**The Art of Scraping Through**

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**Category:** M/M  
**Fandom:** Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)  
**Relationship:** Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov  
**Character:** Katsuki Yuuri, Victor Nikiforov, Phichit Chulanont, Christophe Giacometti, Mila Babicheva, Makkachin (Yuri!!! on Ice), Original Characters, Yuri Plisetsky, Jean-Jacques Leroy  
**Additional Tags:** other characters to be added - Freeform, side phichimetti, Camboy, Katsuki Yuuri, Sugar Daddy Victor Nikiforov, this au has been in my wips for like two years say hello to this mess finally, Collaboration, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Katsuki Yuuri, Alpha Victor Nikiforov, Anxiety, Victor has a beard, Explicit Sexual Content, Kink Exploration, Victor Nikiforov's Foot Fetish, Webcam/Video Chat Sex, Sexual Roleplay, Anal Beads, Cock Rings, Edgeplay, Suit Kink, Breeding Kink, Scent Kink, Mating Cycles/In Heat, First Meetings, First Time, almost getting caught, Oral Sex, Nesting, Pregnancy Kink, Come Marking, Hair-pulling, Spanking, Morning Sex, First Dates, Lingerie  
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**The Art of Scraping Through**

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**Summary**

Yuuri's a financially down on his luck college student who becomes a camboy to make some extra money. Victor's a successful, but lonely businessman who stumbles across his site. Fluff, kink exploration, and general shenanigans ensue.

**Notes**

Happy birthday IncandescentAntelope!  
Sup guys, we've been discussing this au for literally months now as a collaborative project of sorts and I finally finished the first chapter. I can't even take all the credit for this chapter, IA gave me a lot of the ideas for Yuuri's first stream (also the title of the fic as a whole, bless) and this is just like...something I've been really excited about since we started talking about it.
Yuuri cringed when he saw his bank account balance on his laptop screen; he knew that it wasn't going to be a pretty sight once the rent and monthly bills had been deducted, but he barely had enough for groceries for the month. Sure, he had a roommate, but even with two incomes, part-time as a hotel receptionist was not going to cut it. Even though it was a fairly high-end hotel, and as far as jobs for college students went, the pay could have been a lot worse, it still wasn't enough to live on and his boss refused to give him more than 30 hours a week. And while he couldn't prove that it had anything to do with him being an omega and an exchange student, he sort of had a gut feeling it was because of at least one of those two things. Regardless of why he got so few hours, it still meant he wasn't eligible for health insurance through work.

*Move to America for university,* he'd said, *it'll be fun,* he'd said.

With a sigh, he closed his web browser and flopped backwards onto his bed. He didn't know what he was going to do; he'd already put in applications for a second job at nearly every place he could think of, but nobody had replied to any of them yet.

He'd previously mentioned his financial woes to his roommate and best friend, Phichit, who had suggested setting up a cam site to make some extra money, and had even offered to help him gain an audience. Yuuri had been skeptical at this proposal; it wasn't that he had anything against sex work from a moral standpoint or anything, but...it wasn't for him. Usually the people who had sites like that, at least successful ones, were charismatic, and they were sexy, and Yuuri...didn't feel like he was either. He was introverted and awkward, especially in unfamiliar situations. He'd been told that he had a tendency to come out of his shell when he drank, but...

“Yuuu-ri!!!!” Phichit's cheerful voice filled their apartment as he walked through the door. “I brought dinner! And it's not much, but I splurged and got some champagne too.” He could be heard making his way through the living room, and a moment later Yuuri looked up to see him standing in his doorway, takeout bags in both hands.

“What's the occasion?” Yuuri asked. “And how could you afford all this? You don't get paid until next week.”

“Don't worry about it,” Phichit said with a shrug, setting the bags on the ground and joining Yuuri on his bed. “By the way, have you thought any more about the camboy thing? I really think you'd be good at it.”

Yuuri looked over at his laptop, remembering the last thing he saw on the screen being his pitiful bank account balance. “Well...maybe? You said you'd help me set up the website, right? And you could even get me viewers?”

“Yeah! Are you saying you'll do it? Because I know a guy who knows a guy...”

Yuuri waited for Phichit to elaborate, but received no such thing. “So, let's say hypothetically I do, um...become a camboy,” he said, reaching into one of the bags, the smell of chicken Parmesan from his favorite Italian restaurant making his stomach growl. “What exactly would I be doing?”

“Oh, you know, anything you'd think would get tips,” Phichit said. “You could strip, you could jack off, hell, you could take requests. You could even go for a theme...you know, make up a persona, roleplay—that tends to be popular with people who watch those sorts of streams.” Phichit gave Yuuri a quick once-over. “I could even help you come up with your character! Let's see...”
“Okay, okay!” Yuuri interrupted. “I was just asking hypothetically, I didn't say I was gonna do it...” He dug into his dinner with a blush adorning his cheeks. “But...y'know, if I did...I could pull the sexy camboy thing off, right?”

“Yuuri, of course you could! You have this natural sex appeal that for some reason you can't see, but I know you could quickly find an audience! And I told you already I have connections, I could get you loads of viewers practically overnight,” he said with a wink. Yuuri thought again about asking him to explain just how he planned on doing that, but decided it could wait in favor of the first decent, hot meal he'd had in nearly a week.

“Sssooo, everything's set up, then?” Yuuri slurred, his head swimming pleasantly from his third glass of champagne. “I could go live right now if I wanted to?”

“Yeah! I mean, you'd have to give me like ten minutes to get the word out for you, and at least take your shirt off, for starters,” Phichit laughed. “But hey, if you wanna get started tonight, go for it! You might be a little nervous at first, but you'll have fun!”

Yuuri considered his friend's words for a moment, finishing off the contents of his glass and pouring a bit more into it. “Yeah...I think I might give it a try. Think you could talk to your, uh...friends for me?”

Phichit nearly knocked Yuuri over with the intensity of the hug he gave him. “I knew you'd come around, I'm so proud of you, buddy!” He grinned at him, giving him a playful pat on the cheek. “Give me ten minutes. Maybe find something cute to change into for your big debut, 'LonelyEros'...”

Yuuri blushed at hearing his online persona's name out loud for the first time. “I don't really have any lingerie or anything...” he said, having never really needed a use for any before. Maybe he could improvise. He was a decently attractive young man...an open dress shirt and boxer briefs would work, right? Something that would show off his physique, but not give too much away? He watched as Phichit disappeared into his own room, then he took one more sip from his champagne and stumbled away to get dressed. After several minutes, he was dressed (well, half-dressed) and landed with a soft thump on his bed, staying where he was until Phichit came back. He needed a little something extra to calm his nerves, though; he was pretty tipsy, but it still wasn't quite enough. He looks around and sees the last little bit of champagne still in the bottle, probably about half a glass. He doesn't bother pouring it into a glass to see for sure.

“Okay, Yuuri! You can go live any time,” he called from down the hall. “I'm looking from my laptop and I see people tuning in already!”

Confused as to how he had viewers already, but not wanting to keep them waiting, Yuuri sat up, crossing his legs as he clicked to begin the stream.

“Um...hi, everyone,” he says in his best “seductive” voice. “Nice of you to join me tonight. You can call me Eros...” A few messages of some variation of “Hi, Eros!” popped into the chat, and he waved adorably at the camera. A couple of viewers even greeted him as “Cutie” and added small tips to the tip jar, which linked to the Paypal account Phichit had set up for him. Wow, he hadn't even done anything yet and he was already getting paid...Maybe he could do this, he thought.

“As I'm sure you've probably heard, this is my first stream,” he explained, taking on the same tone. “I'm here to have fun, of course, but I'm also here to entertain viewers like all of you. Is there anything you'd like to see?”
One viewer adds a $20 tip and submits a request. “Unbutton your dress shirt? Don't hide that pretty body from us, Eros!”

Yuuri blushed, hoping that he could play it off as intentionally shy rather than nervous and drunk. “Okay, for you, dear viewer...” He slowly unbuttoned his shirt, starting from the top one and working his way down. When he finished, he leaned back a little to let the two sides fall away to reveal his slim frame. “How’s this?” he asked, grinning when a few more tips roll in. This whole thing was shaping up to be quite the confidence booster, he had to admit. He changed positions, lying on his side and facing the camera. “Okay, who's next?” he teased, the champagne going to his head a bit with his body's sudden movement. “Who wants to see me take these off?” He tugged at the waistband of his boxer briefs with a wink at the viewers. He gets several enthusiastic “yes”es, and with a soft giggle, he tugged them down his hips, tossing them to the floor when they came off all the way. Another surge of tips, he noticed to his delight. And before he had the chance to say something else, he got several requests to touch himself.

“I could do that...” he said with a shrug. “But...if you all wanted, I could also show off one of my favorite toys from my collection? I prefer using toys rather than just my hands, it feels better...”

He couldn't help blushing at the “You're such a bottom, how cute!” comment, accompanied by a string of heart emojis.

“You could say that, I guess,” he teased, winking again. “I do have this bullet vibrator that I've been fond of lately...why don't you all show me how much you want to see me use it on myself?”

He’d easily broken $150 in his first five minutes, but he'd nearly doubled that amount just with that comment alone, he saw upon seeing the tip jar. He gave the camera a coy smile, getting an idea...

“You already really seem willing to pay up to see me,” he commented. “A newcomer like me... I didn't think I'd be this popular. Maybe one of you out there would be particularly willing to see more?” He sat up again, showing off his bare chest and stomach, and slowly palmed at his half-hard cock. “I might do just about anything for the right person and price. Any takers? Does anyone want to be Eros' sugar daddy?”

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Victor Nikiforov sighed as he opened the door to his St. Petersburg apartment. He greeted Makkachin with a half-hearted smile and a pat of her fluffy brown curls before hanging up his coat, setting his briefcase by the door, and heading for the couch. He loved his job, he really did, and he knew that his company wouldn't be the same without him at the forefront every day. But God, he needed a break from the monotony. Something to bring a bit of excitement to his life. Maybe he should start dating again?

God, no. Not after the string of disastrous Tinder dates last time. Maybe he'd just stick with a movie with Makkachin tonight. He slumped onto his side, patting the cushion in front of him to coax the poodle to join him, when his phone pinged with the notification of a new text message.

From: Christophe

You're welcome in advance, Victor. Someone sent me this and I immediately thought of you.

Victor curiously tapped on the link, expecting some sort of meme, or maybe nude photos of some
Instagram model he followed. What he got instead, though, was a cam site. He read the name in the header logo at the top of the page.

“LonelyEros...”
Chapter Summary

Victor is introduced to LonelyEros, and he's already in over his head.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone, IA here! The reception to chapter one has been amazing! Both Fuzzy and I are really excited that everyone is interested in our au! We both appreciate all your sweet comments! Hope you enjoy chapter two! ❤

Victor's eyes scanned the page, giving it a cursory once-over. It wasn't beyond Chris to send him things like this, he had been trying to help his friend out of his quote: "pitiful singlehood" for months, after a few too many drunken FaceTime calls after terrible Tinder dates. (This wasn't just a Victor problem, in his defense, both he and Chris had rotten luck when it came to finding long-term partners.)

The Russian alpha didn’t have a lot of experience with cam sites, most of the… well, most of the porn he consumed was only to help him through his ruts. Work life didn’t afford him much free time to enjoy the release as much as he would prefer; usually a quick session in the shower after work or if he couldn’t sleep was all he really had time for. But if the tantalizing teases of this camboy he had seen so far were any hint, that would be changing. Very soon.

Victor navigated to the 'about me' tab, reading line-by-line the few snippets of information about this LonelyEros. A 23-year-old Japanese student, going to university in America. "Interests include dance, puppies, and ice skating. Self-described size queen..." Victor hummed softly to himself, reading the page aloud. They had a few things in common, the ice skating and dogs. Victor knew that he was a fool to draw the connection between them, Eros’ preference for larger partners and Victor's… endowment. He had to hand it to Chris, he certainly knew Victor's type.

"An omega?" he mumbled, the fact a mere footnote at the end of the standard paragraph about measurements. Seeing that simple word, that little declaration of his secondary gender made Victor's skin prickle with goosebumps. He hadn't even seen this LonelyEros completely and yet…

God, something about what he had seen so far pushed him to explore even more. He loosened his tie and swallowed thickly as he saw another tab on the site. 'Photos'.

Victor's mouth fell open as he saw the first few pictures. Mingled with screenshots from recent streams were casual photos of possibly the most beautiful man Victor had ever seen. Beautiful porcelain flesh with ink-black hair, looking adorably ruffled as it fell over honey-amber eyes that seemed to burn through Victor's phone screen. His cheeks were soft and round, baby fat clinging to his features, or maybe a few stubborn kilos from his first few years of university.

The captured photos from streams showed Victor a siren, an angel, the personification of sex itself,
in various stages of undress, displaying mouthwatering glimpses of creamy skin. Lace and silk laid over his body like second skin, kissing the vanilla curves of his waist and thighs.

One of the last photos lodged itself in Victor's mind, and would be stuck there more than likely until his dying day. Eros was wrapped around a dancer's pole, wearing nothing but a pair of blue briefs. He appeared to be holding the pose effortlessly, no trace of sweat or discomfort, in fact, giving the camera a sly wink, his lips pursed as if he was blowing the viewer a kiss. The image sank like a rock in his core, pooling as raw, molten heat under his skin.

Victor moaned softly and bookmarked the photo, laughing to himself that he was even doing this in the first place. He needed to thank Chris for this gift. Now.

me: I'm already reaping the benefits. Send my appreciation to your someone. 😊

Frustratingly absent, however, were any images of this siren touching himself, or proving his affinity for larger sizes, as he had so cheekily mentioned earlier. God, would he kill to see those features twisted up in pleasure. A reply from Chris aborted that train of thought rather quickly, and immediately fanned a spark of excitement into a raging wildfire.

Christophe: Have you watched any of his videos yet? Or are you already working one-handed? 😏

His eyes snapped to the first half of the message. Videos. Of course. A tab reading ‘Archive’ suddenly made a world of sense to him and he felt he might break his phone screen for how aggressively he tapped to see them. When the website prompted him to make an account to proceed, Victor didn't hesitate for a moment as he signed up.

'IceAlpha' was the first thing that popped into his head for a screen name, hastily setting Makkachin as his avatar. It wasn't like Victor was a celebrity or a well-known social figure, but some level of anonymity would probably be apt, given his position within his company. (Specifically the very top, but that was neither here nor there at that moment.)

There were a handful of dated videos stored in this archive, saved recordings of streams, from what Victor could see. Each thumbnail looked equally mouthwatering, but something tugged at his mind to watch the very first one, posted just a few weeks ago.

It took barely a moment of watching the video to decide that he should probably move this little viewing party somewhere a bit more... comfortable. Apologizing to Makkachin and ruffling her fur, Victor stood and headed for his bedroom down the hall. He quickly booted up his laptop and pulled up the site, letting LonelyEros' caramelly voice wash over him.

Victor watched the first few minutes of the archived stream as he made himself comfortable in bed, leaned up against the headboard to fully appreciate the show.

“Okay, who's next?” that voice slurred slightly, a little teasing smile on his full, pink lips. Victor spotted a half-full bottle of champagne perched on the windowsill behind him, the obvious culprit for the beautiful flush spilling over his cheeks and down his throat to his chest, a button-up shirt barely holding on to his frame, which was... well, mouthwatering. He was slight and small, but
bore the wide hips of an omega, with plush thighs to match. Victor's ears perked up at the sound of his voice again, soft and inviting. “Who wants to see me take these off?”

Me. Definitely me, Victor thought to himself, watching as several others in the chat agreed with him, the number displayed on a virtual tip jar jumping up with encouragement. Victor wasn't an idiot, he knew why the site had asked for a credit card number. So he could contribute to that burgeoning tip jar when he tuned in live.

A tight pair of blue briefs flew out of frame, exposing Eros to the camera entirely. God, he was perfect. A soft little patch of dark hair just above his half-hard cock, his skin flushed and pink against the blue of his duvet. Victor shivered when he heard Eros giggle again, most likely in reply to the request in the chat for him to touch himself, the thought of which had Victor's mind reeling.

“I could do that… but… if you all wanted, I could also show off one of my favorite toys from my collection? I prefer using toys rather than just my hands, it feels better…”

Victor swore under his breath, yanking his tie over his head and nearly popping a button or two off his shirt as he scrambled to remove it. His slacks were unceremoniously kicked off his legs and tossed out of bed as Eros continued to tease and whip up a sizeable amount of tips.

The champagne-soaked giggle that fell from his lips was utterly addiction of its own right, but when it came from that mouth, those lips, this intoxicating man. It was ambrosia in his ears and fire in his veins.

“You already really seem willing to pay up to see me, a newcomer like me… I didn't think I'd be this popular.” Eros said, and Victor’s mouth hung open. Had he never seen his own reflection before? He almost began typing a comment to his shock at the statement, seeing others in the archived chat expressing similar sentiments to the raven-haired angel on screen when Eros began speaking again; any notion of sense flew out the window as he sat up, his hand trailed down his stomach and he began gently teasing himself.

“Maybe one of you out there would be particularly willing to see more? I might do just about anything for the right person and price. Any takers? Does anyone want to be Eros' sugar daddy?”

Victor had entertained the idea of finding a relationship like that, a sugar baby to spoil endlessly with anything their heart desired, especially after Christophe had casually mentioned the existence of dating sites strictly for that purpose. It was clear that Chris was interested in that sort of lifestyle, not lacking in the wallet himself. Victor had only abstained in hopes of finding someone not entirely attracted to his bank accounts, but Eros… he would be worth every penny.

Victor leaned back against the headboard, a hitched breath escaping as Eros finally gave in to the poor, begging crowd and pulled a small metal bullet vibrator from off-screen, flaunting the toy for the camera. “I absolutely love this, it feels sooooooo amazing when I use it… I’ve wasted a lot of school nights with this.” Eros giggled, slurring his words as he clicked the small button on the end and held it up for the viewers to hear the buzzing.

Victor moaned softly as he imagined Eros spending countless nights lost in pleasure, chasing that high over and over until his voice gave out, and God, what a beautiful image that was. He had to see that, he needed to. A low growl rumbled in his chest as the alpha in him started to crave it. He mirrored Eros and let his hand wander to the waistband of his briefs, now feeling a bit tight around his straining cock.

“Oh, w-wow, that’s… generous, thank you.” Eros struggled for his words for a moment, seeming a bit caught off-guard by the amount of a tip, an included request to show the viewers how he used
the toy. “I’d be glad to, for that price.” he winked at the camera, fluttering his lashes like an invitation to dive deeper into those molten pools of honey. “I usually start like this...”

Victor’s mouth ran dry as Eros traced the base of his half-hard cock with the small vibrator, a tight, hissed breath falling from his lips. “Blyad...” Victor moaned under his breath, the camboy’s length twitching and rising under his own touch. A few more viewers comment about how sweet he was, and how cute his noises were.

“You have such a cute chest, Eros. Are your nipples sensitive? They look so pink and puffy... will you touch them for me?” a request read on screen, a tip attached. Victor narrowed his eyes at the shot, seeing just how adorable and tempting his chest was. Eros nodded his head, a small whine falling from his lips.

“Y-yes, it’s re-heally sensitive, I can usually work myself up to the edge just by touching my chest...” Eros moaned, tracing his now fully-erect cock with the vibrator. “I could do that for you all, if you’d like...” Victor tried valiantly to control himself against the urge to dip into his briefs and take himself in hand.

Emphasis on tried.

Wrung out and sated, cum splattered on his stomach and abs, Victor watched as a still-tipsy Eros giggled and blew a kiss at the camera. “See you all next time, especially y-you, Daddy. Wherever you are~”

A pop-up interrupted Eros’ sign-off, and Victor was almost upset, but when he focused bleary eyes on the text... he clicked on it immediately.

**Now Streaming! Join Me Live! 😊**

A new window opened, giving Victor a glimpse of that same small bed, the window sill, no bottle of champagne this time. A small countdown clock ticked on the screen, he had just a few minutes before sex incarnate would reappear, live in front of his eyes. Well, on his screen.

Waiting, it turned out, was absolute torture; three and a half minutes felt like a hundred years. He said hello in the chat, and a few people replied with friendly greetings when he explained that he was new. He couldn't help it, he dropped a sizeable tip in the jar before the show even began.

"Big spender, huh?" a fellow viewer said,

"he hasn't even done anything yet lmao" said another.

"No, but he will," Victor typed, "and I'm very excited for the show." It wasn't like that amount would break the bank, either. And if Eros was looking for a sugar daddy... Victor was more than willing to be that for him.

“Hi everyone! Welcome back~” That perfect voice floated through his speakers as the countdown reached zero, and Victor typed out a greeting in reply with shaking hands. “Ah, we have a few new people here...” Eros purred, his heavy-lidded, dark-lined amber eyes leveled at the camera and, seemingly, directly into Victor’s soul. “Thank you for joining me tonight.” those lips said.

Victor worried that he might not survive this stream.
Private Message

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Yuuri notices a new viewer joining him during one of his streams, and shows off a new toy.

Chapter Notes

Fuzzy here! I had a lot of fun writing this chapter and making Yuuri a naughty boi. Also I just wanna say how thrilled IA and I are that this is getting such positive feedback. We've literally worked on this au together for probably the majority of the time that we've known each other, tbh. It is our child, and we love it.

Yuuri looked at his tip jar, already showing a generous amount. Sure, he'd gotten one or two dollars here and there before his stream even started before, but this...

“I see someone out there was eager to see me tonight,” he teased, winking at the camera. “Thank you. Now, shall we start off the night with any requests?”

A flurry of requests flooded the chat, each with tips of varying amounts, asking him to take off the baggy t-shirt he was wearing, which was big enough that the collar draped off of his right shoulder and gave a tiny sneak peek of something pretty and lacy underneath. “Oh, you'd like to see what I have under this, hmm?” he teased them, letting his fingers drift down to the hem of the shirt. “Well, since so many of you asked so nicely...” He sat up on his knees, swaying his hips in the most tantalizing way as he pulled the shirt up over his head. As he tossed it to the side, another flurry of tips came in at the sight of him in a flowy, baby blue lace babydoll top, with a matching thong.

“Wow, Eros! You look beautiful in baby blue,” one viewer said.

“Thank you,” Yuuri replied. “I just bought it today, and thought it would be perfect to show off tonight. I got a new toy today too, to go with the set...” He paused, waiting for his audience to ask for more details. Phichit had taught him he'd get more tips that way, and so far it had worked wonderfully for him.

“What kind of toy? Something big and thick for that cute little hole of yours? 😄” one particularly bold viewer asked. Yuuri couldn't help but nod.

“It is pretty big...a little bigger than I'm used to, if I'm honest, but God, it just looked so tempting I couldn't pass it up...Would you all like to see it?”

The chat filled with several enthusiastic “YES” comments, and Yuuri chuckled again. “Thirsty tonight, are we?” he teased before reaching for something offscreen. He knew the
positioning of his camera well enough that he was giving his audience a prime view of his plush ass, and as he wiggled it, he could hear the tip jar jingling for several seconds. When he turned back around, he held a large dildo in his hands, the same shade of light blue as his lingerie.

“Looks like a regular dildo, doesn't it?” he asked, winking at the camera. “It's actually got a secret. Want me to show you what it is now, or should I keep it a surprise?”

Another flood of tips into the jar. “Why don't you show us with a little demonstration, Eros?” one viewer asked, adding a sizable tip on their own. Yuuri didn't recognize the username, but it caught his attention immediately—IceAlpha.

An alpha...maybe they would appreciate this toy, Yuuri thought. The dildo was advertised as an alpha cock dildo—it was equipped with a knot that inflated with the push of a button. And he could not wait to use it.

“Excellent idea, dear viewer,” Yuuri said, flashing his signature grin. “I think we should do a bit of prep work on it first, though...”

“Suck on it, Eros! Put those pretty pink lips to work!” another viewer requested, accompanying their comment with a tip. Yuuri blushed at the compliment of his lips, but smiled nonetheless.

“All right, for that price I definitely can...” he said, bringing the toy closer to his mouth. He stuck his tongue out and lapped at the head experimentally, then took the whole thing into his mouth. Spurred on by the flood of encouraging comments, he grew a bit bolder as he teased his audience with his oral skills. A soft whimper slipped past his lips as the head of the silicone cock touched the back of his throat, but he was able to suppress his gag reflex fairly easily as he swallowed around it. With another wink to the camera, he pulled the toy back out in one fluid motion before setting it aside.

“We're just now finding out that you can deep throat? That's so fucking hot,” said the viewer that made the request. “I hope we get to see that again...”

“Well, it seems like something you all enjoy seeing, so I might show off with a few of my other toys sometime,” Yuuri said with his signature grin. “But for now, I'm having fun breaking in my new toy. Let me just get my lube, and...”

As he leaned over to reach for his favorite bottle of strawberry-scented lube (a personal preference; he knew that his own body's natural slick would have probably been enough on its own), Yuuri made sure to arch his back in that perfect way that never failed to earn him lots of tips. Sitting upright again, Yuuri leaned back into a comfortable, reclined position and spread his legs.

“I'll have to get myself ready too,” he said. “I may like my toys big, but I've never had anything quite like this before. And besides...I've got several new viewers who'd probably like to see me finger myself, isn't that right?”

The mere suggestion earned him an impressive amount in tips, several more water droplet emojis in the chat, and a comment from IceAlpha that simply said, “Bozhe moy, yes.” Yuuri wasn't very knowledgeable about many languages besides Japanese, English, and the smattering of Thai that Phichit had taught him, but he recognized that Russian phrase, and something about it sent a shiver up his spine.

“I see some of you are eager tonight,” he teased, pouring a decent amount of lubricant onto his fingers. He quickly rid himself of his panties with his free hand and tossed them aside with the shirt he'd been wearing earlier, and after making sure that the camera was positioned correctly, he
pressed his first two fingers against his hole, already twitching with anticipation. “How's this? Is this how you want me, spread open and ready, like I'm getting ready to take your cock?” he teased, speaking to no one in particular. “Tell me, should I start with one finger or two?”

“Start with two, Eros, we know you can take it 😊😊😊,” one of his regular viewers teased. Yuuri chuckled at the comment as he circled his rim a few times, then slowly inserted his index and middle fingers, giving his body a moment to adjust to the intrusion before sliding them in all the way. While he fucked himself with his fingers, his mind started to wander to that toy, sitting just inches from him on his bed. He was going to fuck himself with an alpha cock dildo, on camera, while at least one alpha watched. Out of all his viewers (at least the ones who actively participated in the chat), only one of them was straightforward enough to put their secondary gender in their username, and he knew it wouldn't have been out of the ordinary for fellow omegas to watch him, but there was something about IceAlpha that he couldn't get out of his head. And while he'd set a self-imposed rule not to play favorites with any of his viewers, it was going to be a little difficult with IceAlpha's charming, flirty nature.

“Let's see that hungry hole of yours take another finger, Eros” the viewer in question suggested, generously tipping him for the request. “We want you to be adequately stretched when you take that big cock, don't we?”

Yuuri watched as several other members of the audience agreed, and he slid his ring finger inside along with the first two, sliding them in and out a few times before slowly separating them, spreading himself open for everyone to see. From this angle, he couldn't see the lewd display himself, but he could feel the sticky strawberry lube mixing with his own slick, and judging from the reaction of the crowd and the jingling of the tip jar, it was quite a pretty picture.

“What do you think? Is this naughty little omega ready?” he teased, his voice reduced to a breathy moan. He pulled his fingers out with a wet squelching noise and reached for his toy.

“God, Eros, you're so dirty,” someone said, making Yuuri chuckle playfully as he slicked up the toy and positioned it at his entrance.

“That's right, I'm your dirty omega whore, and you love it,” he said. “You love seeing me on display like this, dripping with slick, ready to take a big, thick alpha cock...just like this one,” he said, referring to the dildo as he slowly pushed it inside of himself. And God, did it feel amazing. “Oh, fuck,” he whined, nearly drowned out by the sound of the tip jar. “So, big, so thick...”

“So that's an alpha cock toy, da? Are we gonna get to see you knot yourself with it, Eros?” IceAlpha asked. Yuuri was almost so lost in the pleasure of how thick the toy was that he almost missed the question, but when he read it, he nodded.

“Yes, this toy—fuck—has a knot,” he said. “And you'll get to see it. But not yet. Not...ohgod—”

With a shaky hand, Yuuri continued to impale himself on the toy, his eager hole taking its girth much more easily than even he had expected. And though he didn't dare voice the fantasy, he suddenly imagined the cock inside of him being attached to a faceless, Russian-accented alpha, whispering all sorts of dirty things to him...running his big, strong hands up and down the curves of his body, pinning his wrists to the bed as he fucked him...God, he'd never had such vivid, primal fantasies before in his life. Or been this close to an orgasm this soon. He was definitely going to have to check out more toys by this company later...

“Cum for us, Eros, you sound like you're getting close” another viewer teased. They put a tip into the jar and added, “Why don't you play with those adorable nipples of yours to finish yourself off?”
Yuuri was already starting to see stars, but he nodded in acknowledgment of the request and brought his other hand up to his chest and began toying with his left nipple with trembling fingers. He wished he could play with both at the same time, but he needed one hand on the base of his toy. He wanted to inflate the knot when the timing was right, and he was just...about...there...

“Let's see that knot fill your little hole, Eros,” requested IceAlpha. Yuuri didn't even need to see the amount he'd tipped; his request was enough. In that moment, it was this specific alpha whose knot Yuuri wanted, and as he pushed the button on his toy, his vision went white as he came in spurts across the toned plane of his belly. He was vaguely aware of the tip jar jingling, as it always did when he reached orgasm, but all he could think about right then was how deliciously this toy filled him, now amazing he felt, the thrill of getting off to a specific viewer...

