Bound

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by sabikun

Summary

Feisty omega Katsuki is swept up into a world he's never imagined when a distant King named Izuku agrees to take his hand in marriage in exchange for his tribe's protection in an approaching war. Separated from everything he once knew, Katsuki must decide to thrive or collapse under the weight of his new life.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1: Untying the Knot

“Katsuki! Stop squirming!”

“I can’t! You’re stabbing me in the eye!”

“I’m not stabbing you, you baby. It’s just eyeliner. Now look up. All the way. Yeah, good. Don’t move.”

“Mina, are you sure you know what you’re doing?”

Mina sighed and dropped the hand holding the kajal pencil in her lap. “Yes, Katsuki, I know what I’m doing,” she sighed, her tone impatient and pointed. “And if you had paid attention during lessons, you’d know too.”

Katsuki curled his lip in distaste. “Omega lessons are the same crap over and over. *Be pretty. Be quiet. Be useless. Have babies* . It’s fucking dumb!”

Mina gave a small shrug as she picked up her carving knife and scraped the kajal into a sharper point. “I guess. I like it. Anyway, it’s all beside the point now. By tonight, you’re going to be married.”

“Yeah, yeah, and the safety of the tribe depends on this arrangement, I know.” Katsuki rolled his eyes at the ridiculousness of it all. Like getting all prettied up was really going to have anything to do with how his night was going to go. He doubted the guy would even notice before he was being groped and forced into bed. Katsuki did his best to ignore the sick lurch of his stomach at the thought. He didn’t want to allow his mind to linger there. He’d been sick once already.

“Fine, let’s finish.” Heaving a sigh, he looked up at the tent’s apex once more and did his best to keep from flinching as Mina continued lining his eyes in a thick ring of black. They were watering something fierce by the time she was done with the outline and began to smudge the

line into a smoky ring with her finger. She dabbed at the corners with a cloth to blot away the lingering wetness, then leaned back to study her work.

"There. All done." Looking very proud of herself, Mina held up a mirror for Katsuki to inspect her work. He had to admit, the makeup did look good on him. His red eyes were even more striking lined in black and the twin orange swipes at the crest of his cheekbones, meant to mimic claw marks, were quite flattering. It was shocking to see himself like this and he stared in silence longer than he meant to.

"Now, let's do something with that hair," Mina announced, giving up on a thank you with a sigh.

Katsuki just frowned. He liked his unruly blonde hair like it was. Elders were always trying to get him to brush it down or grow it out longer but he'd managed to resist enough that they eventually gave up. Short and spiky was his *look* . He didn't like the makeup and he definitely didn't like the idea of taming his hair.

Seeing his expression sour, Mina sighed. "Not like that. I'm just going to use this new hair oil. It smells like flowers and-"

Katsuki tuned out as she rambled on and on about hair care. He wasn't trying to be dismissive (this time) but, frankly, he had bigger things to be concerned about.

Their tribe was small but fierce. Known far and wide for their deadly warriors, even omegas like him were regarded with some amount of respect. But respect was nothing against a force like war. And the Kingdom of Endeavor was on the move, taking over small tribes one by one, giving them the option to join or be eradicated. Any resistance, even the smallest desire to preserve the history of what had been, was met with deadly force. Their goal was simple: annihilation. Only his barbarian tribe was skilled enough to have resisted this long. They had stood firm against Endeavor, single-handedly fighting off all attempts at a hostile takeover. But with the full force of Endeavor's seemingly never-ending army bearing down on them, even the barbarians had no choice but to reach out for help. Help that would be found with the only other large settlement, led by a new, untested King named Izuku Midoriya, whose father had recently fallen in battle. Without a battle-proven leader, they were eager to accept the barbarian's offer of an omega's hand in marriage in exchange for the agreement to work together as one, solidifying their own Kingdom and bolstering their numbers in one easy move. Omegas were pretty rare, male omegas especially, which had put

Katsuki at the forefront of the offerings when this King's preferences became known. Still, it wasn't like he was the only male omega of acceptable age and there were certainly others much more suited to the omega role. But, for reasons that Katsuki would probably never understand, the Elders had selected him. Katsuki Bakugou.

By all accounts, it didn't make sense. He constantly butted heads with his mentors and was openly defiant. If it was just based on looks, he really didn't think he was the prettiest omega they had to offer, either. Mina, with her soft curves and sweet face, was a much better example of omega beauty. And there was that pretty boy omega with the blue eyes and blonde hair. He would have been a much better candidate. Katsuki was too muscular, too rebellious, and, frankly, just not a very good omega. He could cook, sure, but kids annoyed the crap out of him and he didn't have the patience for sewing and crafting. Not to mention his foul, abrasive mouth. He refused to bow his head to *any* alpha. Elders frequently insisted he would never find a mate if he didn't calm down and if they thought a sudden marriage was going to do the job, they were all going to be very disappointed.

"Stop brooding," Mina said, flicking Katsuki on the nose to get his attention. "I can smell it on you."

Jerking back with a sharp glare, Katsuki reluctantly accepted the offered hand mirror and examined himself. Smoky eyes and lightly stained lips reflected back at him, crowned by shiny blonde hair. Huh, maybe there was something to that hair oil after all... He barely recognized his reflection. "Wow." He looked every bit the perfect omega, an image he never imagined seeing on himself. It almost felt as if all of this was happening to someone else. That couldn't be him in the mirror.

"Yeah, wow!" Mina grinned widely, pleased with the outcome, even if it was obvious that Katsuki was not. She'd finally gotten the tomboy omega to submit to a little prettification and the outcome was stunning. Mina knew that Katsuki had never understood that he was just as beautiful as any other omega, as he didn't believe that beauty and strength could coexist. But watching him stare at himself in the mirror, it was clear that, for once, he saw it too. "Alright, clothes time. Get up."

"Those are not clothes," Katsuki protested, though he did rise to his feet with only a small amount of reluctance. "It's a few strings and a loincloth." An omega's acceptable wardrobe usually consisted of very little and even less for important ceremonies. They were to be admired and celebrated, the Elders claimed. It wasn't objectification, they assured. Katsuki didn't buy it for a second and he really didn't want to walk down the aisle half-naked.

Mina laughed and made a dismissive gesture. “You're gonna look amazing in those strings, so hush. Why work so hard on that body if you're not going to show it off?” Katsuki fought not to scoff as she motioned for him to get moving. Currently, Katsuki was wearing his usual outfit, a simple pair of deep brown leather pants and heavy boots with a fur-topped orange cape and matching sleeves that went from his wrist to just above his elbow. Already far too much in some people’s eyes. Still, he gave in, and had reached up to release the tie of his cape when he was interrupted by the sound of someone entering.

The current omega mentor looked stressed as he ducked inside and regarded the two young omegas. “The King is almost ready,” he announced, frowning at the way Katsuki was dressed. “You're running late.”

The disappointment in his voice made Katsuki annoyed and he looked away with little more than a grunt.

“He got sick,” Mina offered, ignoring the glare Katsuki shot her way. “Nerves, you know?”

The mentor’s disappointment faded and he nodded with an understanding that surprised Katsuki into forgetting his protest about needing Mina to stand up for him.

“Well, skip the clothes,” Elder Aizawa said, making a hurrying motion with his hands. “You will just have to go as you are. The King is already on the way to the altar and we can't keep him waiting.” He reached over and patted Katsuki on his shoulder with a fatherly kind of fondness, though his expression remained unreadable. “Head up, Katsuki. You're representing our tribe. Nerves or not, you are the example that will stand for us all. Carry that with pride.”

Feeling his resolve strengthen, Katsuki gave a single nod and stood up a little straighter. The benefit of this marriage far outweighed his own reservations. If he refused, or worse, *was* refused... every single barbarian he’d ever known or cared about would be crushed under the might of Endeavor. Katsuki would have preferred to fight a real battle, but if this stupid ceremony and marriage was what it took to guarantee the safety of his people... he would do it. He thought of his mom, a loud and brash alpha, and his father, a meek and dependable omega. He was their only child, a real rarity among the tribe, and they’d doted on him his whole life by making sure he always had the best and rarely ever had to hear the word no. He

would never even consider repaying their generous love and care with that kind of selfishness.

“Alright, I’m done. Let’s get this over with.”

Aizawa nodded and for an instant, Katsuki thought he saw a smile almost twitch on the mentor’s lips. “You will be happy to know that the Midoriyas have agreed to allow you a bodyguard of your choice to go with you. I assume--”

“Eijirou.”

“That’s what I thought. He’s already agreed and is ready to go.”

“So I’m the last to know,” Katsuki grumbled, not liking the feeling of having his choices so easily anticipated. Aizawa had always been that way and the two often butted heads because of it.

“We didn’t want to worry you with useless details.” Before Katsuki could protest his friend giving up his own life to guard his being called a useless detail, Aizawa motioned for him to hurry along and ushered him out of the tent, ignoring his grumblings.

Katsuki squinted against the sun as he ducked out of the tent. A clearing had been readied along the forest’s edge and the barbarians crowded in a circle, divided only by the length of a petal-strewn path that led to the center. At the start of the aisle, his mother waited in her finest leather and furs, standing tall and beaming pride. At her side, and just a step behind, his father was crying silently. He couldn’t smell their familiar scent past the blend of the crowd and a small part of him was disappointed. It would have provided some amount of comfort. Katsuki had to swallow to get his heart to stop squeezing in on itself. He couldn’t allow himself to be so emotionally open. He had a job to do.

Music rose moments after Katsuki stepped out of the tent, a soft harmony of wind and stringed instruments that he’d made fun of many times before. He never thought the sound would make him feel such dread. He still had not dared look at the altar. The King would be

there, waiting. Closing his eyes, Katsuki took a moment to breathe out all the air trapped in his body.

He stepped forward, pausing in front of his parents briefly. He gave the low bow that was expected of him and the sound of his father's choked sob almost made him break and run. When he stood upright, his mother gave a small, encouraging nod. There was pride there in her vibrant eyes but Katsuki didn't miss the wetness that threatened to spill over. This was it. It wasn't like they would never see each other again but they were going to be separated for a long time. They'd never been apart for more than a few months at a time. A surprising sadness joined his worry. Despite the excess of flowers, cheery music, and the smell of the waiting feast, none of this felt like it was supposed to. Katsuki had always scoffed at and belittled the omegas that gushed on and on about their eventual wedding day. It had seemed so silly and meek then, but now he felt regretful that his own wedding was never going to be more than a feeling of loss.

Before his thoughts got much darker, he turned away and began the slow walk up the aisle. People, a mix of his own and strangers from the King's lands, strained to get a look. Voices went up all around and between the excited cries of "Look!" and "It's starting!" Katsuki couldn't help but hear the comments.

"Is... is *that* what he's wearing?!"

"Ugh, leave it to Katsuki."

"Their omegas sure look beefy."

"He better not disappoint the King."

"At least they cleaned him up a little..."

Katsuki wished he could be somewhere, *anywhere* else. At the very least that he could stop and yell back like he usually would. Stand up for himself a little. Fuck tradition, he'd show all these fucking assholes who he was and-- With a sigh, he forced himself to stop thinking along those lines. Just focus on what mattered now, like putting this walk of shame behind

him. One foot in front of the other. Head up, Aizawa had said. You're representing the whole tribe. Katsuki lifted his eyes from the ground.

A few yards away, the long altar was decorated with flowers and pretty displays of fur, jewelry, and pottery, all meant to be given as gifts to the newlyweds. Behind it stood their leader, an Elder who went by All Might. Despite once being an incredibly powerful alpha, age and bad health had wreaked havoc on his body, leaving him frail looking. Only his intense blue eyes still held the warning to not let looks fool you.

And in front of the altar stood...

