

as long as you're by my side we'll make all dreams come true

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as long as you're by my side we'll make all dreams come true

by [georgerus63](#)

Summary

University is said to be the greatest time of your life but George's second year suddenly takes a turbulent turn when he falls for Lewis and is suddenly in the middle of a series of unwanted events.

Notes

Before we get into this mess, some information:

This fanfiction is more or less a rewritten version of an older fanfiction I posted on Asianfanfics in 2017, so if you want to read something really horrible, I will drop you the name. The original is a High School AU while I found a University AU a bit more fitting for F1.

It's a shape-shifting story, meaning everyone has their own wolf form. Most of the time the form is identical with someone's hair colour but there are exceptions as you will see during this fanfiction.

Lastly, I will try to weekly update this fanfiction as having pressure actually motivates me to write more but I also have university at the same time, so I want to apologise in advance for delays. It's roughly planned out for 30 chapters but it can still change.

Lastly, have fun and enjoy!! Kudos and comments are very much appreciated 💖💖💖

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

One

To be fair, George has imagined university to be a bit more different - living alone and being independent, finding new hobbies and friends.

Definitely not getting wasted on a Wednesday night with his roommates without a reason, who do indeed have a talent for asking awful questions, once that second vodka shot hits.

"Come on, I know that you have a crush, don't lie to me!" Lando states loudly, not caring about Alex's annoyed eye-roll. "I can see right through you!"

"Just because we've been at this university for a year now, doesn't mean that I was social enough to meet someone?!" Alex answers as he grabs some chips from the bag George is holding under his nose. "No Lando, I don't have one." The bright red cheeks tell George something different but he prefers to stay quiet.

"Me too," George adds quickly and stuffs his mouth with some more salty crisps.

"You've got to be kidding me! No one?!" Lando looks a bit flabbergasted, not sure what to think of his friends. "Oh god, am I the only one again?"

"It's not our fault that you've fallen for the first fashion major that crossed your way!" Alex argues back and takes the bag from George's hands, who has followed the whole story in an amused manner.

Lando rolls his eyes dramatically before he pouts and hugs his pillow close. It's one that is not integrated in the wall structure of their shared nest but from Lando's bed. Alex giggles at Lando's face before taking another pillow, throwing it on Lando to annoy the youngest Omega.

"Guys, you're ruining the nest!" George complains half-heartedly, he is more than used to their constant bickering.

George met the two first when he entered year 9, having moved with his parents to Oxford for his mother's job. The two other Omegas had already presented at that point, yet still took George into their friendship, seeing how many problems he had to adapt to his new class and teachers. It wasn't long before George presented himself, also as an Omega and it tightened their friendship bond a lot. They stuck together for their final years and graduation, applying for their universities together on the floor of Alex' house's living room. Once the acceptance letters came flying in and they all realised they ended up in the same university in London, the joy had been even bigger. Alex was studying English Literature, Lando got into International Business Relations and George made it into the Forensic Sciences course he had always dreamt about.

It turned out even better when they found out they would share a dorm in their student accommodation, having got a nice flat with three separate rooms and small kitchen and bathroom to share. It certainly helped them all in their first weeks, having a safe space where

they could curl up together, talk about their hopes and worries. it also started the tradition of building a big nest in someone's room they could share whenever they needed it. Or use it for useless drinking in the middle of the week like right now.

"Earth to George?"

"Huh? Oh sorry, I got lost in my own thoughts for a second."

"We could tell." Alex says before pulling him over, George snuggling against the soft material of the dark blue sweater that the Thai Omega is wearing, taking in Alex' comforting scent that reminds him of white chocolate. He makes a good cushion George decides and reaches over to grab some more crisps.

"Anyway," Lando waves his hands around, trying to get their attention back on him, "have you heard about the new packs?"

"Who hasn't, they try to get you to join one wherever you go on the campus..." Alex trails off. Technically, they are a little pack of three. George couldn't ever imagine leaving his friends behind for any pack on the planet. The only problem is that packs consisting of only Omegas are frowned upon. It's said that they need at least one Alpha to keep them safe, to help them during their heats. As if they didn't make it through them alone in their teens all the time and now suddenly need some Alpha to lend them a hand. Or well, some dick in that case.

"I wish they wouldn't pester us about it every five minutes..." George mutters under his breath and pulls Lando into their small cuddle pile too. The youngest shuffles around a bit before he is comfortable lying between the two of them "It's so annoying."

"But, imagine a real pack." Lando whispers and Alex sighs, ruffling their youngest' hair.

"If you want to go and join one, you can always do that. We won't stop you from trying out, we're not a proper pack. And as long as you remember that you can always come back to us if you need it, we're totally okay with it."

The young Omega nods and George feels Alex putting his arm around them.

"Our pup is going to leave us for his fashion student and a pack he barely knows and you just let it happen?" George cries out in fake hurt, earning himself some slaps on his arms. "Ow, you ungrateful shits!" He can only roll his eyes at the laughter that echoes back.

The thing is, the first packs are formed as soon as they start presenting around the age of fifteen, sixteen, during their teen years in school. Most of them aren't meant for a long time, it's experimenting with dynamics and most start to break up as soon as after graduating. The fact that three Omegas have stayed together is a miracle.

Long-lasting packs are formed later during someone's life, at university or work, wherever you end up one day and feel comfortable. Sometimes it can only include your own family members, sometimes it's 30 people you trust. There are not many rules except that there needs to be a leader, a Pack Alpha or Beta, less likely an Omega. Stereotypes and prejudices

still exist. George has heard about it all but still, ending with a pack has never really been his priority. He'd be more than happy alone but he won't blame Lando for being an overexcited social butterfly that loves to make new friends and join a pack one day.

"The fashion student has a name, Charles. And the pack seems to be very nice."

"Wait you know his name? Finally?" Alex moves around a bit, staring in shock at Lando.

"You've actually talked to him?"

"No," Lando blushes and looks away, fumbling with the hem of his sweater. "Max, one of the Omegas in my language courses knows him because they share some classes. Charles is from Monaco and an Alpha."

George sighs and reaches for his water bottle that got lost somewhere in the nest. "Mate, you're having a very expensive taste I'd like to say."

Lando slaps him lightly again before leaning back against Alex, noising on his collar bone.

"You're a meanie, George."

"Pff. As if you aren't the first to throw insults."

"Guys, please." Alex manoeuvres Lando around a bit before slotting himself against the small Omega, spooning him so he can look at George. "I have a class at 10 tomorrow, I'm going to sleep now."

"He's turning old," George whispers as he throws the bag of crisps out of the nest together with the half-empty bottle of vodka and takes the free spot on Lando's other side.

"I can basically see your grin, wipe it off your face, Russell." Alex comments, not even opening his eyes anymore.

"Fine," George pulls a face for Lando, to which the other Omega replies with giggles before he pulls the covers over all of them and turns the lights off.

"Night guys." Alex murmurs, sounding more than half-asleep now.

"Night."

"Ew there are crisps everywhere! Quick, turn on the light again!"

"No, go to sleep Lando." George feels Lando hitting his chest as the Omega shuffles around, squeaking at the crisp crumbs.

"I fucking hate both of you."

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George is the first one to wake up, the alarm hasn't even gone off yet. He can't feel his left arm because Lando is clinging onto it for dear life and George has a hard time to pry him off

without waking the other Omega up. He manages to free himself a minute later and leaves the shared nest to get ready, closing the door behind him to not disturb the two sleeping Omegas.

His first lecture won't start before lunch so he technically has all morning to be a bit lazy. George decides against it, planning to go to the library and work himself through some lectures and notes. He brushes his teeth before making his way from the bathroom back to his own room, the nest they slept in is in Alex' room this time. George changes into a comfy black sweater, one that was originally Benjy's but that he stole from his brother before leaving for university.

George is not really in the mood to leave, dark November clouds hanging over London, promising a good amount of rain over the whole day. The type that will soak your shoes and leave you with a cold feeling all day. He turns to the mirror to fix his hair a bit, it sticks from his head in very weird angles.

The odd thing is - it's brown, the same tone as everyone has in his family. But in his wolf form, when he shifts? It's suddenly snow-white. George hates it through and through. A white wolf is said to bring bad luck and even if it's just an old tale, George knows most people won't be friendly towards him if they knew. Lando, Alex and his family does but apart from that, no one. George rarely shifts, only when the urge can't be suppressed much longer and he knows that no one is around to see him. And it's just another reason why he doesn't want to join a pack. They'd throw him out as soon as they know.

George shakes his head, not in the mood to bother himself with his same old worries. He puts on his glasses, fixes a few more hair strands and then makes his way into their kitchen. It's a tiny room that barely fits the oven, the cupboards, a table for the three boys but they somehow made it work. Alex even found space to put a ton of plants, to give it more of a homey feeling and friendly atmosphere.

He prepares a can of coffee for all of them and makes sure to leave the machine on, so it will be warm once the two other sleepyheads decide to wake up. George makes himself a quick sandwich for the library and checks if he needs to bring back some groceries but their fridge is still stacked from their last grocery shopping. The Omega makes sure no crumbs are lying around before packing his bag, stuffing his laptop and notebook in it, together with his water bottle. Before he leaves, he decides to check on Lando and Alex who are still sleeping, Lando now tightly clinging on Alex' side. George can't help but take a quick photo, obviously for blackmailing them into doing their chores, of course.

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Half an hour later, George arrives at the campus and for a Thursday morning, it's still pretty empty. George wouldn't be surprised if it's the rain's fault, a slight drizzle has started to come down since he left the tube. The library is empty too, exam season still far and George doesn't have to fight for his favourite spot, hidden at a window in the science aisle. Probably one of the few places where George can open his textbook in peace without risking someone screaming.

Some pictures in there are... pretty disgusting, George has to admit that.

He puts on his headphones and selects a random playlist before he works himself through a few chapters, makes some notes and doodles in his notebook. It's so interesting that the Omega quickly forgets the time. When George looks on his phone the next time, his lecture is set to start in ten minutes.

Panic flows through him as George quickly stuffs everything back in his bag, not caring if he crumples a few of his notes. His forensics professor is not one for jokes and hates everyone who is too late for her lectures. It's worse that George needs at least fifteen minutes to the forensics faculty, if he runs he maybe has a chance to be on time. The Omega slips out of the library easily, onto the campus that is filled with a few more students huddled under umbrellas now. George easily slips through them as the rain grows stronger with every minute.

After a moment of running, he can already see the building in the distance, just the last corner-

Suddenly everything is happening very fast. George bumps hard into someone that is coming around the corner, the next second he slips on the wet concrete. The dark clouds above him wander before his eyes, cold rain hits his face before there is a strong pain spreading through the backside of his head. Someone is leaning over him, blocking out the rain, his mouth is moving. George stares back, a static noise filling his ears. The guy starts shaking his shoulder as black dots move into George's vision before he loses consciousness.

Two

When George wakes up, he can make out two blurry shapes moving above him as he tries to open his eyes. A stinging pain makes his head throb but it dulls out the longer George can cling onto consciousness. At least one good sign.

“George? Can you hear me?” The Omegas eyes wander over to the voice, belonging to no one else than his professor. Mrs. Wolff leans down to eye him with a worried expression, brows furrowed.

“Yes, sorry.” George groans, holding his hand to his head. There is no more rain falling down on him, he realises, only his clothes that are clinging to his skin uncomfortably. He tries to sit up, a pained whimper leaves his lips as his vision begins to swim before his eyes again. Another pair of hands helps him into a sitting position while Mrs. Wolff musters him with a stern glare that makes him want to disappear.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about, George.”

“Be careful, you’re bleeding a bit.” A second voice, deep and yet so soft like honey says, making George shiver at the sound. The voice is making his insides tingle and his Omega purr in happiness. It scares him because he had never felt like this before. “Is it too much? Should we bring you to the hospital?”

“No, it’s okay. I’m sure it will stop in a second anyway,” George quickly argues. The last thing he wants to do is spending his day in the emergency room.

“Are you really sure?” The voice asks again and the guy moves around into his vision. George has already guessed by his dulled scent that he must be another Alpha but *holy shit*. He is gorgeous. The Alpha has beautiful dark brown glittering eyes that seem so gentle at the same time, making George feel like he forgot how to breathe. His scent is sweet, like a fruit he can’t really place and something sharper... lime grass... George decides he likes the scent while he’s not able to tear his eyes away from the Alpha. His braids are tied into a neat bun and he’s wearing a black rain coat. Rain coats shouldn’t look this good on a person and yet the Alpha could be fresh out of a fashion magazine.

“Uh- yes, I just need a tissue-” George rambles out, when he finally catches himself again. His cheeks heat up at the thought that he probably stared rudely at the other. Desperate to not let the other see it, he starts patting his pockets in search for a tissue before one is suddenly held in front of him. The Alpha waits until George takes it, smiling ever so gently.

Mrs. Wolff next to them sighs loudly before getting up from the ground. “If you’re good to go George, let a friend bring you back home, I will send you a mail with tasks I want on my desk until Monday. You’re excused for the next days and if I see you anywhere that is not your bed, I will drag you back to your dorms personally.” The Alpha says, dusting off her suit and grabbing her bag. “Lewis, can you stay with until someone picks him up? I need to get to my lecture now.”

“Sure, no problem.” The Alpha responds, worried eyes straying back to George when the Omega presses his hands to the floor as a wave of dizziness washes over him, nearly making him fall over again.

“Great, see you around then. Get well soon, George.”

Lewis... so that's his name, George thinks as he fights his hardest against the black dots in his vision, paying no attention to his professor leaving the two behind.

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Lewis feels sorry for the pale Omega in front of him, who is still swaying from time to time, despite sitting on the ground.

It has definitely not been his intention to crash into the taller one but the Omega, *George*, had been so fast, Lewis couldn't catch him when he slipped. He himself had been on his way to the library, to meet up with Valtteri and Daniel to discuss some pack matters when the crash happened. He doesn't even remember if he texted the two why he is going to be late.

Susie had thankfully been close when it happened and Lewis was surprised when she told him that the Omega was actually from her forensics course. She had no problem with helping Lewis to bring George into the dry hallway of their faculty, where they had moved him into the recovery position. George had already been soaked by the rain and when Lewis had the chance to take a good look at the Omega, he noticed the dirt stains on his coat and how the blood and water clumped his hair together.

And yet, he must have been one of the prettiest Omega's Lewis has ever laid eyes on. Soft yet sharp features, long lashes framing his eyes. Oh, those eyes that seemed to draw Lewis in when he looked into them for the first time. Curious and bright, combined with the shy smile on the Omega's lips and red cheeks, it was hard for Lewis to turn his gaze away. He seemed so cute and innocent and at the same time somehow not.

No, you have a boyfriend, Lewis reminds himself, effectively bringing his brain back into reality before he hands George another tissue to press it against the wound on the back side of his head.

“You really don't want to let a doctor check over this? Maybe you need stitches...”

“It's not bleeding that strong. Maybe tomorrow but today I only want to shower and get into my bed,” the Omega groans out, pressing his hand in front of his eyes. “Sorry the light is hurting in my eyes. And sorry for running into you.”

“Don't worry, I'm fine. Can't say the same about you.”

“I'm going to call my friend to get me,” George answers, avoiding his gaze suddenly and Lewis has to admit he already misses looking at the sparkling orbs. He watches as the Omega pulls out his phone, looking for the contact of his friend.

It takes two tries before someone answers, George quickly explaining the situation to Lando, Lewis catches the name of the friend by accident. It is quite adorable how the Omega quietly informs the other over his misery, face bright red as he shyly looks away from the Alpha in front of him.

“Somebody comes and gets you?” Lewis dares to ask when George turns off the screen with a small sigh, obviously having finished the call.