When he finally rejoined the land of the living, Yuuri pushed the button again, letting the knot of his dildo deflate enough for him to pull it out, and he looked at the camera with an exhausted, blissed-out smile.

“That was incredible,” he mumbled, still not quite capable of complex sentences. “I'd definitely recommend this toy if it's something you're into.”

“I'm sure it's still not as hot as watching you use it,” someone said, and several other viewers agreed. Yuuri chuckled at the compliment and set the toy aside.

“You're all very kind,” he said. “And I had a wonderful time with all of you, as always. But for now...as soon as I regain full use of my legs, I think I'm going to go take a shower. Thank you all for joining me again, and goodnight!” He winked and blew a kiss at the camera before ending the video feed. His limbs still tingled from the afterglow of his orgasm as he used his discarded t-shirt to wipe up his mess, and his brain was still so fuzzy that he almost didn't catch the notification on his still-open website as he stood up.

He'd just received a private message.

Hello, Eros. I just wanted to tell you again how stunning you were tonight, though I'm sure you hear that a lot. I hope I'm not being to forward in messaging you directly, but I was hoping that I could purchase a private video from you? Your personal schedule permitting, of course.

-IceAlpha

P.S. Would it be asking too much to get your measurements? I'd like to have some lingerie custom-made for you as well.

Yuuri wasn't sure what to say. Truth be told, he had thought about expanding his service to offer private streams or photoshoots, like he'd seen other cam models do. But with his regular job and his classes, doing this already took up a lot of what little spare time he had, so he hadn't actually put up anything on his site advertising any bonus perks like that yet. He was about to type out a quick reply thanking him for the offer, but explaining that he didn't really have the time at the moment, when he received an email notification on his phone.

It was an email from Paypal. IceAlpha had paid up front. And it was enough to cover his and Phichit's rent for at least two months.
“Phichiit?” Yuuri called through the thin walls of their apartment, suddenly very aware that it was near midnight and their neighbors might not appreciate the noise this late on a Wednesday night. He fell back into bed, trying to wrap his head around the lines of text on his laptop screen, the email on his phone. His laptop was still perched on the small table he had set up, the camera on a tripod behind it was a much-needed upgrade from the webcam he had used for his first few shows, after the tips had begun rolling in.

"Yuuuuuuriiiiiiiii?" Phichit parroted back at him as footsteps stopped just outside Yuuri's door. "Are you decent?" Phichit teased, giving Yuuri a moment to throw on a pair of clean boxers and a t-shirt and plop back down onto his bed.

"I am now," Yuuri said, coughing as he cleared his voice of the sex-rough gravel that usually followed his streams. Eros spoke with a dark purr, the voice all part of the velvety confidence that settled over him like a mask when the camera was on, and Yuuri usually allowed himself to bask in that glow for a while after he finished his streams. Not tonight, though, not after that message. He could almost hear that same low, Russian-accented voice in his ear, the one his imagination had concocted during his stream. A chill ran down the length of his spine, but the more… torrid thoughts stopped dead in their tracks when Phichit opened his bedroom door.

At this point, the two were decently comfortable with the details of each other’s sex lives, so when Phichit strolled in to see his best friend, sex-flushed, with what was clearly a knotting dildo and a bottle of lube on his bed, neither of them batted an eye. It wasn't even Phichit's secondary gender that set Yuuri's mind at ease. Being a beta, Phichit had a naturally calming presence, but on his own merit, Phichit was Yuuri's best friend. And enabler. But mostly his best friend.

“So, how did LonelyEros do tonight?” Phichit asked as he leaned casually against Yuuri’s closet door, "As much as I try to ignore the noises you make, you sounded like a dying cat tonight." he snickered.

If Yuuri's arms weren't still buzzing with post-orgasm, he would have thrown a pillow. "I did pretty well tonight, the viewers really liked the alpha toy…” he said, rolling his eyes at the shit-eating grin spread across Phichit's cheeks. (He had been the one to send Yuuri the link, after all.)
"I knew they would." Phichit replied, "Your viewers wish they had a chance with someone as
gorgeous as you, babe. And a knotting toy just makes the fantasy that much more real..."

_for who, though?_ Yuuri thought, _the viewers or me?_ His mind drifted back to thoughts of strong
hands and filthy Russian praise, uttered curses of _bozhe moy._

"... the matching lingerie was a nice touch." Phichit's voice snapped him back to the present, and he
nodded along, not having heard half of what he had just said.

"Y-yeah, thanks, Phich." he mumbled, catching a glimpse of his laptop screen, that message still
open, awaiting _some_ kind of reply.

"Hey, space cadet." Phichit snapped his fingers. "What's up? You've clearly got something on your
mind." His voice shifted from his usual light, easy timbre to something more like concern, and
Yuuri considered that he could probably see right through his dismissals.

"I… I got a private message." Yuuri admitted after a little more prodding from Phichit. "From a
new viewer, he… he wants a private show." Yuuri felt his heart crawling up into his throat, his
anxiety starting to build like storm clouds rumbling with thunder.

"And how do you feel about that?" Phichit asked, crossing the room and sitting on the bed beside
him, setting his chin on Yuuri’s shoulder. The urge to scratch at the back of his hands surged
forward in Yuuri, something to distract him from the discomfort, but as soon as he even moved a
hand to scratch the itch that wasn’t there, Phichit batted his hand away. “Don’t. Talk to me instead.
And if you don’t, I can just order a pizza and we can figure it out in the morning.” Phichit said, his
hand rubbing soothing circles into his shoulders and spine. “Or we can order a pizza and talk about
it. Either way, I want pizza, and I’m willing to bet that you do too.” Yuuri cracked a smile at that,
his own stomach a bit on the empty side.

“Can you order a Hawaiian for me?” Yuuri asked, “And… I want to talk about it. I think I need
to.” he said, feeling that unnameable panic ease. Phichit quickly called and chirped their usual
order into the phone, immediately turning back to Yuuri when he hung up.

"Talk to me, Katsuki." Phichit asked, "A viewer sent you a message requesting a private video." Yuuri
noded, confirming. "Okay. Where do you want to go from there?"

Yuuri bit his lip, remembering the flashes of thought and memories that clung to the back of his
mind, the way he had so kindly encouraged him during his stream. He couldn’t shake the name
from his mind, this faceless, anonymous alpha who contacted him after watching one stream.

“I… I think I want to do it.” Yuuri said, “I was meaning to get around to offering them anyway, but
with class and work, I’ve been kinda busy.” His phone began buzzing with notifications of new
comments, the recording of the stream had automatically archived after he finished; he absently
wondered if IceAlpha had left him a comment…

Phichit snapped his fingers again, pulling him back to center. “Stop daydreaming, Yuuri.
Comments later, dreamy alpha boy chat right now.” he said, making Yuuri blush.

“Y-you don’t know that he’s dreamy, his icon is just a picture of a dog…” Yuuri attempted to
argue, cut off by Phichit’s ‘_mmhmm, suuuure_’ expression.

“True. But don’t lie to me and say you aren’t interested, whatever he said to you tonight in the chat
was enough to make you finish your stream in record time. It usually takes you twice as long.”
Phichit said, seeing through Yuuri like a pane of glass, ignoring the way he balked at the dig about
how long (or rather, the opposite) he had lasted tonight. “So, you want to give the guy a private show. You’re comfortable with this, and he’s into it.”

Yuuri nodded, already feeling more at ease with the situation, having Phichit help him through it. “Yes. I think it just… caught me off guard, y’know?” Yuuri said, smiling sheepishly. “He, uh, he also may have said he wants to order me custom lingerie? And… he paid in advance. I can pay our rent for two months…” he added, bracing for Phichit’s reaction, which was predictably, a smattering of squealed Thai and a sudden, crushing hug.

“Yuuuuuuuuuuuri! You know what that means, right?!” Phichit exclaimed, his eyes wide as saucers. “Custom lingerie? Private videos? He wants to be your sugar daddy!” Phichit’s voice pitched higher and higher as his excitement grew, the way it always did. Yuuri’s cheeks burst into a blush almost immediately at the thought.

“Wh-what? No! No, that’s not… he doesn’t, me? Yuuri? This me? Pfft no, not me!” Yuuri scoffed, raking his hands through his hair as he tried to wrap his head around the idea of it. A sugar daddy? IceAlpha wanted Yuuri, this mess of a man, to be his sugar baby? No, he was just a fan looking for a little more for his buck. A wealthy fan, judging from the sizeable amount he had paid in tips alone that night, ignoring the chunk of change sitting in his Paypal account...

“Yuuri, honestly, get out of your own head for a second.” Phichit said, “What did he say to you? What were his exact words?” Yuuri picked up his laptop and read the message back to Phichit, word for word, his roommate humming thoughtfully as he spoke, nodding along. “I’ll be right back.” he said, standing from the bed and pulling out his phone, clearly texting someone.

“Where are you going?” Yuuri called after him, “Phich…”

“I’m grabbing my measuring tape, we’re gonna send him your measurements.” Phichit replied through the thin wall that separated their bedrooms. “I need to get a bigger PO Box.”

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Victor stared at his own message, reading and re-reading it. Had he overstepped? Oh God, he sounded so pretentious, like Eros would just fall over himself to fulfil Victor’s request. He drafted at least ten apologies for his being so forward, but every attempt didn’t feel right.

But God, the way he had made Victor feel… he swore he’d never had a stronger, more satisfying orgasm than the one Eros had worked him to, with his teasing words and the knotting cock he had fucked himself with… Victor couldn’t help but make the jump from that toy to his own flesh, to his own knot being lodged inside that perfect little hole, and the way Eros had so obediently complied when he told him to take the knot...

Victor set his laptop aside before the lingering arousal coiling in his gut progressed into an issue for the third time that night. A cold shower was in order. And a stiff drink. Victor stood from his slouched position in bed, groaning as he stretched his back. The pleasant popping sound his spine usually made was much louder than normal… maybe a bath would help. Realistically, Victor needed a vacation, but leaving the company in someone else’s hands sounded just as onerous as working himself to the bone, if he was honest.

He tried to put the thoughts of Eros out of his mind as he walked to the kitchen, pulling a bottle out of the liquor cabinet. It didn’t really matter which bottle it was, most of them had been gifts from clients or purchases he barely remembered.

A lowball glass of something strong in hand, Victor slinked back to his bedroom, with every
intention of taking a long, frigid shower in his ensuite. A slow, exhausted sigh almost drowned out
the noise of his computer, something that sounded oddly like a kiss. He turned slowly, seeing he
had still left LonelyEros’s page open. Had he replied? Oh God.

One New Message! read a little banner on his screen, and Victor nearly launched himself back into
bed to read the message. Just at a glance, Victor could tell it wasn't a rejection… no one would use
a full paragraph to turn someone down, right?

LonelyEros: Hi IceAlpha! I’m so happy to hear from you! It’s always nice to hear from viewers. 😊
Thank you so much, you're too sweet! For the price you’re offering, I’ll gladly put on a little
private show for you. I’ve been meaning to offer private perks like this, but I’m very glad you’ll be
my first!

Victor didn’t have to jump too far to imagine Eros saying those words in a different context. Being
his first… there had been talk in the chat about Eros's virginity, and while the idea of virginity
itself is a bit archaic, there was something undeniably hot about being someone's first. About being
Eros's first. Victor’s breath caught in his throat as he read the message slowly, line by line. Fuck,
he wasn’t even saying the words and Victor could hear the honeyed purr of his voice, as if Eros
was whispering the words directly into his ear.

LonelyEros: My most recent measurements are included below; I’m quite flattered that you’d like
to send me custom lingerie, I’m very excited to see what you’ll be sending me! I’m currently in the
process of moving to a larger PO box, but I will let you know as soon as I have an updated number.

Victor’s hands shook and his heart leapt up into his throat as he continued to read. It felt like a
dream. He was actually going to be sending him the lingerie he had already begun designing
himself. And receiving a private video from Eros, the very essence of sexuality itself.

LonelyEros: And as for your video, I'd love to hear what you'd like to see, for the amount you've
already paid, I can do just about anything you'd like. My schedule for the next few days is pretty
full at the moment, but I should be able to record this weekend! What would you like to see? 😊

Victor tried to still the tremble in his hands as he began to type out his reply.

IceAlpha: I'd like to see you make yourself feel good, Eros. However you'd like, whichever way
you enjoy most. But if I could make one request, a kink to indulge, if you don't mind.

He held his breath as Eros replied, nearly immediately, and he could just about hear Eros's voice
purring, "Of course! Anything you'd like, IceAlpha." Victor huffed out a sharp breath and sent his
reply.

IceAlpha: I'd like to hear you call me Daddy.
Yuuri stared at the message on the screen, remembering what Phichit had suggested earlier about IceAlpha wanting to be his sugar daddy. Maybe he was right; maybe this enigmatic Russian alpha stranger did want to spoil him by paying his bills and giving him nice clothes on a regular basis. But could he really accept that offer? Could he really, in good conscience, let this man throw his money at him like this?

Well, he'd already thrown two months' rent at him, so the least he could do was indulge him this once.

“Sure thing! I can definitely do that...Daddy 😊”

He received a reply within seconds.

“Yes, just like that, Eros. By the way...do you have any sort of wishlist? Something I could look over and send you a little surprise every now and then?”

Yuuri's eyes widened. He was sure IceAlpha was referring to buying him more sex toys, but his Amazon wishlist consisted of pages upon pages of everything from clothes to vibrators, to video games, to Japanese snacks that he missed and couldn't find in any American supermarkets. Would he seem too forward if he sent him the link?

But then again, he did ask...
"I do! Here's the link, but it still has my old PO box attached to it. I'll update it once I get my new one set up."

"Good boy. I'll look over this and find you something nice. I hope you enjoy your shower and the rest of your evening, Eros."

Oh, right. Yuuri was going to shower once his legs had stopped shaking. And now that he wasn't distracted by the unexpected (but definitely not unwelcome) conversation with IceAlpha, he realized he was in desperate need of one. He got up from his bed and quickly headed down the hall to his and Phichit's shared bathroom.

When he stepped out of the bathroom a while later, Yuuri headed back to his room with a towel wrapped around his waist. He still couldn't help thinking about his conversation with IceAlpha, how he'd asked so casually for his wishlist, how he'd asked for his measurements and offered to send him custom-made lingerie, and mostly how he'd paid him an absurd amount of money for a private video. If he wanted to give this guy his money's worth, he was going to have to come up with a plan for a hell of a show...

Maybe he should ask Phichit for help. Even if it meant having to listen to him gloat that he was right about the sugar daddy thing.

~~

Victor sipped at his drink while he browsed LonelyEros' wishlist. There was quite a variety listed: in addition to the expected clothes, lingerie, and sex toys, there were also things like books, video games, electronics...and several different types of snacks with Japanese labels on them. Perhaps favorites from back home, he couldn't help but wonder. Maybe, as soon as he got Eros' new PO box, he'd send him a little taste of home along with a few naughtier surprises...

The next day, Victor walked into his office in a noticeably cheerier mood than usual. Most of his employees considered him to be a friendly boss, if a bit introverted most of the time, but he greeted nearly every one of them by name on his way to the elevator. And when he made it to the top floor he was met with his secretary, Mila, standing at her desk, looking like she'd just made it to work herself.

"Good morning, Victor!" she said cheerfully. "You seem to be in a good mood. You aren't that excited for your 11:00 today, are you?"

Victor chuckled as he passed her, setting a nondescript manila folder on her desk. "While I am confident about that meeting, that's not why I'm so cheerful this morning. Something more personal, actually," he said. "Speaking of which, would you mind taking a look at these designs for me before I have the piece made?"

"Sure!" the young redhead said eagerly as she opened the folder. As soon as she saw the sketches inside she looked at him with confusion. "Victor, um...are you planning to expand our line to more...intimate apparel?"

"Oh, no," he said with a wink. "I have some more...specific plans for this. I'm asking for your input more as a personal favor, really; I've always admired your eye for design."

Still a little confused by Victor's request, Mila nodded and tucked the folder away under a stack of
papers for the moment, to keep it away from prying eyes. “Yes, sir. I'll have this back to you by the end of the day.”

“Excellent. Thank you, Mila,” Victor said as he made it to the door of his office, just down the hall. “Oh, and can you hold my calls for me until about 10? I have some sales figures to catch up on.”

Mila nodded and gave him a thumbs up, and he thanked her again before disappearing into his office. Victor smiled as he glanced at the beautiful St. Petersburg skyline outside of his floor-to-ceiling windows, before sitting down to begin his work for the day. His paperwork and reviewing the week's sales didn't actually take as long as expected, and soon he found himself on Eros' website again. Not for the intention of getting off, but just to explore the “About” and “Photos” sections again. He couldn't deny that he was fascinated by him, as more than just someone who got naked on camera for money. They'd barely even had one proper conversation, and even that was still a semi-professional one...was it too early to call this an honest-to-God crush?

He found himself looking at a recent photo that Eros had posted to his gallery, one of him posed sitting on his knees in a delicate lavender chemise on his bed, admiring both the way the garment complimented his curves and the adorably demure smile he gave to the camera, when the ping of a new message snapped him out of his reverie.

“Hi, IceAlpha! My roommate got the keys to our new PO box today; here's my new address!”

Victor immediately made a note in his phone of the address. He also picked up on the mention of a roommate... He quickly types out a reply. “Thank you, Eros. I'll let you know when your lingerie is on its way to you. And what's this, you have a roommate? And you share a PO box? What would he think about you receiving some of the things I plan to send you? 😉”

Eros' response is almost immediate. “He wouldn't even bat an eye, honestly. He was the one who talked me into buying that alpha cock dildo I used last night, so you could say we're pretty honest with each other about our sex lives.”

“So does he know that you're a camboy?” Victor types, hoping he isn't getting too personal. The answer to his question is far from expected:

“He's the one who talked me into doing this in the first place, actually.”

==

Yuuri wasn't sure why he was finding it so easy to talk to IceAlpha like this, to be so open about his decision to become a camboy. He had heard from Phichit when he was starting out that he would probably meet people in this line of work, admirers who would try to message him personally, and that he should avoid forging such relationships, both for his own personal safety and for the fact that this was still a job, and at the end of the day, he was providing a service. These people were paying to see him strip, dance, touch himself, and everything in between; they were customers and he should treat them as such. But IceAlpha...he was different. Even through text, the things he said made him seem trustworthy. And he'd never really thought much about it before, but he really liked the idea of having someone to call Daddy in this context. It wasn't something he realized he was into, but when he'd first sent it to him in his message last night, it made his stomach flip. He decided to try it out again.
“So, Daddy...you know what at least one of my jobs is. Would it be forward to ask what you do for a living that you can afford to spoil me like this?” he asked, just arriving home from a late shift at the hotel. Maybe he'd gone a little too far, and the moment he hit 'send' he'd wished he could have erased the message. But when he got a response he was surprised by what it said.

“I'd rather keep that private for now, if you don't mind. But I run my own company.”

A business owner, Yuuri thought. So he probably didn't even blink at the amount he'd put in Yuuri's Paypal account for the private video. Or the offer to buy him so many nice things. The man was almost definitely loaded.

“Oh, really? You must be a busy man, then, Daddy...”

It was almost embarrassing how easy it was to type out that word now, Yuuri couldn't help but think as he unlocked the door to his and Phichit's apartment. He wasn't sure why he was surprised that Phichit was still up this late, but seeing him sprawled on the couch, with his hamsters resting on his chest, did catch him a little bit off guard.

“Hey, you're home!” he said. “I was worried when you didn't answer my texts. Or were you too busy talking to someone else?”

The knowing look in Phichit's eyes went straight through him. “I mean...I did promise to give IceAlpha the PO box number, but then we got to talking, and...”

“So you were ignoring me for your new sugar daddy,” he smirked, scratching one of his hamsters behind its tiny ears.

“He's not my—” Yuuri started to protest, but he knew at this point there was no use arguing. “Okay, I think you might be right. He actually said he wants me to call him Daddy in the video I record for him, so...”

The screech Phichit let out at the revelation was practically deafening.
"Look at my little Yuuri! A sugar baby! I'm so proud of you!" Phichit squealed after finishing his little victory dance, consisting mostly of unironic dabbing. "So, what are you going to do for his video? Hmmm?" he asked, that smug little grin making Yuuri roll his eyes again.

"I don't know for sure yet, Phich. He told me he wants me to make myself feel good, but didn't really provide any other hints." Yuuri said, “I’m trying to feel him out first, maybe I’ll get a few other ideas as we chat.” he explained, though both of them knew that wasn’t entirely the case. He definitely wasn’t just chatting with IceAlpha to feel him out. Phichit eyed him suspiciously but didn’t say anything about Yuuri’s obvious lie, and Yuuri couldn’t help wondering why Phichit was still awake, lounging in the living room instead of his own bedroom. The TV wasn’t even on, and the remains of a glass of what looked like red wine sat on the coffee table in front of him. Yuuri made the connection after a bit of thought. Phichit was probably having a bit of fun with his Tinder matches. “And don’t come after me for chatting with a guy, you’re clearly flirting with someone, Chulanont.”

Phichit snorted and shrugged, gently jostling the hamster perched on his shoulder. “You’re not the only one with boy-toys, Katsuki.” he winked as Yuuri laughed, walking away before he caused more trouble, it was already late, and Yuuri was scheduled for first shift in the morning. He bid his roommate a goodnight as he kicked off his shoes and dropped his keys on the counter. His shift had been long and boring, as his late night shifts at the hotel usually were, and exhaustion was quickly setting in.

“Bonne nuit, Yuuri!” Phichit chirped as Yuuri walked into his bedroom.

“Since when do you speak French?” Yuuri called over his shoulder, knowing Phichit wouldn’t be revealing his hand anytime soon. He shut the door and all but collapsed into bed with his uniform still on. A vibration in his pocket pulled his attention back to the waking world. He pulled out his phone and read the message that had come through, from IceAlpha.

“Certainly not too busy to spoil you, if that’s what you’re implying, detka.”
Yuuri’s eyes honed in on that last word, and when he plugged the word in to a translation app, he blushed hot enough to feel it in his cheeks. Baby. Yuuri would be a liar if he tried to convince anyone that the thought of being called ‘baby’ didn’t make him feel something, specifically in the suddenly tightening black slacks that he wore for work. Add to that the idea of that imagined Russian accent whispering the word in his ear. Detka. It was almost too easy for his mind to wander again, to imagine the heat of another body twined with his… a dark, rough voice moaning "That’s it, detka, take Daddy’s cock."

A chill ran down his spine and Yuuri stifled a moan. But he needed to show some kind of restraint, at least for now. IceAlpha had paid for a private video, that was it. Not… sexting, they hadn’t negotiated that into their relationship. As much as he wanted to push things further. After he sent the video, they could negotiate things in greater detail.

“Tomorrow after work,” Yuuri murmured to himself, mentally checking his schedule. “I can record it then.” He turned his attention back to his phone, typing out what he hoped was a coy reply.

“Detka? Already giving me a petname, Daddy? 😊” Yuuri typed, unbuttoning his shirt and setting it aside to iron in the morning. “You certainly move fast.” he chuckled softly to himself at his eagerness.

“Perhaps, unless you’d prefer I not? I’d hate to make you uncomfortable.” came the near immediate reply. Yuuri smiled at seeing IceAlpha’s hurried response; he knew that his new admirer didn’t intend any harm by it.

“I don’t mind, Daddy. I like it, though I’d love to hear how you say it.” Yuuri typed his reply and sent it without thinking, accidentally giving a voice to the part of his brain that had gone absolutely wild at just the thought of his accent. He panicked for a moment, but as soon as he received a reply, he knew he had made the right choice.

“Surely as much as I’d like to hear you say ‘Daddy’, 😊 Will you be streaming tonight? It’s getting awfully late, isn’t it?” Yuuri read the message and couldn’t help but feel oddly comforted by his… well, his sugar daddy being concerned for him like this. Yuuri set his phone down for a moment and changed into a clean pair of sweatpants and settled into bed.

“No, not tonight. I have to work in the morning. 😊 Usually I would, on a Friday night, but I just got off a long shift.” Yuuri replied, finding it ridiculously easy to talk to him about more than just camming. His phone chimed with an email notification— that a few items had been purchased from his wishlist and had been express shipped. He clicked to expand the email and slowly scanned the list of things included in the order, his jaw nearly fell to the floor.

Not only was there a not insignificant number of his Japanese snacks on the list, but so was the comfy, oversized sweatshirt he had been eyeing, the pair of earbuds he had meant to buy after his old ones broke. There were a few other little odds and ends too, like a new bottle of strawberry-scented lube, among others, but Yuuri barely noticed them when he saw it. At the bottom of the list, was one of the toys he had been itching to buy for months. A beautiful glass dildo, clear as ice with ribbons of aquamarine blue spiraling through its core. Yuuri’s mouth watered as he remembered the measurements of it, thicker and longer than any of the toys he owned at that point.

A soft whine fell from his lips as he imagined what the toy will feel like, filling him up so perfectly, so completely. It would undoubtedly be hard and unyielding, with no give or room to spare. Fuck.

“Understandable. You deserve your rest. I’m guessing you may have received an email already, but you may want to stop by your PO box after work tomorrow. 😊 Sleep well, detka.” The message
said, and the chances of Yuuri getting to sleep any time soon faded away with the idea that a large, expensive sex toy would be waiting in his PO box when he got off work the next day.

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Victor set his phone aside and laughed to himself. *God, how am I in so deep already?* he wondered silently. From the moment he stepped foot in the door of his own apartment, he had been messaging him. He hadn't even changed out of his suit yet. This was the sway Eros had on him. And Victor wasn't the least bit ashamed of it.

He hoped that Eros would enjoy his first package, and very, very much hoped that he had sent the right message, that the toy he had selected was the one he wanted to see Eros use… seeing something so close to his own length and girth on that wishlist had made his head spin for a moment. How could he not purchase it, and hope he would be able to see it used? He picked up his phone to make that point crystal clear, seeing that he had received a message.

"Goodnight Daddy 😘" it read simply. How two words could have so much sway over Victor, he’d never know. But imagining those pink lips saying those words, whispering the title, *God*, it felt right. A quiet part of his brain told him to just ask in the morning, and he set his phone back down again, turning to his laptop instead. He scrolled back through the list of things he had ordered for him, already imagining the sweet smile on his cheeks when he opens the snacks, the cuddly sweatshirt… Victor’s heart flipped in his chest.

The large manila folder containing his custom design, with Mila’s notes and suggestions added, was waiting for rework on his desk in the morning, a little weekend project. But there was absolutely no chance Victor would be sleeping much at this point. With a pair of low-slung sleep pants on, Victor walked back out to his study (which had originally been a second bedroom, converted to house his bookshelves and the large corner desk he used to work from home) and Makkachin trotted after him, jumping up onto her dog bed in the window seat.

Victor slid the single sheet of paper out of the envelope; his original design of black silk and translucent mesh had been marked with post-it notes bearing Mila’s crisp, clean handwriting. ‘Clean up these lines’ read one, with a line pointing to the wide mesh cutouts running diagonally across the chest. ‘What about crystal embellishments here?’ said another, lines pointing to the left shoulder and right hip. A sketch was paperclipped to the corner, offering a color scheme that added a bloom of red to the silky lingerie, crimson bleeding into black at the left hip. ‘The long sleeves are a great idea!’ another said, a smiley face drawn in as well.

Victor leaned back in his plush leather chair, a thousand redesigns running through his head as he stroked his short-cropped, silvery beard. Mila definitely deserved a raise after this. He slid his reading glasses onto his nose and pulled out a fresh sheet of paper, beginning another sketch of that toned, lithe frame, those plush hips and thighs; he even went so far as to add the ebony sweep of his hair back away from his face, the pink lips that pouted so perfectly, and the searing amber eyes that he would never stop seeing in the back of his mind.

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Yuuri hated working Sunday mornings. There were always far too many grouchy, hungover guests calling down for room service and complaining when breakfast stopped being served three hours before their call. He always felt like something of an actor when he pinned on his nametag, a pleasant, “Hi! My name is Yuuri! How can I assist you?” preceding his polite smile and the hospitable spiel he gave to everyone who approached the front desk. But something kept his mood up today. He didn’t need to wear his customer-friendly mask, even when he was gruffly greeted by a rude reply to a wake-up call.
The package.

Yuuri’s cheeks bloomed with bright pink every time he remembered it. A package full of treats from his sugar daddy. His Russian sugar daddy. His mind had drafted a mental image of the man, even without knowing what his alpha admirer looked like. But Yuuri imagined that he was tall, broad and strong, with sharp, angled features and a low, accented voice that made his toes curl.

God, just thinking about his imaginary amalgam of IceAlpha was making things below the belt a little tight. He willing away the half-hard swelling in his uniform slacks and checked his phone under the desk, the lobby was practically abandoned by that point anyway. There were, inevitably, a few messages from Phichit dated a few hours ago, bragging about sleeping in and playing with his hamsters, to which Yuuri replied “At least I don’t have to work until 4 am 😜” Phichit worked nights at a bar down the street, and was essentially paid to make drinks and flirt with customers. Yuuri swiped away a few Twitter and Instagram recap notifications, though his presence on both platforms was near-silent at best.

That flush on his cheeks returned when a message from IceAlpha came through.

“I hope things are going well this morning, Eros! The final designs for something special are being reviewed today! I’m hoping that it will be on its way to you within a week.”

