Farewell to Everything

by dia_dove, Myka

Summary

In order to prevent unrest in his land, alpha Victor Nikiforov must produce an heir. But fertile omega’s were a commodity. Something to be loaned and bred. Controlled and protected by the state’s agency. If Victor wants an heir he must choose one.

Yuuri is an omega, hidden away by his family in hopes that he would escape the cruel fate all omegas suffered.

The two are brought together by chance, but can a relationship founded on distrust flourish into something more?
The Noble House of Nikiforov

Chapter Notes

This is dia_dove and Myka’s first collab fic. Basically we are horrible and decided to write an angsty fic together XD Enjoy!

Loosely based on Handmaid’s Tale and by loosely we mean it went like this:
dia_dove: Have you seen Handmaid’s Tale?
Myka: No.
Dia_dove: me neither *tells basic plot*
Myka: I like that, let’s do that.

Rating for future chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor tossed the papers unto the desk, refusing to frustrate himself further. “These are all children,” he scoffed. “Don’t they have older omegas?”

Chris sighed and started reorganizing the pale sheets of paper one by one into a clean pile. He carefully eyed the names on the profiles, scanning for anything that might appeal to his alpha friend. “The breeding age is sixteen. You won’t find older virgin omegas. It’s one or the other, Victor. Either you take an omega on the verge of breeding age or one that has already been bred.” He shuffles through the papers one last time before sliding one at Viktor. “How about this one, pretty blonde with striking green eyes. His father is an accomplished and wealthy merchant. The mother a very fertile omega. The pups will be striking. I’d say it’s a good match,” Chris offers.

Victor doesn’t even glance at the paper, simply slides it back to him. “That doesn’t change the fact that he’s still a child.”

Chris rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Victor. Sixteen has always been the breeding age. Your omega mother had you at sixteen.” He can’t count the number of times they’d been through this already. “You inherited this region at fourteen, younger than—”

“It wasn’t my choice to be lord so young,” Victor cut in sternly. “But I am. I have made this land flourish and I want a virgin omega to carry my firstborn.”

“Why are you so stuck on having a virgin omega?”

“I just want something that doesn’t cry as I fuck it,” Victor grinned. The alpha had never seen the appeal of breeding such young omegas. He was certain omegas still in the grasps of childhood would squirm and cry at his touch. Omegas who didn’t yet know their place. No, he wanted one that knew the world and how it worked. One that wouldn’t cry nor beg nor complain when he pushed it into a bed.

Chris shut his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. Dealing with Victor’s stubbornness was a chore to most. Even Chris had moments when he wanted to toss his hands in the air and walk away from the alpha, but the blonde had known and worked with him long enough to know how to handle him when he got this way. “Can I be frank, my lord?”
Victor’s brows raised. Chris knew he had drawn a line. That when he called Victor lord or master, all pleasantries of friendship were gone and it was time to talk business. He didn’t use it as often as he should.

“You may,” Victor answered, straightening his back and giving the blonde his full attention.

“You’re great grandfather died when he was forty seven, your grandfather barely made it to fifty five. Your father is ill and likely to die before his sixtieth birthday. You’re twenty-seven. If your family history is anything to go by, you have less than thirty good years to get an heir and establish your hold on this region,” he speaks clearly, bluntly.

“My father had me when he was thirty three.”

“And you were his fifth pup. If it hadn’t been for the fire—”

Victor glared. Chris hushed and lowered his head. “You need an heir, Victor,” he said carefully. “For the sake of this region and the people that reside in it — like my family — please just pick an omega and breed it.” He stood and placed the profiles in front of his master once again. “If not for your sake, then at least for the villagers that pay your fucking taxes.” He made his way to the door. “I’ll go to the agency again for more profiles.”

Victor stared at the pile of papers left on the table. Skimming through the hand drawn faces. He hated to admit that Chris was right. He needed an heir. Soon. His father had another year if he was lucky, and without the older alpha’s influence, his region would be prime for the taking. Large families and strong bloodlines were the best way to guarantee retention of territory. The land he ruled over had belonged to the Nikiforov family for the past four generations. The vultures had already tried to exterminate his family once. Everyone knew the fire that killed his siblings wasn't an accident, but they had failed when he and his father survived. Rumors of the assassination had spread as fast as the flames themselves. He could recall the people talking. The great Nikiforov family was left with but one child, and the youngest at that. The tragedy had reinforced the will of the villagers to support his bloodline’s hold on the land, but their support could waver if there was no bloodline to actually support. He needed heirs. Not having heirs was a sign of weakness. A sign that he himself could be inflicted with infertility.

Without heirs, the attempts on his life would only get worst.

He had to choose an omega. There was no fighting against this.

He sorted the profiles into two piles. Virgin omegas and already bred ones. The virgins were all fifteen. No matter the circumstances, fifteen was just too young for him to seriously consider. He pushed the pile to the side and started browsing the rest. If he couldn’t have a virgin then one that only had one child, two tops. At least these omegas were proven fertile. Used as they might be, at the very least they would ensure an heir. Eighteen, nineteen, twenty. All already with two children on their records. All the omegas older than twenty three already had three children or more.

He’d have to settle. And he hated settling.

Why was it so hard to get what he wanted? How could he be expected to just pick one? If he had to breed an omega, he wanted one that fit his tastes. Someone beautiful of course. An omega that could take his breathe away. An omega that was mature enough to know his place and obey the alpha without all the fuss. Even more ideal would be a quiet thing that would take his cock without complaint. He had neither the time nor energy for tears.

Victor snatched the papers up. He couldn’t do this right now, too dissatisfied to really focus. He
opened one of the drawers to his desk and shoved the papers inside. Out of sight, out of mind. In the end he would probably have Chris handle the details. It was too much of a headache to handle, especially when he wasn’t interested in any of the offerings.

The alpha stood, releasing a heavy sigh as he does. He would go for a short walk before continuing the day’s work. Maybe the fresh air would clear his mind.

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Chris opens the door to the agency, taking a breath as he enters the manor. He waves to a few familiar faces. He was a well-known figure here, not just from his place serving Victor, but from his own frequent visits. The agency had helped him find three beautiful omegas who each birthed him a healthy pup; two betas and one alpha.

“Madam Lilia,” Chris called as he approached the registration desk.

The woman clad in black raised her brows. “Weren't you here yesterday, master Giacometti?”

“I'm only doing my lord’s bidding,” he bowed nonchalantly.

“And what is it your lord wants now?” she asks, her expression made it clear that she had no time for small talk, and coming from any other mouth the words would be a high insult. But the madam was the head of the agency. She organized and handled all the fertile omegas from the entire region. That gave her freedom to say and do things that would otherwise be forbidden.

Chris clears his throat. “I need another group of omegas for him to look at. He was… unsatisfied with what he was given.” He tries not to sound offensive, but the woman’s brows furrow with irritation.

“We gave you the best of the best. A whole folder full of everything you asked for. If you’re seriously here to tell me he couldn’t pick one omega from that group, so help me I will——”

“He couldn’t pick one,” Chris has to hold back a laugh. “Our lord does not like to settle, I’m afraid.”

Lilia stares, biting on her bottom lip in thought.

“I’ve tried many times to talk him down from these high standards but he won’t budge. He refuses to even try to compromise.” The alpha sighs heavily. “An older virgin omega. As if it exists. It’s like he’s trying to sabotage everything. At this rate… I’m not sure if we can even expect an heir.”

Chris bit his lower lip. He hadn’t really thought about it that way. But it somehow made sense. Victor insisting on an omega that didn’t exist and would never exist. But why? Why would he do that?

The woman taps her fingers against the desk for a few moments, before leaning back in her chair. “I may… have something for you,” she says before standing. Chris watches as the madam disappears into the back room. He’s not sure what to think, but stands idly by. She returns only a minute later a single piece of paper between her fingers.

“What is that?” Chris asks as she hands him the parchment.

“Last night we received a… special delivery. A male omega, never entered into our books. Twenty four years old.”

Surprise is evident in Chris’ eyes. “That’s impossible. All omegas are registered as soon as they
present. It’s the law. The agency is so thorough there’s no way some boy escaped that. Was the family breeding him for their own benefit?"

“He’s a virgin. His family was keeping him hidden,” she sits back at her desk. “I’ve seen him. Verified he’s unregistered, has birthed no pups, and has a pretty little face.”

Chris can’t believe it. Was fate really this kind? Was he just given exactly what his master and friend wanted? No, there had to be a catch, this was too good to be true. “Lilia, I’ve always trusted you with recommendations. Is what you’re telling me really true?”

She gives a sharp nod. “I have no reason nor desire to lie and play games with you or the lord.”

Chris looks over the paper again. There isn’t anything to read but a name and an age but… this is what Victor wanted. This was his chance. His chance to help Victor help himself, and keep the land from being torn apart by the greedy lords from the neighboring regions. He needed this boy, this omega. “I want him delivered to the estate as soon as possible. I’ll fill out all the paperwork now.”

“Are you certain the lord will be happy with your choice? You haven’t even see him.” Lilia asks though she’s already reaching into her desk for the necessary forms.

“If this omega is what you say, I can assure you it’s what he wants.”

“Well normally we have a process for new omegas in the system. They have to be examined thoroughly for illness or injury. Assessed properly to verify their behavior and habits. Train them if necessary. This process takes time of course, by then word will spread, and every alpha lord will have their hands out wanting a taste of this unique omega,” she slides him the paper. “But I happen to like the state of this village under the Nikiforov rule. It would be a shame if this territory went to the likes of the Crispinos for such a simple thing as lack of an heir. Which is exactly why I’m bending the rules a bit.”

“Lilia,” Chris grins from ear to ear. “I could kiss you right now. You are a lifesaver.”

She waves him off. “Just hurry up. This is as important to our lord as it is for the rest of us.”

The paperwork takes longer than he wants. There are many pages to go through and lot of places to sign. He double checks then triple checks everything. This needs to work out, it has to. Sure, he should have consulted Victor about the decision, but he doesn’t want to risk one moment. He’s certain the alpha would agree. This omega was what he always said he wanted. What other choice did he have anyway?

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Victor had managed to reduce the pile to three profiles. Three profiles he was going to have to put his future into. Two males and a female. Both males were in the early twenties. His first child would be the fourth for both. Just the thought makes his skin crawl. The female had only had two pups, but she was nineteen. Older than the virgins, but still too young in his eyes.

He was settling. He was settling hard. “Fuck,” he tossed the profile of the female aside, leaving the two males. One was the last omega Chris had used for his second pup. “Fuck fuck,” Victor muttered in anger. Not only did he have to settle for used, but his subordinates leftovers. Which meant there was only one left from this pile. Chris better bring more.

As if summoned by his master’s call, Chris burst into the room hastily. There is a wide grin plastered on his face. He carries nothing but a single piece of paper between his fingers.
“I thought you were going to get more profiles,” Victor noted, not even bothering to look up from
the work he was focused on. “Just bring me any profile with omegas that have only given birth to
one or two pups.” He was tired of looking, tired of burying himself in disappointment from the lack
of a proper omega.

Chris placed the single file in front of Victor, forcing the alpha’s attention. Victor stared, the paper
lacked the omega’s likeness, the family history, the long personal statements as to why they should
be chosen. It only had a name and an age.

“Yuuri Katsuki,” Victor let the name roll from his lips. “Twenty four.” The rest was blank. Victor
flipped the sheet, but the back was blank as well. “What is this?” he asks, confusion showing on his
face. “There’s nothing here.”

“A twenty four year old virgin omega.” Chris says slowly as a smile forms on his lips.

Victor’s eyes glanced at the name again, his fingertip tracing over it slowly. “Do you think I’m a
fool? What were you planning? That I would agree to take in this… Yuuri without knowing
anything about him, and a male omega to boot. That once this omega got here I would be stuck with
a used tramp that has popped out four or five pups already.”

Chris’ smile falls. “This isn’t a trick, Victor. An omega, a virgin, twenty four. He’s real. This is what
you wanted right? This is exactly what you wanted.” He presses his palms against the desk and leans
forward.

“Have you even seen him?” Victor’s eyes were hard set on the piece of paper.

“This comes straight from the madam. This guy is the real deal. Untouched, just like you asked for.
Older, just like you asked for. All you have to do is say the word. Say the word and I will get him for
you.”

“I don’t even know what he looks like,” the alpha responds, doubt still heavy in his mind. He knows
nothing about this omega. Just a name and age was nothing.

“Victor, you know I would never steer you wrong. The madam said he’s quite a beauty.”

The alpha can only roll his eyes. Chris was right about one thing, he had never steered him wrong.
They had been together so long, since they were young. They relied on each other and Victor trusted
the man. If Chris said the information came from the madam herself, Victor really had no choice but
to believe him.

It’s tedious. Before it was just settling for one of few options in front of him. Now it’s just him not
knowing anything but a name and an age. For someone who didn’t like the unknown or uncertain, it
overwhelmingly frustrating.

What if it’s true though? What if this omega really is what he’s been asking for all this time. The idea
of a virgin omega at twenty four years of age is unheard of. A mere fantasy. Just how did this omega
live so long without the agency’s interference? They had always been thorough, strict, yet this one
had slipped between their fingers. How did he do it?

Chris rolls his eyes at Victor’s unsure expression. “If you don’t get to him, somebody else will,” he
says flatly. “And then you’re going to have to settle for some used hole from that group or a child,”
he says, trying to pick the words that would have the best effect.

Victor clenches his jaw. He looks to the slip of paper. Yuuri Katsuki, twenty four. That’s it, that’s all
he has. He would breed this unknown omega who isn’t even registered in the system. He casts his
eyes up, eyes meeting Chris’.

“Bring him to me.”

Chris grinned and sat down, “He’s already on his way.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the first chapter of our fic. This is the first official collaboration for both of us and it has been a lot of fun to work on together.

We apologize to anyone reading any of our other fics which we totally stopped writing to write this instead.

Come chat with us on Tumblr!
Dia_dove: iceprincess-yuri
Myka: myka-writes
The Fate of the Omega

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for the feedback!

We will add tags in relevance to each chapter so please check them before reading. Any chapter with triggering elements will always be marked as such.

Yuuri sat in the cold water-filled tub, staring at the slowly darkening bruises on his arms. He could still feel the pressure of harsh fingers and hands from when the agency guardians took him from his home by force.

Ten years he’d managed to remain hidden. Ten years since he presented as an omega. Ten years since his life became a secret.

He remembers when it happened. In the middle of a summer’s night while an alpha was visiting his family’s business. At first it came as nothing but a tingle. A strange sensation that made his skin itch. He thought nothing of it, shook it off and continued working. That’s when the fire came. With the sound of the tray in his hands suddenly dropping to the floor. When every nerve in his body seemed to ignite, sending waves of heat throughout his body. He remembers being scared, terrified of the strange stirring in his gut and the almost painful yearning he felt as he stared down the alpha. He remembers his family panicking, locking him away in a small room and paying off the alpha to swear silence before sending him off and locking up for the rest of the night. That night his life changed.

His family’s business remained closed for days while his heat faded and while they prepared. He remembers when his parents happily showed him the small room in the basement made just to hide him. At first he had been apprehensive about it all. To keep himself hidden away as if he had just committed a crime was not a life he wanted to live. He remembers his parents explaining to him how much better this was, how they just wanted to protect him and give him the best chance at life. That when the time was right, they could find an alpha to be his mate and keep his secret. That Yuuri could raise his own children without being separated from them. It sounded idealistic, and back then Yuuri had not been so certain. He’d been young, naive, and it took the shattering reality of being taken to realize he should have stayed in that room forever. Maybe if he’d just stayed in that room, the agency wouldn’t have discovered him.

He’d been reading. Getting ready for bed when the door to his room flew open and an assortment of men and women invaded his space, he’d barely had enough time to scream. One of the males grabbed him, pulled down his collar and inhale the scent from the gland on his neck. The word ‘omega’ escaped from his lips as he passed Yuuri to one of the females. She rolled out a parchment and started reciting the omega law as they bound his hands and took him out of the room. He hadn’t even been allowed to say goodbye as he was roughly taken from his home. From his life and love and everything he knew.

The grind of a metal lock breaks the silence and Yuuri’s heart jumps in his chest. The heavy wooden door swings open. The omega turns his head to see an agency handmaiden in a brown cloak carrying a bundle of clothes in her arms. He sinks low into the water. She was younger than Yuuri, her short red hair tied into a tight bun. She was an omega, an infertile one. It was one of the few things he
knew about this place. That only infertile omega’s were allowed to work as agency maidens.

Or at least that’s what his parents told him. He heard many stories throughout the years. About life in the main village. About the Lord’s, Masters, and Earl’s of the land. About the agency and the real life of a fertile omega. They had been stories meant to prepare him for the inevitable, for the moment when he’d get caught. Now he would be sold to the highest bidder and kept for a year to test his fertility. If he was lucky, a year was all he had to suffer until marked as infertile, and then he would be released back to his family. But if he was fertile…

How many children would he be forced to birth? How long until he was too old to carry more inside him or used enough that no one wanted him. How long until this life broke him?

Yuuri shivers in the cold water, biting down on his lower lip to keep from whimpering.

“Get out and put these on,” the girl deadpanned. Her eyes lit with a hint of jealousy. Yuuri had heard those type of stories too, the one where omegas in the village were raised to believe being fertile was an honor reserved for the lucky few. That being passed around and used was some sort of perfect life.

Yuuri didn’t understand how. What pride was there in being forced to bear children over and over again, never given the chance to find a love and start a family of their own. A family like his mother and father had. A kind of love everyone should have the chance to whether they were alpha, beta, or omega.

“Up,” the girl ordered again and the omega is pulled from his thoughts.

Yuuri rose and stepped out of the tub, water dripped down his body. The wooden floor boards were cold on his bare feet. He reached for the towel from the top of the pile, but the girl stopped him, grabbing the towel instead and dabbing at his skin with practiced ease. “You must be clean and pretty for your alpha.” Yuuri watched silently as she spoke. “My name is Milla. I will be your attendant during the times you reside with us.” The now damp towel was thrown in a bucket by the door and Milla pulled the pieces of clothes one by one.

The garments being offered to Yuuri were all white. “I thought omegas wore red,” he commented, not really expecting an answer. He speaks mainly to fill the silence. It was bad enough he was cold and dripping wet in front of some stranger, but the silence may be the worst of it. The silence scared him.

Milla looks at him like he’s a complete idiot. “Fertile omegas wear red. Retired omegas wear brown. Unverifideds wear white.” Yuuri can hear the annoyance in her voice.

Yuuri pulled a plain shirt from the pile and drew it over his head. “Is it true that unverified omegas stay up to a year with an alpha to test their fertility?” The moment he opens his mouth the girl gives him a pointed look.

“That’s the official timeframe,” Milla answered unamused. “But it’s simply a formality. Omegas will have at least four heats in the span of a year. I’ve never heard of a fertile omega that didn’t conceive during their first two heats with their alpha.”

Alpha… Yuuri pulls on the white pair of slacks, hands shaking as he ties the knot around his waist. He feels a bit better clothed, but the comfort vanishes within moments. Dressed as he may be, he’s still caught. The only reason they had baths and dressed him was to get him clean for whichever alpha rented him first.
The thought of that, the thought of being passed around from alpha to alpha sickens him. If he’s honest, the only thing he knew about alphas was what he’d read from the handful of books his family had given him. They ruled the territories in the state and the villages inside those territories. They kept omegas with them at all times and bred as many heirs as they could to retain power. What was the name of the alpha lord from his territory? Niki… Naki something… he couldn’t recall. He never cared enough before to memorize the information. He was far too distracted by the terrifying possibility of an alpha owning him. A possibility that for so long he had tucked away into the depths of his mind in an attempt to live in peaceful ignorance.

A possibility that has now turned into a brutal reality.

“When was your last heat?” Milla asks, pulling him from his thoughts.

“Two days ago,” Yuuri says softly as he grabs the heavy white cloak and puts it around his shoulders. As thick as it may be, he still feels undeniably cold. Or perhaps he shakes from simply fear alone. He’s not even sure anymore. Still, even though he’s scared of speaking, he’s even more afraid of not listening and being punished.

“Shame they didn’t find you before,” she offers, staring at him blankly. “You will be keeping your alpha waiting.”

His alpha… Yuuri has to take a deep breath to keep himself from breaking out into tears. He had three months until his next heat. Perhaps a small reprieve in all of this. Maybe the alpha wouldn’t even touch him till his heat. At least, that’s what he hopes. “Where will I be staying?” The omega swallows, not even sure if he wants to hear the answer. He doesn’t know what he’ll do if he has to go to an alpha’s house immediately. He needs more time. He needs to mentally prepare himself for this. If he even could prepare for such a thing.

He knew the agency housed all the omegas until they outlived their usefulness. Afterwards they were allowed to return to their families, become handmaidens, or attendants to an alpha lord or master — if they were lucky — perhaps the father of at least one of their children. At least that was for the omegas that followed the rules. The omegas that lived their life according to the lands mandate. He was neither, and his own fate was uncertain.

“You will sleep in the dorms for the unverifieds. You have a meeting with the madam in twenty minutes. Please finish getting dressed.” She placed the white sandals by Yuuri’s feet. He carefully slipped them on. They’re almost a perfect fit, but uncomfortable nonetheless. All of it was. He doesn’t like the way the fabric lays against his skin. Maybe it’s the fright, or what it all meant, but the cloth makes his skin itch. He wants nothing more than to rip it off his body.

