Find Me! Keep Me!

by Ars_Matron

Summary

At a certain age, if an alpha or omega had yet to be mated they were required to enter a mating hunt at least once. Many things dictated how long someone could wait before they were bullied into spending a week on the hunting grounds. Careers, overall health, and schooling were some of the factors that one could call on to keep them out of the arena. At twenty three and recently graduated, Yuuri could no longer keep the arena off his back. He would have to participate and hope for the best. But he had a plan! Find a good enough hiding spot that no alpha would ever find, and ride out the induced heat week on his own. At the end of the week he would walk out, a free omega. And maybe one day, he’d find the alpha meant for him.

On his own terms.

Viktor was a romantic at heart, but after twenty seven years of trying to find a mate on his own, he finally took the time from his career as a world class skater to participate in the mating hunt. Finding an omega to care for during their heat would soothe his broken soul, and if he was very lucky the omega may agree to be his mate.

Though all he really wanted was to find true love.

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YOI Omegaverse Week Day Two!
Mating Run/Hunt!
DAY TWO! DAY TWO!

Couple things to start! Everyone signs like a buttload of forms to keep things legal and consensual here. There's testing and stuff that go on to make sure everyone is going to be safe by the end of the hunt. And the tracker bracelets are able to identify if an omega is in pain and needs extracting, even if they can't press them for help! All this said before you read, so you can go in with the knowledge that everyone is safe and happy. Most people really enjoy the Hunts, and will sign up many times if they don't find mates the first time.

I don't think there's anything else to worry about...I hope you guys enjoy the story!!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Yuuri wished he could be as excited as the other omegas. Really, he did.

They bounced around the room. Eager to go out into the arena and begin the construction of their nests. And yes, that part did appeal to Yuuri. If there was one thing that Yuuri loved more than anything it was a well constructed nest. And he already knew what he wanted. To find a hollowed out tree and cram himself inside. There would be no room for an alpha to get in with him. Just him, and a bunch of blankets, and maybe a few squirrels.

That’s how he was going to spend the week.

After a certain age, if an alpha or omega had yet to be mated they were required to enter an arena at least once. Many things dictated how long someone could wait before they were, not forced but more like bullied, into spending a week on the hunting grounds. Careers, overall health, and schooling were some of the factors that one could call on to keep them out of the arena.

At twenty three Yuuri couldn’t call on the last one any longer. His recent graduation from college would show up on every record in whatever state or country he happened to be in. He had vaguely considered feigning an illness. But he would have needed a doctor’s note. Even if he had gotten clearance from this run he would have had to make up for it in the next one…which would have been the winter hunt.

If there was one thing that sounded worse than being hunted through the woods by horny alphas, it was having to do that in the cold and snow.

So Yuuri had filled out the paperwork. Choosing to travel to the arena in Europe instead of staying closer to home. The closest one to Japan was actually in China. If worse came to worse and Yuuri ended up being mated by an alpha. He wanted to be able to pull the ‘I can’t move so far away from’ card that he had up his sleeve.

No alpha needed to know that he had been studying for the past four years in a completely different country than his family. At the end of the week Yuuri still got the choice to walk away, so long as his reasons met the qualifications for refusal. The one that stipulated omegas didn’t have to move away from their families, was technically set up so that foreign alphas couldn’t rip omegas from their homes.

Yuuri had just stumbled on a happy loophole.

That’s how Yuuri found himself in France, in the European arena. Surrounded by willowy omegas with light colored hair and jewel-like eyes. He wasn’t the only omega there of Asian descent…they were simply very few of them in comparison. Any alpha that did come across Yuuri would probably be disappointed that he too wasn’t long limbed and golden.

Which was all the better, really.

He sipped his glass of wine from his perch in the corner. The joy and excitement of the others washing over him in annoying, bouncy waves. Here and there someone would approach him. Ask if he was as happy as everyone else. And leave, frowning, when he didn’t have much to say.
It was hard to not feel like a disappointment. Even if Yuuri didn’t want the attention, did want to be there.

Yuuri had wanted to find a mate on his own. Really he did. He had been a dance major in school. And all the alphas he seemed to meet were nothing but knothead jocks who catcalled him at every turn. Or the cringe worthy ‘Good Alphas’, who seemed to think sympathising with Yuuri over the disgusting behavior of their peers entitled them to Yuuri’s time and affection.

The result was always that Yuuri would hide away in his room for a week straight, eating his fill of ice cream and cheese drenched burgers until he felt better about life. If not about himself.

Now finals were over. Yuuri hadn’t heard back from any of the dance companies in America, though there were promising positions in Japan and even, funny enough, France. He wasn’t ill. There was no more schooling left for him to do. And he had no budding career to work on.

So there he was. Standing in the reception room of the European Arena, three glasses of wine in and listening the droning of the welcoming committee with only half an ear.

And despite the chipper atmosphere of the omegas getting ready for the hunt, and the pleasant, helpful betas who ran the arena. Yuuri was not at all excited to be there.

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Viktor was so excited he could just pop!

Like every other alpha in the large, den-like quarters of the alpha building, Viktor was literally vibrating with excitement. He was so ready to be out there! To look at his bower, to see if any omegas left him a scent to follow.

He had made it with everything he had, poured all of himself that he could in its construction. The only things the alphas were allowed to bring from homes for their dens were small trinkets. Nothing that could be harmful. Just tiny bits and bods that they could attach to their shelters to draw attention from omegas.

Viktor had brought along all of his medals from skating. He had been a professional skater since he was child, so there were quite a few. A whole tote bag full, to be exact. Viktor had used them to tie his canvas and hide structure to the stakes, as well as looped them around poles and through anything he could. The result was that there were several gold and silver medals that caught the light and made a pleasant series of chiming tones in the breeze. It was bound to attract an omega to him.

Viktor stretched out on the soft sofa, sipping his drink. What would his omega be like? Maybe when he got to his den there would be gifts left by several omegas. And we he could inspect them. Smell out the one that was meant to be his! Images of happy little omegas flitted through his head. Bright eyed, smiling omegas with dispositions as sweet as their scents!

At his core, Viktor was a romantic. What he wanted most was to find love. To meet the person that could be his mate for life. But at twenty seven he finally had to come to terms with reality. The dream that he would simply stumble across his true mate on the streets, or some hidden part of the word, became less likely with each passing year.

So he had bitten the bullet and entered into the arena. With any luck he would find an omega in the
woods to take care of through their heat. If he was very lucky, they would agree to become his mate at the end of the week.

And if not... well then he would have to keep trying until it worked.

Viktor sighed, downing the rest of his drink. There just had to be someone out there for him.

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Yuuri had found the perfect tree! There was a bowl large enough for him to crawl inside. Not too snug as to be cramped, flat enough for him to lay out the bedding for the nest. And was relatively clear of all the creepy crawly things that would have made life in a tree unbearable.