“Yes, Lando should be here any minute. Thank you so much again for helping me.”

“It was the least I could do,” Lewis hesitates, not sure what else to say to the Omega who presses the tissue back against his head, checking if he is still bleeding. Thankfully, they are saved from the awkward silence soon as a young man arrives, panting heavily from sprinting all the way.

“George, what the heck are you doing?! Are you okay, do you need to get an ambulance?” He pushes Lewis aside gently, crouching down in front of George, turning the Omegas head in every direction. “That looks nasty!”

Lewis is ready to growl and push the other away before he can stop himself from doing so. It feels weird because he has never reacted in front of another Omega like this and he’s embarrassed because George’s friend is an Omega too, the sweet smell of candy floss giving him right away. “If you are okay with it, I’m going to leave.” Lewis informs them carefully, getting up from the ground as the Omegas continue to fuzz a bit over each other.

“Thank you so much for helping me,” George says quietly, smiling at him and Lewis can’t help but smile back at him. “You don’t need to stay if you’re busy but... I really owe you one for this.”

“You don’t owe me anything. Maybe just don’t run in the rain anymore.” He winks at the Omega before giving them both a short wave, making his way towards his own lecture hall.

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Lewis stays on George’s mind the whole day.

Lando had brought him home, put him straight to bed after they checked again that the wound has stopped bleeding and cleaned it properly. His friend brings him pain meds and some food, leftovers from the last night and dims the light in the room before snuggling into George’s side.

“Out of all Alphas, you’re running into Lewis Hamilton...” He murmurs as George shoves another spoon of curry in his mouth, a family recipe from Alex.

“You know him?”

Lando moves around and looks up at him, confusion on his face. “Who doesn’t?”

“Me, apparently.” George huffs out and takes another bite.

“He’s a law student and Claire Williams’ golden boy. You know I have some law classes and you can’t take them without not talking about his essays, he’s brilliant.”

“Oh, I really didn’t know him. Maybe I’ve seen him before...”

“I thought Prof Wolff would talk about him, she adores him. Even her husband, Toto, spoke about Lewis in my business’ class.”

George sighs and scrapes the last rice on his spoon. Lewis is intriguing him, every single aspect. His scent had been so comforting and calming, unlike all the other Alphas he has met before. He had kept a respectful distance, not crowding George, not forcing himself close to the Omega. And his eyes, the soft look in them... George feels his stomach tingling at the thought of the Alpha once more.

“I know that look,” Lando comments dryly as he takes the empty bowl out of George’s hands, putting it aside on the night stand. “He has a boyfriend.”

“Has he?” George tries hard to not sound too disappointed but apparently Lando can see right through him.

“Yes, Nico Rosberg. Med student, best of all his classes. They are basically the university’s power couple. He’s an Omega too and according to Max, in a league above all of us.”

“How come that Max knows him? I thought he’s a fashion student?”

Lando grins before curling himself tighter around George, tugging his head under George’s chin. Lando’s smell is very comforting despite it being so sweet, and George feels himself getting drowsy. Now that the pain is dimmed down, he’s full of food and warm all over.

“Max at one point had some beef with Nico but don’t ask me what it is about. And Max also knows Charles, who knows everyone and everything and apparently is not very friendly with Nico too.”

“Charles-Charles?”

Lando whines quietly, poking his finger into George’s ribs. “Yes, that Charles.”

“You’re so gone for him, aren’t you?” George can’t help it but has to tease the small Omega some more. “Look how red your cheeks are suddenly!”

“As if you looked better some minutes ago when we talked about Lewis!”

George stares back at Lando in shock, feeling his own cheeks heat up. Dammit, he got caught right away.

“Did you know that Lewis has a pack? Doesn’t really surprise me, he definitely has Pack Alpha aura. Max’ boyfriend is in there and Charles is too.” Lando yawns loudly and George joins him, sleepiness clouding his mind. “You really need to meet Max by the way, he’s simply lovely.”

“Hm, sure.” George closes his eyes, head rolling to the side as he feels that Lando’s body grows more lax against his side.

“If I could choose to join a pack, this one sounds right.”

“Lando...” George whines in his half-asleep state, not wanting to start any discussions now.

“They treat Omegas fair, just saying. And you could be closer to Lewis...”

“I’m not going after a taken Alpha. Stop breaking your head over such things and go to sleep.” George whispers and strokes over Lando’s cheek, seeing his eyes fluttering close again.

“No, you just run straight into them.”

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George wakes up to noises coming from outside his room. His side is feeling cold, Lando must have woken up a while ago then. When his brain seems to finally be awake too, he recognises the voices as Alex’ and Lando’s and another unknown one.

He can’t really smell any scent, that means they are not right in front of his room but George is also not keen on getting up and checking it himself. His head is hurting again, maybe he should really go to a doctor if it doesn’t get better soon.

George sighs and slowly sits up, sorting out his pillows a bit before cuddling back under the covers. He’s still very much tired and would prefer to just go back to sleep but the voices outside also make him curious. Who could it be? They normally never invite any guests over, their dorm is what others would call their pack space. It’s something intimate, private, you don’t let others in easily.

The voices grow quieter before the front door shuts, a noise that George easily recognises after living here for over a year now. A moment later, there’s a light knock on his room door.

“Yeah? Come in please.”

Alex moves his head around the door, worry written all over his face. “What the heck have you done now, George? Running into Lewis Hamilton?”

“Please don’t tell me you know him too...” George whines and shoves his face into his pillow, embarrassed over the stupid situation this morning. “And don’t remind me of it.”

“Pf of course I know him. Out of all Alphas it has to be him, you drama queen.” Alex looks very unimpressed and moves into the room, followed by Lando.

“Sorry, I had to tell him.” Lando admits, shrugging a bit. “I couldn’t come up with another explanation why we’re already home.”

“As if I wouldn’t have found it out by myself sooner or later,” Alex sighs, slumping down on the edge of George’s bed. Lando climbs back under the covers too, snuggling into George’s

side again.

“Max was at the door, he wanted to check if you’re okay.” Lando now explains, voice muffled from where his face is pressed into George’s shoulder. “Lewis is worried that you are hurt.” George feels his cheeks heat up and Alex groans from his spot on the bed.

“Are you for real? You run into him and now you’re blushing like a damsel in distress?”

“I wouldn’t say damsel in-” Lando starts but Alex only rolls his eyes.

“Yeah, well he is one.” George whines at his friend’s words again, embarrassment making his ears turn pink. “Straight up falling into his arms, you have some ways, Russell.”

“Guys, it’s horrible enough, please don’t remind me every three minutes.”

“Hah, I’m going to talk about this at your mating ceremony.” Lando chimes in, a wide grin stretching over his face.

“No you won’t,” Alex firmly says. “Okay maybe, but only if it’s Lewis.” He adds after a few seconds, making Lando cheer.

“It will definitely be Lewis.” The youngest Omega adds and George feels the urge to shove them both down from his bed.

“Anyway, Max invited us to the party his boyfriend Daniel is throwing on Saturday. We don’t have to go if you’re not feeling well but Max wanted to offer it as an apology for the instance.”

“Why is he offering that, it was me who ran into Lewis?” George looks at the two other Omegas confused, not sure if he is catching up with what is going on.

“Yeah you did mate. But in the end you were the tall bean stake who crumbled like dry sand.” Alex remarks dryly and George glares back at his friend. Well, ex-friend if it goes on like this.

“I’d really like to go...” Lando mumbles quietly, bringing the attention back to the topic. Of course, he wants to go, it’s hosted by the pack his crush is in.

“If you two want to go, you really should, no matter if I’m feeling well enough or not... You don’t have to sit out just because I’m sick.”

“But-”

“No buts. You should go and still have some fun.” George argues back firmly, leaving no room for arguments.

“Fine, then we are going to a party on Saturday. With or without you George,” Alex concludes.

George can practically feel the happiness radiating from Lando when Alex agrees and can't help but smile too. Deep down he hopes he's really going to feel better, the chance of seeing Lewis again makes him so excited.

And there is still a whole day left until Saturday.

Three

As if the universe wants George to go to that party, his headache gets better on Friday and is nearly gone by Saturday. The wound on the back of his head is barely visible too, hidden under his brown hair, that's at least what Alex and Lando tell him. He decides to trust the two on this for once while his mind is already wandering back to Lewis. The Alpha will be at the party too and if George spends a lot of time on choosing an outfit and fixing his hair, then it is how it is.

The three Omegas arrive together for the party that can be heard from three blocks away already. It looks like Daniel Ricciardo decided to invite the whole university, multiple people are making their way in the same direction. It's hosted in one of the many student clubs that can be rented for a day and despite the cold weather a lot of people are standing outside it, having a smoke or a chat.

Inside the student club it is mostly dark, the only lights are coming from the small stage where someone is taking care of the music and spotlights somewhere above him. It is loud and the air is warm and sticky, making George not regret wearing a T-shirt and leaving his warm coat at the entrance. In the middle of the club is a dance floor with multiple bodies pressing close and George knows what he will avoid. A quick glance over to Alex tells him that the fellow Omega has the same thought. At the sides, there are tables and booths to sit down, if they have luck, they will find themselves an empty one.

"Lando, hey!" A blonde man makes his way over, a wide grin on his face.

"Hi Max!" Lando yells back, waving excitedly. George uses the moment to eye the other Omega, who must be the one that invited them here. He has dirty blonde hair, with broad shoulders that would make George mistake him as an Alpha, matching the sharp expression on his face. Only when he smiles again, George can see how much his features soften as Max hugs Lando close.

"I'm so glad you came with your friends!" Max flashes them a big smile too before he's gesturing behind him with his hand. "Make yourself comfortable! I don't know where Dan or Lewis are, I'm sure they will pop up at one point to greet you too!"

George has a hard time understanding Max, the music is pretty loud and starts to hurt slightly in his head. Maybe this was not a good idea, he smiles back at Max, who musters him suddenly.

"You sure your head is okay?"

"Nah, I'm fine mate. don't worry." He lies with an easy smile, not wanting to ruin Alex' or Lando's mood now.

"Good to hear, enjoy yourselves then!" Max yells over the music, some new and louder song than before starts to play. The Omega takes Lando's arm and drags him in the direction of the bar, leaving Alex and George behind for themselves.

"I think I'm getting a drink too, can't hurt." Alex screams in his ear and George nods in understanding. "I'm going to grab you something light too, you're not overdoing it."

"That would be great, thanks!" Alex takes off in the direction that Max and Lando went and George contemplates following him but then opts to look around for a quiet space in the stuffy club. Judging by the mass of people at the bar, it could take some time until Alex is back.

George is halfway through the club, now on his way to look at the back for an empty table when he hears yelling behind him.

"Hey beauty, want to join me?!" A voice shouts, this time closer to him and George feels someone grabbing his arm. He is twirled around and comes face to face with an unknown guy, judging by the behaviour and build, probably an Alpha. There is no chance to catch for George to catch the guy's scent at first, too many linger in the room but there is only one second gender that likes to act like this. The unknown Alpha looks proud of himself, being a bit smaller than George, looking like the perfect example of a douchebag with his over styled blonde hair. George's nose suddenly catches something in the scents that linger around him that makes him shudder. He needs to be careful now.

"Sorry, no. I'm here with some friends." He tries to turn around and move on but he's pulled back.

"Hey, you're going to enjoy it, trust me!"

"No, let me go. I'm here with friends." George tries again, proud that his voice isn't shaking and firm.

"Did you just disobey me, *Omega* ?" He is using his Alpha voice, George realises when he freezes in place, his body not cooperating any longer. He has no option to disobey now and simply flee from the scene, not with his brain betraying him like this. *Fuck, this is turning into a nightmare-*

Using your Alpha voice on unmated Omega's is forbidden but the guy is probably drunk and doesn't have control over himself. But that part exactly is what George scares the most. He can't even shout for help, the music is too loud for his friends to hear him. He's fucked.

George swallows hard and feels how his palms are getting sweaty. There are only two options for what is going to happen next: the guy lets him go, maybe even Alex appears magically out of nowhere and saves him. Or the Alpha will do something to George. He is old enough to know that option number one seems very unlikely.

"Answer me, *omega* !"

This isn't real, this isn't happening , he tells himself, screwing his eyes shut. *Alex, maybe even Lando will appear any second now.* George can feel his fingers shaking as his body is still glued to the spot.

"Tsk, what should I do with you?" The alpha asks as he leans in and George can clearly smell now that he is drunk.

" *Nothing* ." A voice says behind George with such strength, it sends goosebumps down his spine.

The unknown Alpha looks annoyed past the Omega, rolling his eyes. "Come on Lewis, I just want to have a little fun with him. Have you ever seen an Omega with such beautiful eyes?"

Lewis. Oh god, Lewis is here. And he can maybe actually help him out of this.

George's head flies around to meet the other Alpha's eyes, silently pleading to be saved. His attacker's fingers are digging deeper into his arm, making him whine in pain as he gets pulled to the man's side.

"Are you insane? Let him go right now." Lewis growls out and his voice holds so much power, it makes George weak in his knees. The grip on his arms softens a bit and George uses it to rip himself free, bringing a good meter distance between him and the Alpha. Lewis gently pulls him behind himself, acting as some type of shield as he still glares down the other Alpha. "Fuck off and leave or I'm calling the police." Lewis means it, the Alpha seems to sense it too and disappears into the crowd immediately.

"Are you okay? Did he touch you anywhere? Force you to take anything? Give him your number?" Lewis pulls him away to a more quiet spot, eyes checking him all over for visible injuries but not actually touching the Omega, which George really appreciates. "How's your head?"

"My head is okay, otherwise I wouldn't be here." George says softly, not sure if Lewis can even understand everything over the loud basses. He is grateful for the dimmed lights, otherwise Lewis would see how red his cheeks are. *Lewis really came to rescue him*. "And no he didn't do anything. Maybe grabbed my arm very hard but it won't be more than a few bruises."

George could swear that Lewis lets out a quiet growl but maybe his ears are just tricking him. "He has no right to touch you without your consent."

"It's fine, Lewis, I promise." George replies again and oh god, Lewis is like the Alpha of his dreams. George can feel his stomach doing flips as he melts under the Alpha's gaze. Lewis looks good in his see through shirt, giving George the chance to glance at his chest and holy-

"Lewis!" A voice interrupts his thoughts and another man makes his way over to them. He is wearing a white dress shirt with too many buttons opened, one of those thin, very expensive looking gemstone collar and the tightest pants known to humanity. He looks strikingly beautiful and George would guess it is an Omega too. Lewis takes some steps back from George, turning now towards the other man.

"Hey babe, I finally found you! Are you hiding from me?" He smiles widely at Lewis and suddenly it clicks for George.

This man is no other than the infamous Nico Rosberg, Lewis' boyfriend. George suddenly understands why they are dating. While Lewis is undoubtedly hot, body build like every Omega's wet dream and respectful and charming, Nico is one of the prettiest Omega's George has ever seen. His blonde hair is a bit longer, falling softly into his forehead and eyes while the rest of his face has such a soft flair to it, porcelain skin that seems absolutely flawless. His body is lean and he isn't as tall as Lewis, making him the walking Omega stereotype. George would kill to be this pretty but instead he also takes some steps back, feeling intimidated by the Omega's confident aura.

"No I would never. I was busy for a minute." Lewis replies as he moves his arm around Nico's waist.

"I see. And you are?" Nico musters him sharply now, eyebrows raised at George as his eyes wander over his body. He tries not to shrink under the Omega's gaze, feeling more than self-conscious.

"That's George, the guy I told you about."

"You're the one who ran into Lewis? What do you have your glasses for then?" Nico's eyes grow darker as he seems to remember the story.