They stepped together out into the hall. Milla carrying the bucket with dirty garments inside, leading the way while Yuuri follows hesitantly behind, feet shuffling against the floor.

There was a mirror just outside and the omega stops. Staring at his reflection, clad completely in white. He loses his own breath.

In any other circumstance Yuuri would find himself appealing in the outfit. But the symbolism behind it takes that away. This appearance isn’t for him, it’s for the alpha that wants him. He was staged to be given away. For his freedom to be taken. For his spirit to be crushed.

For a moment, he thinks of running. Of turning on his heels and taking off in any direction but the direction the girl plans on taking him. His palms sweat, and he glances about. Maybe he could make it back home. Maybe he could find a place to hide away again. He doesn’t want to be broken. Doesn’t want the happiness of his life to be snatched away from him. He can’t do what they ask of him. It’s too much, it will destroy him...
Yuuri takes a long, slow breath and lets the dark thoughts leave his mind.

He would not allow such a thing. He was going to survive this. He was going to make it back home some day. Where his mother, father, and sister waited for him. They could claim his body, but his spirit was his to keep.

Milla stepped beside him in the mirror’s reflection, a smile on her face that Yuuri can’t fully read. “I beseech good fortune on you and that your womb is healthy and can carry a child.”

Yuuri raises his head, taking another breath as he calms himself. He would be strong. He must be strong. He would not present himself as some scared omega to be taken advantage of. “Thank you,” he says without heart. “I’m ready.” His eyes meet hers in the mirror. Any fear he has he locks away.

Milla steps ahead down the hall. Yuuri begrudgingly follows.

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If looks could kill, then Yuuri would have dropped dead the moment he stepped inside the madam’s office.

The elegant woman clad in black gave him a quick glance over. Pulling at his garments, and tipping his chin up to get a better look. He tries to keep his face straight, to keep from casting a glare towards the woman. “You clean up rather nicely,” she commented. “Lord Nikiforov will be pleased.”

Nikiforov. That was the name that had escaped Yuuri’s memory. The lord of this territory. He came from a long generation of alpha’s. Yuuri remembered hearing the news of how most the family had been lost to a fire. How only the alpha lord and his youngest pup had survived. Yuuri remembered feeling sorry for the Nikiforov child at the time. To lose one's family in such a quick and brutal way could not be wished upon anyone.

“Is Nikiforov...” Yuuri started to ask.

“Lord Nikiforov has formally requested you as his omega. He will verify your fertility and if your womb is sound, you will carry his firstborn.” Yuuri felt the prickles of cold all over his skin as his hair stood on end. “In the morning, a carriage will take you to the Nikiforov state,” Lilia added.

Yuuri felt the panic slam into him. He really would have no time to prepare himself. Just one night? One night wasn’t enough. “But my next heat isn’t for another three months. Can’t I stay here until then?” What good was he to Nikiforov now? Why not send for him during his heat?

The thin woman walks a circle around him. “I can’t guarantee your safety if you stay here unverified for so long. Word will spread about your unique condition. Alpha lords across the land will start putting bids for you even after Nikiforov has put in a claim. We do our best to protect every omega that resides in this manor. The unverified’s close to breeding age above all. Every omega that works here are hand chosen by me, but they are not perfect, even they can be swayed by wealth or promises that not even I can keep.” She stops in front of Yuuri before folding her arms across her chest. “If you insist in staying here the only thing I can guarantee is that you will be stolen at some point and if you’re lucky, returned to us intact with a child in your belly and a note of who it belongs to.”

Yuuri shuddered. The images she described appearing in his mind without warning. He didn’t want that, he didn’t want any of this. But he has no choice in the matter. His fate is not longer his own. His fingers closed tight around the white satin he wore. Safety for someone like him didn’t exist here. He
knew nothing about Nikiforov, but maybe the alpha lord was his best bet.

A mocking laugh escapes Yuuri’s lips. To think that the alpha that had requested him — the alpha that will use him as an incubator was probably the safest place for him was like a cruel joke. And Yuuri felt the weight of that realization heavy on his shoulders. He wasn't supposed to be here. He was supposed to be home. In his room. Safe.

Just how did this happened? He’d been safe for so long. How was he found after all this time?

Maybe an alpha guest caught his scent during his last heat. It had been his worst by far. He doesn’t even recall waking from the daze of it. He only recalls waking in a bed soaked in his own sweat and cum. Body aching everywhere with the lingering want.

“Due to the unique set of circumstances of your entry to this agency,” Lilia continued. “There won’t be time to properly train you, but I will caution you, omega Katsuki. If you displease the alpha lord in any way, he has every right to send you back here.” Yuuri’s ears perk up. “But I assure you that won’t happen before lord Nikiforov has claimed you as his, and the worth of an unverified omega that is no longer a virgin decreases dramatically. The pool of alphas bidding to borrow you won’t be limited to the nobility and the wealthy. In my experience alphas that pay cheaply for omegas treat them as such.”

The implications make Yuuri’s stomach turn. Nikiforov could take him, rape him, use him up even before his heat came and return him just as easily. He could be passed around from alpha to alpha. It would be just as he had read about but... worse. He knew what the fate of being an omega was like, but... to actually live it was something else entirely. “I don’t want that,” he says barely above a whisper.

“Then I suggest you do everything in your power to keep the lord happy.”

“How am I supposed to make him happy if I know nothing of him?”

Lilia closes her eyes as she takes a deep breath. “You are as close to his ideal type as can be. Just your presence alone is enough to count for something, but with your heat so far away you’ll have to do more than be a virgin. You have to learn to listen, to obey. If the lord tells you to sit, you sit. If he tells you to come to his side, you do so. If he tells you to spread those pretty little legs of yours, you’re expected to.”

Yuuri wants to protest, to tell her he may be an omega, but he’s not a slave. But he keeps his mouth shut because to many, they are one and the same.

“While you’re in his presence, keep your complaints to yourself. The last thing you want to do is anger or displease him. Living with Nikiforov may not be what you’re used to, so I suggest you adapt fast.” Her lips curl into a smile. “I’m sure if you behave well it could even be pleasant for you. Highborn alphas, specially lord Nikiforov, have their honor and name to keep if they want to keep order in their lands. Mistreatment of an omega can destroy such an alpha’s reputation.”

“So I’m expected to just obey without question a man who wants nothing more than to impregnate me?” He speaks now, a little too loudly.

“That’s exactly what you’re going to do,” she says flatly. “I’m glad we have an understanding.” She pats his cheek but he moves away from the touch. “I suggest you rid yourself of that defiant attitude, omega Katsuki. It will only get you hurt.”

The omega swallows, eyes watching the woman closely.
“If your little attitude problem has you returned to us, a mark of noncooperation will be put on your record. You will then undergo thorough training, just like the young omegas here. That’s additional years away from home for you and your chances of getting a good bid with a bad record are not in your favor. If you’re too uncooperative we can mark you as unfit to carry. Instead of birthing pups you’ll be stuck here working for us in caring for the young omegas until we tire of you or you’re too old to do anything. So I suggest you do your best to keep the lord entertained and fulfill your duty,” she finishes.

The omega casts his eyes to the floor now. Fighting here will get him nowhere. “Yes, mam.”

Milla is waiting to take him to the dorms when the madam is done with him. Her eyes offer him nothing as he follows silently. They reach a large oak door guarded by two older male omegas in brown. One of them unlocks the door and opens it to allow Milla and Yuuri to enter. There’s another hall and another locked door at the end. Milla pulls a key from her cloak. “Find an empty bed for the night. There should be plenty available. I will come fetch you in the morning.” She unlocks the door and pulls it open, allowing for Yuuri to step inside then locking it quickly behind him.

The room is smaller than Yuuri had imagined. Light dimmed in the candlelight. Two dozen small beds are lined up one next to the other with barely two feet between each other. Eight pairs of eyes stare at him as he stumbles into the room. All dressed in white like him.

The whispers rise quickly. Yuuri keeps his hood over his head to hide from the curious eyes. He hurries to the bed closest to the door, sitting on it.

A blond omega with vibrant green eyes hastes to his side. “That’s my bed, lawbreaker!”

Yuuri stands up as a reflex and turns, his hood falling as he did so. The murmurs became quiet gasps as the breeding age unverified omega’s stared at him.

“Are you really twenty four?” A dark-haired girl with dark blue eyes asked on from the next bed over.

“Yes,” Yuuri answers softly, still feeling overwhelmed. Every pair of eyes staring at him was almost ten years his junior. Omega’s in their pre-breeding age. Fifteen years old. Just waiting until they hit that magic number of sixteen. He didn’t belong here with them… or they didn’t belong here with him.

“Did the madam tell you if an alpha picked you already?” A male with brown hair asked.

Yuuri nodded and all the wide-eyed faces suddenly got closer. Demanding who it was.

“I’m going to the Popovich house!” A blond girl announced excitedly. “The master wants a fourth pup!”

“I’m going to the Chulanont merchant family!” A male exclaimed. The heir’s first pup!”

Yuuri’s eyes widened in horror. All these young ones speaking with such excitement about losing their freedom. There was such pride in their words too, such honest glee that Yuuri just couldn’t reciprocate.

“Who did you say picked you, Yuri?” the dark-haired girl asked. The sharp-tongue blond omega that had called him lawbreaker turned at the sound of the name.

Yuuri stared silently, realizing the question hadn’t been addressed to him.
The other Yuri crossed his arms smugly. “One of Lord Nikiforov’s Earl’s. The Altin heir.”

There was a collective gasp. “So lucky!” A red-haired girl piped up. “He’s very handsome.”

Yuuri turns away from the group. He can’t listen to this. Can’t listen to these children talk happily about giving their bodies to alpha’s that only wanted one thing from them. He slides away from the conversation moving to the next free bed.

The blond Yuri continues speaking. “He’s handsome but I’m pissed that I didn’t get chosen by Lord Nikiforov. I’m the best omega here so what the hell is his problem? I know for a fact my profile was on the last batch his attendant took. Is he blind?”

Yuuri tenses at the lord’s name name but forces himself to relax.

“I heard he’s afflicted with the infertility sickness,” the dark-haired girl comments.

Yuuri turns at that. His attention caught. “What?” If that was true then, he shouldn’t have to go, right? There would be no point in even trying if the alpha isn’t able to have children. Yuuri stalks back to where the kids are conversing. “Is that true? Is Nikiforov really infertile?”

All eyes turn to the older omega. The blond Yuri raises a brow. “It’s just a rumor. Nothing’s been confirmed. It’s just because he hasn’t had an heir, and he’s getting old.”

“So he’s never...” Yuuri thought of the right word. “...hired an omega?”

The young omegas exchange quick glances amongst themselves. The excitement in their eyes momentarily gone. “You don’t understand anything. We’re not hired,” the blond Yuri snaps with disgust. “It’s our duty and honor. We create the future of this land. The alpha’s are the one who serve us, need us, beg for us to give life to their much needed pups. Without us they go extinct.”

“But you don’t get to choose,” Yuuri couldn’t help but speak up. “You don’t have freedom.”

The young omegas stare at him with confusion. “But we do choose,” one of the girls adds. “If an alpha mistreats us, we just tell the madam and she finds us a better alpha. One that will take good care of us.” The entire group nodded in agreement.

“He’s only complaining because he’s old,” a young brunette male omega says. He appeared to be the youngest one in the group. “He probably got chosen by some old weak alpha that can’t even want have pups anymore.” The group laughed mockingly at the comment.

Yuuri bit his lip. Letting the anger broil inside him. These children saw the world so differently from him and part of him couldn’t blame them, they knew nothing else. They had been taught all their lives that birthing pups and pleasing their alphas was the greatest honor they would ever achieve. Yet they were the ones to look upon Yuuri like he was the fool. As if he knew nothing.

The laughter slowly died and Yuuri set his eyes hard on the group. “Lord Nikiforov chose me,” he said just to watch all those inexperienced eyes widen in shock.

“You’re lying!” the blond shouts angrily. “There’s no way the lord would choose a plain and fat pig like you.”

Yuuri is taken back by the comment. “I am no liar,” he furrows his brows.

“You have to be! You’re a traitor, a lawbreaker, a coward, and there is no way Lord Nikiforov chose you over someone like me!”
“I will not argue with a child.” Yuuri grits his teeth. “Especially one who who knows nothing of this world and nothing of me!”

That sets the blond off, because he rushes from his bed to Yuuri’s side with such quickness the older omega’s heart jumps in his chest. Though small, the blond had a ferociousness to him. A fire that not even Yuuri — whom had been free of the fate of the omega — had.

“How dare you say I’m the one who knows nothing? I’ve lived here, I’ve grown up here while you hid yourself away from the world and your responsibility. You know nothing about the importance of being an omega. How we carry the future in our bodies and raise the lords and ladies of tomorrow. You know nothing about the hard work we put in to prepare ourselves for this time in our lives. How dare you come in and try to lecture us!” He turns on his heels and walks back to his bed. “It’s you who doesn’t understand anything, you damn pig. And you have the audacity to lie and claim yourself as Nikiforov’s omega. As the one who would carry the fate of this land. You’re a lawbreaker. There is not one alpha in these lands that would want an omega like you to carry even a single pup.”

Yuuri is taken back by the boy’s conviction. He spoke so surely, confidently. The pride he had in being an omega was fierce and powerful. Something Yuuri couldn’t relate to. He feels sorry for the child, but at the same time envious. The blond was blissfully unaware of any other type of life. Yuuri wonders if there will come a time when the blond’s thinking would change, or was this so called omega pride ingrained so deeply that the young omegas here would never know how unfair their world really was.

And there was one thing the blond Yuri was absolutely correct about. Yuuri didn’t understand.

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Yuuri laid in bed. Sleep escaped him. His thoughts running circles and circles around him, taking away what little rest he had left. The soft breathing and small snores of the children around him filled the room.

He remembered the madam’s warning about displeasing the alpha lord. About being returned after he’d been broken in like he was damaged goods. He remembered the threat of being loaned to alphas at a cheap price, only to be abused and raped in a vicious cycle.

Though he had told himself he wouldn’t break, his fate was looking grim. Whether he was liked by Lord Nikiforov or not, his body would still be used. If he was fertile he would get pregnant. His life would be over.

There had to be another way, something he could do so that his body remained his own.

What else had the woman told him? That if he misbehaved he would have to be retrained?

Yuuri shoots up from bed, a realization hitting him. There was a way out, a way to avoid this all. A way that he could… get around the system if he tried hard enough. If he… displeased the lord, he would be sent back here for training. Training that could even last a couple of years. If he misbehaved enough he could be marked as unfit.

Maybe being an unfit omega was his best chance. They wouldn’t trust an unfit omega to carry children, right? They would force him to work at the agency, dress him in brown, and keep him until he got too old to have pups and was sent back home. That was his way out, his way to freedom, to returning to his family.
If displeasing Lord Nikiforov would get him returned to the agency. Then the answer was simple.

He would just have to displease the lord so much that he would be returned before he’s even touched.

Chapter End Notes

Oh boi, hope you enjoyed that chapter. It turned out a lot longer than we intended haha. Next chapter may be just as long if not longer, and the meeting between Alpha and Omega will finally happen!
For updates and ramblings please follow our Tumblrs. We love questions.

dia_dove: iceprincess-yuri.tumblr.com

Myka: myka-writes.tumblr.com
Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the feedback! Even if we don’t reply to all, we read and love every single one.
This is the chapter you have all been waiting for, Victor and Yuuri finally meet face-to-face.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor had to admit there was some sense of anticipation. He waits by the steps of the manor, watching the horse-drawn carriage slowly make its way through the front gardens. The omega was here. His omega. The omega that would likely bear him his firstborn as long as it was fertile. The hidden beauty that had escaped the agency’s watchful eye. He presses a finger to his mouth hiding his content.

The carriage halts and the front man steps forward and opens its door. Victor can’t see inside the small darkened space, but nothing makes a move to step outside.

Chris hurries around the carriage and peeks his head inside, saying something Victor can’t quite catch. The alpha folds his hands in front of him, shifting on his feet as he watches a figure clad in white, hidden beneath a hood, slowly step down from the carriage. Chris is at his side, speaking a few words close to the omega, before he’s encouraged to step forward.

Victor can’t tell much from the white garments. The omega is about a head shorter than him, but that’s about all he can take note of with the white cloth leaving everything to the imagination. And his imagination runs wild, just imagining the beauty his omega must be. Untouched by the taint of the agency. Free of it. Free to experience the world outside its rules. What things did he know? What kind of life had he lead? How did he end up here?

Unblemished hands appear from under the white, grabbing the edges of the hood and pulling it down.

Victor feels the disappointment instantly. Nearly laughs when the omega steps forward, presenting himself before him. Dark hair, brown eyes, average in every way shape and form. This was supposed to be his omega? This boring little thing? This must be some sort of prank, a joke of some kind that Chris was playing on him. This certainly couldn’t be the omega Chris had gotten him so riled up about.

Chris wears a smile on his face. “This is Yuuri, my lord,” the blond pushes the omega even closer so that Victor can get a better look at him. Not that he needs it. He has seen enough, and he’s not pleased.

“What is this?” Victor bites out curtly. “You told me he was a beauty. He’s no more than a commoner.”

Chris clears his throat. “A commoner?”

“I anticipated something more breathtaking. Yet here stands this drab little thing.” Victor notes the
insulted expression that crosses the omega’s face. “Not even pretty clothes can hide the plainness of a commoner.”

“Even commoners have ears.” Yuuri bites back.

Victor’s eyes go wide. “And he talks back!”

Yuuri glares. He’s upset enough to be here, but to be insulted in front of his very face was more than he could handle. He had come here planning on getting the alpha to hate him. It seems it would be easy enough considering the great first impression the lord had just made. The young omegas had talked of him as though he was something great. Those children knew nothing.

The lord turns to his attendant. “Chris!”

Chris hides an amused smile. “So this is the catch,” he says to himself before clearing his throat. “Please remember, my lord. This omega hasn’t been trained. He’s bound to be rough around the edges, but other than that he’s everything you asked for. I personally think you’re quite lucky to have such a fine omega at your disposal. He’s sure to bring you many pups.”

“Cut the bullshit,” Victor glared. “This is not what I wanted. It’s nothing like I imagined. If you think I’m going to give my seed to it—“

“Hold your tongue!” Yuuri blurs out, growing irritated at the man for referring to him as an ‘it’. The lord may have a handsome face but his words were ugly.

“Hold your tongue!” Victor snaps and Yuuri jumps slightly at the harsh tone. “You’re lucky I’m even considering you for such an important task. For me to lay with you during your heat in a week is—“

“Three months,” Yuuri interrupts.

Victor stares with his mouth open. “Wait— when is your next heat?”

“Three months from now, my lord,” Yuuri repeats bitterly.

“I thought omega’s were loaned a week or two before their heats.” The alpha lord looks to Chris accusingly.

“This is a special circumstance,” Chris supplies.

“So I have to fucking house it as well at my expense? Fuck. This was a mistake. Take him back.” The alpha lord turns and starts up the steps.

Yuuri’s mouth breaks into a smile.

“Woah woah,” Chris moves to block Victor’s retreat. “I know things aren’t perfect, but I had to bring him now. If I left him at the agency another alpha would have put a claim on him and you wouldn’t have gotten him. You delayed picking an omega for more than a year insisting for an older virgin — something that doesn’t exist by the way — and he’s here now. At least try for one heat cycle!”

“Why would I want to try one heat cycle with an omega who is obviously untrained and can’t even hold his tongue.”

Chris rolls his eyes at his friend before putting himself between the two men. “Look, my lord, you have to trust me on this. You don’t want to send him back. Just because his heat isn’t for a while
does not mean you can’t enjoy him.” The blond slips behind Yuuri and nudges him forward. “So what if he seems a little dull? I’m sure if we let Minami tend to him, he can work some magic even with this plain omega. I mean, just look at this,” he grips the omega’s waist, sliding his hands down his hips. “Is this figure not to die for? This body is clearly made for bearing children.” Chris emphasized the last word. Knowing as much as Victor did that even after everything, Victor knew he needed an heir. He needed an heir or his position as Lord of the East would be lost. His family’s legacy would be destroyed. Victor needed this omega. He would not let his lord pass up on this opportunity. “Let him stay.”

Victor clenches his jaw, looking between his friend and the omega in front of him. Chris was right about one thing, this omega indeed had a good figure. Even through all the fabric he could see the faint outline of full hips and thick thighs. A firm yet round belly indicating that he would be able to carry pups. If he looked past the plain appearance there was much to be sought after. The alpha could even feel the slight stirring of arousal.

“So what do you say?” Chris interrupts his thoughts, inching the omega closer to him. Viktor stares down at the small thing, only to be met by a heated glare. The omega was looking at him with such an intensity it makes his heart jump suddenly. No one has ever looked at him in such a way. With such obvious disdain. The alpha sighs. “He can stay, for now.” He moves forward and grabs Yuuri’s chin tightly. “But if you give me any problems, I swear to you, I will send you right back to the agency.”

Yuuri swallows. If giving the lord problems would get him back to the agency. Then that’s exactly what he was going to do. He would not spend his life spreading his legs and giving birth. He wouldn’t be passed around from alpha to alpha, never knowing how long he would go without seeing his family. He wouldn’t have it.

“Excellent!” Chris cheers. “I think this calls for a bit of a celebration don’t you think?”

“After I finish my work.” The lord lets go of his grip on Yuuri. “Show the omega the grounds and then have him dressed for dinner.”

Yuuri is led into the manor by Chris who gives him an overly cheerful tour of the place. The blond seems more excited by his presence than the lord himself.