The search for the tree had been agonizing, though. Before setting the omegas lose in the arena, the beta workers had ‘gotten them ready’. Yuuri had been instructed to bathe and change into a loose fitting robe of soft white cotton. It was thick and warm, and Yuuri had actually enjoyed that part of it. It was the next part that had brought home just how real this whole thing was. Yuuri was injected with a fast acting, and very potent, contraceptive. Given a tracking bracelet that he couldn’t remove, even if he wanted to, that allowed him to communicate with the beta assigned to him during the week. He could use it to ask to be removed from the arena at any time. No questions asked. No matter if an alpha had found him or not. Of course early extraction counted as a failure to complete his trip there, and in no time he would just back in the arena again.

But it helped to make him feel a little bit more in control. Right up until the next part.

Before he was allowed to leave the orientation building, his designated beta had given him a slow release heat tablet. He had taken it under their watchful eye and even had to prove to them that he had swallowed it. Then he was pretty much pushed out the door and told to go find his spot.

Calling the heat inducer ‘slow acting’ was probably the biggest understatement ever to be told. He began feeling the panicky effects of pre-heat within fifteen minutes of his search. It had taken another hour to find the tree, not to count the detours he was forced to make every time he passed an alpha’s den.

The betas had told them all about the alpha’s and how they been at the arena for a week already. Setting up their dens and getting a feel for the land. They had given all of the omegas little packs of hermetically sealed kerchiefs that they could scent and leave for the alphas who’s scents and dwellings they liked. Yuuri had secretly planned to pass up every single alpha dwelling he came across.

Until he was standing before a dwelling that sparkled in the sunlight as countless medals of gold and silver swayed in the wind. He wasn’t even sure what had caught his attention. Was it the gentle chiming of the medals? Or maybe the scent, like fine chocolates and warm tea. It didn’t really matter what had drawn him to this spot. Now that he was there, he spent some time admiring the build of it.

Something about the scent eased the growing anxiety that was pressing on him. A part of him simply wanted to curl up inside the dwelling. Build his nest in the alpha’s den. It was a good den too. Sturdy. It looked warm. Plus the alpha had so many pretty things decorating it.

Yuuri shook his head, trying to clear it of the hazy thoughts that were beginning to take over. Thank you very much, heat inducers! His hormones were already starting to get the better of him. The arena
wasn’t set up like that, for omegas to simply enter an alphas den. He could end up angering an alpha by intruding on their territory in such a way. The omegas were only meant to leave tokens to show interest and then the alphas, if they were worthy hunters, would be able to find them.

And there was, admittedly, a small part of Yuuri that wanted this alpha to chase after him. To use their skills as a hunter to track Yuuri. If the alpha was deserving, they should have no trouble finding him. No matter where he ended up.

Yuuri took out one single kerchief. As careful as he could he pulled it out of the plastic wrapper, tucking the cellophane into this pack for the betas to take away later. He rubbed the silky piece of cotton on his wrists and neck. Thanks to the heat pills his scent was much stronger than usual. But he still wanted to make sure that the alpha would notice him. This was a prime dwelling, bound to attract many other omegas. Yuuri had to stand out!

With a quick look around he untied the tent flap and placed his token inside. Noting that even the interior of the dwelling was well set up. The arena was supposed to simulate the way matings had happened in centuries past. The alphas were meant to do all the hunting and gathering to feed themself and an omega for a week. Though with the changing times it had become acceptable for the alphas to rely on the arena for food. After a few cases of food poisoning it was more of a mandate now than a suggestion.

There was a case of water and several coolers that must have held provisions for the week. There was bedding in the corner, though it was not a nest. Yuuri had to fight down the urge to crawl into the sheets and make one. Instead he placed his token on the pillows and quickly left. Tying the tent closed behind him.

It was sometime after that that Yuuri found his tree. Old and tall, and perfect! He contacted the beta through his bracelet right away, and in no time was settling into his nest for the night. They had left him a canteen and a sandwich to make it through the night. He wouldn’t fully go into heat until around midnight, and the sun was only just setting when he finished his food.

There was nothing to do now but get some rest. Try to find sleep as the forest drew dark. Coming to life with the chirps and shrieks of the animals around him. Yes, it was time to rest.

Time to wait.

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By the time they allowed Viktor and the other alphas to leave, after a bath and changing into the clothing provided by the arena of black cotton trousers and matching shirt, Viktor was damn near champing at the bit!

When they gave the alphas the go ahead Viktor had never moved so fast in his life. Nor had he ever felt more charged, and judging by the way the other alphas around him took off, they were feeling much the same.

His chest swelled with pride as he took in his dwelling. Among the flashing charms were tiny bits of cloth. Several sweet scents drifted to him on the gentle breeze, mingling together in a pleasant array as he went about gathering them. He gave each one a good sniff. But there wasn’t one that stood out among the others. Maybe he would just have to take the one with the strongest scent and go with
that? What other choice did he have?

He picked the cord of the tent with half a mind. He would settle down, drink a bottle of water and maybe eat one of those power bars. Then he would pick a scented cloth and head out! Easy peasy!

He took one step into the tent, and froze.

The bundle of scented fabric dropped, forgotten to the floor. Suddenly he was surrounded the most intoxicating scent he had ever encountered. It wrapped around his very soul, rose the small hairs on his neck and arms. If not for the high intensity rut suppressant they had administered to all of the alphas, Viktor was sure he would have gone into rut on the spot. Pre-heat was evident in the scent. Among ripe peaches, the tantalizing scent of freshly open flowers, and something soft. Like the ocean. It reminded him of home.

As if in a trance, Viktor crossed the small space to the bedding and took up the little kerchief. With a happy sigh he buried his face in the soft fabric, scenting the cloth as deeply as he could. Laced through the scent was worry and anxiety. Not uncommon, for an omega in pre-heat. Even so it struck something deep within him. Some primal part that wanted to rush after this omega and comfort them. The poor thing had probably felt their heat coming on, but had yet to find a dwelling of their own to make a nest!

Without a second thought Viktor was through the tent flap once more, sniffing the air before taking off in the direction of the scent. It was faint. Too faint for his liking. Meaning the little omega had travelled far after leaving Viktor his gift. But he would persevere!

It was mid-morning, the omegas should have gone into heat in the night. The rules of the arena were pretty clear. The omegas were given hours to find their own dwelling place. But if for some reason the omegas had been unable to find something for themselves, then a beta from the arena would assist them before their time ran out.

So why was he so worried that his omega was out there, cold and alone? Shelterless in the throws of a heat where they could be taken by any alpha that crossed their path! Where the worse case scenario was simply that another alpha would find their hiding spot before him.

Viktor would have chided himself for such silly thoughts. But the threat that another would find the omega first was a real possibility. His omega! They were meant to be together, he knew it! Everything inside of him was screaming it!

It was a calling he couldn't ignore.