"It was an accident, don't be so harsh on him." The Alpha defends George who still does not really know what to say. Nico more or less saves him from it when he rolls his eyes and takes Lewis' hand, pulling him away, back into the crowd of bodies moving against each other. George gets not spared another glance as he is left behind.

Great.

George sighs and tries to ban Lewis away from his head. He may be hot but he has a boyfriend. Which means that Lewis is out of reach and George isn't one to disrespect a relationship. Besides, his silly little crush on the older Alpha is probably just a phase. Instead of thinking about a taken man, George decides that he should finally look for his own friends, he has no clue where Alex and Lando could be.

After a few minutes of aimlessly wandering around in the club, being shoved around by dark shadows under the strobe lights, George finally finds Lando, sipping at a funny, bright looking blue cocktail.

"My my, did you think one drink could turn Alex into this?" Lando asks him, eyes fixed on something in front of them. George follows the other Omega's gaze confused, until he spots them.

"Oh my- that's Alex?!"

"Mh. And this has been going on for ten minutes now."

"Are you sure he isn't knackered??"

If George didn't remember cleaning his glasses this morning, he would have thought it's an illusion that is playing in front of him. But nope, it is indeed Alex, making out wildly with someone, a much smaller woman in the middle of the club. Sweet, shy Alex who has never used a single pick-up line, panics over too much unwanted attention and skypes with his cats once a week.

"Is that Lily He??" George gasps out and Lando's eyes grow bigger, disbelief spreading over his face. Lily isn't just a sports student but an upcoming, very successful rookie in golfing with a few model contracts in her bag. She's easily one of the people at their university that George definitely knows.

"Shit, it's really her. How...?" Lando gasps out before taking another sip from his cocktail. "I didn't even get to see Charles and Alex ends up with his tongue down the hottest Alpha's throat!"

"Don't ask me how he managed it, I would like to know too."

"I mean it's Alex, he's the biggest sweetheart. But this is so random." Lando goes on and offers George his glass, the tall Omega taking a small sip. It tastes more like sugar than anything else, no trace of alcohol to be found.

"Did Alex have this too?" George asks, handing Lando his drink back.

"Sure, Max got them for both of us."

"Lando... it's sugar with alcohol. If Alex had that, we know why he's brave enough to make out with Lily. Drinking that stuff too fast is dangerous if you can't hold your-"

Lando blinks at him for a moment before emptying the glass with big gulps, George watching his best friend in horror.

"No-"

"I'm looking for Charles now!"

George stares speechlessly as Lando wanders into the club, not looking back at George, obviously being a man on a mission. The Omega contemplates if he should get one too for a short second but to be fair, he'd rather not end on Lewis' lap by the end of the evening. He isn't much better with sweet drinks but compared to his two other friends, it would end in a disaster for him if he starts acting brave while drunk. Besides that, George has no problem to play the mom friend for once, his head started to pound a bit, the music combined with too much alcohol would be a bad idea.

"Geooooorge!" Alex yells in his ear, making George flinch as the other Omega's arms are suddenly slinging around his torso, face hidden against his neck.

"Are you drunk, Lex?"

"No. Okay maybe a tiny tiny bit. You wouldn't believe what just happened."

George chuckles and turns around in the other's embrace, enjoying Alex's comforting scent that he can smell now, his friend being so close to him. Alex's sweater and hair are ruffled, his lips are bright and swollen from the obvious kissing that happened just some seconds ago. George can't help but grin knowingly, patting Alex's shoulder softly.

"You want to tell Lando and me later? It's so loud in here." George raises his voice and Alex drops his head on his shoulder, giggling as he scents George a bit. It makes him catch Lily's scent, something spicy that is tickling in his nose but it's too faint to catch it. It means that despite them making out wildly, Lily never tried to scent Alex and it makes George happy, knowing the other Alpha is respectful with Alex's boundaries or as respectful as you can be drunk on a party.

"Where is Lando?" Alex slurs, growing quieter against George now and it probably won't take long from here until his tall friend falls asleep. Alex is going through his drunk moods in super speed, sadly.

"Finding Charles to do the same you did with Lily."

"You saw me- Lando is doing what?!" Alex seems wide awake within seconds, eyes roaming over the club. "George, he is a child!"

"He's 21, Alex and if he's with Charles, Max is probably close. And you're drunk." George is happy when Alex stops fumbling around, pouting at him but at least isn't trying to run off to get Lando. "He's probably coming back in a minute, he can hold his drink a tiny bit better than you."

"You're mean."

George grins as he sees Lando appearing back from the mass of people, a giddy grin on his face. "I know but it's just the truth. Mission accomplished?" The last part is for Lando, who happily snuggles into their sides.

"No, but I got his number!" Lando yells over the music before waving around his phone, cheeks flushed equally red as Alex's. "Can we go home now, please?"

George has to hold back a grin at his friend's behaviour, apparently both of their social batteries are empty. It is easy to get them to wave a quick goodbye to Max and the Alpha next to him, his boyfriend Dan, if George guesses it correctly. Lando and Alex don't complain much when George manoeuvres them onto the tube, back to their flat. Lando is babbling away the whole time a story about Max before going into great detail how he simply asked Charles for his number, the Alpha giving in easily. George only half-listens, his head filled with other thoughts. He has to work a bit to get them both up the stairs safely before they enter their apartment, where both fall into their shared nest, not bothering to take their clothes off. With a sigh, George frees them from their jackets and jeans, pulling the covers over the two sleepy-heads before he turns off the lights and climbs in next to Alex.

"Something's bothering you, G. You reek of worry."

“You know me too well,” George grumbles and presses a kiss to Alex temple, knowing he will run around in the morning, scrambling for tea and painkillers for his two friends. “I tell you later.”

“You better do,” Alex murmurs, voice growing quieter until his breath evens out and George can feel him go lax against him. The Omega himself can’t sleep, staring into the deep darkness of the room as the events of the evening pass by, his mind running miles. It always comes back to this one moment.

George groans quietly. So much for not falling and it’s *just* a silly little crush that will go away soon. When George finally falls asleep, Lewis’ dark brown eyes are everything that is on his mind.

Four

Chapter Notes

Time to meet Lewis pack! Hope you all enjoy it!! ^^

"I should have ended our friendship before you forced us to help you at this ungodly hour." Charles complains loudly while picking up some trash from the ground, a grimace of disgust covering the normally pretty face.

"It's eleven on a Sunday, that's not ungodly." Daniel replies amused and wrings his mop over the bucket, helping Max with wiping the floor.

"It is," Valtteri agrees from where he is picking up trash too."

"See, even Valtteri agrees with me," Charles uses the moment, dramatically flapping his arms around. "Maybe it's not ungodly but before my time. I need my sleep."

Max lets out an annoyed groan at Charles constant complaining and Daniel can just stop him on time before he throws a plastic cup at the Alpha. "Shut up and just do it, the faster we are finished then."

"Yeah and stop acting like you didn't enjoy the party, we all saw you with the Omega," Daniel grins and winks, making Charles turn into the same red colour as the sweater he's wearing. "We are nearly done, maybe half an hour before you can go back to-"

"Dan," Lewis interrupts him from behind the counter, scrubbing glasses together with Lily while he gives Dan a pointed look that makes him shut up. He had introduced a rule a while ago to not spill anyone's crushes, mostly because Daniel loved doing exactly that.

"Next time I'm playing sick." Valtteri sighs, clearly done with their shenanigans as Charles still desperately tries to recover from Daniel mentioning the Omega from last night. Lewis has to admit the situation is more than amusing, half of his pack looking like they are falling asleep while clutching on to the brooms. Only Lily and him seem to be alive, having done their morning jog already before they arrived for cleaning up.

"Come guys, it's nearly done," Lewis chimes in when the complaining stops for a short minute. "Then you can go sleep again."

"Nah, now it's too late," Max grumbles from where he tries to remove a sticky patch from the floor. "I'm going to catch up tomorrow by sleeping through my morning lecture. It's only fabric theories anyway." The Dutch Omega lets go of the mop, dropping it aimlessly into the bucket before he attaches himself to Dan's neck, effectively stopping the Alpha too from

cleaning further. It makes the rest of the pack groan, especially when Dan starts kissing Max, his hands wandering down with a clear destination.

“There are children in this room, you two horny bastards!” Lily shoves her hand in front of Callum’s eyes who just stepped into the room, having brought out a few full trash bags already.

“Hey! I’m 20, not 12!”

“Sh, Max and Dan eating each other’s tongue is something you don’t want to see at any age.” Lily chuckles as she takes the hand down, ruffling Callum’s hair a bit. Valtteri comes over to them and dumps the last of their decorations in another trash bag, tying it up as Charles makes loud gagging sounds in the back.

“Done, except for the floor, everything’s clean.” The Finish Alpha mutters and slots himself next to Lewis, who is polishing the last glasses. “We should just lock them in here.”

Lewis follows his gaze to the other side of the room, where Max finally pushes Daniel gently away from him. Max has so much love in his eyes when he looks at the Alpha, it makes Lewis’ heart melt. Knowing what troubles Max had gone through, it is good to see that he has found an Alpha he can finally fully trust and sealed the mating bond in the end. And Lewis would have never given his final okay if he didn’t have the same trust for Dan.

“Those two know how to make someone jealous.” Charles slots himself between Lewis and Valtteri, busying himself with putting the polished glasses away into the cupboard that is meant for them. They work mostly in silence for the last part, Lily and Valtteri moving all the trash bags out with Callum while Max and Daniel wipe the rest of the floor clean, whispering while doing so.

“You want to come over for an hour or two?” Daniel offers a few minutes later when they finished the final check-up, ready to hand the keys back to the owner. “You maybe wanna tell us some more about what happened last night?”

“Dan,” Lewis raises a warning finger that at least shuts Daniel up but the wide smirk stays on his face.

“Alright, alright, I didn’t say anything.” The Australian holds his hands up in surrender, before pulling Max into his side. Lewis notices the two are extremely touchy today, Max cuddled up in one of Dan’s horrendous band sweaters. It makes Lewis miss it, he and Nico have probably never been this close.

“Nah, I think I have to pass on this one, I’m going back to bed,” Valtteri announces, effectively ripping Lewis out of his dark thoughts. The Pack Alpha watches as Valtteri pulls Callum to his side. “And I’m taking this one with me, I can drop you off at your dorm.”

“Have I ever told you that you are my favourite?” Callum looks excited at the prospect of getting a ride home, not being stuck in the tube with all the tourists in London on a Sunday midday.

“Hm, I will remind you about this again in a few days,” Valtteri grumbles, not before gently ruffling the young boy’s hair.

Again, it warms Lewis’ heart, seeing how well they get on with each other, especially considering that Callum is a late bloomer. He might be twenty and a member of their pack but he has neither presented yet nor was able to change into his wolf form for the first time. Lewis knows how deep down it affects Callum, he sees him blinking away tears whenever they have a little wolf cuddle pie at their pack meetings. And it pains him that he can’t do anything for him but the pack is taking good care of him, showing that he is loved and not anything less because of that. Valtteri had been the one dragging Callum to them, back when the young boy had just started university and his engineering degree. Callum had been feeling excluded everywhere, crying in an empty corner at the library when the Finish Alpha had found him and Lewis simply couldn’t deny them. It explains why Valtteri is seeing him as his pup, overly fond and protective of him, somehow always sticking close.

“I’m also stuck with some essays, I have to skip,” Lily explains, searching for her car keys in her bag.

“Essays, that’s how you’re calling your secret Omega then?” Dan wiggles his eyebrows which earns him a hard jab into his ribs from Max and a loud groan from the rest of the pack.

“Stop being so god-damn noisy.”

“Your mate is right,” An angelic grin is spreading over the Alpha’s face as she finally pulls the keys from her bag. “Stop being noisy, I really have stuff to work. And a training plan that doesn’t do itself on its own sadly.”

“Alrighty, keep your secrets then,” Dan grins, no malice in his voice. “And you two?” He looks at Charles and Lewis, the first one just shaking his head, pointing at his phone.

“I’m meeting with my brother for lunch, sorry.”

“Same for me, Nico wanted to spend some more time with me.” Lewis ignores the new round of groans and rolled eyes from the pack, knowing their opinion about Nico all too well. “Oh come on guys, he isn’t that bad.”

“Mate, he straight up whines and bitches about everything. He’s probably going to ask you again the whole time if he can join the pack” Max grumbles but Lewis ignores it by now, he is more than familiar with their distrust in the other Omega. They do love to remind very often of that. “Why him, why not the cute guy that ran into you the other day? I saw him yesterday, he seems lovely.”

Lewis stares at Max, flustered in front of his whole pack. He’s spending too much time with Daniel, that is what is going on here.

“Wait, what cute guy?” The Australian chimes in, a dangerous glint in his eyes. Even Valtteri stopped walking and he never bothers himself with gossip. Lewis isn’t going to come out of this unscathed, isn’t he?

“Shut up, Dan, you’re going to meet George probably soon enough,” His mate tuts, a devilish grin on his face as Lewis feels his cheeks heating up.

“Max, stop-” Lewis starts, not wanting to think about the soft, tall Omega again. George had been on his mind since their unfortunate crash and after saving him from the Alpha yesterday, it has got worse. Nico complained the whole evening, demanding Lewis’ attention and the Alpha simply couldn’t understand why Nico seemed so insecure. Sure, George was cute but he wouldn’t start being disloyal to Nico over some daydreams and encounters.

“We should invite him for lunch sometime, isn’t he friends with Lily’s mysterious Omega too?” Max grins even more evilly and Lewis makes a mental note to introduce a stricter ‘No talk about crushes’ - rule. The old one clearly doesn’t seem to work.

“He’s not-” Lily rolls her eyes at Max before taking a deep breath. “I’m leaving now, Charles do you need a ride too?”

“That would be amazing of you!” The Alpha who has stayed quiet the last minute grins widely, making Max huff out an annoyed sound before following Lily to her car, waving to the rest of them. “See you on Monday in class, Maxy!”

“Yeah, that’s our sign to leave too,” Valtteri starts and gently shoves Callum in the direction of his car. “Text us if you’re meeting for lunch on Monday?”

“Sure,” Lewis nods, ruffling Callum’s hair when the two pass him, making the boy groan in annoyance but he makes no move to fix the mess on his head. Lewis suspects that despite all the groaning, Callum enjoys it secretly a lot.

“You two are truly some shit-stirrers,” Lewis turns to the mated pair, the two remaining with the buckets and cleaning stuff in their hands. Max and Dan only smile back at him in an angelic manner as the Australian looks for his car key. “Truly a match made in heaven.”

“Can you blame us?” Max shrugs as he moves past the pack Alpha, towards the parking lot.

“Yeah, yeah. See you on Monday.”

×

When George wakes up, he’s alone in the nest. Alex and Lando must have got up already, he can hear the shower running quietly from behind the closed door and there are some noises coming from the kitchen. The Omega rolls around a bit, suffocated under the blankets his friends put on him but there is an itch under his skin that doesn’t go away.

George sighs loudly into the silence of his room, he knows what it means. He hasn’t shifted into his wolf form in ages because he hates it so much. As if the white fur branding him as an omen of misery isn’t enough, he has to be so small, he looks like a pup, not an adult.

Still, the itch grows worse, making George sit up. At least his body only tells him to shift, a heat would be way worse now.

But why? He has gone months now with ignoring it, why is it turning this bad right now? Is it because of Lewis? Because he dreamt of nothing else all night? The soft brown eyes, the calm and friendly expression he always seems to have on his face? The prickling feeling he left on his skin where he touched him?

The itch grows worse again, making him nearly whine out loud in distress. George sighs quietly and shifts around in the nest, making himself space by pushing the blankets aside. There is no reason to suppress the feeling any longer, the quicker he gives in, the sooner it's over.