The two-story manor is massive. The foyer grand, opening to multiple halls and rooms. Yuuri follows the alpha attendant down the first hall to the left, trying to mentally map the place so he doesn’t get turned around or wander into places he shouldn’t. The first floor of the manor included day rooms, a library, and the dining hall on the west side. Next to the dining hall is a path to the kitchens, busy with beta servants setting things for dinner. They all pretend not to notice Yuuri, but he catches the side glances directed at him, the fleeting curiosity in their eyes, the hushed words as he passes by.

Past the kitchens are the servant’s quarters. Chris barely points to them, informing Yuuri that only the servants used that area of the manor.

“I’m sure you’ll figure it all out.” Chris stops by a large screened door once they reach the music room and places his hand on the handle. “You’ll have plenty of time to familiarize yourself with the place,” he says then slides open the door.

Yuuri’s breath catches for a moment. There is a beautiful large pond surrounded by trees, rocks, and flowers less than twenty feet from the manor followed by green as far as his eyes could see. He’s
never seen so much green. The few times he left his room at his family home he was restricted to their small grounds and high walls. When he was taken, he was confined to carriages and rooms. His family's garden was nothing more than a patch of green and a handful of herbs. The alpha lord's land appeared endless in comparison.

“I’m sure you’ve been given the talk about what’s to be expected, but I want to reiterate a few things.” Chris turned back inside. Yuuri followed. “The main thing being that you should probably withhold the back talk. Lord Nikiforov can be difficult, so it’s best you simply be obedient.”

“Yes, sir.” Yuuri follows close behind the attendant as they walk, knowing this isn’t the time to be difficult. This alpha is not the one he wants to displease.

“If you continue testing his patience, he could even send you back.”

Yuuri doesn’t need to hear it from him. He knows how it works. He hopes that’s how it works, because that’s exactly what he wants. He just has to figure out how he can displease Lord Nikiforov enough. The alpha already thought him unsightly. He wanted Yuuri to be perfect, beautiful, clean, and elegant. Yuuri just had to make sure he wasn’t any of those things, he would make himself undesirable and difficult to the point that the alpha lord would not even want to touch him.

After the tour Yuuri was taken to his own room at the end of a long hall in the east side of the first floor. It was larger than his room back home, windowless as well, with only a bed and tall wooden dresser.

“There’s a small bath attached. The dresser will be full of whatever garments you will need. You are free to go about the manor except the servant’s quarters and the second floor unless the lord requests your presence. Whatever happens you must always return to your own space. Do not stay in the lord’s quarters unless explicitly allowed to.”

Yuuri steps inside the room with uncertainty. “I get my own room?” he asks, certain that he would be ordered to sleep with the servants.

“You could be carrying the lord’s firstborn in a few weeks time. Of course you get your own room.”

*Right*. Yuuri thinks. This room wasn't for him, but for the child he would carry.

“Minami will be your personal attendant. His room is adjacent to yours in case you need anything. I sent him for clothes this morning and he should be back soon.”

“Minami?” Yuuri turns, looking at Chris. “A young infertile omega. Good lad, though a little loud at times. Victor brought him a few weeks ago in preparation for his omega’s arrival,” the blonde explains. “Wait here until Minami returns. He will make sure you are presentable for dinner. The lord didn’t have the greatest first impression, but once you’re dressed and prettied up I’m sure Victor will be dying to bed you.”

“Tonight?” Yuuri can’t hide the distress in his voice.

Chris gives him a quizzical look. “Of course tonight. You’re here to carry his child. The sooner we know if you’re fertile or not the better.”

The omega looks away, urgency settling in. How was he supposed to displease the lord by tonight? He thought he would have more time.

“Minami hand picked a few books for you from the library this morning,” Chris adds. “They should be under your bed. You can kill time with them until dinner.”
“And after dinner?” Yuuri can’t help himself.

“You will join the lord in his chambers,” Chris smiles, giving the omega a wink before leaving and shutting the door behind him. Yuuri is left alone with his thoughts, his anger, and slow coming fear. He rips the white cloak from his body, tossing it to the floor. He looks around the room meant to keep him comfortable while he got big and round with a pup.

He wanted to go home.

He wanted to tell his parents and Mari where he was.

He wanted… he wanted.

He paces the room back and forth, lays upon the bed, and eventually digs through the books tucked away in a box under the bed. He stares at them for a moment. Remembering the books in his room, how he enjoyed sitting on his bed back home and getting lost in the worlds in the pages. The worlds without walls and windowless rooms. If he were in his home, this box would have brought him immense joy, but not here.

Nothing catches his eye as he flips through the covers. He wonders if he could step out to the library for a minute in search of something else. The lords alpha attendant had said he was free to roam about... His door suddenly opens and a teen wearing a brown cloak bursts inside carrying a pile of clothes in his hands. He freezes when he spots Yuuri.

They exchange a quick look and the boy yelps. Dropping the clothes and bowing in front of Yuuri. “I’m sorry! I was under the impression you would arrive later, master Katsuki,” he says loudly startling the other.

Yuuri blinks. He doesn't know what to even say.

The teen looks around the room, his eyes widening when he sees Yuuri’s white cloak thrown on the floor. He yipes and picks it up with haste, dusting it with his hands and trying to unmake the creases on it. “I think there’s another cloak on the dresser. Good thing I did the laundry yesterday.” He places the fabric gently on the bed.

Yuuri watches in silence as the boy takes a deep breath and looks around, finally acknowledging the pile of clothes he had dropped and screaming again in turmoil.

Yuuri watches the entire thing unfold. His confusion slowly turning to amusement at the boy’s fretting to the point he could not stop from laughing.

The infertile omega froze at the sound, an embarrassed smile forming on his lips.

“Are you Minami?” Yuuri asks with a smile, a genuine one.

The teen nods excitedly, bowing once more.

“My name is Minami, master Katsuki. I am your attendant,” he introduced himself properly with a toothy grin. “Please let me know of anything you may need. I’m at your disposal day and night.” He stands at attention, face serious but Yuuri can’t stop himself from laughing again. Such a responsibility was given to someone so young and easily frazzled? Lord Nikiforov didn’t seem the type to hire such a person. Yuuri expected someone stiff, someone with no personality who would treat him just as coldly as he was already being treated. Yet, after only mere moments of knowing him, it was clear that Minami was not such a person. It was strange but, no matter, the small omega’s presence was a breath of fresh air that he needs.
“You can call me Yuuri,” he insists, bowing in return. Minami gives a bright smile.

“Sorry for not being here earlier.” The young omega moves swiftly to the dresser. “I’ll get all your clothes put up right away then get you ready for dinner.”

It’s amusing, watching the young boy work with such vigor. He clearly is a hard worker. Yuuri watches as the young man goes through the motions of folding some clothes and carefully placing them in the dresser. Most of what he puts away is white, but Yuuri does see streaks of red mixed in the bunch.

Yuuri moves to his bed, sitting on the edge while he watches Minami work. He has questions, lots of them. Some about Minami himself but others about what’s to be expected of him until his heat. Sure he had asked others the same question, but the answers were always from the point of view of an alpha. Yuuri wanted to be told more than the word obey. He wanted to know details. Was he expected to just sit in his room all day, every day? Was he going to spend the next few months more or less alone? How much freedom did he actually have if any?

The questions burn on the tip of his tongue, but he keeps them to himself.

Two hours later Yuuri stares at his reflection in the small mirror of his private bath. Minami had spent the last hour getting him “presentable” for dinner. Despite the boy’s fretting behavior, he was diligent, approachable, and a good fit for this job as far as Yuuri could tell.

For the second time since he was taken, the person staring back at him in the mirror looked like someone else. His hair sleekly pushed back, a tint of makeup on his cheeks, covered in white… and red. The attire he wore was not a cloak, but a white kimono with subtle crimson inlines. If Yuuri stayed still the red was invisible, but it flashed through the cloth with every movement he made.

“Why the red?” The omega asked. “I’m still unverified.”

Minami was making sure the bottom of the kimono was straight. “It’s tradition. For the first night of a virgin omega. It beseeches good luck and for a fertile union.”

“But I’m not in heat,” Yuuri couldn’t stare away from his own reflection. “Nothing will come out of tonight.”

“But your alpha — lord Nikiforov — still has to…” the young omega blushes slightly.

Yuuri looked away, understanding. “Were you bedded on your first night?”

Minami closed a hand around his brown cloak and nodded. “I went to my alpha’s home the day of my sixteenth birthday. We tried for all my heats, but it never… I couldn’t…” he smiled mournfully. “But it’s ok. I got lucky and now I get to live here and tend to the East lord’s omegas. This is a good home.”

There’s a soft knock on the door before it slides open. “The table is set.” An older female beta bows by Yuuri’s door.

Minami frets for a second, going over Yuuri’s garments once more, making sure they are perfect.

“I put a vial in the inside pocket of your kimono and will have ointments ready when you return,” the young omega beams proudly.

“Vial? Ointments?”
The young omega blushes once more. “Perhaps you don’t know ahhh…” he frets for a second. “Sometimes alphas forget it takes a while for an omega to produce slick. Or sometimes an omega won’t produce any at all if he or she is infertile or outside their heat.”

Yuuri almost asked if Minami had produced any slick when he was given to an alpha, but just by looking at the boy’s downcast eyes he already knew the answer.

They leave the room together. Minami leading the way. Yuuri takes each step slowly, ignoring the whispers from the beta servants as he walks past. Their small wishes for good luck. It all made Yuuri’s stomach twist and turn.

Minami opens the door to the dining hall and let’s the older omega pass. Yuuri steps on his kimono and stumbles into the room ungracefully. To his luck it is empty and for a moment Yuuri wonders if he’s in the right place. He knows he is when he spots a long table set with two plates on each end.

He can feel his mouth go dry. Where was everyone? Would he and the alpha be eating alone? Would he have to sit and hear the man talk about how ugly he thinks he is? About how plain he was, unfit, and a commoner. He’d only exchanged a few words with the alpha lord and it had been very unpleasant to say the least. They had nothing in common and never would.

The only bright side was that at least their incompatibility would make it easier for the omega to displease the alpha.

A door creaks opens from the other end of the room and the alpha lord hurries in. Yuuri feels his hands close tight around the hem of his garment. The lord is dressed in a dark elegant kimono that snug to his body and was secured tightly with a silver sash. He runs a hand through his hair, seeming exasperated and not realizing Yuuri was watching.

A small sound escapes the omega’s lips without meaning too. The alpha looks up, his eyes finding the omega across the room.

For a moment neither of them moves.

Another door opens and servants start bringing in food. Victor shakes his head and sits at one end of the long table.

Yuuri follows suit, sitting on the opposite end. He eyes the chicken, pork, and trays of fruits and vegetables being brought in. A servant places a pot of something nearby that smelled so good it made his stomach growl. He was suddenly far hungrier than he thought. A maid approaches with a plate already prepared. She places it in front of him and he gives her a soft smile as thanks.

“So you can wear something other than a scowl.” Victor says just as Yuuri picks up his fork and knife. “For a moment I thought you would toss the plates aside. Should have known after seeing you, you wouldn’t turn down a meal.” The alpha takes in a mouthful of chicken.

Yuuri ignores the comment, focussing instead on getting food in him. If he was going to act up, there was a chance he would have his meals taken away. He needs the fuel now.

“At least you look less like a commoner now. Still… what was Chris thinking?” he motions to one of his servants to bring him more wine.

Yuuri would have commented had it not been for the mix of potatoes and carrots in his mouth. In only a few hours, the alpha lord had become the most insufferable person Yuuri has ever met with these half-assed attempts at conversation.
“Tell me, omega, how did you manage to avoid being caught by the agency for so long?”

Yuuri looks up at that, but is still unsure if the man actually cares or if he was just trying to coax him into a conversation. Either way, he’s not answering. He just continues eating as if no one else is in the room. “I asked you a question, I expect an answer,” the alpha says before sipping his drink.

“And I choose not to answer your question, my lord.” Yuuri takes his own glass of water and sips at it, watching as the alpha stiffens at his comment.

“You have a lot of nerve for someone in the situation you’re in. If I were you I would learn a bit of respect and do as I’m told.”

Yuuri sits his drink down, cocking his head to the side. “If you were me you would know that stealing a man from his family and forcing him to have your children all while treating him like trash and calling him a commoner does not warrant respect, my lord.”

Victor laughs, tossing his head back before leaning forward. “You must really hate yourself to talk to your alpha like you’ve been. Do you know what I could do to you? I could take away your freedom to move about and make you stay in that tiny room all day. I could take your bed from you, make you sleep on the floor or with the dogs if I so wished it. I could feed you what I wish instead of letting you choose. I am your alpha, I demand you treat me as such.”

Yuuri feels the rage rise. This man was so full of himself. So confident that being an alpha meant he could do as he pleases when he pleases. No, Yuuri wouldn’t give him the chance to think that, by the end of this dinner, Victor will have him locked up. Their shared night would be avoided.

The omega sets his fork down on his plate, watching Victor’s face as he slides the piece of china to the edge of the table. When Victor opens his mouth to say something he lets the plate crash to the floor.

The alpha slams his fists on the table as he stands. “You ungrateful little bitch!”

“You are not my alpha.” Yuuri says with as much confidence as he can muster. “You are nothing but an animal,” he scoffs. “Hungry like a wolf taking what he wants because he can, but lacking the brain or morals to tell him if he should.”

Yuuri can feel anger seeping from the lord. He can smell it, like a dark cloud snaking toward him, threatening to take him into its coil and strangle him. Yuuri persists. He stands on the chair then on the table. He flips the sandals off, kicks two more plates to the floor, and steps on the food in front of him, feeling the potatoes squish beneath his feet. From the corner of the room he hears soft gasps from the few servants still in the room.

“You may be an alpha, Lord Nikiforov, and I may be an omega but you will never have my respect and certainly not my obedience. I am not your little pet that you can use whenever you please no matter how many times society has told you.” Yuuri glares across the dinner table, clenching his jaw as the alpha stands from his chair. His face is dark, eyes blue and piercing. This was it. Surely the alpha would send him away, have him locked up for days without food and drink.

Yuuri yelps when the alpha suddenly climbs on top of the table as well and stalks toward him. The omega feels the strong urge to flee, but resists and stays put. The lord snatches his arm wrapped in cloth. “You are to be in my chambers in an hour’s time, omega. I want you ready and waiting by the time I finish my bath or so help me you will feel my wrath.” He squeezes Yuuri’s hand at the last word just before letting go. “Do you understand me?”
Yuuri holds his head high, meeting the alpha’s gaze. The scent of the alpha’s anger rolls over him, threatening his comply, but Yuuri won’t. He refuses to oblige. “And what shall I do while I wait for you, my lord,” he says with venom.

A low growl escapes from the lord’s throat before leaning in close to the omega’s ear. “Get yourself nice and wet for me.”

Chapter End Notes

This is actually half the chapter we were originally planning, but it got way too long as we kept adding details and decided this was a good spot for a breather. We both have other fics that we want to update as well.

For updates and ramblings please follow our Tumblrs. We love questions.
dia_dove: iceprincess-yuri.tumblr.com

Myka: myka-writes.tumblr.com

Our other works

dia_dove
  Such is Life
  Signs of Love Series

Myka
  Blue Echo
The Alpha's Rules

Chapter Notes

Hello all! Thank you for the kind comments. We are happy you are enjoying this. This chapter was a tough one to work through but we did it!
Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Get yourself nice and wet for me.”

Victor figures he got his message across when the omega doesn’t respond. He hops off the table and exits the dining hall as his personal servants follow him. How dare the omega display such rude behavior when Victor had gone out of his way to have such a grand feast prepared for their first night together. How dare he mouth off as though he were anything but some hole to be filled. He’d even followed tradition and worn the stupid kimono. Victor is angry. Angrier than he has been in a long time.

He slams open the door to his chamber. One of the servants stays by the door, while the other follows the alpha lord to his private bath. Victor undresses, the black silk cascading off his body and pooling on the floor. He dips into the warm water that had already been prepared for him as the servant gathers the discarded garments and closes the door behind him.

The water soothes Victor instantly, calming his riled nerves and the warm knot he felt deep in his belly. Victor traces fingers down his body, the heat spreading as he thinks of what was to come. To claim his first omega. To make it writhe beneath him as he pushed his cock inside it. This omega that was ruining the order of his household and making a mockery of his authority. Tonight he would show it who was in charge. He would show that plain little thing an omega’s place. It may not be in heat, but Victor is more than willing to fuck it into obedience.

Victor bites his lower lip. Just thinking of the omega lying on his bed waiting was making him hard. He groans as he rests his head on the edge of the tub. How could such a plain creature stir him in such a way? Every omega he’d ever seen, every profile he’d scoured. They had all been such ethereal, perfectly behaved beauties. Creatures that ignited the lust of their alphas by a mere glance.

The omega in his home is neither a beauty nor behaved.

Really? What had Chris been thinking?

Though... the alpha had to admit that with the infertile attendant’s assistance the omega had been transformed into something far more desirable. The way his round face seemed to sharpen with a simple change in hairstyle and blush was remarkable. The pout of his lips stained red was an inviting image.

His mind flashes with the image of the boy stomping across the table, eyes furious and defiant. The mere sight had made Victor’s blood boil, made him see red. No one had dared disrespect him in such a way before. No one had ever dared to raise their voice to him since he became lord. Yet this omega had dared to do so. How dare he make a mockery of him in front of his own servants? And Victor surely couldn’t forget the explicit rudeness the ugly little thing had shown him earlier.
The alpha releases another long sigh, splashes water on his face, and tries to clear his thoughts of the omega for a moment. He refuses to allow himself to get frustrated over it further. Come tomorrow it would all be different. He would ruin the boy tonight, pump him full of so much of his seed he’ll be sure to get pregnant with a pup or two even if it wasn’t in heat.

He hears the door to his chamber open and shut. Ah… his omega was here. His omega had obeyed him and come willingly.

The sound of footsteps comes closer, the door swings open and a servant walks in. Victor releases a low growl of disappointment, the servant shivers. “Where is my omega?”

The servant bows deeply, avoiding the alpha lord’s gaze. “Still in the dining hall, sir. There’s a situation that requires your presence.”

Victor scoffs, pushes the thoughts of the omega aside, and reluctantly gets dressed.

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Yuuri hears the slamming of doors as the alpha leaves the dining hall, he takes a breath before glancing around. Three servants remain in the room. All waiting like statues in a corner, unsure what to do. Yuuri hops off the table, his feet half sliding on the floor from the potatoes he’d stepped on. He needs to do something. The lord would not have him tonight. He would not be broken in like some animal.

But just what the hell was he going to do? It isn’t as though he could run or even hide. Victor has eyes everywhere. Fighting was definitely out of the question. He needed to think of something and he needed to think of it fast.

The servants in the room fidget in the corner. They are waiting for Yuuri to be done so they can clean up.

The omega’s brows rise as he decides.

He approaches the long table, grabbing the edge of the table cloth and pulling it hard. Plates full of food, crash and break on the floor. Yuuri watches as the servants stare with wide eyes and continues breaking and throwing as many things as he can. Food covers his body, his clothes.

The tirade lasts less than a minute, by the time he’s done, everything is chaos.

Yuuri leaves the hall and stalks across the hallways to his room, not bothering to wipe his feet as he tracks a mess on the floors. The anger he felt still burned inside him, still had his fingers itching. The face Victor had made, that twitch in his eye when Yuuri had paraded atop the table, had been almost satisfying to see. He had gotten to the alpha. That was what he needed, to get under his skin like that once more. Make him regret choosing him and send him back.

The omega swallows, stills in his steps, a bout of uncertainty suddenly hitting him. It could be done. He could get out of this. No matter what it took, he would force the alpha to let him go.

Yuuri slams the door to his room. Minami yipped in surprise and squeezes the wet cleaning towel in his hands. “Master, Yuuri,” the boy rose, “Is everything alright? Do you need more oils or——”

Minami’s eyes widen. “What happened?” he panics. “The kimono is ruined… is that food in your hair?” Yuuri ignores the question, grabs the pot of dirty water next to the infertile omega, and dumps it on the floor.

Minami yelps in surprise, mouth falling open as his eyes go wide. “Master, Yuuri?! Why?”
Yuuri ignores his attendant’s pleas and goes to the ornate dresser, pulls the highest drawer, grabs a bunch of clothes, and dumps them in the now dirty floor.

“Please stop,” Minami begs, but doesn’t try to stop Yuuri at all. He can’t. He’s not allowed to lay a hand on his master unless it’s for helping him get dressed.

Yuuri finds a pair of scissors inside the drawer and doesn’t think twice. Minami cries louder as Yuuri tears at the beautiful clothes inside, pulls the fabric apart and tosses the shredded garments to the side. He goes through each one, not leaving a single piece of fabric safe from his desperate fingers. He feels his heart race with his growing desperation, but he had to do this. The alpha would not have him. He turns and reaches for the bed sheets, but Minami slides in front of him, practically throwing himself on the bed protectively.

“Please stop, master Yuuri.” The young omega squeals out. “These are the things your alpha has given you. You can’t do such a thing. Omega’s don't behave like this. Do you know what could happen once he finds out?”

“The things my alpha has given me?” Yuuri asks in retort. Realization striking him. This wasn't enough. He was destroying his own things, the alpha wouldn't care if he destroyed these things.

He needed to do more, do worse, do something that would make the alpha hate him—

Without another thought Yuuri dashes out of his room and down the hall. Minami follows close behind, begging for the seemingly crazed omega to stop what he was doing. Yuuri finds the heavy oak double doors and opens them, surprised they are unlocked.