Yuuri’s heart jumped into his throat, almost surprised that he hadn’t been joking about custom lingerie. He pocketed his phone when he heard the elevator ding down the hall, ready to greet whoever came walking through. He greeted a pair of guests and bid them a nice day when they walked through the front doors and out into the sunny spring day. A quick check of the clock told him he had just a little over an hour left in his shift. God, that was way too long.

Another buzz in his pocket yanked his attention back to himself, and he checked in both directions before pulling it back out of his pocket. A message. From Phichit.

“OH MY GOD YUURI, WHAT DID YOUR DADDY SEND YOU?!” the text read, and Yuuri could practically hear Phichit’s squeal through the message. A photo popped up immediately afterward, of a very large box sitting on the small table in their shared kitchen. “I went to the post office to see if anything came for me, but holy FRICK THIS IS HEAVY!”

A pang of excitement hit Yuuri’s core and it took a few minutes of seriously considering going home ‘sick’, but he stayed put, mostly to prove it to himself that he could. He didn’t bother teasing his best friend about being interested in the contents of their shared PO box on a Sunday morning, or whether something had indeed come for him as well.

“YUURI YOU SNEAKY LITTLE HOE, WHAT IS IN THIS PACKAGE?” came another message from Phichit, “Tell me or I’ll commit mail fraud, Yuuri 😜 I’m not afraid to go back to best friend jail.” his roommate said, attaching a photo of the nondescript, albeit massive Amazon package, his right hand wielding a butcher knife pointed at the box. Yuuri snorted and looked over his shoulder before replying.

“Put that down, you’ll hurt yourself. It’s just a sweatshirt and some snacks, a few other little things. Oh, and a nine inch glass dildo that I can barely wrap my hand around.”
Showtime

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Yuuri opens his package of goodies from Daddy, and gets ready to record his video.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Fuzzy here! Sorry for the late update (and for that matter, for Next Level coming so slowly) bc irl shit has been hectic af lately. But things are slowly getting back on track and ALSO I'd like to take a moment to shamelessly plug another thing IA and I have been planning for a while, Chubby Yuuri Appreciation Week, which we're planning to be the second week of September (the 8th-14th)! Details can be found on twitter (@ChubbyYuuriWeek) and tumblr (chubbyyuuriweek.tumblr.com).

“What?!! HE SENT YOU THAT GIANT GLASS BEHEMOTH?” Phichit replied back within seconds. “That thing's more of a weapon than a sex toy, and I thought you'd added to your list ironically! Are you really going to use something that big?”

Yuuri chuckled as he read Phichit's messages. His affinity for size had always been a bit shocking to Phichit, who, as he'd so eloquently put it, preferred to be able to walk at least in an emergency after sex. “If I get dicked down with something longer than seven inches,” he'd once said, “and the apartment caught fire immediately afterwards, I guess I'd just die.”

“Of course I plan on using it. He bought me a brand new bottle of lube too 😊 I think I'll break it in after work today, when I record my video for him,” he replied, still rolling his eyes at Phichit's dramatic reaction to the toy.

“So soon? Okay, but you'd better thank me for keeping 911 on speed dial!”

~~

Yuuri made it through the door of the apartment about an hour later, and he couldn't remember the last time he was this excited to be home. He'd barely even checked his phone to text Phichit when he'd clocked out of work, but he did send IceAlpha a short message thanking him for the package, and that he'd received it safe and sound.

“I'm glad it made it to you safely! I hope you enjoy the treats that I picked out for you ” he replied, and the use of the heart emoji made Yuuri's own heart flutter a little. He saw the box exactly where Phichit had left it, on the kitchen counter, and when he lifted it he couldn't help realizing Phichit wasn't joking about it being heavy. He knew that the weight of the package wasn't entirely the dildo, but he was suddenly that much more excited to test out the new toy.

“Hello to you too,” Phichit teased sarcastically as Yuuri hurried past him in the hallway to his
room and shut the door behind him without a word. “I'm going out for a while, to give you some privacy. But be careful with that thing, okay?”

“Oh, hush, I'll be fine,” Yuuri called through his bedroom door, already tearing the packing tape off of the box as he headed to his bed. He sat down with the box in his lap, pulling the sweatshirt out first, since it was placed on top. It felt even softer than it had looked in the picture, but it looked a little bigger than he’d imagined based on the size chart on the Amazon listing. He’d added a medium to his wish list, but this looked like at least an XL. He did like his clothes baggy though, so it was a welcome surprise. He didn't give it much more thought as he set it aside, along with the pouches and boxes of snacks, some that he hadn't eaten since before he'd left home. At last, at the bottom of the box, he reached what he'd been looking forward to all morning. He admired the picture of the toy on the box as he pulled it out, then opened the box and let the toy slide out into his hand, where he could truly appreciate the weight and girth of it. Yes, this was going to feel incredible once it was inside him...

Yuuri waited until he heard the front door close, indicating that Phichit had left, before leaving his room again. He headed down the hall to the bathroom to take a quick shower and make himself presentable to record his video. He briefly wished that Phichit had stayed behind at least long enough to help him with his makeup, but he's watched enough tutorials on Youtube that he was sure he could achieve the look he had in mind on his own. When he stepped into the shower and turned on the water, all lingering thoughts of his dull morning at work immediately disappeared from his mind, soon replaced with thoughts of his mysterious sugar daddy. He didn't even know what the man looked like, but that didn't stop him from letting his hand wander down to his twitching, half-hard cock, giving it a few gentle strokes as he imagined his own body being embraced from behind, while strong, gentle hands ran up and down his body. He imagines him whispering in his ear in a thick Russian accent, calling him detka or some other equally sweet nickname. He wasn't above Googling “Russian pet names” for the sake of his masturbatory fantasies...

“Daddy,” he gasped, imagining the alpha's lips grazing his throat, kissing the spot directly underneath his ear that always drove him crazy. “Daddy, right there, right th—haaaaaah!” He came into his hand, much sooner than he expected to. God, he really was in deep for IceAlpha, he thought as he rinsed off and continued with his shower. Once he was clean, he stepped out and stood in front of the mirror, debating how he wanted to wear his hair. Should he wear it back for this? He slicked it back while it was still wet, considering it for a moment.

On second thought, maybe he should keep it down, and look more relaxed. He could save this look for something else... He fixed his hair to his usual style, brushing his bangs over his forehead and giving himself a nervous grin in the mirror. He dried off rather quickly, then headed back to his room to figure out what he was going to wear. Opening his lingerie drawer, he took a look inside to find what would go best with the makeup look he had in mind. Something subtle, but eye-catching, he'd decided; just some mascara and winged liner to draw attention to his eyes, and maybe a soft pink lipstick. After some digging through his drawer he'd found just the thing—a pink lace teddy, light, flowy, and loose, but split down the front to still showcase his figure. He put on the teddy and matching lace panties (though they'd probably last the first two minutes of the recording, tops), and headed over to his vanity to put his makeup on.

“Now that you're off work, what does my detka have planned for the day?” IceAlpha messaged right as Yuuri sat down. He blushed as he read the message again. So now he's his baby. Of course, that was the obvious implication, considering he'd asked to be called Daddy, but seeing it written out like this...

“Oh, I haven't decided yet, probably working on a project for my economics class. And maybe
breaking in my new toy, if I find the time 😊” Yuuri replied, before putting on a soothing playlist and setting his phone back down. He hadn't explicitly told IceAlpha that he'd be recording his video today, as he'd wanted to keep it a bit of a surprise, but he figured that this was the perfect amount of mysterious flirtiness to keep him interested.

“Oh, is that so? In that case, I hope you enjoy yourself, Eros~” came the reply. Yuuri briefly read the notification on his lock screen but was unable to turn much of his attention away from his mirror, a deep look of concentration on his face and an eyeliner pencil in his hand. Once he'd gotten his wings even (an art he'd finally mastered after a lot of patient coaching from Phichit), he moved on to his mascara, and finally, the glossy bubblegum pink lip color he'd been saving. Once he finished and triple-checked that it looked good, he finally picked up his phone to reply.

“I'm sure I will, Daddy. I've been looking forward to this all morning...”

Sufficiently dressed and dolled up, Yuuri went to prepare his workspace next. He set up his tripod and camera to record himself at the perfect angle, positioned the lamp on his nightstand to get the lighting just right, and arranged and fluffed his pillows to his liking. Once he was satisfied, he climbed onto his bed, his new toy and bottle of lube both nestled next to him, and waited for the camera timer to count down.

It was showtime.
Chapter Summary

Yuuri records his video and tries out his new toy.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! IA here! I had a lot of fun with this chapter, tbh I've been looking forward to it since Fuzzy and I started bouncing this idea around. I'm so excited about how many people have been reading and keeping up with this fic, and I really hope you enjoy the update! ❤️

The timer ticked down and Yuuri felt that familiar calm wash over him; he felt the mantle of Eros settle over his features. The corner of his lips cocked upward and heat burst over his cheeks, bringing a natural blush to his already very pink ensemble. His arousal pitched higher and higher as the clock ticked down.

Yuuri peeked around the camera to the full-length mirror hung on his closet door, one last check. He practiced his hello, soft, demure. "$Hello, Daddy…” No, not quite. "$Hi, Daddy~” Yes, that's better. "$Hi, Daddy~ thank you for my gifts… I love the sweatshirt already…”

The clock ticked down to zero and the red recording indicator on the camera began flashing. Yuuri snapped his eyes to the lens and allowed for a moment or two of silence before greeting his silent audience, feeling even more excited than he usually was for his streams. He knew this one was special, this one was just for IceAlpha. Just for Daddy’s eyes. Fuck.

“$Hi Daddy~” Yuuri purred, fluttering his lashes at the camera. “Thank you so much for my gifts, I love the sweatshirt. I can’t wait to enjoy all my snacks…” he dropped his eyes to where the teddy split open to reveal the soft lines of his stomach. He trailed his fingertips along the lines of the flowy, soft lingerie, giving his audience a moment to appreciate the lingerie before it fell to the side. God, he could already feel the panties dampening between his cheeks. As much as Daddy would love to see him play with just his slick, there was no way he was taking such a monster toy without the aid of lube. Lots of lube.

“Do you like my outfit, Daddy? It’s so soft against my skin…” Yuuri said, looking up at the camera. He had specifically positioned just it above his eye line for this video, indulging himself in the fantasy of his tall, muscular alpha. Yuuri shivered at the idea of his Daddy really in the room with him, standing above his bed, watching all of this play out. It probably wasn’t too far off to imagine him being taller than Yuuri, it isn’t difficult for an alpha to clear six feet tall, and Yuuri’s height (right around 165 centimeters) made him shorter than most. “I like wearing pink… it looks nice with my skin tone, don’t you think?”

Yuuri pulled apart the teddy for a moment before letting it fall closed again, letting his hand
wander back to his chest, drawing a line between his pecs with his fingertip. “You told me you want to watch me make myself feel good however I want…” Yuuri breathed the last few words softly as he slipped his hand into the lace, dancing over a slightly pebbled nipple. “And I think you’d like to see me work myself up to the edge before I take something… bigger, isn’t that right, Daddy?”

He knew just how much his viewers loved when he asked questions, it pulled them into the moment with him. But this went further than that, and Yuuri knew it. He wanted IceAlpha to feel closer. God, did he want that. “You’ve seen all of my shows by now, haven’t you, Daddy? You know just how much I love teasing my chest…” Yuuri said breathily, leaning back on one hand as the other teased his nipple, rubbing the flesh as it peaked under his touch. “Ahh, D-Daddy…” Yuuri moaned, finding the name falling from his lips even easier as he lost himself in pleasure. It was so easy to substitute his fingers for someone else’s, to imagine the warmth of someone else’s body behind him, teasing him so efficiently, so perfectly.

His stomach twisted pleasantly as a burst of slick wet his cheeks. He wanted to use the toy so badly, to start pulling himself apart with nine inches of glass… God, he’d be lucky if he could get up to stop the recording after fucking himself with it. And that thought alone made him change the course of the video. It wasn’t as if he had been given a script… Daddy wanted to see him feel good. And that’s what he was going to do.

He moaned softly as he pulled his hand back out of his lingerie and dipped into his panties. Pushing his hips forward, Yuuri leveled his lidded stare into the camera and moaned again, giving his cock a few short, teasing strokes. “Feels so good to have you watching me, Daddy… I -fuck- I love knowing that you’re watching me while I make myself feel good…” Yuuri panted, pushing his hips forward against his hand as those few strokes became a few more, his mind wandering again to strong hands and muttered pet names. Yuuri pushed his pink lacy panties down for ease of access as he lost himself in his own touch, whining and moaning various permutations of ‘D-Daaaaddddy~’ and ‘feels so good~’ as he stroked himself. His voice escaped him altogether when he flicked his wrist over the head just right; just a squeaking moan fell from his lips as he felt his orgasm rushing toward him.

“D-Daddy, ‘m so clo-ooot…” he moaned, daring to get himself right up to that edge, but holding back, clamping his hand around the base of his cock and letting out a strangled yelp. Yuuri gasped as he staved off the shuddering sensation of pre-orgasm. “N-not yet, I don’t wanna cum yet, Daddy.” he said, slowly catching his breath as sweat began to gather along his hairline and in the small of his back. “I wanna cum on th-the toy you sent me.”

He pulled the glass toy into frame and admired it as he came down from the edge, taking long, slow breaths. “It’s so big… I can’t help but wonder why you picked this one, Daddy.” Yuuri teased breathlessly, running his fingertip along one of the ridges of the toy, shuddering at the thought of how that will feel inside him. This wasn’t the only toy on his wishlist, but it was certainly the biggest. “Is it because of how pretty it is?” Yuuri asked, tracing the shaft of the toy. “Or simply how big it is?” Yuuri smirked wickedly at the camera. “Maybe its size is… comparable to something else, Daddy?”

Yuuri shuddered at his own words, imagining that he was looking at the actual length and heft of his Daddy’s cock. A pang of heady arousal rolled through him at that, and his lips parted without thinking. His tongue flicked out and tasted the clean glass, but Yuuri’s mind easily substituted it for something made of flesh, with a pearl of salty precum dripping from the slit. He moaned as he laved his tongue around the head, not willing to let go of the fantasy. He was pleasuring Daddy, not a toy.
His moans grew higher again as his arousal pitched hotter in his core, imagining a hand gripping tightly in his hair as Yuuri teased flesh with his tongue. “Mmmnnah, Daaddddy~” Yuuri moaned, the toy half in his mouth. Almost all of his lipgloss had been lost to the surface of the toy, streaks of bright pink left behind on the glass. He knew he was making a mess of the toy, but that’s how Daddy would want it, nice and wet.

He could almost hear his voice, rumbling low and deep. “Good boy, detka. Just like that. Suck Daddy just like that.” Yuuri whined again, opening his mouth wider to envelop the head completely. He took a deep breath before taking the toy in all the way, the tip of his nose kissing the flared base of the toy. He held it there as the moaning voice in his head praised him in jumbled-up Russian, and finally relented when he couldn’t hold his breath anymore.

He pulled off with a soft ‘uwaa~’ noise, smirking at the sight of his bubblegum lip gloss smeared all over the toy. He held it up to show the camera before setting the toy aside and shimmying out of his panties, but not before shuddering at just how wet the lace was. Absolutely soaked.

God, he never got this riled up for his normal shows.

“Daddyyyy… I soaked right through my pretty panties~” Yuuri purred, rubbing his thighs together as he shifted position, shuddering as slick began to coat his inner thighs. “I— I got so excited, I couldn’t help it…” he mewed, shuddering as he angled himself away from the camera, showing off what was surely a wet, lewd mess between his cheeks.

Yuuri positioned himself on his knees, canting his hips backward in a display that more than likely looked pornographic; he could feel slick leaking from his hole and something deep in his core told him that he needed to be filled up, specifically by Daddy. Yuuri moaned and reached for his lube, but hesitated for a moment. The toy is what needs lube, not his fingers… and besides that, Yuuri knew that his Daddy wanted to see just how slippery he had become, just for him.

Turning over his shoulder, Yuuri kept talking, his voice cracking around a moan as he swirled two fingers around his hole. "You knew I like big toys, didn't you, Daddy? You liked the knotting toy that first stream you watched, d-didn't you? I remember y-ouuu, telling me to knot myself with it~" Yuuri moaned, pressing those fingers into his hole with a high-pitched, keening moan. He gasped a slurry of dirty, gasping Japanese as he rocked back onto his fingers, stretching himself open wide for Daddy to see. It was so hard to hold back from saying that he had already gotten off once that day because of him. His moans pitched higher and higher, more and more desperate.

"Hnnnnn~ D-Daddy, can I add another fi-hiiiiinger? Please?” Yuuri begged, waiting a moment to play up the scene, giving his audience a moment to reply when he watched it later on. Yuuri imagined the dark, rumbling growl of an alpha as he whined and added another finger. "Th-thank you, Daddy~ haaaahhh, I need it, feelssogood…”

Yuuri whimpered as he stretched himself, slipping in his third finger. If he was going to take this monster toy, he needed to be as loose and warmed up as he possibly could be. The glass toy beside him was looking more and more tempting, and it only spurred him on deeper into his own arousal.

“D-Daddy…” Yuuri moaned, throwing his hips back against nothing, teasing himself and the audience of one he knew he was holding completely captive. “Daddy, please, c-can I use the toy now?” he begged the camera, indulging himself in the fantasy of his viewer, cursing under his breath, moaning a hoarse, rough version of his name. “I’ve been good, please?” he whined, reaching for the pink bottle of lube and liberally drizzling it over his heated skin before reaching for the toy and slicking that up too. “I wanna feel it in me, Daddy, can I?” Yuuri knew what his begging did, men fell to their knees when he begged. The imagined alpha’s voice rumbled a dark ‘da’ in his mind, and he set to work, slicking up the toy thoroughly, stroking it like he was trying to
get it off.

He quickly spread his legs, blushing furiously at the way he was showing off, but all shame flew out the window as he aligned the slickened toy to his hole. He moaned again, just at the first touch of the toy to his sensitive, wet skin. He turned to the camera and gasped again as he began pressing the toy into himself, burning in that familiar and pleasant way.

“Ahh, D-Daddy, ‘sso b-big~” he gasped, gently pressing it in deeper. The toy slid into him with ease after he had worked himself open earlier; the artificial veins rubbed against his walls and filled him perfectly, tears pricked at the corners of his eyes as the flared base kissed the skin between his cheeks. "Daddy… it's i-in…” Yuuri said, his voice light and squeaking. He barely held on to the ephemeral plane as he began rocking his hips and fucking himself with the toy, his hole clenching around it and making that sinful squelching noise. “Oh, m-my God, Daddyyyy…” he squealed as the thick glass monster slid into and past his prostate. The thickness of the toy held him open in that perfect way, heavy and warm inside him like it was going to split him in half.

Yuuri’s legs were quaking, his breaths came in ragged cries, and he was barely able to hold up his own weight as he thrust the toy in again and again. His orgasm raced toward him as he threw his hips backward onto the toy, every muscle in his core clenching tightly around the toy, around Daddy, around hard, cool glass and IceAlpha’s thick cock. Slowly the two conflated and all Yuuri could think about was the pleasure of being filled by his Daddy.

“‘M so close, Daddy… you f-feel so good in me, please, w-wanna cum~” Yuuri whimpered, his thigh shaking in that telltale way, his core clenching as it always did, but fuck, did he need Daddy’s approval. He was so lost in the moment, so lost in the fantasy, it was nearly impossible to parse it from reality by that point. That dark Russian voice growled in his mind, giving him some kind of moaned permission to finish, and Yuuri squealed. His panting breaths grew faster and his moaning crescendoed until the taut ribbon of his arousal snapped, sending him over the edge in a burst of white light and radio static buzzing in his ears. Garbled repetitions of ‘Daddy' with various curses and some Japanese tumbled off his lips as he came down from the high.

Yuuri didn’t know how long it was that he stayed there, barely able to move with the toy inside him. But as the aftershocks of what was probably the best orgasm he had ever had faded, Yuuri slowly removed the dildo with a soft whimper and looked into the camera again. Cheeks flushed and eyes unfocused and hazy, Yuuri smiled.

“Thank you for watching, Daddy. I hope you enjoyed my little show~” he purred, his voice rough and thick with sex. “I had a lot of fun, I hope you did too. Until next time.” He slowly pushed himself upright and blew a kiss to the camera, standing on wobbly legs to turn off the camera. He would be cutting everything after his sign-off from the video before he sent it, of course, but not before taking a long bath. And sending a message first.

LonelyEros: So what’s Daddy up to today? ❤
For Daddy's Eyes Only

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Victor gets a little pick-me-up during a monotonous day at work.

Chapter Notes

Heeeey it's Fuzzy! I had a lot of fun writing this chapter, y'all don't even know. I'm usually not that confident in my smut writing but I've been encouraged by the bad influence of IA and others on Discord, so you can thank/blame them for this as well. Enjoy Victor's reaction to Yuuri's video!

Victor hummed to himself as he went over some designs for his new spring line of athletic wear, working out any final details before emailing the sketches off to the tailor for samples to be made. He hadn't heard from Eros in nearly an hour and a half now, not since he'd responded to his flirty text asking what he was up to (his neck in paperwork, is what he'd said). He remembered what he'd said about studying for an exam, and didn't want to interrupt him, but he also remembered what he'd said about maybe breaking in that new toy, and God, Victor could barely think about anything else before his mind wandered to a filthy, beautiful mental image of the omega fucking himself on the massive glass cock he'd bought him. He'd even briefly dared to imagine Eros riding him, before forcing himself to dial it back a bit. Regardless of the nature of Eros' work, the relationship Victor had with him—if it could even be called a relationship—was a professional one, and nothing more. He needed to remember that.

He'd just finished looking over the sketch of one of his personal favorites from the collection, a pair of leggings in a vibrant geometric print, when his phone buzzed with another message.

“Hey, Daddy, what's your email address? I have a surprise for you 😊”

Victor blinked when he read the message. It was at that moment that he realized that he'd never given Eros an email address to send the video to. Could that be what his surprise was? More importantly, what email address should he give him? He obviously couldn't give him his business email, as it was heavily monitored to prevent spam or other unwanted messages. He supposed he could give his personal one, but it had his name in it and he didn't quite feel comfortable giving out personal information. So, after putting together a second Gmail account with the same handle he used on Eros' website, he replied to Eros' message, then received another one barely a minute later.
“Check your email. I hope I was able to give you your money's worth!”

Sure enough, when Victor looked at his laptop screen again, his new account had one new message, with a video attachment.

From: Eros

Subject: For Daddy's Eyes Only~

Victor sucked in a deep breath, his finger hovering over the mouse button to click the link. He checked the time, to determine whether or not he had any meetings scheduled for the next hour or so (he was definitely going to be watching this more than once), and after deciding that his morning was probably free, he still wanted to make sure he wouldn't be interrupted.

“Mila,” he said in a calm, cool voice as he pressed the call button to the reception desk. “Do me a favor and hold all of my calls for me?”

“Hi, Daddy~ thank you so much for my gifts...” Eros said with his charming smile. He had the camera positioned so that he was looking up slightly, as if Victor were right there with him. He was only acutely aware of him mentioning the sweatshirt and the snacks, as he was too focused on what Eros was wearing: a beautiful, very delicate-looking pink teddy that split at the base of his chest, giving him a delicious peek at the flat plane of his stomach. Maybe if he let it fall open a bit, he could see those tempting, curvy hips...

“Do you like my outfit, Daddy? It's so soft against my skin,” Eros purred, almost as if he'd read Victor's mind. Bozhe moy, yes, he muttered under his breath, palming at himself beneath his desk. “I like wearing pink...it looks nice with my skin tone, don't you think?”

“Da, Eros, it looks wonderful on you,” Victor couldn't help answering out loud. “You look so beautiful for Daddy...” He watched, enraptured as Yuuri pulled the sides of the teddy apart, revealing his curves for a split seconds before letting go, letting the fabric flutter against his skin as his hand made its way back up to his chest. The lace was just sheer enough that Eros' pretty pink nipples were visible through it, and they were already hard. Eros talked to him about how he'd been asked to make himself feel good however he wanted, and he casually mentioned edging himself before taking something “bigger.” God, he had an edging kink too, it seemed. Victor would have to file that tidbit away for later...

“You've seen all of my shows by now, haven't you, Daddy? You know just how much I love teasing my chest...ahh, D-Daddy...”

“Yes, you love playing with those cute nipples, don't you, Rosya? I bet you'd like for Daddy to play with them, wouldn't you?” Victor replied, as if the beautiful omega on his screen could actually hear him right now. He resisted the urge to unzip his slacks, still limiting himself to palming his half-hard cock over the fabric. Although, the longer he watched Eros toy with his nipples, the harder it was becoming to control himself.

And suddenly, Eros' hand was down his panties. And Victor's zipper was down. He watched as he
pushed his panties down a little and holy shit, they were practically dripping, he was so wet. Victor suddenly couldn't help wondering what he smelled like, what he tasted like...God, he had to be close now, he was going to get to see him get right to the edge, and then...

Eros whined as he gripped the base of his cock, shuddering and clearly right on the verge of orgasm.

“N-not yet, I don't wanna cum yet, Daddy. I wanna cum on th-the toy you sent me,” he said, his chest heaving as his breath came back to him. If Victor wasn't already fully hard now, seeing Eros pick up the big glass toy would have done the job. Even with the dimensions listed on the Amazon page, Victor was only able to imagine about how big the dildo would be. But seeing it in Eros’ hands was another thing entirely. He was really going to put that thing inside of him, just for his viewing pleasure. God, what had he done to be so lucky?

“It's so big...I can't help but wonder why you picked this one, Daddy...”

Victor couldn't help the pride swelling in his chest at that comment, listening to Eros continue to wonder aloud if it was because of the aesthetic of the toy, or something else...Victor had only had a handful of partners in bed, but he couldn't help being more than a little proud of the size of his cock. And the toy in Eros' hands was actually closer to his own size and girth than he'd expected it to be.

Then, suddenly, almost as if on an impulse, those perfect lips opened and he started teasing the head of the toy with his tongue. This was far from the first time Victor had watched Eros showcase his oral skills on a toy, but not since the stream with the knotting dildo had he so easily been able to replace the toy with himself in his mind. He could practically feel Eros' lips wrapped around him, instead of his own hand. And that tongue, and his lipstick smearing all over his shaft. And good God, the noises he was making as he sucked off the toy, taking it to the base with ease. A chorus of literal angels wouldn't have sounded as heavenly.

“Da, just like that, Eros, you're such a good boy, sucking Daddy's cock like that,” he couldn't help but mumble aloud, all sense of shame having long since flown out the window. “You're so good at sucking cock, it's almost like it's what your mouth was made for, detka...”

A bit sooner than Victor was prepared for, Eros pulled the toy out of his mouth and held it up to the camera, showing off the streaks of saliva and smeared lipstick before he set it aside on the bed. Next he pulled his panties down further and rid himself of them entirely, but not before showing off just how wet he'd made them.

“I got so excited, I couldn't help it...” he said, feigning bashfulness, immediately before turning around and giving Victor the most beautiful view he could have imagined: his perfect, plush ass, his inner cheeks and thighs absolutely soaked with his slick, and that adorable pink pucker, already twitching with need.

Victor could see the headline now: Russian Activewear Mogul Found Dead in Office With Pants Around Ankles.

Victor barely registered Eros speaking again, mentioning the knot toy as he slid his index and middle fingers inside himself, spreading himself open for him. He almost couldn't hear him over the sound of the slick stroking sound of his cock in his hand, not until he'd heard a direct question.

“D-Daddy, can I add another fi-hiiinger? Please?” Eros asked, an adorable pout on his lips.

“Da, a thousand times, da, please,” Victor once again found himself saying directly to him, as if he
could be heard.

“Th-thank you, Daddy~ haaahhh, I need it, feelssogood...”

Before Victor knew it, Eros was begging him to use the toy. Fevered pants and whimpering of “Daddy~” went straight through Victor's core, and he wanted nothing more than to give him what he wanted, or better yet, to fuck him himself. Finally, after watching him stroke the toy with extra lube, he lined up the toy to his twitching, eager hole and slowly inserted it, and Victor couldn't help immediately imagining his own length pressing inside that tempting heat, inch by inch, just like the glass toy on his laptop screen, until he was balls deep inside him. It seemed to take Eros a surprisingly short time to adjust to the girth before he started fucking himself with it, pulling it out and pushing it back in. He did it slowly at first, then picked up the pace, his own need clear by the look on his face.

“Detka looks so pretty filled up with Daddy's cock,” Victor said, pumping himself in time with the thick glass toy as it slid in and out of Eros. When it was fully seated inside him, Victor noticed that his lower tummy bulged outward slightly with the outline of its head, and bozhe moy, what he wouldn't give to rub at that little bulge, to be able to encourage Eros about how well he's taking him, how beautiful he looks with such a thick cock buried so deep in him. He wanted to praise him, to fuck him, to fill him--

“m so close, Daddy...you f-feel so good in me, please, w-wanna cum~” Eros' shaky, whimpery voice pulled Victor from his reverie.

“Yes, Eros, cum for Daddy, cum for me like a good boy,” he said to the screen. “That's right, I know you're close, so am I—shiiiiiiit,” Victor hissed as he came into his fist. He hadn't had an orgasm this intense in years, possibly ever, even watching Eros' previous streams. He continued to stroke himself through his orgasm, watching Eros topple over the edge as he mumbles his title over and over.

He looked so peaceful, lying there basking in the afterglow of his orgasm. Victor half expected him to fall asleep, and honestly he wouldn't have minded; he looked adorable, practically begging to be kissed goodnight and tucked in. Finally, though, he moved, pulling the dildo out with a keening whine and setting it aside as he smiled sleepily at the camera.