Katsuki felt his brows tighten into a furrow, despite the way he tried so hard to keep his face expressionless. This had to be a mistake. There was no way that babyface was an alpha. Sure, he was well built, but he was also rather short for an alpha, and nothing about his bright, wide green eyes was even remotely threatening. He was stupidly cheerful and when he saw Katsuki look his way, he smiled widely and lifted a hand, wiggling his fingers in greeting.

What the fuck...?

Katsuki was glaring daggers before he could stop himself. More whispers and snide comments went up around him as people began to notice but this time they were easy to ignore. Did this guy, this *Izuku* , think this was some kind of joke?! Here Katsuki was, giving up his life and his freedom for the sake of his people and this curly-haired, shitty, broccoli-looking motherfucker was *smiling* ? Katsuki was affronted and just plain *pissed off* . His scent soured, and as he took his place next to his future husband, he felt a small sense of victory when the alpha's smile wavered, fading slowly, and he soon turned away. Most omegas had likely always worked to keep their scents light and sweet around the King but Katsuki wasn't the type to fake it.

Good , Katsuki thought petulantly. His scent was his scent and he wasn't just some prize to be leered at as he was led to the slaughter. If this guy couldn't understand why Katsuki wasn't all smiles and finger wiggles back, he was dumber than he looked. Not that that would be hard.

For the first time since he'd been given the news, Katsuki grinned slightly. Insulting the King, even if it was just mentally, made him feel a little better.

Between them, All Might stepped forward and raised a hand into the air. The sound of the crowd around them faded into silence and All Might's voice rang out strong in its place. "My fellow warriors," he began, allowing his arm to fall back to his side. "We gather this day for a very important event. More than a simple marriage, more than a treaty for peace, more even than the joining of our two worlds.... Today, we gather to witness a new beginning. With the joining of this pair and their unfailing commitment to us all, we set out together to make a world where all can live and prosper."

He paused for the crowd's reaction, waiting for the mixture of stomping and shouting from the barbarians and more subdued clapping from the King's people to fade once more before moving on. All Might turned to the King and fixed him with a hard stare, then turned the same look on Katsuki. "Let no false words nor empty promises be spoken here. For as long as our hearts are true and our wills strong, no force can deter us from victory!"

His fist thrust into the air, followed by more raucous applause. Even the King's people seemed to be falling under the pull of All Might's moving words. Katsuki was less moved. He'd spoken briefly with All Might a few hours before the ceremony about the future and the responsibilities he would soon bear. And while All MIght had been slightly apologetic, it went without saying that, at this point, it was all inevitable. Katsuki had always viewed their leader with an enormous amount of respect and awe but things had changed since he was chosen. He didn't want to be bitter but it was hard to admire the man who put you up for sale.

The three of them waited as the cheering began to fade once more before All Might continued. He turned first to Katsuki and, despite himself, the blonde omega stood a little taller. Maybe a small part of him still wanted to impress. He'd never be able to do it with his ability in battle but he could have strength in other ways.

"Young Katsuki, of clan Bakugou... We have all watched you grow over the years, come to know and love you."

Katsuki fought to keep his expression blank, even as his resentment grew with each passing word. He hadn't doubted All Might's sentiment up to this point but those words felt a little too showy to be genuine.

“Today, you stand before me a grown man and a ready omega. It is with a mix of pride and sadness that I be the one to pledge your hand to this man, Izuku Midoriya. King of his own lands, he has proven himself, both in battle and out, to be a brave and good man and a strong alpha. He will need a strong omega. You, Young Katsuki... I do truly believe you are that omega.”

All Might regarded Izuku next and as he went over the responsibilities of an alpha to protect and provide, Katsuki took the opportunity to actually study his husband-to-be. They appeared to be around the same age as far as Katsuki could tell. Izuku was about a head taller than him, short for an alpha but Katsuki was also tall for an omega, so he figured it evened out in the end. Wide, green eyes with matching hair that curled against freckled, tanned skin. Katsuki supposed the ride from his fancy castle all the way out to the middle of the Flat Lands had given the sun some time to deepen his tone. He wasn’t *bad* looking, if Katsuki was honest. Cute, almost. If you liked that insufferably happy look, at least. And he stared back at All Might with open awe and rapt attention, which Katsuki did appreciate.

Most outsiders viewed the barbarians as wild and uncivilized, a force that needed to be altered and tamed. So far, Izuku had made no demands that they change their ways or traditions and had made it known that they were welcome to stay put or join him on the journey back to his homeland of Musutafu. Katsuki had been surprised and a little intimidated by the amount of his people that were planning on moving. People had been packing and preparing to follow the King’s caravan back for days now. According to the rumor mill, it seemed that the general populace looked at it as a way to improve their current way of life, almost as if it were a step towards bettering themselves. Which only deepened the need for this marriage to work. If it had just been strangers, maybe Katsuki could have convinced himself he didn't really have to care. But people were putting their trust in him. He couldn’t let them down. Izuku had promised that all who came were welcome, but he didn’t want to think what might happen to those promises if the marriage didn’t work out. Katsuki wasn’t ready to trust the King to keep his word just yet.

After all, he didn’t know very much about the other man. Mostly that Izuku had proven himself a fierce warrior in his own right and that had earned him the respect of many, the barbarians included. Even if they weren’t following because of some romantic notion that the two very different peoples could live in harmony, Katsuki knew the job ahead of him was going to be massive. He wasn’t going to be the kind of overly submissive omega that sat by and simply allowed things to happen around them. He wanted to be involved, to ensure the happiness and prosperity of his people, and to truly give this merger a try. If Izuku had a problem with that, things were going to be very hard indeed.

Katsuki startled when All Might cleared his throat pointedly. “Katsuki... Izuku... Please turn to face one another and hold each other’s hand.”

Immediately, Izuku's hand shot out, ready and eager and accompanied by a reassuring smile and a waft of sweet grass. Katsuki felt his stomach lurch as he reluctantly took the offered hand and allowed their fingers to intertwine. No going back now.

All Might lifted a length of braided cloth into the air. One orange strand to represent Katsuki, one green for Izuku, and a white strand for eternity to join the two, all woven together as a symbol of their union. Katsuki felt Izuku's hand tighten in a gentle squeeze and he looked up into emerald eyes as All Might began to wrap it around their hands in the standard overhand knot, leaving it tied very loose.

Katsuki shot All Might with a quick, scathing look. Traditionally, the braid would remain around their wrists throughout the feast to follow until it naturally fell off, after which the pair would rush off to their home to mate and claim one another in private. Some couples lingered at their feasts for minutes, some for hours. It all depended on the tie of the knot.

Just what was All Might trying to say, anyway? Did he think Katsuki was plotting an escape and wanted to make sure Izuku could snatch him away as soon as possible? He couldn't possibly think Katsuki was *eager* , could he? Or maybe he'd remembered how much Katsuki hated large crowds and was giving him the promise of a quick reprieve? Whatever it was, Katsuki felt a cold curl of distaste. Though he wanted to demand answers, it wasn't his place to challenge, of all people, All Might. During his own wedding, no less.

"And so," All Might continued, giving their joined hands a final pat, "we seal this marriage and these two souls together as one. Let the festivities... begin!"

A thunderous explosion of cheering and applause went up around them. Everyone seemed so excited. Katsuki chanced a look over at his new husband. He was smiling again and when their eyes met, the omega caught the scent of sweet grass once more, soft and welcoming. Stupid Alpha, scenting the air like that every time their eyes met. And that dorky smile. Against his will, Katsuki felt his resolve to be upset soften just a bit. It could have been much worse and if this alpha was as much of a pushover as he seemed so far, Katsuki would have no trouble ruling the roost. He'd always said he would prefer it that way. Maybe he ended up getting his wish.

It sure didn't feel as satisfying as he'd thought it would.

He didn’t have much time to brood as they were almost immediately rushed off to their appointed place at the feast. As was tradition, they were sat in a plush spread of pillows and light blankets, meant to invite cuddles and tender moments between the new couple. Behind them, Katsuki’s parents and a few of his mentors sat together, ready to accept well-wishes and praise on a match well made. The sun was just beginning to make its descent into evening and torches were quickly lit against the approaching darkness. The sound of talk and merriment seemed to reach up to the sky as people crowded the long tables piled high with foods and sweets. The smell made Katsuki’s empty stomach gurgle loudly.

Beside him, Izuku chuckled softly. “Me too,” he said, resting his free hand against his own stomach in a show of sympathy.

Distantly, Katsuki noted it was the first thing they had said privately. He pressed his lips together and looked away, unsure as to why he felt shy about being hungry, of all things. At least he wouldn’t have to wait long to eat. Well-wishers were already lining up with their offerings, presents accompanied by little plates that held samples of their best food, or, for those who had no omega and no skill to cook, fresh fruits.

Izuku, at least, was eager to get started and waved over the first in line. Katsuki had expected an outsider to react with disinterest at best but Izuku was really putting himself out there. He took time to talk to each person, offering a greeting and a smile as time wore on and the procession began to become repetitive. He talked so much, he left both the guests and Katsuki without much to say once he was finished. Even close family members seemed to only have brief words of encouragement and hurried goodbyes left to offer. Katsuki couldn’t help but feel ignored even as he watched Izuku engage eagerly in their customs. So much for a doting alpha...

It wasn’t long before one set of faces blurred into the next for Katsuki and he was simply reacting rather than actually paying attention. He normally hated being the center of attention, especially in large crowds. In the past, they’d only led to comments about how he wasn’t a good enough Omega compared to everyone else. The constant failure to live up to expectations had left a bad taste in his mouth. But tonight was different. No one had any cross words or snide observations. Instead, he was lavished with praise and fawned over. It all felt forced and a little fake. At least the food offered was phenomenal. Even though Katsuki was carefully only eating a bite or two at a time of each dish, he was soon stuffed almost to discomfort.

Throughout the non-stop parade, Katsuki was especially careful to stay as close to Izuku as possible. He didn't want to put any undue strain on the loose knot and he was hyper-aware of it as the night stretched on. Izuku was less careful and Katsuki had no choice but to scramble onto his knees a few times when bigger gifts were brought and required two hands. It gave the impression that he, too, was excited and Izuku had smiled over at him each time it happened, completely unaffected by Katsuki's annoyed huffs in response. He managed to make it last deep into the night and, after what felt like hours, the last few people were making their offerings.

Despite how careful he'd been, with one word, it happened.

"Look!"

Katsuki felt as if he were stuck in some kind of thick goo, unable to move fast enough but forced to watch as Izuku raised his hand and pointed towards the woodline just past where the lights of the festivities could reach. He looked down in stone-still horror, watching as the sudden yank was too much for the tie and it slipped free, falling down to rest next to their hands. A heavy weight settled in Katsuki's stomach and he continued to stare at the loose tie even as he distantly became aware of Izuku talking excitedly.

"That's one of your tribe's animals, isn't it? You sorta worship them but not in the usual sense; it's more like a reverence, I suppose. A totem you put special significance in-- Oh, kinda like the paint on your cheeks and--"

"Shut up!" Time snapped into place and Katsuki could finally move again. He huffed, crossing his arms and looked anywhere but at Izuku and where his finger still pointed. "What would you even know about it anyway?!"

A hand dropped down onto his shoulder and Katsuki looked up to see Aizawa standing just behind him. "Hush. Do as he says." Despite his stern command, Aizawa's voice was strangely soft.

While his first instinct was to rebel immediately, it was then that Katsuki noticed the silence. The boisterous mix of conversation and song had stopped, replaced by a silence that felt large and important. Katsuki fixed his face into a scowl but he obeyed, eyes finally drifting out to where Izuku still pointed.