He’d only glanced at the alpha’s office when Chris was giving him the tour. The space appears to be a display of the alpha’s wealth and power. A clean dark mahogany desk in the center, and three expensive chairs for the alpha and his audience. Yuuri sees a tall over garnished lamp in the corner and without thinking twice, knocks it over and watches as it shatters.

Minami screams by the office’s threshold. “The lord's office! Please master, Yuuri, please! Don’t destroy the lord’s things. Please!”

Yuuri pauses in front of the desk. He doesn’t care about the lord’s things. Doesn’t care about destroying these stupid displays of affluency, but the tone in Minami’s voice had changed and the room slowly filled with the young omega’s pheromones of pure fear.

He looks at the smaller male. The fear written all over his face as well. Maybe… maybe he should stop. The look in Minami’s eyes were begging him to, but he can’t. Even with the threat of what the alpha lord may do to him when he discovers the destruction — to be locked in, to be returned — it was nothing compared to what would happen if he stayed here.

“I’m sorry, Minami,” he says quietly, swiping his hand across the desk and knocking the contents to the floor.

“Please!” Minami’s voice rises in even more panic, his fear pressing against Yuuri’s thoughts as he opens a drawer, tosses the items inside to the floor, and dumps a bottle of dark ink atop it all.

Yuuri stops hearing Minami’s please. Too intent on destruction. Too intent on doing whatever he had to do to displease the lord that he doesn’t feel the rage seep through the air, doesn’t hear heavy footsteps closing in from behind, doesn’t realize the alpha lord is already here until strong arms wrap around his midsection, and pull him away from the desk.

“What the hell are you doing?!”
Yuuri freezes for a second as his feet leave the ground. As he feels the pressure of the alpha lord's arms squeezing him. His heartbeat suddenly thunders in his ears, a tight feeling coiling in his belly.

Alpha...

Yuuri’s eyes widened at the sudden wanting thought as his instincts as an omega kick in. His alpha was here.

A low whine escapes his lips as the pressure across his body increases and he knows something with absolute certainty.

If he doesn’t escape the alpha’s grasp immediately, he would be claimed. The lord would take him right then and there. He could feel it radiating from the alpha, could practically see the scene playing out before his eyes. The alpha wanted to pin him down, to place his claim, and Yuuri’s omega wanted that. It called out to be claimed.

That scared Yuuri more than any threat. The instinct he felt to bare himself to the alpha lord sent an almost violent chill through his body.

“Just what do you think you’re doing exactly?” Victor spoke close to his ear, voice low. He’s practically growling as he squeezes Yuuri tightly. “What makes you think you can go about my house like a child throwing a tantrum? Do you think something like this will go unpunished?”

The anger is far too clear in the alpha’s voice.

“Let me go!” Yuuri struggles, thrashing out of the other’s arms only to be grabbed again by the forearm.

“Let you go?” Victor laughs, but his anger is bubbling under the surface. “You have no right to make demands from me, omega.” He leans in close to him. “I suppose I’ll force you to understand your place now rather than later.”

At that, Yuuri panics. He can’t let the alpha claim him. This isn’t the direction his plan was supposed to go. He had expected the alpha to lock him up for behaving as such, even strike him, but not claim him. No that...

Yuuri rips his arm free from the lord’s grasp before striking him hard across the face.

Everything seems to still in that moment, minus Minami who had practically fallen backwards in the corner in utter disbelief.

Yuuri swallows hard, his body feeling a crushing mixture of anger, panic, and shame. He had struck an alpha. Omega’s don't strike alpha’s, even he with his secluded upbringing knew that.

Without a second thought, he scrambles out of the office as fast as his feet could carry him.

Hide... must hide...

He has to find a safe place away from the alpha, but there is nothing safe here for him. He doesn’t know where to go. The only place he knows is his chamber. The one he’d destroyed. Yuuri scrambles over his broken things and opens the partition that leads to Minami’s small room and shuts it behind him. It’s barely a room — if Yuuri dared called it that — barely a crawl space with a thin futon and some covers. Yuuri burrows himself between them, covering his entire body with the sheets and hiding his face in the futon as his heart races, and his ears perk searching for the sound of footsteps.
He shuts his eyes tight. Just hoping he won’t be found. He prays the alpha will stay away, and if he does come, that he won’t be claimed.

---

Minami cowers against one of the corners in the lord’s office. Too terrified to move.

After his omega master had fled the room. The alpha lord had collapse to his knees next to the desk, gripping its edge until it splintered while he took deep gasps of air.

Victor is livid — no — he’s more than that. There is no way to describe this anger, this need and want that he feels. That goddamn omega had destroyed his things, had dared to strike him. No one had ever insulted him in such a manner. But it’s more than that. Above all the anger Victor wants — he wants the omega — wants him so much it’s painful. He has to ground himself to keep his wits about him.

Two large beta guards burst into the room. Surely alerted by the increasing scent. Neither dared approach.

“Get the alpha earls… now!” Victor growls, his nails digging into the wood. “And take the omega child.”

The largest of the two guards picks Minami off the ground while the other stands between them and the alpha lord. They shut the door behind them and Victor releases a slow drawn out breath. “Fuck…”

He could still smell the omega, an incredible mixture of fury and panic. Victor feels a deep rumble rise and escape from him, feeling just want and the overpowering urge to chase, to claim.

This omega is not like any he’s ever met. He isn’t just a compliant little pretty omega. No, he is a fiery little thing with much more bite than Victor had first thought. He was… he was something. Both infuriating and something else.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” the alpha growls. He wants to rush from the room, hunt down the omega, and fuck him until both their bodies collapsed from exhaustion. He feels his nails digging into the wood deeper still. He can’t do that. He can’t chase him, can’t force him, can’t hurt him. He can’t show such an animalistic side to his people. What example would that be for the alphas in his region? His family’s reputation would be destroyed. The agency would never allow him to request an omega again. He would be heirless. The last of his line.

Victor’s thoughts are tearing him apart. He wants the omega so badly it feels like he would suffocate without his scent near him. He struggles with himself until the door unlocks and in walks a young alpha with short dark hair.

Victor barely looks up. “Where is your father?” he snaps. He hadn’t summoned the young Altin heir.

“In the village.” The young man hesitates as if evaluating the situation. “How can I be of assistance, my lord?”

Victor glares. It had been years since he last spoke to Alibek’s firstborn, Otabek, but until Chris makes his way to the manor, he has no choice. “Make sure I don’t leave this room.”

“Are you okay, my lord? Should I fetch a medic?” the young alpha takes a step closer, keeping his
postures stiff but his face flashed with concern.

“Just do as I ask!” Victor growls. “Don’t question me.” He doesn’t have the energy to argue right now. Not when his mind and body is wrecked with the persistent urge to claim.

Otabek steps in front of the doors and starts guarding without saying another word.

Victor pounds his fist against the floor, hollering out as he tries to rid his body of these horrid sensations. Never before had such a want overtaken him. He had always been an alpha in control, had always been praised for his control. Now here he was panting like some animal in heat.

His mind flashes with the face of the omega. His flushed cheeks, his bright eyes, his pouty lips. Oh... how he wanted to taste them.

“My lord?” Otabek speaks up. Victor realizes he’s standing now, halfway to the door. “What measures may I take to stop you if I am forced to?”

The question hits Victor like a real blow and sobers him up. He feels the chasing urge lessen as the young earl watches him carefully.

It’s not right for him as the region’s lord to make such high demands of his subordinates. Especially an earl that is barely of age.

“Just lock the door and take the key.” The alpha’s head throbs with want still, though the young earl’s presence has calmed him significantly.

Otabek hesitates once more, he bites his lip and speaks. “Is it that difficult?”

Victor looks up. He doesn’t feel much like answering. “What is?”

“To resist the pull of an omega?”

Victor’s eyes snap up to the young alpha and bares his teeth. “Do not ask things that don’t concern you,” he growls, an obvious warning.

Otabek immediately kneels in a show of submission to the alpha lord. “My apologies,” his hands shake involuntarily. “I just humbly request some advice about the omegas. I—”

“Is that why you’re father went to the village?” Victor interrupts.

The young alpha nods. “He went to fetch my first omega.”

“Already?” Victor feels the urge to chase finally fully abate. He straightens up and sits down on his chair. “Earl Altin was seventeen when you were born.”

The young alpha nods. “He initially insisted I take an omega after I came of age at sixteen, I have requested his patience for the past three years, but he refused my request this year and went to the village.”

Victor stares for a moment. “I don't see the problem.”

Otabek stares at the floor, still showing submission. “Since you have waited to take an omega—”

“Careful,” Victor warns.

“Please,” the young alpha begs. “I feel I am not ready to take an omega. I have seen omegas come
“An omega’s place is to bear our children. In exchange for that we house them, we take care of them. They become our temporary companions while our pup grows inside them. When their duty is done they return to the agency to go to another alpha.” Victor squeezes his hands as he finishes the mantra he’s heard his entire life. The words somehow don’t feel the same way they used to, but this young alpha was sharing thoughts that were dangerous. Thoughts he’s heard before and has had to nip in the bud.

Otabek looks like he wants to say more, but instead he bows. “Yes, sir. May I take my leave now?”

Victor opens his mouth to speak when the door unlocks once more and Christophe rushes inside. His hair is tousled like he was woken suddenly, his clothes were thrown on, and clinging to his neck was a small green-eyed male pup with chestnut hair. “What happened?” he asks. The pup blinks at Victor.

“You brought your youngest? He could have been in danger.” Victor doesn't mince words. He’s unhappy to see his attendant being so careless as to bring a pup.

“He kept screaming and I was in a hurry.” Chris looks around.

“That’s what the omega nursemaids are for.”

“Trust me,” Chris runs a hand through his hair. “If the nursemaid could calm him I would have left him there.” The pup nuzzles against Chris’ neck as if sensing his father’s frustration. Chris relaxes and grabs the pup to hold him close. “It smells like panicked omega in here, what the fuck, Victor. And what happened to your office?”

The alpha lord looks up at Otabek. “You’re excused, young Altin,” he orders. Otabek bows without hesitation and exits the room.

Chris waits until the door is shut tight before speaking again. “Do you want the agency to blacklist you for mistreating an omega?”

“I have not mistreated it,” Victor snaps. “He’s been a completely nightmare. He ruined the dinner and when I tell him to get itself ready for me I find him here destroying my things!”

“Victor, it’s an omega. He’s been here less than a day, just how much trouble can it cause?”

Victor stands and starts making his way to the dining hall. Chris follows, the pup clinging to him.

Maybe if he’d showed Chris the mess the omega had made earlier, then the earl would understand just what he was dealing with. That this omega had dared to climb his table, had dared to break three plates, had dared to step on the food Victor had requested to celebrate their first night as was customary.

Victor opens the hall’s double doors and stops dead. A handful of servants are trying desperately to clean, they all stop at the lord’s presence, unsure if to continue. Victor’s eyes take in the state of his dining hall, his father’s favorite room, in the midst of mayhem. Everything that had been once on the table, now laid scattered across the entire floor. Food, expensive china, silverware— The omega had grabbed every single thing he had gotten his hands on and thrown it on the floor, the wall, the chairs, the servants...

Victor swears loudly.
Chris starts laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Find us on tumblr
Myka : myka-writes
Dia: iceprincess-yuri
The Omega’s Will

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for the amazing feedback, we don’t reply much, but we read and love every single comment! We hope this chapter was worth the wait.

As always please check the tags and warnings.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor tries really hard not to scream. He bites his bottom lip so harshly he draws blood.

The servants align in formation against the wall, hesitant to continue working in the lord’s presence.

Chris’ laughter echoes on the walls and his pup starts imitating, letting out a small high pitched squeal. Victor’s fury grows. If not for the child in the earl's arms Victor would strike him.

“I feel I should apologize for this,” Chris says nonchalantly as he catches his breath.

His words bite into Victor’s thick skin. “Yes,” he snaps angrily. The glee on Chris’ face vanishes. The alpha lord approaches the table to survey the damage closer. “You brought this untrained omega that doesn’t even go to my chambers when ordered to do so.” He picks a broken piece of china from the floor, the silverware had been part of his family’s collection for almost a century and now it was broken. “I should have returned him the second I laid eyes on him.”

“He wants you to send him back to the agency,” the blond says pointedly.

“Perhaps I should, he’s too much trouble.”

Chris sighs, “If that's your decision, I will accept it. But Victor… You won’t find another older virgin omega. They don’t exist. If you return this one, you will have to take a younger one if you want a virgin. A child as you keep on calling them.”

Victor turns towards the group of servants. “Leave us,” he orders and the five betas quickly rush out of the hall.

Chris hushes as the alpha lords pheromones suddenly fill the air, he kneels and bows without thinking, covering his pup with both hands protectively. “I’m sorry,” he apologizes without being asked to. Victor slowly approaches his subordinate. This was the power of the alpha lord, why an entire land full of alpha, betas, and omegas followed his rule.

The pup hides its face on his father’s chest and whines softly.

“I should have chased and fucked it,” Victor takes one last glance at the broken china in his hand before throwing it on the floor and watching it shatter inches from the earl and his pup. “I should have held him down and claimed him right there in the middle of the hall. Let the servants watch while I buried my cock in him.” The alpha clenches his fist. “But I don’t want to be some wild animal while doing it. When I fuck that omega—When I push inside it, break it, and claim it as mine. I want to remember all of it. I want to remember how his eyes meet mine. I want to remember how
he cries out for me, his alpha. I want to watch those defiant eyes of his twist into undeniable pleasure as I take him apart piece by piece.”

Chris rubs his pup’s back until the whines stop.”What should I do to help, my lord?”

Victor crushes the ceramic under his feet. “You have my permission to stop me if I become that animal.”

Chris looks up and is met with Victor’s icy blue glare. The alpha lord’s eyes. Not his friend. Not his comrade. Not his ally. Knowing there is only one answer he can give. “As you wish, my lord.”

Yuuri opens his eyes to darkness and the pressing feeling of a pile of blankets covering his entire body.

After he had slapped the alpha lord, his immediate instinct had been to flee. To hide. He knew that what he had done was contrary to everything he had learned about being an omega. Omega’s didn't strike alphas. Omegas didn’t flee from alphas. Bad things could happen if he did that. And he had done both.

The omega listens intently for the sound of footsteps, just as he had the night before. He had been so certain the alpha would chase him, claim him. He kept expecting to hear the thunderous footsteps down the hall. Expected to hear his door slam open. Expected to be grabbed and taken. But none of that happened and he couldn't help but wonder why.

Yuuri slowly slides open the small partition to his room and gets a good look at a spotless floor, a made bed, and wiped clean furniture much to his surprise. Minami lays slumped in the middle of the floor, with a thin sheet over him as he snores softly. Had the young omega stayed up all night cleaning the mess Yuuri had made? The thought fills him with guilt. The young omega didn’t deserve to suffer because of Yuuri’s own actions.

He listens intently for any sounds again, and more importantly for the sound of lord Nikiforov. He’s not sure if he’s ready to face the man just yet. Not when he recalls the absolute rage that had crossed the alpha’s face last night.

Still, he had to come out eventually. It was impossible to hide from Nikiforov forever. Hiding would get him nowhere, no matter how safe it made him feel.

Yuuri slides out of the small space slowly, eyes darting toward the door one last time before shuffling out completely. He stands, brushing himself off before sighing heavily. He would have to apologize to Minami.

Just as he turns on his heels, the smaller omega stirs, eyes fluttering open.

“Master Yuuri?” the boy asks sleepily, before his body snaps up in a sudden panic. “Master Yuuri, I’m sorry! You’re already up and I haven’t even gotten your clothes or prepared your meal or even —”

Yuuri shakes his head. “Don’t worry about that.”

The blond boy runs to his master, grabbing his hands and kneeling apologetically. “Is there anything I can do for you? Now, I mean. I know yesterday I… I couldn’t do anything, but—”

Yuuri interrupts, shaking his head. “No, it’s me who should apologize. I put you in a horrible position. I shouldn’t have dragged you into it but… I was desperate.” Yuuri looks away for a moment
before looking back at Minami. “I’m sorry.”

Minami stares at the floor, his dirty, bruised fingers tightening around the hem of his brown cloak. “Why did you destroy your things, master Yuuri? The master’s things?”

Yuuri debates on whether to speak of it or not. Whether to tell the young boy how he had done it on purpose. How he had wanted to rile the alpha lord up so he would be sent back to the agency. He takes a breath. “I don’t want to be here. I never did.”

Minami blinks, cocking his head to the side. “Why wouldn’t you? Lord Nikiforov is smart, powerful, and handsome. Even I remember all the omegas talking about how much they wanted to bare him children. He’s a good alpha to be matched with. The best.”

Yuuri recalls his short experience with the pre-breeding omegas. How they had all talked happily about their alphas and how they all had sought to be paired with Lord Nikiforov.

Yuuri couldn’t relate to that feeling then, and he most certainly can’t do it now.

“A good alpha? Is he what counts as a good alpha?” There is a hint of bitterness in the omega’s voice. After all he had seen? If Lord Nikiforov was the pinnacle of alphas, then Yuuri didn’t even want to think about what the others were like.

Minami nods his head with certainty.

“Well I don’t want him. Some other omega can have him for all I care.” Yuuri fusses.

“Well…” Minami starts, clearing his throat before continuing. “What is it that you do want, master Yuuri?” The young omega takes a step back and sits on his knees as his master thinks.

Yuuri copies the motions and sits in front of the young omega. “I want to go back to the agency before the lord claims me.”

Minami cocks his head again as his brows furrow, “But…” he bites his lip. “That doesn’t make sense.”

Yuuri smiles offhandedly and tells Minami his story. How his family hid him. How his family protected him and took care of him. How was stolen from them and brought here.

Minami listens in silence to the whole story. Yuuri notices his eyes wandering. The young omega doesn’t speak at first when Yuuri finishes, he stills while thinking. Eyes cast downwards, until eventually, his smile drops. “You’re a lawbreaker.”

Yuuri feels the word like a little knife and he remembers angry green eyes. It hurts being called a lawbreaker. He didn’t do anything wrong. His parents didn’t do anything wrong. They just wanted the best life for him. They wanted to save him.

Yuuri suddenly sees his parents. The look of anguish on their faces as they witnessed him being taken by the officials. His mother's tears as she begged them to not take her child. His father offering them money, valuables, anything he could. At least let me say goodbye, Yuuri had begged from the official that pushed him outside and into a waiting carriage.

The scenes flutter past his eyes, each one stabbing at his chest. It hurts. It all hurts. He can see their faces, hear their voices, feel the hands on his body. It chills him to the very core, makes his body quiver in fear.
“I just want to go back home,” Yuuri whispers. The floor swims in front of him, he feels his eyes water and his breath catch. “I just want to go home. I don't want to be passed around and used to bear children. I don’t want that horrible cycle of pain to be all my life amounts to. I just want to go home.”

Yuuri lets it all out. The pent up tension. The fright. He lets it fall down his cheeks in hot tears. He’d been so strong the night before so why was he…? Why was he...?

Minami puts a hand on a trembling shoulder. His master’s emotions were practically flooding through the room and he has to do his best to calm him.

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Victor sighs heavily, staring down at the mess in his study. The previous day’s paperwork laid on the floor destroyed by ink. The only saving grace was that everything had been copied prior to the omega’s destruction spree. He had already been far behind on his work, the destruction meant more long nights and less days off.

His mind clouds with thoughts of what had happened the day before. His omega had gone crazy, not even the young attendant he had hired had been able to stop the havoc that it had caused. The ungrateful little shit had really marched through his home and destroyed his things. Had wrecked his office...

Not even Chris’ presence had calmed him. The earl — his fucking friend — not heeding his summoning with haste. Bringing his defenseless pup. Laughing in his face. It only pissed him off more the more he thought about it. Some friend, bringing him a broken omega who wasn’t worth a goddamn thing. He never should have insisted on that age condition. He should have just taken the first omega offered to him, one raised under the agency’s eye. One that would have appreciated the dinner set up for it, one that would have gone to his chambers when told to do so. He would have bred it, sent it back to the agency, and had his pup delivered to him without fuss.

But this omega...

The alpha sits and leans back on his chair, eyes going to the ceiling. He takes a deep breath before letting his eyes fall close.

This omega may be an absolute nuisance, but… Victor is determined to have it. To fill the womb inside it and breed him. His body craves it. His alpha craves it. Which is why he needs Chris to keep his alpha in check. Keep him from losing all control.

This sort of animalistic behavior was beneath him. Beneath any alpha. His ancestor’s legacy and all their hard work to create a working society would crumble if their leader didn’t abide by the rules as well. Yes, the omegas role was to bear children if fertile. As many as their bodies could carry. But the alpha’s role wasn’t just to fill the omegas with pups. It was to maintain the land and households that supported their society and moved it forward.

The omega breeding law had been presented by his great-great grandfather and implemented in the West, North, and South after the four lords decided the infertility sickness would one day destroy everything they’ve come to built. There are few stories of the resistance to the law back then. Few stories of small groups that tried to defy it. How the voices of those that resisted were short lived and quickly nipped in the bud.

Nobody talks about opposition to the law now. It had saved them. Towns that were barely surviving, now were bustling with life and activity. Bloodlines that had been dying, now thrived.
The law reshaped their way of life, their way to raise families, their way of—

Victor grabs the empty bottle of ink, it still smelled like the omega. The entire room did. Maybe he should take to the garden for a short walk, something to clear his head and keep the omega’s scent that’s already present in his house from driving him crazy.