The shifting isn't painful, not after having done it so often. Yet, it feels a bit uncomfortable and weird after such a long time, the feeling of his bones and skin shifting disgusts George deeply. It's over as soon as it starts, barely taking a second. George opens his eyes again, the world looking so different now.

The room seems larger as he puts his head on his paws, staring into Alex' mirror across the room. The white fur is shining stark in comparison to the fabrics of the nest and if it is not enough, his wolf form is absolutely tiny, looking like he's drowning in the nest. Even Lando managed to be bigger than him as a wolf and George is sure that someone must have hated him deeply to make him so tiny.

He gets up, legs a bit wobbly before making his way through the nest, jumping into the soft warmth of the piled up blankets. He pats around a bit, creating himself a small nest in the big nest before curling up in between the blankets. The itch is gone, replaced with a feeling of calmness, finally.

George can't help himself but closes his eyes and drifts back into a nice, deep sleep.

A scream suddenly rips him out of his dreams, making George sit up straight, trying to free himself out of the blankets that have piled up on him. Alex' worried voice is reaching his ears, making George conclude that the yell must have come from Lando. His nose catches their scents easily, Lando's filled with pain and it stings. Painful whimpers from Lando reach his ears next and George debates to get up and check on them but he's too small to open the door without shifting back.

"I think it's broken!" Lando sounds panicked, voices coming closer now.

"Go in the nest, I will try so find some ice." Alex tries to calm him but George can hear the worry in his voice clearly.

The door is pushed open and a teary eyed Lando rushes in, clutching his left hand tightly while Alex remains standing at the door, looking a bit unsure as he doesn't spot George immediately. George shuffles out from the blankets, perching himself on top of the nest's border to take a closer look at his friends. He would love to comfort Lando with words and hug him close but he is not in the mood to shift back. George feels finally comfortable enough to be in his wolf form again for longer than five minutes and he still can cuddle with Lando like this.

“George? Oh.” Alex looks surprised at him, obviously having expected a human while Lando slumps down into the nest, sniffing loudly. A gentle smile forms on the youngest’s lips as he leans down to pet George’s fur gently, letting George curl himself up next to Lando. “Are you okay? What happened?”

The white wolf shakes his head, staring on Lando’s hand. It looks badly swollen, some fingers turning into a light blue and violet colour already.

“I’m getting some ice before it turns worse,” Alex says and leaves the two Omegas behind, cuddled up tightly. George still doesn’t let Lando off, pushing his snout in a demanding manner into Lando’s arm.

“Okay, okay, stop being so persistent, nothing bad happened.”

If George wouldn’t be in his wolf form, he would have raised his eyebrows at Lando and the younger one sighs loudly at the stare he gets from the wolf.

“My hand got stuck in the door and I didn’t notice on time and kind of leaned against the door. You can probably imagine the rest...” George lets out a sound that should be a chuckle but it sounds more like an asthmatic huff. “Stop laughing, you’re not better! You run into people and start fainting.”

George lets out a quiet growl, playfully nibbling on Lando’s sweater, making the other Omega smile through his tears. “Now tell me what happened that you’re shifting into your wolf form. You haven’t done this in a long time, hm?”

The white wolf tilts his head before he starts climbing on Lando’s lap, pushing his head against Lando’s chest, seeking comfort from his friend’s sweet scent. The other Omega lets out a wet chuckle before cradling him close, nosing George’s white fur gently. Lando then softly starts to scratch George’s ears, making him nearly purr at the good feeling and close his eyes, while he slumps against Lando’s warm and comfy chest. He chooses to ignore the sigh that the other Omega lets out. “Drama queen.”

“Says you,” Alex comes back, holding a bag with ice cubes. George lets out a grumpy sound when Lando shifts to take it from the Thai Omega but gets some head pats as an apology. “It looks really nasty, maybe we should go to a doctor tomorrow. God, you two would break your necks without me, wouldn’t you?”

“Probably.” Lando pushes George down from his lap completely now, making space for Alex who shuffles into the nest too. George lets out a grumpy sound again before moving to Alex’ lap who starts to gently pat his fur, letting him curl up on the soft material of his sweater.

“And what about you? You never shift until it’s very serious.” There’s concern and worry in Alex’ voice as he hugs the small wolf close. “Did you need it? Or did something happen yesterday? Don’t even try lying, I was maybe a bit tipsy last night but you were reeking of worry.”

But George refuses to answer in any way. He nuzzles his head against Alex’ shoulder, where he knows the scar from the biking accident is, taking in the familiar, warm scent of his friend.

He hears Alex sigh above him, drawing patterns on his fur as Lando leans against Alex' side too. "He's really turning into a little drama queen."

"If we call George little one more time, he might shift back and let us do all the laundry," Lando chuckles and George lets out a small growl sound but doesn't move. He's too comfy and Alex is like a human heater, there's no way he's giving up his spot now.

Although, George wishes deep down that he could tell them, something in him doesn't feel ready for it. It would help him to just tell the two everything about the Alpha last night and what Lewis did... Lewis who hasn't left his mind since they bumped into each, who saved him from the weird guy. Lewis, who is sadly taken and shouldn't therefore be on his mind in the first place, yet the Alpha seems to be all he can think about.

"You don't need to tell us if you're not feeling like it..." Alex murmurs into his ear as Lando cuddles himself against the two. "We're happy that you shifted again, you don't have to feel pressured to shift back now and tell us."

George nods slowly, noising Alex' shoulder and Lando's cheek in a thanking gesture. Having the two Omegas close makes him feel secure and relax, makes him forget his worries for a moment. He knows that they won't let him out of it that easy. Alex and Lando will stay worried and will ask again, there's a reason why they have a rule to be honest and not keep secrets between them. George knows that they will try to gently coax an explanation out of him the next days. But George also knows they will blame themselves for leaving him alone, for spending time with the Alphas they seem to like so much.

He doesn't want to take their happiness away over this stupid encounter and a nasty crush on someone, a crush that shouldn't exist in the first place.

"Whenever you're ready." Lando whispers again and George knows his scent gives him away, probably flooded with the bitter note of worry. He feels both of their hands tangle through his fur gently and George wishes he could speak, thanking them for caring about him when this shouldn't be about him in the first place.

He feels horrible for taking the attention of Lando, who is really hurt compared to him yet he's the one being comforted over the mess of his own silly feelings.

"Stop blaming yourself for whatever happened," Alex soothes him, "We are a pack, of course we will take care of you when you are obviously not feeling well."

Five

Chapter Summary

Expect some interesting turns :)

Their Monday starts with Alex driving Lando to a doctor because the hand has turned even more blue and purple overnight. Lando looks horrible, face pale as he clutches his wrist to keep his hand still from shaking while pressing an ice pack onto it. They do their best to bandage it up so Lando can't move it by accident but it doesn't help a lot.

George would have joined them but he has some work to catch up to and it's better if they don't crowd the doctor's office when only Lando has a serious injury. He decides to clean the flat a bit before he will make his way to the campus later for studying. It will take at least two hours until the two other Omegas will be back, so George turns his phone on mute and starts by stuffing their dirty laundry in the washing machine. He vacuums the flat, removes the last crisps he can find from their nest before fluffing up the pillows, sorting out the blankets and redoes the border. It looks as good as new when he is done an hour later and he's sure Lando would like it, probably needing comfort cuddles and safety once they are back.

George decides it is time for a break, making himself some tea as he checks his phone for any news of them.

Alex:

We're going to the hospital now, looks like idiot broke two fingers. Lando needs an x-ray to get done, we're grabbing lunch on the way back.

George shakes his head at the message, only Lando could manage to pull that off. He replies with a simple thumbs-up emoji, seeing no need to bother Alex more. If they need anything or have more news, they will text or call him anyway. But it seems like prepping their nest in advance had been a good idea.

The Omega washes his cup and leaves it to dry in the sink, moving to his room to pack his notebook for studying. His laptop is still open from having checked his mails this morning and he sees that he got a few new ones already, mostly their university's newsletter and invites from student organisations. George scrolls through them, deleting them all before his eyes fall on a mail from Prof Wolff, waking George's curiosity. She isn't one to send mails around, only if there's something important to prepare for class.

Hello George,

I hope you are feeling better after last week's incident. Attached to this mail you will find the lecture and my notes, which will hopefully make it easy for you to catch up with the chapter

we have been talking about. I will allow you to work a week longer on the essay I assigned, you will find your topic on the list in the other mail I've sent to all of you.

I also have an offer for you, since you seem very interested in the legal aspects of your studies and impressed me with your work. My good friend, Professor Claire Williams is holding a few lectures on criminal law and has some spaces in her course left. I took the chance and recommended you, so if you are interested, go and apply directly in her office. It's located in the law faculty. If you act upon the offer, inform me please, so I can sort out the documents and all the office stuff for you.

*Greetings,
S. Wolff*

George stares down at the mail for a few seconds, his brain not catching up fully. George has to read it again, just to make sure he doesn't imagine it. Did his professor really offer him an extra course because she was impressed by his work? George can't believe it, a wide grin spreading across his face. It feels like early Christmas and George can't pack his bag quick enough, nearly dropping his laptop in the process. He definitely wants that place, criminal law is fascinating him just as much as forensics and George feels his hands shake when he thinks about Mrs Wolff *actually recommending him to someone*.

The giddy feeling won't go away, not until he stands in front of the buildings of the law faculty an hour later. George has never been on this part of the campus and looks around, unsure which of the buildings he has to go to. Because obviously, they couldn't fit them into one and had to make it five. Great. There are a few law students mingling around, dressed up like lawyers in more formal, expensive looking clothes, balancing their laptops and coffee cups. George feels like he sticks out in his rather simple winter coat and washed out jeans. Do they even let him in if he looks like this?

Get yourself together, you're not getting this opportunity again, George tells himself and walks inside the building that is the biggest one, maybe he will find Professor Williams' office there. While it looks rather old-fashioned from the outside, big decorations and statues lining up on the facade, sprinkled in quotes in Latin, the building is rather modern on the inside. At least compared to his faculty, that is shared with the biology department. The walls are painted in neutral colours and there are tables and sofas standing around, allowing the students to lounge in them or study. When George passes a few tables on his way to the direction board, he sneaks some glances on the students leaning over their laptops and big books, discussing things that sound like a foreign language to him.

There is a neutral scent lingering in the air, telling George that they must have installed scent blockers, a technology that is still pretty new but makes it impossible to tell someone's second gender. He kind of likes the idea but it's confusing him a bit, his nose is so used to smelling multiple different scents at once.

Thankfully, the board with the direction to all the offices is more than helpful, showing him that he needs to go to the second level for Claire Williams' room. It's not too hard to find but George hesitates when he stands in front of the dark brown door, unsure if this is really the right idea. Sure, it is extra work, taking the offer would show Mrs Wolff how important this is

for him, but it will also take away free time from him, time he maybe needs for his assignments. Can he even keep up with all the law students?

Before George's brain can come up with the next dose of horror scenarios or he can think of turning around and running away, the door opens and suddenly he is face to face with Lewis Hamilton.

Oh no. Fuck, he completely forgot that Lewis is studying law.

"George, what are you doing here?" The Alpha sounds surprised but the expression on his face is friendly and warm, like always.

Of course, he has to run right into Lewis, the one time he is at the law faculty and the Omega can feel his face heat up.

"Hi, uhm, I was offered to take part in a criminal law course and was told to apply here." He stutters out and somehow it's possible that Lewis smile grows even bigger, making George's stomach tingle with a warm feeling.

"What a nice coincidence, I just applied for it too!"

George grows redder, staring back at the Alpha. Lewis applied too?! He's going to share a course with Lewis? Oh god, George should really run away now. If Lewis is on the course, he will embarrass himself probably every minute-

"Lewis, why are you blocking my door?" A voice from behind asks, stopping George's thoughts from spiralling again and the Alpha moves over as a smaller, brunette woman appears. Probably no other than Claire Williams.

"Hello, how can I help you, dear?"

The Omega explains quickly that he got the offer from his professor, stumbling over his words a bit as he feels Lewis' gaze on him, his cheeks burning bright red. What if she says no to the idea in front of Lewis? He won't be able to take the humiliation, heck, he probably has to change countries and his name.

So much for getting rid of this crush , a small voice in the back of his head reminds him.

"Ah yes, I remember, Susie asked me if it was possible to accept you. She was talking very highly of you, George." He must resemble a tomato at this point, his cheeks flaming up even more.

"It's good to see you accepted the offer, I'm looking forward to having you in this course." The woman says happily, "I'm adding you to the course list and you tell Susie, so she can figure out what the administration needs to know. You're taking this class outside your normal curriculum, right?"

George nods as Mrs. Williams walks back into her office, scribbling down his name on a piece of paper, probably the entry list.

“While you two are still here, the course will include a group work of two on a topic I’m handing out later. Since you two seem to know each other already, do you want to team up? It would be easier for George, I doubt you know anyone here.”

Before George can even answer, Lewis nods enthusiastically. “Of course, that would be no problem. It won’t be a problem for you George, right?”

“No, it would be okay for me...”

Lewis wants to work with him? George’s brain hasn’t caught up fully as Mrs. Williams looks more than pleased with the situation, writing down their names on another list.

“If that is solved, excuse me please. I have a lunch appointment I can’t miss.” The woman ushers them away, closing the door in front of their noses and suddenly, George stands alone with Lewis in the hallway. Lewis, who still musters George with those incredible brown eyes.

“Want to go and grab a coffee with me? Or a tea?” The Alpha offers, ripping George out of his daydreaming state. “I know a nice little bakery three corners away from here, they have some nice vegan cakes too. My treat.”

“A coffee sounds nice but you don’t have to pay.” George replies shyly and they start making their way towards the exit, Lewis keeping the ever so polite distance between them. George hates it, his inner Omega screaming for the Alpha to come closer. Yet, he ignores it.

“But I want to.” Lewis smiles as they walk through the foyer, towards the doors. “Except if I am crossing any boundaries with that offer, then tell me and I never do it again.”

“What? Oh no it’s not that,” George quickly shakes his head. “I don’t like people paying for me, it just that it makes me a bit uncomfortable... and most Alphas expect a payment back.”

George is surprised when Lewis doesn’t get mad but rather looks shocked. “There are still...?”

“Too many, sadly.” George gives him a small smile.

“Okay, then I can understand it, sorry for making you feel uncomfortable George. I swear you don’t owe me anything, ever. Still, let me pay as celebration for you making it to the course?”

“Fine, if you’re that persistent. But only this one time.” George agrees and the smile that spreads over Lewis’ face makes him melt, his inner Omega purring in happiness. “And making it to the course wasn’t that hard, I had some good support.”

“Hey, I was just trying to find a good excuse for some cake!” Lewis’ laugh is ringing beautifully in his ear, making George laugh quietly, the space between them slowly growing smaller.

“Fair but I need to pass on the cake, my flatmates have brought lunch.”

“Ah that’s unfortunate but they still have some good teas to try. Your flatmates... the ones that were at the party with you?”

George nods and slips through the door that the Alpha is holding open for him. “Yeah, those two. We have been friends for a long time, since school actually and when we applied here, we got sorted into the same dorm surprisingly.”

“That sounds nice, it must have helped in the beginning, university can truly be scary the first weeks. You’re in your second semester now or-?”

“I’m in my third already, but this is my second year overall.” The cold wind blasts into George’s face now and makes the Omega hide his nose in his scarf, glasses fogging up a bit. It’s so much colder than he expected November to be, he wouldn’t be surprised if they get snow early this year. Lewis seems unfazed by it as he directs them to a little corner shop. George takes the moment of silence to look at Lewis inconspicuously. The Alpha looks as good as always, a few braids are peeking out from under his beanie and the dark coat he’s wearing is hugging his wide shoulders perfectly. George has to stop himself from dreaming about leaning against them, being cuddled against Lewis-

“Wait, is this even okay?” The Omega halts abruptly when Lewis is ready to push the door of the little bakery open, frowning at the younger. “Well, you have a boyfriend and-”

“Oh, don’t worry about Nico. He’s busy with other med students.”