Different scents carried on the wind as he ran. Never before had he been so attuned to the scents around him. He could tell what direction he would need to turn in order to find which omega’s he sniffed on the air. Some were already being shrouded in alpha pheromones. He didn’t need to be in rut to know that those scents were nothing but trouble. They were the clearest keep away sign that he had ever encountered.

Not that Viktor was interested in challenging those signals. They didn’t lead to the omega he wanted.

He broke through a patch of brambly brush, directly into a shallow stream. But all the nick, scratches…and soggy socks, were worth it as the scent grew stronger. Once he stumbled out of the water Viktor found himself in a clearing. Golden sunlight filtered through the leaves above him, haloing the tree before him.

There was nothing special about it. The tree was obviously old. Its gnarled branches heavy with
foliage, with roots that stretched out far and wide. Viktor picked his way over the twisted stumps to the base of the tree. It was the only thing in the clearing, and the scent of his omega was definitely coming from nearby.

He circled the tree before coming face to face with something...just a bit strange. Well, that’s if one thought a canvas tarp covering a massive hole in the side of an old tree was strange. To Viktor, it was the best thing he had ever seen. The scent was so strong there that he could taste it, like nectar on his tongue.

Gently, so as not to startle the tree’s occupant, Viktor pulled the canvas back. His breath catching as he first took sight of the omega. Even if all he could see was a mop of messy black hair.

The poor thing was curled into a mound of blankets, their face pressed into a pillow. Even so they were the most adorable, most perfect omega Viktor had ever seen. This sentiment was only heightened when the omega turned to look at him. Blinking large eyes of a deep amber against the sudden glare. He made a noise very much like a cat startled from his nap before pressing his face back into the pillow and whining.

“Oh! Hey, hey. It’s okay. We’ll just...” Viktor looked around the inside of the tree...or what he could see of it. “Your nest seems to be a bit small, little one.”

The omega huffed, wiggling around to bury himself further into the blankets. Viktor couldn’t help but chuckle. The little scamp! He had probably made the nest too small on purpose. Which only left one option for Viktor.

He had to bundle up his omega and carry him back.

Not an easy feat. He was in between waves of his heat for now. Viktor had no way of knowing when the last one had ended, or the next one would start. Carrying an omega in the throws of a heat around other hunting alphas was going to be dangerous. They would become a target. Viktor had hoped to avoid such encounters. But he would do what must be done to get his omega safely back to his dwelling.

Viktor reached out slowly, running a hand through the omegas silky hair. Tugging out a few tangles as gently as he could. Deep in his chest he started up a low, rumbling croon. “My name is Viktor. What’s yours?”

The amber eyes were back. Though they shone in the light Viktor couldn’t ignore the haziness of the glance. As though he was having trouble focusing on Viktor. Which was understandable. Omegas in heat didn’t usually have the best attention spans. Nor were they overly vocal. “Yuuri.” Yuuri’s voice was soft, wispy.

Viktor frowned. “Yuuri, did the beta’s leave you water?” Yuuri nodded. “Will you get it out for me and drink some?” Yuuri nodded again, rummaging around in the blankets until he came back up with a bottle of water. He sat up a little and drank a bit, causing the knot in Viktor’s chest to ease. This was why it was important for the alphas to find them. When in the middle of a heat, or a rut for that matter, it was difficult to remember to do things like eat and drink.

“That’s very good, Yuuri. Now, I know you won’t like this, but I need to move you.”

“No! My tree!” Yuuri fell back into the blanket mountain, making soft angry noises that just sounded like ‘My tree, my tree!’ over and over again.
Viktor sighed. “I know, but I have to, Yuuri. I can’t fit in the tree with you.” Viktor smirked, leaning into the hollow. “Did you do that on purpose? Such a naughty omega!”

Yuuri’s twitching stopped, a single eye peeked out guiltily.

“I thought so. Well, I found you. Now we’re going back to my tent. You remember it, right. All the shiny medals. You left me this.” Viktor held up the cloth, handing it over when Yuuri made a grabby hands for it.

He took it into his small hand, bringing it up to his face. “Oh!” Yuuri squeaked. He must have finally be able to fully catch Viktor’s full scent. He looked up at Viktor with something akin to peace on his lovely face. “Alpha, remember.” He said sagely, before giving a mighty yawn and closing his eyes. Snuggling up with the bit of cloth that now smelled more of Viktor than himself.

Viktor laughed softly. “Well, that makes this a little easier.” If he was sleeping, then he probably wasn’t about to hit a wave any time soon.

Yuuri hummed faintly in his sleep, as Viktor took in the nest. It was mostly just blankets. The hollow of the tree wasn’t actually big enough for anything elaborate. It appeared that Yuuri had just placed several blankets on the base of the hole and rucked around in them until they were in a the position he liked the best. Then he just threw the rest of the blankets on top of himself.

Sighing deeply, Viktor took two of the blankets from the top. Careful to not bother Yuuri in the process. He laid the blankets on the ground, one on top of the other. It should be thick enough to keep Yuuri warm. Heats raised the body’s temperature, making omegas feel much colder than they should. Even on such a pleasant day as that one.

It also had the double purpose of masking some of Yuuri’s scent. Whether he went back into heat before they reached Viktor’s dwelling or not. His scent was very strong now, and Viktor wanted to keep any unwanted attempts on his omega to a minimum.

Viktor went back to the tree. Yuuri was fully asleep now, hugging his arms to his chest. Viktor tucked his arms under Yuuri’s petite frame, hoisting him securely in his arms. Yuuri wiggled until he face was pressed into Viktor’s shoulder. Yuuri started trembling almost instantly as the slightly cool breeze touched his heat warmed skin.

“Shh, It’s okay, little one. I’ve got you. Let’s get you bundled up.” Viktor carried him to the blankets, laying him out in the centre and wrapping the edges over him tightly. “Up you go!” Viktor hoisted Yuuri back into his arms, grateful that Yuuri didn’t wake in all the commotion. He pressed his face into Viktor’s chest in his sleep. Completely unfazed by the whole ordeal.

Now for the hard part. Retracing his steps would be easy enough. He definitely remembered where his dwelling was. Definitely! And once he got closer he’d be able to smell it…..Right?

Yes, yes, certainly so. He was an alpha! He had an omega to think of! He could do anything!

He headed back towards the stream. He had most certainly come from that direction. After that it would be as easy as tracing his way back. Looking for familiar markers. Like that broken branch that split at such a strange angle. Or that rock. Odd that he would remember a rock, of all things. But there it was, still shaped like Yakov’s head. Felt hat and all.

Viktor clutched Yuuri tightly to his chest, hiding his smile in soft black hair. This was going to be easier than he thought. His joyful mood carried him through most of the way back to his tent. Yuuri had hidden himself pretty well. He was far enough away from any major sources of water, or the
prime flatlands that the alphas preferred.

All the better to survey the land around them. To keep them and their families safe from intruders and wild animals.

But that meant the closer to the clearings Viktor got the more scents bombarded him. Not all of them the mix of an alpha and omega pair. Some were lone alphas. Still trying to find an omega of their own to track and take away. It was more a matter of when, and not if Viktor ran into another alpha on his way back.