A large brown bear stood up on its hind legs, nose working as it sniffed the air, silently weighing the draw of the food smells against the danger of humans. At her feet, a cub waited, snuffling and pawing in the tall grass.

Katsuki felt his breath sucked from his lungs, stolen by the sight. Izuku had gotten his information almost too correct. The bear was an important symbol to his tribe, along with many other animals. What he couldn't have known was that, specifically, the bear was *his* animal. On his name-day, he'd been blessed by the bear as his very own. He still had the little wooden totem he'd been gifted, the name 'KATSUKI' carved into the back by his mother's hand, tucked safely away in the corner of his pillow.

"What a blessing," Aizawa breathed, barely above a whisper.

In the distance, the mother bear dropped and sauntered back into the protection of the trees, her cub toddling along close behind. A few seconds of silence lingered before the first whispers began to spread among the crowd. All eyes turned back in, focusing on Izuku and Katsuki.

Katsuki couldn't help but feel as if the bear had betrayed him somehow. He wanted this marriage to work, he truly did, but the idea of it being blessed was too much. He just wasn't prepared to accept the message the mother bear brought.

"Oh, hey." Izuku raised his freed hand, looking down at the untied knot with an amused smile. He looked back up at Katsuki, waiting, as if he expected the omega to smile back. The weight of dread that had settled in Katsuki's gut earlier rolled uncomfortably.

It was time.

Chapter 2: Prima Nocta

“Stupid alpha,” Katsuki grumbled loudly, shoving aside the heavy leather flap that covered the entrance to their temporary bedroom. He heard, and got a small sense of satisfaction from, the sound of Izuku running into and then fighting off the weight of the flap. He’d been right on Katsuki’s heels, because of course he had, and as far as Katsuki was concerned, he deserved to get smacked in the face for being so eager. Storming forward into his nest, he spun around and crossed his arms over his chest, glaring for all he was worth in Izuku’s direction.

“Stupid alpha,” he spat again before flopping down cross-legged in the very back of his nest. He pointedly took up as much room as he could, his instincts not wanting to share his nest. He was already miffed at having to move it from his room into this stupid tent. His scent was thick around them, pungent and sour from his moodiness and growing rapidly stronger. The temporary shelter was small, and there was room only for Katsuki’s nest and a small table with a bowl of water, a single floating candle, and a cloth folded and set off to one side.

Izuku stood just outside the edge of the nest, looking awkwardly large the harder he tried to make himself small. “Why are you just standing there?” Katsuki demanded after what felt like the longest span of silence had stretched out entirely too long between them. “If you don’t want me, it’s too fuckin’ late now.” Katsuki’s chin tucked in closer to his chest, and his scent turned rotten as the idea of being rejected began to feel very much like what was happening.

Izuku began waving his hands, face contorting into a tense, forced smile. “N-no! That’s not it at all! I... you didn’t invite me in so... I was waiting.”

Katsuki raised a brow. “Waiting,” he repeated incredulously and scoffed as he looked away. “Waiting for an invitation so you can fuck me, great. I got the polite fucking alpha.”

“Yes, waiting,” Izuku insisted, not backing down from Katsuki’s dismissive insults and pointed jabs. “Your nest is special to you and where I come from, you don’t invade an omega’s nest unless you want a face full of claws.”

“Hmph.” Katsuki flexed his hands, feeling the tips of said claws push into his bicep a little. He didn’t want to admit how much he liked having his nest respected like that, especially by an alpha who had all rights to enter, and it left him momentarily stunned. Katsuki had always taken pride in his nesting. Other omegas in his lessons had always commented that his nests looked the coziest. The thought of having some lunkheaded alpha oaf messing it all up after he’d worked so hard had always put him off. Any Barbarian alpha worth their salt would have invaded the moment they were alone. But Izuku had automatically waited. That had to count for something, didn’t it?

Katsuki’s shoulders relaxed a little, easing down as he exhaled some of his defensiveness out through his nose in a loud huff. “Fine, " he said, tone still sharp. “You can’t stand there all night.”

“If you told me to, I would.”

It was the plain, matter-of-fact way that Izuku had said it, without a doubt in the world, that lured Katsuki’s gaze back to the alpha. He studied the other man, eyes squinted, and lips pursed, looking for a sign that Izuku was full of shit. The alpha stood under the scrutiny, quietly waiting out Katsuki’s bristly reaction. His emerald gaze was unwavering.

“You just want to make me say it,” Katsuki accused. It was the last of his defenses, and his voice was noticeably softer, missing the edge of anger. To his surprise, Izuku smiled, and a blush spread rapidly across his freckled cheeks.

And then, looking directly back into his eyes, somehow both shy and bold all at the same time, Izuku answered, “Yeah. I really would like to hear you say it.”

Katsuki began to feel off-balance. This alpha didn’t react the way he was supposed to, didn’t say the things Katsuki expected, and it was starting to get to him. He felt too warm, almost embarrassed, and he sputtered a little as he tried to come up with a quick retort. His sharp tongue had never failed him before and, somehow, the quiet reassurance of this strangely polite alpha seemed to cut through that and leave him floundering for words.

Gathering his determination, Katsuki let out another long-suffering sigh and rolled his eyes, doing his best to look thoroughly annoyed. Annoyed was better than flustered. “Fine, then. It’s okay if you wanna come in my nest, alpha.”

“Izuku.”

“Hah?”

“Instead of alpha.”

Okay, Katsuki wasn’t buying the act any longer. “All alphas like that big-daddy bullshit. Don’t pretend to be some prudish gentleman.”

Izuku chuckled, and for some reason Katsuki didn’t understand, his blush rose once more. “I didn’t say I didn’t like it,” he countered. “But seeing as how we’re still getting to know each other, I thought maybe my actual name might be better.”

Katsuki could barely believe his ears. Throwing his hands up in frustration, he felt his impatience boil and explode all in one breath. What kind of alpha... “Get in the fucking nest,” he shouted.

Izuku giggled -- giggled! -- as he scampered forward the two steps it took for him to enter the perimeter of Katsuki’s nest. Katsuki was too focused on not choking him and completely unaware of the fact that the sourness in his own scent had faded away and began to have a hint of warm cinnamon instead. And joining it, the smell of sun-warm sweetgrass from the alpha. Without the sourness to remind him constantly of his own unhappiness, Katsuki couldn’t help but begin to relax, even as Izuku settled down next to him. Silence began to stretch out between them again, and before it could begin to feel awkward and uncomfortable, Katsuki broke it by demanding some answers.

“What do you know about this anyway?” he asked, pointing to the orange slashes painted on the crest of his cheekbones. It wasn’t like the barbarians to be very open with their customs to outsiders. And if Katsuki could just explain some of it away, maybe it wouldn’t feel like such a demand from the future, foreboding and unavoidable.

Izuku's eyes sparkled in the extremely dim light as he squirmed in a little closer, clearly eager to share what he knew. "Not much, actually. Your leader, All Might... He taught me a few things each time we met. Mostly signs for animals and what each animal represents." He reached up, intending to touch the marks himself, but Katsuki moved away at the last second. Izuku's smile faded, just for a moment, but even in those half seconds Katsuki could sense the loss of it. Izuku tucked his hand away. The room felt a degree colder.

The alpha cleared his throat softly before he carried on. "L-like those. Bear claws. Not usually found on an omega. He told me that's what made you special." Izuku smiled again, just a small curl of his mouth that refused to shine as bright as all the others. Katsuki couldn't help but notice the difference.

Stupid alpha...

"He said the bear represented strength and protection," Izuku continued. "When I said I thought that described omegas perfectly, he said – Well. It was probably just talk."

"What did he say?" The way Izuku suddenly tried to shrug the topic off made Katsuki suspicious. Even the alpha's scent had changed, turning into something not quite as warm and inviting as before. If his scent before had been happiness, this was no doubt a dark cloud that lingered, heavy with the threat of rain.

"He said that was what made me special. I didn't really understand at the time, but I think I get it now, meeting you."

"Ugh." Katsuki sighed. Well, that had backfired. And hard. He'd wanted an escape. Instead, his chest felt too small for the fluttery beating of his heart, and he couldn't bring himself to keep staring back into those big green eyes. He looked away, choosing instead to stare at the tent wall, arms wrapped protectively around himself. He could just make out the shape of their shadows against it. Izuku was larger than him, and Katsuki had a hard time picking out his own shadow. He felt engulfed.

"We don't have to," the alpha blurted.

Katsuki squinted at the wall, refusing to be baited into eye contact. “Don’t have to what,” he asked, suspicion thick in his low voice. Like he didn’t already know. Alphas only wanted one thing.

“We don’t have to...you know. Complete the act.”

“Complete...” Katsuki curled his lip in distaste as he forgot his determination moments ago and whirled around to pin wide eyes on his new King. He leaned away from Izuku as if he suddenly found his presence intolerable. “Seriously, you can’t even say fuck? You talk so damn proper. Makes me feel antsy.” Katsuki shivered as if trying to rid himself of the feeling by shaking it off. “And, uh, yeah. We do. Otherwise you reject me and all that stuff out there means nothing.” He waved a hand in a vague manner towards the entrance.

Izuku shifted his weight, his tone turning thoughtful. “The first time is very serious to your tribe, huh?”

“For omegas. Alphas? Not so much,” Katsuki answered with a shrug.

“I see.” The graveness of Izuku’s simple answer made it clear he really did understand, at least as much as he was able. Omegas had no choice but to be pure, while alphas led a much more forgiving lifestyle. If an omega played around romantically, they were considered tainted. Alphas, when doing the exact same thing, were simply practicing for later. It was a double standard that existed in more places than it did not. Both were scolded for behaving carelessly, but only omegas had to worry their mistakes might alter their entire future.

“We’re kept separate," Katsuki began to explain. “At fourteen, viable omegas are kept in a separate camp, usually in classes or minding the young ones. The alphas go off and learn to hunt and fight with their elders. They come back in the evening, all worked up and aggressive. Sometimes at night, they creep over and lure as many omegas as they can into sneaking off with them. You ever been bombarded by alpha stink in six different directions? It’s disgusting.” Just the memory made Katsuki’s nose scrunch.

“I’m sorry. It doesn’t sound very fair.”

Katsuki shrugged. He wasn't sure why he was talking so much. Maybe it was just taking up time to put off the inevitable. Maybe he was responding to Izuku's soft kindness by letting out a few pent-up frustrations. Whatever the reason, his mouth just seemed to run on its own.

"This shitty alpha," he continued, glaring off beyond Izuku's shoulder into the past. "He snuck by the elders and just... Just grabbed my friend up and tried to drag him away. Like she was a fuckin' cock sleeve and nothing else. We got her back, and she was fine but... The alpha just got told to go back to bed. Not to do it again. My friend got grilled for the rest of the night on whether or not she'd been penetrated. Even if it was just a *finger* ."

"That's horrible...." Izuku's answer was barely above a whisper.

Katsuki went quiet, squinting to see Izuku's face in the dark. After a few moments, he decided the alpha's reaction was genuine. "Yeah, well. What do you do? Your people, I mean. You just let them run around and fuck each other all day?"

"No, of course not. We..." Izuku hesitated, a brief pause that almost went unnoticed. "Omegas in Musutafu are more self-reliant," he explained, taking it slow as if thinking out each word before he said it. "We don't separate young ones because they are each expected to control their base desires. Anyone who forces themselves or their influence on anyone else is committing a crime. In my country, that alpha would have been punished."

Katsuki didn't answer for a long time, and he looked into the candle's flame without really seeing the brightness of it. "That's good," he finally decided. "I've been studying your laws, you know? The elders insisted I learn as much as I could so I don't offend anyone." The silent roll of his eyes made it quite clear how much he didn't want to have to care about that particular detail. "It's shitty and controlling, telling everyone what they can and can't do about every little thing, but... they're not all terrible. Some of them even make sense." When Katsuki finally looked back to Izuku, he was met with a wide smile that immediately made him look away again. His sweet scent flared protectively, cinnamon hints becoming something more spiced.