George isn’t sure if this is the answer he is hoping for but there is something in Lewis’ eyes that makes him leave the topic. The Alpha seems to sense his uneasiness, giving him a small smile. “Sorry, I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable, George.”

The Omega nods, trying to ignore the butterflies in his stomach again, simply making him tingle all over at how the Alpha pronounces his name. “It’s fine, my question was a bit out of line. Sorry.”

The bakery is cosy and warm compared to the dull November weather but George can’t see anything as his glasses fog up badly. Lewis is chuckling next to him before offering him a tissue to clean it off, making George blush once more.

When he has a clear vision again, he lets his gaze wander as Lewis makes his way towards the counter. There are small tables placed around with benches and chairs, that are lined up against the wall in front of a huge window. Colourful cushions are placed everywhere, small flower pots on the tables and fairy lights create a lovely atmosphere. A few candles are placed on the window sill, while the windows have big, cream coloured curtains draped on their sides.

“You want a tea or a coffee?” Lewis asks him suddenly, making George focus back on the front.

“A coffee with milk and sugar please,” He replies and Lewis sorts the order out, getting himself a piece of vegan carrot cake too. George blushes once more when Lewis refuses to let him pay for the coffee, instead telling him to find them a nice place to sit down.

He chooses one that is relatively hidden in a corner but still at the glass front, so they can watch over the street. Lewis arrives a minute later, carrying the tray for them. They take a

short moment to sort out their cups, making themselves comfortable on the bench. George tries to ignore his quick heartbeat when he feels how close Lewis sits to him, the muted scent of mango reaching his nose.

“How do you like university and your course so far? Forensics, is it very hard?” Lewis asks once they have settled down and are sipping on their hot drinks.

“It’s nice, the exams are exhausting tho. So much to learn but Mrs Wolff is a good professor, it’s always nice to listen to her.”

Lewis laughs, his eyes crinkling in a cute way that makes George’s heart melt. “Ah yes, university would be so much better without the exams. I remember how we all failed our first exam in law, that was a day filled with lots of tears.”

“Is it really that bad?” George eyes him curiously as Lewis digs into the cake.

“Yes, it was. No one had a clue what Claire wanted to hear, everyone thought they wrote the best exam of their life and then boom.” Lewis has a fond expression on his face, thinking back to his early days. “Susie is strict too, isn’t she?”

“Very,” Now it is George’s turn to grin. “She is definitely not joking around but she’s nice. We’re only a small course and she is more than willing to help if one of us struggles. But she let all of us fail our first exam too.”

“Hm, a very humbling experience.” Lewis grins as George takes a sip from his coffee. It’s strong and hot, how he likes it. “What are your flatmates studying by the way?”

“Alex, the tall one, is studying English Literature and Lando is in International Business Relations.”

“Sounds like a very odd combination, to be honest. Forensics, Literature or Business. You must be a good trio at quiz nights.”

George laughs and takes another sip from his coffee. “We haven’t done that yet but now that you’re mentioning it, it’s probably true. But yeah, I’ve known them for a while, that’s probably why it sounds so normal to me. Alex loved books since ever and Lando is going to take over his dad’s business.”

“But is he happy with that choice then?” The concern is honest and George is amazed by how worried the Alpha seems to be about someone that he hardly knows.

“Oh he is, don’t worry. His parents gave him the choice to decide freely but he seemed very interested in it. Lando has a knack for numbers and is very diplomatic when he wants to be but he prefers to let everyone think he’s only good at video games.”

“Enough about your friends, I want to hear how you ended up with forensics.” Lewis grins but it is sincere and there is honest interest written over his face. George is amazed by how much the Alpha seems to care and it makes his heart flutter, something that it shouldn’t do.

Yet, George eagerly smiles, his inner Omega happy that the Alpha shows interest in him. "I've always wanted to because it's so interesting. Finding little clues that hold so much big information and well, I love biology and technology too so it seemed like a good combination."

"Still, it's hard to imagine it's someone's first choice, the first thing I'm thinking of is worms. No offence."

"No offence taken. Everyone I've met does but it's much more. It's also bugs." George wiggles his eyebrows when Lewis pulls a face, not holding back a snort. "I'm sorry. No, we actually also do stuff like DNA sampling and informatics, so it's heavily leaning towards biology, genetics, microbiology and then there's a good portion of statistics and programming even."

"So much more than just worms?"

"Exactly." Lewis gentle expression makes George's heart beat faster and he talks some more about his subject as the Alpha listens carefully. He is impressed with what questions Lewis asks, obviously caring about what he has to say and George has to remind himself of Nico and that the man sitting in front of him is more than off limits. Sadly.

Because Lewis is by far the most respectful Alpha he has ever met, intriguing him with his soft brown eyes from the second they've looked at each other for the first time.

The doorbell chimes, announcing another customer, ripping them both out of the conversation for a short moment. George uses the quiet minute to check his phone, having forgotten his friends completely for the time being.

> *Alex:*

Lando really broke two fingers, he has a very sexy cast now and is sulking, he wants cuddles. You want chinese or kebab? You aren't answering me, so noodles it is George??

> *George:*

Sorry, I forgot the time I'm going to be home in half an hour, I'm trying to hurry

> *Alex:*

You better do Russell

"Everything alright?" George looks up from his phone, meeting Lewis' gentle eyes. Gosh, he's so gone for this man, it's embarrassing.

"Yes, just my flatmates," He sighs, putting his phone away. "I have to leave, I forgot the time completely. I'm sorry."

“There’s nothing to be sorry about, if they need you, then you should go.” There it is again, that gentle twinkle in his eyes, the soft crinkles whenever he laughs at George. Oh, he could cry.

George quickly drinks the rest of his coffee in a haste, pulling on his coat. “Thank you so much Lewis, I owe you one. Actually two, for Saturday.”

“It’s the least I could have done, you owe me nothing. Oh wait-” Lewis suddenly gets out a pen in a haste, grabbing the unused napkin that is still laying on the tablet. “Here’s my number. In case you need help again and since we are going to be project partners...” The Alpha trails off and George could swear there is some light blush on his cheeks. Maybe it’s just the lightning but Lewis hands him rather shyly the napkin.

“Thank you, I will text you later. See you around then, Lewis.”

“It was really nice, I hope we can do it again someday.”

“Sure,” George blurts out, face turning pink at the thought that Lewis wants to see him again. “Bye.”

When the Omega steps out of the shop, he wants to cry. How cringe can someone be? Bye. Oh my god, is that all he could come up with? When he throws a glance over his shoulder, Lewis looks at him, a soft smile on his lips. George can’t help but wave at him shyly.

His heart jumps when Lewis waves back.

×

“Why are you meeting up with other Omegas?” It is the first thing Nico asks him when Lewis steps into his flat.

“Nice to see you too, Nico.” Lewis rubs his eyes and drops his keys onto the small cupboard for their shoes. Valtteri throws him an annoyed glare from the kitchen, looks like Nico has been waiting here for a while now.

“Answer my question please,” The blonde Omega spits out, frown deepening.

“George is just my project partner for an upcoming course. He is from a different faculty, and not familiar with how we work in law, so I’ve only had a talk with him over some basics,” The lie comes over his lips too easy but Lewis doesn’t feel ashamed for it in the slightest way.

“In your favourite bakery? With that same George that was all over you on Saturday already?”

Lewis can basically feel Valtteri perk up at that before the Finn disappears quietly into his room, closing the door behind him. Great, five minutes and probably the whole pack will know about this.

“I was with him because he got crowded and molested by an Alpha, what’s wrong about that? Wouldn’t you be happy if someone got you out of such a situation too?”

Nico stays quiet on this one, biting his lip. “You only saved him, nothing else?”

“I promise, Nico.” Lewis watches how Nico steps over to their kitchen now, taking his coat from one of the stools, quietly putting it on.

“I just... the past days we hardly see each other but somehow that Omega is always with you in some way. It makes me... ugh, I don’t know.”

“I didn’t want to make you feel less Nico, I’m sorry.” Lewis replies and watches as the tension finally seems to leave Nico’s body. The Omega then moves forward, slinging his arms around his neck, enveloping Lewis with his soft scent of roses and vanilla.

“We really need to work on our communication skills, I fear.” Nico mumbles against the skin of his neck and Lewis lets out a sigh. “I’m sorry.”

Does he even want that? Working on his communication with Nico when all that is on his mind is another Omega? One with soft brown hair, too long limbs and the brightest, sparkling eyes he has ever seen?

No, he shouldn’t think about George like that, he has a wonderful, amazing boyfriend and running away is something he won’t do. Lewis can’t break Nico’s heart.

The blonde Omega lets go of him, dragging his fingers through Lewis’ braids, gently playing around with it. “I have a lecture soon, I need to leave now.”

He presses a kiss on Lewis’ lips, nothing more than a quick peck and Lewis smiles. “Have fun, text me if you want to do something tonight?”

“We should really talk later, the sooner we get it sorted out between us, the better it will be.” Nico smiles as Lewis helps him wrap his scarf around his neck. “We can’t let *that* happen again.”

“You’re right, I don’t want to repeat it either,” Lewis whispers before kissing Nico shortly on his cheek, smelling a hint of sadness in his scent.

“See you later,” The door shuts behind his boyfriend, leaving Lewis alone with his thoughts in the hallway.

Is talking what he wants? Does Lewis still want to be in a relationship with Nico any longer? Is he ready to throw everything away for George? Or is this just a silly weird crush because his relationship has got some cracks in the past weeks?

Lewis turns away from the door and nearly lets out a yell when he is greeted by Valtteri up close to his face, who has his arms crossed over his chest, a stern expression on his face.

“Do I need to remind you that all the drama always starts with Nico’s insecurities? You want to repeat that episode again?”

“Val-”

“And meeting up with George in your favourite bakery?? You have lots of explaining to do, Hamilton.”

Six

Chapter Summary

Sorry for the shorter update today, I'm having lots of stress at the moment 🙄 next week will be spicier since it's going to be revealed what happened between Nico and Lewis



Alex is not amused when George arrives late without an explanation, welcoming him with crossed arms and a raised eyebrow. But Lando's pitiful whines, that are coming from their shared nest are stopping the Thai Omega from ripping George's head off. Instead, Alex wordlessly walks into their kitchen and presses the bowl with still steaming noodles in George's hands and pushes him towards Lando.

"You want a tea? Coffee?"

"No, I just had-" George closes his mouth abruptly, reminding himself that he did not want to tell his friends about his little meeting with Lewis. "I had a coffee in the library." The lie comes easily over his lips.

"That is not coffee, that is Satan's bathing water. I'll make you a tea." Alex responds with a shrug but his raised eyebrows tell George that he is not buying the story completely. Yet, the other Omega just puts on the kettle before opening the cupboard, rummaging through the colourful tea boxes they have stored there.

"Lando, what tea do you want?" Alex yells loudly, making George shriek. The whining stops for a second, to be replaced by a meek "Spanish orange, please."

"And you?" Alex rummages through the cupboard again, looking for the yellow box for Lando.

"Peppermint." He responds and gets their mugs from the other cupboard from above the sink. Alex has a simple dark blue one, Lando's is neon green with a bright 46 and George's has a quote from Sherlock Holmes, a gag gift from his parents at the beginning of his studies. He places them down on the counter, right in front of Alex who busies himself with putting the tea bags in.

"Lando is on sick leave until Wednesday at least, I'm going to grab the notes for him later. My lecture got moved to the afternoon," Alex sighs. He looks tired, probably from waiting all morning in the hospital.

"If you need a nap now, I can also get it. You know I don't have any lectures today." George chimes in, not wanting his friend to overload himself with work.

“No, you can stay and keep an eye on Lando, they gave him some very strong painkillers and I’m afraid that he’s so drugged, he will do something super clumsy.” George watches as Alex drops three full teaspoons of coffee powder directly into his cup.

“Did you get any sleep tonight?”

“Not really,” The Thai admits sheepishly after a moment, getting the kettle as the water is boiling. “I was texting with someone and forgot the time.”

“Care to tell me who that someone is?” Alex throws the kitchen towel at him before letting out a dramatic sigh.

“I believe that you know already who it is.”

“You’re texting Lily He?! In the middle of the night?!”

Alex puts the cups on their little tablet, pressing the bowl with George’s noodles back in his hand as George spots blush on Alex’ cheeks. “Uhm yes, we have known each other for two months now and are still testing the waters but last night we texted quite a lot...”

“Testing the waters? That looked different last Saturday.”

George watches in great satisfaction how Alex’ face turns bright red now. The Omega bites his lip, staring down at the tea before letting out a long breath.

“Maybe we were both a bit drunk... that’s what we’ve talked about last night. We decided we should take it slower from now on. She told me that she prefers the more traditional way with courting and feared she overstepped some boundaries.”

“Judging by your face, she did not.”

“No, god it was the best make out session I’ve ever had,” Alex groans and George laughs quietly at his friend who is still bright red.

“But overall, that’s great, isn’t it? An Alpha that respects your boundaries.” George asks as they slowly make their way to Alex’ room. He can see Lando’s head already poking from the nest, the small Omega looks pale and tired but happy when he spots George.

“It is... but am I really worth it?” Alex mumbles as George helps him climb into the nest, making sure none of the tea and coffee spills on anything.

“Is Alex also telling you the story about how he is not worth being courted by Lily?” Lando carefully snatches his cup and George finally sees the cast on his left hand, it’s big and only the tips of his fingers are poking out. “Mate, she asked you, she texts with you, she had her tongue in your throat, so you’re more than worth being courted by her.”

“I can’t believe I have to agree with Lando, he has a good point for once,” George agrees, placing his bowl on Alex desk before hurrying to his room, ignoring the protest that follows him from the other room. He changes into some sweatpants and a fresh sweater before going back to the nest quickly, where Lando cuddles himself against Alex. The Thai managed to

build a little desk in the middle where he can place their cups and George's bowl and it takes some work to climb in without ruining anything.

"See, if George agrees with me, then I'm right. Just go for it, tell Lily you want to be courted. Who knows, maybe you're otherwise missing out on the best chance of your life."

Alex still doesn't look a hundred percent convinced as he sips on his coffee but George can see that the frown and insecurity are gone from his face. It's a small step in the right direction then.

"When is the cast coming off? Did the doctor say anything yet?" George tries to change the topic, not wanting to make Alex uncomfortable or to admit stuff, he isn't ready to say. Lando seems to understand what he tries, holding up his cast to show it properly to George.

"Three weeks, then I have a control x-ray and then it might get taken off."

George hums, stuffing his mouth with noodles. He hasn't realised yet how hungry he had been, the smell now making him nearly gobble it down as fast as possible.

"You smell different." Alex suddenly perks up, right when George has his mouth full of food.

"Pfhat?"

"Yep, mango and something else... I can't place it." Lando agrees, sharply staring at George now. "I have smelt that one before on you. On Saturday to be exact."

George lets out a short whine before putting the bowl down, swallowing his noodles. "I was only at the library, trust me. And Saturday, there were so many people, it was probably only a mix of someone else's scent."

"Your ears are red, what are you not telling us, George William Russell? And don't try any lame excuse, we know you're hiding something."

"It's-" George bites his lips, trying to sort his thoughts a bit before he starts. There is no way he can lie any longer from here on now, not with the glances he gets from Lando and Alex. They know. "On Saturday, there was an Alpha cornering me when I was looking for a spot for us to sit down." He carefully starts and sees how both of his friends' faces automatically fall.