“Thank you for watching me, Daddy. I hope you enjoyed my little show...I had a lot of fun, I hope you did too. Until next time.”

Victor watched Eros blow a kiss at the camera, his signature sign off, before the screen faded to white. After the video ended, all he could do was sit in his plush leather chair, dumbfounded.

Did he really have it in him to watch that video again? He came so hard he was feeling lightheaded. He'd probably be fine, he reasoned, as he clicked the replay button.
Yuuri couldn’t help but giggle to himself when he didn’t hear anything from Daddy for a while, though he was honestly a bit surprised when an hour turned into two, then three. Yuuri shook off the worry that he had somehow overstepped and continued working on his economics project, trying not to panic with the deadline looming.

He had been planning to stream later, as he usually did on Saturday nights, but with the particular ache between his cheeks and oddly enough, his lower stomach making things difficult, he decided to forego those plans in favor of a simple Q-and-A style show with a little haul of his package from IceAlpha. Yuuri’s mind drifted aimlessly from flowcharts and spreadsheets to his plans for the evening; he considered what to wear for the show, how best to break the news that he wouldn’t be getting naked on camera tonight…

The front door of their apartment opened and the sudden sound pulled him out of his thoughts, but by the time Yuuri stood to greet his roommate, Phichit was shutting his bedroom door.

“Nice to see you too, Phich!” Yuuri called through the thin wall, but didn’t push it. A closed door meant a request for privacy, and Yuuri wouldn’t cross that line. He laughed quietly to himself and headed instead for the kitchen, his stomach had been rumbling for a while with all the boring studying and coursework he had been working through.

A cup of instant noodles in hand, Yuuri trudged back to his bedroom and plopped down at his desk, stretching his back until he heard a pleasant pop in his lower back. Maybe a little bit of stretching would do him good after such a… well, strenuous video he had made for IceAlpha. He shuddered at the memory of running through the video and feeling oddly turned on by the way his body looked on screen, the whispy lingerie and the toy disappearing into his body.

Yuuri shivered and stood from his spot, making himself comfy on the floor of his bedroom, legs outstretched in a wide v. He moaned softly as he stretched, his hips opening up with the gentle sensation of it. He would have continued if not for the prolonged rattling vibration of his phone on his desk; something in his core told him it was IceAlpha, it was Daddy, finally messaging him back after he had sent the video nearly four hours ago.

Yuuri scrambled to his feet and nearly stumbled over his desk chair as he reached for his phone,
finding not only a message from IceAlpha, but also one from Phichit. He decided to open the message from Phichit first, having been a bit curious about his sudden escape to his room.

“Sorry I ducked! Something came up 😊 we’ll talk later, k? I’ve got a boy to tease 😆”

Yuuri snorted a laugh and sent a quick reply before opening the notification from IceAlpha. A bone-deep sensation of pride settled over the omega as he read through the string of messages that were only just now coming through.

“I’m so sorry for the delayed response, detka, a few things came up at the office,” Yuuri read the message slowly, wondering if that was really the entire story. “But with those fires put out, I finally have a moment to thank you 😊”

Fire stirred in Yuuri’s belly at the idea of his admirer thanking him. In all honesty, Yuuri could probably be thanking him for the best orgasm he’d ever had and a solid chunk of cash for a few months on top of it. All of that only served to distract Yuuri from the fact that hit him like a freight train after another moment of thought. “A few things came up at the office”... had he watched the video at work?

Yuuri’s mind immediately flooded with torrid thoughts of the Russian alpha, watching the video on his work computer, touching himself under his big mahogany desk, reclined in a plush leather chair. Maybe moaning in harmony with his own recorded noises. Fuck, it was such a vivid image, Yuuri had to actively fight the urge to get excited again. He continued reading and watched as the typing animation heralded an incoming message.

“The video was incredible, bozhe moy, I’ve never seen anything so thrilling and sexy as you using that massive toy, and hearing your sweet voice moaning for Daddy.” IceAlpha continued in a second message, “I’m nearly at a loss for words, to be completely honest, Eros.”

Yuuri shuddered at the praise on his phone screen, basking in the glow of the affirmation; he could only wonder what this would sound like in his voice, murmuring it all in his ear after collapsing into bed together. Yuuri imagined Daddy to be a pillow talker, his low, sex-rough voice rumbling in his chest, running long fingers through his hair, praising him for taking him so well--

Yuuri shook himself from the thoughts. Be professional. He reminded himself. This was a business relationship, after all. A very untraditional business relationship, but for better or worse, Yuuri was providing a service, and IceAlpha, Daddy, was compensating him for it. Another message popped into their chat, distracting him again.

“I hope I’m not being too forward in asking if we could make this a regular occurrence? I will gladly offer payment, of course, if you are willing.”

The typing animation did not return, and even though his admirer had been nothing but courteous, Yuuri knew that IceAlpha expected some sort of reply. Even if it was a no... but did Yuuri want his answer to be a no?

No.

Definitely not.

The thrill of making him that video, with a toy he had sent, using a name he had requested, all of that paired with the idea that only Daddy was allowed to see it... fuck. Good god, did he want to.

“Hi Daddy! Glad you liked the video! 😊 I had a lot of fun putting it together for you, as you could probably tell.” Yuuri typed, trying not to think too hard about just how much fun he had had. After
a moment of deliberation (and indecision, truth be told), Yuuri decided to kick the can down the road a bit. Future Yuuri can manage this issue. "Do you mind if I take a little while to decide on that? I'll let you know for sure after tonight's stream!"

His heart began to beat out of his chest as IceAlpha immediately started his reply. Why was this the part that made him so nervous? Not spearing himself open on a massive glass cock on camera four hours ago, no. Waiting for a reply from his sugar Daddy was more stressful.

“I don’t mind at all, Eros. I’m happy that you’re considering the idea. ” IceAlpha replied, and Yuuri’s heart flipped in his chest. God, he felt like a teenager, that such a simple conversation was making him blush bright pink. It was safe to say Yuuri was firmly in Embarrassing Internet Crush territory at this point. “You’re streaming tonight? After the video? Are you sure? Isn’t that going to be uncomfortable?” a second reply came through, and Yuuri couldn’t help but laugh. He probably could put on another show tonight, but he had a sinking suspicion that his body would thank him tomorrow if he didn’t.

“No! Don’t worry! My is fine, I’m not doing a steamy stream tonight.” He giggled at his own euphemism before continuing. "Just a Q&A session tonight! And I’ll be showing off my recent viewer-sent purchases. ❤️” Yuuri replied, leaning back in his chair and eyeing the opened Amazon package on the floor next to his bed. “Well, just your package, really… I haven’t made my new PO box public yet.” he added.

“Oh! Alright, I’m glad you aren’t overworking yourself, detka. I’d hate to know that I’m a source of stress for you. ” read the response, and Yuuri smiled to himself as he read the message, his admirer’s concern practically leaping off the screen… even his near-constant use of the heart emoji made Yuuri’s stomach twist excitedly.

God, he was in deep.

“Definitely not overworking myself! Don't worry! Did you get all of your paperwork done?” Yuuri asked, hoping simultaneously that he had both distracted him from his work and not kept him from getting it all done.

The chill of the AC suddenly caught Yuuri’s bare skin and he shuddered, reaching for his brand-new oversized hoodie without thinking. He hadn’t put on a shirt after cleaning up earlier, He pulled it on over his head, humming as it fell around him in a puddle of green fabric. The fleece lining on the inside was soft and warm, a comfort just as much a shield from the cold; Yuuri could hear himself purring softly as he pulled his legs up into the body of the sweatshirt, letting himself be swallowed up entirely by it. The thought that Daddy had sent the sweatshirt, the one now completely wrapped around him… it settled warmly in his chest. The sensation of being wrapped in such a warm, cuddly shirt was almost like being held.

He buried his nose in the fabric and though he knew it wasn’t the case, the sweatshirt being store-bought, he wondered what the shirt would smell like if he had borrowed it from Daddy, if it had been the alpha’s to start. What was IceAlpha’s scent like? And what would their unique scents smell like mingled together? Phichit had told him that he smelled like vanilla, and Mari teased him for smelling like fresh-baked cookies when they were younger…

His stomach growled as the idea of cookie dough made it difficult to think about anything else. “I swear, I just ate…” he grumbled under his breath. Maybe that tub of cookie dough in the fridge was still good…

~~
Victor arched his back and pushed away from his desk, finally content with the work he’d managed to finish despite the midday distraction his Eros had wrought with that video. One final scan of his email showed nothing that couldn’t be handled tomorrow morning. Besides, he felt bad enough working on a Sunday, keeping himself from Makkachin on what normal people considered a day of rest...

He called down to the front desk to have his car brought around and packed up his things, bidding a good weekend to Mila as he walked down the hall. A reply from Eros vibrated in his pocket as he walked and while waiting for the elevator, he typed out his reply.

“I did, even with that lovely surprise you sent me, detka.” Victor typed, imagining those adorable cheeks blushing at the mention of the video. “When does the stream start tonight? I’m headed home from work so I’ll probably be eating dinner while I watch. I hope you’ve had enough to eat after your playtime earlier?” Victor asked, hoping that he wasn’t too far out of line by saying something like that. Eros isn’t… they aren’t… together like that.

The reply came through, and oddly enough, it wasn’t a text, but an image. A selfie, of Eros, smiling sweetly at the camera, a spoon in one hand and a rather large tub of cookie dough resting in his lap. He laughed gently at the sight of such a sugary, indulgent treat, and began examining the rest of the photo. A familiar dark green hooded sweatshirt hung like a dress on him, covering him completely. The sleeves have been rolled up twice, but what Victor wouldn’t give to see Eros sporting an adorable pair of sweater paws in such a big shirt.

It took Victor a moment to realize it, but when he did, God help him. Eros wasn’t wearing any pants.

**LonelyEros:** >> image <<

**LonelyEros:** The stream will be starting in an hour or so! And does cookie dough count?
Q and A

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Yuuri's feeling a bit drained after recording his private video for Daddy, so he decides to answer some questions from his viewers.

Chapter Notes

Fuzzy here! Sorry this chapter took so long, I've been putting a lot of work into my Chubby Yuuri Week fics and just sort of...working on this in between writing sessions for that. And tbh, I've had a little bit of trouble writing a stream that wasn't smutty lmao. But here, at last, is chapter 11! I hope you like it!

Yuuri sat on his bed, looking forward to this stream almost more than he had most of his others. The idea of showing off all of the goodies from Daddy excited him, and even though it was much different than the lacy lingerie he usually wore, he still felt sexy wearing his new hoodie. His mind kept wandering to the idea of him wearing something of IceAlpha's that would fit him like this...

Not to mention it was more than roomy enough to hide the slight, subtle food baby that the cookie dough had given him. He hadn't planned on eating the entire tub in one sitting, but whenever Yuuri ate and studied at the same time, he didn't always pay attention to his intake. He shrugged it off, telling himself he'd join Phichit on his morning jog tomorrow.

Tonight, though, he had a show to do, and he still had yet to tell the rest of his viewers that he was staying fairly tame tonight. At least for the most part. He was still planning to show off his new toy, even if he wasn't going to demonstrate its use. And some of the viewers' questions were bound to get risque, he already knew. Picking up his phone and opening his site to make a new blog post, he began typing:

“Hi everyone! I'm feeling a little tired this evening, so tonight's stream will be a simple Q&A session, and I'll be showing off a box of goodies I got in the mail from a very sweet viewer! See you all soon! ”

A number of comments popped up almost immediately, several well wishes saying they hoped he felt better soon, that they couldn't wait to tune in and ask him some questions they'd been saving for something like this. And then there was a comment from IceAlpha.
He knew that Daddy had already told him the same thing not even an hour ago, but seeing him tell him again made Yuuri's heart skip a beat. Especially in the form of a public comment. He hadn't specifically mentioned the relationship he had with IceAlpha on stream, not wanting to show any bias toward any one viewer, but he was sure some playful flirting back and forth couldn't hurt. He responded to Daddy's comment first, assuring him again that he was taking care of himself, before replying to the other comments on his post. By the time he'd caught up, it was nearly time to set up for the show. He set his laptop aside, where he would be able to reach it and read comments, then got up to adjust his camera from the slight top-down angle he'd used to record Daddy's video. Once his camera was at eye-level again, and a bit closer to his bed for a slightly more casual-but-intimate feel, he crawled back onto his bed and set the timer to count down. He opened his website on his laptop and pulled up the stream chat, seeing that several people, IceAlpha included, were already waiting for him. He took the short moments before going live to get comfortable, making sure he had all of his presents from Daddy in the box. Seeing that he had everything, he sat still and waited.

3...2...1...

“Hi everyone!” he said, waving at the camera. “Eros here! For those who might not have seen my blog post, you're probably wondering why I'm...dressed differently than I usually am for these streams. Well, I've been feeling kind of achy today, and wasn't sure if I'd be able to give a good sexy show if I wasn't feeling it. So I decided to do a Q and A instead!” He read through the initial flurry of comments, sending him well wishes and heart emojis. “Don't worry, I'll be okay, I just needed a break for a day, I think,” he said. “I also have some fun new things to show off that one of you lovely viewers sent me, and I have a new, bigger PO box! I'll make a blog post after the show tonight, if anyone would like to send me anything...”

“We'd love to send you gifts, Eros! Maybe some new toys to add to your collection...” one viewer said, adding a few winky face emojis for good measure. “I also have a question...”

“Oh, first question of the night!” Yuuri giggled, seeing that they had prefaced the question with a tip. “What is it? I promise to answer honestly...”

“Do you have a crush on anyone, and can you describe them to us?...”

Yuuri's face immediately turned pink, especially knowing that Daddy was watching right now. “W-well, um...kind of?” he said. “And truthfully...I don't actually know what he looks like, but he's very sweet, and knows just what to say to turn me on...”

“Oh, so is it one of us?” another viewer asked, and Yuuri noticed the username next to the question — IceAlpha. That cheeky little...

“Maybe,” Yuuri replied with a flirty wink. “Eros may be willing to fuck himself on camera, but he doesn't kiss and tell...or, flirt and tell, in this case...” He chuckled as he drew attention to the box sitting next to him. “Would you like to see some of my new goodies?” he asked, hoping to divert the subject away from his impending embarrassment.

“Ohoh, yes! What did you get, Eros?” another viewer eagerly asked, adding a tip to the jar. The first thing Yuuri pulled out was a bag of matcha-flavored gummy candy. He'd seen this type of candy at one of the supermarkets, but only in about three flavors, and matcha had always been his favorite growing up. “I got a lot of Japanese snacks, a couple packages I've already eaten though...” he said, not quite sure why he was blushing. “Oh, and this, which I'll be showing off on a stream
sometime soon...” He pulled out his glass monster of a dildo, which he'd cleaned thoroughly since recording his private video for Daddy. He'd debated on whether or not to show it to his viewers without the intention of using it, but in the end his curiosity about their reactions won out. As he'd expected, the tip jar jingled for about thirty solid seconds, and he smirked and set it down next to him. “Wanna know a secret?” he asked. “I might have taken this on a test run earlier, and it might or might not be why I'm still a little sore now...” A playful wink at the camera earns him several more very generous tips, and he moves on. “I also got a new bottle of my favorite strawberry lube, and this sweatshirt was in the box too. I had it in my wishlist with a size medium specified, but I was sent an XL. Which, honestly...is a lot more cozy. So to the one who sent me this—you know who you are,” he paused for effect, winking again, “whether this was an accident, a mixup at the shipping warehouse, or intentional, thank you. I love it.”

“Maybe there's an alpha out there somewhere imagining you wearing his clothes, Eros~” someone suggested. “Is your mystery crush an alpha?”

“Now, that, I do know,” Yuuri admitted. “He is an alpha. And the concept of wearing his clothes has crossed my mind a time or two since I put this on...”

“Are you wearing anything underneath that sweatshirt?” asked another viewer, adding enough of a tip to imply that they'd like to see what he's wearing underneath, if anything. A little nervous about showing off his lack of self control around cookie dough, but wanting to give the viewer their money's worth, he lifted his sweatshirt just enough to show off the boxer briefs he was wearing.

“I'm not wearing much, but still not quite something I'd consider sexy,” he admitted. “I just wanted to throw on something comfy after I showered earlier...”

“You still look sexy, you look great in anything!” said the viewer who'd requested him to show off. They even gave him another tip. “What other snacks did you get?”

“Oh, lots of things! Some more candy, some chips...did you know that Kit Kat bars are really popular back home, and come in lots of flavors besides just chocolate?” He asked, much to the apparent surprise of his viewers. “Not all of them are sweet flavors, either. My roommate thinks it's weird, but I like the wasabi flavored ones...” After rifling through the box, he pulled out a green cardboard tube with the words “Chip Star” printed across the front. “These are kind of like Pringles, but they're a little thicker and come in different flavors. These are seaweed flavored,” he explained. “Which tastes better than it sounds, I promise,” he added with a giggle. “Oh, and some of you might have seen Youtube videos of people making these...” He pulled out a few different, brightly colored boxes, each with Japanese text printed across the packages. “These are all candy shaped like miniature food, and you have to make it yourself. It's a lot of fun, but it can get messy, so I'll just set these aside and maybe post some pictures to the blog when I make them. If you'd like to see something like that, of course...”

A flood of “Yes”es filled the chat, and Yuuri smiled. He finally pushed the box aside, just out of frame, and shifted a little to make himself more comfortable. “That's pretty much it for the box...does anyone have anymore questions?”

“I do!” someone said, tipping generously. “What's your favorite toy in your collection?”

Yuuri looked over at the glass dildo sitting less than a foot away. “Probably that behemoth I just showed you, even though I've only used it once,” he said. “Other than that...my trusty little bullet vibe. It's given me a lot of satisfying orgasms, though unlike with that glass toy, I can get up and walk after cumming with it...” Several users replied with excessive use of the water squirt emoji at his comment, as well as a handful of tips, just for mentioning using it.
“You said your roommate is a camboy too, right? Would you two ever consider collaborating?” somebody asked, making a contribution of their own. Yuuri blinked, more than a little caught off guard by the question.

“Well...” he said. “I wouldn't be opposed to the idea, and I'm sure he wouldn't be either. We'd definitely have to talk it over first, discuss what we're both comfortable with, and all that...” He could feel his cheeks burning; he knew that Phichit sometimes sat in on his streams, like he had that first night, and he hoped that this didn't lead to too awkward of a discussion later... “Any other questions? I think I have time for a couple more, but I have class tomorrow so I should probably call it an early night after those...”

“That's okay, Eros! We understand you need your beauty rest!” IceAlpha said. Yuuri winked and blew him a kiss when he read the message.

“What's the farthest you've gone with someone, physically?” asked somebody else. “We know you're a virgin, but someone as naughty as you surely has a story or two to tell, right?”

“You're right, I have had some experience,” he admitted. “But not much. Mostly just clumsy makeout sessions with a female friend of mine from high school, back when I had a crush on her. But one time, last semester...” he paused again, watching the number on the tip jar increase a bit before continuing. “...last semester, I gave a stranger a blowjob in the bathroom at a frat party.” He hadn't even told Phichit about that, and he's surprised he remembered that at a time like this, but the number of eggplant and mouth emojis in the chat makes him chuckle and feel a little less embarrassed about his admission. “Okay, one more question! Who's next?”

“I have one, Eros!” another viewer said, the same one who'd asked earlier if he had a crush on anyone. “Are you still accepting offers for a sugar daddy?”

Yuuri blinked for a moment, definitely caught off-guard by the question. “O-oh...is this about that first video I posted? I was pretty drunk that night...” he admitted, his cheeks heating up. “I, um...got a little carried away that night, and I really didn't get that many propositions, surprisingly enough...” He chewed his bottom lip, debating on whether or not to go public about this yet.

He did promise to be honest with his answers though...

“To answer your question, though, I'm no longer taking applications. I have a sugar daddy.”
Crush

Chapter by IncandescentAntelope

Chapter Summary

Victor watches Eros’ Q&A stream, but he still has one more question for him when it's over.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! IA here with a little bit of a longer chapter! Fuzzy and I are going to be putting this fic on hold while we prepare for and run Chubby Yuuri Week, (which is just over two weeks away! AAAAAAA) but we'll be back with more of this as soon as the event wraps up! Please consider contributing to the event if you'd like, or give us a follow on Twitter (@ChubbyYuuriWeek and Tumblr (Chubby Yuuri Week) to enjoy the content all of our lovely friends and fellow Squish Aficionados (including ourselves) will be making for the event!

Thanks everyone! We love you! <3

Finally settled back at home, changed into something more comfortable than his three-piece suit, and having fed Makkachin her dinner, Victor wandered into the kitchen to make himself some dinner. Eros had been a slow on his responses for a little while, something Victor assumed was stream preparation-related. This stream, Victor was much more confident, he would be able to watch while making and eating his dinner.

A small kissing sound came from his open laptop where he had left it on the counter, the noise informing him of a post on Eros' site; the post was short and sweet, announcing the Q&A stream and ending with a pair of red lips, and it took a lot of strength to ignore the thoughts that accompanied Eros and his lips. Victor wrote out a short comment on the post, his fingers almost incapable of not leaving a sweet note for Eros, his Rosya, to read after recent developments in their relationship. (And perhaps because he wanted to show off a little.)

By the time the stream truly began, Victor had finished crafting his salad and was sitting down at the kitchen table, his laptop open to the countdown screen that Eros so often used. He chatted idly with a few other viewers, usernames he was quickly coming to recognize. Victor chuckled quietly to himself as he ate, watching a few users bemoan the lack of a regular stream, a little spark of pride pulsed in his core at the thought that he was the reason for the change in plans.

The counter ticked down to zero and Eros’ sweet, round cheeks filled the frame, smiling at the camera. Victor did notice the slight change of the camera’s angle, setting the audience on the same plane as himself… Victor’s heart hiccuped at the understanding that Eros had done that, set the camera higher, above him, just for him.

Eros’ voice filled the space around him as he greeted all the viewers, smiling that pearly, bright
smile at the camera. Victor’s eyes settled on the large hoodie nearly swallowing Eros’ slight frame whole, and how sweet he looked, how comfortable he looked in something so soft and large, easily substituting the sweatshirt for something in his own closet, draping loosely over him, but clinging to those beautiful curves...

“So do you have a crush on anyone, and can you describe them to us?”

The question in the chat made Victor stop dead in his tracks, the leaves of lettuce and spinach almost falling from his fork. Eros’ cheeks burned that adorable shade of pink, and every ounce of Victor’s attention turned to the screen. A crush? He didn’t dare hope…

“W-well, um…kind of? And truthfully… I don’t actually know what he looks like, but he’s very sweet, and knows just what to say to turn me on…” Victor’s breath caught in his throat as Eros’ lips curled up in a shy little smile. He couldn’t stop himself from asking the question-- he began typing before he had even realized he had moved.

“Oh, so is it one of us?” Victor teased, watching as those ambery eyes flicked up at the camera.

“Maybe. Eros may be willing to fuck himself on camera, but he doesn’t kiss and tell...or, flirt and tell, in this case...” he winked, winked, at him, before immediately diving into showing off the package Victor had sent him. He chuckled softly at the diversion and continued eating his dinner, observing and dropping in tips every now and then, feeling his alpha pride swell when Eros divulged his little secret about the massive glass toy, but another, even stronger pang of it hit when he thanked him for the sweatshirt. He dropped a tip in the jar in lieu of replying, not wanting to expose too much of their game to the rest of the audience. Not yet, at least.

Another viewer, it seemed, was interested in Eros’ crush, just as much as Victor was. “Is your mystery crush an alpha?” they asked, and Victor watched those soft features carefully, searching for some kind of tell.

“Now, that, I do know. He is an alpha.” Victor’s ears rang with the revelation, the possibility of this crush being himself slowly becoming more and more likely. Not many of Eros’ viewers’ usernames boasted their secondary genders like his did, and as far as Victor knew, Eros didn’t chat with other viewers privately… was it so wild to think it might be him?

“Are you wearing anything underneath that sweatshirt?” asked another viewer, adding a tip. After a moment of hesitation, he lifted his sweatshirt to show off the simple boxer briefs he was wearing.

"Bozhe moy,” Victor breathed, just catching the tiniest glimpse of the soft curve of his stomach, surely the result of eating all that cookie dough. He’d have to make sure he doesn’t go to bed with only cookie dough in his belly, especially if he has class in the morning. Regardless, the sight of it was… well, arousing, all in all. Victor let out a shuddering breath at the memory of that glass cock pushing his taut stomach out, letting himself stumble and fall into the fantasy of filling that belly with himself, his cum… his pups…”

Fuck.

Victor pulled himself back together in time to catch something about Eros collaborating with another camboy… his roommate? He lived with another camboy? A twinge of jealousy hit him in the gut, but God, would it be sexy to watch Eros play with another person. Of course, he’d much rather it be himself, but until such a blessed day might come, he’d love to watch another person take Eros apart.

Victor’s fingers moved again before he could stop them when Eros mentioned his early night,
telling him he deserved his beauty rest, and his soul nearly ascended when those lips pursed in a
blown kiss in his direction. Victor knew, in his core, that this was his job, he was paid to tease and
flirt, but he couldn’t help but think something lingered in those eyes that meant more.

A few more questions came and went, Victor finding himself blushing gently at the thought of
Eros hiding away in a bathroom, dropping to his knees for a random guy at a frat party. But one
question nearly stole his breath away, and the answer he gave… oh god, the answer he gave.

“To answer your question, though, I’m no longer taking applications. I have a sugar daddy.” This
fact had been easily established between the two of them. Victor knew this. Their relationship had
been explicitly laid out as such. But hearing him say it, in his own soft, sweet voice, the choirs of
heaven would never sound as lovely.

“Congratulations, Eros… I think I speak for all of us when I say that I hope he’s treating you well,”
Victor’s fingers flew over the keyboard amid various reactions of disappointment and
congratulations, as well as hearts, water squirts and money emojis. “And that you’re being savoried
like the precious treat that you are.”

Eros’ cheeks flushed and he nodded. “I’m being treated very well so far, IceAlpha, thank you.” he
said, and oh, how he longed to hear him acknowledge him as Daddy on stream, but he didn’t dare
push. “My Daddy has been nothing but sweet.” Amber eyes leveled at the camera almost made
Victor forget he was watching a stream– they seemed to burn through the screen and directly into
Victor’s own eyes.

“I think that’ll do it for tonight, everyone, I’m off to have a little bit of dinner before bed,” Eros
said, “Thank you, everyone, for joining me! I hope you all enjoyed our little chat! Goodnight! See
you next time~” he said, winking and blowing a kiss as the stream ended.

Victor leaned back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. How was he in so impossibly deep
for him? Every little thing he did was perfect and adorable in every way… he picked up his phone,
his memory filling with thoughts of those soft lips bidding their goodnight.

“You looked absolutely beautiful tonight, detka. The sweatshirt fits you well, I’m glad you like it.”
Victor typed out his reply, excited to rewatch the archived recording of the stream, just to see Eros
in that hoodie again. Victor’s fingers moved faster than his brain, and he had to retype the message
a handful of times simply to make sure he was typing in legible English. It was probably that little
swell of a tummy distracting him, and all the thoughts that entailed... “Is it time for dinner? Or are
you going to subsist on simply cookie dough? 😊”

Only a moment’s wait brought him a reply from Eros, the buzz of his phone in his hand making his
heart skip a beat. “I think I’m going to order a pizza, the tips I made tonight were more than
enough to pay for extra pineapple." Victor chuckled as the typed out a reply, eager to help him fill up on something more substantial
than simply unbaked cookie dough from a tub. “Oh, Rosya, please, I can’t let you pay… do you
think I could spoil you a little bit and pay for it myself? Let Daddy take care of it for you?” Victor
crossed his fingers as he waited for a reply, hoping he hadn’t sounded too pushy. Eros was his own
person, of course, and even Victor himself had seen the amount he brought in on just this stream
alone… but that didn't soothe his craving to spoil the omega absolutely rotten.

“Oh, that’s not necessary, Daddy, but thank you for the offer 💖” Eros’ reply read, and Victor’s
heart sank as he typed out his response.

“I know it isn’t necessary, detka… have I made you uncomfortable? I’m truly sorry if I have, I
never mean to force things on you.” His heart crawled up into his throat as that little typing indicator kept popping up and disappearing, popping up and disappearing; his stomach tied itself in knots as he made his way to the couch. Makkachin hopped up beside him, laying her head in his lap seeking out her behind-the-ear scritches, which Victor absently provided as he waited for Eros’ reply.

One message came through, followed by that typing animation beginning again. “You haven’t made me uncomfortable, Daddy. I just don’t know if I’m comfortable sharing my address for the delivery quite yet… I hope you understand.” Victor sighed, understanding that discomfort; he didn’t want to cross any of his boundaries; all of this was so new and exciting, and the urge to take care of Eros, to pamper and spoil him, was so strong.

“But… if you’d like to drop the amount in my PayPal, that would be perfectly fine with me ❤️” the second message read, and an almost overwhelming wave of relief flooded Victor's chest at that. He said a small thank you to the gods and opened PayPal, immediately sending what most would consider an irresponsible amount of money to the same user he had sponsored a few days earlier.

“Dadddddyyyy, that’s way too much money to pay for pizza~” Eros’ reply made him chuckle softly. He could almost hear that adorable pout in his ear as he read.

“That’s not the point, darling. 😊” Victor replied, blowing out a long breath as he typed out the question still lingering on his mind after that stream, all the subtle hints, the wink, the sweet little blown kiss. “Rosya, may I ask a question of you? In the vein of your Q&A from earlier.”