"Your blush is cute," Izuku said quietly, edging his knees just a bit closer to him, and Katsuki immediately wanted to curl up and die.

“I’m not blushing,” he snapped back, though he knew good and well the evidence was, quite literally, all over his face.

Izuku covered his mouth with his hand, trying to stifle a soft giggle and failing miserably. His effort only earned him a shove to his shoulder.

Instead of soothing his anger, the realization at how little his shove had actually moved the big lunk only managed to piss him off more. Growling, he climbed up onto his knees and grabbed Izuku’s neck in a tight headlock, wrestling him down towards the floor. “I said I’m not blushing!”

Izuku’s attempt at a laugh was cut off when Katsuki tightened the hold, wrenching hard and yanking back to really cut off the alpha’s airflow. He watched with a growing sense of satisfaction as realization and then light panic set in on Izuku’s face. Izuku reached up, tapping on Katsuki’s arm rapidly, signaling that he was submitting. Katsuki released the hold, and Izuku stared in shock, rubbing his throat and panting heavily. Katsuki puffed his chest out proudly, feeling as if he’d won some great battle.

Until he was tackled.

“Oof!” He grunted, the wind forced out of him as Izuku’s broad, freckled shoulder shoved into his gut and followed through, driving him back and down into the soft wall of his nest. A real sense of fear tore through Katsuki’s stomach, and he almost gagged. He’d done it. He’d gone too far and now--

Izuku’s lips smashed into his own in a hard kiss that was as much a show of force as it was of affection. The message was rough but, to Katsuki, it was crystal clear. He couldn’t just bully Izuku away. Especially not if the dumb alpha actually liked it. And this alpha definitely liked it. The smell of sunshine and grass was strong and enveloped Katsuki’s senses, warming parts of him that he’d kept cold for a long time. The way his body responded on its own, hands grabbing onto Izuku’s thick biceps and legs falling open to allow their bodies close, honestly scared him. He wanted to say stop, wait, just a few seconds- but the words refused to form. His breath hitched, and he tore his lips away. Izuku was not put off for even a moment. His mouth dropped lower, lips dragging down around the curve of the omega’s ear to his throat. Katsuki’s eyes rolled back, and the moan Izuku’s teeth drew from him was wanton and permissive. His scent peaked in sweetness, the slow spread of warm caramel.

It was all happening so fast. Too fast. But even as his mind reeled and panicked, his body was eager for more. He felt hot and breathless, as if he'd been run down from a distance. And that smell... Katsuki wanted to be buried in that warm sunny meadow, wanted the alpha closer, and his knees drew up, thighs spreading wider. He was getting scent drunk, and it made him less combative than he might have been otherwise.

"Fuck," Katsuki gasped out, almost a plea for a moment to think. His claws raked down Izuku's back hard, and the alpha's answering growl ran through his body like slow thunder. He could feel the thick erection against his thigh, and, curious, he shifted just so, pressing into it more firmly. Izuku sucked in a sharp breath, and his head jerked up. Katsuki didn't give him a second to speak.

"Shut up. Just... don't talk."

Izuku's mouth snapped closed, obeying without a moment's hesitation. Katsuki couldn't help but feel a little tingle of excitement. He'd never had that kind of sway over anyone, and though he'd often been told that good omegas were the true rulers of a household, he'd never believed it. Everything he'd ever seen said the exact opposite. But the alpha's blissed-out gaze was a silent plea, eager but patient. He was waiting for Katsuki. And he had said he would wait all night...

Katsuki groaned softly as his mind and body struggled. He was still nervous, but all the warmth in his body had gathered and was starting to pulse between his thighs. He could feel the way his slick had made a sizable damp spot, and he couldn't stop himself from rolling his hips, eyes drifting closed at the way his clit was just barely rubbed against the leg between his own. Above him, Izuku's breathing grew rougher, lips parting on a shaky exhale. He was clearly struggling, but he remained a good boy, and he stayed quiet just like he'd been told.

Katsuki let his eyes drift closed, falling into a quick, steady rhythm. Izuku dropped down, arms braced on either side of the omega's head, and the deeper angle pushed his trapped cock against Katsuki's cunt, drawing a low moan from both of them. Katsuki gripped at Izuku's shirt, hanging on for all he was worth. The warmth he felt was building up, and the tingle became a throb, body held so tight that he trembled. But it wasn't enough. He knew it wouldn't be enough. With a frustrated groan, he forced his eyes open again, glaring up into wet emeralds.

“Stupid alpha. Making me do all the work. Move.”

“S-sorry! I thought-- You-- I-- Sorry.”

Katsuki groaned in frustration, eyes rolling. “I said move, not talk.”

“Yes! Sorry. I-- I did it again. Sorry. I can’t stop saying it. I don’t know why, oh god, I’m ruining the whole moment.” Izuku’s words got faster the longer he talked until he was just babbling nonsense. Fed up, Katsuki used the alpha’s shoulders to pull himself up, teeth latching onto Izuku’s throat. His fangs were small and not as sharp, but they were still very much a threat should Katsuki want to bite hard enough. The sharp nip of his bite made Izuku gasp, and it put an abrupt end to his babbling. Katsuki let himself drop down on his back once more.

“C’mon, alpha,” he goaded, piling a little goading on top of the demanding bite. “You really want me? Huh? Then stop fucking around and prove it.”

Above him, Izuku’s face went serious, and he gave a sharp nod. His eyes were more focused instead of darting around nervously, and Katsuki could smell a difference in him, his scent deepening into warm birch wood, rich and gentle. His omega responded, and he relaxed down into his nest with a self-satisfied smirk. He didn’t want a demanding alpha, but he didn’t want a weak pushover, either. Izuku seemed to walk that thin line just right. After all, Katsuki had gotten just the reaction he’d wanted.

Izuku lowered himself down and caught Katsuki’s lips in a confident kiss. He was less forceful this time, pressed firm but not hard, and his tongue pushed deep, rubbing and curling. Katsuki’s hand slid up into his thick curls just in time, giving him something to grip when Izuku began to grind back against him. He bucked hard, shoving his knees a little under Katsuki’s hips to get the perfect angle. Katsuki moaned into the kiss. Izuku’s hard-on rubbed with delicious friction once more, and with the two of them moving in tandem, it was much better. But it was the forcefulness, the rough demand in Izuku’s thrust that really got his heart racing.

Breathless, Katsuki pulled from the kiss with a gasp, tossing his head to one side. He said Izuku’s name softly, but this time he didn’t want to slow down. Not at all. He was soaked

and the tease of Izuku against him, promising more to come, had him throbbing with want. He wanted it inside...

Katsuki felt Izuku move down but was totally unprepared for the warm lips wrapping around one nipple. His head snapped back, and he cried out, yanking a bit too hard on Izuku's hair. If the alpha cared, he didn't let it show. Instead, he opened his mouth and circled the tip of his tongue around the hardened nub before catching it between his teeth and tugging gently.

Katsuki was a mess. Each long suckle, teasing flick of the tongue, or scrape of teeth sent little zaps through his veins, the sensations collecting between his thighs. He wrapped his legs around Izuku, pulling him in, growing desperate for Izuku to take over and finish him off.

Izuku shifted, resting his weight to one side, and Katsuki felt the opposite hand rest against his ribs, then begin a slow trail down. He whined impatiently. It felt like hours before those fingers were on the crest of his hip, then down and just under his navel. The skin there trembled under the feathery touch and echoed in Katsuki's shaky sigh.

"You're so amazing," Izuku breathed, shy and reverent. "Those sounds... the way you smell. I can barely think."

Katsuki lifted his head, and the two looked at each other for a moment before the omega said between breaths, "Yeah? Stupid alpha. You should focus on what you're good at."

See? He was still in control. Surely, he hadn't just been teetering on the edge of begging for it...

Izuku grinned and dove at Katsuki's waist with eager hands. He made quick work of the belt and lacing and, within seconds, he was sliding his hand between Katsuki's thighs, leading the way with two thick fingers. Katsuki couldn't breathe. Izuku's fingers slid easily down between his lips, ghosting around his clit. So, so goddamn close. Before he could stop himself, Katsuki let out a long, desperate whimper.

“What was that, omega?” Izuku’s fingers curled in, pads pressing firm against a spot that made Katsuki see stars.

Katsuki barely caught sight of the smirk on his stupid face as his eyes rolled back. He couldn’t speak and couldn’t think well enough to come up with a retort, even if he could have. Izuku’s fingers were sure, not at all the touch of that shy, stuttering buffoon he’d been earlier. He rubbed in a slow, tight circle, riding out the bucking of Katsuki’s hips with little effort. It was only moments before Katsuki felt his thighs begin to tremble. He knew his orgasm was moments away and, even expecting it the way he did, it was impossible to delay.

“AH! Izu— zuku!” His back bowed, head dropping back and baring his throat wide in submission. Izuku could have bitten him right then if he’d wanted. Instead, the alpha smiled triumphantly, and with all the smugness of a King, pushed those two fingers deep inside. Katsuki keened, legs spreading wide as he pushed up against them, ensuring Izuku went as deep as he could. At the last second, he slapped a hand over his own mouth, muffling his moans as his inner walls clenched and his orgasm took over.

He’d touched himself before, of course. Even played around with a fellow omega or two. He knew what it felt like to cum. It had never been this intense. He didn’t understand. And, frankly, he really didn’t care. All he knew was the tremors rolling deep inside that left his entire body quivering and felt so good he never wanted it to stop. If anything, he wanted more.

Lucky for him, Izuku was not done. He began to move, fingers thrusting in deep, curling in a way that made Katsuki tense all over again. His mouth hung open, and his panting breaths grew fast and desperate. His hands slapped down and grabbed at the thick blankets, hanging on as Izuku blew his mind. His head tossed to one side. He was close to cumming again. Already. But a heavy pressure had begun to build up rapidly, feeling as if it were swelling just behind the intense pleasure from the place Izuku’s fingers pushed and curled.

Katsuki’s eyes snapped open, and he shoved at Izuku’s wide shoulders, trying to push him away in a panic. He knew that feeling, and it was *not* welcome right then. Izuku was unmoved and, to Katsuki’s horror, only began to thrust faster. The wet, sloppy sounds of Katsuki’s slick seemed entirely too loud. Besides, if he didn’t stop—!

“Stop, you idiot! I’m gonna pee,” he hissed, voice low with shame. What if someone overheard?!

“Go ahead,” Izuku answered immediately. “Piss all over me if you have to. You’re so close. Just one more time for me, omega, please.”

The back of Katsuki’s head dug hard into the blankets on the ground, body tight as a bowstring. He squeezed tight, trying so hard to hold back, but Izuku was relentless. Katsuki squirmed and whined, knees pressed together, all to no avail. It was going to happen. He couldn’t stop it, couldn’t stop the tidal wave that gushed suddenly from between his thighs. Katsuki cried out, embarrassed, but the emotion was lost quickly in the power of the orgasm that took his breath away. His mouth hung open, thighs shaking as he ground his hips into Izuku’s fingers and his pussy clenched hard, trying to milk the knot that was not there. Warm and viscous slick shot out of him in bursts, drenching Izuku up to his wrist. He’d never been so embarrassed in all his life. He was almost sobbing when his strength finally gave out, and he dropped onto the flat of his back with a weak, shaky moan.

