavebeengivenrequestofthemmeasures."

"...Sorry?"

Harry lowered his head and closed his eyes, tears of mortifications forming behind his eyelids.

"I-I'm dying ... J-I'm dying for you to bite me and if you don't do it, I will not answer to my actions anymore." Harry voice broke towards the end of the sentence. He was as red as a peony because he was so ashamed.

Harry clenched his fists, clutching his jaw. Mark had sent him to see Alpha knowing how humiliating it would be. And he did it knowingly: what an asshole!

Tom got up and pushed his chair back, which creaked against the floor in a deafening noise. He came to stand in front of his desk, leaning slightly on it. He paused for a long time, unconsciously helping in increasing the anxiety that the young Homoïy felt. Then Tom did something that surprised Harry, so he looked up at the regent chief: Tom laughed. A crystalline laugh, very charismatic, that causes Harry's heart to miss a beat.

"You are dying to get my bite? Really?" Tom said, the amusement in his voice. "Well, what's a good news, should I give it to you now?"

Harry bit his lip, and looked away, embarrassed. His body betrayed him by emitting pheromones in large numbers, mixed with the oil he had put earlier: it offered a delicious nectar to the Alpha.

The regent approached him with a predatory gait, his gaze, intense, fixed on his prey. The young Homoïy quivered on his spot, feeling the Alpha's eyes survey his whole body in an indecent way.
and blushed even more.

Harry was trapped. Shit, what had made him listen to Mark?

The meeting with the Alpha had left Harry quite dazed. On one hand, he was reassured because the regent leader had implied that he would not return him to the ODO, reassured also because he hadn't been bitten yet. But on the other hand, he was disappointed not to have received the bite. Yes he contradicted himself, but that was the sign of the disagreement between his body and his will. He didn't think himself ready for the bite, but his body was.

However, he found it soothing that the Alpha took the time to discern the situation and to notice that Harry didn't come by his freewill. It was the fear of being returned that had pushed Harry to offer himself as he had done. Because in the end that was what Mark had advised him, to offer himself like a common 'prostitute' to the regent chief.

It had been so humiliating that Harry didn't know if he would ever be able to look at the regent chief in his eyes.

'I should have stayed on my first impression,' Harry thought.

He should have been wary of Mark, because his intentions weren't so pure in the end. Mark was hiding his game well, and today it could have gone bad for Harry. He thought back to Draco and wondered if that was why Draco had ignored him all this time.

'It is true that he had advised me to stay away from kralj and that I didn't take his advice into account,' he thought.

Harry resolved to go see the young blonde tomorrow as soon as he had the opportunity to try to fix things.

Well, It seems like it will be complicated to have good relations with the members of his nest…

... ..

"Come in," Harry shouted when someone knocked on his door.

"Hello, I came to bring you your evening cup."

"Oh yes, put it on the table please."

The servant did and went out quickly. Harry looked at the cup and raised it to his lips. He stopped and looked at the blackish liquid with wariness, inspecting it.

This tea had raised a lot of questions today, and he wondered if it was not poison in the end. Harry laughed, thinking that if it was, he would be dead or have already felt the aftermath, since he drank it every night.
'But I'd have to ask Mark for the name of his tea to do some research on it.' Harry thought, however, after taking a sip, he forgot his previous thought.

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