"George-"

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"Lewis came and saved me from him, I promise you both nothing happened. He checked if I was okay, that's why you probably smelt him on me. And today we met in the law faculty by accident and he invited me on a coffee."

Lando's eyes look like they are going to plop out of his head any second while Alex stares equally shocked.

“There’s too much to unpack here... Why didn’t you say anything to us on Saturday?”

George lets out another whine, his appetite gone completely for now. He puts the bowl back on the small make shift table and cuddles against his friends. He can’t do it without their comfort, letting the two others Omegas envelop him tightly.

“You two were so happy, Lando was busy with Max and then Charles while you were with Lily. You had a great evening and I felt like I would ruin it with my problems. Besides, Lewis helped me with the situation, there was no need to worry.”

“But you know the rules George, no secrets, especially not when it is about your safety.” Alex mumbles, gently noising at George’s neck to make him feel more comfortable and get him to relax.

“Sorry, it was... I don’t know.”

“There’s nothing to apologise for, but never do it again. Alex and I were pretty worried about you the past days, despite you trying to hide it from us.” Lando chimes in, gently scenting George’s neck in a comforting gesture. “And now enlighten us what you are doing at the law faculty?”

“My Prof had an offer from her friend, another Professor that teaches a special Criminal Law class. I was asked if I wanted to join and met Lewis at the office when I was registering for it. She then decided that Lewis should be my project partner, considering we know each other more or less.”

“You have a talent for running into Lewis, huh?” Lando chuckles as he presses the mug with still steaming tea into George’s hands.

Alex shakes his head but George can see the small smile playing around his friend's lips. “Congratulations, still doesn’t change the fact that you are an idiot. You could have come to us any moment and told us what happened, we are like a pack. Our happiness doesn’t matter if you aren’t happy.”

George pulls a grimace, not knowing what to say. He never wanted to give them the feeling that he doesn’t trust them and yet he did. “Sorry, it was stupid of me and I won’t do it again.” He chokes out finally and the next thing that happens is both Omegas cooing over him, wrapping themselves tightly around him.

“Your stupidity impresses me sometimes, you were supposed to be the clever one. Never do that again, will you?” Alex sighs and George nods, hiding his face against the crook of his friend’s neck.

“I promise, I’m sorry.” He sobs out and feels Alex gently rubbing over his back.

“Didn’t you want to tell us because it was about Lewis?” The Thai asks and the sob that escapes George’s throat tells enough.

“Oh George...” Lando whispers, “You’ve fallen for him?”

“It’s stupid, I shouldn’t but yet all I can think about is him,” George admits, voice broken from crying as he wipes over his cheeks, trying to get rid of the tears. “He and Nico are dating, it’s never going to happen.”

“But catching feelings isn’t your fault.” The small Omega mutters, handing George a tissue. “Especially not if Lewis does all of this only to run back to Nico. Saving you from an Alpha? Inviting you on a coffee?”

“Lando is right and it’s weird we’re saying this for the second time in an hour now,” Alex agrees and helps George sit up a bit more, fussing over the Omega. “Lewis is giving you some very mixed signals but having a crush shouldn’t make you feel guilty George. It will probably go away in some days.”

“You think so? With the project we have to do?” George feels his stomach tingling at the thought of seeing the Alpha more in the next days, making guilt rise in his throat, tightening a knot there. The two Omegas reassurance might have calmed him, yet the feelings for Lewis won’t vanish this fast.

“Focus on the project only, not on him. Set boundaries if he doesn’t do it himself,” Alex thinks out loud but George can read on his face what he thinks. *It won’t work.*

“Think of Nico then,” Lando tries but he doesn’t sound too sure about that either.

“Maybe I shouldn’t stress myself about it now...” George trails off and takes a sip from his tea cup, which has sadly cooled off already. “It’s probably better if I just focus on my work.”

“But talk to us if you think you need it and don’t keep it to yourself,” Alex says again, still having a frown on his face. “Something tells me that the whole Lewis thing will bring a lot of chaos and Lando and I will always be here for you.”

“Thank you,” George replies softly, feeling the two hugging him tighter again.

“So, now that this is solved: can I get some chocolate now? Or cookies?”

“Your legs aren’t broken Lando...” Alex groans, ruffling their youngest’s hair which is rewarded with a squeak.

Seven

Chapter Notes

If you come yell at me after this, I probably deserve it :)

Have fun and enjoy it!!!

“Have you talked with Nico yet?” Lewis rubs his temples as he steps into the kitchen, barely suppressing a groan at that question. A stupid assignment has kept him up the past night and Valtteri isn’t helping right now.

“Good morning to you too.” He mumbles before rummaging through the cupboards, searching for his oats. “Straight to the point as always, is that the famous Finnish charm?”

“I just think you should solve this issue quickly,” Valtteri says nonchalantly without looking up from the book he’s reading, a bowl of porridge in front of him. “There’s some hot water left in the kettle.”

Lewis hums and moves around, sorting out his breakfast while going over his schedule in his head. It’s mostly to get rid of any thoughts about Nico or George this early and the assignment is still not ready to hand it in. It’s Thursday and his day is stuffed with things he has to do, at first two lectures over the morning, a pack Alpha meeting with the university before lunch, which he wants to discuss with his pack afterwards and then finishing the assignment.

“Callum saw Jenson picking up Nico again.” Valtteri says out of the blue, making Lewis nearly drop the kettle, his hand stilling mid-air.

“What?”

“Callum saw Jen-”

“I’ve heard you loud and clear, Valtteri,” Lewis responds grimly and is met by an equally grim look. “They are friends, of course they will meet up.”

“Friends that can meet up while you’re not allowed to talk to other Omegas? Good friends that spend heats together?”

Lewis’ first thought is to throw his spoon at Valtteri but the unimpressed look on the Finish Alpha’s face tells him that it won’t do anything. Lewis sighs in defeat before sitting down across from the other.

“You know it was a mistake and he apologised for it. Let it go finally.”

“Yes I know Nico apologised but it was the least he could do, Lewis. The bare minimum, as the kids nowadays say. And he’s changed, no doubt, your relationship is by far healthier than it was last time, but just as a reminder - last time, it started the same way. You were not allowed to even look at other Omegas while he was spending all of his time with Jenson.” Valtteri is looking at him serious, frowning while pulling his coffee cup closer. “I saw what it did to you last time and I don’t want to repeat it ever again.”

“Is that the reason why you are all still against Nico? And if yes, you need to stop acting like I did nothing back then. Please.” Lewis hates how quiet he sounds, how the insecurity is clear in his voice. Valtteri is right, it did start like this the last time and he painfully remembers all the nights where he cried against his friend’s chest when he found out what Nico did. Yet, he broke Nico’s heart with harsh words and insults in return - maybe he didn’t sleep with his best friend but he still regrets the words that left his mouth in the heat of the moment.

“We know what you did,” Valtteri says simply before taking a sip from his mug. “But you reacted to his actions, what he forced you through. It wasn’t unprovoked.”

“That doesn’t make me a better person in this case!” Lewis argues back but the Alpha across him just shakes his head.

“Lewis, stop taking the blame for him. Stop trying to make yourself the guilty one. We all saw how Nico changed after this, we all know that he tried his best. But combined with how he reacted to George at Dan’s party, to your little coffee date - it takes an ugly turn if you’re not doing something soon because it feels like a repeat all over. You either start talking or it will end in a second catastrophe. And if that’s the case, I will rip every single strand of his blonde hair out.”

Lewis chuckles softly, shaking his head. “Val, then we’re both at fault again, this time I’m really the guilty one. There’s always two people involved when it comes to relationships. And I probably gave a wrong impression by inviting George.”

“Why do you always have to be so diplomatic?” Valtteri groans before taking another sip from his coffee cup. “Talk with Nico, the sooner, the better. We’d all hate to see you going through this again... And you can’t deny us favouring George after your history with Nico. He seems like a nice person and there wouldn’t be a package of drama he comes with.”

“I will talk with Nico, no worries and I get where you’re coming from. But no speculations about George, there’s nothing between us and I hate to get him tangled up in this.” Lewis is mentally moving things in his head, maybe they find time on Saturday afternoon for a quiet chat, Valtteri should be away by that time for his study group. But he needs to talk to his pack, George and him are in a group work and nothing more. He will stay loyal to Nico as long as they’re dating, end of the discussion.

“By the way, Callum is coming over tonight, he needs help with an assignment. Is this going to be a problem?”

“No, I’m probably going to put on some headphones and finish this stupid assignment for one of my classes.”

“With every day I’m more and more grateful I’m not a law student,” Valtteri singsongs, turning a page in the book, the mood turning a bit lighter between them.

“You’re studying engineering, that’s just as bad.” Lewis bites back but there is no malice in his voice, especially not when he sees the change in Valtteri’s expression, worry clear in his eyes suddenly.

“We need to have a closer eye on Callum the next weeks, the pack courses are starting soon. He’s going to feel left out again.”

“Yeah I saw the mail and there’s a pack Alpha meeting about it later. I wanted to discuss it with the pack afterwards,” Lewis sighs, remembering how painful it was for Callum last time. “We’re a registered pack, we can’t miss them. But all the other pack Alphas have also voiced out to the university management that unrepresented students shouldn’t be excluded from the activities, especially since they are still part of packs.” Lewis sighs loudly, rubbing his temples. “Callum shouldn’t be excluded for a biological condition he’s not responsible for. It’s going to be interesting to see how they will manage it this year, the mails about the concrete order of events should be sent out by tomorrow then.”

“I could fake a sickness and spend the week with him somewhere. My former mentor is living in Finland with his mate, I could teach him skiing to distract him a bit.”

“Isn’t that a bit too much?” Lewis asks but there’s no malice in the question. He knows that Valtteri sees Callum as a younger sibling that he can take under his wing and that it would be devastating for their pup to be forcefully excluded from everything yet again. “Or do you just want to show off what a big, white wolf you are?”

“Me? I would never.” The Finn replies with a face that straight-up gives away the lie.

“Alright, there’s still two weeks left, ask Callum and your mentor and sort it out if both agree to it. From my side it’s okay and I’m sure the rest of the pack will understand it too.”

“Great, then I’m going to make some calls.”

-

“Fabrics theory is unnecessary as fuck.”

“Try sitting through someone explaining you for ninety minutes how to sew a button on.” Charles says back to Max, who is wrapped in a big scarf and a matching beanie, looking pretty unfazed over the brim of his glasses by the cold December air. All while Charles is freezing his ass off.

“Dan texted me, we’re meeting with the rest of the pack at the cafeteria next to the library. Lewis has some things to discuss. The pack Alpha meeting was earlier, around lunch.”

The two fashion students make their way towards the street, the library is on the main campus and taking the bus is the fastest way for them to get there. It’s the only downside of their studies, they are often away from the pack on their own little secluded campus. And

catching a bus that isn't stuffed with students or tourists around this time of the year in London is difficult, one of the reasons the two skip out on pack meetings that aren't super important.

"What do you think could be discussed?" Max asks after a moment of quietness between them, their bus already visible in the distance. "Maybe Nico? I kind of feel bad for always down talking him, especially since Lewis really cares and Nico is important but then..."

"I'm feeling the same, to be honest." Charles shrugs. "We all know their history but... you see that it's serious to them. And then there's George and his friends..."

He feels his cheeks heating up, making Max look at him in curiosity.

"Why are you blushing?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Charles..." The Dutch Omega looks at him unimpressed, eyebrows raised. "Is it about Lando?"

"You're annoying. Are you spending too much time with Daniel?"

Max manages to look even more unimpressed and the only thing that saves Charles is the bus arriving, forcing Max to stop his act for a half minute before he's back at it, standing right across the Monégasque Alpha. "And even if I would, I have a loving mate. You're running after a business student who's crying into my ears about you every language class."

"He- Lando talks about me?!"

"You can't be serious right now, you idiot." Max groans before he rolls his eyes in a big gesture. "Of course he does and it got worse after you gave him your number. I know more about your chats than Daniel's favourite bands, which is high key impressive, given that he never shuts up about them."

"What does he say?" Charles asks, ignoring the last sentence, only fixated on the fact that Lando apparently talks about him.

"I'm not going to tell you that, that's private!" Max looks offended before a big grin stretches over his face. "And just a little information for you: if you even think about hurting him, dickhead, I will make you disappear without a trace. Understood?"

"Are you really threatening me on a public bus?"

"Why not?" The Omega shrugs and Charles raises his eyebrows before pushing a button for the next stop. He knows he isn't going to get anything out of Max regarding Lando, the Dutch is oddly protective of the younger Omega. Which is ironic, given that Charles would have never noticed Lando if it hadn't been for Max.

Charles has a class at the same time and building as Max' language course, so it became a weekly occurrence for him to see Max with the curly haired Omega leaving the room

together. And Charles knows many people from all the parties he went to, but this particular Omega, with a shy smile and big innocent eyes has never crossed his way before.

He was more than intrigued from the beginning and after some bribing treats for Max, he finally got to know the name. Lando. The Omega had been in his head since forever and when Lando had suddenly marched up to him at Dan's birthday party, asking for his number, Charles simply couldn't believe it.

They had been texting a few times since then, both of them busy with their own university work but Charles managed to ask Lando out for the weekend, planning a little coffee date to get to know the Omega more personally.

"Earth to Charles, watch where you're going," Max tells him as they get off the bus and Charles barely avoids crashing into a lamp post. "Is Lando distracting you that badly, huh? You've got it that nasty, Leclerc?"

Charles rolls his eyes at Max words, ignoring the knowing grin on the Omega's face. "Shut up, Max. You and Dan were way worse in the first weeks."

Max looks like he wants to argue back but then settles with pouting because yes, those two were by far worse. Charles remembers Max' group partners constantly complaining about the texting and cheesy hearts and random flowers that popped up at Max' work station. Charles is glad that his work station is on a different floor than Max's, he would have teased the Omega so much about it that he would look at flowers from below now.

A comfortable silence settles between the two as they make their way towards the complex that is the library and cafeteria building. When they step inside, the smell of coffee hits their noses first, followed by a mix of different scents, Lily's spicy one stinging in his nose a bit. She must be in a bad mood then.

Charles turns to watch as Max' glasses fog up, he has forgotten to take them off after his class and Charles smirks when the string of Dutch curse words reach his ears. The Alpha simply takes Max' arm and guides him over to the secluded area for pack's, which has larger tables and gives them some privacy. Daniel waves them over with a smile as soon as he spots them and Charles can see his eyes light up when he sees Max. The Australian's face grows softer at the sight of his mate being wrapped up in the warm clothes, only his nose and glasses peaking out. Oh, how often Charles has wished for himself that this would happen to him.

"There you are, we were ready to search for you." Valtteri greets them and pushes two steaming mugs in their direction, the smell of fresh coffee is heavenly.

"Not our fault that our faculty is so far away," Charles counters, taking off his jacket and scarf before falling into the seat between Lily and Callum. The Chinese Alpha pulls a face that tells Charles to not ask about it and the Brit on his other side has a bright red face while ducking a bit behind Valtteri. "What's happening here?"

"Oh Lily just had a little possessive streak over Alex talking with another Alpha and Callum apparently has a crush," Valtteri responds dryly, not caring about the tissue package Lily

throws at him or Callum's loud complaints.

"You're spending too much time with Dan," Lewis says now, having stayed quiet in his spot for the most time. "If this continues, I'm going to schedule a pack night where we're going to talk about the rules again."

A round of groans is the response to Lewis' idea and Charles can't help but moan about it too. Lewis takes it very serious and he could spend three hours more wisely... with Lando for example.

"Okay, what's the deal then." Max asks, finally separating himself from Daniel who was so busy with shoving his tongue down his mate's throat that he didn't even notice Lewis' dig at him.