Katsuki threw his forearm over his eyes, hiding away from the alpha’s starry-eyed gaze. He’d heard of squirting before, but he only half believed it was actually real. He’d never shared something so intimate with anyone else, and the gravity of how far they still had to go suddenly seemed impossible compared to what had just happened. He remained immobile as Izuku slid in next to him but didn’t resist the way the alpha snuggled in close. It was comforting, and the alpha’s scent relaxed him. His breathing began to even out.

”Katsuki is so amazing.” Izuku’s voice was one of pure reverence.

“You said that already,” Katsuki managed, feeling as if his words slurred together. His mouth was dry, tongue sticky. Next to him, Izuku chuckled quietly.

”Well, it’s still true.” Gingerly, Izuku slipped his arms around Katsuki’s waist and eased his big head in, nudging Katsuki’s arm out of the way. In a huff, Katsuki dropped it to the side and rolled his eyes as Izuku’s face bloomed with a bright smile. Such a stupid alpha... Katsuki didn’t resist when Izuku leaned in for a soft, slow kiss. He might have even turned into it, lips parting from the kiss to breathe but not pulling away. Izuku’s hand ran up his side to his chest, thumbing over one of his peaked nipples and drawing out a soft sound. He was so sensitive all over that even a quick touch had him squirming in place, and he could feel Izuku’s trapped length against his hip.

Curiously, and with a hint of caution, he slipped his arm down between them, pointedly ignoring the look of hopeful excitement that read like a book across Izuku’s face. He cupped

his hand over the shape of it through Izuku's clothes, squeezing and rubbing until he had the alpha breathing heavily. Abruptly, he drew away. "Your clothes are in the way," he snapped in lieu of an actual request.

Nevertheless, the alpha hurried to obey, not bothered in the least by Katsuki's sharp tongue. He sat up and quickly unbuttoned the green vest and white shirt underneath before shrugging out of both at once. He looked absolutely ridiculous sitting there with that dopey smile and a body that had been touched by the Gods. Katsuki huffed his annoyance, tearing his eyes away from those sculpted abs, and lofted a brow, glancing down at Izuku's pants pointedly.

"Oh yeah." Izuku snickered and leaned back so he could undo the line of buttons before attempting to wiggle out of them, realizing all too late that his clunky, garish ankle boots were in the way. He yanked those off and tossed them outside the nest. Katsuki liked to think he was a little less awkward as he tugged his tall fur-topped boots off and eased out of his pants. They were soaked in his slick and being rid of them felt much better, even if it meant he was naked. Maybe it wasn't so ridiculous to dress omegas in light clothes after all... at least for one night.

Katsuki had barely set his clothes aside before he was being pushed back onto the blankets. "Eager?" He meant it to be mocking, but Izuku nodded, and his tongue swiped hungrily between his lips. It felt good, being wanted so much.

"Yeah. You smell so good. I can't help it. I need to be close to you. Touch you." He pushed his way in, nuzzling closer until his parted lips hovered right over the pheromones coming from just behind Katsuki's ear. He breathed in deep and bit his lip as a shiver ran through his body in response. A soft rumble of contentment followed.

Katsuki couldn't help but be a little surprised, though he hid it well. He knew an omega's pheromones had a strong effect on alphas. He just didn't know it was quite so… all-encompassing. Izuku's entire focus was Katsuki. Nothing else in the world mattered. It was a power he had been unaware of until tonight, and he was eager to flex that muscle and see just how strong it really was.

Izuku sat up and looked down at his hand, his fingers still shiny with slick. For the first time, Katsuki took notice of the burn scar that ran from his fingertips all the way up his arm. He couldn't help but wince. Surviving a big burn like that was almost impossible, even with his tribe's talented healers.

“Childhood accident,” Izuku explained without needing to be questioned. “It took me years to learn how to use my fingers again.” He paused. Grinned. “I think you’d agree, I’m pretty good with them now.”

Katsuki balled up a fist and punched his shoulder. Hard. Izuku laughed, even as he winced and rubbed the sore spot left behind.

“I might have deserved that,” he admitted, smile putting the very sunshine to shame.

“You definitely deserved that.”

“Can I make up for it with a kiss?” His eyebrows raised high, disappearing behind a curtain of messy green curls. Hopeful. Brain completely empty of every other thought.

Katsuki huffed and shoved at his shoulder. “No. And get off me already.”

Izuku’s face fell and, for a moment, Katsuki felt bad. However, it was only a quick flash because he knew what he had in store for the alpha. He barely let Izuku’s weight lift before he took over, shoving him down onto his back. Izuku looked less worried but still confused until Katsuki boldly grabbed his dick and swung a leg over.

“Oh, shit. Sorry. Don’t stop, please,” Izuku began to babble, looking up at Katsuki with desperate eyes. “N-not that you can’t. Just... Don’t tease, okay? It hurts.”

Glancing down between them, Katsuki could see where Izuku’s knot had begun to swell. He slid his hand lower, fingers tickling over the swollen flesh. Izuku sucked a breath between clenched teeth and exhaled a soft whimper. Katsuki smirked and did it again, licking his lips at the sight of that thick, ruddy cock jerking and leaking.

“Ngh, Kacchaaan,” Izuku whined, his eyes screwing shut. He dropped his head back, and his hips struggled not to thrust, leaving him a squirming, pitiful mess. His heavy breaths and soft gasps were like music to the omega’s ears, much to Izuku’s chagrin. “I’ll beg. Anything, just... *please* !”

And, oh, Katsuki liked that. His smirk widened into a toothy grin, and he finally looked up, vicious red eyes meeting weepy green.

“Please,” Izuku said again, voice soft. “I need it. Need you.”

Katsuki swallowed and took a moment to think, trying to move the lump that had suddenly grown too wide in his throat. How the hell had he ended up here? He *wanted* to give in, to lie back and spread his thighs, allowing Izuku between them. He wanted to feel the alpha inside, to know what a real knot felt like. The realization made him freeze. A cold fear began to creep up his spine, and worries crept in with it. His husband was clearly not a virgin. What if Katsuki wasn’t good? And how, exactly, was he supposed to be good at something he’d never even done before? It was a stupid, hopeless situation!

“Katsuki?”

The blonde pulled his hand back. Hesitated. If he wasn’t good enough…. If Izuku rejected him…

When red met green again, the vibrant fire was gone, and the omega could only hold the other man's gaze a moment before looking away. His eyes darted around, unconsciously looking for an escape.

”Katsuki? Are you okay? Hey.”

Izuku’s callused fingers slid up Katsuki’s cheek, cupping and guiding him until they were looking at each other. Izuku smiled and, when Katsuki did not, it faded quickly.

“You can talk to me, you know,” Izuku assured him.

“You don’t want to hear what I have to say,” Katsuki replied, only a little above a whisper.

Silence stretched between them for a few seconds, feeling to Katsuki as if it had been hours. Despite Izuku's guidance, he looked down, refusing to meet the alpha's gaze. He'd heard the stories of alphas that fed on fear. Drank it like cool water on a hot day before taking their omega, often violently. That didn't seem like Izuku at all.

Katsuki realized he wasn't scared of the alpha. It was the fear of his own possible shortcomings that was making his body forget to breathe. If he failed, his entire tribe paid the price. Izuku would have the right to drop the whole alliance. Everything both sides needed. Gone in a moment. Because one omega wasn't up to snuff.

The pressure to be perfect was suffocating.

"I do." Izuku's hand moved to his shoulder. Gave him a little shake. "Really, I'm starting to worry. Should I call--"

"No!" Katsuki reached up, grabbing Izuku's wrist in a too-tight grip. "N-no." Softer the second time. He had to keep breathing. It was hard for some reason. "I'll be okay. Let's just…. Keep going."

Izuku huffed, looking as if Katsuki had just suggested they go for a quick flight around the world. "I don't think so. You're shaking. Are you scared? Is this—" Izuku's eyes widened impossibly. "Is this your first time?"

Katsuki knew he shouldn't have said anything! Mentally kicking himself, he took a deep breath. Forced it out. "Yeah," he admitted, looking anywhere but at Izuku. "Yeah, okay? I'm not. I'm not like you. I don't have 'talented fingers' or whatever. So just. Take what you want. Tell me what to do or something, but stop sitting there staring at me like some stupid alpha!"

Izuku sat up on his knees and shifted over, sitting next to the omega.

Katsuki felt cold and exposed without him there. He grabbed his discarded cape and covered up with it. The light fabric didn't do much for warmth, but it was large enough he could hide most of himself away under it.

"I didn't know," Izuku continued. "I would have been less pushy. I should have given you time."

Katsuki felt his lips pushing out in a pout and his brows were pulled into a tight crinkle. He was confused and angry and ashamed. And to make matters more confusing, a distant part of himself argued that maybe he didn't *want* time. Maybe he wanted the alpha to push ahead, take charge, and lead him. He could barely figure out which direction was up. His head spun with so many things, and they all seemed to be pulling in different directions.

"Look." Izuku cleared his throat. Began reaching for his clothes.

Katsuki felt the lump in his throat drop to the pit of his stomach. Here it came. The rejection that would make him a failure. He jumped when Izuku touched him but didn't resist as the alpha slipped his hand against Katsuki's and threaded their fingers together. When he looked up, it was into one of Izuku's warm smiles. The kind that made his chest tight and fluttery. Katsuki quickly looked down again. This time to hide the blush he could feel burning across his face.

"We've got time," Izuku said, voice gentle. "We have to make it to the cliffs and then get on the ship to home. So. Let's get to know each other a little until then, okay? When we board the ship together, we can revisit this."

Katsuki's brows tightened. "You don't want me?"

Izuku laughed, a short barking sound that he cleared his throat and quickly swallowed. "I, ah, I thought I was pretty clear about that."

In spite of himself, Katsuki laughed. He felt his chest tighten again. Izuku was too much. An alpha who not only considered his omega's feelings but also put him first? That was

rare. And precious. The gravity of what was being done was not lost on him, and Katsuki felt choked up from the gratitude. “You’re a good alpha.”

He watched closely at the effect his words had. Izuku sat up straighter and his chest pushed out just so. He smiled, shyly, reaching up and rubbing the tip of his nose. It was endearing.

”Are you going to, um…. Be okay? You said it hurts.”

Izuku’s cheeks flushed deep, and he ducked his head with a soft chuckle. “It does. Does it ever… But I’ll be okay. What about you? I haven’t scared you off for good, have I?”

Katsuki shook his head. Tried a smile that only faltered a little. “Not yet.”

”Good.” Izuku squeezed his hand gently, then let him go. “Let’s sleep, huh? I don’t know about you, but I’ve been up since the sunrise, and I’m beat.”

Katsuki scoffed and looked away. “I was already preparing for a purification ritual by sunrise,” he countered.

“So you should be tired too!” Izuku slid down, lying on his side. He motioned for Katsuki to join him. With only a slight bit of hesitation, and still using his blanket as a cover, Katsuki also lay down but kept his distance. The two faced each other in the quiet. Izuku was the first to close his eyes, and Katsuki watched him as he snuggled down into the nest. He watched Izuku’s chest expand as he breathed deep, and a soft but deep purr rumbled in the alpha’s throat. It wasn’t long before his breathing evened out and his face softened with sleep.

Still, Katsuki waited. He didn’t make a move until he was sure. He listened for sounds outside and only after he was satisfied with the silence did he carefully sit up and creep silently out of the tent.

Chapter 3: A Rocky Beginning

Katsuki stepped carefully over the sleeping alpha and felt around until he found the pants he'd been wearing. Finding anything more felt like a risk. He was still lacing the ties as he slid between the heavy leather flap of the tent's entrance. A few paces away, two men in metal armor and carrying ridiculously oversized weapons jumped to attention, scrambling to stand shoulder-to-shoulder. Katsuki made a face as he attempted to hurry by, but they put themselves in his path. Great. Of course there were guards stationed outside the tent. He shot a glare up at the taller one. "What?" he snarled, small fangs bared.