Victor pushes away from his desk before standing. He takes only a few steps before a chill travels through his body. The hair on the back of his neck stands tall right as a wave of panic hits him. His heart skips a beat as he stumbles and has to prop himself up on the door.


The foreign thoughts echo in his mind, they pound against his skull. He can feel his alpha claw it’s way through him, reacting almost desperately.

“What the hell...” Victor’s pulse races.


It echoes again and again until the alpha can no longer stand it. He needs to call for Chris. He needs to stay in control.


He pulls the door open hard, throwing it back. That’s when the smell hits him. That’s when the alpha breaks free.

Minami pats his master’s back reassuringly. He really has no idea how to calm him. His only experience with a distressed omega was spending time in the small section of the manor that housed the omegas that had been found infertile. The waiting and the not knowing of what would happen to them. Would they be lucky enough to be taken in by the agency or as assistants, or would they be discarded and thrown in the streets?

Still his master cries and cries. The room stinks with the scent of distress, scared, and sad omega. The servants must have noticed by now. Everyone must have noticed by—

The sound of footsteps echoed loudly down the hall.

Yuuri yipes at the sound and moves instinctively to hide inside the small partition once more. Closing and locking it right before the door to the room slams open.

Minami hurries to the corner as lord Nikiforov takes a quick glance inside, like he’s searching for something. His eyes are unfocused as he sniffs the air. The young attendant’s instinct freeze him in his spot, recognizing an alpha hunting. He doesn’t dare step in the way of his lord. Instead he keeps his head low, eyes to the floor.

The alpha just gives two steps inside then jumps on the small partition door. The fragile wooden frame snaps. Yuuri yelps, pushing himself as far back into the tiny room as he can manage. The scent that dripped from the alpha was overwhelming and he wants to be as far away from it as possible. His attempts at escape are futile however, as the alpha grabs the small door and breaks it off the hinges, reaching in and grabbing the omega inside.

“No!” Yuuri screams in terror, tears streaking down his cheeks. He tries to hold on to the broken frame as the alpha drags him out to the open room. This can’t happen, not now, not here. It just can’t.
“Please!” Yuuri feels the floor scraping against his back as he’s dragged. He doesn’t have time to think, except to realize he can’t stop anything. He could act strong and brave, but in the end he was still just an omega. An omega that was kept in a room for over ten years living in an alpha’s world.

The alpha yanks him up by the arm before roughly pushing him face down into the bed. Yuuri can hardly protest before the alpha is on top of him, hands on him, reaching around his waist to pull him close. The omega tries to push away, but lord Nikiforov only tightens his grip. “Stop struggling,” comes a deep growl as the alpha forces the omega’s legs apart and slots himself between the them.

Yuuri shrieks, but doesn’t stop struggling. Not until the alpha lord pins his hands above his head with a single hand and he feel a hot tongue across the back of his neck. That’s when Yuuri stills. That’s when he turns his head, looks at Minami, and beg for help.

Minami shakes, pressing himself against the nearest wall and sinking down to the floor. He doesn’t dare move from the spot, only watches in horror as his master cries.

“Stop, please. Don’t.” Yuuri trembles, words barely audible as the alpha buries his face into his neck. He can feel the powerful pheromones leaking off of him, surrounding the two struggling bodies. Why was the alpha suddenly attacking him? Why?

Victor emits a low growl as he breathes in Yuuri’s scent. He wants to take him. He has to. He needs to place his claim, to drown his omega in his scent. His omega is panicking. He has to correct that, but… the more he tries the more fear shoots through the smaller man’s body.

He has to try harder.

Has to…

“Stop it!” Yuuri screams now, trying to turn his head and pull his body away. “Alpha, please.” The words are lost on the alpha’s ears as he rolls his hips hard into the omega beneath him, pressing his arousal against its body. He needs to be inside for his omega to calm. Once he’s inside, his omega would realize its alpha was here.

Victor touches the trembling warm skin. Runs his fingers down the omega’s back and between its legs. What…? Where was the slick to ease him inside? Was his omega broken? Was it not well?

The alpha sucks on the soft flesh of Yuuri’s neck, tongue licking the gland there. Teeth grazing
against the skin—

Earl Giacommeti suddenly rushes inside the room. He swears and seizes the lord by the waist, pushing him off the omega. Victor growls and snaps at the earl before being dragged out of the room.

“Lock this door! Don’t open it until I say so!” Chris orders.

Minami obeys. Quickly locking the door and even pushing the dresser against the frame.

It was scary to see an alpha — to see the lord — behave in such a primal way. It was really scary.

Yuuri’s whimpers catch Minami’s ears and he slowly approaches his omega master.

A part of him still didn’t understand. Why was his master so resistant? Why did his master want to leave? Being the lord’s omega was the dream of every omega he ever met. He too had been disappointed when the alpha lord didn’t choose him when he came of age.

But part of him wanted to understand. Part of him tried to see the world like his master did.

Because he too remembered the forced smiles on his cheeks when he greeted the alpha that chose him and told him to spread his legs.

Yuuri cries into his pillow, hiding his face from view. Minami gently fixes his master’s robes.

He remembers one of the very first warnings the agency taught him. Why claiming an omega on the first night wasn’t just tradition. It was also a way to prevent unwanted biological responses. To prevent for the alpha or omega to fall into madness.

Yuuri releases a soft cry and touches his neck. “I want to go home. I just want to go home. I don’t want to be bred.”

So even as his master cries. Minami doesn’t feel pity. If his master had only done what he was supposed to— If he had done what every other omega does, this wouldn’t have happened.

Minami touches Yuuri’s shoulder and the whimpers lessen. “You can’t go home, master Yuuri.” The omega turns his head. “This is your duty. The lord is waiting for you. Just see what your refusal is doing to him. Please just be a good omega and go to his chambers.”

Yuuri turns to look at his young attendant, eyes going wide as he realizes. Enraging the alpha lord and being sent back wasn’t going to work. He was just delaying the inevitable. Making it worse.

There was no one here to understand him. No one here to help him.

No.

He was alone.

If Yuuri really wanted to see his family again… if he wanted to hear his mother’s voice, his father’s jokes, his sister’s scolding… he only had one choice.

He had to escape.
Chapter End Notes

Hopefully you enjoyed this chapter! I wonder what plan Yuuri comes up with. We want to hear your theories.

For updates and ramblings please follow our Tumblrs. We love questions.
dia_dove: iceprincess-yuri.tumblr.com

Myka: myka-writes.tumblr.com

Our other works

dia_dove
Such is Life
Signs of Love Series

Myka
Blue Echo
Yuuri doesn’t leave the room for the rest of the day.

Lord Nikiforov doesn’t come back. Doesn’t call on him. Yuuri doesn’t catch his scent in the hall or even hear his voice ordering about his servants. For all Yuuri knew the alpha lord was not even in the manor anymore.

Either that or he was waiting for Yuuri to leave his room first. It’s unsettling and the omega finds it difficult to even gather the courage to peek into the hall and check on what was going on. Instead he sits on the bed the entire day, legs pulled up to his chest. His eyes never leave the door. Too afraid to the sound of footsteps down the hall. Too busy planning how he can get out of this place. Impossible as it seems, there has to be a way out.

He’s so focused on watching the door, he’s startled when it opens and Minami enters carrying a silver tray topped with fish, fruit, and vegetables. The smaller omega places the dinner plate on the small table by the bed, Yuuri stares at it. “Does the lord not want to eat with me?” he questions, his heart doing a small jump in his chest.

Minami fidgets. “I overheard the lord’s head servant mention he was indisposed and would not be leaving his chambers for the day.”

Yuuri grabs a grape from his plate and chews on it carefully. Using it to hide the little bubble of glee he feels at the news. The news of the alpha lord being unwell could not have come at a more perfect time. If he was keeping to his chamber, that meant he would not be focussed on Yuuri. If the omega intends to escape, he can’t wait for another opportunity, it would have to be today. Tonight. He just has to wait until everyone had gone to sleep.

And time ticks. It ticks by torturously slow. Yuuri watches Minami pace back and forth, in and out of the room, looking pressed and worried. He watches the infertile omega tidy up the room and straighten out the closet over and over again.

Yuuri can only guess what must be on his mind. He figures that having a sick alpha lord would turn any manor upside down and put anyone on edge. Though he doesn’t know what ails Nikiforov, he can’t help but hope it’s bad enough that the guards will have their gaze on their lord instead of the doors.

Every minute drags on for hours and Yuuri grows restless. He plots while he waits. He knows the layout of the first floor and recalls minor details of the second, he remembers most of the exits. He had paid close attention to Chris’ little tour. At least on how to get out from his own room. He wasn’t sure about how many guards roamed the halls, but surely they wouldn’t pay too much mind of the omega walking about. If anything he could tell them he was lost or hungry. Though he hoped it
wouldn’t come to that. He hoped he could be quiet enough to not draw attention unto himself. He’s used to keeping quiet after all.

It feels like an endless amount of time before night falls.

Then it happens. “I’m going to retire for the night,” Minami finishes folding the last of the rewashed clothes. “Please don’t hesitate to wake me if you need anything, master Yuuri.”

The young omega prepares his futon in the small space Yuuri had tried to hide from the lord. It had been cleaned out, but the door had yet to be replaced.

“Good night,” Yuuri says gently and quietly waits for Minami to succumb to sleep.

The hall grows even more quiet.

The time is now. Yuuri hesitates, too afraid to leave his bed. Thoughts of everything that could go wrong rushing a mile a minute inside his head. How he will get caught. How he will get punished. How the alpha lord would assault him like he had before.

It’s a terrifying thought... But he can't hesitate any longer. He has to move. He has to flee. He has to do it now or he will be trapped into this life forever.

The floorboard creaks when he steps out of bed. A small noise that sounds like thunder in Yuuri’s ears. He watches Minami snoring lightly from the small partition. The young omega doesn’t stir and Yuuri is able to let out a soft breath. If he keeps slow and steady, he’ll make it. He just has to tread lightly.

Yuuri takes another deep breath and holds his cloak up so it doesn’t graze the boards. He slithers to the door, sliding it open slowly, peeking outside the hall. It’s empty.

These are the scariest seconds Yuuri has spent here. Scarier than being dragged across the floor by the alpha lord. Scarier than imagining the hopeless life he will lead if he’s fertile, gets mated, and full with a child.

What would his punishment be if he’s caught? He is certain to pay heavily for it.

Yuuri bites his lip at every slow frightful step. Listening for the sounds of movement inside the manor, for the scent of others that may be coming. But there is nothing, just the sound of his restless heart and the lingering scent of spices in the air.

A short trek to the back rooms lead him to the double doors of the gardens. His palms sweat, his hands shake, but he has to calm himself. He’s so close. Just a door separates him from freedom.

Fingers linger on the bolt, he pauses, heart thudding so loudly against his chest he’s certain it will wake the manor. There is no going back after this. The alpha lord will never take his eyes off of him again if he’s caught. He’ll be locked up, with an entire army in front of his door to keep him there.

For a moment, the anxiety in him wins. He recoils from the door, clutching his trembling hand. It takes a few moments for the fright to pass, replaced by a determination to get out.

The omega holds his breath as he reaches for the doors once more. They are unlocked.

A smile almost creeps upon his face as he slides the door open. This was happening, he’s going to get out. He’s almost there. He steps one foot outside, then another. He closes the door quietly behind him.
The smell of the night reminds him of home. Of the little family garden he used to spend hours in when his parents allowed it. He uses the shadows to move further and further away from the manor. He keeps close to the shrubbery, so that he might hide if need be. When the lights of the manor dim and become mere flickers in the dark, Yuuri takes a deep breath and exhales.

A soft laugh escapes. A giggle. He can’t believe it was this simple all along. In a rush he removes the oppressing white cloak, throwing it on the grass and dirt. He steps on it hard, and grabbing the hems of his white kimono, bolts into the dark without looking back.

Victor can’t breathe.

His body twists and presses against the mattress. Burning, wanting. He shivers with a cold sweat, face and body flushed.

He keeps his eyes open, because when he closes them, all he sees are brown irises staring at him with fright, and for some fucking reason he hates that. The omega shouldn’t be looking at him with fear. It should be wanton and spreading its legs for him. This omega… his omega…

Victor moves to rise when the chain tight around his wrist clangs and he’s pulled back to the bed.

The alpha growls. “Why the fuck am I shackled to the fucking bed? Open this lock!”

“No.” Chris paces by the door. “I know you’re probably going to forget what I’m saying, but you fell into a rut. The medic says it’s a small one, but if I let you out you will hunt down and unpleasantly breed that virgin omega. Even if that’s what he’s here for, the least you can do for him is be in your right mind when you fuck it, or risk your good name and reputation. Besides,” the younger alpha approaches the bed. “You ordered me to.” He pulls a vial from his shirt pocket and waves it in front of Victor. “The medic left this for you. A fast-acting suppressant. It should keep you in your right mind until you bed the omega.”

“I don’t need suppressants,” Victor heaves. “I’m the alpha lord of the East. I don’t need spells to control myself…” An urge to lunge overcomes him, and the chains clang again.

“Keep telling yourself that,” Chris places the vial atop the nightstand. “Take it now if you want to sleep or take it in the morning after your rut has ended.”

Victor screams in frustration, pushing the shackle as tight as he can. Chris turns and makes his way to the door.

“Where the fuck are you going?!?”

“Home,” Chris snaps. The scent of tension fills the air. “I have pups to take care of. Otabek is here. He will keep watch until your rut ends.”

“That alpha child has not yet earned the title of Earl. Where is his father?”

“Apparently he dropped off a very pretty omega for his firstborn and went back to the village,” Chris shrugs. “I’m going home to my pups now.”

Victor swears. “Your position as Earl has been at fault ever since your last pup was born. You rarely leave it home, you complain that the omega nursemaids can’t care for it. You are failing as an alpha parent.”

Chris freezes by the door. Victor can feel the shift of scents. From frustration to fury. “I know you
haven’t requested my advice, but I’m going to say my piece anyway because you probably won’t remember shit from this night.” The earl’s voice becomes dry. “When you finally bed that omega… when you finally breed it… send it back to the agency to carry and deliver your pup there. Don’t get attached to it. Don’t let it hold your offspring, because if you do, the little pup that grew inside will get to know who gave it life and they will cry and cry for its missing omega parent and never ever stop.”

Chris runs a hand over his hair. Victor feels the fire within abate. The sense of failure towards his subordinates overpowering the primal instinct to mate with the omega downstairs.

“You allowed your newborn pup and your omega to bond.”

“He begged me…” Chris’ voice breaks.

Victor shifts on the bed. Watches his subordinate display distress. A rarity for an alpha. “Go to your pup. We’ll discuss this later.”

Chris nods. “Thank you…” He hesitates by the door. “It really is a shame you won’t remember though,” and hurries out. “Make sure he takes the medicine,” he orders Otabek as the young alpha steps inside the lord’s chamber.

The door shuts once more. Victor stares at the unsure Altin heir and catches the soft lingering scent of a young omega. An omega that’s not his. “Your father brought you an omega,” Victor states. “It smells sweet.” The young alpha stiffens by the door. “Not as sweet as mine though. Mine is… I can’t hardly describe it.” Victor glares. “Why aren’t you bedding it?”

The Atlin heir is silent for a moment, straightening himself before speaking. “If the time calls for it, I will.”

A laugh escapes Victor’s lips. “If? You act as though you have much of a choice.”

The young man is silent for a moment before he speaks. “When, I suppose it is then.”

Victor wants to roll his eyes at the remark. Whether he knows it or not, the Atlin heir is a snarky little shit. He’s also straightforward and a bit boring, but Victor puts up with that because his family is a good relation to have. Besides, the boy isn’t all bad. “Well since you’ll be keeping me company for a bit, why don’t you tell me about it.”

*Ah well, there isn’t much to say on the matter.”

Boring. Just like Victor had figured.

“You can’t give me more than that?”

Again there is a silence while Otabek thinks of his words carefully. “He’s very… obedient, docile even but… his eyes are sharp and defined. Like a soldier’s.”

The older alpha cocks a brow. “A soldier? Sounds less like an omega and more like a problem.”

“Christophe has mentioned you’re having problems of your own with the omega you took in.”

He isn’t sure whether the other is being a smartass or not, but he takes it as such. “My omega may be… difficult, but he’s no soldier that’s for sure.” He doesn’t mention how much of a problem the omega really is. Or that look of defiance he witnessed when it had ruined their dinner. “He’s like a piglet more than anything. Round face and eyes.” He can envision the omega now. Not just his facial
features, but his body too. The perfect amount of curves and thickness. Soft skin and—

Victor feels a dangerous wave of arousal and shakes the images from his mind. He growls — a loud grumble of resignation as he admits defeat — with a deep breath he downs the suppressant. Hacking at its hideous taste.

“You must be pleased then?” Otabek asks.

“It doesn’t come from a good bloodline like yours, but he’s an omega fit to give birth to pretty and healthy pups.”

Otabek doesn’t respond to that, keeping his lips closed tight in a thin line. There is an almost discomfort in his stance that Victor catches.

The older alpha leans back, his thoughts becoming clear, he no longer fighting against the restraints. The suppresant acts quickly. When this was over, he would make the omega pay for forcing him into this circumstance. How shameful it was to be chained down, victim to an uncontrollable want for another. For an omega he’d barely spoken to. He had to make sure it never happened again. He couldn’t allow the omega getting under his skin like this.

Yet it had. Even now, just the thought of that plump body beneath him makes his skin prickle.

The alpha shifts uncomfortably on the bed and takes a long deep breath, his heart skipping a beat as the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

Something was wrong.

He couldn’t smell his omega anymore.

“I think,” Victor starts as a wave of dread crashes upon him. “I can’t smell him,” he states.

Otabek shuffles by the door. “Him? The omega?” he questions. “You can smell him from here?”

Victor fights against the shackles. “He’s not here anymore! Where is he?! What have you done with him?!” He feels a heavy mixture of dread and anger. He feels need. The need to run, to hold, to chase, and capture, and... protect.


Otabek runs towards his lord, but he’s no match for the larger, stronger alpha. Victor moves and easily knocks the younger alpha off his feet. Victor watches momentarily as the alpha pup struggles, entire body twisting from the pheromones being released. It’s an order, plain and simple. A silent order to stay down and submit to the stronger alpha. To obey.

Victor watches with slight interest as the young alpha tries to stand back up, not giving up, desperately trying to follow orders.

He almost feels sorry.

Victor raises his foot and brings it down, knocking consciousness out of the boy, he barely acknowledges his subordinate is still breathing as he rushes out the door in search of his omega.

Yuuri is lost.
He’s been running for what feels like hours, but he’s not sure if he’s going the right way or simply running in circles. It’s too dark, too foreign. He has no sense of direction, and even if he did, he’s so amped up on nerves that he can’t think completely straight.

All he knows is he has to keep going. He can’t stop. If he stops he’ll be caught. He turns his body in circles, breath heavy as he tries to make sense of his surroundings. He spots a few lights up ahead. It’s another manor he’s passed by in the dark.

He knows approaching any dwelling is dangerous, that just one mistake will send him right back into the Alpha Lord’s home, but he’s desperate. Perhaps he can determine his location and the way back to his village. Running around in circles was getting him nowhere. He needs to get his bearings so he can get away and get home.

He approaches the manor slowly, cautiously. He scuffles through the garden. Listens for any unnatural noises and is caught off-guard when he hears soft whines. The cries of a young omega.

Yuuri follows the sound to the back of the dark manor. Sniffing the air for the presence of alpha. There is none.

The crying omega sits on the stairs near the back. It’s petite form shaking with each soft sob. It’s white cloak covering every inch of it.

“Are you well?” Yuuri breaks the silence. The omega turns his head up quickly. The hood falling off his face and revealing a face Yuuri knew.

The other Yuri.

“Lawbreaker…”

The word bites under Yuuri’s skin only briefly. “That’s not my name.”

“Who cares what your name is!” The blond sniffles. “You’re nothing but an old pig. A worthless omega who can’t even follow the simplest of rules. I don’t need to know your name. You’re nothing.”

Yuuri lets the boy release his frustration. Lets him speak coldly and get the anger out because at that moment, he looks like he needs it. He sees how the tears stain his cheeks and how his eyes are red and puffy. He sees pain, the familiar pain of exhaustion. So Yuuri doesn’t argue or fight or try to defend himself.

He extends his hand. “Sorry, I never introduced myself. I’m Yuuri.” He gives a smile.

The blond wipes his eyes. “No. I’m Yuri.”

Yuuri laughs softly. “I know. We have the same name.”

The blond omega gags. “Ugh I don’t want to share my name with a lawbreaker.”

Another laugh escapes the older omega. He supposes whatever happened to make the blond cry so hard had to be bad. He didn’t seem the type to cry easily, nor did he seem the type to want comfort. So Yuuri doesn’t pry. Instead he scoots closer, cupping his hands behind his back and standing in silence. Even though he should be running. Even though he should be scrambling home, he stays put. As though something inside him was telling him to stay. To stay and comfort the younger omega. He doesn’t know why.
They sit in silence for almost too long before Yuri speaks again. “Do I look like an unfit omega?”

Yuuri tilts his head in confusion at the strange question. “Umm… no?” Why would he ask that?

The young omega stares at his hands like they don’t belong to him. “I must be unfit if my alpha doesn’t want me.”

Yuuri’s first thought is how that was a good thing, but he stops himself before speaking. Looking at the devastated omega in front of him, he remembers their views of the world are not the same. “What happened?” he asks instead.