"Pack classes are coming up next week and I had a meeting with the other pack Alphas and the management about it," Lewis sighs and takes a sip from his coffee before frowning. "This year it's going to be a bit different."

"What?" Dan asks, raising his brows. "As if they aren't annoying enough already."

"There's a decline in new packs and the established ones grow smaller and smaller," Lewis explains, having the undivided attention of everyone at the table. "They want that more students join packs so we don't get bonding time like the last years but rather socialising courses with others, to find new pack members."

Charles feels his eyes growing big. "They want us to take random people into our pack?!"

"Basically." Lewis answers dryly, clearly not pleased with that solution. "And it gets worse - Alphas all over the campus are supposed to join fighting classes. There have been some drunk instances, so they want to 'get it out of our systems and learn to control it better', while Omegas will get extra education in special pregnancy classes."

"You're kidding," Lily says after a moment of stunned silence.

"I wish I was. None of the other pack Alphas were happy too but the head of the university said it's a final decision."

"And Callum?" Max asks, prying himself away from Daniel to watch their unrepresented member, who leans against Valtteri, fumbling nervously with his fingers.

"Our original plan was to let Valtteri take him to Finland for the week, spending some time with friends there but-" Lewis massages his temples and Charles sees the worry and hurt in the Alphas face, a bad feeling spreading in his stomach. "He is supposed to join a group of other unrepresented students to talk about the possibility of never-"

"No!" Callum gasps, gripping onto Valtteri's arm even harder and Charles feels something break in him at the shocked expression. "They can't- please don't force me to go there!"

"You will be sorted there automatically, I- I can't do anything. Sorry." Lewis sighs and Charles pulls Callum in a gentle hug, the pup softly sniffing in his embrace while Valtteri

pets the youngest' arm.

"Those fuckers," The Finn looks murderous and a short glance to Charles' other side tells him that Lily isn't looking much better. Her spicy scent mixes with Valtteri's strong coffee scent, lingering bitter and heavy in the air.

"We find a way to get you out of that." Charles tries to calm Callum, tries to calm himself to shield Callum from the sour scent of the pack members.

"You two could still get a sick permit and leave, right?" Max asks, voice full of worry.

"It would work, yes." Lewis hums, nodding. "We could say it's the flu or some nasty cold."

"See, not all hope lost yet." Charles whispers, making Callum chuckle a bit.

"Fuckers, this is interfering with pack dynamics, they shouldn't be allowed to do that." Lily murmurs quietly, a dangerous tone in her voice. "Can't we do anything? Lewis, you're studying law after all?"

"We can't sadly, we're registered as official university pack, meaning we have to follow their rules. Registering as official pack at the government takes months and isn't an option for students."

"Of course..." Daniel sighs and lets Max snuggle against him, the two calming down as Charles' catches their mixed scents. The rest of the pack seems to follow soon, yet a hint of sadness stays in the air and Charles is glad that Callum won't be able to catch it to the full extent as they can.

"Anything else then?" Valtteri now asks, pulling out a small packet of chocolate he hands to Callum, making the young Brit look excited.

"Since they want the pack to grow bigger, I've had an idea..." Lewis sighs, seeming unsure about what to say next. "Maybe Lily and Charles could invite the two Omegas from the party for a pack lunch, so we could see if they fit with the pack."

"Wait, you would really allow that?" Lily's mood lightens within seconds, Charles can practically see the happiness radiating from her. He himself feels the same at the thought of Lando being introduced to the pack, it makes him giddy.

"Yeah, why not. They seem very nice." Lewis shrugs and Lily pulls out her phone already. "Alex and..."

"Lando," Charles replies, feeling his cheeks heat up. "But I want to talk to him properly first, we haven't even--"

"Yeah, take things slow, no rush. The offer still stands and only if they feel ready, they shouldn't be pressured into anything."

"But what about their friend George? And Nico?" Valtteri eyes Lewis sharply and Charles gets the feeling that Valtteri knows something that the rest of them don't. Even Callum

squirms around now and Lewis seems uneasy, eyes nervously shifting over them.

“Nico and I will have a talk about everything on the weekend. We need to clear everything between us properly and depending on the outcome... I want to invite him here too.”

Charles is stunned by that idea, the rest of the pack seems too. You could hear a needle drop between them, shock lingers into the scent and their pack Alpha grows more and more uneasy with every second.

“Okay,” Max finally says after the silence seems to grow too heavy. “We... if you want to give him that chance after your talk, we have to accept that.”

“Max-”

“No Lewis, he’s right.” Valtteri stops him, eyeing the Alpha sharply now. “You’re the pack Alpha and we trust in your decisions. If it is safe to give Nico a chance here after everything is cleared, then we trust you with that. We have to accept your decisions and judgement.”

Charles feels himself nodding at the words, just like the rest of the pack. They all know what happened between the two, more or less saw Lewis suffer from the outcome. But it doesn’t change that their friend seemed happy the past months, despite some small tensions. And he remembers the talk with Max from before, they all know they weren’t fair to Nico the past months. But Nico never mistreated them in the first place, never gave a reason to think he mistreated Lewis.

“We weren’t always fair to Nico and there will be reservations from our side. But I rather give Nico a proper chance instead of letting the university force someone unknown in our middle.” Lily says and Lewis nods as the rest of the pack quietly agrees.

“We trust your judgement,” Charles starts, earning another round of nods. “And like Lily said, we maybe weren’t fair to Nico the past months. If the talk goes well and you feel like this is the right decision, then we will trust you.”

“I- thank you. It means a lot that you’re accepting him.”

“We don’t.” Max says sharply suddenly. “We give him a chance.” The Omega stares at the Alpha, no sign of giving in and Lewis nods again, understanding what it means for all of them. Nico hurt their pack Alpha and while it’s normally Lewis’ duty to protect them, they are a pack. They protect Lewis back and Nico broke their trust, he has to work to get it back.

“Good, I will talk with him on the weekend. I’m keeping you informed how it goes and what we decided on.” Lewis says, sighing but Charles spots the small smile on his lips. “If Nico accepts, then we should have another pack meeting to solve this between all of us too.”

“What about George? We ask his friends to come join us, shouldn’t we invite him too?” Charles carefully asks and watches how Lewis shakes his head immediately.

“George is just my group partner, he doesn’t matter.”

Eight

Chapter Summary

I am so so sorry... TW heart break?

“Guys, you won’t believe it! Charles invited me for a coffee!”

George smiles gently when he hears Lando yell through the flat from his room, all thoughts about catching up with the missed work apparently forgotten.

“When-” Alex starts yelling back but stops when Lando suddenly pops up in the kitchen door, scaring George shitless. Since when can he move this fast and quiet?

“I have nothing to wear, oh my god! And he’s a *fashion student* ! Charles is going to judge me, isn’t he?” Lando ignores Alex’ concerned expression when he storms to the other side of the kitchen, clinging himself to George. “What am I supposed to do now?!”

“Well you have lots of shirts, business shirts-” George starts.

“Horrible neon green clothes...” Alex joins in, nodding as Lando rolls his eyes. “Or you could max out your credit card again. Just not for computer games this time.”

“I hate both of you,” the Omega glares at them before slinging his arms around George’s waist, dismissing that the taller is busy with cooking. “No seriously, what could I wear?”

“Something casual? Maybe one of your hoodies, paired with your favourite jeans?” Alex replies, getting himself a glass of orange juice from their fridge. “It’s about you being comfortable, Lando. You shouldn’t put on an act to make yourself more likeable for him. Besides, you wore nothing fancy at Dan’s party and Charles still gave you his number.”

“Alex is right,” George hums, moving some vegetables around in the pan. “You’re going on a date with Charles alone. Some comfy clothing might help you with being shy or we can scent you before you leave. Besides, it’s going to be a coffee date and not a five-star restaurant.”

“Okay fine then, mom and dad.” Lando replies and lets go of George slowly. “No fancy clothing then.”

“Hey, some respect for your parents here.” Alex threatens him with a stern glare but Lando only rolls his eyes again, not buying the act in the slightest way.

“Text us once you arrived and when you leave.” Alex continues his lecture, as George turns off the stove, getting the plates for them ready. “And text us if anything happens. Even better, send us your location so we can keep an eye on you the whole time-”

“Alex, it’s Charles.” George giggles, stopping his best friend from ranting and Lando looks a bit relieved about it. “We know his friends and about his pack, he can’t just kidnap Lando.”

“Lando has the perfect size for that-” The Thai Omega protests again but the unimpressed facial expressions from Lando and George say everything. “Fine. But don’t say I didn’t warn you!”

“Helicopter parent,” Lando snorts but Alex grins, not taking the comment to his heart.

“Great, if this is solved, we can finally eat dinner.” George says, spreading the fried vegetables evenly onto the plates before getting the cutlery from the drawer.

“What are we having anyway?” Lando asks now, getting two more glasses for them from the cupboard.

Alex groans as George starts to smile widely. “Dino nuggies, they were on sale!”

×

“Hey Nico,” Lewis greets the Omega when he opens the door, having a warm smile on his lips. He can’t deny that he is nervous, hiding his shaking fingers in the pouch of the hoodie he has stolen from Valtteri some hours ago. The Finnish Alpha had noticed his uneasiness earlier that day and had shuffled into Lewis’ room some hours ago. The pristine white wolf had simply dragged Lewis from his desk over to his bed where Valtteri had flopped down on his stomach, dropping the sweater down on Lewis’ chest with a smug face.

Now, Lewis was grateful for the support of Valtteri’s light coffee scent on the clothing when Nico smiles back at him shyly. He notices the Omega’s anxiety, a bitter hint in the normally very sweet vanilla smell.

“Hey, sorry for being a bit early...”

“No worries, Valtteri is gone for some hours, we should be completely alone the whole time.”

Nico nods and steps inside the flat, hanging his coat next to Lewis’ before removing his shoes. Lewis gives him some space when he notices that Nico’s fingers seem to shake too, his boyfriend seems to be just as nervous as him. He decides to walk back to the kitchen where he grabs two cups of hot chocolate, that he prepared until the doorbell interrupted him. Lewis knows by heart that Nico likes his one with cream and marshmallows while he made himself a vegan version, a recipe Nico taught him on one of their first dates.

Lewis doesn’t know why he tries so hard to please Nico when he has a bad feeling about the outcome. Despite all the work he had to do for university, he had some quiet moments to think about what he wants and about his relationship. And he has a weird feeling that Nico might have thought the same.

“I prepared the living room,” Lewis says with a smile, again trying to ease his nerves a bit as he presses the mug into Nico’s hands. Lewis has aired the living room before, trying to neutralise the two Alpha’s scents to not intimate Nico and he sees Nico relax a bit.

They sit down on the couch and Lewis makes sure that there are enough cushions and blankets laying on Nico's side, knowing how much he likes fluffy and soft things. They place their mugs down on the table, next to the plate with cookies and the tissues Lewis placed as a safety measure.

"Is that okay like this?" Lewis asks and watches how Nico nods rather shyly. "Are you okay? How's uni?"

"You know the usual. A bit stressful, since I have to write my internship report from the hospital but I should be done until Christmas." Nico sighs before taking a sip from his mug. "How is it for you?"

"The usual too, my prof gave me some cases as assignment I haven't finished completely yet. And some pack business."

"I've heard about the new regulations for the pack week, it sounds horrible." Nico says, a genuine expression on his face before he takes another sip from his mug. "You can't do anything about it?"

"No, sadly not. But the pack has discussed it and we find a way to make it through it. It's just five days after all."

Nico hums before he puts the mug down, a serious expression taking over his face. "I think I should start, talking around it won't do anything."

"Sure," Lewis nods. "Let's agree on not interrupting each other?"

Nico nods before smiling gently again. "Yeah, that's fair. And no phones or other distractions."

Lewis agrees quietly as he watches Nico taking a deep breath, preparing himself for starting to talk.

"I want to apologise again first, I did so many things wrong in the past." Lewis is ready to protest, forgetting their rule immediately but one glare from Nico is enough to silence him. It's as if the Omega had almost sensed it happening. "And I'm feeling like I'm doing it again right now. It scares me."

"What do you mean?" Lewis asks, taking a sip from his mug. The sweetness of the chocolate makes him relax a bit, his eyes are following the Omega closely who now nervously fumbles with his fingers.

"I'm jealous about you talking with other Omegas. I felt so mad when I saw you with George at the party and then again when you went to have a coffee with him. There was no reason for me to be jealous. You only helped him both times and I..."

"The coffee was a bit too much from my side too, Nico." Lewis says and watches how Nico smiles a bit, shaking his head.

“No Lewis, meeting up with another Omega for a coffee shouldn’t be too much or make me this jealous. That’s why I wanted to talk about this. Us. You’d never betray me, you never even gave me a reason to think you would. Yet, I am the one who is always jealous whenever you even glance in someone’s direction. I’m the one who cheated, I shouldn’t be allowed to even feel this way.”

“Nico stop that, of course you are allowed to feel jealous. And you’re being open with me about it, aren’t you? We can find out why you’re feeling so insecure about this and try to find a solution,” Lewis replies calmly, taking Nico’s hand gently. “That’s why we decided to meet up and talk, remember.”

“I- You’re right.” Nico seemingly calms down and nods. “It’s- you’re being too good to me, you know that? After everything with Jenson...”

“Hey, calm down,” the Alpha says and hands Nico his mug who back who takes a few careful sips. “We had a fight back then and you were close to your heat. And I have no right to tell you who you are allowed to spend your heat with. Of course, I was mad that you went to Jenson but you’ve told me they were painful for you and I’d take Jenson helping you over you suffering every day. As much as it hurts me...”

“And that’s the point Lewis, you shouldn’t feel the need to think that or tell that yourself.” Nico argues back. “We were in a relationship, we hadn’t broken up. I’ve slept with my best friend, heck I even ran to Jenson at every slight problem we’ve had instead of solving it with you. And despite all of that, you are sitting in front of me, ready to forgive me...”

Lewis sighs and feels Nico gently squeeze his hands. “I know we’ve talked about this before... but what does Jenson mean to you now? The pack have seen you two together... and they were concerned.”

“Are you?”

“Yes... I am too,” Lewis hesitates for a moment but Nico doesn’t pull a face, only nods slowly.

“Of course. Jenson is... he’s still my best friend. He helps me whenever I think I’m not able to manage my classes or have breakdowns over exams... he is always there for me.” The last words are merely whispers and Lewis sighs, squeezing Nico’s hand. “I trust him like no one else.”

His heart breaks when the first sob rips from Nico’s throat and he can’t help but pull his boyfriend over, hugging him as Nico tries to calm his breath.

“You’ve always trusted him more than me, I know...” Lewis whispers, voice heavy with pain.

“I’m so sorry... I don’t know why...” Nico’s sobs grow louder and Lewis swallows harshly to stop himself from crying too before he gently leans over and grabs a tissue for Nico. The blonde takes it, a thankful smile ghosting over his face that is smeared with tears.

“Nico... this won't work if you're not trusting me.”

The moment of realisation is heavy between them, the silence weighing heavy.

“I know. This is all my fault, isn't it?”

Lewis reacts by pulling him close, feeling Nico's fingers grabbing the material of the thick sweater as the Omega leans against his shoulder, seeking comfort from him. “I refuse to let you blame it all on yourself. But if trusting each other is our main problem, it will always stay between us, no matter how many times we talk about it.”

“Lewis, you did nothing-”

“Don't you think it hurts me to hear you're with Jenson again? I understand that he is your best friend, that you want to spend time with him but... but I can't swallow everything all the time. I fear it is bound to come up at one point.”

“I'm so sorry.” Nico whispers and Lewis gently wipes some of his tears away.

“Don't be but we have to find a solution for this.”