So when he heard it. The deep, threatening growl behind him. He wasn’t even surprised. Not the least bit taken off guard. Though his hackles did rise. A rush of protectiveness flowed through him. Along with anger. Anger that he had put his omega in this position. That he hadn’t been able to reach his tent before another alpha approached.

But mostly, he was angry towards this other alpha. That they would come after his mate! Challenge Viktor’s claim! In his arms Yuuri whined in his sleep. A spike of anxiety tainting his lovely scent. He was probably picking up on the growls behind them.

And now, Viktor had another reason to be angry!

An answering growl rolled through his chest as he turned to their pursuer. He couldn’t just set Yuuri down! If he and this alpha were to get into a fight then someone else could just come up and take Yuuri away! He couldn’t risk that!

Unfortunately that meant having to win a battle of dominance with an omega in heat bundled in his arms.

He changed his stance just a bit. Splaying his legs a little further and squaring his shoulders to better display their full breadth. He looked the other alpha full in the eyes, allowing his growl to deepen further.

Yuuri squirmed in the blankets. Trapped between two feuding alphas, and in the middle of a heat. He must have been very uncomfortable. Hopefully he could make it until they reached the tent before going into another wave. Oh the last thing they needed was for the surge of alpha pheromones to knock in him one earlier than intended.

The alpha didn’t back down immediately. Viktor feared that would have to think of something else to push them back. But after another minute of Viktor not backing down. Where in Yuuri only burrowed deeper into the blankets, trying to get as close to Viktor as he could. The other alpha stepped back several paces, though not enough to truly be out of sight.

Even a partial back down was something. He could get Yuuri safely to his dwelling. Then, if the rogue showed back up he would be able to take care of him properly. Safe in the knowledge that Yuuri was fully in his protection.

Viktor picked up pace after that. It was early enough in the hunt that all the alphas were still in pursuit mode. No one had messed with his tent while he was away. Though he had not stopped to refasten the tent, it didn’t appear that any of his supplies were missing. Even all his blankets were still folded where he had left them.

An ill prepared alpha might have snuck in while he was gone and tried to take them. Luckily, his Yuuri would have plenty of material for his nest. A soft snore emanated from the blankets. Viktor chuckled to himself as he laid Yuuri down in the bedding.
Yes, there was plenty for him to nest in. When he woke, that was.

Viktor ran a hand through Yuuri’s hair a few times. He could have spent all day simply looking at him. Or looking out for him. But now that he was settled, there were things around the dwelling Viktor needed to see to. He needed to lay out a parameter. Mark the territory to deter rogues.

Maybe even make a few quick traps. Just in case.

There would be time to bask in his Yuuri’s presence. Once he made their home safe.

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Everything was so nice.

So comfortable. And it smelled amazing! It was sweet, like tea and chocolate swirled together. Yet it was also a strong scent. I wrapped around him. Blanketing him in protection.

The only problem was, Yuuri was cold.

No matter how he twisted or turned in the bedding, he couldn’t seem to get warm. The nice scent belonged to an alpha, whom Yuuri could almost remember. Silver hair, blue eyes, a kind smile. He had spoken to Yuuri calmly. Touched him with careful, tender hands. Yuuri could remember that much, if not much else. The alpha had made him feel safe. Even if his presence had meant that Yuuri would have to give up his tree.

His tree!

Yuuri’s eyes flew open, taking in everything around him. This was definitely not his tree. It was too big! Too open! His tree had been snug. Why wasn’t he snug any more?

“Hey, hey. Come now, little one. What’s all the fuss, huh?” Suddenly the alpha was at his side, cooing softly and rubbing his hands, and thus his scent, all over Yuuri.

Yuuri took a few minutes to try and suss out exactly what it was that was bothering him. It was important to tell his alpha just what was wrong so he could fix it. He gathered up his hazy thoughts, looked the alpha straight in the eyes and said. “Big!” In what he hoped was a sage tone, but it came out as a sad pout instead. His brow furrowed. That wasn’t quite what he had wanted to say. It didn’t impart the magnitude of emotions he was feeling.

He tried again.

“Empty!” Yes that was it! It wasn’t that it was too big. No, no! His tree had been snug. Why wasn’t he snug any more?

The alpha’s expression softened, his scent growing stronger to help calm Yuuri. He rested his weight on the bedding, gathering Yuuri in his arms to hold close. “There, there now. I know you miss your tree. But I’m here. I’ll keep you safe.” He ran a hand through Yuuri’s hair. “Do you remember me?”

Yuuri nodded. He was the alpha from the tree. He was pretty and he smelled nice.

“That’s good, that’s good. Do you remember my name?”
Yuuri tilted his head to the side thoughtfully before shaking it. He couldn’t remember much other than the alpha had made his tree too bright.

“It’s Viktor. Or Vitya, if you like it better.”

Oh! Yes, Viktor! “Alpha Vitya.” Yuuri cooed happily, nuzzling into Viktor’s neck. Yes he remembered that now.

“Yes, Yuuri, I’m going to be your alpha. At least for a little while. And don’t you worry, my little love. There’s plenty of things to remake your nest.”

Yuuri pulled back a little to look around him. He had been so stressed about the loss of his tree before that he hadn’t even noticed the mounds of blankets and things alpha Viktor had for nesting. He crawled out of Viktor’s lap and set to it. There were so many thing! Soft in both color and texture. He took a few moments simply to feel everything.

It was heaven.

As the looped the blankets together. Determined to weave the best nest he possibly could. One thought dance through Yuuri’s hazy mind as he worked.

Viktor was the best alpha in the world!
Bound in Love

Chapter Summary

Day six prompt! Bonding/Marking (Soulmates, truemates)

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to throw in a disclaimer here at the beginning. If you're new to omegaverse worlds please know that heats aren't necessarily sexual. Yes, omegas in heat and alphas in rut want sex, they don't have to have it though. Heats and ruts can be soothed by friends and families, people who's scents you wouldn't associate with anything sexual.

So when Yuuri' says that he's spent heats with Mari and Phichit, these were not sexual things (Unless you want to assume that Yuuri and Phichit fooled around, which you are welcome to)

Please enjoy the fluff and smut!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bound in Love

Yuuri was quick at constructing a nest. Viktor had watched in amazement as Yuuri, still in a daze, wove a lovely nest with skilled efficiency. He then curled into the centre, reaching for Viktor with small hands, and as soon as Viktor was curled securely around him, Yuuri had fallen back to sleep.

A part of him worried that Yuuri might be sleeping too much...how much did an omega sleep in heat? He...probably should know that. He'd probably learned somewhere in high school. Some home-ec class that taught him how to be a good alpha to his mate. But the gently purring omega in his arms had to be a sign that he wasn't doing too bad.