“Exactly what I just said.” The blond barks. “He doesn’t want me. He could hardly look at me. Even though I am the best pick! Even though I have the best reputation, the best upbringing! He… he…” There is a mix of disappointment and anger painted across the young boy’s face. A look that Yuuri couldn’t bring himself to understand.

Yuuri reaches a hand out toward him, but the other boy smacks it away.

“Don’t touch me!”

“Why are you angry with me? I was just trying to comfort you!”

His words are met with a glare. “Comfort me? You don’t care about me! How could you when you were chosen by Lord Nikiforov! You’re not even close to having the same value as I have and yet…” He grinds his teeth together, angry tears streaming down his face. “I worked my ass off and I’m not even wanted. And yet here you are—” a pause as realization hits. “Why the hell are you here?” The smaller omega jumps, pointing an accusing finger at him.

Yuuri swallows, looking around as if there are spies listening in the trees. “Please don’t say anything. Don’t say you saw me if someone asks, please.”

“Why aren’t you in Lord Nikiforov’s mansion? Did you leave without permission?” Yuuri glances towards the dark. “You ran away,” the blond realizes. “What the hell are you thinking you stupid idiot?” He makes his way toward the door of the Altin manor, but Yuuri grabs his arm before he reaches it. “Let go! You’re a lawbreaker and now you’re running! You could tarnish your alpha’s name.”

“I don’t care about his name. All I want is to go home!” Yuuri’s voice is firm though he keeps it low so not to alert anyone who may be near. “He’s a monster and my worth is not decided by how many children I can give him. I will not lay with him.”

“You’re insane!” Yuri half laughs. “You could have everything and you’re throwing it away for— “

“I have nothing here!” Yuuri feels the knot in his throat tighten along with the the burn of unshed tears. “They took everything away from me just because I am an omega. They forced me here and I am not going to just sit on my hands waiting for him to breed me. You may have grown up in this world but I haven’t—”

“Well maybe you should have!” The blond retorts. “It’s better for Lord Nikiforov if you just return without incident! The shame it would bring him. To the land of the East. To all of us!”

Yuuri shouldn’t be surprised, but the disbelief still shows on his face. “You may be comfortable living a life forced upon you, but I will not. I won’t be like you!” If he was going to get away he couldn’t dawdle here any longer. He had to run. Especially if Yuri planned on telling on him. “Stay in your cage if you want.” He lets go of the others hand, backing away slowly before turning around.
“How dare you!” The younger omega growls.

Yuuri falters. A bush rustles from the edge of the garden, the air filling with the scent of spices. He suddenly can’t catch his breath. He’s been found. He’s been discovered.

Yuuri runs towards the dark. His ears catching screams from the younger omega. Screams he can’t decipher. He doesn’t even make it twenty feet before he’s snatched. Before his feet leave the ground and he’s pulled close and held tight.

“I found you.” The alpha’s breath sends shivers down Yuuri’s spine. He expects the fear to hit him like a carriage, but it doesn’t. Instead he feels… Safe.

Lord Nikiforov’s entire body rumbles, his nose sniffing the air around them. He puts Yuuri down carefully, fingers touching the omega’s neck gently, checking… “Who took you? Did they bite you?” he asks, leaning close.

Yuuri gulps. He wants to answer, he feels the urge to be defiant and tell the alpha he ran, but nothing comes out of his throat but a strained choke.

The alpha turns, eyes targeting the younger omega nearby. He entwines Yuuri’s hand with his and stomps toward the shaking omega. “Are you involved in this, omega child?” Victor snarls. The other Yuri kneels in submission, his head dips so low it almost touches the grass. “Tell me who took my omega?” The words are heavy with the threat of violence.

“I’m not involved…” Yuri stammers. The air fills with the scent of fear. A defense mechanism. Yuuri feels the urge to calm the lord. To calm the source of the scared omega’s fear. Without thinking he places his free hand on the alpha’s back. It does nothing.

“No one took him.” The young omega cries. “He ran away and tried to bring shame to you, my lord.”

Yuuri feels lord Nikiforov’s rage intensify. His pheromones overpowering those of the omegas. “You lying child!” He charges forward with a growl. Yuri back up. Eyes filling with fear. He scrambles on the grass with the intent to flee, to survive, but there’s nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. He’s going to get caught by an enraged alpha. He’s going to d—

Hasty steps suddenly break the silence around them. Another alpha joins the fray.

Otabek puts himself between his lord and the defenseless omega. Arms open wide to block any possible attack. “Please halt, my lord!” the young alpha barks. Victor contains himself barely in time. His teeth grinding together as he releases a low growl. Otabek doesn’t flinch. “If this omega has offended you in any way, please bear your wrath against me as his alpha.”

Victor straightens up. “Is this the omega your father brought you?” he asks with vitriol.

Otabek stiffens. Thin hands clutch his shirt from behind. “Yes.”

“It took my omega out of my home,” the older alpha snarls.

“I said I didn’t!” Yuri cries, fingers cling more desperately. “I was just minding my own business. He was running away. I didn’t do anything!” He hides his face on the small of Otabek’s back, hands circling around his waist.
Otabek watches the small hands clinging desperately for protection. He wants to reassure his omega. Wants to ease the fear he can smell. His hand hovers just above Yuri’s, but fall to his side before he can make contact. “Please, my lord. I don’t think this omega is lying.”

Victor turns to look at Yuuri. “Tell me what this omega did to take you out of my home?”

Yuuri shakes. He opens his palm to decrease the contact between himself and the alpha. “Nothing,” the word falls quickly from his lips. “He’s speaking the truth. I ran away.” Yuuri is not cold hearted enough to let the young boy take the fall for his actions. “I ran away and got lost. I saw the light here. He has nothing to do with it I swear.” He holds his breath as his eyes lock with the lords.

The alpha doesn’t seem to react at first. He stays almost motionless until he suddenly releases Yuuri’s hand and drops it.

“Young Altin,” Victor’s voice is heavy with warning. “Take your omega and return to your home.”

The young earl hesitates for merely a moment, before he bows. He doesn’t question his lord anymore, and grabs his omega’s wrist and hastes back to the safety of his father’s manor.

Yuuri releases a slow careful breath at the sound of the slamming door, when he and the lord are alone in the dark.

He had failed miserably. What a pathetic intent at running away this had been. This likely had been his only chance and it was gone. Wasted.

“You keep making a fool of me in front of my subordinates.” The alpha’s words cut into the silence. Into Yuuri. The omega feels his body warm at the sense of danger. He doesn’t need to be told the alpha lord is deeply angry. He can smell it.

“Please…” Yuuri can hardly find his voice. “I’m sorry.”

Yuuri suddenly finds himself being grabbed. Lord Nikiforov snatches him from the ground. Easily hoisting the omega over his shoulder as if he were a big sack. Yuuri kicks the air in reflex, almost falling off, but the lord secures him before starting his way back to the manor.

“Put me down!” Yuuri demands, he desperately tries to hold on to the clothes on the alpha’s back, feeling as he will fall off any moment. “I will go back! I can walk by myself.” His voice falls on deaf ears.


“I don’t want those things!” A little voice tells Yuuri to remain quiet, but the omega can’t help himself. “I didn’t ask for any of those things! I didn’t ask to be taken from my home. From my family. I never—”

Yuuri is suddenly pulled down into Victor’s arms. The alpha crosses them as if making a seat for Yuuri to sit on. The omega places his hands on the lord's shoulders and quits squirming to maintain his balance, afraid he would fall sideways.

“Stop!” The alpha growls. The position gives Yuuri a slight height advantage, but even as he looks down at the lord, he can’t help but feel as if the alpha was looking down at him. “You’re an omega. My omega. Your home is with me. Until I break you. Until I put my pups inside you.”
Yuuri’s fist closes around the hem of the lord’s clothes. He feels the weight of the past few days push him down and for a moment he wants to stop as the lord orders him to. Stop fighting. Stop hoping…

He fights it. “Then why haven’t you done it yet?” He pushes his hand against the lord’s shoulder. “Why haven’t you forced those pups inside me like you keep saying you will.” Yuuri pushes the fear and doubt away, back into the depths of his mind. “You won’t break me!” He barks. “You can rape me. Impregnate me. But you won’t break me.”

“An omega’s duty is to bear pups,” Victor snarls.

“I never asked to be born omega!” Yuuri’s voice shudders, it makes his entire body rumble. “It’s your fault!” His fist falls on the alpha’s shoulder. “Why does this world belong to the alphas?” He kicks. “What about betas? What about omegas? Why does everything belong to you?!” He kicks again and he slips from the lord’s arms. For a second Yuuri sees himself touching the ground. He sees himself running so far and fast the alpha can’t catch him… But those arms don’t let him fall.

Yuuri finds himself face to face with the alpha. Bewitching blue eyes stare down at him and the air leaves his lungs.

One breath.

Arms squeeze him close.

Two breaths.

Yuuri rests his hands on a rumbling chest.

Three.

The meeting of lips isn’t kind. It’s feral. It’s instinct. It’s the rumble of bodies and the snap of teeth. It’s fire and ice all in one. Pleasure and pain. Want and need. It’s his blood boiling beneath his skin and the tingling of his lips against the other.

Yuuri doesn’t know why it happens, but it does. And for that moment, for a brief, mindless moment, he leans into it. His arms wrap around the alpha’s neck. Asking to be devoured. Demanding it.

Yuuri wants to be held closer. Yuuri wants to escape. He deepens the kiss, parting his lips and going pliant for his alpha. Tongue presses against tongue, explores lips. He can taste the alpha’s want and he knows the alpha can taste his.

A small moan escapes him, falls from his lips as the other takes his breath away. Yuuri’s mind goes hazy, eyes fluttering shut as he tilts his head. He pulls his body closer.

The alpha’s cock presses against Yuuri’s stomach. The omega’s eyes snap open. He breaks the kiss. He pushes away. “No.” His senses return to him.

The alpha’s teeth find his neck. “No!” Yuuri screams. Hands hitting skin.

He expects the alpha to keep going. He expects for his kimono to be pulled up and for the alpha to claim what was his.

The hands stop though. Just on the inside of the omega’s thigh.

Yuuri feels his heart pound so loud. He takes gasp after gasp, trying to think. Trying to dig himself out of reality. “Why am I an omega?” He hides his face in the crook of the lord’s neck because he
has nowhere else. “My entire family are betas. I was supposed to be a beta. Not an omega—” he sobs the last word. The last flickers of strength he had been so desperately holding to falling apart in the alpha’s arms. He feels his body lose its strength, feels as he loses his grip and the lord has to support him completely. He’d always hated crying in front of others. It made him feel vulnerable, at their mercy. But he can’t stop the tears.

They fall in large droplets down his cheeks, staining his skin. “You think I would choose this life? You don’t understand. You will never understand.” He chokes on the truth. The alpha lord exists in a whole different world than Yuuri. No matter how much reasoning, no matter how much he begs and pleads, he would never amount to anything more than an omega. A thing born only to be bred.

Victor stares uncomfortably. Watches how the fire in the other’s eyes shrivels away into hot tears and uneven breaths. For a moment the alpha feels a knot in his throat. He swallows, and it disappears just as fast as it had come.

“We’re going back to my home. You’re going to wash the dirt and night off of you and you are to go to my bedchambers in an hour.” He orders.

Yuuri’s feet finally touch the grass as he’s released. He looks behind him towards the manor. Its lights barely visible in the dark.

His heart still thunders. “One hour,” he repeats the order.

Victor put his arms around Yuuri’s shoulders, and with slow, steady steps, they start heading back to the manor.

Chapter End Notes

For updates and ramblings please follow our Tumblrs. We love questions.
Myka: myka-writes.tumblr.com
dia_dove: iceprincess-yuri.tumblr.com

Our other works

dia_dove
Such is Life
Signs of Love Series
Myka
Blue Echo
There is silence between them. A cold and unnerving quiet that lasts all the way back to the grounds of the manor. Yuuri doesn’t dare glance up to the alpha lord. He keeps his eyes downcast, feet dragging across the grass as he struggles to follow the lord’s pace.

The omega’s lips still burn from their kiss. His skin still warmth to the touch. It terrifies him how quickly he gave in to it all. How when the alpha suddenly kissed him he didn’t pull away or fought. He had leaned in, had sought after it like a hungry beast. Had agreed for the lord to bed him.

But as the minutes passed. As the distance from freedom increases. His decision falters...

Now every step is a battle, the urge to flee still pressing in every movement he made. He hadn’t gotten far but he had gotten away. He had run. Had tasted freedom. But now he is back in the alpha’s grasp.

“Have Minami tend to you until you look like an omega should. Make sure you bathe thoroughly and wash off the filth.” The alpha doesn’t even turn to face him as they enter the manor through a back gate. “You have one hour.” Yuuri feels the heat of the lord’s arm leave his back. Leaving him with only that warning before the alpha disappears from his sight.

An hour. He was given an hour.

Yuuri knows he has no choice but to obey. Not after trying to run. Not after getting caught. He has to do everything the alpha lord tells him.

The omega makes his way to the main hall, lifting his head in surprise when he finds a handful of servants walking about despite the hour. Some of them pause when they see him, their eyes acknowledging his presence even as they continued their tasks. He looks away, making his way to his chamber, noticing some of the servants nodding as he passes. The alpha lord must have caused a scene when he found out he was gone. Must have ordered every servant in the house to search for him. Yuuri wonders if they know what happened. If they believed he’d been taken or if they knew he had tried to run. Either way, now they would all be on alert. Any chance he had at escaping is gone. Lord Nikiforov will give him no room to run. Not again. Never again.

This hour. This single hour is all Yuuri has. Without thinking his takes a left into a hall that takes him further away from his room. He needs to clear his head first, take in the last moments he has on his own. His fingers touch his lips as his feet shuffle against the hardwood, tapping against the soft warm flesh for a moment. He has to do something — anything — to postpone the inevitable.

The door to the patio is unlocked and slides open noiselessly. The omega takes five steps outside when he notices a guard who gives him a pointed look. The beta hadn’t been there earlier when he
snuck out. Yuuri tries not to make eye contact with him even when the man holds an arm out to stop him.

“I’m just going to the garden.” The omega furrows his brow.

The guard doesn’t respond though he does lower his arm, eyes following as Yuuri passes.

He walks the stone path toward the garden, taking deep breaths as he moves. The cold wind nips at his skin and he wraps his arms around himself as he makes his way. The path is just a few feet long and Yuuri wishes it were longer. Even if it gave him only a few more seconds away from the manor.

A koi pond sits at the center of the garden. Yuuri stands at its edge, toes curling into the soft earth. The koi swim towards him, expecting to be fed. Yuuri pats his empty pockets as if telling the fish he has no food for them and watches as they slowly leave.

His parents had always dreamed of making their garden look something like this. They firmly believed presentation was key if they wanted to attract something other than drunk alphas to their inn. If Yuuri ever made it back home, maybe he could help his father build something like this. Something that, if it weren’t for his current circumstance, would have been a peaceful place to live. Everyone here seems to love this place. They love this home. They love its master. For them it is a peaceful and beautiful place with much life to offer. Yuuri is the only one to knows it is a prison.

The omega gets lost staring at the water, vision glazing over as his eyes strain to follow the movements of the colorful fish. Were they happy here? Did they ponder their life as Yuuri is? Maybe they were happy accepting their place here. Maybe they were glad to follow and never question. Maybe that’s what Yuuri should do...

The omega crouches and dares to dip his fingers in the pond, careful not to get his sleeve damp. The alpha wants him clean. Wants him pretty and dolled up because he is just a plain omega and the lord finds him disgusting. Yuuri is acutely aware that the alpha thinks little of him. He’s not mating with him because he finds him attractive or even fit. He just wants a pup and Yuuri just happened to be exactly what he wanted in an omega.

His legs waver, his foot slips and dips into the pond. Yuuri hurries out, hastily looking around to see if someone had seen, if someone would tell the alpha. The guard stands motionless by the door.

The wet silk sticks to his skin, water drips down his leg.

Yuuri doesn’t even want to think about what would happen if he ruined more clothes or tracked dirt through the alpha’s home. He had tried to anger him. He had tried to destroy his things. He’d tried to fight and run and it had all been for naught. This was his life now. This was his place. Yuuri steps inside the pond without thinking. Soaking the bottom of his kimono.

No, he shouldn’t. He has to obey. He has to or...

A pair of koi swim around his legs. Yuuri reaches to touch them.

What else could the alpha do to him that’s worse than what he’s going to do already? He’s going to be raped and impregnated. He’s going to be forced to carry a pup and give birth. Be sent away from a child he would never get to know and start the process all over again with another alpha. What else could Nikiforov do to him? What else could this world do to him?

Yuuri steps forward deeper into the pond as the koi scurry away.

If the alpha lord wants him nice and wet, that’s exactly what he was going to get.
Victor sits impassioned in his favorite chair. His fingers gripping the expensive leather, nails digging into it.

Last night was supposed to have been it. Last was supposed to have been the night.

But no.

Victor smells the omega as soon as his fingers touch the doorknob. His taste of rain. But as soon as he opens the door his nostrils are hit with aowler damp thing. Something that takes the rain away.

The omega is sitting on his legs in the middle of his bed. Drenched head to toe with a mixture of old water, dirt, and most likely koi feces.

When he sees Victor, he tilts his head and gives him a smile. “I’m here and wet. Just like you requested, my lord.”

The alpha grits his teeth at the memory. Hasn’t the omega learned anything? Hasn’t he been here long enough to understand his place? Didn’t it also felt the need like he did...

The door opens without a knock. “I have returned, my lord!” Victor feels the hint of a headache instantly appear at the sound of his third earl’s voice. If anyone asked Victor’s opinion, he would gladly admit that earl Leroy was the least favorite of his subordinates. Giacometti was a friend from his youth and his most trusted advisor. Altin was loyal to the death, he’d cause minor trouble recently, but his heir appeared ready to take his father’s place. Compared to them Leroy was...

Jean-Jaques rounds the room and carefully sits on the couch as far as he could from the lord without seeming disrespectful. The room was heavy with the angry pheromones the alpha lord secreted.

“So it’s true.” JJ leans forward. “You wouldn’t be this pissed if you had made that omega yours already.”

“Do I need to remind you of your place?” Victor shows teeth.

JJ responds with an amused chuckle. “Come on, Victor. You know you keep me around because I don’t bullshit you. I tell it as it is when things are working and when things are fucked up with the same straight face.”

Victor’s fury abades, he watches the indentations on the leather left by his nails.

“I spoke with Chris.” JJ continues. “He seemed certain you would have have bedded the omega last night. I assume it didn’t go well. He didn’t come to your room then?”

Victor glares at the earl. “Oh, he came. He was there, waiting for me in the middle of my bed. Right after he decided to take a swim in the filthy koi pond in the back garden.” He recalls the scene vividly. How his blood had boiled when he saw the omega, drenched with pond water, sitting on his legs in Victor’s imported silk sheets.

JJ bites his lower lip so hard he draws blood as not to laugh. “This omega is clearly playing you, my lord.” JJ says with a smirk. “He already figured out the system and you’re either too lovestruck to notice or dumber that I’ve given you credit for all these years.”

“I am not lovestruck with this plain omega.” Victor glares. “He’s unfit to even be called as such.”

“I beg to differ.” JJ taps his chin. “From the pheromones that are lingering in the manor and the
overwhelming evidence of your erratic biological behavior it appears quite obvious that this plain little omega has you enthralled.”

“He’s destructive and uncooperative.”

“Then fuck him already. It’s in your very right to claim him regardless if he cooperates or not. He’s trying to displease you on purpose, maybe breaking him in is what turns things around. Show him that his actions have consequences.”

Victor runs his teeth along his bottom lip. Nothing he’d read about omegas made him feel prepared for such… defiance. Every omega he’d ever met, even as a child, always stood quietly next to their alpha, their bellies usually round with the growing life inside them. Not even his omega mother whose father requested for a sixth pup spoke or paid him attention.

The memories of the omega female with long silver hair and blue eyes are blurry. But he remembers waking up to the scent of her, recognizing that that scent was the scent of mother. He remembers climbing out of bed and running the hallways barefoot following that scent. Finding her sitting quietly in the omega’s chamber as her attendant served her. He remembers running to her, putting his arms around her as he said the word ‘mama’ over and over and over.

The memory becomes muddier.

He remembers the horror in her eyes as she pushes him away, yelling at the attendant to take him from her sight. He remembers hands grabbing him, pulling him up as he screams ‘mama’ louder and louder.

He learned that day — as his father beat him as he spoke of places and order — that there was no such thing as mother. That the omegas who carried pups did only that. That omegas were not, and never would be, family.

He was removed from the main house after that. Sent away to stay at Altin Earl’s house while his omega mother was at the manor. His only company the Earl’s two year old heir. He spent days cooped up in a room. Days of lessons and being kept away from his siblings and wanting to see mother and—

The fire happened two weeks after that. She died in that fire along with his siblings. She died with an unborn pup inside of her. His father the only survivor.

Victor throws the memories away. Wondering why he bothers to cling to them as if he needs them. What he needs is an heir and an obedient, quiet omega to carry one for him.

Yuuri is neither.

Perhaps JJ is right. Perhaps all the omega needs is a reminder of his place in this house. A reminder that his actions have consequences.

He feels a small ache where the omega had hit him while he cursed the way their world was. Something in him wanted to see that passion and strength burst aflame. How long could the omega resist its fate. How much of that strength will be snuffed when Victor takes what is his.