"M-my, uh... My Queen... It would be dangerous to wander alone," the short one on the left stammered, practically rattling in his armor. His face was flushed, and he couldn't maintain eye contact for more than a moment.

Katsuki fought not to groan. He could smell the arousal on both of them, and this close, the alpha stink was overwhelming. Katsuki had only ever found a small handful of alpha scents agreeable. These two were rank and cloying, like rotten fish and mud. He didn't dare glance downward, already struggling not to gag. The last thing he wanted was for them to think he was interested.

"Get out of the way, perverts," he snarled, taking a stomp forward towards the shorter one, making both alphas jump. "What were you doing, huh?! Fuckin'— fucking listening?!" He was more embarrassed than he'd ever felt before. That amount of shame was hard to deal with, but anger? Anger was easy. So he leaned into it. His hands dropped to his sides, fingers tensed to push his claws out as far as possible. A threat from an omega wasn't much compared to two armed alphas, but Katsuki wasn't afraid. He'd die before he would live under anyone's thumb.

When the two guards did nothing but trade a quick look, Katsuki threw his hands up in frustration. If they weren't looking for a fight and they weren't afraid of getting caught spying, he could only assume they were actually there to stand watch, despite the fact that it was supposed to have been his personal guard. "Why are you two wastes of air here, anyway? Where's *my* guard? Eijirou. Ei-ji-rou? Hello?" He waved his arms as if he wasn't sure they could see him.

Blank stares. One of them shrugged. Katsuki felt like he was speaking in another language. "Just get out of the way!"

He moved to shove between them, but both jumped out of the way as if his very touch would

burn. Katsuki took advantage and slipped between them, huffing in angry little puffs of cursing as he stormed off. He ignored the way they called after him. They might be able to eavesdrop on him in bed, but touching him was apparently going too far, he noted sourly. He couldn't help but notice there was a hell of a lot of 'not wanting to touch him' going on tonight, and it was really starting to rub him the wrong way. He hadn't wanted the guards touching him, but the rejection still felt somehow personal.

He made his way through the darkness, heading towards the light of the celebration. As he approached, he noticed that most everyone had partied themselves out and were in various piles sleeping. Some fucking, he noted with a little sneer as he began to walk between the piles, looking for one topped in spiky red. Actually... A lot were fucking. Katsuki wrapped his arms around himself as if it would protect him from their influence.

It was so easy for everyone else.

The thought made him shudder. He'd made a fool of himself, and now he was running away in the night like a coward. Katsuki was moments away from returning to the tent when he spotted a familiar head of spiky red hair. The loud snore that tore through the night air confirmed it.

He'd found Eijirou.

Sneaking up, Katsuki gave the thick mass a sharp kick. Eijirou coughed, sputtering on his inhale as he woke abruptly. His confused scowl at the rude awakening was quickly replaced with a wide grin.

"Hey! Kats! What're you doin' out here?" he asked around a yawn. Next to him, an unfamiliar omega stirred in their sleep and snuggled closer to Eijirou's wide chest. The two friends met each other's eyes, then glanced quickly away, both blushing. Katsuki pretended it was disgust he felt and not the slightest twinge of jealousy. Eijirou was a big man and Katsuki knew from personal experience how nice it was to cuddle up against him.

"Just get up, you big dope," he snapped, crossing his arms. He was quiet enough not to wake the omega. "You're supposed to be *my* guard, and you're out there stuffing some shitty omega? You gonna drop me that fast every time or just when you think some other alpha's got me handled?" His words were bitter, and the accusation felt sour in his mouth. He never

liked lying to his friends, but it wasn't like it was entirely out of the question. He needed Ei, and he couldn't just *say* that, so he added a little angry huff on top, just to get his point across.

Eijirou made a face and pressed a finger to his own lips, shushing Katsuki. "Dude, shh. You know it's not like that. What kinda alpha is gonna handle you, huh? I know you better than that. Hang on, lemme... Just..." He wiggled carefully away from the omega at his side before standing up, completely unashamed of his nakedness.

Katsuki glanced down. He couldn't help it. Immediately, he tossed a hand over his eyes. "Ei! Put something on over that thing! You're gonna club a small animal to death if you let it swing around." Katsuki couldn't stop himself from wondering where the hell an omega was supposed to *put* all of that. He pressed a hand to his lower abdomen and frowned. Impossible.

Eijirou grinned sheepishly and shrugged. "It's not *that* big," he argued as he found and pulled on his pants.

"Ugh." Katsuki just groaned and walked away. He didn't glance back to make sure Eijirou followed. Eijirou *always* followed, and he had ever since the two were children.

Katsuki walked steadily out into the darkness and away from the light of the smouldering bonfire, taking the few moments alone to brood in silence.

"Uhh, Kats. It's not really safe at night... this far out." Eijirou spoke up as he slowed from the jog he'd used to catch up. He glanced back at the distant people all gathered together. To them, he and Katsuki would be little more than shadows against the wall of trees that led into the woods.

Katsuki laughed derisively but stopped and flopped down in the grass. "Fine. Everyone's so damn worried about me. It's weird."

"That's my job now too, bro. Or, uh. Highness?"

The omega shot a harsh look up at his best friend, eyes narrowed dangerously. “You ever call me that again, and I swear I will beat your face bloody,” Katsuki bit. “Talk to me like you always have, numb nuts.”

Eijirou laughed, sounding a little relieved as he sank across from Katsuki, his back to the woods. “Oh, good, cause I’m not real good at that whole manners thing. Now, you gonna keep snapping my head off or tell me why you’re out here instead of curled up with that alpha?”

Katsuki’s expression darkened. He stared down at a little smattering of wildflowers near his knee, feeling shame and regret well in his chest as a physical pain. “I don’t know,” he began, thinking back to the tent he’d been so eager to escape. “It was going fine, I guess.” He recalled suddenly the orgasm that had exploded from between his shaking thighs, the feeling of Izuku’s fingers stretching him so wide it felt almost impossible, and his cunt gave a weak little pulse, as if it missed the feeling. Katsuki felt betrayed by his body but tried to look like he was unaffected.

In front of him, Eijirou reached up suddenly, covering his mouth and nose with both hands.

“What?” Katsuki demanded, a little offended at the sudden reaction. Eijirou had never objected to his scent before.

“Dude...” Eijirou lowered his voice to a whisper, glancing around like there was anyone who might overhear. Dropping his hands, he leaned in close. His words were quick, hurried, like he was letting out a long-kept secret. “You can’t come here, us alone, and you smelling like that... Fuck, Kats.” Eijirou's tone was positively scandalous as his eyes went wide, and he suddenly drew back. “Did he leave you hanging?”

“N-no.” Katsuki felt caught. “I... I kinda left *him* hanging.”

Katsuki’s scent was forgotten, as Eijirou’s concern for his friend took over his instincts. “What, why? Did he do something bad? Are you okay? Did he hurt you?!”

“I’m fine. God. I just.” Katsuki took a deep breath and blew it out slowly, his spiky bangs

dancing around his forehead. “I chickened out, Ei. I couldn’t.... I couldn’t go all the way. Everything was too much, and I guess he picked up on it and said we could wait a little longer...” Katsuki recalled how he’d been more than a little disappointed at that conclusion and looked down at his lap.

“And you kinda wanted him to insist, didn’t you?” Eijirou finished, hitting the nail on the head with startling accuracy. Katsuki nodded silently. Eijirou leaned back on his arms, turning his face up to the night sky. “I’ve been telling you this forever, Kat, but you don’t have to be so scared of sex. You had an alpha that wanted you and you clearly wanted him. I’ve never smelled you like this. Plus, you’re married! There should be nothing holding you back now.”

“I....” Katsuki squirmed in place, feeling the lingering wetness between his thighs. He whimpered. “I don’t need another thing to happen to me whether I like it or not. I need this to be a choice I make. *I* need to pick my first.”

Silence stretched between the two friends. Katsuki barely dared to breathe. He was debating getting up and running off to live with wolves when Eijirou spoke up again.

“Katsuki. What are you asking me to do?” He spoke slowly. Purposefully.

There was no way Katsuki was going to say it. A soft whine was the only answer he was going to get.

“If you’re asking what I think you’re asking, we can’t. You’re married! A *queen* , for fuck’s sake! They would behead me if I even looked at you too long. This--” he gestured around them, indicating their isolation and then between them, pointing out their compromising states, “--this is already too much!”

“Oh, fuck this queen shit! I’m not-- I’m just ME, okay, and you’re you, and I *trust* you, I--” He broke off with a shaky inhale. “N-no knotting. And you can’t, like, cum on me or scent me up. And don’t kiss me. It’s just this one thing, Ei, please. You know how bad I am at bein’ an omega, and I don’t know how to be a queen or a wife or a lover, and if I fuck all that up--”

“Okay, okay, wait,” Eijirou interrupted, voice gentle. Katsuki didn’t spiral often, but Eijirou was the only one who ever seemed to notice and be able to get into Katsuki’s head enough to stop it. He watched as Eijirou glanced around again, checking carefully to make sure they wouldn’t be overheard. “I just don’t think this is a good idea, Kat... If we get caught...”

“We’re not going to get caught. Ei, please. It’s just a physical act. Nothing else. I just gotta know I’m not a complete failure of an omega. All I’ve ever heard my whole life is how no one is ever gonna want to mate me. I kinda always thought it’d be you, anyway.”

Eijirou’s deep brown eyes shot to his, the alpha’s mouth falling open a tiny bit. All their lives, that had always been a bit of a joke. Always together, it wasn’t long before the general consensus was that they would one day be mated. And, sure, Katsuki had considered it. They’d never really talked about it, but a time or two when they had snuck off into the night together, Katsuki had been tempted to flirt. But it had never felt right. He’d long accepted that, while Eijirou was his best friend, he held no romantic inclinations towards the alpha.

Katsuki remembered the reaction Eijirou had when he’d caught on to Katsuki’s arousal, and that distinct feeling of being in control when the same thing had happened with Izuku. He knew a weak spot when he saw one, and he wasn’t afraid to exploit it.

Keeping his eyes locked with the alpha, Katsuki bit the corner of his lip and shifted forward onto all fours. He climbed into Eijirou’s lap, taking advantage of his own speed compared to the much slower to react alpha. He was stopped suddenly when Eijirou grabbed him around his waist, easily forcing Katsuki to a stop. The blonde didn’t struggle. There was no point. The alpha’s hold was immovable and, deep down, Katsuki’s inner omega couldn’t help but be impressed. He felt a soft pulse from between his legs, briefly imagining what it would be like to be shoved down onto the grass and taken.

Instead, Katsuki boldly slid his hand down into his pants and between his legs. His mouth went slack as he swiped his fingers back and forth, soaking two fingers in slick. “I’m still so wet,” he breathed, putting on the submissive, sexual omega act that he usually despised. “I bet you could just slide in. He opened me up real good.” Biting his bottom lip, the omega whimpered softly and let his eyes drift closed. It felt good, touching himself, but nothing like the things Izuku had made him feel. He wanted that back.

Eijirou’s grip tightened hard enough to hurt, and Katsuki opened his eyes to see the alpha’s eyes were closed tightly, breath heavy. He smirked to himself. ‘ *Gotcha* .’ Iron grip or not,

Katsuki knew Eijirou was moments away from breaking. Katsuki brought his hand up out of his pants, playing with the lingering slick between his fingers. His scent hung thick in the air, sweet and rich.

Eijirou's tongue flicked over his lips, and his mouth hung open as if he were trying to taste Katsuki's scent just by inhaling it.

An instant later, Katsuki was on his back, looking up at the expanse of stars in the night sky. He barely had time to blink before Eijirou was there above him.