Viktor had taken care of the area surrounding his dwelling. Heavily scenting not just the tent, but the surrounding trees and boulders to ward off unwanted company. He'd taken all of the scented fabric from his tent, grateful that Yuuri hadn't noticed them, and he quickly buried them all outside. Making sure that he hid them close enough to his tent to keep a rogue alpha from just digging them up again. Those omegas had left tokens for Viktor, he wouldn't betray that trust by leaving a trail for an alpha they didn't want to follow.

But all of that was done rather quickly, and there wasn’t much for him to do after that but wait. Wait for Yuuri to wake. For him to need Viktor as more than a living blanket, a title he was very willing to accept. He’d lay there for days if it was what his Yuuri wanted. The only problem was he couldn’t wind down. There was far too much to think of, so his mind wandered. And try as he might to reel in his thoughts, he couldn’t help but think of what could be.
He imagined a future with Yuuri at his side. Bringing him to St Petersburg, introducing him to Makkachin and the other skaters. Yakov, he was sure, would love Yuuri. He’d wanted Viktor to settle now for a while, certain that Viktor needed the added stability of a mate. If any alpha realized the importance of finding and keeping a mate, it was probably Yakov. Yakov worried that he was lonely. That his life was too focused on work. They never said it, but both knew Viktor didn’t have many years of competitive skating left.

If Viktor could be so lucky as to have Yuuri as his side, leaving the ice didn’t seem so devastating. Not if bright amber eyes and a lovely smile were waiting for him.

Of course, he didn’t know what Yuuri even did. Did he have a career? Was he in school? Maybe he had a family nearby he wouldn’t want to leave. Viktor ran his gaze over Yuuri’s lithe form. His calves and arms were toned, his waist was thin, though there was still a roundness to his hips and a softness to his stomach. He was obviously athletic. Maybe like Viktor he was a dancer. He had the long graceful limbs for it.

Whatever he did in life, whatever he wanted to do, Viktor had but one hope. That At the end of the week Yuuri would allow Viktor to be a part of it. He was so ready to be someone’s mate. So ready to let someone in and share a real life with them.

Viktor pulled Yuuri closer, his hold growing tighter as he buried his face in Yuuri’s lush hair. Yuuri began to purr, a soft little rumble that filled Viktor with such joy. Viktor’s own, much louder pur joined his. Yuuri pressed closer to the thunderous roll, melting even more into Viktor’s arms. This was perfect. Absolute perfection. Viktor wasn’t greedy or pushy like so many alphas he had met.

He couldn’t possibly ask for more than this. If this was all he got, it was enough.

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All the fear, the anxiety, the nervous nagging energy that would always played in the back of Yuuri’s mind telling him how alone and unprotected he was, simply wasn’t there. Heats were never fun. Yuuri had too much stamina to take care of himself alone. He usually spent his heats locked away somewhere with a friend or Mari to help him through. Heats didn’t have to be sexual things. Simply having someone you trusted sit with you, releasing a soothing scent, was enough to calm the raging hormones that could drive one crazy.

Though it was hardly the most satisfying way to spend a heat.

So as the first fiery licks of desire sparked at the base of his spine, Yuuri did what he always did in these situations. He scooted up the body of the alpha next to him, and promptly pressed his face into their neck.

But it wasn’t Mari’s scent of plums and ocean, so calming, so like his own. Nor was it Phichit’s orange spice that always made him feel protected and taken care of. This scent was heavy. Sweet and strong. And with no familial memories attached it, the scent soothed in a way that had Yuuri wanting more. Needing more.

Under him alpha Viktor was sleeping. Yuuri pulled back long enough to admire him. How his silver lashes fanned on his cheeks, fluttering a bit in his sleep. His lips puffing a little with each released breath. They looked so soft. But Yuuri chose to go back to the source of the scent. With each passing
Yuuri rubbed his nose over the gland on Viktor’s neck before taking a tentative lick. Under him Viktor squirmed, to which Yuuri simply slipped a leg on either side of his waist to keep him somewhat still. Satisfied that Viktor couldn’t buck him off, Yuuri went back to his exploration of Viktor’s glands, first one neck then the other.

He tasted as good as he smelled, and with every lick Yuuri grew more heated. Slick began to trickle from him, leaving a tickling cool trail that would have been distracting. Had Yuuri not been occupied with tasting every inch of Viktor he could.

At some point hands had come to rest on Yuuri’s hips, finding their way under the soft robe Yuuri still wore to dip down and grasp his backside. Yuuri moaned as the first finger slid into him, his back arching as he tried to sink down further. Soon there were lips at his throat, sharp little nips just shy of where Yuuri wanted them. But no matter how he moved, or how much of his neck Yuuri exposed to him, alpha Viktor wasn’t biting his scent gland. He wasn’t even close to it!

In a bid to show him exactly what Yuuri wanted, Yuuri placed his own teeth on Viktor’s scent gland. He was just shy of putting pressure on it when Viktor jerked, and the hand that wasn’t still exploring Yuuri’s body was suddenly at the back of his neck, lifting Yuuri up.

“Hey now, none of that.” Viktor’s voice was firm, a hint of alpha command in it that sparked something deep in Yuuri. Though his eyes were still bright, a small smile curved his lips. “We’ll discuss doing that…later.”

“It’s bad?” Yuuri pouted, his silly alpha made no sense. Biting was good. Being marked was good. They were together, Yuuri wanted everyone to know!

“It’s bad for now. We’ll do it later.” Viktor soothed, rubbing the back of Yuuri’s neck gently.

A purr worked its way through Yuuri again as Viktor’s hands continued to move. An increase in pressure the only indication that Viktor had added another finger to his exploration of Yuuri’s hole. Yuuri gasped as he began to ride Viktor’s fingers with renewed vigor. Between Viktor’s scent, his hand on Yuuri’s neck and his exquisite fingers, Yuuri was already feeling the electric stirring of a climax. But it wasn’t enough. It wasn’t right. He was too hot, and even though he could feel Viktor growing hard beneath him, there was still far too much between them for Yuuri’s liking.

He struggled with the hem of the robe, whining softly when he just couldn’t manage to get out of it. Somehow, it had become stuck halfway over his head. His whines soon turned into yowls and hisses, but he hardly had time to get too flustered, as strong hands lifted the robe over his head to sort him out. Viktor’s soft musical laughter washed over him like a balm.

“There we go. That’s better.” He tossed the robe to the side, and without having to be asked began to take off his own clothing. Yuuri sat back and watched him with hungry eyes. Viktor was a prime alpha indeed. His stomach rippled with muscles, his shoulders were broad and his arms and legs were strong, toned. Then he was removing his trousers, and Yuuri’s focused narrowed.

Viktor was perfect. Beautiful. His cock was long and curved. Already the knot was growing at the base, no doubt in response to Yuuri’s pheromones. As Viktor settled back onto the nest, Yuuri sprang forward. Quick like a cat.