“Perhaps it would be best to wait until his heat when he won’t be able to resist spreading his legs.”

“Is that soon?” JJ quips. “The way you’re releasing pheromones the entire house will be affected eventually. The servants will know you’ve been unable to bed the omega. Rumors will spread and reach your enemies and supporters if they haven’t already, and there’s no quicker way to lose face
from supporters and entice enemies out to claim what is yours than being infertile.”

“I am not infertile!” Victor snarls. He’s so fucking tired of that word. Has been hearing it since he was a teenager just because he wanted to wait... “That omega isn’t either, I can feel it. Why won’t he just do what I tell him to do?”

JJ’s eyebrows rise. “Why not send him back if he’s such a hassle then? Get an omega that is proven fertile and won’t burden you.” Victor spares him an annoyed glance. “My Bella is fantastic by the way, but she’s mine for the next nine months.” JJ offers a toothy grin.

“Isn’t that the same omega that bore you your first two pups?” Victor asks.

“And now she will carry my third. She’s the best omega. My beautiful Isabella.” JJ’s eyes shine as he speaks, a light that turns slightly somber at his next words. “It’s a shame I have to share her… but that’s the life of us alpha’s isn’t it?” The humor has completely left the third earl.

Victor turns his gaze at the door. Yuuri was out there somewhere, probably in his quarters planning new ways to infuriate him. Victor inhales deeply and catches the now distinguishable scent of rain. Of his omega. Feels the need almost instantly, the pull of want he knows he won’t be able to stop sooner or later. Victor pats his inside pocket where another vial of suppressant lay. “I just want him to behave like an omega should.”

JJ stands up and offers his master another grin. “That’s easy enough, my lord. All you need to do is find his weakness.”

“Please take a bath.” Minami begs for the fiftieth time, bowing hard until his forehead touches the floorboards. “The lord requested you again for his chamber tonight.”

Yuuri scabs the grime still stuck to his cheek. He has no plans on taking a bath today and perhaps not even tomorrow. If anything jumping into the koi pond again seems like a fabulous idea.

Minami whines as he stares at his uncooperative master. Yuuri thinks it’s sort of adorable that the young omega is trying so hard, but really, it’s just a bath, it isn’t the end of the world.

The door to the chamber slides open and an lpha he doesn’t recognize steps in.

“Earl Leroy.” Minami bows quickly.

JJ leans against the frame. “The master demands your presence,” he announces nonchalantly.

Yuuri glares, ignoring the alpha. “Inform him I haven’t taken my bath yet and I’m not presentable.”

JJ grins. “Not you. Your little attendant.”

Minami’s eyes go wide. He quickly stands and gives another quick bow. “Right away, sir.” He rushes out of the room before Yuuri can say a word. JJ stays behind.

The alpha stares for a minute. Simply watching. Yuuri doesn’t move under the scrutiny.

“You really look extremely unappealing with all that filth covering your face.” The alpha finally speaks. “If you don't willingly take a bath we can order other attendants to forcibly wash you.”

“And I will bite them,” Yuuri snaps, showing teeth.

JJ laughs. “You think you’re so smart don't you? Think you can keep playing these games until my
lord decides you’re not worth the trouble? Just what did you hear at the agency that convinced you to behave in such a way? Did you hear about being labeled as unfit? About residing in the agency permanently?”

Yuuri doesn’t flinch, but his silence must have been enough because JJ’s smile widens ever so slightly. He know he’s right. “Let me tell you the truth about omegas that are labeled unfit.” He steps further inside the room. “I met an unfit omega once. Crazy, small, snarling thing. Barely skin and bones. She had been marked as unfit after her tenth alpha requested her removal from his home after a biting incident.” He emphasises the last two words. “Her belly was big and round with a pup, because the profile of unfit omegas still goes to the alpha pools. Just not the type of alphas that can afford omegas. Unfits are cheap, they never leave the agency, and they are strapped to a bed and used to grow pups.”

Yuuri feels bile rise up his throat. He balances himself, covering his mouth with his hand. “You’re lying. No one would allow something so horrible.” There isn’t any way this world could be so cruel.

JJ stops next to Yuuri. The omega tries not to flinch from the alpha’s proximity. “Ask the madam when you see her again then.” Yuuri looks up and glares. He opens his mouth and calls the alpha whatever nasty words comes to his mind. A long arm suddenly stretches and snatches the neckline of his attire, pulling the omega up unkindly. “My master’s patience is not endless,” JJ snarls into the omega’s face. “You may have one, maybe two more chances to gain his favor. And I strongly suggest you do. My master is Lord of the East and you stupid omega haven’t fucking realized that you could give birth to the next lord of this region. That it could be your bloodline running this land and making decisions that affect the lives of thousands. You were chosen for my master and next time he calls you to his bed you better fucking spread your legs.” JJ opens his hand, releasing Yuuri. The omega falls into a heap on the floor. Momentarily shaken by the exchange, but the anger quickly rises again.

He opens his mouth to speak, but is hushed when Minami stumbles back into the room. His face is read with fresh tears. He bows before the alpha and collapses on his knees on his side of the room. He pulls a small satchell from the bottom of the bed and opens it.

“Consequences,” JJ says before leaving the room.

Minami starts tossing his things inside the satchell, sniffing as tears drip down his cheeks and snot down from his nose.

“What happened?” Yuuri asks, unsure he wants to know.

Minami keeps putting things inside without looking at Yuuri. “I’m being sent back to the agency,” his voice cracks. “I must leave immediately.”


“Failure to tend to the lord’s omega,” comes the answer between sniffles. Yuuri’s surprise is replaced by a knot of guilt. Minami puts the last few items inside the satchell before closing it. The young omega stands and bows towards Yuuri. “I’m sorry I wasn’t a better attendant.”

Yuuri stands up. “Well… isn’t it good to go back to the agency?” He hesitates. “I mean… isn’t it safer than being near alphas?”

Minami stares at him with uncertainty. “Is that what you really think?” He asks eventually, but there is a hint of doubt in his voice. Yuuri doesn’t know what to say. Minami wipes his eyes on the brown sleeve of his shirt. “This was the first place I ever felt safe. I don’t have a home to go back to. My
family rejected me after they found out I was infertile. If the agency doesn’t house me I will end up in the streets and then...” The young omega’s eyes fill with tears. “The agency will take me back right? The petite omega sob. “I’m sorry,” he bows. “I’m overstepping my boundaries. I—”

The door slides open. One of the beta guards stands there. “The carriage is ready.”

Minami moves, bowing towards Yuuri once more. “Goodbye,” he says then leaves, head and shoulders sunk as he goes.

Yuuri stands silent in the middle of the room. This is wrong. He’d done wrong. Minami shouldn’t be punished for his misbehavior.

Without thinking twice he runs out the hall. Feeling the urgency deep in his bones. He opens the lord’s office door without knocking, steps inside, and is quickly met by a spear against his throat.

He holds his breath for a second. A quick second of fear flashing through everything.

“If you hurt my omega, you will pay dearly, Sven.” Yuuri’s breath catches at the sound of the lord’s voice. The blade on his throat quickly disappearing.

“My apologies, my lord.” The man bows deeply.

“Are you still wearing those filthy clothes. Have you even bathe yet?” The alpha sits by his large dark-wood desk, a mess of papers tossed across the surface.

Yuuri steps inside, words falling from his lips so quickly he can’t stop them. “Why did you send Minami back to the agency and not me?”

Victor tilts his head. He feels a sudden urge that he pushes down, reminds himself of the vial in his pocket. “That child had but one job. To take care of my omega, make sure it is presentable, and keep it happy. He failed at every opportunity.”

“I wouldn’t let him—”

“If he can’t do his job,” the alpha interrupts. “Then I have no use for him.”

Yuuri can’t believe this. The poor boy had done nothing wrong. The blame shouldn’t fall on him. No. Yuuri could believe it because that is the type of man the alpha lord is. He doesn’t care about reasons or explanations. He only wants his word to be followed.

The omega steps closer to the desk resting his hand on the wooden surface. He is aware time is short. “Please, do not punish him because of my actions, my lord.”

“It’s not punishment. Just due diligence about maintaining efficient staff. He wasn’t fulfilling his duties, were you not listening?”

“He said he could end up on the streets.” Yuuri tries to argue. “An omega on the streets, infertile or not, is as bad as a death sentence. Even I know that. He’s only a boy. Don’t you know what could happen to him?”

“Nothing good.” Victor’s supplies, staring at his papers for a moment. “I have sent word to the madam of his inefficiency. It’s likely she won’t accept him and he’ll —” he pauses, eyes flickering up to Yuuri’s.” “but that is no longer my problem,” the alpha says coldly.

“You can’t be this cruel…” Yuuri shakes his head in disbelief. “If someone should be punished and
sent back it should be me, please. If anyone should be thrown out in the streets, it should be me.”

“You won’t last a day in the streets.” The alpha comments.

“That’s easy for you to say since you never have to worry about that,” Yuuri pushes back bitter tears. “It should be me being tossed aside… After everything I have done—”

“Don’t you think I know that’s what you’ve been trying to do?” Victor barks. “This is for your benefit as well as to the reputation of this house.”

Yuuri exhales and realizes it’s impossible to reason with the alpha lord. “If you know… why haven’t you sent me back yet?”

The question seems to take the alpha off guard. It’s only a second though. A quick shift in the look on his eyes. A momentary intake of breath. “Because you’re my omega!” The alpha stands, hands slamming hard on the dark wood. “If you think I’m ever sending you back, you are wrong. I am never giving you back until you’ve had my pup, even if I have to fire every damn servant in this house!”

Yuuri can feel everything crumble around him. Like an earth-shattering roar. Everything he had done to save himself — to free himself from this fate — had been pointless. All he had done was endanger another omega. See another omega get tossed to the wolves in his place.

Yuuri’s chest tightens. What is the point of all this? What’s the point of all this fighting if it’s going to take him nowhere and cost what little he could hold on to. What was the point if he lost his soul in this place as well as everything else?

Maybe that earl was right. This is a consequence of his own actions. This is what happens when you fight against the rules of the world. Against fate. Yuuri wants to go home, he wants that more than anything… But he’s so tired of fighting. It’s taken everything out of him.

The drive to escape shrivels into nothingness as he meets alpha’s gaze. The gaze of the man who bought him. Who has his life in the palm of his hand. Yuuri can’t escape this life… He had been naive to believe he ever could. There is no escaping for an omega. There is no freedom or choice or happiness. But maybe, just maybe, saving Minami would make this life bearable.

“I’ll behave.” Yuuri’s voice sounds alien to his own ears. “If you swear to wait until my heat, I’ll behave. I won’t make more trouble. Just don’t send that boy to the streets.” Yuuri swears he sees a smile on the alpha’s lips. “I will give you no more problems, I promise. When my heat comes… I’ll do what I was brought here for without a fight.” He lowers his head submissively. “So please, bring Minami back.”

Victor sits on the offer. Yuuri knows it’s an act. They stand in uncomfortable silence for a few heartbeats before the alpha speaks again. “Alright, omega. I’ll summon him back.” He waves him off. “Now go take a bath. I’m tired of looking at you like that.”

Yuuri smiles sadly to himself as his head bows in a nod to the lord. He rushes out quickly, not wanting to give the alpha even one moment to reconsider. He would take his bath, he would stop jumping in ponds or shoving food off the table. When his heat came, he would go to the lord’s chambers and spread his legs.

Victor watches as one of the servants takes his meal away. He pushes the papers back in front of him. The stack was smaller than this morning, but there is still much to do.
The door bursts open. Victor glares. He is getting fucking tired of people not knocking.

“You made a bargain with the omega?” Chris’s voice remains steady, but Victor can tell something is off with the first earl. He is two hours late returning from a scheduled trip to the village and should be offering an explanation for his delay instead of asking questions. “And it was JJ’s idea?”

“It was quite effective.” Victor takes the suppressant from his pocket and places it on top of the desk. “He added the condition of waiting until his heat, but now that he’ll stop being disruptive I feel he and I can come to a...” A flickering memory of the omega’s lips against his flashes before his eyes. “...resolution, while I take these.” He handles the vial and pops the top.

“Don’t drink that,” Chris says dryly. “You can’t.”

Victor feels the uneasiness intensify. “What happened at the village?”

Chris swallows hard. “I don’t bring good news,” he bows. “There are rumors already being spread about you and the omega. Bad ones. It is impossible for them to travel so quick. Someone in the manor must be spreading them. Someone that desires to sully your name.”

“There will always be rumors,” Victor waves off the warning. “There will always be others wishing me unwellness,” he grits his teeth. This wasn't new. This had happened before and it will happen again. As long as he’s lord, there will always be rumors. “No rumor will matter once I bed the omega and he carries my child.”

“The rumors say you are starving and beating the omega, they have reached the Madam’s ears,” Chris continues, his voice loses all subtlety. “Victor. The Madam herself has vowed to visit the manor tomorrow. Her word is that she won’t stand to have one of her omegas mistreated, even if they are untrained.”

“So what?” Victor exhales. “I’m not doing any of those things.”

“Victor. You know the Madam is one of your strongest supporters. She bent rules to get you that omega. She — like me — would do anything to protect the Nikiforov family and your rule over this land. Even if—” Chris falters. The silence increases.

“Even if what?” Victor demands.

“To quelch the rumors the Madam will come to take the omega away tomorrow.” The alpha earl drops to his knees in front of his lord. “I was the one that insisted you bring that untrained omega to your home. I will take whatever punishment you seem fit.”

A frozen shiver travels up Victor’s spine. “She’s coming to take him from me...”

Chris bows his head lower still. “The madam has promised to bring a suitable replacement. A well-trained omega. A beauty with only one child on its record and of an age you will accept.”

Victor’s blood runs cold. Something in the pit of his stomach twists painfully. “You will take him from me...”

Chris doesn’t dare look up. “Once the omega is removed the blame will fall on it for the rumors and the madam will mark him as unfit. Maybe then he will learn his place—”

The scent in the room suddenly explodes. Chris is forced to duck when Victor grabs the vial and hurls it across the room where it shatters. “You dare make decisions for me about my mate?!” The alpha lord snarls. “You dare come into my home and tell me you will take my omega and hurt him?
Mark him unfit?” Chris is forced to bow his head even lower, until his forehead touches the floor. “I won’t allow it! He’s mine!”

“Victor—” Chris tries to speak through the push of pheromones, but he doesn’t have a chance as the alpha lord runs out of the room chasing after the scent of rain.

Chapter End Notes

For updates and ramblings please follow our Tumblrs. We love questions.
dia_dove: iceprincess-yuri.tumblr.com
Myka: myka-writes.tumblr.com

Our other works

Myka
Blue Echo
Waka Gashira

dia_dove
Such is Life
Signs of Love Series
Yuuri returns to his room after speaking with Lord Nikiforov. Purposely ignoring the alpha’s command to bathe. Instead he sits on the floor by the bed of his small chamber, staring at his grime painted toes, the terms he had agreed to finally settling in his head.

He had agreed to behave.

He had agreed to be bred.

He agreed to accept this life of an omega he never wanted.

The walls seem to close in upon him. His breath comes in short rasps.

The memory of hiding in his small room while his father locked him inside surfaces in his head. His family had tried so hard to protect him. To let him have a life of his own. He was supposed to have been safe with them. They would have found him a nice mate. He would have raised his children. But now…

Now he may never go back home. He may never see his family again and this life, his only life, will never be his own.

Yuuri’s head jerks up when the door slides open and Minami walks in. The younger omega clutches his small bag of belongings tight to his chest. Even still, the moment the two omegas meet eyes, he drops the belongings to the floor and rushes to Yuuri. Hugging him so hard, so fast, that the any lingering hesitation or regret the older omega felt lifted immediately.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry!” Minami bows and rests his head on Yuuri’s lap as tears roll down his cheeks. Yuuri pats the younger omega’s head as Minami cries and shakes. He can almost feel the fright and relieve flowing from the young boy. He knew—they both knew—the fate the infertile omega had been spared of. Minami had seen so much of this world. Knew so much more of the truth of this unfair world than Yuuri did. Knew personally of the evil that fed on the lives of omegas. Yuuri can now see the effect of such a life. This small boy is broken. Hurt so deeply in a way Yuuri will never understand. In this world, Minami is an undesirable, deemed as worthless and to be thrown away. Sentence to die in the streets for something he can’t control. Yuuri just can’t stomach the thought of tragedy befalling the boy because he didn’t want to take a bath.

“Why would you help me?” Minami asks between sniffles. “Save me? I can’t bear pups. I fail as an attendant—” He chokes on his sobs. “I’ve failed as an omega…”

Yuuri notices a forming bruise on the younger omega’s cheek. It breaks his heart. “Don’t say such
things. You have done an excellent job. I am the one at fault. Without you I would have gone crazy in this place.”

The younger omega lifts himself from his lap. “Really?” He wipes away tears.

Yuuri nods. “I was so scared when I was first brought here. All I’ve been met with is evil and cruelty. You are the only one who has shown me kindness.”

That seems to brighten the boy’s face. “I was… helpful then?”

“You were more than helpful. You were—you are a bright face, a kind heart, and a great assistant.”

“You mean it? Do you really mean it?”

Yuuri smiles, but before he can answer the screen slides open with a loud thud. He lifts his head quickly at the sound, his nose catching the scent before his eyes can see. Lord Nikiforov stands by the threshold, fingers gripping the wooden frame. His face is dark, his brows turned down in frustration.

“You’re supposed to be bathing.” The alpha growls. “Why are you still filthy?” There is a pressure around him that hadn’t been there before, Yuuri notes. Something that makes the omega bow his head quickly, holding tightly onto Minami.

“I will. Please, we were just talking for a moment. Once he’s calm I—”

The alpha closes the space between them. He snatches Yuuri up by the arm, causing both omega’s to stumble. Yuuri can hardly catch his footing before the alpha lord drags him across the room.

“What are you doing?” He yells. “I told you I would do as you wished. Stop this!”

The alpha halts, turns and grips Yuuri’s chin. He pulls him close. So close their lips almost touch. “You don’t give me orders, do you understand? You shut your mouth and obey.”

Yuuri feels fear prickle all over his skin. The alpha’s voice is cold yet… his eyes look panicked, frightened...

“I understand! I promise I’ll get clean. I’ll wash before I go to bed, just—”

He isn’t allowed to finish. The lord holds firm to his hand, leading him across the manor. Yuuri has trouble keeping up the pace. His shorter legs skipping along the alpha’s long strides. They pass through the kitchens, to the back of the manor towards the servants quarters. “Where are we going?”

Yuuri demands as dozens of eyes turn to watch him and the alpha lord.

They stumble into a warm room full of people in various states of undress and rush past the watching eyes as they hurry into a larger room with a medium-sized bathing pool.

“Undress.” The alpha orders. Yuuri stays frozen as seemingly everyone was staring at them. “Can you not hear me? I said undress, hurry.”

Yuuri feels the threat of angry tears on the corners of his eyes. He may have agreed to behave and do as the lord asked, but there was a line and this was certainly it. “No.” Yuuri avoids looking at the lord. “I will bathe in my chambers. Not in front of anyone.” He starts to turn around. “Now if you’ll excuse me.”

The alpha lord releases a soft growl as he snatches the omega’s wrist and pulls him back, Yuuri feels
the sash of his robe being pulled. He tries to pull away without thinking, his hands trying to strike flesh in defense. He misses and the alpha pushes him into the bathing pool as he pulls off the dirty robe from his body.

Yuuri surfaces with a gasp after a second beneath the water. Droplets falling from his soaked locks, as the bit of grime washes away around him.

Soft whispers and soft exclamations reach his ears. For a moment he thinks he will see the shocked eyes of the staff at the ugly display their master is presenting, but his heart heavies when all he sees are the chastising frowns and disapproving glares of everyone in the room directed at him. Yuuri blinks, unsure if what he’s witnessing is true. No eyes go to the alpha lord. Yuuri is the one in the wrong. In their eyes he’s the one making mistakes. Not their master. Never their master.

“Get yourself cleaned up now. We don’t have time to waste.” The alpha’s voice is breathy, tinged with alarm. He even shifts almost uncomfortably. Like some impatient child.

Yuuri doesn’t move, just scowls. He’s torn between wanting to sink deep beneath the waters or yell back in turn. Victor crouches by the edge and gets as close to the omega as he can without jumping in the bathing pool. “How many times must you act like a fool?” He hisses under his breath. “Do you realize how much I sacrificed to get you? How much resolve it took to allow an omega to take my seed. Do you know how much I’ve been mocked because of you? The least you can do is wash that filthy body of yours when I ask instead of testing my patience and sullying the name of omega.” The alpha lord growls. “Everything I have worked hard for could come crumbling down because of you.”

Yuuri feels the water around him drop in temperature. “If I’m so sullied...” he takes a shuddering breath. “If I’m so sullied that it displeases you my lord, I’ll make sure to take better care.” Yuuri’s eyes are harsh. “If that’s all, I will bathe as you request. I’m filthy after all and would hate to dirty your state.”

“Don’t mock me, omega.”

The words aren’t meant to be ignored. They are an order. They feel heavy in the air and everyone knows these are words that can’t be disobeyed. Yuuri doesn't care. “If you want me clean then leave and let me bathe in peace.” The murmurs increase, heads turn away from them, some of the servants hurry out of the room, as if the they themselves are afraid of being punished for Yuuri’s behavior.