Eros’ reply took a moment to come through, surely having been busy ordering his dinner. “I’d be happy to grant you a question after overpaying for my dinner by that much. 😏” the message read, and the drooling emoji conjured much more illicit thoughts than Victor had expected it would.

“This crush you mentioned tonight… do I have a rival for your affections? 😊”

He sent the message and waited, hoping he hadn’t overstepped.

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“To another successful show~” Phichit toasted, raising his can of beer to Yuuri’s, tapping the rim of it against his. “And to a sugar daddy to fund it all! Thank him for buying my dinner too, would you?”

Yuuri snorted and clicked his can against Phichit’s, taking a long sip. Aside from the usual, satisfied floaty feeling that normally accompanied the end of his streams, celebrating with a drink was definitely a rewarding way to end the night. Just one tonight, though, going to class hungover was absolute hell, he’d played that game too many times.

IceAlpha’s little tip had been far beyond enough to pay for two pizzas and garlic knots, but Yuuri was hard pressed to truly complain about that. He’d have to come up with a little thank you for his Daddy, Yuuri thought as he picked up another slice of pizza. Maybe another private video…

“So Yuuri, when are you going to ask me about this collaboration idea you have?” Phichit asked, prodding at Yuuri’s ribs with his clean hand. Yuuri flushed scarlet at the sudden question, and the implication of it.

“You were watching?” Yuuri spluttered, nearly choking on his pizza. “Phichiiliiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii, you usually tell me when you lurk.”

His roommate burst into laughter and nodded. “Yeah, yeah, usually I do. But you never talk about
me when you know I’m watching!” he whined dramatically, sticking out his tongue with a pout. “And you’d never admit that you want to stream together if you knew I was watching. And you’d definitely never admit that you blew backwards-hat-fratboy at the Sigma Psi Halloween party last semester.”

Yuuri did his best to ignore the embarrassment and rolled his eyes, taking another sip of his beer before continuing. “What, jealous?” he teased, sticking his tongue out in a mirrored gesture to Phichit’s. “So… do you want to do it?” he asked, his cheeks still a bit flushed, “Collaborate, I mean?”

Phichit nodded eagerly, his dark brown hair swishing through the air with the movement. “Duh! Do you have any idea how long my viewers have been asking when I’d be collabbing with you? Ever since I shouted out your page when it was new, people have been begging me to do a show with you.” Phichit said, with his regular enthusiasm.

Yuuri blinked at him, surprised. “Really? There’s that much crossover between our viewers?” he asked, trying to think of a group of people that would be interested in both a twiggy beta and a curvy omega… he pushed the thought from his mind and focused on the idea at hand. “Whatever. So you… you’d be interested? There seemed to be a lot of support in the comments when it was suggested…”

Phichit winked and nodded. “Of course, my cute little LonelyEros, Peaches will be more than happy to keep you company~” he teased, dancing a tickling finger under his new hoodie, making him squeal. “Are you gonna let me fuck you with that glass monstrosity?” he asked, his dark brown eyes sparkling with mischief and mirth.

“Oh my god, Phich, you’re embarrassing.” Yuuri laughed, blushing up to the tips of his ears. Yuuri’s phone, vibrating on the coffee table in front of them, interrupted that train of conversation, at least for now. They could always work out more details when both of them were a little bit more sober. He picked up his phone as a few emails pop up from his blog, notifications that the stream had been archived and a few were already posting comments, undoubtedly a bit disappointed in Yuuri’s newly announced sugar baby status.

He smiled softly at the sight of a message from IceAlpha, probably missed earlier while he was ordering the pizza. He opened their thread and read the message slowly, his heart jumping up into his throat, his cheeks burning a brilliant shade of red.

“This crush you mentioned tonight… do I have a rival for your affections? 😊”

Phichit must have noticed the shift in his mood. He giggled and poked Yuuri in the side again. “You definitely have a crush on him, don’t you?” he teased, setting his empty can down and reaching for another. “Your mystery alpha sugar daddy~”

Yuuri tried valiantly to contain his smile, but it burst through like the sun through the clouds regardless. “Sh-shut up, don’t make it weird.” he said, trying to push his roommate away, which only made him laugh more.

“No, really, do you have a crush on him? I saw the way you blushed when,” he coughs dramatically, “Someone… asked you if you had a crush…” Yuuri’s eyes widened as he realized the truth.

“Oh my god, that was you?!” he exclaimed. “You were trying to get me to admit it on stream, weren’t you?” Yuuri held back the urge to throw down his half-eaten slice of Hawaiian, push Phichit to the ground and tickle him breathless as punishment.
“I might have been.” Phichit shrugged. “But you’re avoiding the question. Do you like like your sugar daddy?” he asked, ignoring the accusation.

Yuuri blushed as he looked back down to his phone, seeing that message again, and all the earnest attempts on IceAlpha’s part to take care of him tonight, to be sure he ate, to thank him for the video, and check on him afterward… the feeling in his chest was much more than gratitude for his sugar daddy paying his bills and buying him pizza...

“Oh my god, Yuuri. You’ve got it so bad.” Phichit laughed, finishing off the slice of pizza in his hand.

“Y-yeah, I think I do…” Yuuri said, his cheeks almost aching with that smile plastered on his cheeks. Slowly, he tried to type out his reply, though his hands shook a little bit.

“No, Daddy. It’s just you. 😊”
Selfie

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Yuuri has a question for Daddy.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! Fuzzy here, with chapter 13 a little later than expected~ Turns out co-modding a fandom event while pulling overtime at work leads to less recovery time and less time to write, who knew? Anyway, this picks up where the last one left off, not a whole lot happens, but we get to see a little more inside Victor's mind, and Yuuri gives him a little peek of himself outside of his Eros persona.

“No, Daddy. It's just you. 😁

Victor read the text over and over, feeling his heart swell a bit. He was Eros' crush. He was the alpha crush he'd mentioned on stream. He'd had kind of a gut feeling that was the case, but now that he had confirmation...what now? Sure, he certainly had feelings for Eros too, and he wanted nothing more than to pamper him the way he deserved to be. And he certainly wanted to get to know the person behind the camera, what Eros' hobbies were, what he wanted to do after college, his favorite foods, movies...hell, at least his name.

But did Eros feel comfortable divulging any of that information? Did he want to get to know Victor on a more personal level, or was this destined to stay the business relationship that it currently was, and nothing more? How was he even going to reply to his text? Should he take the possessive route, or play it cool? He hesitated for a minute before typing out a reply.

“That's good to know, that I've managed to captivate you too, Eros. I'll keep that in mind.”

Satisfied with his reply, Victor sat his phone down and opened his personal email, debating watching his private video again, when he saw a notification for a new message from Mila.

From: Mila

Subject: Secret Project

Sorry to message you so late on your personal account, but I received the initial model for that...personal piece you designed, and I figured it would be best not to send the pictures to your
Victor quickly opened the attachments, with a mannequin wearing the prototype of the bodysuit he'd designed, photographed from different angles. He loved the crystal embellishments, and the red and black velvet ruffle at the waist. He immediately imagined the mesh cutouts sitting against Eros' pale skin, showing the tiniest hint of his figure underneath. It could use some polishing, of course, being the first draft of his design, but he could easily see Eros in the picture in place of the mannequin. He typed out a quick response to Mila and closed his email tab, moving on to prepare some of his work for the following day.

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"Phichit."

"I told you."

"Phichit, oh my God."

"I told you he had it bad for you too."

Yuuri looked at his phone again, still in disbelief of the message Daddy had sent. Specifically, the qualifier too. Did Daddy really have feelings for him beyond a physical attraction to his on-screen persona? That couldn't have been what he meant, could it? Should he ask? Would that be weird?

"Earth to Yuuri?" Phichit teased, snapping his fingers between Yuuri's face and his phone. "Still trying to wrap your head around how you managed to make a Russian billionaire fall for you?"

"He fell for Eros, if anything," Yuuri corrected. "Not Katsuki Yuuri, business major with an anxiety disorder and a sweet tooth. He barely knows the real me. And I might know the persona he's been giving me, but need I remind you I don't even know what the man looks like?"

"So ask him for a selfie," Phichit suggested, as if that were just a thing Yuuri could do. "Send him a cute flirty one of yourself, and ask to see his face. I'm sure if you pout, he'll do anything you ask."

Yuuri whined in protest, though he was relieved to have an excuse to put a pin in their stream discussion and save it for another time. "I can't just...ask to see his face like that!" he said. "I'm sure he wants to stay anonymous. He's paying a stranger for nudes on the internet, halfway across the world. That's not usually someone you'd show your face to. You're the one who taught me that!"

"I mean, that's true," Phichit said, picking up another slice of pizza and plucking off a pineapple chunk. "But the word ‘crush’ doesn't usually get thrown around so casually in these relationships either. Listen, worst case scenario, he says no, he gets another picture of you for his spank bank that he'll probably still pay you for, and you move on. But you won't know unless you give it a shot, right?"

Yuuri sighed and downed the rest of his beer, then handed Phichit his phone. "Fine. But will you at least take the picture for me? I want it to be good..." He handed his phone to Phichit, took his glasses off, and moved into a more comfortable position. He wanted to look casual but not disinterested, and he considered maybe changing out of his hoodie and into one of his sleep shirts, but the longer he wore it, the more he wanted to sleep in the hoodie tonight...

"The collar of that hoodie looks a little big," Phichit said. "You might be able to drape it off of
your shoulder a bit. That'll look really cute, try it!” He held Yuuri’s phone up to him and waited for him to adjust the garment slightly; it wasn't quite big enough on him to go to his shoulder, but it did show off a generous amount of Yuuri's collarbone, which was just as good. “Okay, hold still, keep your hand right there,” he said suddenly, snapping a few pictures as Yuuri flashed his coy Eros smile.

“How did those turn out? Let me see!” Yuuri said, wanting to see the pictures before choosing one to send to Daddy.

“Mmm, they're good, obviously,” Phichit said. “But I think they're...missing a little something. Why don't we get one with Yuuri's smile, not Eros'? Something a little more natural? Oh, and put your glasses back on.”

Yuuri blushed, but reached for the blue plastic frames and carefully placed them on his nose again. “What exactly do you mean by Yuuri's smile? My normal smile isn't that much different than my Eros one, is it?”

Phichit chuckled. “It actually really is. Your Eros smile is effortlessly sexy, and your regular Yuuri smile is just...cute. I'm thinking of that one you get when you talk about your mom's cooking, or the dog down the street that you always try to get a picture of. Yes, that one! Perfect!”

Before Yuuri can move or change his expression, Phichit gets a perfect shot of him, smiling softly, with his hands folded in his lap.

“Oh my God, Yuuri, this one's perfect, let's send him this one,” he said, showing it to him. He was blushing pretty noticeably, and the front-facing angle made his cheeks look a touch rounder than he'd like, but he had to admit, it was still a good picture of him. He nodded and took the phone back, opening his conversation with Daddy again.

“You did captivate me, Daddy. I was wondering, though, if you're comfortable with it...could I get a picture of your face? I won't show anyone but my roommate, I promise ☺”

He followed the text with the picture Phichit had just taken, taking another moment to admire his soft grin, and the way his eyes sparkled behind his glasses. Before he can dwell for too long on his decision to ask something so personal, he set his phone down and reached to finish his slice of pizza. He didn't expect a reply back, at least not immediately, so he figured it would be best to focus on something else. Like the math quiz tomorrow, or midterms coming up, or what he was doing for spring break next month, or...

Ping.

He had a new text from Daddy. And as much as he wanted to read it, suddenly he couldn't bring himself to move. He could see the notification message—Daddy sent an attachment—so he had sent a picture of something, at least...

“Yuuri, the suspense is killing me,” Phichit teased. “You'd better check what he sent you before I do it for you~”

Taking a deep breath and fumbling for his phone, Yuuri finally picked it up and unlocked it, taking a few tries to successfully do so, with his fingers trembling. He opened the message, and...

“Oh my God, Phichit, I wasn't expecting him to be this hot!”
Victor had finished his work for the night and sighed with relief, his head filling with thoughts of taking a relaxing shower before curling up in bed with Makkachin. He tucked his laptop into his leather bag and sat it on the coffee table, then got up and headed to the bathroom, grabbing his phone to take with him as an afterthought. He still hadn't heard a reply from Eros after his last text message, and he started to think he might have overstepped with that last response. Scaring the omega off was the absolute last thing he wanted to do, especially after tonight's stream and his confession. He sat his phone down on the bathroom sink before stripping out of his clothes, and he was surprised to see it finally light up with another message.

“You did captivate me, Daddy. I was wondering, though, if you're comfortable with it...could I get a picture of your face? I won't show anyone but my roommate, I promise 🌹”

Eros had also sent a selfie, though it was much different than the screenshots on his blog from his various streams and photoshoots. He was still in his green hoodie and boxer briefs, but this time he was wearing a pair of adorable blue half-rimmed glasses. And his smile, instead of sensual, was soft and sweet, and he had the cutest blush dusting his cherubic cheeks.

He was a sex god and an absolute angel. Just when Victor had thought Eros had it all, he'd gone and surprised him again.

If he thought about it, Victor had considered showing Eros his face a time or two already, despite his better judgement. But since the subject hadn't really come up, he decided it wasn't necessary to bring it up, at least for the time being. Now that the question had been asked, though...he really couldn't think of any reason to say no. And even if he wanted to say no to that adorable face on his screen, he wasn't sure if he could. Still clad in his sweatpants, which were slung pretty low on his hips, Victor opened his camera and positioned it to get a decent mirror selfie, but he hesitated for a moment and let out a whistle.

“Makkachin!” he called in Russian. “Come here to Papa, girl!”

The poodle trotted eagerly to meet him, though she eyed him suspiciously from the doorway, thinking he might have called her for a bath. He chuckled and knelt down to her level, beckoning her closer.

“You're not due for a bath just yet,” he told her. “Papa just wants a picture, darling.” He held up his phone and all signs of suspicion disappeared from Makkachin's face. She loved the camera, and Victor knew it. When she took her place at his side, he opened the selfie camera and smiled brightly. Happy with the result, he opened up his conversation with Eros and started a reply.

“Anything for you, detka. I hope this is sufficient? Oh, and those glasses look very cute on you.”
Kiss

Chapter by IncandescentAntelope

Chapter Summary

Selfies, puppy pictures and feelings are exchanged.

Chapter Notes

Hi friends! I missed this fic so much! Happy to be back and writing our lovestruck boys. I hope you enjoy a little bit of fluff and a little bit of the horny stuff! <3 -IA

The slice of pizza in Yuuri’s hand almost fell to the ground when he opened the message with trembling fingers.

Daddy, IceAlpha, the voice he had so many times imagined, was attached to the single most attractive man Yuuri had ever seen in his life. Every inch of him demanded Yuuri’s attention, his eyes could barely focus on one part of him over another. His crystalline aquamarine eyes begged for Yuuri's attention, but so did his shimmering silver hair, hanging in a soft curtain of fringe over his left eye. From the neatly trimmed silvery beard on his cheeks and chin to the soft pink of his lips… god, all of him was beautiful, but Yuuri’s eyes kept bouncing back down to his bare chest.

Broad and muscled from his shoulders to his waistline, the faint outlines of his abdominal muscles stood out under ivory-toned skin, and a soft trail of silver hair trailed lower, lower, lower… Yuuri choked back a whine at the thought of what Daddy might be hiding under those soft sweatpants.

“Oh my God, Phichit, I wasn't expecting him to be this hot!” Yuuri finally said, his voice almost failing him as he admired the photo. It took him a moment to realize there was also a fluffy poodle in the image, the same one from IceAlpha’s online icon. The poodle looked just like Vicchan, if at least twice his size and slightly lighter in color.

Phichit laughed, tossing back the last of his beer. “God, Yuuri, are you really that thirsty?” he asked, leaning over to see the man that made Yuuri’s jaw fall to the floor. “Care to share?”

Yuuri mumbled some sort of yes, his tongue feeling a bit thick, heavy, in his mouth. Yuuri sighed softly and nodded, knowing his best friend was probably correct, and turned his phone to a suitable viewing angle for Phichit to see.

“Holy hell, Yuuri, he’s fucking sexy!” Phichit exclaimed, nearly choking on the sip he had just taken when he saw the image in all its glory. “Wow, he’s… god, you lucky hoe…” he said, his voice falling off at the end as he continued to admire the photo. Yuuri laughed and pulled his phone away when the admiration became a little bit too much of an ogling than anything else, and continued to imagine those lips moving to the sound of his name.

“Isn’t he?” Yuuri said, re-reading the message he had sent along with the photo. “He says my
glasses are cute,” he relayed it to Phichit, feeling a blush rise in his cheeks.

“God, you’re a little lovesick puppy, Yuuri. Absolutely adorable.” Phichit laughed, leaning back against the couch cushions and pulling out his own phone. His own Daddy would want to hear about this.

To: mon daddy~
“You’ll never guess who just exchanged selfies~

“Can it, Chulanont. Not helpful.” Yuuri snapped, though the smile on his face proved an entirely different point. “What should I say back?” he asked, gnawing at his lip as he found himself staring at the photo a little while longer. His beard looked so soft… god, he’d love to feel that soft silver stubble rubbing against his tender inner thighs while his Alpha took him apart piece by piece…

Phichit tried not to giggle at the very clear, very obvious blush on his best friend’s cheeks. “Since you’re in Yuuri mode, you could tell him blue is your favorite color,” he offered, reaching for another slice of pizza. “‘Cause, the glasses? But also his eyes. That would be cute, but still flirty.”

Yuuri laughed nervously at the thought of complimenting his Daddy like that. “Y-yeah, that’ll work…” he said, finishing off the Hawaiian in his hand and picking up a stray bacon bit that had fallen into the box. His fingers shook as he began his reply, the understatement of the century.

“It’s certainly sufficient, Daddy. And thank you, blue is my favorite color”

“Is this good?” Yuuri asked Phichit, holding up his phone for final approval before sending. Phichit nodded and tapped send for him.

“If I hadn’t done it, you would have second-guessed yourself,” he explained to a shocked, open-mouthed Yuuri. “You might be in Yuuri mode, but that doesn’t mean you need to overthink your way into a death spiral.”

Yuuri let himself relax with those words, knowing his best friend was right. “I think I’m going to call it an early night,” he said, realizing he had just finished a second beer and at least half of his pizza. “If I don’t, I think I’ll fall asleep in Econ tomorrow. Don’t eat all my pizza, I need breakfast in the morning,” he warned Phichit, who immediately began laughing.

“Honey, with your tips from tonight you could UberEats breakfast from Tiffany’s all the way from Manhattan and still enough for lunch and dinner,” Phichit scoffed, making Yuuri snort a laugh too. “But I know better than to eat your pizza.” Yuuri stood from the couch and closed up his box, stuffing it into the fridge and bidding goodnight to Phichit and the hamsters. He hurried back into his room as his heart jumped up into his throat at the sight of those little animated dots appearing, indicating IceAlpha was typing. Yuuri’s phone pinged in his hand as he collapsed into bed, rolling himself up in a snug blanket burrito.

“Is that so, detka? I’ll have to take that into consideration. Have you had your dinner, solnyshko?” the message read, and Yuuri’s heart skipped a beat at the sight of more Russian to translate, but as soon as he did, Yuuri blushed even brighter. Sunshine.

“I have, Daddy, thank you ❤️” he replied, sending the message. He allowed himself the moment to scroll back up and admire the photo again, especially the way his long, muscley arm was wrapped around the poodle at his side. “I recognize your fluffy companion there, the same pupper as in your icon, right?” he added.

The response was almost immediate, and a flurry of photos poured into his inbox of the poodle in
question. “Da! This is my Makkachin, my sweetheart and darling girl! She’s quite photogenic. Or at least, doesn’t mind me taking plenty of pictures.” IceAlpha said among the blitz of caramel-colored fur.

Yuuri giggled as photo after photo popped up, the poodle wearing a sunhat at the beach, sitting proudly in a cardboard box next to a very plush, clearly new doggy bed. “She liked the box more, did she? 😊” Yuuri replied, remembering when Vicchan had done something similar, the last time his parents had skyped him in for his pet’s birthday.

“She did at first, but she’s gotten used to her bed since that photo,” IceAlpha replied, attaching a photo of the poodle, Makkachin, Yuuri reminded himself, curled up on said bed next to a lit fireplace. “Do you have any pets, zolotse?”

Yuuri flushed and immediately scrolled through his gallery, finding the most recent photo of his boy. “I do, actually,” he began, attaching the photo of Vicchan wearing a tiny bow tie on the countertop in the entryway at Yutopia. “This is Vicchan! He’s a miniature poodle, just a little bit smaller than your Makkachin~” he said, his thumb hovering over the last photo he had of himself with the poodle in his arms, the day he left for college.

“Oh, detka, he’s adorable!” the message came in, and Yuuri noticed the distinct burn in his cheeks. How long had he been smiling? “Is it too much to ask if you can take a photo together? He looks so small and sweet, and I’d absolutely die to see the two of you together.”

Yuuri’s heart stuttered again, and he pulled his bottom lip between his teeth. After hovering for just a moment longer, he sent the photo. “It’s an old one, since he stays with my family, but this is the most recent one I have.” Yuuri felt his heart swell nearly to bursting as the immediate reply was a long string of purple heart emojis. “I just turned eighteen in that picture, so it’s pretty old…”

“Bozhe moy, zolotse, I was going to ask… you look so young and adorable in this~” Daddy replied. “I hope It isn’t too forward of me to say that your cheeks look soft and utterly kissable in that photo?”

Yuuri’s breath caught in his throat and he buried his face in his pillow, only for long enough to let out a sharp squeal. Daddy wanted to kiss him. Well, his cheeks, but that’s still a part of him… and god, now that he knew what his mystery crush looked like, he would definitely welcome those soft lips against his cheek.

“That’s definitely not too much, Daddy…” Yuuri replied, sending the reply and feeling himself sinking deeper into this quicksand, warmth nearly bursting from his chest at every little step forward. He hadn’t felt like this in so long, he’d never let a crush get this far, imagining these things… let alone a viewer, of his camsite. “I don’t mind at all.” he added. This was, of course, an understatement, coming from Yuuri, who had already imagined so much filthier, so much more explicit, so much hotter things those lips and hands might do.

“And if I said that I think of your lips in the same way… would I make you uncomfortable in saying so, Rosya?” Daddy’s reply came after not too long, though Yuuri had watched with bated breath as those three dots appeared and disappeared. Yuuri felt a chill run down his spine and a pleasant, fluttering warmth settled in his core. He hadn’t thought this arrangement would progress quite so quickly, even down to this moment, giddily smiling over a line of text. Something in the back of his mind spurred him on, the excitement of it all too much for his anxiety to snuff out.

“I was thinking the same about yours, Daddy… I’d love to kiss you too 😊”
Victor scrambled to save the image of a much younger Eros, holding a dog no bigger than Chris’s beloved cat in his arms. The image was too soft, too sweet to look at for long, before Victor’s heart threatened to burst. His cheeks were so much softer back then, a slight, bouncy roundness to them that growing up seemed to have stolen from him. It was slight, but if the baggy clothes were any hint, it seemed that Eros had carried a soft layer of pudge back then as well. There were only tiny hints of it now, Eros’s body was lean, but that softness had followed him in the curve of his waist and hips, his plush thighs and ass…

Victor bit back the thoughts of Eros’s perfect form and focused on the photo again, feeling like he was being allowed a glimpse behind the facade of Eros, to the man behind the teasing winks and red lips, behind the lace and silk… behind Eros and everything that accompanied him; the pure sexual force, the raw, instinctive pull of such an available, teasing omega.

This felt easy, comfortable… like coming home.

“I hope It isn’t too forward of me to say that your cheeks look soft and utterly kissable in that photo?” Victor’s fingers moved without thinking, sending a message that was leaps and bounds past the guarded, careful teasing from earlier. Despite the fact that Victor had watched the camboy fuck himself on a toy he had purchased for him, moaning his title, and surely imagining that it had been Victor filling him up instead of a toy, this was different.

“That’s definitely not too much, Daddy. I don’t mind at all.” Eros’s reply came through, and god, it was easy to let his mind wander to pressing his lips against those cheeks, cupping his chin in his hand, leaving behind a soft reminder of his affection on his cheek… or his lips…

Victor’s attention floated back to that picture, the first one, of Eros, his hair shaggy and soft, a pair of blue glasses on his nose, a sweet, pink smile on his lips. For the first time he found himself wondering what name could possibly suit such a perfect man. Eros was surely a screen name, like IceAlpha was.

It was almost painfully easy to imagine pressing his lips to Eros’s, and Victor had done so countless times in quiet moments on his own, and in a board meeting the week before. But what name would he sigh against those lips, should he ever get the chance? What would he whisper when he wrapped his arms around his frame, smoothing hands over his curves? Or cry out in bliss in the heat of the moment?

Taking a long, slow breath, Victor scrolled back down to the entry field.

“Eros, I know we haven’t been chatting long…”
“Please, detka, tell me if I’m overstepping my bounds, but…”
“Can I know your name?”

Every message he typed and retyped seemed wrong, seemed to be far too much, and god, Victor would rather lose his hair, his job, his car, everything, than drive Eros away now. Instead he typed, “And if I said that I think of your lips in the same way… would I make you uncomfortable in saying so, Rosya?” and waited, nearly having forgotten why he had come into the bathroom in the first place. His legs swung back and forth as he sat on the countertop, one hand firmly gripping at the edge of the white marble as that typing animation popped up again.

“I was thinking the same about yours, Daddy… I’d love to kiss you too 😘” the reply read, and any hope of remembering his shower fell out of the back of Victor’s head, as well as any hope of getting enough sleep that night.
Or any sleep, it turned out, but the multiple coffees it took to get him through the morning were far worth chatting with his Rosya until the sun rose.
Chapter Summary

Yuuri recovers from pulling an all-nighter and lets his viewers decide what he should do for his next stream.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter took so long! I'm still getting used to balancing this and Next Level again but it's getting a bit easier~ Anyway, this was a lot of fun, writing exhausted! Yuuri and having his friends tease him for staying up all night talking to Victor lmao.

Speaking of which, there's an OC in this chapter! IA and I both love Gracie to bits and she's definitely going to make a few more appearances later.

Also, the formatting with the DM conversations between Yuuri and Victor is a little different, and we're gonna go back and change previous chapters so that it's consistent, so sorry for any discrepancies if you're reading through before those updates are made~

Normally, Yuuri wouldn't have fathomed staying up all night, let alone a man whose face he'd only seen once. But Daddy had this way of distracting Yuuri...making him completely lose track of how late it was, at least until his alarm went off at 6:45 the next morning, interrupting him as he typed out a reply.

LonelyEros: I hope I'm not keeping you up too late

IceAlpha: Oh, you're absolutely worth it. Don't you worry about that, darling 😊 I'm not keeping you up am I?

LonelyEros: My alarm actually just went off. Oops 😅俳

LonelyEros: But I had a lot of fun chatting with you, Daddy~ I'll just get an extra shot of espresso in my coffee on my way to class.

With a yawn, Yuuri set his phone down and reluctantly got out of bed, his lack of sleep hitting him all at once. Before he could let his body succumb to the urge to crawl back under the blanket, he headed to his closet to grab a clean towel, then headed to the bathroom, which was blessedly not
occupied at the moment.

He couldn't believe he'd spent all night talking to Daddy. He wondered how Phichit would react if he found out. He couldn't help wanting to keep that bit of information a secret so that he didn't have to find out what kind of teasing he'd endure. The shower helped wake him up a little, but he was still going to need help getting through the day. Maybe he could spend his free hour between classes napping in the library, he thought, since he wouldn't have time before work. Or maybe he could trade shifts with someone and take the afternoon off. He made a mental note to text Leo later.

Showering and getting dressed both went smoothly for the most part—a pair of skinny jeans and a gray t-shirt under his new green hoodie. Yuuri was in the kitchen, reaching for a slice of his leftover pizza from the fridge for a quick breakfast, when he heard Phichit snickering behind him.

“You're wearing two different shoes, Yuuri.”

He looked down and blushed when he saw that he was, in fact, wearing one blue Converse and one black one. He sighed and turned around, heading back to his room to change. It was a good thing he was running surprisingly early, he told himself. When he came back out, two black shoes on this time, he mumbled a soft word of thanks to Phichit as he grabbed his slice and took a bite.

“And any time!” he said, finishing his own breakfast, consisting of a grapefruit and an energy drink. “Something wrong, Yuuri? You look like you didn't sleep much...you weren't up all night texting your Russian silver fox daddy, were you?” he asked, frowning slightly in concern for his roommate and friend. “Oh my God, you're blushing, you were!”

“Not in the mood, can we save the roast for later?” Yuuri mumbled. “I guess I just...lost track of the time, once we got to talking about our dogs, and what Japan is like...he told me a little about living in Russia too...though he seemed more interested in me, which was a little embarrassing...” He decided to keep the conversation about Daddy wanting to kiss him to himself, for now.

“Oh my God,” Phichit said again. “You both have it so bad, it's adorable.” He watched as Yuuri finished his pizza and quickly went to feed his hamsters before they left together.

Yuuri raised an eyebrow. “Like you're one to talk, I've seen you giggling talking to boys well into the night plenty of times...” he asked, both of them giggling as they walked out the door. He only received a wink in response, and he gave him a playful nudge as they headed down their walkway and to the sidewalk.

They made it to the bus stop just in time to catch their ride to campus, and they both flashed their student IDs to the driver in lieu of paying the standard fare before finding their usual seats near the back. Yuuri stifled another yawn as he pulled his phone out of his pocket to message Daddy again.

LonelyEros: I'm on my way to class now, I'm feeling a little less sleepy. How are you holding up?