Viktor fell back onto the nest with a small ‘Ooof’ and once he was where Yuuri wanted him, he slid down Viktor’s firm body. Taking Viktor’s cock in his mouth without warning. Viktor was saying something in a language that Yuuri didn’t know. It couldn’t have been too important or Viktor would
Yuuri’s purrs increased. It was very, very good!

Yuuri hummed happily as he ran his tongue along the smooth heated flesh of Viktor’s cock. Slowly raising up to lick along the tip, dipping into the slit there. He relished the feel and taste of Viktor as one might a fine wine.

But no matter how excellent of a specimen Viktor’s cock was, it was doing him little good in his mouth and soon Yuuri pulled off, giving the head one last lick before moving back up Viktor’s chest. Viktor’s face and chest were flushed, his eyes fluttered opened to regard to Yuuri with something akin to adoration. Yuuri gave him a heated smirk, then captured his lips in a kiss. Their first one. Viktor’s lips were just as sweet as his scent.

Soon there were hands at Yuuri’s hips again, keen to resume their slow perusal of his body. But Yuuri wanted more! Using every ounce of strength he had, Yuuri pinned Viktor’s shoulders to the nest to keep him there. Rolling his hips until he found the head of Viktor’s cock, Yuuri sunk down on him in one fluid motion. All so quickly, Viktor had barely been able to say his name in confusion before his head was rolling back, a uninhibited, full throated moan ripping through him.

Yuuri sat back, gasping, waiting for the dull pinch of the sudden fullness to fade. Though he was slick enough there was no pain exactly. Just something to adjust to. Which, thanks to the heat, didn’t take long.

Yuuri set up a swift, even pace. Viktor babbled a string of nonsense words that eventually flowed into praises and prayers that Yuuri could understand. A litany of Yuuri’s name, as though Viktor were worshipping at his altar. Viktor’s hands found their way back to Yuuri, rubbing his hips, grabbing the back of his neck, until one found Yuuri’s neglected cocklet and began to pump him in time.

“Alpha! A-!” Yuuri’s moans turned into high pitched cry as Viktor’s knot breached his hole. The stretch growing with each new thrust. His rolling ride of his alpha soon became shallow bouncing that hit perfectly, stretch and all with each thrust. “Alpha, full! More, more!”

As though he had understood Yuuri’s heat soaked rambling, Viktor’s cock twitched inside him, filling him more than before. A liquid warmth that soothed him, calmed the heat, cooled the raging fires that had bubbled under his skin. And with it came his own release, though it was nearly secondary. Viktor’s knot had been what he needed. Yuuri swayed for a moment, running a hand over his slightly distended stomach. He smiled a small, peaceful smile before falling forward to snuggle into his alpha.

Viktor crooned, a deep vibration that ran through Yuuri’s bones. Settled over and into his chest. “You’re so perfect.” Viktor ran his hands over Yuuri’s back, through his hair. He kissed the top of Yuuri’s head softly. “My perfect Yuuri. So amazing.”

Yuuri made a soft chirp of acknowledgement. Though it was Viktor who was perfect. Such a good alpha. It was the last thought on his mind before a lovely white haze took over and he slept. Safe, sound, secure in Viktor’s arms.

When next he woke they were no longer stuck together. Though Viktor’s knot had gone down they hadn’t moved. When he noticed Yuuri was awake he sat them up to rest Yuuri on his lap before pressing first a bottle of water to his lips, then a some sort of sweet bread. Yuuri did his best to eat and drink, but already there were other things he wanted from his alpha more than food.
Things Viktor wouldn’t let him have though, until he finished the small meal.

And so it went. The heat would rage, fogging Yuuri’s mind, driving him crazy with need. But Viktor was always there right when he needed him. Sometimes taking a firm hand to settle Yuuri in the roughest of hazes. Holding him down as he whispered words of praise and devotion in Yuuri’s ear with each rough, quenching, thrust.

He was there to clean Yuuri up after, to see that he ate, drank, and even found rest. Viktor wrapped Yuuri in a blanket, held him close. He didn’t even miss the tree after that first night. Not when he was just as safe in the cocoon that Viktor had made him.

Between all that, Viktor spoke. He told Yuuri about his life. About his job as a skater, his dog Makka and even his feisty little protege. Who, funny enough, shared a name with Yuuri. He talked and he talked. About everything and anything. Yuuri lay on him, resting his head on Viktor’s chest and he would just listen. Words were too hard sometimes, but Yuuri thought he had been able to impart the important things. A family in Japan, and that he was dancer.

And then one day, it was over. The fog was gone, taking the heat with it. Yuuri stretched, feeling rested and at peace. Perhaps that’s what woke him, that he felt so good. There were the usual aches and pains that one typically acquires after a heat. His sore muscles begged to be stretched properly. Though his limbs hung heavy, strength would return in time. He really only needed a day or two of taking it easy and then he’d be back to normal.

Back….to normal?

But he wasn’t normal anymore. Was he? It wasn’t normal for him to come out of a heat so content. It wasn’t normal for him to wake draped over another body, to rise softly with each of Viktor’s breaths. Normal was finding his strength again on his own. Normal was putting himself back together and carrying on with just his friends and family as usual.

Yuuri’s heart clenched in his chest, suddenly he didn’t want normal. His arms tightened around Viktor’s waist. What did it mean that the thought of just walking away from him in the next day or so sent a shock of panic racing through Yuuri? That the idea of not holding onto Viktor was so abhorrent that Yuuri had to quickly think of something else, lest the pressure behind his eyes turn into something he couldn’t control.

It was common for one’s hormones to be a literal mess right after a heat or rut. Post cycle depression and hysteria were taken very seriously, some people needed medication to even back out. But Yuuri hadn’t dealt with those particular woes since he was a teenager. A gnawing, ceaseless voice in the back of his mind told him that this wasn’t one of those times. This panic stemmed from something else.

Large, strong arms wrapped around him, and Viktor stretched, causing his back to crack. Made all the louder for Yuuri’s ear being pressed to his chest. He winced, Viktor’s poor back! He was pretty sure he’d been using Viktor as a bed for most of the week, leaving him on nothing but the nest. Which, though it was as plush as he could make it with the blankets and pillows at hand. It was still constructed with nothing more forgiving than the hard ground underneath.

Yuuri lifted his head, his blurry gaze taking in clear blue eyes, rumpled silver hair, and the sweetest smile that had ever been directed at him. Yuuri’s cheeks heated, and he ducked his head just a bit, trying to hide the majority of his blush in Viktor’s bare chest. “I-is your back alright?” He asked softly, his voice muffled.

Viktor chuckled, lifting his hands to run through Yuuri’s hair before pulling him forward and kissing
his forehead. “My back has never felt better, my little sun.” Though he groaned as Yuuri settled to rest his cheek against Viktor’s, too tired to wiggle back down to his chest. “I wouldn’t say no to a soak in a hot bath though.”

Yuuri rubbed his cheek against Viktor’s “That sounds nice.” It wouldn’t be onsen, but it sounded heavenly all the same.