"Don't talk about him," the redhead growled, dragging his heavy cock free of his clothes.

Katsuki's eyes widened, and he felt the panic rise in him again. Before he could even deal with that, his ass and thighs were exposed to the night air as his pants were pulled down to tangle around his ankles. The night wasn't cool, thankfully, but the air still felt cold against his damp flesh. When he pressed forward, Katsuki felt his knees bend, opening him up and leaving him exposed in a way that had his heart racing anxiously.

"Ei- wait!" Katsuki's hand shot out, bracing against Eijirou's shoulder, his claws pressing into the alpha's skin before he realized he was doing it.

Eijirou barely flinched at the pain, but he stopped nonetheless. He was shuddering, gripping himself at the base with a tight fist. He didn't speak. He didn't question Katsuki or try to console him. He simply waited as Katsuki struggled with himself, lost in his own fight with his instincts. Only his eyes gave him away. He stared down at Katsuki with a hunger that was completely foreign and an intensity Katsuki had never felt directed towards himself.

The omega's breath was labored. His thoughts raced. But none of that managed to drown out the growing heat between his thighs. Eijirou's tip pressed against him, just parting his outer lips. Katsuki was slick down to his asshole. A lot of it was leftover from before but watching Eijirou's ruddy head had his body leaking fresh slick. He felt pinned, both by the large alpha and the little spark of curious arousal. And, for the first time, it wasn't scary. He could never be afraid of Ei. The trust between them allowed him to relax fully and soon he couldn't stop himself from rubbing back against it.

Eijirou was more than happy to assist. The hot drag from his entrance to his clit and back made Katsuki's head dip back and his eyes close, toes curling in the air. It was just a few minutes before the rough panting breaths had changed from panicked to wanton. "Okay," he finally breathed, eyes closing. He remembered Izuku's gentle touch and a small smile pulled at his lips. Izuku seemed like the type that would be slow and gentle too. Katsuki nodded, comforted by the thought, and said it again. "Okay."

Their eyes met, and Eijirou's brow raised, carrying the weight of his silent question.

Katsuki hid his smile behind a sigh and a roll of his eyes. "I'm ready," he clarified.

The heat between his thighs turned molten as Eijirou began to push inside, and if he'd been in his right mind, Katsuki would have been embarrassed at the sound of his own moan, lingering and a bit strangled. Eijirou was thicker than Izuku's fingers had been. It hurt as he was stretched impossibly wide, but he was too far gone to want to stop now. He wanted more. Wanted it deeper. "Do it," he demanded. "Fuck me." He was getting annoyed at having to repeat himself, even if he was the entire reason things were slow in the first place.

He gasped sharply, totally unprepared for the sudden pain that tore through his haze of want. Eijirou's hips slapped against the back of his thighs hard. Katsuki could only hang onto the wide span of shoulders above him as he bounced and rocked from the alpha's thrusts. Each rough shove took his breath away, punching so deep it felt like Eijirou surely must be hitting the bottom. Above him, Eijirou breathed soft words but Katsuki paid them no mind. He dug his claws into the brute's shoulders, dragging down and leaving raw, bloody scratches. He could barely catch his breath through clenched teeth, but somewhere along the way, the pain began to change, the heat slowly going back to that needy pulse. His thighs relaxed, opening wider, and when it allowed Eijirou impossibly deeper, Katsuki was shocked it didn't hurt. Quite the opposite. Another moan snuck between his lips and his cheeks blushed in embarrassment. Katsuki reached up to cover his mouth, but his arm was shoved back out of the way and pinned it firmly against the ground.

"Uh-uh. Let it out." Eijirou spoke between heavy breaths. "Alphas like that. We wanna hear everything."

Katsuki heard the sharp smack before he realized Eijirou had struck him, slapping his asscheek hard. He squeaked indignantly, hips arching and-- Oh. Oh-oh-oh... "There," Katsuki cried out. "Oh, fuck, right there. Harder."

"Just like that. Tell us how you want it." Eijirou's next thrust took his breath away and it was all he could do to hang on. Eijirou's hips became more frantic and Katsuki keened under the onslaught. He'd never felt so good. His body thrummed and pulsed all over. He could feel it growing, making his muscles tighten and tense, harder, tighter. It was so rough, harder than he'd been expecting but it satisfied that burning hunger deep in his guts. He threw his head back as his body arched and shook, his cunt pulsing and pulling desperately at the cock

buried deep inside.

Above him, Eijirou groaned deep in his throat. “God, yeah, Kats. You’re so fuckin’ tight. I can feel ya tryin’ to make me pop. C’mon, work that pussy around me. Or you just gonna lay there and take it, mm?”

Katsuki’s face burned with embarrassment but he couldn’t resist a challenge like that. Especially not from Eijirou. While the two men weren’t exactly the same size, they were close enough that if Katsuki just let his mind wander... just a bit... it was Izuku above him, panting and thrusting. It was Izuku’s sweat that dripped down onto his shoulder, falling off emerald curls... His King’s possessive growling rumbling in his ear.

“UNH, GOD!” Katsuki’s head snapped back hard and his back arched deep. Eijirou just managed to stay inside, his pace faltering for only a moment. He wrapped his arms around Katsuki’s legs, hugging them tight to his chest and redoubled his efforts, fucking Katsuki hard and fast, making the omega cry out loudly. “Izu-- AHH-hhhnnn...”

Katsuki never stood a chance. Within moments, he was cumming, hips rolling greedily on the cock deep inside and, while it whited out his vision, Katsuki couldn’t help but feel like he wasn’t full enough. There was *more* . He wanted to be full, wanted his belly to bulge and strain, to feel it spilling out down his thighs. Gods above, he wanted to feel Izuku cumming deep inside. Maybe even knot him... stretching him even wider until it hurt again... filling him so full he couldn’t move... Katsuki moaned weakly, feeling his cunt pulse hard enough that his breath caught.

And, in a way that was all too familiar, Eijirou was right there with him. “Fuck, Kats. Let me cum in you, baby,” he begged without an ounce of shame. He turned his head and pressed a kiss to Katsuki’s ankle. His fangs, swollen and ready, teased over the little bump of ankle bone. “Please, please, gods, I’ll pup you so good.” Eijirou pulled back, looking down at Katsuki with weepy eyes so pitiful that Katsuki had to look away.

”Ei, no…. You can’t. You promised.”

Eijirou wasn’t listening. He was rocking himself slowly back and forth and Katsuki realized the alpha’s knot had already started to swell. He wasn’t thrusting as deep anymore and Katsuki could feel something hard and wide bumping against him. Each little rock of Eijirou’s hips came with the grind of his knot.

”He’s not even a worthy alpha,” Eijirou snarled, his jealousy building up, edging into anger. “You came to me, didn’t you? I know you want my fuckin’ knot, Kat. Listen to how wet you are.” He shoved hard, pushing in until Katsuki’s folds let out an embarrassingly wet sound as his slick gushed.

Katsuki’s head fell back and he fought not to moan. Fuck. He could do it all again. Already. All he had to do was say yes…

He could feel himself stretching wider as Eijirou began to push the start of his knot into him. Gasping sharply, Katsuki began to struggle. “Ei! N-no! I mean it! STOP!”

The words were barely out of his mouth when Eijirou stopped. He yanked himself free, a deep snarling growl sending a wave of fear through Katsuki he’d rarely ever felt before. The omega watched in a mix of confusion and guilt as Eijirou pulled out and dropped back onto his knees. They locked eyes as he began to jerk off with a furious intensity.

“Kah- ts... AH!” He choked out Katsuki’s name when he came seconds later, spilling thick and heavy over his tight fist in a series of thick spurts. His cum splattered uselessly onto the grass below. Finally, he broke eye contact and Katsuki couldn’t help but feel like he could breathe again.

Silently, Eijirou attempted to shake his hand clean, then gave up and wiped it down the thigh of his pants, which he was still half-dressed in. Katsuki almost laughed at the absurdity.

Still without a word, Eijirou eased himself back into his pants, hissing as he stuffed away his most sensitive parts. Katsuki frowned. He was aware that something was wrong, that Eijirou had gone very suddenly cold on him. When he spoke up, his voice was cautious, almost timid.

“Ei?”

Neither of them moved.

“Mm?”

“Are you mad?”

“No.”

“What then?”

Silence. Katsuki tried again. “Ei.”

Eijirou pulled back just far enough that he could make eye contact. “Heh, just— Just me being stupid.”

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed. “Are you trying to piss me off or something?! Fuck.” Sitting up, Katsuki wiggled back into his pants, feeling exposed and vulnerable. “I told you, Ei… I told you this couldn’t be anything before we even started.”

Eijirou sighed and nodded. He rubbed his face with his clean hand and let out a low groan. “I know. I *know* . I just...” The alpha sighed again and glanced up at Katsuki, though he could only meet his eyes for a second. “You called his name and... I couldn’t stop myself. I got jealous, and it's like everything else went out of my mind entirely. Fuck.” He swore softly, barely above a whisper. His hands tightened into fists, and his head hung low.

Katsuki felt a tightening in his chest. In the same way that Eijirou knew him so well, he also knew the alpha. Eijirou prided himself on being a good alpha. One of the best. And any time he fell short of that, he ruthlessly beat himself up over it. Katsuki had no doubt he was sitting there, silently scolding himself for a momentary lapse.

“Oi.” Katsuki stretched a leg out and kicked Eijirou’s kneecap just light enough to not be painful. “Stop that,” he demanded, keeping his foot in place and pushing repeatedly until the alpha began to get annoyed. Smiling, he goaded a little harder, playing a familiar game. “What? Am I annoying you, huh? You gonna make me stop or something?”

Eijirou shoved his foot away, but the smile that broke out on his face gave him away. “Kats. Seriously? Right now? My dick hurts, bro.”

“Oh, fine.” Katsuki returned his smile. “As long as you stop yelling at yourself over there.”

“I pressured you.”

“Yeah? And I pressured you first. Call it even.”

Eijirou frowned. “I don’t think it works like that.”

“Well, it does. I was on you hard, Ei. I knew what I was risking when I started it. You wanna fight for omegas so hard, maybe stop and realize that we don’t always have to be the victims. Maybe I took advantage of you. I--” Katsuki stopped and sighed, looking up at the sky. He exhaled heavily, and then finally looked down again, meeting Eijirou’s gaze. “I manipulated you to get my way. I’m the one that should be saying sorry right now, okay? And the more you sit there and punish yourself, the worse I feel about doing it.”

Eijirou’s brows knit tightly, and he stared at Katsuki in stunned silence for a few moments. “You--” He stopped as soon as he started, mouth opening and closing once more as he struggled to find words. “You’d do something like that?”

Katsuki felt shame claw its way up his spine, making him shrink in on himself. “I guess so... I couldn’t think of anyone else to go to. It had to be you. I wouldn’t trust anyone else.”

Eijirou was quiet as he looked back at Katsuki, weighing his reasons and apology. “Well. I mean. I guess it wasn’t all bad, right? So, now what? We just... go on? Like it never happened?”

“Yes?” Katsuki’s voice was pitched much higher than usual, questioning but hopeful.

The redhead snorted a laugh, shaking his head slowly. He looked up at Katsuki and the two held each other's gaze. Finally, Eijirou looked away.

"Yes," he said. "Never happened. C'mon." The alpha stood up, wincing a little as his still-sensitive dick shifted into its usual place. He held a hand down to Katsuki. "River's not far. If you don't wash off first, you're not gonna be able to deny anything. I'm all over you."

Katsuki's cheeks burned from a mix of shame and arousal. "Maybe I should go alone. I know the way..." It was sort of true. He knew in theory from all the times the alphas had told stories of leaving the village. Because he was an omega, he wasn't allowed outside the walls unless there was an alpha to protect him.