IceAlpha: I'm just setting up in my office now, and I don't have too much on my schedule for now so I should be able to recover.

IceAlpha: I should have done a better job convincing you to get some sleep, I'm sorry for keeping you up.

LonelyEros: Daddy, it's okay~ I had so much fun talking to you last night...
“Yuuri, our stop,” Phichit said, poking Yuuri's side gently to snap him out of his half-awake haze. He follows Phichit off the bus, thanking the driver as he exits. Before they headed to their respective buildings for their first classes of the day, they made a stop at the Starbucks just around the corner from campus. As they walked in they were greeted by the smiling face of their favorite barista, Gracie.

“Good morning, boys!” she chirped. “The usual?”

Yuuri nodded, stifling another yawn. “Yeah, but can I get two extra espresso shots in mine?”

“Long night?” she asked sympathetically, grabbing two venti cups and writing their names on each one. After getting to know each other, Gracie had surprised Yuuri and Phichit one morning during a very stressful midterm week last semester by writing their names in their respective written languages. Yuuri remembered tearing up a little at seeing the kanji for his own name on his cup, and after rinsing it out, even kept it for a while until the Sharpie started to wear off.

“You could say that,” he said. “I sort of lost track of time last night and stayed up too late…”

“Lost track of time, huh?” Gracie asked, noticing the smirk on Phichit's face and winking at Yuuri. “So tell me, what's his name?”

Yuuri blushed and immediately glared at Phichit. “Who said it was a guy?” he asked, a bit too defensively.

“Please, I know you, you value your sleep way too much for it to be binge-watching anything, and it's not 'cramming for finals' time yet. He must be good to have you looking this tired.”

It took Yuuri a moment to catch what Gracie was saying, but when it clicked in his sleep-deprived brain he gave her a scandalized look. “We just texted, don't be gross,” he said, making her snicker.

“Ha! So there is a guy! What's his name? What's he look like? How old is he?”

Yuuri shook his head and avoided the barrage of questions. “I don't really...wanna go into it right now. We uh...met online, we've exchanged pictures but haven't exchanged names yet...and I'm not sure how old he is either, but...a few years older than me, maybe?” He squinted in response to the matching shit-eating grins Phichit and Gracie both gave him. “And he doesn't live in Detroit, so don't think I'll be introducing you either.”

Gracie chuckled and pulled the pitcher out of the blender, pouring a blend of coffee, cream, hazelnut flavoring and ice into both cups. “Sorry, I couldn't resist teasing you a little, your grumpy face is so cute,” she giggled. “You said two extra shots, right? I'll give you some extra chocolate drizzle too, as an apology. Sound good?”

Yuuri grumbled softly, but nodded, his sweet tooth getting the better of him. “I guess I can forgive you. Can you throw a muffin in too?”

Gracie looked into the pastry display case and grinned. “We just pulled out some fresh blueberry and chocolate chip ones, which would you like?”

Yuuri considered for a moment, eyeing both of them, and decided. “One of each, actually. I have a favor to ask someone and I think a bribe will help.”
Yuuri had made it through his first lecture without any major incidents, and only dozed off a couple of times. He'd texted Leo asking to meet him outside the library so that he could ask about trading him shifts tonight, sweetening the deal a little with a blueberry muffin. To his relief, Leo had agreed, and he'd given him the muffin (and a hug of gratitude) on his way into the library, where he could sneak off and take a short nap before his next class. He found a table in a secluded corner and sat down, placing his bag in front of him as a makeshift pillow, and started to close his eyes when he got a message.

IceAlpha: Have you woken up any yet?

LonelyEros: Mmmm, maybe a little, I was about to take a nap before my next class, and I got a friend from work to cover my shift tonight so I can nap before my stream.

IceAlpha: That was nice that he would do that for you. Does Daddy get a little sneak peek of what you have planned for tonight? 😊

Yuuri chewed his bottom lip as he read the question. In his sleep-deprived haze, he admittedly hadn't put much thought into tonight's show. He's had a few things he'd been wanting to try on camera, a few commonly requested kinks he'd been asked to indulge...

LonelyEros: I haven't really planned much, actually. I think I'll let you and my other viewers decide, Daddy~

He opened his website on his phone and opened a new blog post, creating a new poll with a few options to choose from:

“What would you like to see for tonight's stream?”

- BDSM
- Foot kink
- Breeding/knotting
- Ice play
- Shibari
- Foodplay
- Other/Comment
Yuuri set the poll to close at 6:30 that evening, and was fast asleep shortly after hitting the “Post” button.

Yuuri really had to come up with something other than a muffin to thank Leo with for covering his shift today, he thought as he woke up from his much-needed nap during what would have normally been a slow, tedious shift. Maybe a gift card for his Spotify account or something. He'd decide later. Now he needed to decide on a quick, easy dinner before his show tonight. Phichit was probably home by now; maybe he'd want to go out somewhere...

After throwing his hoodie back on, Yuuri ventured out into the living room, finding Phichit playing with his hamsters and sitting beside him on the couch.

“Oh, I didn't realize you were home,” he said. “You worked today, right?”

“I needed a nap, so I got Leo to trade shifts with me. So you'll have Saturday morning to yourself,” Yuuri said. “Anyway, wanna get out of the apartment for a little bit? Maybe get some dinner somewhere?”

“I was actually thinking the same thing!” Phichit said, grinning. “Before we go eat, though, maybe we could go lingerie shopping. You could get something new for your show tonight, or to show off for Daddy, and I could...well, that's a secret,” he trailed off, giving Yuuri a devious wink.

“Keeping secrets, are you?” Yuuri teased, reaching over to tickle his friend's side. “It's not that guy who had you speaking French the other night, was it?” Phichit replied with a zipping motion over his lips and a cheeky grin.

“I'll tell you about him some other time,” he said. “But for now let's go shopping! Oh, and maybe check our PO boxes while we're out too...”

Yuuri nodded in agreement when he received a notification on his phone. Thinking at first that it might be a message from Daddy, he hurried to check it, but then saw that his poll from earlier had closed. To be honest, he'd completely forgotten.

“Is that Daddy?” Phichit asked, winking at him as he opened his website again to check the results. When Yuuri saw what the most voted kink was—breeding/knotting, by a landslide—he flushed and pocketed his phone again.

“No, but I'll probably be hearing from him soon...”
New Toy

Chapter by IncandescentAntelope

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Phichit go shopping and Yuuri prepares for a stream; Victor shares another photo.

Chapter Notes

Hey friends! This chapter ran a little bit longer than I expected but yknow what, I don't think anyone minds a little extra smut. ;) It's just too easy to get carried away with this au. Fuzzy and I have a lot of fun planned for this, and we're so excited to share more of the story! Hope you enjoy the update!

Phichit snorted. "I'm sure you will be hearing from Daddy soon, and he'll have all of my lurker profiles to thank for your stream tonight," he said, tossing the idea over his shoulder so nonchalantly that the revelation hit him in waves. He nearly choked on a reprimand, but let it die on his tongue when he offered one of his hamsters to cuddle.

"I'll make sure he knows who to thank," Yuuri deadpanned, holding the golden pool of fluff in his hand, stroking her fur gently when she curled up in a tight ball in his palm. He felt his cheeks heat up as a thought struck him, his green hoodie starting to feel a bit warm. "Do you think he has… y'know…"

"A breeding kink?" Phichit supplied with a shit-eating smirk. Yuuri blushed even darker and nodded, pulling out a peak of laughter from Phichit. "Oh god, Yuuri, what alpha doesn't? You saw how he reacted to that knotting toy, that was the first show he watched live, wasn't it?"

Yuuri squeaked at the memory, the thought of the toy making him squirm. “Yeah… that’s the first time I remember seeing his name in the chat…”

“So you’re going to use that toy again tonight, right? Since the lovely viewers and your dutiful lurker-in-chief voted for knotting?” Phichit asks, scooping up the hamsters and bringing them back to his room.

Yuuri’s cheeks burned bright again, now truly curious if Daddy had voted for that option as well… he pulled his phone out of his pocket and navigated to his chat with IceAlpha, feeling that familiar flutter of butterflies in his stomach. He hadn’t replied recently, though he was probably still at work.

LonelyEros: Just woke up from my nap 😊
LonelyEros: Did you see the poll? 😊
He left the chat for the moment when Phichit reemerged, wearing his trademark torn jeans and the novelty “King and the Skater” shirt Yuuri had bought him for his birthday under a dark zippered hoodie. He completed the look with the usual snapback on backwards, the one Yuuri had dubbed his fuckboy hat.

“Ready to go?” Phichit asked teasingly, nodding down at Yuuri’s pajama pants and hoodie. “I’m sure the girls at the store won’t mind seeing you in your jammies, but real pants would probably be a good idea.”

Yuuri snorted, getting off the couch and dressing quickly, just a pair of black leggings and an oversized t-shirt, the one he had kept from his chubby days in high school. The material was soft and familiar, and something about it felt like home… adding the new hoodie on top made him think of Alpha again, the warm pang of excitement settling in his stomach again.

He shivered and fought against the urge to let a little bit of slick leak into his leggings at the thought of finding something new to show off for Daddy at the lingerie shop. Yuuri swallowed the arousal at the idea of sending Daddy a photo in something just for him, before the stream even started later that night.

Shoving his feet into two matching sneakers (Phichit was sure to point out) the two made for the bus stop again, sharing complaints about classes and looking forward to spring break.

“You’re staying here for break, aren’t you? For your…” Phichit asked when they got off the bus at their stop, trailing off instead of calling public attention to Yuuri’s plans for his heat.

Yuuri nodded as they walked across the mall parking lot, kicking a pebble with the toe of his shoe. “Yeah, I haven’t put in the time off or made the reservation yet, but I’m probably just going to rent one of the hotel’s specialized rooms,” Yuuri rehashed his plan. He’d been doing the same thing since he moved to the states, staying in a secure heat room for the duration of his heats. They were usually a messy affair and there was an absolute zero percent chance Yuuri would seek out a partner to ride it out with… so locking himself in a hotel room for a week or so was usually the best choice.

“So you’re not going to ask Daddy to join you?” Phichit teased, poking Yuuri in the ribs. “You know anyone in your audience would kill for the chance.” Yuuri flushed an even darker red than he thought possible. It was reckless to entertain the thought of inviting a viewer to join him for his heat, but god just the idea of IceAlpha taking care of him through a heat…

A muscle in Yuuri’s lower stomach twitched as warmth began to pool in his core. Images of those long, muscled arms wrapped around him in the heat of the moment filled his head, that long, thick length plowing into him relentlessly, just how he knew he needed it when he was in heat; and his voice, god, his voice… what would his moans sound like? What would he sound like, utterly lost in pleasure?

Phichit snapping his fingers in front of Yuuri’s face pulled him out of his thoughts again. “Someone’s got Alpha on the brain~” he teased, graciously dropping the topic as they made their way through the mall to the lingerie shop tucked into one of the back hallways. Stores like this weren’t uncommon, selling everything from sex toys to heat and rut aids, as well as lingerie for nearly every body type. Yuuri and Phichit were both regulars, to the point that the staff recognized them and greeted them like friends every time they stopped by.

“Meet me at the dressing rooms,” Phichit said, dashing off into the racks of lacy, satiny clothing,
leaving Yuuri in the entryway, pink-cheeked and trying not to make eye contact with the clerk at the front desk.

Yuuri started where he usually did, looking through the toy selection, searching for new stock. He visited the store frequently enough to recognize new things when they arrived, and the nature of his show lended to searching for bigger, for newer, for something... exciting.

Something new caught his eye, sparkling and shimmery in one of the glass cases on the wall. His stomach turned at the price tag, but he waved a sales clerk over, asking to see the glittering plug in the case. It was nearly the amount IceAlpha had given him for pizza last night...

“Splurging today, are you?” the clerk teased, handing him the heavy silver plug. “The base comes in a few colors and shapes, but I think the blue heart is nice, don’t you?” she asked, and Yuuri shivered at the weight of it, rolling it in his hand. “The gem isn’t real, but it’s zircon... a bit fancier than the plastic ones online.”

Yuuri shivered again at the thought of something so luxurious and immediately nodded. “Can you set this aside for me? I’ll be back for it.” he said, handing the toy back to her. She nodded and reached into the shelf, pulling down a bottle of milky liquid. Yuuri’s eyes widened as he recognized what it was, and what it was meant to look like.

“Care to splurge a little more?” she asked, turning the bottle to show him the label. He nodded immediately.

After a few minutes of perusing the clothing racks, Yuuri had found a few new sets of lingerie to try. Phichit was waiting, a pile of his own in his arms, buried in his phone. “Found a few things for you,” he said, handing Yuuri a white, lacy pair of panties that Yuuri blushed to hold, and a sheer robe trimmed with satin ribbon. It almost looked like a kimono, or what American fashion had deemed was a kimono. Yuuri added the two garments to his pile and ducked into the dressing room, carefully stripping out of his clothes.

The first few sets were pretty run-of-the-mill, a powder blue babydoll with lace detailing up the sides with thin, flimsy straps that easily slipped off his shoulders. The look was undeniably sexy, all things considered, but something in his gut prodded at him to find something perfect to show off just for Daddy, just for IceAlpha and those gorgeous blue eyes.

The second set he had brought in was probably the most confusing set of lingerie he had ever worn, a deep, searing red against his skin that crossed over his body in a confusing tangle of straps and harnessing. When he finally worked his head through the head hole and his arms through the correct gaps in the strapping, he admired himself in the mirror, seeing just how sexy his figure looked when he secured the garter belt around his narrow waist. It pulled his figure in like a corset, creating the figure-eight, hourglass shape that he knew drove his audience crazy.

Even the accompanying thong was confusing, though it was designed for male omegas, with a specified space in the front with ample room to hide his cock from view, he knew that the moment arousal kicked in, the small space would quickly become far too small.

“Find something good, Yuuri?” Phichit’s voice called from outside the dressing room door, “I can almost hear you purring,” he teased quietly, making Yuuri flush almost as red as the lingerie.

“Yeah, I... I think I did, but I want to try on the stuff you found for me.” Yuuri answered, snapping a photo with his phone, making note to try this on again at home, perhaps with that pair of red leather heels Phichit had found for him.
Yuuri unraveled the straps from around his body and set it aside, stepping into the white pair of panties Phichit had shoved in his direction, shuddering at the realization that they had a heart-shaped hole in the back, revealing most of the curve of his asscheeks. Once the embarrassment faded from his cheeks, and he had pulled the lace up over his thighs, Yuuri slowly began admiring the way he looked in the mirror, the white lace laying over his skin looked… almost… *virginal*.

He hated the term, outdated, sexist and omega-phobic as it was, but delicate white lace, his hole framed like a gift for someone to enjoy, god, it felt right. Especially for a stream devoted strictly to knotting and breeding. He shuddered again and pulled the lacy robe off the hanger, draping that over his shoulders and tying it loosely around his waist, again pulling it in like an hourglass.

*Yes. This would do perfectly.*

~~

Victor bid his pleasant goodbyes at half past six and dropped the phone into its cradle, ending the conference call he’d been stuck on since early afternoon. Within minutes, his laptop bag was packed and he shrugged into his coat, flicked off the lights and shut the door, more than eager to get out of the office.

Victor laughed quietly to himself, realizing just how long it had been that he was eager to leave the office and head home; he had spent the last year or so overworking and staying late, but now… there was a reason to head home on time. *Rosya.*

“Victor! Don’t forget that Mr. Plisetsky is starting tomorrow!” Mila called after him as he breezed past her desk, the reminder of their new social media representative’s first day floating in one ear and out the other as Victor simply waved and pulled his phone out of his pocket, reading the messages he had missed.

*LonelyEros:* Just woke up from my nap 😊
*LonelyEros:* Did you see the poll? 😊

God, had Victor seen the poll. He had debated making a second account just to boost the chance his choice would win. The pang of arousal that had coiled in his stomach at the mere idea of a stream entirely focused on… *that*… Victor cursed under his breath and tried not to let his erection get the better of him. (At least until he got to the car.) Leaned against the back wall of the elevator, he began typing out a reply.

*IceAlpha:* I did, darling. I’ve been stuck on a call all afternoon and haven’t checked the results quite yet~
*IceAlpha:* I’m on my way home now, I hope you had a pleasant nap, detka.

Victor smiled to himself as he navigated to Eros’s page, his heart jumping out of his chest as he read the results of the poll. “Breeding and knotting” won by a landslide, and though he had held himself back from voting for “foot kink”, he may have picked out a gorgeous pair of Vuitton heels to send to Eros with his custom lingerie… perhaps he could ask him about that when it came time
to ship the ensemble.

Just the thought of Eros playing up being bred, being filled and knotted sent a pang of something heavy and hot to Victor’s core, choking out a stifled moan as he fought the urge to palm himself over his trousers. He cursed himself under his breath for wearing a pair of his expensive slacks today.

LonelyEros: I think you’ll enjoy what I’m planning for you tonight, Daddy~

The message nearly knocked Victor off his feet as he walked out into the lobby, bidding a good evening to the security staff on his way out. He began typing immediately, barely looking up as he slid into the back seat of his car, giving the driver a pleasant smile and immediately rolling up the barrier.

IceAlpha: May I have a sneak peek of what’s to come tonight, angel? Or will I simply have to wait?

His hands shook as he typed. He felt the car rumble forward, taking him back to his apartment for the night. Another message pinged, and he jolted forward again.

LonelyEros: I may have picked something out while my roommate and I went to the store earlier…
LonelyEros: Would you like to see what I found? For your eyes only, of course~ 😜inals

Victor, now free of curious eyes, leaned back in his seat and allowed the arousal to set in fully, giving himself over to the thought of Eros teasing him, winding him up even before the show tonight. (Which would most certainly be the end of him, if he recalled the way his soul had left his body the last time he played with a knotting toy.)

IceAlpha: Bozhe moy, I would love to see, detka. Show off for Daddy, won’t you?

Eros replied with a few more of those teasing winky face emojis, leaving Victor wanting and eager in the plush, private back seat of his chauffeured car. Then the image came through. No, images.

Eros, wrapped in the most scandalously beautiful lace robe he had ever seen: sheer and black with ribbon trimming the edges and a large satin belt wrapped around his slim waist. His mouth began to water at the sultry smirk he was giving the camera, another shot looking ever-so-slightly down at him, dropping Victor into that small bedroom with him. Victor’s eyes slaked over the image ravenously, his cock rapidly hardening in his dark gray pants in a show of true desperation from the
alpha.

He had barely recovered from Eros’s soft pink skin covered in lace when he spied the tiny lace panties he was wearing, a pure white and cupping his cock so perfectly, so sweetly that Victor couldn’t help but lick his lips. God, he wished he could taste him, taste the sweetness of his slick…

He finally heard the noise when his driver cleared his throat, the low growling sound rumbling in his throat. *God,* Eros had him growling like he was going into rut. The second image, though, nearly had him shoving his hand into his pants and pleasuring himself in the car.

Eros had turned himself around, baring his peachy ass to the camera, showing off the heart-shaped hole cut out of the panties, his cheeks peeking through the pure white fabric. *Fuck,* Victor swore under his breath, tossing propriety out the window in favor of pressing the heel of his hand into the base of his cock, just below where his knot formed. Something sparkly gleamed in the center of the photo, something bright blue and… heart-shaped.

**IceAlpha:** Ohoho, is my baby plugging himself up before the show?

Victor quickly typed, rocking gently against his hand. The thought of it sent a twinge of pleasure down his spine, of Eros keeping himself open and wet, to be filled up by something *bigger* later… the rumbling in his chest didn’t subside, and was only exacerbated by the next few messages Eros sent.

**LonelyEros:** I bought this one because it reminded me of you, Daddy~
**LonelyEros:** Give me something to think about while I get ready for the stream?
**LonelyEros:** I’m already really excited, Daddy, just thinking about you watching me…

Victor choked on a moan at the thought of it, his cock twitching and leaking a small dark spot in his grey trousers. Without giving it a second thought, he snapped a photo of his straining erection and sent it to Eros.

**IceAlpha:** I hope it isn’t too forward of me to share this.
**IceAlpha:** Look at what your gorgeous body has done to me, beautiful.

The driver knocked twice on the divider, letting Victor know they had arrived. The poor man was probably choking on his pheromones and scent at that point, and Victor made a note to tip him generously when he arrived in the morning.

He awkwardly adjusted himself and made quickly for the elevators, holding his bag in his lap to hide his clear arousal from the other passengers.

By the time Victor had made it to the top floor, swiped his key in the control panel and fed Makkachin, the countdown for Eros’s stream was ticking down from five minutes, and a message
from the omega had nearly destroyed any hope Victor had of lasting through the stream.

**LonelyEros:** God, Daddy… so big and hard~
**LonelyEros:** I’m so wet already… 😇

Victor threw himself into bed, not even giving himself time to strip out of his suit before wrapping his hand around his cock and stroking himself messily to climax, moaning Eros’s screen name with those images burned into his mind… just in time for the stream to start.

Eros’s warm, amber eyes blinked slowly at the camera, his lips painted dark red, his raven hair swept back over his forehead… those lacy panties barely containing an already-erect cock.

“*Hi everyone~ welcome back,*” he purred, and all the air was pulled out of Victor’s lungs. “*The poll today proved just how many of you want to see me bred and knotted…*”

Victor chuckled hotly under his breath, knowing full well that Eros was speaking directly to him. He stripped out of his now-ruined trousers and set them aside for dry cleaning, shucking the rest of his clothes and settling into bed.

He watched as Eros teased his viewers, showed off his new panties, even showing a shy bit of cheek. “*Do you like them? I had a friend help me pick them out.*” he purred, running his fingertips along the waistband. “*But I picked out a new toy too… I thought you all might like to see it.*”

He turned over, showing the camera his ass and pulling his cheeks apart to show the plug buried deep inside him. “*Daddy helped me buy this one~*” Eros winked at the camera, “*He also helped me with this…*”

Victor watched with bated breath as Eros wrapped his fingers around the base of the toy and pulled it free, a long string of slick dripping from the toy and clinging to his skin, followed by another burst of the clear fluid dripping to the sheets. Victor moaned and found his cock again, gently teasing the sensitive skin.

“*Now…*” Eros purred, slipping a long, slender finger into his hole and whimpering softly. “*Who wants to come breed this needy omega slut?*”
Knot

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Yuuri draws in his fans with another successful stream and makes an announcement for upcoming plans.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! Sorry this chapter took a little longer than planned. I had intended to work on it Tuesday after I got home from work since I'd just finished the most recent chapter of Next Level but this whole week at work has kicked my ass and by the time I got home all I wanted to do was watch youtube videos, talk to my girlfriend, and pass out at 9pm like the old goblin that I am. So sorry this is later than I meant it to be, but I hope you enjoy it anyway~

“Daddy really got you that wet already?”

“Wow, Eros, I'm not sure who's luckier, you or Daddy~”

“Thank you based Daddy”

Yuuri chuckled to himself as he read some of the comments in the chat. “Yes, I had a little bit of pre-stream fun getting Daddy worked up, and I guess thinking about that just...got me excited too...” He set his slick-soaked plug aside and reached his hand back, teasing his hole with his fingertips. “I know there's a strong, sexy alpha out there who wants to breed me, won't you come fill me up please?”

Spurred on by the sound of the tip jar jingling, Yuuri reached for his alpha cock toy, freshly filled with the lube he'd picked up, and brought it into frame. “Please, Alpha, I want your knot...want you to fill me with your seed, with your pups...”

IceAlpha: Blyad, Eros, so needy tonight, aren't you?

Yuuri read Daddy's comment and whimpered. He could easily visualize that gorgeous silver-haired alpha being the one to fill him up. “Y-yes, Alpha, ’m your needy little slut and I need you inside me...” He pulled his fingers out of himself and used his slicked up hand to stroke the toy a few times, then lined it up with his entrance. “I'm ready~” he purred. “Which one of you wants to fuck
me?”

Just the sight of the toy barely pressed between his cheeks was enough to nearly double the amount in the tip jar, Yuuri noticed as he let it slide inside him. He stayed in that position, face down with his ass facing the camera, letting out a slow keening whine as the dildo bottomed out inside of him.

“Just like that, alpha~” he said. “You feel so good inside me...” He slowly moved his hips forward, then back, fucking himself on the toy and making as lewd of a spectacle as he could. His filthy teasing was soon replaced with soft, breathy whimpers as he lost himself in the pleasure of being taken apart by his imaginary—no, his very real, Russian, sugar daddy alpha.

The chat was filling with tip notifications, filthy encouragements, and various lewd emojis, but Yuuri was already too far gone to see any of them at the moment. He remembered the picture Daddy had sent earlier of his erection; even the outline was enough for Yuuri to easily visualize how big he was, and to imagine the real thing pumping into him right now in place of the silicone replica.

“So good, f-feels so good, alpha, please--” he begged, his voice cracking. “Please don't stop. Don't want you to stop until I'm full of your seed, please...” He felt himself getting closer and closer to the edge, the coil of arousal in his lower belly getting tighter. “Please, I'm so close, please--”

In his hazy state, Yuuri managed to steal a glimpse at his laptop screen, looking at the chat window. He looked specifically for Daddy's screen name, silently asking for his permission to cum, and more specifically, his permission to knot himself with his toy. He saw several strings of water squirt emojis and more tips than he could count in his current condition, but unless he was overlooking him, he didn't see--

**IceAlpha:** Go ahead and cum on Alpha's knot, sweetheart, you've earned it--

“Fuck, I'm cumming, fuck, Daddy!” Yuuri cried, managing to catch himself by muffling Daddy's title into his pillow. He pushed the button on the base of the toy, feeling the knot inflate inside him and a jet of lube squirt from the tip, and God was it heavenly, the way it filled him. He continued to whimper into the pillow as he rode out the wave of euphoria, and with shaky fingers he pushed the button to deflate the knot and pulled the toy out of him, letting a bit of the lube and his own slick drip out for show before he sat back up and faced the camera again.

“Holy shit, Eros...”

“I just came so hard I think I pulled a muscle goddamn”

“Pulled a muscle? I think I just died, resurrected, and died again”

“What's the matter, alpha?” Yuuri teased, batting his eyes at the camera. “You're not ready to tap out after just one round are you? Are you that confident that it only took one try to knock up your little omega pet?” He gently stroked the shaft of his toy, curious how much he could rile up his viewers (and most importantly, Daddy) until they were begging him to fuck himself on the toy again. “Don't you want to make this belly fat and round with your pups, alpha?” He arched his
back a little, showing off the flat plane of his stomach to his viewers. “It still looks pretty empty to me, don't you think?” A flurry of curses filled the chat, and Yuuri smirked as he positioned himself for his second round, on his back this time.

“Ready to go again?” he asked with a playful wink. “Do I need to tease you a little more, or are you ready for round two?”

His viewers were practically begging him by this point, so Yuuri positioned his toy at his twitching hole again and moaned as it slid back inside with ease. He hadn't seen Daddy comment in a while, and he couldn't help wondering if it was because his hands were...otherwise occupied.

“That's right, alpha, just like that,” he panted, fucking himself with the silicone cock. “Just like that, fill me up with your big cock...”

He arched his back off the bed, giving his viewers a great view of exactly what he was doing. He could barely hear the sound of tips flooding the jar over the sound of his own keening whines.

**IceAlpha:** Be careful what you wish for, Eros, you're definitely going to get your fill if you keep it up...

A few other viewers agreed with IceAlpha, Yuuri only barely noticed. Others commented on how authoritative he seemed to be, and how his comments in particular seemed to take him to pieces on their screen. One viewer in particular noted that IceAlpha had “big Daddy energy,” and just seeing the word was enough to nearly send Yuuri over the edge again.

“A-Alpha,” he whined, “Alpha, I'm almost there...knot me, fill me, please?”

A number of viewers, Daddy included, encouraged Yuuri, ranging from sweet and tender to possessive in telling him to take their collective knot. With a final thrust of his toy, he pushed the button to inflate the knot again, imagining once again that Daddy was on the receiving end. He came in spurts across his stomach as the toy filled him and he nearly lost his grip on the base of it as his second orgasm overtook him. Finally, his movements slowed and his breaths evened out, and he looked up at the camera again with a smile.

“Maybe I should put my new plug back in,” he said with a soft sigh. “I like being full of you, Alpha. It feels so incredible...”

After taking a moment to get his strength back, he pulled his toy out and sat back up, letting the viewers see just what a mess he’d made of himself. “I hope you had as much fun tonight as I did,” he said, his voice husky from exertion like it always was at the end of a stream. “And I'm so happy you got to join me tonight. Until next time, babes~”

Yuuri blew his signature kiss to the camera and ended the stream, then grabbed his phone from the nightstand as he carefully got up and headed to the bathroom to take a shower.

**LonelyEros:** So how was I tonight, Daddy?
Victor couldn't remember the last time he'd cum this hard even once, much less twice in such a short period. By the time his ears had stopped ringing and he'd determined that his heart was, in fact, still beating, he noticed a new message from Eros.

**LonelyEros:** So how was I tonight, Daddy?

**IceAlpha:** How were you? *Bozhe moy,* Rosya, you were phenomenal. And did I hear you mumble “Daddy” into your pillow the first time you came?”

Victor sat his phone down to go clean himself up, and frowned when he didn't see a reply when he got back. Worried that he might have embarrassed his dear Eros by pointing something like that out, he started to construct another response in apology, when he got another reply.

**LonelyEros:** Sorry, I was in the shower just now~

**LonelyEros:** But maaaaaybe 😊 I couldn't stop myself before it slipped out...

Victor shivered at the implication that Eros was thinking about him in particular while he was fucking himself on his alpha cock toy. The implication that he had been imagining *him* being the one to fill him like that, to knot him...