“Well then, let's get going. I have a room in the complex,” Viktor paused, his smile fading slightly as he continued in a more cautious tone. “Unless you’d rather get another room.”

Yuuri could almost the ‘without me’ that Viktor didn’t say, but it was there. He wasn’t pushing or plying Yuuri with questions of what he would decide. It was up to him, after all, whether he wanted to continue seeing Viktor. Not that the alphas didn’t get a say, they could refuse a pairing as well if they felt that, after the fact, they wouldn’t be a good match. Yuuri’s heart gave a happy skip, because Viktor seemed just as reluctant for it to be over as he did.

“Your room sounds fantastic.” Yuuri highlighted his point by nuzzling his nose against Viktor’s cheek and purring in peaceful contentment.

Viktor hugged him tighter, whispering something that sounded like ‘Just perfect’ though Yuuri couldn’t be sure. Then he was sitting up and placing Yuuri down on the nest. Viktor rose and went to the side of the tent, taking something white down from a line that ran from one end of the dwelling to another. Yuuri realized that Several articles of clothing, a pair of dark trousers, shirts, and a few soft towels were hanging from the line. The white thing turned out to be Yuuri’s robe from before. He hadn’t even realized when Viktor had constructed the line or put up his clothing.

It was just another way that Viktor had taken care of him. Another thing that helped solidify Yuuri’s decision.

Viktor rolled the robe up, expose the holes for Yuuri’s head and arms. “Arms up!” He chirped merrily. Yuuri complied easily. A giggle bubbling up at Viktor’s playful nature. Once Yuuri was dress Viktor set about gathering his own clothes. Yuuri watched with interest as Viktor slipped into the fitted trousers and shirt that the alphas were provided with. He really was a very handsome man, Yuuri hunched in on himself again, trying to hide another blush. Viktor was beautiful and sweet. And he wanted to be Yuuri’s!

Viktor looked up sheepishly from tying one of his boots. “I, ugh, didn’t find your shoes....I assume they gave you shoes?”

Yuuri laughed softly. “Yeah...They must be in the tree still….”

“Not to worry,” Viktor leapt to his feet, holding his arms wide. “Unless you want to call a beta….”

Yuuri shook his head and held his own arms up to Viktor. Luckily the robe was loose enough that when Viktor lifted him, Yuuri was able to wrap his legs around Viktor’s waist. Leaving him free to bury his face in Viktor’s shoulder. His heat might have been over, but Viktor’s scent was still the best thing he’d ever smelled. It still served to soothe the last of his nerves.

“Comfy?” Viktor asked, rubbing gentle circles on Yuuri’s lower back.

Yuuri hummed, nodding into Viktor’s shoulder. There wasn’t anywhere else he’d rather be.

Viktor carried him all the way back to the complex, keeping up a constant stream of pleasant chatter as he walked. Much like he had throughout the heat when Yuuri was too dazed to add anything to
the conversation. It had become second nature for Yuuri to be lulled by Viktor’s deep voice. Yuuri
tried to keep his eyes opened, focusing on the fields they passes. At the other alpha and omega pairs
that were headed back to the complex. Several alphas were, like Viktor, carrying their omegas.
While a few simply kept a close eye on them as they made their own way on slow, wobbly legs.

Yuuri snuggled further into Viktor. Why would anyone choose to walk when an alpha could carry
them? He much preferred this to walking at the moment. Before he knew it Viktor was stopping and
a bright, chipper voice said. “Ah, Mr Nikiforov, right? I see things went well?”

Viktor’s arms tightened around Yuuri. “Things were….are, amazing.”

“That’s great to hear! And who do we have here?” The beta leaned forward, trying to get a look at
Yuuri’s face. Yuuri turned to them, just enough for them to identify him. “Oh, Katsuki Yuuri? Is that
correct?”

Yuuri nodded as Viktor confirmed it was indeed Yuuri.

“Good, good! Let me just take your tracker bracelet, and the two of you can go get freshened up.”
Yuuri gave the beta his arm, and soon the bracelet was popped off with the help of special key.
“We’ll send someone by with food soon.”

“That would be lovely, thank you.” Viktor beamed, heading off as soon as the beta released Yuuri’s
hand.

“Thank you.” Yuuri called belatedly, but the beta didn’t seem to mind. Already they were greeting
the next couple at the door.

The room they had set Viktor up in was quite nice, though not overly large. A very comfortable
looking bed filled most of the room, a vanity and dresser sat next to it, and a burgundy bag lay in the
corner. Viktor walked briskly through the room and into the adjoining bath. There was a plush
lounge in the corner that Viktor sat Yuuri on to go run the tub.

There were various oils, soaps, and bath salts for them to choose from. Viktor held each one up for
Yuuri to sniff before they both settled on rosewater bath salts with a little minty bubble bath.

Viktor stripped down quickly before helping Yuuri out of his robe once more and into the bath.
Yuuri took up his new favorite spot, clinging to Viktor’s chest, head resting on some part of him.
“This is nice.” Yuuri said softly,

Viktor nodded. “It certainly is.” a deep croon started in his chest, and Yuuri half suspected that
Viktor wasn’t even aware of it.

Melting further into his embrace, lulled by the vibrations running through his lax muscles, Yuuri
purred. “My parent’s onsen is better…. You’ll like it better.”

Viktor’s hands, which had been kneading into Yuuri’s shoulders and down his back, stilled. Then he
was wrapping Yuuri in a tight embrace, his face pressed into Yuuri’s neck. “Oh, my love, my little
star, I know I will.” He pulled Yuuri to look him in the face, his bright eyes shining with wonder,
with unbridled joy. “Are you sure?”

Yuuri nodded, smiling brilliantly.

“We can go slow,” Viktor began nervously. “I will take a vacation, visit your home in Japan.”

“No, I…” Yuuri shook his head and took a deep breath. “Viktor, I want….if you want, that is.”
“Yuuri…?”

“I want you to bond with me.” Yuuri bit his lip, panic threatening to rise on him. It was too soon, wasn’t it? Viktor just stared at him in shock. Oh gods, it was too soon! But it just… “I understand if you don’t.” He started quickly, ducking his head down. “But it just feels-”

“Right.” Viktor supplied before Yuuri could finish. He glanced up into Viktor’s face, no longer in shock, he seemed to glow from some joyous light. “Everything just feels so… right. From the very beginning, when I first smelled your scent. I just had to go find you and protect you. I didn’t even properly close my tent.” Viktor chuckled at the thought. He brought his hands up to cup Yuuri’s face tenderly. “I don’t know why, but being with you feels like….”

“Fate.” Yuuri said with a small, hesitant laugh. “I didn’t want to find anyone. I had plans to just find my tree away from all the alphas and sleep for a week…. But then I was standing before your dwelling, and it was just…right.”

Viktor nodded along, then he paused, giving Yuuri a knowing grin. “I figured you had made your nest there so that an alpha couldn’t join you.”