Eijirou raised a brow. "Bro. You think I'm gonna let you out there alone after a bear sighting? You get eaten by your own totem and they are all gonna blame me. And you know what? I've had enough of your shit tonight, Kats, so we're gonna walk out there together and you're gonna wash off without giving me more lip." He rested his fists on his hips, giving Katsuki a look that dared him to argue.

Katsuki wasn't going to. He really did feel guilty for using his friend like he had. Eijirou had every right to be short with him. He climbed to his feet, making a face at the wet, slightly cool squish between his legs. "Right. Lead the way, then."

"And if anyone asks, you got sick. Again. You sought me out and we went to clean you off."

Katsuki nodded, a little surprised that Eijirou could lie so easily. "Got it. How'd you know I got sick?"

Eijirou's grin spread slowly, and his mood shifted. Chest out, he stretched up to his full height, showing off as he confessed. "That cute handmaid of yours from the wedding?"

Katsuki nodded.

"Twice. She came back with a friend."

Katsuki laughed, giving Eijirou's shoulder a rough shove. "You knothead, you made me feel bad!"

"Kaaaat, keep your voice down," Eijirou complained, shoving him back just as rough, though he made sure, of course, that the ground was clear first.

The two continued their noisy play-fighting as they left the village. More armored guards were posted there as well, but upon recognizing Katsuki, no one even dared make extended eye contact. They were only a few feet from the village's walls when Katsuki realized two of them had followed, though they kept a respectable distance. When Katsuki began to grumble, Eijirou reminded him that he was going to have to get used to the extra protection, even if he didn't need it. Katsuki agreed reluctantly.

A short walk later, the omega was shuffling naked into the river's cold flow. When they'd arrived, Eijirou had insisted he hide himself partially so the guards wouldn't see him strip. Remembering the two nosy fucks outside his wedding tent, he couldn't help but agree it was a good idea. He shivered visibly as the water sloshed up over his waist, little waves lapping higher and higher until he was in just over his shoulders. Eijirou sat off to the side, his back turned respectfully and a keen eye on the unfamiliar guards as he waited silently for Katsuki to finish bathing.

Without soap, Katsuki was forced to soak a little longer than he would have liked. His teeth were starting to chatter softly when he finally decided that he'd rubbed off as much of Eijirou as he could. It felt deeper than just a physical ridding of his scent, somehow. More like he was shedding the child that he still clung to in himself. He would come out of the water a changed man.

"Oi, Ei," he called as he came back out, rubbing his palms over his shoulders and down his arms. He was freezing. "You shoulda brought a blanket or something, dumbass. Your queen is freezing."

Eijirou sputtered over a few unintelligible sounds. "Well, excuse me, my Queen. I really didn't expect *company* ," he retorted, putting significant emphasis on the last word. "I'm afraid you caught me a little unaware."

Katsuki walked up to him, smirking. He felt a little shiver of excitement, knowing very well he was pushing even his boundaries. That didn't mean he was going to back down. "Shame," he said. "Don't let it happen again."

The 'yes, your highness' that Eijirou answered him with was, to an untrained ear, perfectly respectful. Only Katsuki saw the little flare of anger and amusement in his guard's eyes, and he walked off, leaving Katsuki feeling quite confident that their relationship had remained unchanged. Being able to close the book on the possibility that there might have been more between them had been a catalyst Katsuki hadn't known he needed until the whole thing was done and over. And, yeah, okay, maybe he'd been a little manipulative, but it had worked out in the end! Katsuki was all but whistling as the small group of four walked back to the entrance.

The extra guards fell off once they were inside the walls of the barbarian settlement, and within seconds, were replaced by a short omega who made a beeline for Eijirou, ignoring Katsuki completely. Katsuki wasn't really bothered by that. It was kind of nice to be ignored after the day he'd been through, and so Katsuki chose not to make a big deal. He simply stood aside and shook his head as the little omega male stood on his tiptoes to wrap his arms around Eijirou's neck and draw him down into a pointed kiss. Katsuki struggled not to laugh and looked away, pressing a hand down on his mouth to keep himself quiet. A snort might have made its way out, earning him a quick glare that Katsuki found easy to ignore. He certainly wasn't going to present a challenge.

"Jiiiii, you're coming back soon, aren't you? You promised it would be quick and I've been waiting a long time!" The omega was laying it on thick and syrupy, his chokingly sweet scent stinking up the whole area.

Katsuki exhaled hard, frowning in distaste. He never could figure out what it was about omega scents that drove alphas wild. They all just smelled like rotting yeast to him. Sweet, cloying, and utterly repulsive. But he could see the immediate effect on Eijirou. The alpha's thick arms wrapped possessively around the omega's waist and drew him in close, head bowing just a tiny bit, needing to get closer to the source of that scent, and quite literally licked his lips as if he were starving.

"Yeah, baby," he answered, nuzzling at the omega's ear and hair, scenting him until the blonde drew away with a coy giggle.

Katsuki had to give it to him…. He was good. Eijirou was completely wrapped around his finger.

“You’ve been real good for me,” the alpha continued, laying the praise over his all too willing recipient in soft tones. Katsuki had certainly never heard Eijirou’s voice sound quite like *that* before, and he chanced a glance over at the pair.

The omega’s leg was lifted and wrapped over Eijirou’s thigh, and the alpha’s large hand splayed over his barely covered ass to hold him in place. They could barely keep themselves from dry humping standing right there. Katsuki saw Eijirou’s hips move and the omega’s toes curl in response.

Blushing and annoyed about it, Katsuki crossed his arms and looked away. “Hurry it up, *Ji* ,” he snapped, purposefully mocking the nickname the omega had used.

The look he got over the blonde omega’s shoulder told him maybe he was pushing it a little far. Still. It wasn’t like he was going to back down now. He sniffed and looked away, waiting. He couldn’t help but remember, with slight bitterness, that just minutes ago he had been ‘baby.’

”You gotta take me back,” he said with finality and looked away before he could see the disappointment on Eijirou’s face. He could apologize later.

Truly, he wasn’t even thinking about Eijirou’s feelings at all but the embarrassing heat that had snuck into his guts at the sight of the omega presenting himself so open and wanton. No barbarian omega would have done something so intimate in public. But Eijirou’s omega truly seemed not to care that anyone else was around. There was absolutely no question as to what he was offering, and it was like the more that knew, the happier he was about it. He was boldly staking his claim on Eijirou and daring anyone to do anything about it. Katsuki had never imagined such a thing. And he couldn’t help but wonder… had Izuku expected him to act like that? Would he eventually?

Katsuki felt his face curl in distaste at the thought. No. There was no fucking way he would ever do something so personal in public view like that. No. Fucking. Way. He crossed his arms and turned angrily away from the two and their horny display.

He didn’t see the look that Eijrou turned down to the omega, but he heard the warm coo in his voice. “I’ll run back to you. Promise. Will you wait for me, baby? Hm? Just a little longer, okay?”

The shameless omega sucked in a slow, deep breath and let it out even slower. Katsuki fought down the urge to growl at the way he was dragging everything out. Little attention whore.

“Yeah, Ji, I’ll be waiting,” the omega promised, voice saccharine. “Hurry back, okay?”

A soft wet sucking followed, but Katsuki absolutely refused to look at them making out. He cleared his throat impatiently after just a few moments. How had Eijirou not had enough already? Katsuki wondered briefly how the hell one wife was expected to manage an alpha’s appetite. God forbid he even think about ruts!

He got a flash of himself kneeling on Izuku’s furs, ass presented high in the air, dripping thick, sticky cum, his pale skin dotted here and there with love bites, and the shiver that ran through his body took his breath away.

“Leaving,” he announced and began to storm off. He could hear Eijirou rushing to catch up.

”Bro, have some sympathy,” he said with a weak laugh. “He was so perfectly ripe…. Unh, fuck. I could have slipped in right there, and he’d have let me.”

Eijirou’s scent got stronger, and Katsuki covered his nose in response, turning a glare in the stupid alpha’s direction. He’d just taken an ice bath to avoid that!

”Heh, sorry. Sometimes I forget you don’t feel stuff like that.”

Katsuki frowned. He didn't like the way Eijirou had said that… like he was missing something. He wasn't missing anything. He did feel 'stuff like that.' It just took more than knowing each other's name to get him there.

"Whatever, Ei. It's fine. I just wanna get some sleep. Hey, uh... do alphas really like that? When an omega is all over them?"

Eijirou laughed softly as he fell into step easily next to Katsuki. "Oh, yeah. Can't resist it. To be so perfectly needed? To be his whole *world* like that? Nothing like it."

Katsuki thought that over for a moment and nodded. That made a little more sense, at least. And it helped to know it wasn't just sex. At least they felt something too. It made Katsuki feel a lot better about his own emotional responses in intimate moments. "What else do alphas like?"

"Depends on the alpha," Eijirou answered with a shrug, laughing when Katsuki glared at him. "Well, it's true! We're not all the same, Kat. You wanna know what your alpha likes? Find out. What, you're not suddenly scared, are you?"

Oh, Eijirou knew exactly what he was doing, but Katsuki didn't care. He shoved Eijirou's shoulder with a growl. "I'll show you fuckin' scared," he bit back. "I'll have that alpha eating out of my palms by tomorrow night."

"Good. I hope you do."

Katsuki stopped, and Eijirou followed after, turning to look at him. They shared a quiet moment, just regarding one another in comfortable silence. When Katsuki began walking again, Eijirou fell back into step next to him. They didn't talk anymore, and soon Katsuki could see the two guards waiting outside his tent.

Eijirou rested a hand on his shoulder. "You got this, man," he said, smiling one of his big, dumb, dopey dog smiles down at Katsuki. "He's seriously not gonna know what hit him."

"Shut up. I'm not that good of an omega."

“Bullshit. You have no idea what kinda sway you have. I’m just saying, sometimes, the longer the chase, the sweeter the catch.” Eijirou shrugged in a cute, halpless way. “All you gotta do is learn to recognize it.”

Katsuki grumbled something about Eijirou probably being right, followed by an even more muttered thank you. He didn’t linger any longer, feeling mushy enough as it was already. When he walked by the guards that had been posted outside, he made sure to stick his nose a little higher in the air and avoided all eye contact. Wordlessly and without explanation, he slipped back into the tent.

It took a minute for his eyes to adjust. The candles had burnt themselves out, extinguished by the water they floated in. He tried to climb carefully over Izuku’s mass, but the alpha let out an unflattering snort as he suddenly rolled over. Katsuki tripped and tumbled to the ground, barely managing not to drive his knee into Izuku’s midsection.

“Katsuki...?” Izuku was sleepy and confused, and it made Katsuki’s cheeks warm and his hands flex. An intense moment of cute aggression had him wanting to grab that puffy, freckled face and stretch it until he cried for mercy.

“Sorry,” he answered and took the opportunity to slip under the fur cover he would be sharing with Izuku. He didn’t even hesitate before he lay close, shifting until he was just ever-so-slightly touching Izuku. Not *exactly* a snuggle. Not exactly *not* a snuggle, either. “I was having some trouble sleeping, so I took a walk. Go back to sleep.”

Izuku smacked his lips dazedly and nodded, his eyes closed the entire time. “Mm, kay. You’re gonna stay this time, right?”

A hand rested on his hip, pulled away, then returned and squeezed softly. When Katsuki looked back over his shoulder, Izuku’s green eyes were just barely open. Katsuki couldn’t help but smile.

“Yeah. I’m here to stay.”

End Notes

Comments especially loved!!! DO NOT POST MY WORK ELSEWHERE. NO AI EVER! Find me on AO3 and bluesky under the same name: sabikun. Big thank you and lots of hearts to my wonderful beta, Tina <3

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