**LonelyEros:** By the way, Daddy, you might want to check my latest blog post. It's got some news you might find important~~

After typing out a hasty reply, Victor opened the lid of his laptop again and opened Eros' website, clicking the link to his blog. He quietly read over the most recent post, timestamped just a few minutes ago:

*Hi everyone~*

*I had so much fun with you all tonight (and for those of you who weren't able to join me tonight, click [here](#) for the archived video of tonight's stream!) and before I went to bed for the night I wanted to remind everyone that I'm going on spring break the second week of March, so I might not be as active that week. Though I might be planning a little something special to celebrate with my lovely viewers... Stay tuned for updates!*

*XOXO,*

*Eros*
A little something special, Victor read again, humming as he scrolled through the comments, seeing the other viewers wishing him a happy break and telling him how hot tonight's stream was. He picked up his phone again and sent Eros another message.

**IceAlpha:** I hope you enjoy your spring break, Rosya. Do you have anything special planned, maybe a road trip with your roommate?

**LonelyEros:** Well, actually...

**LonelyEros:** That week coincides with my heat~
Plans

Chapter by IncandescentAntelope

Chapter Summary

Yuuri asks for a favor and shares his plans, and Victor is more than happy to oblige; a new business opportunity reveals itself, and Victor spots his chance.

Chapter Notes

Hi friends! Sorry about that long gap, my brain exploded >:'D I had a bit of a hard time working out this chapter, but the inspiration fairy finally bit me in the butt and now I'm back! I hope you enjoy the chapter! Fuzzy and I have been super excited to introduce a few characters and you'll meet them today!

LonelyEros: Well, actually...
LonelyEros: That week coincides with my heat~

Victor stared blankly at his phone for far longer than he expected. The message from Eros had stolen any cognitive thought from his mind, the suggestion only replacing his generally put-together, (mostly) rational state of mind with that of a hungry animal. Immediately images of Eros lost in pleasure on top of pleasure on top of pleasure filled his mind, his Rosya riding high on the endless waves of ecstasy an omega's heat brings.

It was almost too easy for Victor to imagine himself there as well, working countless orgasms from that heated, writhing body.

Victor read the words again. He knew it would be incredibly presumptuous to assume it was an invitation, but god, he couldn't help reading it like one.

IceAlpha: That's a convenient coincidence, detka 😊 I hope you've made plans for that week? Have a privacy plan ready to go?

He sent the reply, feeling his inner alpha growl at the invasive thought that Eros might hire a heat companion. Jealousy simmered under his skin, roiling like thunderclouds in his stomach. In the few months he had known Eros, he'd become so possessive that even the thought of him sleeping with another outside of his profession made him growl darkly.

A soft whine sounded on the other side of the door, followed by a gentle scrape at the doorknob. Victor laughed softly, realizing he had been audibly growling; Makkachin must have heard him. He stood from bed and stepped into a clean pair of briefs before he opened the door and let his poodle in. She immediately jumped up into bed and settled in her usual place as Victor made his way back to bed, back to Eros.

LonelyEros: I do, I follow the same plan every time 😊 I'll be safe and secure, Daddy, I promise.
LonelyEros: but there is one question I have, if it wouldn't be too much to ask.

Victor sat up perfectly straight in bed, (the only time he would ever describe his behavior as such), his fingers shaking as he typed his reply.

IceAlpha: Of course sweetheart, of course. What is it?

He read and re-read it so many times the string of text ceased to look like language, and sent it before his rational mind could catch up to him. He could feel himself getting more and more anxious to see the response as minutes wore on to nearly half an hour.

IceAlpha: Is everything okay, detka?

Victor messaged when no reply came for forty-five minutes. His alpha had grown more and more alarmed at the quiet, the impulsive side of him considered chartering a flight to Detroit that very moment. He began typing a second message when finally a reply popped into the chat.

LonelyEros: Would you be willing to send me something of yours? Something scented, to help me through my heat?

Victor beamed at the very thought, immediately sending a reply; his resounding yes probably sounded overeager but how could he not be, when faced with such a personal, intimate request? He sprang out of bed and gathered a few items, the thick, handmade blanket thrown over the couch in the living room, one of the clean pillowcases in the linen closet, and a very specific jacket from his closet, throwing it over his shoulders and pushing out a few strong waves of scent, drenching the item in.

He was rather fond of this jacket, having been a prominent enough designer to be hired to create it for the Russian Olympic team for the last winter games. He had, of course, kept one of the tracksuits, and found himself reaching for it when he planned a workout, or in even rarer moments that he made time to go to the rink.

The red and white would look absolutely gorgeous on Eros, the contrast of the shades on his skin, against the inky dark of his hair… and all of this not mentioning the fact that Eros would be wearing something of his, something that smelled like him.

When he resettled in bed and made himself comfortable again, he picked up his phone again, feeling giddy and eager to mail them out first thing in the morning.

IceAlpha: I can send a few things, I’ll make sure they get to you as soon as possible. I’m honored that you’d like to include me in your heat, zolotse. Is everything alright?

Victor couldn’t help but ask the question again, despite the low-level heart roiling in his core at the thought of Eros fucking himself silly with a nose full of his scent, or while wearing his red and white track jacket. His concern for Eros rose above the cloudy, hazy lust.

LonelyEros: Oh, yeah! Everything’s just fine! I just got a little anxious trying to ask you that...

LonelyEros: Can I tell you something… kinda personal?

Victor’s heart soared as he typed his reply, ending it with a few extra heart emojis, just in case his excitement wasn’t clear enough in his text message. Eros’s reply-- well, replies-- came through not long after, explaining that he often suffered with anxiety, and that asking the question had made him nervous enough to nearly choke up.
LonelyEros: I hope that doesn’t change how you feel about me

Victor frowned and called Makkachin over, aiming his phone for a photo of the two of them. Victor smiled softly, wishing for all the world that he could pull Eros into his arms and comfort him now, but a photo would have to suffice. He tried not to smirk playfully when he paused to unzip the jacket to his belly button, admittedly showing off a little bit. The photo was perfect, inviting, his smile warm and comforting; like he was welcoming Eros to step through the screen and curl up there between himself and Makkachin.

And god, what a beautiful picture that would be.

IceAlpha: >>image<<
IceAlpha: Certainly not, I don’t know if anything about you could change how I feel about you. Thank you for sharing that with me, detka, I just hope I can do my best to comfort you when you need it.
IceAlpha: Makka and I are here for you whenever you need us. For whatever you need.

Victor laughed softly at the sudden flurry of heart emojis and ‘good girl!’s that came pouring through. He conveyed the compliment to his darling girl, chuckling when she yapped happily.

“I know, I know, you want to meet him. I want to meet him too, dorogaya.” he said softly, his heart jumping into his throat when he received a photo in return, of his Rosya cuddled up in bed, wearing that soft green hoodie again. His glasses had returned, framing those gorgeous amber eyes like priceless works of art, his cheeks still flushed from the show.

God, how precious. Victor's alpha growled softly, wishing he was closer, wishing he could touch and hold and feel the angel on his screen. Just to smell him, to breathe in deeply the scent he had imagined so many times.

IceAlpha: Do you ever tire of being so beautiful, zvezda moya?

Victor smiled at the thought of those pink cheeks blushing at the compliment, an embarrassed giggle rolling out of his mouth. Maybe even a little snort. A reply came through, the sound of which he could almost hear if he thought about it hard enough. The thought of Eros’s voice whining the reproach of ‘Daddyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy~’ made him laugh softly.

LonelyEros: What does that mean? Zvezda moya?

IceAlpha: It means 'my star'. I find it rather suitable for someone so brilliantly, blindingly, intoxicatingly beautiful as yourself, Rosya.

~~

After another long night of the kind of flirting and playful teasing he hadn’t experienced since high school, Victor woke and rolled out of bed to find a completely drained phone. And an alarming amount of sunlight streaming through the windows.

“Blyad,” Victor cursed under his breath as he realized just how late he was, quickly throwing himself into the shower, rushing through his skincare routine and miraculously picking out a suit that matched; he opted for the eggplant-colored tie over the robin egg paisley, knowing Mila would most likely tease him for it, as she always did.

After feeding Makkachin and bidding his usual goodbye, his chauffeur met him at the door, wordlessly scolding him for requesting his ride at nearly ten in the morning, four hours later than
his usual. Alec, it turned out, wouldn’t be the only one to scold him. Mila awaited his arrival with a tapping foot, a darkened scowl on her face that made Victor physically flinch.

“Please don’t tell me you forgot,” Mila asked, exasperated, as Victor finally stepped out of the elevator at the end of the hall. She marched down to meet him, the same set in her jaw that his Mama had, the same terrifying glare in her eye that made him feel less like a Fortune Global 500 CEO and more like a kicked puppy, or a teenager missing his curfew.

“Forgot? No, of course not, just running late,” Victor hurried to answer, laughing uncomfortably when Mila wrapped her arm around his bicep and pulled him toward his office. “Have you been working out, Mila? You’re getting so strong!” he tried to deflect.

“Yes, I have, but that’s not the point,” Mila barked, “Please tell me you didn’t forget about your meeting with--”

Mila was abruptly cut off by the door to Victor’s office being thrown open so violently it made the decorative lamp behind Mila’s desk shake gently. Victor bristled at the sudden interruption, his instinct perking up at the thought of a stranger in his office.

“When the fuck is he gonna get here?!” a sharp, piercing voice demanded, and Victor remembered what he was meant to do this morning.

A young man stepped into the hallway, shaggy blonde hair was braided down the side of his head, imitating a side shave. The rest of his hair hung loose around his angular features, hiding one of his piercing emerald green eyes from view. Victor recognized the teenager immediately.

Yuri Plisetsky was one of their more high-profile hires, a fashion influencer with a staggering following on Instagram. Their agreement was relatively simple, GPI would be collaborating with Yuri as a way to gather a bit of attention for their leisure wear; and while the apparel wasn’t exactly within Yuri’s style, Design had been hard at work making a line of clothing specifically for the influencer.

Animal print everything.

Victor blinked and nodded, finally remembering that this meeting had been in the works for months. “Oh. I have a meeting today, don’t I?” Victor asked, tapping his lips with his still-gloved hand. “I did forget.” He laughed and strode forward, pulling off the leather glove from his right hand first, offering it to shake. “It’s nice to meet you, Yuri. Welcome to the team.”

“You’re late.” the boy grumbled, sneering at Victor’s hand and batting it away. “I didn’t come all the way from Sochi and rent a shitty apartment downtown for your crotchety ass to be late, old man.” Yuri flicked his hair over his shoulder and strode back into Victor’s office, immediately sitting in his chair and propping cheetah-print high-tops on his desk.

“It’s not too late to cancel the project, is it?” Victor asked Mila, who stifled a laugh behind her hand.

“Don’t think so, Vitya.” she offered, eyeing the plastic bag in Victor’s hand, the one he had only barely remembered to grab when he left the apartment that morning. “Is that your lunch?” she asked with a curious red eyebrow arched upward.

Victor flushed and shook his head. “Oh, no, it’s… ah… it’s something I need shipped, actually. Would you mind terribly?” he asked, offering her the carefully sealed bag, the throw blanket, the pillow case and his jacket all wrapped carefully in plastic bags to retain what he had generously
scented the night before.

“Oh… another gift for your penpal, hm?” she teased, winking at him as he stepped into the office.

“Something like that.” Victor replied, pulling the door closed behind him. She rolled her eyes and set the bag aside, knowing she’d get the address later. What had truly piqued her interest that morning was the email she had been forwarded, with the intent to be shared with Victor.

Hello!

My name is JJ Leroy and I represent a successful athleticwear company, JJ Style! I’m sending this message as a request to speak with whoever I need to regarding setting up a meeting with one Victor Nikiforov of Grand Prix International, to gauge interest in a possible merger or business partnership! I’m eager to set up a visit to our main offices and headquarters, located in the heart of downtown Detroit, Michigan…

Mila read the email carefully. This kind of thing was almost always a crapshoot, but no one was so bold as to invite Victor to their offices. A quick search had proven the claims to be trustworthy, said company had made it into a list of promising startups five years ago and had recently absorbed another smaller company, extending its reach from Toronto to the US.

With relative certainty, she forwarded the email to Victor with a bit of a condensed summary. She hoped it wouldn’t be interrupting things too much, and especially with such a… volatile guest in the office; but when she heard the near-immediate screech of Victor’s chair against the floor, she flinched, bracing for impact.

The door flew open again, bouncing off the wall and rattling the lamp behind her.

“Get his number. I’ll take him up on that offer.”
Yuuri downed the rest of his coffee before entering the lecture hall, knowing his professor's policy on having drinks. He stowed the cup away in his bookbag, making a mental note to rinse it out at the water fountain after class. He quickly found his seat next to the familiar face of his table mate and regular project partner, a short, blond-haired student named Sam who was one year his junior. He frowned when he saw an ace bandage wrapped around his wrist.

“What happened? Are you all right?” he asked, gesturing to his arm. Sam immediately turned a bright shade of pink and looked away from Yuuri.

“Oh, it's nothing,” he said. “Just, um...just a mild sprain. I think I hurt it at work yesterday, and then made it worse from, ah...working on a paper last night. I'll see a doctor if it doesn't get better in a day or two.”

Yuuri eyed him suspiciously for a moment, but didn't want to pry, so he dropped the subject and got his textbook and laptop out of his bag. “Are you gonna be able to take notes today? I can just email you mine, if you want...”

Sam blushed and gave him a shy grin. “I'd appreciate that. Thank you, Yuuri.”

The rest of the lecture went on without incident, and Yuuri was going to offer to help his friend with his books, but he was gone before he had a chance to ask. Yuuri shrugged and left, heading to the student center to relax until his next class. Maybe he'd see what Daddy was up to.

**LonelyEros:** Hi Daddy~ how's work? I haven't heard from you yet so you must be busy, but I hope things are going well!

**IceAlpha:** I actually just got a moment to myself. This morning has been pretty busy, I had a consultation with a social media influencer about a collaboration, and I'm proud to say it went well! How are your classes going today?
LonelyEros: So far I've just had my economics class, but I have a bit of downtime. And ooh, that sounds so exciting! Can you keep me posted on how it goes, or is it top secret for now? 😊

IceAlpha: Most of the details are still being kept under wraps until the project goes public, but we'll be designing a new line for it. I got an email about another proposition today too, but I'm afraid I can't tell you about that one just yet 😊😊😊

IceAlpha: But that does remind me. I had my assistant send out my care package for you today, for your heat. I'm having it express-shipped, so it should be there in a day or two. I've also included a little extra surprise too, so let me know when you get it~

Yuuri read the message a few times, wondering to himself what the surprise could be. Another toy, maybe? He shivered as he remembered the last surprise Daddy had sent him, and how mindblowing of an orgasm he'd had.

LonelyEros: I can't wait, Daddy, you know how much I love your surprises 😊

~~

Victor sighed as he opened the door to his apartment, feeling strangely drained after the day he'd had. A meeting about one collaboration and a proposition for another, not to mention a mountain of paperwork and endless phone calls, all while running on very little sleep.

It was worth the exhaustion, though, to get to know Eros on such a personal level the night before, he thought. Not to mention a possible opportunity to know more about the man behind the screen.

After changing out of his suit and into something more comfortable, Victor booted up his laptop to do some research to kill time before Eros' stream later. With Makkachin curled up on the couch beside him, he typed “JJ Style Detroit MI” into Google and clicked the first result that popped up, which appeared to be the company's official website. Mila had forwarded Victor the email she'd received today and relayed some of the information she'd found on the company, but he wanted to do a bit of research of his own. He had to say, he was impressed with what he saw. After a moment more of browsing the company's website, he found the “Contact Us” page, almost expecting it to lead to a generic-looking customer comment page, but to his surprise he found the same email address listed from which the email from earlier was sent, asking that all business inquiries be sent there. He opened up his email and started a new message:

Mr. Leroy,

I am flattered that you are interested in meeting with me on a potential partnership. I'm pleased to say that I would love a chance to meet with you at your home office. I'll have to check my schedule to make sure, but the second week of March looks promising, if it works for you as well. I thank you again for this opportunity and look forward to working with you.

Regards,

Victor Nikiforov; Grand Prix International.
Victor read and re-read the email, making sure that his date suggestion didn't sound too insistent, before finally sending it and clicking back to Google for his next inquiry:

“Hotels in Detroit, Michigan...”

Yuuri idly tapped a pen on the marble desktop as he waited out the mid-afternoon lull, when most guests had already checked out and the next scheduled check-in wasn't due to arrive for another hour. He thought about messaging Daddy, but he was probably still in his conference call that he'd mentioned earlier. He snapped out of his daze when he received a text from Phichit.

Phich: Yuuuuuuuuuuuuriiriiii~

Phich: You got another package from Daddy

Phich: It's not quite as heavy as the last one so I don't think he sent you another monster cock, but the package itself is pretty impressive mind if I open it for you?

Me: Don't you dare touch my mail, Chulanont

Phich: Awww you're no fun

Phich: Just a peek?

Phich: Whatever it is, I can kind of smell it through the box. Is it bath bombs or something?

Phich: Daddy knows we have a walk-in shower, right?

Yuuri blushed and groaned. He was going to have to tell Phichit later what was in the package anyway.

Me: It's not bath bombs. I...might have asked him to send me something of his with his scent on it to help me through my heat.

There was a surprising moment of silence before he got a reply.

Phich: Oh!

Phich: My!

Phich: God!

Phich: !!!!!!!!!!!
Me: Stop it

Phich: You have it for him so bad, that's so cute

Phich: When did you even tell him about your heat? And how did it come up?

Me: Well, I didn't figure there was any use in hiding it. He knows I'm an omega so obviously he'd know that I have heats, and when he asked me what my spring break plans were...

Phich: Did you ask him to come spend it with you?

Me: What? No!

Phich: You know he would have said yes~

Me: I'm disowning you

The embarrassing conversation with his roommate aside, the knowledge that Daddy's care package had arrived somehow made the rest of Yuuri's shift feel slightly less tedious. He was looking forward to seeing what the alpha smelled like, and he was even more curious what the mystery gift was. Finally he reached the end of his shift, and he tried not to seem too eager as he clocked out and hurried past his manager, who was taking over for him for the evening. His walk to the bus stop and ride home passed by in a blur, and he fumbled for his keys when he made it to his apartment door.

“God, Yuuri, did you run here?” Phichit teased. “You're usually not this out of breath until after you stream.”

Yuuri made a face at him and grabbed the box from the coffee table. “Very funny. You wanna see what's in the package or not?” As he carried it to the couch, he immediately noticed that Phichit was right; he could smell the strong scent of evergreen through the box, with some undertones of peppermint. The smell made his omega purr eagerly, wanting to wrap himself in whatever was inside the package.

Phichit immediately perked up, his eyes on Yuuri as he sat on the couch next to him. “Yes please!” He watched him tear the box open and pull out what looked like a handmade blanket, a pillowcase, and a track jacket. “Wait...isn't that Team Russia's uniform from the last Winter Olympics?” he asked.

Yuuri nodded, examining the jacket and holding it close to his chest. “Yeah, I think so...” he said. “Daddy must have been involved in designing it. And he sent one that smells like him...to me?”

“I'm telling you, Yuuri, if you ask him to spend your heat with you, I guarantee he'll be on a plane before you even get the question out,” Phichit said. “He's clearly just as interested as you are.”

Yuuri shrugged and set the jacket into his lap, setting aside the blanket and pillowcase to take to his room later. “I don't really see it, I think he's just being nice...” He reached into the box, seeing something else tucked at the very bottom. He picked it up and gasped.

The custom lingerie Daddy had mentioned having made for him. And...

“Yuuri, are these real Louboutins? Yeah, Daddy's definitely interested.”
Yuuri lifted the lingerie from the box gingerly, his hands trembling as they slipped over the luxurious fabric. He shuddered as the piece fully revealed itself; a romper-styled one piece with high cut hips and long sleeves, not unlike a dancer's leotard, but this was much different.

Long, angular cutouts of mesh interrupted the velvety black lingerie, one in particular ran the length of the torso from shoulder to hip and was accented with what looked like sprays of crystal on either end. A fluttering half-skirt sprouted from his hip, a burst of crimson lined the inside of it. Yuuri guessed it would land a few inches down his thigh, hiding absolutely nothing of his ass from view.

"Holy shit, Yuuri…" Phichit breathed, "you need to go put this on. And the shoes too." He insisted, pulling Yuuri to his feet and pushing him toward the bathroom.

"Phich, wait, I'm… hang on, I just got home!" Yuuri protested, but the scent of evergreen clung to even the fabric of the lingerie, and the thought of his Alpha scenting something, just for Yuuri to wear… god, it started to cloud his senses.

"Yes I know, and we can do your makeup later. But I want to see you in this right now, and I will not be taking no for an answer." Yuuri laughed and resigned himself to his fate, laying the lingerie and the black patent heels on the counter. Yuuri's omega purred at the thought of just how expensive the two gifts were, and how much Daddy had spent on him.

He slowly undressed, his work uniform falling to the ground around him. Meeting his own gaze in the mirror, he saw just how much his hips had filled out with Daddy's spoiling. He'd always been quick to gain weight, and with the sudden change in his diet, it wasn't surprising that he looked so different. He couldn't see his ribs anymore, his pelvic bones no longer standing out sharp against his skin. He looks so much softer now… healthier.

Yuuri smiled and bit his lip, snapping a photo, maybe not even for sending, just for himself. For now, at least.
He flushed as he unzipped the lingerie, finding that tiny, invisible zipper running down the spine and stepped bare feet into it, shimmying the silky material up over his thighs. The skirt kissed the flesh of his thigh just right, flowing around his side in a way that was unmistakably feminine… it showcased just how full his hips were, the wide splay of his pelvis unmistakably *omegan*. He slowly worked the piece up over his chest and shrugged into the sleeves, the garment nearly stealing his breath away.

The mesh cutouts revealed much of his chest and torso, dipping between his pecs and running down to his belly button; the material clung to him even without being zipped all the way.

"So?" Phichit's voice carried through the door. "Gonna let me see it?"

Yuuri startled. He had nearly forgotten that Phichit was waiting. "Y-yeah, just a second," he stuttered, grabbing the heels by the stilettos and opening the bathroom door to a sharp gasp.

"Oh. My. God, Yuuri!" Phichit squealed, his eyes wide. "You look incredible! Where did Daddy find this?"

Yuuri flushed at the compliment. "I don't know, he just told me it was a surprise… I assume it's something he had custom made," Yuuri replied, turning to wordlessly ask Phichit to help him zip it up. “He… ah, I think he made it with my old measurements… before I gained.” Yuuri added, feeling himself flush. He honestly hadn’t been expecting his body to change so much, just from IceAlpha’s recent spoiling.

“I think it looks even better on you like this, Yuuri,” Phichit replied easily, zipping him into the garment. Yuuri shivered at the cool kiss of the material tightening around his chest and ribs. “With a little extra softness in your thighs and hips, I think you look even sexier. And I bet Daddy feels the same way.”

Yuuri blushed again and set the heels down on the hardwood floor. “Maybe we should give him a little sneak peek?” he offered, wondering idly if he would be interrupting anything. Phichit’s eyes sparkled as he scrambled into his own room, pulling his camera off its tripod.

“Yes. Clearly, yes.” Phichit hurried to answer, watching as Yuuri stepped into the insanely expensive red-bottom pumps. “God, Yuuri, you need to wear heels more often, they do a favor and a half for your ass.”

Yuuri giggled and cocked a coy hip upward, which Phichit snapped an equally cheeky photo of. “Phich!” he squeaked in retaliation, picking up the box of gifts IceAlpha sent and lifting the scent of him directly into his nose. He shivered at the burst of musk, but held himself together. For now.

“Are you really complaining about me helping you make more money?” Phichit retorted, snorting a laugh. “Or do you want to go back to hurting your shoulder with your selfie stick?” he teased, reminding Yuuri of the strain he had given himself after nearly a year of bashfully refusing Phichit’s help.

Yuuri stuck his tongue out at Phichit playfully, and when he turned his back to head into his room, he walked with extra sway in his step, grinning to himself as he heard the shutter clicking. Phichit coached him through a handful of poses, only catching glimpses of Yuuri’s body, never the entirety of him, not unlike a tease.

“Hey… do you think he might have a foot thing?” Phichit asked idly as he snapped another photo of the way Yuuri’s hip spilled out of the lingerie from the side. “He sent you *those*, I can’t imagine he’d spend that much on heels and not want to suck on your t--”
“Stop, don’t go there.” Yuuri said, flushing at the thought. Not that he wouldn’t enjoy the alpha’s attention on his feet... maybe he could cater to that someday, if Daddy did have an interest in him that way. “Take one photo of my feet in the heels and we’ll see how that goes.” Phichit snorted and directed Yuuri, setting one foot on the ground and crossing the other leg over his knee, the shoe dangling off his foot by the toes.

“Okay, now put on the jacket.” Phichit suggested, and Yuuri’s breath caught in his throat at the thought. He had been intending to save the jacket for... less Phichit-friendly purposes, despite their plans for a joint stream sometime before spring break. “I bet he’ll love to see you wearing it, the heels and the jacket.”

Yuuri blushed and nodded, reaching into the box and pulling out the jacket. He couldn’t quite bite back the whimper that fell off his tongue when the full wave of alpha pheromones and scent hit him, his inner omega purring at the thought of his incomparably sexy alpha scenting the garment just for him. Phichit giggled behind his hand, but Yuuri was nearly too far gone to notice.

The jacket was much too large for him, and pooled around him more like a blanket than a jacket. Yuuri had to stop and wonder just how much larger Daddy was than him... he had seen a few photos, but... god, if this was his...

Phichit snapped a handful of photos of Yuuri in his new clothes and heels; one of Yuuri’s favorites was a tight shot of his bared throat, a tempting invitation to lay a bonding mark. Yuuri’s stomach twisted pleasantly at the sight of the crimson collar of the jacket against his skin, leaving a very clear message for his alpha to see.

*This is yours, come claim it.*

Phichit finished taking the photos, ejected the memory card and dropped it into Yuuri’s hand. “Tease him to hell and back. Are you streaming tonight?” Phichit asked, walking back out of Yuuri’s room.

“I... I don’t know, I was thinking about making something just for him tonight...” Yuuri pondered out loud, having been mulling over the thought of inviting IceAlpha to a video chat for weeks now. “Do we still have the collapsible pole?”

Phichit’s eyes lit up once again. “Are you gonna dance for him? Oh my god, Yuuri, you’re going to murder him!” he squeaked, hurrying back out of the room and dashing to the hall closet. Yuuri hadn’t pole danced on stream in months, as school and his new relationship had started to interfere with his classes and practice time, but the memory of IceAlpha’s exceedingly generous tips from his last pole stream made Yuuri’s heart flutter.

As he and Phichit began setting up the pole, clearing a little more space in the corner of Yuuri’s room, he pulled out his phone.

**LonelyEros:** Have any plans tonight, Daddy? ❤️

Phichit teased him as he secured the pole into place, adjusting it tight to the ceiling and floor. “He’s not going to survive this, you know that.” Yuuri flushed and nodded.

“I know, but at least I can give him a show while he goes out.” Yuuri winked, Phichit making a grand gesture of swooning, spinning himself around the fully-assembled pole. A vibration in his hand pulled him back into thoughts of those eyes, watching him intently as he rolled his hips, curled himself around the pole.
IceAlpha: Nothing that isn’t more important than you, darling.
IceAlpha: Are you planning something for me? 😊

Yuuri swallowed thickly, bidding a goodbye to Phichit as he slunk back out of the room, pulling the door closed behind him. Yuuri all but threw himself into his desk, plugging the memory card into his laptop and logging into his private chatroom.

LonelyEros: I am… I have to thank you for all the lovely gifts you sent me, Daddy~
LonelyEros:: >> image <<

He sent the first photo, of the soft curl of his asscheek in the silky black lingerie, the red half-skirt fluttering halfway down the curve of it.

IceAlpha: Bozhe moy…
IceAlpha: May I please see more?

Yuuri smirked to himself, feeling his core tighten at the thought of that accented voice cursing at the sight of his pictures. He smiled wolfishly as he continued sending the photos, one by one, watching as the alpha’s messages began to slow. He took longer to type shorter messages, and more typos began to appear… even the proper capitalization he usually used disappeared.

LonelyEros: Oh… and how could I forget the shoes? 😊😊😊
LonelyEros: >> image <<

Yuuri attached another photo, of his feet in those heels, his ankles delicately crossed, his legs bare and calves defined with lithe, strong muscle. Yuuri bit his lip as he watched that typing indicator blink far longer than before, taking a moment to step into the bathroom and apply some fresh makeup; he settled on his go-to, a sweep of black winged liner and red lips.

He almost felt bad, leaving him in the lurch like that, but the thought that his alpha was more than likely touching himself to the photos… god, Yuuri felt powerful.

Yuuri took his time heading back into his room, sitting at his desk and shivering at the wet slide between his cheeks when he sat. IceAlpha had sent him a handful of messages while he was gone, and Yuuri whimpered softly as he read them.

IceAlpha: jesus christ
IceAlpha: blyad, rosy, i
IceAlpha: ffuck
IceAlpha: you look so sexy in those shoes

Yuuri smirked deviously as he sent the last one, of his shoe hanging delicately from his toes, the high arch of his foot clearly visible, trained into him from all those years of dance.

LonelyEros: >> image <<
LonelyEros: Do you like my feet, Daddy?