The alpha twitches, grinding his teeth and clenching his fist tight. Yuuri feels the pheromones before he scents them. Remembers the vision of dark coils charging towards him at the dinner, but the dark doesn’t appear. All the signs of fury are there but the scent doesn’t convey it. Yuuri can’t smell anger. He can’t smell fury. This scent is different than before. It’s… Yuuri can’t put his finger on it. It makes him feel strange. He backs away in the water, suddenly feeling wary, suddenly feeling exposed.


Yuuri looks to the servants again. How they slip further away. Leave the pool with haste. They don’t care about him. They don’t care about what Victor’s doing to him. No one here does.

“I’m sorry!” Yuuri shouts in hopes to stop the alpha. “Just leave me be. I promise to bathe.”

“I can’t!” The alpha turns around, paces, then returns to the edge of the water. His scent spikes even more. Still that strange and foreign smell that Yuuri can’t pinpoint. It’s… dominating, for lack of a proper word. “I won’t.” The alpha pauses, staring Yuuri down. “If I don’t make you mine...” He
takes a step forward, right foot sinking into the warm water.

“What are you doing?” Yuuri backs away. He stares—everyone in the room stares—as Victor Nikiforov, alpha lord of the East, steps into the servant’s bath fully clothed. “Victor please—”

Yuuri’s words die quickly as the alpha presses a hand to his neck, thumb stroking over his pulse. “You haven’t earned the right to use my name. I am the alpha lord of this land, and you are just the omega I paid for.”

Yuuri bites his lip, fighting back angry tears. So this is an alpha. The great and mighty alpha in all its glory. The superior alpha that knew all and ruled all. They are nothing but animals. Victor Nikiforov is nothing but an animal. His words are full of cruelty. He thinks of Yuuri as nothing but a toy. Why does he even care if he’s taken away? Why not pay for another omega? Why not just end both their torment in this hell of an arrangement?

Yuuri doesn’t move. He’s frozen. His heart flips in his chest and, when he meets the alpha’s eyes, the pit of his stomach flutters. Something in him goes hot and he steps closer. He realizes his mistake when the alpha reaches out suddenly and presses his hand against the small of Yuuri’s back and pulls him close. Their bodies touch, Yuuri feels the heat spread everywhere, a soft moan escaping his lips. The alpha presses lips to his ear. “I am going to bed you,” he says. “Now.”

Yuuri’s eyes widen. Water splashes as the omega fights against Nikiforov. He fights against the alpha and he fights against himself. Fights against a haunting chill that creeps up his spine and has him shivering every time this man touches him.

The lord pulls him out of the water. Both wet and dripping as they travel back through the house. Victor never slows. He pulls the wet and naked omega across the manor. Vulnerable for all to see. Yuuri screams the entire trek. Digs his heels into the floorboards. Tries to snatch a towel or something in an intent to keep some semblance of modesty as he’s pulled naked atop the wooden boards. He knows his voice must carry through the house, surely to be heard by the attendants. Of course he knows they won’t stop this. This is normal, this is expected. To them, it’s just an alpha claiming what is rightfully his.

But Yuuri would not be taken so easily.

They turn around a corner, up a flight of dark wood stairs. “No! Please!” Yuuri stumbles on each step. “We agreed to wait until my heat! Please stop!” His voice is almost demanding. His words lost to unlistening ears and the disapproving glances of the house staff. Yuuri makes sure to catch their eyes as he struggles against the alpha’s pull. He would want nothing more than to force guilt upon them. To make sure they couldn’t pretend they weren’t part of this.

But all he receives are glares of disapproval towards him. To the gal of an omega to behave as such.

“I never agreed to those terms.” The alpha slams open a large and heavy double door, pushing Yuuri inside and throwing it closed behind them as soon as they cross the threshold. Yuuri slips on the hardwood, tries unsuccessfully to regain his footing before Nikiforov grabs him by the waist and pulls him along. “I only agreed I would not throw that boy out if you obeyed me. Those were my terms. Now obey.” Yuuri resists the most for those last few steps, but to his surprise they pass the alpha’s bed and head to the private bath. Once there Nikiforov lets him go for a second, a second Yuuri doesn’t waste as he bolts to the door, fingers closing over the handle only to find it locked.

No...
He was trapped. Naked and trapped with the alpha.

He thought he’d had more time, he thought he’d—

The presence behind him is heavy.

“Please…” his voice drifts and becomes lost. “Please wait until my heat.”

He yips when he feels a towel cover his head. Nikiforov makes him turn around slowly. Large hands rubbing the towel over his wet hair. Drying his wet skin. Yuuri feels the conflict inside him by the unexpected gentleness. Has the alpha heard his plea? Is the alpha leaving him be?

The towel falls to the floor and Yuuri’s wrist is grabbed hard once more. Pulled against his will, hoisted and tossed naked atop the white satin sheets of the alpha’s bed.

Yuuri barely has a second to think before he feels the dip of the bed as Nikiforov climbs on. Manages only to scuttle away a few inches before the alpha is grabbing his waist and flipping him around, forcing his back against the mattress, pinning his hands so he can’t escape. Yuuri struggles for another moment, tossing himself side to side until Victor lets out a low growl that makes him freeze, that makes him stop, and something like fear and heat crawls up his spine.

“Three days you have been here and for three days I have allowed you to make a fool of me. I have allowed you to destroy my things, been forced to take suppressants, had to chase you in the forest because you fled, but no more.” Victor squeezes Yuuri’s wrist, nails digging into his skin. The omega yelps in pain, feeling the pressure like a lock around his wrist. “No more,” the alpha leans forward, his forehead resting on Yuuri’s chest. Warm breaths fall upon Yuuri’s bare skin, the alpha’s breathy rumbles making him groan.

For a moment it’s like the fright disappears and Yuuri is no longer a possession, no longer a nameless temporary thing in this alpha’s world. He pokes the top of lord Nikiforov’s head with his index finger. The alpha freezes. Yuuri quickly moves his hand back. What is he doing? He can’t fall for it. He has to find a way to get out of this somehow. Not act bedazzled. He can’t give up. It’s not too late yet. Not yet... “I swore I’d behave from now on. I won’t cause you more trouble. Just please wait for my heat. Please…”

Nikiforov looks up, brows furrowed in frustration. “If the agency realizes I haven’t laid claim of you, they will take you from me...” He trails the words with a kiss over Yuuri’s nipple. “Take you away to another state, another alpha, label you unfit and use you until they are done with you.”

The images the alpha lord describes flicker through Yuuri’s mind. His own heart dropping into the pit of his stomach at the split second thought of being separated from his alpha, and used again and again like the thing he was to this world.

And yet...

Hadn’t that been his fate in this world all along? Nikiforov was just the first. The first on his endless cycle of a jailed life. The first to show the world he was property. The first to take his freedom. His body. The first to tell him his worth was only in the life he could carry inside him. ”Which is what you wanted I guess,” the alpha adds as he moves, Yuuri feels the brush of teeth at his neck, his body shivers from it.

“You can’t bite me,” the omega finds his voice among short breaths. “It’s forbidden.”

“I won’t bite you. I’m not that weak. I’m just not going to allow them to take you from me. You’re my omega. Mine.” The last word is harsh. An alpha’s cry. Yuuri swears he sees tears in those blue
eyes. Tears quickly blinked away that he must have imagined.

The alpha pulls him closer, his tongue lapping at the gland on the omega’s neck. Yuuri whimpers.

“Victor—Lord Nikiforov… alpha please. I’m not in heat, I’m not producing slick,” he says as he bites his lip.

Victor rises, resting his body on his knees for a moment before stretching to reach the bedside table. Tossing Yuuri a small blue bottle from within. “Prepare yourself for me.”

The omega catches the bottle by instinct, staring at the little vial in his hands with a growing sense of dread and realization that this was it. This time no one would help him, he wasn’t running away or jumping into a pool of filth. His plans had backfired. No amount of begging was going to get him out of this. He had made all the mistakes. He hadn’t accounted for Victor’s pride. The alpha was going to take him, claim him, and he would never be free. The little vial becomes heavy in his hand, he squeezes it, then tosses it angrily at the lord who knocks it away with ease before it can hit him.

“Rape me then if you’re so eager to do it,” he hisses. “I will not submit or be claimed by you or anyone!”

Victor releases a low growl, grabs Yuuri’s left ankle and drags him closer until he’s slotted between the omega’s legs. He peels off his still damp dress shirt and trousers without hesitation.

Yuuri feels his heart loud in his ears as he watches the alpha undress. Unable to look away as the other man loses the last piece of covering, exposing his need for Yuuri to see. His need for him. Something in Yuuri’s stomach twists. Something in the very core of what he is right now—a bare omega in the sights of an alpha—forces a soft whine from his lips.

Victor closes the gap between them, first a touch of thighs, followed by brushing dicks, hips, chests, until Victor’s mouth presses against Yuuri’s neck once more with his teeth. Grazing the soft flesh gently, letting out a low and needy growl as their scents mingle.

Yuuri whimpers when his body reacts, pulse racing as the warmth of the alpha’s body threatens to cage him. He feels the heat pool near his groin and his eyes widened at his own desire. He tries to push the alpha off of him. “No…” His effort is weak. It’s as though all strength has left him. No, it was more than that. His body didn’t want to fight.

Lord Nikiforov chuckles. “So the literature was right. Stimulating an omega’s glands will arouse them, perhaps trigger heat symptoms.”

Yuuri glares, his cheeks burning red, as Victor grabs his trembling hand and presses canines to the gland on the omega’s wrist, grazing there too. The omega whimpers louder and squirms as the heat increases, travelling from his groin to his chest, his limbs, everywhere. It’s almost too much and Yuuri gasps when he feels the trickle of slick escape his body. “Nooo,” he cries. This isn’t right. This isn’t how it’s supposed to work. He’s not in heat, he shouldn’t be producing slick now, not for weeks. “W—wait, something’s not right!” he stammers.

The alpha stiffens, the scent hitting his nostrils. He growls, left hand trailing down Yuuri’s body, spreading his thighs further apart, exploring, touching. Finger dipping into the cleft of the omega’s ass and collecting the slick before pushing the digit inside.

Yuuri’s back arches trying to escape the intrusion. He squirms, legs fidgeting against the white satin. The lord puts his full weight atop the omega to stop the fretting. His finger digs deeper, down to the last knuckle before he pulls it free only to force it in again.
Lips hastily crash against Yuuri’s throat. Hard and demanding. Sucking, close to his gland.

Yuuri cries out when Nikiforov breaks away. The alpha’s voice a deep growl. “You’re my omega. Mine.” Yuuri feels like he’s in heat and nothing makes sense anymore. The alpha lord pushes a second then third finger inside him, stretching him open. He can’t breath. He can’t. “You will carry my pups. Every single one of them.”

Yuuri needed to calm his alpha.

The omega’s hand finds the gland on the lord's neck. It’s close enough that he can press his nose against it. His mind rolls from the scent. His thoughts scatter. He can’t give up this easily. He didn't fight tooth and nail all these days for naught. “I’ll carry your pups. I’ll carry them, just please wait for my heat. Please…” The alpha stills. The fingers leave his body, the heat fizzling ever so slightly.

Yuuri feels he can breathe again if only for a second. And he does. Taking slow deep breaths. Filling his lungs with air. It had worked. It had worked. Now he could take his time and plan something proper. None of the rash stupid things he’d been doing. No destruction. No running. Something to really make the alpha return him to the agency. To be free.

The alpha lord moves slightly, his face hovering above Yuuri’s. “Agreed?” Yuuri asks, seeking reassurance. “To wait until my heat?”

The alpha growls. The air suddenly tingling with their joined scents once more. “No. I won’t let them take you from me.” He moves forward.

The omega has barely a second to acknowledge what’s happening before he feels the alpha’s thick dick rub against the slick he’s producing, press against his ass, then push inside him.

Yuuri screams.

Chapter End Notes

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Myka: myka-writes.tumblr.com

Our other works

Myka
Blue Echo
Waka Gashira

dia_dove
Such is Life
Signs of Love Series
When the heavy door shuts close. Yuri releases a shuddering breath. “What will happen to him?” he dares asks.

His alpha meets his gaze, snatches his hands and starts down the foyer towards the hall. “None of our business,”

“I didn’t kidnap him! I only saw him outside!”

“I know. I believe you.”

Yuri breathes a sigh of relief. His legs moving in quick succession trying to keep up with his alpha’s long strides. “You’re going too fast, could you please slow down?”

Otabek stops and lets go. “Sorry. It’s just…” Yuri bites his lower lip at his alpha’s gaze. “You could have gotten hurt out there. I’m just glad you didn’t.”

Yuri feels a bit of warmth in his chest. “Does that mean you will bed me tonight then?”

Otabek tsks. A quick snap of lips. He takes one steps towards Yuri and towers over the petite omega. “No. Just go to your chambers.” He gives his back to Yuri and starts down the long hall.

Yuri feels the fire within blossom. He runs and snatches his alpha’s hand, stopping him from leaving. “Why do you refuse to bed me?” Yuri cries in a desperate gasp. “Am I not the omega you chose? Aren’t I here to be bred and carry your pup?! Is there something wrong with me?”

Otabek remains still as Yuri says his piece. His eyes unflattering from the small body shaking and begging in front of him.

“Tell me what I’ve done wrong so that I can fix it!” Yuri’s mind flashes with all the possible mistakes he could have made since he’s arrived. Was his tone wrong? Was he dressed strange? Did he smell weird?

No. Fuck. He knows he’s perfect. He’s been trained to be perfect. Yuri is the best an alpha can get. He’s been told it a million times already. So how was it that THE Victor Nikiforov was chasing after his disobedient pig of an omega through the woods while Otabek would hardly look in Yuri’s direction. It’s not fair!

The omega curls his hands into frustrated fists. “Please, alpha. Tell me what I can do better!”

“Is that the only thing you want from this life?” Otabek closes the small space between them.
Grabbing both of Yuri’s arms hard. Fingers curling and pressing into the pale skin. “Is this all you want? To be fucked by me? To feel my pup growing inside you? Give it life? Give it to me? Then leave to do it again with another alpha then another?”

Yuri’s eyes brim with tears. “I am omega! The purpose of my life is to give live to others. As many times as it is required of me. With as many alphas as—”

Yuri hushes when Otabek suddenly leans down and kisses him. The tingling igniting between them. It’s a callous kiss. Heedy and needy.

Yuri feels it to the very core of his omega. All the way down between his legs, until slick drips down his thighs.

Otabek breaks the kiss. His voice deep and growly. “Do you think it will be like this with every alpha you bed? Every alpha that takes you to their chamber and spreads your legs to use you as an incubator.”

Yuri slaps Otabek. “Your words are blasphemy! It is my duty in life to receive any alpha’s seed with honor and pride!”

“Pride? You think this is pride?” The alpha lets out a hard laugh lost in a frustrated growl.

Yuri approaches and grabs Otabek’s hand. “Please…” Yuri whines as droplets of slick travel down his legs. “I do not know if it will feel like this with other alphas. It is not my place to ask.” His fingers reach out. “But right now I feel you do wish me to be here. I feel that I do things wrong in your eyes no matter how hard I try.” He meets the Otabek’s eyes. “So please do not continue to make me feel unwanted.” Yuri leaves no space between their bodies. He rubs his scent on the alpha as much as he knows how. “Or is it that you want another alpha to place their claim on me first?”

Otabek growls.

A primal guttural sound.

He hoists Yuri off from the floor in an easy sweep. Yuri yipes, legs flying in the air. His nose coming closer to the alpha’s neck, the scent increasing the warmth all over. “If to be claimed is what you want. I will show you the duty of an alpha.”

Yuuri releases a soft whine.

Otabek heads to his chamber. Carrying the petite omega in his arms.

Yuuri’s back arches upwards. As if his entire body is trying to run away.

The pain is intense and immediate. There is no pleasure in it. Nothing but a blinding burn like he’s being broken and a desperate ache as he screams.

He feels every inch of the alpha’s cock as it pushes inside him and spreads him open. His entire body freezing in place, terrified that any movement would increase the pain.

“Please…” It’s hard to find his voice even as the alpha finally stills on top of him, fully sheathed inside. “Please…”

His entire body trembles. The heat is suffocating him. Burning every inch where their skin makes contact. Yuuri tries to push the alpha off of him, but Victor quickly grabs his hands and pins them to
the bed.

“You are my omega.”

Yuuri feels as if the words themselves are trying to burn him too. He can’t even form a single thought before the alpha’s tongue runs across his neck. The alpha pulls out of him a few inches just to push back in. Yuuri bites down hard on his lip, willing the pain away. But it’s hard. Something inside of him clenches on to every inch, every push. Something inside him revels in a certain bliss that both confuses and scares him.

The fear surpasses the bliss as Victor moves once more, rolling his hips and grunting as his mouth latches onto Yuuri’s skin.

“S— stop!” The alpha lord nibbles at his skin and Yuuri feels the push of pheromones around them. He knows they are meant to soothe him, to force him to comply, but there is no relief. No escape as the alpha starts pounding into him. Yuuri can’t stop the cries that fill the room or the tears that stream down his cheeks.

“Don’t…” Yuuri squeezes his eyes shut. “It hurts. I’m frightened.” He shakes, visibly shakes. He doesn’t know why he thinks the alpha lord will listen. He never listens. The lord doesn’t care about Yuuri. He doesn’t care about who Yuuri is so long as Yuuri can carry a child in his womb. “I’m scared, Victor. Please stop, please…”

The alpha suddenly stills over him. The strength of his grip weakens. Yuuri feels the heavy weight lift from his form.

“Why are you fighting me? What are you so afraid of?” The alpha’s voice cracks.

Just the slightest movement from Victor sends a wave of pain through Yuuri. Yuuri whimpers, lips trembling as he looks upon the alpha’s face. “You!” Yuuri yells with every ounce of his being. “You’re hurting me! All you do is hurt me…” He can barely keep his breath. The pain is unbearable. The humiliation is unbearable.

Lord Nikiforov’s eyes are wide, his brow furrowed. Distress is written on his face. Distress with hint of disgust.

The pain in his lower body suddenly eases as the alpha lord pulls out of him. Yuuri dares a glance, his heart beats wildly in his chest.

The alpha reaches to touch Yuuri’s cheek, but Yuuri flinches away as he blinks away tears. The next thing he knows, he’s alone in the bed. The alpha lord putting on a robe and quickly leaving without saying another word.

Yuuri rolls to his side before he can think, pulling the covers around him to cover himself, and truly starts weeping.

“S— stop!” Victor holds Yuuri’s hands down against the bed, leans close to him and tries to ease the omega’s pain with his pheromones, but there is no relief. The omega doesn’t stop screaming. He doesn’t stop crying. Victor can’t control him. He tries to push a little deeper into the omega. He tries to combat the pain with pleasure, no longer caring about his original purpose for snatching the omega out of the tub. He just wants him to stop!

The omega cries out, face turning red as he gasps.
Victor aches. His heart clenches inside his chest. His stomach turns in disgust. Disgust at himself. Disgust at what he’s doing.

This face on the omega. This wide eyed look like a prey caught by a beast. He’s seen it a dozen times before. Every time Victor would try to soothe, everytime he tried to get closer the omega’s face would twist into this expression of absolute fear. Why? Why can’t this omega understand that this is just how things are. This is how they must be? This is what Victor has been taught his entire life. An omega was supposed to enjoy this. They were supposed obey and make him feel good.

But this omega, this… Yuuri... He—

“Why are you fighting me? What are you so afraid of?” Victor feels a hard knot in his throat. He searches Yuuri’s eyes for an answer. Surely there is something wrong with the omega. Something not right in his head. There has to be a reason for all this fear.

“You!”

The omega’s word hits him like a sledgehammer.

“You’re hurting me! All you do is hurt me…”

Victor’s body goes rigid. Victor can’t look away from the omega. From those brimming eyes full of tears that burn into his mind and shattered his heart into a million tiny pieces.

Victor pulls out.

Wrong. This is wrong. The alpha in him hurts too. It whimpers as his omega flinches away in terror. Even when Victor tries to reach out. Tries to touch him gently and let him know it’s okay. Yuuri whimpers in fear.

The alpha stands, practically throwing himself off the bed and as far away from the omega as he can get. He grabs his robe and exits the room without a word. Shuffles down the hall, barely able to stand as a sharp pain in his chest almost causes him to double over. He takes sharp shallow breaths. One hand clasped over his chest while the other presses against the stone wall for support. A wave of nausea hits him violently. The taste of bile sours his mouth and the feeling of something heavy sits in the pit of his stomach.

“Lord Nikiforov?” A servant approaches him slowly. “Are you unwell—”

Victor pushes past the man without responding, making a line for the nearest door. He needs air, air and room to think.

That omega he… what he had said was… was not right? No, this omega was just untrained and uneducated, Victor knows this… but to speak such nonsense to his alpha? An omega is meant to only obey. An omega is only meant to carry pups. An alpha is meant to command. An alpha gives life. Even the the most foolish of omegas know their place in this world. Any other omega would give anything to be in Yuuri’s place.

Victor pauses. The omega’s face flashes before his eyes, taunting him with that heart sinking stare and those terrified eyes.

It feels wrong. Did he really cause the terror in those eyes?

Maybe his father was right all along. Victor is cursed. Maybe waiting so long to bed an omega has cursed him. He should have listened to Chris when he said to take one of the agency trained omegas.
Should have listened to his father when he said he was too old to breed proper pups.

Perhaps it would be better after all to return this omega and get a proper one.

Perhaps it would be easier.

But...

After being inside that warmth. After claiming what was his to claim. How could he think of having anything else?

Chapter End Notes

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