“Lewis, I can't force you forever to give me more chances. I don't even know why I can't trust you the same way I trust Jenson. You said it yourself, we might be good now but what's in... three weeks? A few days at worst? There will always be something between us.”

“Nico stop this-”

“No Lewis. Everyone is right, you only need to realise that. Your pack is right I did horrible things to you. I slept with my best friend, I've hurt you and yet you're still trying to find excuses for me. I was angry and jealous and hurt you. You maybe screamed horrible things at me when you found out but you had an actual reason to be angry. I didn't have one.” Nico stares at him, his eyes filled with sadness. “You do the most for me but I can never give that back to you. You deserve someone that cares in the same way that you care for them.”

“Are- are we really breaking up?” Lewis whispers, his eyes filling with tears now. “Nico you can't-”

“I want nothing more than to give us another chance, believe me-,” another sob escapes from Nico's throat, the Omega clutching at the Alpha's shoulder. “But I think it is useless. You deserve to be happy. You deserve to find someone that can be a real mate to you. One that trusts you.”

“But I am happy with you-”

“Lewis, please don't do this.” Nico whispers and Lewis can't resist pressing a last kiss on Nico's lips, making the Omega cling tighter to his shoulder. It tastes like salt, tears mixing and yet it is oddly comforting, like a less heartbreaking goodbye. When they part from another, the sadness clings heavy to their scents, both don't know what to say.

“The past days I thought about the guilt that was eating me up for everything I put you through.” Nico whispers into the empty space between them. “Even if you say you have forgiven me, I can never forgive myself for what I did to you.”

“It’s- if it is what you want, I will respect that decision.” Lewis replies, voice heavy from crying, his own tears not stopping now.

They lay in each other arms, quiet sniffles and sobs breaking the silence from time to time. Lewis always thought that Nico is his fitting puzzle piece, the perfect mate for when they would graduate from university. He’d dreamed about their future but this isn’t how it was supposed to end and yet - there is a light feeling in him, one Lewis can’t place.

“You like him, don’t you?” Nico chuckles through his tears, gently caressing one of Lewis’ braids that came loose from his bun.

“What?”

“I know you very well, even if you will deny it... Be happy with him.” Lewis leans into the gentle touch, resisting kissing Nico again. It is over between them, he has no reason to do it. He knows who Nico is talking about and it makes him sad to let the other go, when he knows him this well.

“Can we stay friends? I- I will need time but I don’t want to lose you. You mean so much to me, dating or not. And I want you to be part of my pack...” Lewis rambles, wiping a few tears from his cheeks. “Nico, I don’t want to let you go forever, you will always mean a lot to me.”

“Lewis, I don’t think I deserve a spot there, your pack-”

“They agreed.” Their eyes meet and Lewis sees Nico’s eyes filling with tears again, the Omega shaking his head.

“I shouldn’t, not after-”

“We go slowly, no rush if you’re willing to accept. Once we both feel ready. And you don’t have to take the offer, you can always refuse.”

“I would love to be part of your pack, you know that,” Nico whispers before combing his fingers through his hair. “But I will need time too, would that be okay?”

“Yes, for sure! You could join us a bit during the pack week, you probably won’t be the only one and-” Lewis has to stop himself from rambling as Nico chuckles softly again.

“I will think about it. But I’m honoured that they allow me to be part of it.”

“Whenever you’re ready.”

They stay like that for a while longer, wrapped in each other’s arms, finding comfort in their shared sadness. Lewis heart hurts and he knows that Nico is feeling the same.

When Nico leaves in the evening, it feels like a hole has been ripped in Lewis' chest so he curls up in his bed, wrapped in a blanket that smells like Nico as more and more tears roll down his cheeks. He stays like that until Valtteri finds him hours later, sobbing into a few tissues and his cushion. The Finnish Alpha doesn't say a single word but brings him water and some tea, listening to Lewis' sobs.

"You broke up, didn't you?" Valtteri asks gently when he finally gets Lewis to sit up, making him to drink a few sips of water.

"Yes... Nico thought it would be for the best after all that happened. He said I deserve someone better..." Lewis sniffles, grabbing the tissue Valtteri is holding out for him but the Finnish Alpha stays quiet otherwise, only mustering him sharply.

"I know what you are thinking. And after we've talked about it and he explained everything to me, I think it is for the better too." Lewis quietly admits, his heart feeling heavy again.

"Then why are you crying?" Valtteri asks, eyebrows raised in concern. Lewis doesn't reply at first, just leaning against the other Alpha as a few more sobs come over his lips.

"Hey, hey, calm down."

"I had hoped it would happen, Val. I had hoped he would break up and I'm feeling relieved about it."

Nine

Chapter Notes

I finally managed to sit down and continue the story, I'm so sorry for letting you wait so long!

Disclaimer: from here on the story will focus heavily on Lewis and George and their relationship but now worries, others will be there too. There will also be three new important characters and I really hope you will enjoy it!! 💕💕

Lewis is behaving weird - well not weird but differently, George notices. Before the break-up with Nico, the Alpha and him had been texting regularly, exchanging small things about their day, lectures, uni work, course mates....

George knows breakups come always with a difficult time, with sorting out feelings and even needing space for oneself. But it doesn't explain why Lewis suddenly avoids him. No more texts, no more silly memes or pictures of dogs the Alpha sees on his way to his lectures.

They are maybe friends, nothing more and yet, it stings badly. George knows he shouldn't expect more than there is, shouldn't get his hopes up, only because Lewis is single now. But the immediate silence?

It gets worse when Claire pulls him aside, right one day before the criminal law course starts, to tell him that Lewis requested another partner for the group project. George can't exactly say what he felt at that moment. Confusion? Disappointment? The urge to cry? Lewis had been so happy over them working together a few weeks back and now he changes partners without telling George? It doesn't make sense.

But George does what he always does - he swallows the ugly feelings down, together with all the nice feelings he has for Lewis. It's not meant to be then.

Easier said than done.

When George sees Lewis walking into the lecture this morning, his heart betrays him, the tingling feeling in his stomach rising again. The Alpha looks as good as ever in George's opinion, dressed in a matching coat and warm boots, his braids peeking out under a soft beanie. When the Omega musters the Alpha a second longer, there's a different story, because Lewis looks bad. He has deep circles under his eyes as if he doesn't get enough sleep and it seems like the to-go coffee cup in his hand is holding him up, not the other way around.

George ignores the urge of his inner Omega, to go where Lewis is sitting down at the other side of the room, next to his new group partner. Deep inside him is a turmoil, a part of him

wants to go over and ask why Lewis switched groups. Or wrap Lewis in his arms and comfort him, making the obvious sadness in the Alpha's scent go away. But he doesn't want to cause a scene in the room, not with so many law students already eyeing him with big interest.

"Hey, are you George?" An unknown voice asks next to him, making George turn away from staring at Lewis. The guy in front of George is a tall Alpha, with blonde coloured hair and who pulls a snooty face, eyes mustering George from head to toe. The Alpha stares at the Omega for another good second before sliding into the seat next to him.

"It's not fair of Claire to put me together with a newbie. Fucking extra work-" He grumbles under his breath and George bites back a sigh or snide comment. *Don't cause a scene*, he reminds himself. "You're probably an ever bigger mess than Latifi. You better don't fuck up my grade, some of us are studying to reach something in their lives."

At least he didn't insult your second gender yet, George thinks, trying to see the positives while having such an asshole as a partner. Great. Should he and Lewis ever get back on speaking terms, George can't guarantee that he's not going to be petty over this. George turns his head down to his notebook, preparing a new section for notes from this class. The Omega normally isn't one for colourful headlines and loves to doodle in between his scribbles but whatever makes him avoid conversation with the guy next to him is good enough, George decides.

When he looks up from his notebook, the blonde Alpha is staring at Lewis, eyes squinted and face pulled in a deep frown and George bites his lip. His scent reeks of jealousy and hate, making something curl uncomfortable deep within. An ugly feeling tells him that this course might have some unpleasant surprises for him.

George decides that it might be better to keep the interaction with the other at minimum, not bothering to ask the other for his name or something else. Instead, he tries figuring out why Lewis is suddenly ignoring him - did he do something wrong? But then what could it be?

Before he can spiral in his thoughts, Claire Williams breezes into the room, hands full of folders and sheets, that she dumps on her desk. She starts immediately, not wasting much time on an introduction or recommending books, unlike all of George's lecturers normally do. For the next ninety minutes, George hears one of the most interesting lectures he ever had but it's also pretty intense, at least for him as a non-law student. Apart from the fact that Claire uses words he never heard before, George is busy scribbling down as much as he can, his hand cramping already after a good thirty minutes. A quick glance tells him the other students seem to be fairly relaxed, the blonde Alpha next to him doesn't even touch a pen.

When Claire ends the lecture with a hefty essay to write until the end of the year, George has written five pages, the letters turning messier and messier with every written line. He ignores the comment from the blonde Alpha about his handwriting, that the other makes under his breath, something that oddly sounds like an insult to Omegas. There it is, the comment he waited for when the other had come to sit next to him. At least he lasted ninety minutes, that's much more than other's did before him.

Claire waits until most of the students have left the room before she wanders over to his table, a friendly smile on her face. "Hey George, everything okay? I wasn't too fast for you? I saw you writing all the time."

"Uhm, no the pace was good, it was very interesting, that's why I wrote so much."

"That's good to hear, but trust me, you won't need half of your notes for the group work," She smiles, "Besides, you don't have to write the essay or do the extra tasks I like to hand out in between."

"I don't?"

"You're not a law student, George, it would be unfair if I'd try to grade you on the same level as them. Do the group work with your partner and that is enough for your final credit. I'm sure you already have enough to work through from Susie's lot."

A smile spreads on George's face too, he knows what she means. "That's true. Thank you a lot."

"No need to thank me but maybe keep that information to yourself, I don't want to stir a jealousy debate. And arguing with twenty soon to be lawyers screams incoming headache."

George nods before bidding his goodbye, wrapping himself into his coat and scarf for the December cold that has London in an icy grip. Lewis has long vanished from the room, George notices in disappointment but the guy that sat next to him, waits for George by the door.

"Hey, are you okay? Your partner Dan is... a handful. At least for someone that is new."

Well, at least he knows the name of his project partner, that is something.

"He was rude, yes. But I should manage it." George says, smiling friendly at the other.

"Nothing I haven't had before."

"I'm Nicholas and you're George, right?"

"Yes, the forensic student that apparently doesn't belong here."

Nicholas snorts. "He's a foul-mouthed asshole, don't pay him any mind. He's jealous and angry about everyone and everything. The category of Alpha that thinks he's far higher than anyone of us."

"I could barely notice," George grins as he musters the other. Nicholas is roughly as tall as him, thick black curls peaking out from under his beanie. He has a friendly smile and George faintly smells his scent, it is very muted - Nicholas is a Beta, he then realises.

"I hope you're not mad I stole Lewis from you," the other suddenly sheepishly admits as they make their way towards the exit. "I'm failing another course but Claire told me if I get a good grade in this one, she removes the other grade and lets me pass. And well... Lewis is the best, so I hope you can forgive me."

“Oh yeah sure, no big deal. I just didn’t know about it...” George mumbles, he isn’t sure what else he should answer to that. On one side, it’s probably peak Lewis - helping others wherever he can because the Alpha is a good soul. On the other side, George wishes that Lewis could have texted him at least about it. He would have understood it.

“You didn’t know?” Nicholas looks like someone slapped him across the face and George sighs, quickly shaking his head.

“No I didn’t, Claire only told me yesterday. I thought it might have something to do with his... personal situation but if it’s to help you, I’m not mad about it. You need him to help you more than I do.”

Nicholas nods quickly, understanding what he’s trying to say. “Hm yeah, the whole Nico thing. It’s still not an excuse to not even text you about it.”

George shrugs but the Beta isn’t having any of it. “Breakups are not an excuse for shitty behaviour towards others, that’s not nice.”

“It’s really not that bad,” George says with a shaky smile and Nicholas seems to finally buy that.

“Still... by the way if Dan gives you a hard time or acts out of line, tell anyone of us. He loves to single out people and go after them. If he does that to you, tell me and we can take care of it.”

“I will do that.” Somehow George feels like he gained a new friend.

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One of his lectures gets cancelled last minute, so George has most of his afternoon off, hiding away in the library.

He isn’t in the mood to face neither Alex nor Lando, not with them talking non-stop over their crushes. For sure, he is happy for them but seeing them all cosy together while Lewis choses to ignore his presence and not even bothering to tell him personally about switching partners - it stings badly.

And ruining the mood for his friends is unfair, George could never do that. Instead, he busies himself with catching up on his classes, especially his anatomy course. His lecturer has given him a ton of pages to read about the human body and decay. Since Lando forbid him to open that book anywhere near the kitchen because of the pictures, George is glad he has a quiet minute in the library to do it in peace.

He makes small doodles in his notebook, getting lost in his work while he listens to whatever songs that are in the random playlist he selected.

It keeps his mind off from thinking about Lewis or the upcoming Pack classes. It’s Tuesday and judging by the schedule he received via mail from his study tutor, he has the first class on Thursday morning and they stretch until the Christmas break. George wouldn’t call himself

lazy - but he knows that he won't do anything over Christmas except eating food and being coddled by his siblings and his nephews and niece, he wants to get it done before the trouble starts.

It's a bit unfair that there is no skipping out option this year and if it's not bad enough, Alex and Lando are not in the same classes. He's stuck with other Omegas purely from the science department while getting yet again another lecture on pregnancies and how great they are.

If that wasn't enough yet, George will get like all other Omegas a randomly chosen Omega from a lower semester to take care of. The official statement said it was to give them a chance to get to know more people and connect to found new packs but George calls it bullshit. If anything, it's to wake any 'Omega instincts' and it makes him want to rip his hair out. Metaphorically of course, he is actually quite fond of his hair.

George finishes the last chapter he has to read and sum up and he is more than ready to fall into his bed and sleep for a very long time. He closes his book and notebook, packing it up quickly when his eyes land on one of the large windows.

Big snowflakes fall down from the sky, painting London white as far as one can look. George sighs, knowing that the streets will be filled with wet mud, traffic chaos and deadly, slippery side walks. He likes snow but only when he's cuddled into a nest at home, preferably in his room or close to their fireplace in the living room, hidden with a good crime novel. Not when he has to get home somehow.

The Omega wraps himself up in his warm clothes again, letting out a happy sound when he finds gloves at the bottom of his backpack. Some extra warmth can't hurt.

He's so busy that he doesn't notice where he's going, bumping hard into a student that walked out between two large shelves.

"Woah watch out-"

"I didn't see you, sorry - Lewis?"

The Alpha stares up at him and George feels his heart beating like crazy in his chest. George doesn't know what to say. Confront him? Ask the Alpha about ignoring him?

Lewis takes the decision from him, letting out a sigh before he smiles. "We should stop meeting like this. Or you need stronger glasses."

"Probably both," George admits, a weak smile on his own lips. All anger and hurt is vanished, now that Lewis is standing in front of him, his scent making George's knees weak.

"Hey, I'm sorry about switching partners and not telling you, that wasn't fair of me. If I had known you'd end up with Dan-"

"It's okay," George blurts out, despite his brain saying *No, you fool, it's not* .

"It's not okay," Lewis frowns and shakes his head. "Whatever problem I have going on in my life shouldn't be your burden to carry. Let me make it up and apologise... are you in the

mood for some cake?”

“Always,” The Omega smiles weakly. “But Lewis you don’t need to-”

“Yes I do,” Lewis shakes his head before grabbing George’s hand and suddenly George wishes he wasn’t wearing his glove already, feeling the heat radiating from Lewis’ skin. “I have a lot to make up to you.”

End Notes

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