It was Yuuri’s turn to be embarrassed. “I just…didn’t want to be found.”

“Well, if it wasn’t for your token I don’t think I would have ever found you. Though in time, maybe a rogue would have sniffed you out.”

Yuuri shook his head as best he could, still being caught in Viktor’s grasp. “If anyone else would have come by I would have opted out immediately.” Sure it would mean having to go back and do the whole thing over again. But he would have gladly done so. Again and again. However many times he needed to run through the damn hunt before completing it alone. There were no limits on how many times an omega could opt out. It was one of the many rules that were in place to assure healthy and happy relationships.

Such as the rule against bonding while in the arena. Bonding was permanent. It wasn't something that should be made while fogged by hormones and drunk on pheromones. It was never something that one should go into lightly.

“So, will you? Bond with me? Now that it isn’t against the rules.”

“It would be my honor, Yuuri.” Viktor gathered him in his arms, pulling Yuuri in for a deep, slow kiss that had Yuuri’s head spinning. He hardly noticed when Viktor moved them from the water, only pausing to pat them both dry before he picked Yuuri up once more and carried him to the bed. It was just as nice as it had looked, even more so when Viktor settled over him. Caging Yuuri with his larger body. Viktor’s warmth surrounded him. His hands explored Yuuri’s body in an unhurried pace. No longer needing to rush from the heat. Yuuri moaned into his mouth as Viktor worked him open slowly. His long fingers finding all the right places that had Yuuri shuddering in his arms. Everything was much slower and far more potent. As though Viktor was savoring every taste of Yuuri’s lips, every curve of his body. Ever languid push into Yuuri’s eager, dripping heat. His hands worked Yuuri with exquisite ease. Teasing the buds of his nipples and stroking his cocklet. Soon Viktor ministrations had him tossing his back into the pillows with a broken cry as came between them. Pleasure so pure, so electric pulsed through him. Over and over as Viktor never paused in his gentle, rhythmic rocking into Yuuri.

Bliss lay so heavy over Yuuri’s entire body that he nearly missed the pressure at his neck, the sharp
and sudden pain of Viktor’s teeth as they sunk into him. He gasped, another shuddering orgasm rolling through him as he the bond took hold, right as Viktor’s knot formed.

The pain was quick. There and gone in an instant, leaving only a tingling warmth in its place. Then the slow pulse of something else. Something golden and light. It bubbled and fizzed through Yuuri’s veins. Bright. Buoyant. Yuuri blinked up at the ceiling, realization dawning on him as the warmth suffused him. Settling deep into his bones. It was Viktor’s claim on him. Viktor himself. The merging of their souls.

Viktor tilted Yuuri’s head so that he was looking at him once more. The same shocked wonder that Yuuri felt was mirrored in Viktor’s gaze. He had feared it was too soon to bond, but he had needed. It was certainly too soon to say ‘I love you’. But he felt it. Oh he felt it. Doubled. Echoed back to him on the current that was Viktor. Viktor’s love. His passion, and devotion. All for Yuuri. For them and their future.

If it was too soon to say it, then fine! What were words to what they had? They didn’t need them. Not now that they lived under each other’s skin. Nothing else had ever felt so right. As though some part of Yuuri had been broken his entire life. And only now that he was whole did Yuuri realize what had been missing. His hand shook as he brushed away the tears that had fallen to Viktor’s cheeks, his own rolled unchecked onto the pillows. This was right. Everything he had ever needed. Yuuri laughed deliriously, pulling Viktor close to his chest.

He was ready to go out, to conquer the world.

There wasn’t anything Yuuri couldn’t do, now that he had found his mate.

Chapter End Notes

Hello loves!!
I told you I was still working on Omegaverse Week, and that's exactly what I'm doing XD Suddenly I had sooooo many things to work on!! But I think I've found a good balance for now!
You might have noticed that I've made a new series (Omegaverse Week) please follow it if you're interested in following the stories that haven't been posted yet. (One of which i'm thinking will be a sequel to Made Whole by the Stars, since so many of you asked for another chapter)
I didn't have time to include ALL of the rules of the arena. But lets just say, it's not worth your life to bond with someone in the arena. Major major consequences....we're talking jail time at the least. Alphas can keep omegas from creating a bond bite very easily. But making sure an alpha doesn't bond one reason alphas are given rut suppressants. So that they don't also go into a fog and try to bond, and thus can't use that as an excuse if they do bond with an omega in heat.

Now! I know what you're thinking for this one! There's so much that I could still write for it...well, i'm no gonna (⌒▽⌒)☆ But I will give you a run down of what their life will be like.

Their first stop is Hasetsu. Yuuri's family loves Viktor! Mari pokes fun at Yuuri for having a mate (She spent her own hunt setting up a camp and just relaxing alone for a week. As an alpha she just needed to make sure to set up in a secluded enough area that
omegas wouldn't be attracted to)
Yurio learns that Viktor found a mate and storms over to Japan and fun ensues in which
Yuuri fawns over Yurio and has a lot of fun teaching him how to use chopsticks and all
the joys of kastudon and ninjas. And Yurio warms up to him, and secretly teaches Yuuri
to ice skate. (so that he can surprise Viktor with his new skills later on)
They all head back to Russia and Viktor introduces Yuuri to everyone! And, surprise
surprise, everyone loves him. Especially Yakov, since it seems Yuuri has a head on his
shoulders.
Yakov and Viktor introduce him to Lilia who is able to get Yuuri an audition at the
Bolshoi.
Yuuri becomes a world renowned ballerina and after a year of being mated, Viktor
retires and becomes Yuuri’s loudest, most enthusiastic fan.
After many years of being a prima at the Bolshoi Yuuri takes some time off to have
children. They have two, a year apart. Yuuri goes back to dancing for a year afterwards,
but soon all he wants is a quiet life with his Mate and children.
Viktor and Yuuri teach dance classes for years until they retire for good, and move back
to Japan to help Mari with the onsen.
And the rest, is history.

I do hope that you enjoyed this. It was so much fluffier than I expected it to be! Thank
you guys so much for your support and kindness!! It means so much, it keeps me
going!!

End Notes

Hello Dears!!

I do hope you enjoyed today's story. And NO, you aren't hallucinating, there will be another
chapter! See, this is actually a story/idea I've had on the back burner for awhile. I just didn't
have the incentive to actually write it until omegaverse week popped up! This is a little
different from the other one I had planned. But mostly because I added Chris in that one....He
loves the hunts! He goes every year! Thought he hasn't found the omega for him yet. He
will!

The second chapter, which hasn't been written yet, I hope to get out by the end of the week,
as it fits one of the other prompt days.

Sorry to cut things off before they got....juicy. But do tune in for tomorrow's story. Which I
know for a fact will more than make up for it.

Tomorrow!
Yakuza Fic! (I switched some of the keywords. Instead of territory, or more accurately
alongside territory, tomorrow is Heat/Rut!)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!