Yuuri felt himself twitch in the lingerie as IceAlpha’s reply came in: a jumbled mess of random letters that vaguely resembled the words “coming” and Yuuri’s screenname. With a smirk he began the slow process of stretching, warming up his muscles to dance again for the first time in a while. A pang of anxiety hit his stomach as he thought about what the alpha might say to his proposal, but that video chat button had been tempting him for far too long. He had seen Yuuri, heard his voice, it was time IceAlpha returned the favor.
Victor finally came to, his cock was still twitching in his hand and his sweatpants, cum had saturated the gray material in a shamelessly adolescent way. He groaned a laugh, wondering if this might become his regular routine, ruining every pair of pants he owned at the hand and sight of a camboy across the ocean.

He wiped his hand off on his already stained joggers and pulled them off, walking with numb legs back to his bedroom, having all but collapsed onto the sofa as Eros teased him. In his defense, he was unable to think clearly with those utterly pornographic images of Eros filling his screen.

**IceAlpha:** Perhaps. Was it that obvious?

He laughed despite himself, shucking his athletic tee as well. “So much for a workout,” he huffed under his breath, making a plan to go to bed at a responsible hour tonight, and hit the gym in the early morning. Eros ribbed him again, in a way that tickled something in the back of Victor’s mind, something deep and warm. Something indescribably instinctive rumbled in him then.

**Omega,** Victor’s inner alpha growled gently. **Mate?**

Victor swallowed back the thoughts and made himself comfortable in bed. As much as he hoped… doubt still crept in.

**LonelyEros:** Can I ask you something, Daddy?

Victor’s heart lurched up into his throat. His fingers trembled as he typed.

**IceAlpha:** Of course, anything.

**LonelyEros:** That… wasn’t actually what I had planned for my thank you…

Victor choked on the air in his lungs. Eros had more in store.

**IceAlpha:** Oh? And what was, darling? How else are you going to destroy Daddy tonight?

**LonelyEros:** Feel free to say no, of course, but…

**LonelyEros:** Would you like to watch me play with your webcam on too?

**LonelyEros:** And maybe… let me see you?

Victor replied “yes” so quickly he gave himself whiplash, throwing himself out of bed and fluffing his pillows just right, combing his hair back into place and brushing his beard down just right. He cursed himself for not taking the time to trim it, the soft, closely cropped hair on his cheeks was starting to look a bit ragged around the edges, but far be it from him to pause this for a quick buzz in the bathroom.

**IceAlpha:** God, please, Rosya, I’ve never wanted anything more.

Victor bit his lip as he sent it, knowing there were at least a few things he wanted more than a video chat… but he could save those sentiments for another time, a time when he wasn’t about to do… this.

---

Yuuri’s hands shook as he took a few testing swings around the pole, feeling the bite of cool metal against his skin. The cold made him shiver, but absolutely nothing tempered the heat that had
began to simmer in his core at the reply to his suggestion.

*He would finally hear him tonight.*

Yuuri bit his lip and hooked his leg around the pole, turning in a simple ballerina spin. It was almost too much to think about, thinking that he would be putting on a show with an audience that he could hear.

His laptop pinged with a notification, alerting him that IceAlpha was ready for their chat to begin, and another spike of adrenaline and arousal stuck Yuuri’s gut. His omega was ready too, already purring in his chest as he angled the camera just right, the pole just out of shot. He’d surprise IceAlpha with the dance after a few minutes, he had decided.

**IceAlpha:** I don’t think I’ve ever been so nervous and so excited at the same time.

Yuuri giggled softly at the thought, replying with a quick “same here”. He positioned himself carefully on his bed, his borrowed jacket zipped up all the way to his throat, concealing the lingerie. The scent of his alpha was heavenly, floating around him now in thick, heady clouds that seemed even stronger than before. Yuuri moaned under his breath as the crisp, clean scent of a winter morning filled his nose, and he allowed himself the pleasure of imagining the alpha in the room with him, scenting him possessively, rubbing his bearded cheek against the sensitive skin of his throat, mouthing at the scent glands under his skin. His cock twitched in its confinement, tucked up against his stomach in the lingerie.

**IceAlpha:** Are you ready, Rosya?

Yuuri swallowed thickly as he read the message on his phone, setting his laptop just beneath the camera on his bed.

**LonelyEros:** Yes.

His hand shook as he clicked on the green camera icon, the feed of himself popping up in the corner of his laptop screen. His heart hammered in his chest as the feed remained black on IceAlpha’s end, his anticipation ratcheted up to ten the longer he waited.

There was a soft crackling noise, a gentle, deep humming sound floating in from the other end. Yuuri fought the urge to squeak in surprise as his laptop screen finally illuminated, the image of IceAlpha coming to life in front of him. Yuuri knew he was staring, but god, how could he not? Everything about the man was so deeply entrancing, he couldn’t look away.

Yuuri smiled shyly at the camera, tearing his eyes away from the breathtaking image of his alpha on the screen. “H...hi~” he mumbled, kicking himself for losing all of the suave charm of Eros now faced with such an intimate moment like this. He was a camboy, for fuck’s sake, he had done this before… given private live shows. But his viewers never turned on their own cameras. His viewers never greeted him in their own voices.

“Hi,” IceAlpha replied, and Yuuri’s plan for the night almost completely vanished into thin air at the sound of his voice. It was soft, easy; it was certainly accented, Yuuri could hear the harshness of his ‘h’. It sent chills down his spine, the sweet, warm tone settling in at the base of his spine and tingling through every nerve ending.

“I… um,” he stammered, unsure of what to say. “Thank you, for the gifts… you, ah, you smell really nice.” he flushed at the sound of his own voice, so nervously complimenting the alpha on his scent. He sounded desperate, like a horrifyingly single omega throwing himself at the closest
available alpha. How long had it been since he had felt this way? So undone by the tiniest thing?

He laughed. It was soft and deep, rumbling in his chest like distant thunder. “I’m glad you like them, Rosya,” he replied, and Yuuri shuddered at the mere sound of a complex sentence. “You look absolutely ravishing in my jacket.”

Yuuri melted under the praise. “Thank you, I really like it…” he mumbled, trying not to stare at the alpha’s bare, muscled chest and shoulders. He was lying on his side, propped up on one elbow in bed, and god, was it easy to supplant himself into that room with him, curled up at his side, nuzzled against that broad chest. “Did you… I know this was the Russian Olympic uniform from a few years ago… how did you get one?”

IceAlpha laughed again, light and warm. Yuuri watched on in awe as his lips curled back into a broad, heart-shaped smile. “Oh, Rosya, I designed it! Didn’t I mention I’m in the fashion industry?”

Yuuri flushed again. “I think you may have mentioned it… but you designed these? You must have some connections if you designed something for the Olympics…”

It was the alpha’s turn to flush, and it stole Yuuri’s breath away. Light pink dusted his cheeks and he smiled fondly. “I did, and I have a few friends in high places.” he teased, winking at Yuuri in a way that made him sway in his place. “But enough about me, detka,” those blue eyes burned through the screen and met Yuuri’s hungrily. “Let’s talk about you, and how gorgeous you look tonight.”

Yuuri whined softly, biting his lower lip at the praise. “I… we don’t… I think you’re the gorgeous one here,” he stuttered, feeling heat rise in his cheeks and a little slide of slick between his second pair.

“I beg to differ, darling,” IceAlpha growled in reply, “You’re the one wearing my jacket, and I assume that lovely lingerie I designed for you, looking like you’re about to ruin me to my core…” Yuuri whimpered again, second guessing his choice to dance for him. He might have just as easily stripped and gotten down to business. “Now, tell me, zolotse, what do you have planned for me?”

Yuuri bit his lip and adjusted his position, angling the camera just a few feet to the side. “I… I want to dance for you, in the lingerie you sent me.” he replied simply, feeling himself growing even more heavy with arousal. The soft moan that came through the speakers confirmed he had made the right choice.

“Ohh, detka, you spoil me,” IceAlpha growled, “It’s been a while since you’ve danced on stream, hasn’t it?” Yuuri nodded to confirm, slowly standing and angling his laptop along with the camera. “I only wish I could shower you in rubles~” he teased, making Yuuri giggle as he stepped into the Louboutins off-screen, and pressed play on the eons-old iHome on his desk, playing one of the old songs he had danced to before.

“Well, Daddy… you can always leave me a few virtual tips.” Yuuri purred as he stepped back into frame, slowly unzipping the jacket and letting it fall open, revealing the lingerie in its full presentation. “It’s a little snug around my hips, but… I love it so much. Don’t you think it looks nice on me?”

The sound he received in return was hardly a ‘yes’, more of a strangled da, and Yuuri felt his confidence surge. “It’s… blyad,” IceAlpha cursed under his breath, the sound of it crawling up and down Yuuri’s spine. “You look amazing, beyond gorgeous, darling.”
Yuuri quite liked the sound of his praise spoken out loud like this, hearing a sharp inhale as he wrapped his hand firmly around the pole, hooking his leg around it and showing off the red bottom of his heel. “You really think so, Daddy?” Yuuri crooned, pursing his red lips just so, narrowing heated eyes at the camera as he took his first spin, slow and steady.

The rest of his routine came as easily as breathing, muscle memory taking over as he moved through a familiar routine, wrapping his body around the pole and exaggerating the long lines of his arms and legs, a handful of times running his hand over the clothed bulge between his legs when he could. He listened to the soft, muttered compliments coming through, as well as the soft chime of tips coming in… it wasn’t hard to substitute that for IceAlpha tucking bills into his lingerie.

By the time the song ended and both of Yuuri’s heeled feet kissed the ground again, both he and IceAlpha were panting and sweating, but for two very different reasons. Yuuri kicked off the shoes again, adjusted the camera and sank into bed.

“God almighty, Rosya,” IceAlpha panted, and Yuuri nearly choked on the very clear movement of his arm, his bicep flexing, the end of his arm just out of shot along with everything below his waist. “I… der’mo, I’m sorry, I couldn’t stop myself, not when you look so g-good…”

Yuuri flushed at the stutter in his voice, desperately wanting to see what he was hiding out of frame. “Daddy…” he purred, reaching behind himself and pulling down the small zipper of the lingerie slowly. “What are you doing?”

The alpha on the other end moaned low in his chest, his cheeks flushing that perfect dusky pink. “Wh-what do you think I’m doing, baby?” he gasped, and Yuuri’s mouth ran dry at the clench of his chiseled abs.

“Oh, I know what you’re doing, Daddy…” Yuuri replied, letting the zipper fall open even more, exposing more sweat-slick skin to the cool air of his bedroom. The lingerie began to slip off one of his shoulders, revealing more and more skin to the camera. “But I want to hear you tell me,” Yuuri insisted, watching as IceAlpha’s bit down on his lower lip. God, he was addictive to watch, the pleasure so clear on his face it made Yuuri throb in his lingerie.

IceAlpha cursed under his breath and leveled heated, lust-clouded eyes at Yuuri through his webcam. “I’m… fuck, I’m touching myself for you, Rosya,” he growled, “Watching you dance was just too much, and now you’re… god, you’re wearing the lingerie I made for you…”

Yuuri moaned softly, rolling his shoulders and gently shrugging out of the silky material. “Mmmh,” he hummed, running his hands along the newly-revealed planes of his chest. “Does watching me make you feel good, Daddy?” Yuuri felt himself throbbing in the tight confines of the lingerie, but moved slowly in peeling himself out of the black silk and mesh, watching rapt as IceAlpha continued to all but salivate over him.

“So good, detka, so g-good,” he panted, his voice rough and cracking around the edges. “Fuck, your body is just…” his accent grew thicker and Yuuri had to strain to hear it, but the slick sound of flesh made his cheeks burn, a burst of slick coating his skin and more than likely staining the lingerie.

Yuuri bit his lip and turned away from the camera, just for a moment, to push the rest of the piece off over his hips, revealing his round, supple cheeks and glistening hole to his audience. “Daddy—look at how wet you made me,” Yuuri whined, quickly shedding the lingerie and spreading his legs. He heard the muffled, choked-off sound of his screenname come through his laptop speaker and turned around, lying on his back so he could see.
“God, if only you could see... how fucking sexy you look right now, Rosya,” the alpha moaned, his forehead beginning to bead with sweat in the most unfair and sexual way Yuuri could have possibly imagined, his jaw clearly clenched with the effort of holding back an orgasm.

Yuuri whined and wrapped a hand around his cock, pulling lazily, the other hand cupping his balls before sliding down to press gently at his twitching pucker, leaking and wet between his legs. “It’s not fair, Daddy, you get to see all of me, and I can’t see all of you~” Yuuri teased, a sharp gasp falling from his lips as he pressed the tip of his middle finger into his hole.

A soft groan accompanied the shuffle of IceAlpha’s laptop, setting the frame a little wider to include both his face and his... oh god. The length laying flush against his stomach was jaw-dropping to say the least. Yuuri had seen the silhouette of it before, tenting those expensive-looking trousers, but he had never seen it like this. His cock was long and girthy and absolutely everything Yuuri had imagined it to be, heavy and thick, reddened and weeping at the head.

“O-oh...” Yuuri breathed in surprise, his mouth falling open and his core clenching at the thought of taking that length in his mouth, in his ass. “Wow, you’re...”

IceAlpha chuckled dryly, quickly wrapping his hand around himself again, pumping slowly from root to head. “Big? I didn’t send you that glass toy for nothing, darling.” he teased, his voice sounded restrained and pulled back, a sound Yuuri was familiar with in his own attempts to control his body.

“God, Daddy...” Yuuri whimpered, wishing he had thought to reach for the aforementioned toy and spear himself open on it, but he knew he had very limited time before he lost control. “I... fuck, I want...” he murmured without thought, licking his lips subconsciously.

IceAlpha noticed, clearly, and moaned at the sight, his strokes picking up speed. “What do you want, lovely? Tell Daddy, p-please,” he stuttered, his hips bucking up into his hand in a way that made Yuuri’s hole twinge with want. “Tell me, and I’ll do it.”

Yuuri slipped another finger into his hole, pressing himself open and curling his fingers just right, gasping out a desperate, needling cry of his audience’s title. “I want your cock in me, please, Daddy, please fuck me!” he keened, brushing over his prostate in a way that made his toes curl, his body wind up tight as a spring.

“Ohhhhh shit, darling, take it, take Daddy’s cock,” IceAlpha ground out, breaths huffing loudly through his half-open mouth, Yuuri’s lust-addled brain aching for those teeth to wrap around his scent gland, to bite down and mark him as his, to utterly ruin him for anyone else. “B-blyad, so good for me, so perfect, Rosya-hahh--”

Yuuri bit his lip in hopes to keep himself grounded just long enough to watch his partner tip over the edge, but his omega had other plans for him. IceAlpha growled, a low, guttural thing that sounded like pure dominance, every dark and instinctive thought Yuuri had ever had roared to the surface in a way that made his eyes roll back, his orgasm ripping through him like lightning.

“Daddy!” Yuuri cried out, his cock spurting ribbons of milky cum over his chest and a rush of slick squelching out around his fingers, soaking his skin up to his wrist. “Iku!” he sobbed, English escaping him as he came.

Vaguely, distantly, he heard the choked, growled Russian rumbling through as his audience finished too, a low, gasping question calling Yuuri back to the surface in his hazy, post-orgasmic bliss. “I’m gonna knot, f-fuck,” IceAlpha gasped, and Yuuri blinked tired eyes open.
A needy whimper fell from his lips as he spotted it, the large swell of tissue at the base of that long, thick cock, red and pulsing in a way that ignited the fire in his core again. “Knot me, Daddy,” Yuuri breathed, another wave of orgasm washing over him without warning.

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Victor’s breaths were heavy and leaden as he waited for his knot to deflate, his mind hazy with the hazy afterglow as his cock pulsed, still hard, between his legs. He hadn’t knotted outside of a rut in years.

Perhaps it was just the thrill of being able to speak to Eros, to the subject of his affections, the subject of every idle daydream. It grew clearer every day… he was falling quickly head over heels. The world was turning around a new axis, a sweet, devastatingly sweet omega on the other side of the ocean.

“Rosya?” he murmured softly after a few minutes of silence had fallen between them. “Rosya, are you alright?” he asked, concern peaking in his chest.

A soft, hummed moan was his answer, Eros’s closed eyes fluttering gently in his sleep. Victor chuckled tiredly and rolled onto his side, wiping up the mess he had left behind in the sheets below him, angling his laptop screen down as he laid his head down on the pillow, away from the wet spot that he would kick himself in the morning for leaving to dry. He pulled the blanket up around him and breathed through the waning stages of his knot.

He sighed softly at the sight of a sleeping Eros, wondering how he could possibly be real, so gorgeous and peaceful like that. He moved to end their video chat, only slightly flinching at the timestamp telling him how much he had paid for every minute of their private chat.

“Goodnight, darling,” he breathed, but stopped short as the sound of a door opening froze him in his place. A gentle knock on the doorframe and a quiet voice that he couldn’t quite make out. A dark shape, Eros’s roommate, he supposed, stepped into frame and leaned forward.

“You’re still live, you dingus,” his roommate said, laughing brightly. Eros rubbed his eyes with a whine. “Hi Daddy~” he greeted Victor with a smirk, waving at the camera. “Do you want to say goodnight to him before I tuck you in?”

Victor chuckled softly and watched as Eros sat up, blinked sleep-heavy eyes at the camera and smiled dreamily. “Goodnight, Daddy,” he said sweetly, yawning halfway through. Victor’s heart could have burst at the tenderness of it, and he waved back.

“Goodnight, Rosya, I’ll message you in the morning.” he said, “Sweet dreams.” Victor ended their chat, finally letting exhaustion take him, floating away to thoughts of that warm, flushed body against his.
Yuuri is getting closer to his heat, and he tries something a little different during a stream.

Y'all have no idea how excited I was to write this chapter! In fact I wrote pretty much all of this at work this week. There's a bit of a timeskip between the last chapter and this one, but nothing of plot relevance was really missed.

It had been a few weeks since Yuuri had brought up the topic of his heat with Daddy, and it wasn't due to start until the upcoming weekend, but he woke up feeling unusually warm. He occasionally had times where his body would go into “preheat,” showing various symptoms in the week leading up to the real thing. It had never been this severe, though. In addition to waking up feeling feverish, he felt the strong desire to rub one out in the shower, and he noticed when he was getting dressed that his lower stomach was a little bloated. He was able to cover up with a loose t-shirt and shorts, and he started to feel better once he got breakfast and left for the day.

Then came another problem.

After Yuuri's first lecture, he waited in the air-conditioned library instead of his favorite bench outside in the courtyard, and pulled out his phone to text Daddy asking how his morning was.

IceAlpha: I'm doing well, just looking over last month's financial reports. How are you doing, Rosya?

LonelyEros: I'm fine, though I had kind of a rough morning. I think it's just because of my heat being soon.

LonelyEros: I'm kind of bloated and tired, and feeling warm.

IceAlpha: Do you have anything to drink? Get yourself some water as soon as you can. I can't have my darling Rosya being dehydrated 😍

Yuuri moaned and crossed his legs, grateful that he was alone in this section of the library. The fact that Daddy was looking out for him like this was...strangely hot. He checked the time; his next class was in 30 minutes. Maybe if he was quick about it...
“Yuuri, what lingerie should I take with me?” Phichit asked. Yuuri gave up for the time being on picking a pair of stockings and headed to Phichit's room, apparently being recruited to assist him in packing for his spring break getaway with his own sugar daddy. He found him sitting on his bed surrounded by a selection of lace and silk garments, with his open suitcase on the floor.

“That green corset is nice,” Yuuri said, remembering the day they'd gone shopping together and picked it out. “Daddy C likes you in corsets, right?”

“I packed it already,” Phichit said. “I'm trying to decide between the lilac bodysuit and the sheer black catsuit…”

“You've got enough room in there for both, don't you?” Yuuri asked, eyeing the large, still only half-full suitcase.

“Well, yes,” Phichit said with a shrug. “But he's going to take me clothes shopping and I want to make sure I'll have room for everything for the trip home…”

Yuuri couldn't help but roll his eyes. “In that case, the lilac one. Beach weather might be too warm for the black one.”

“You're right,” he nodded, folding the lighter suit and tucking it into his luggage, then held out the black one to Yuuri. “Can you put this away for me, pretty please? Oh, and I need your help with something else…” He leaned over and opened his bottom nightstand drawer. “Which plug should I wear on the plane?”

Yuuri sat in the floor and examined Phichit's toy collection. “No steel ones,” he said immediately, “unless you want to have an uncomfortable conversation with security.” The pair laughed together. “That blue glass one is nice. What are you planning on wearing under your clothes?”

“Mmm, I'm thinking just a pair of lacy panties,” Phichit said with a shrug. “Something that can easily be torn off in an airport bathroom stall. If I go with the blue glass one, then…maybe these?” He held up a pair of powder blue lace boy shorts, with white satin trim. “Nothing too fancy, but pretty enough to tease. Cute skirt, by the way. Not your usual style, but I approve.” He gave Yuuri a wink. “I think your fans will appreciate it.”

Yuuri blushed and pulled his legs together. “Thanks,” he said. “I wasn't planning on streaming in it at first, I just put it on because it's too warm for pants, but Daddy said it would be cute with stockings. Should I wear my white or black ones?”

Phichit eyed Yuuri for a moment, taking in the details of the red plaid miniskirt. “Your white ones are see-through, right?”

Yuuri nodded. “A little.”

“Wear those. Ooh, and that long-sleeved black crop top I got you. Lose the boxer briefs under it, and don't wear panties underneath it. Any toy ideas?”

Yuuri squirmed, feeling a slight pang of arousal in his lower belly and quickly standing up before he could get any slick on Phichit's carpet. “I was thinking my newest set of beads? They usually satisfy me really well, and they're a fan favorite…”

“You're gonna be extra loud this week, aren't you?” Phichit teased. “Your body's already feeling needy?”
“I'll try to keep it down,” Yuuri said shyly. “I managed to keep quiet in the library bathroom today...” As soon as he realized what he'd said out loud, he gasped and covered his mouth, and Phichit's eyes widened.

“Katsuki Yuuri!” he smirked. “You dirty little minx, you! Did you stream it?”

“Forget I said anything,” Yuuri said, heading for the door.

“Did you at least FaceTime with Daddy?”

“I have a stream to get ready for.”

“Yuuuuuriiiiiii~”

A few minutes later, once he was fully dressed, Yuuri took a deep breath as he smoothed back his hair, looking at his reflection in the mirror. He'd followed Phichit's advice and picked his sheer white thigh-highs, leaving a few inches of bare skin between them and his skirt. He adjusted the corset lacing that tied the front of his top together, showing off the center of his chest and cutting off at the base of his ribs. Although it had long sleeves, it came off of Yuuri's shoulders and revealed his collarbones. He couldn't help but think the outfit was missing something, though...

Accessories.

Yuuri suddenly remembered a black leather collar he'd gotten on an impulse during his and Phichit's last shopping trip, with a heart shaped silver charm bearing the word “Baby” across the center. He'd gotten it as a surprise for Daddy, but he'd forgotten about it by the time they got back home that day. After digging through his closet he found the choker, still in its shopping bag, and put it on. He gave himself a satisfied grin in the mirror before going to retrieve his phone, and he took two mirror selfies to send, one full body, and a close-up of his neck.

**LonelyEros**: Thought you might like a preview of tonight's show 😊

**LonelyEros**: >>image<<

**LonelyEros**: And a little extra surprise, just for you, Daddy~

**LonelyEros**: >>image2<<

**IceAlpha**: Bozhe moy, Rosya

**IceAlpha**: That skirt

**IceAlpha**: I'd love to bend you over my desk in something like that 😊

The very thought made Yuuri shiver and bite his lower lip. He glanced over at his own desk in the corner of his room, then at the spot by his bed where he'd already set up his camera and tripod. Maybe he'd try a little something different tonight...
Victor settled in for the evening, falling into his usual routine of chatting idly with the other early birds who watched Eros' shows. The image of him in that outfit, that pretty choker around the column of his throat, god...he couldn't wait to see what he had planned.

The timer counted down to zero, and Victor's screen was filled with the image of Eros leaning against a desk.

Oh...

“Sorry I'm late,” he said with a soft giggle. “But I got those copies you asked for...” He sat up on the desk and spread his legs a bit, not quite enough to reveal anything just yet. Several viewers considered it enough to earn tips, Victor noticed as the jar began to fill.

“Oh, what's that, sir?” Eros asked, batting his eyes. “I'm breaking dress code? I must have missed that part of orientation...” He arched his back, winking at the camera. “Can you really blame me, though? With a body like this, sometimes I just feel like showing off...”

Victor smirked as he saw a handful of comments complimenting Eros' figure, with one viewer even asking if he'd ever considered getting his belly button pierced. He briefly imagined a bit of sparkle there himself as he typed a comment of his own.

**IceAlpha:** You definitely have a figure that's worthy of showing off, but you're still breaking policy. And you know what the punishment for that is...

Eros chuckled and cocked his head to the side. “Do I? I might have missed that part too...would you mind refreshing my memory?” He stood up and turned around before bending over the desk. “Or maybe you could let me off with a warning this time?”

Oh, gods above, Eros wasn't wearing panties under his skirt. Victor wasn't going to survive this stream.

“What do you mean fucking me is against policy too?” Eros pouted, looking over his shoulder. “I know you're my boss, but...oh, fine,” he said with an exaggerated sigh. “How about if I use a toy on myself while you watch?”

The suggestion brought on a flood of tips, including a generous one from Victor himself.

“Oh, of course I brought a toy to work with me, why do you think I missed orientation?” Eros winked as he stood up again, then he opened one of his desk drawers and picked out his favorite set of beads and a small bottle of lube. “I have an idea. My punishment can be that I only get to insert a bead when you say I can, and I can't cum until you give me permission. Does that sound reasonable?” After seeing a few fans enthusiastically agree, he lifted his skirt in the front. “See, I'm even wearing a cock ring, so I really can't cum until you say so.”

“Fuck, Eros...”

“You should roleplay like this more often...”

“So naughty of you, parading around the office like that...”

Eros flipped the cap open on the lube bottle and poured a generous amount on the beads. “I really
need something inside me,” he moaned. “Can I start off with one bead, pretty please? I promise I'll be good for you...”

Victor watched more tips go into the jar, and several votes of “yes” spurred Eros to bend over the desk again, legs spread, and position the beads at his slicked-up hole. The first bead, about an inch in diameter and still the smallest, slid inside with very little resistance.

“Thank you,” he whined. “That feels so good, stretching me out like this. Do you like seeing my slutty little omega hole open up for you?”

“Da, so slutty for me,” Victor found himself moaning aloud, yanking the waistband of his sweatpants down and slowly stroking his aching cock. He briefly considered taking a picture, to show Eros just what he was doing to him, but that would require looking away from his laptop, and he didn't want to miss even a second of this.

“Not to sound too needy, but can I have another bead, please?” Eros asked, turning to face the camera again. “I don't even wanna cum yet, I just need a little more--”

“Yes, if you turn around and play with those pretty nipples for us too,” said one viewer, tipping generously. Eros let out a soft keening whimper as he thanked them and inserted the next bead. Moving slowly, he stood up and turned around, facing the camera fully.

“You want to see me play with my chest?” he asked, toying with the ties at the front of his top. He slowly pulled at it, untying it slowly and letting the sides fall open, revealing his chest. He rolled one nipple between his thumb and index finger and shivered. “L-like this?” he gasped, teasing it until it peaked and quickly doing the same to the other one. He leaned back against the desk, not quite enough to agitate the beads too much, but enough to wiggle them just so and make his cock throb against the fabric of his skirt.

Victor had never seen someone in his life who managed to look so beautiful while so utterly debauched. He longed to be the one taking Eros apart, bending him over the mahogany desk in his office, teasing his nipples until he was begging to cum—fuck, he needed to pace himself. He gripped at the base of his dick and took a few deep breaths, bringing himself back from the edge as he watched Eros insert the third bead, a gush of slick seeping around it.

“Oh, right there!” he cried, throwing his head back. “There, god, yes...” He hiked his skirt up over his ass now, his soft, full cheeks on display, and his top was hanging fully open, only for him to quickly shed it when a few viewers requested him to.

With his mind hazy with lust, Victor added a sizable tip, with a request of his own.

IceAlpha: You've been very obedient, Eros~ I think you've earned a reward. Take two beads for me, but leave the ring on. I want to hear you beg me to cum.

Eros’ eyes blew wide when he saw the request, and Victor couldn't help but chuckle at the handful of comments teasingly referring to him as “Daddy.” It wasn't as if he wanted to be clear to the rest of the audience who exactly he was, but it seemed like a few of them were starting to figure it out on their own. Overall, the idea of IceAlpha being Eros' mysterious sugar daddy was still no more than a meme.

“Y-yes,” he panted. “Thank you, IceAlpha, thank you...” He took a deep breath and inserted one,
then two beads, the sudden stimulation sending sparks through his body. He buried his face in his discarded, balled-up shirt on the desk, muffling a loud moan. For a moment Victor was concerned that Eros might have hurt himself, but he lifted his head up and faced the camera, a beautiful blush gracing his cheeks.

“That...that felt amazing,” he panted. “Thank you again, IceAlpha.”

And he winked. God, he *winked* when he said Victor's screen name out loud.

“Are we sure IceAlpha isn't Daddy?”

“He definitely seems to get Eros more riled up than the rest of us plebians do...”

“Ngl I'd let him be my daddy...”

Victor laughed again, feeling another surge of pride, and if he were honest with himself, a bit of possessiveness. Eros was *his* baby, *his* omega. And soon he was going to claim him as such.

Eros whined as the beads brushed against his prostate, feeling his restrained cock throbbing against his belly. He was starting to get desperate. There were two beads left that he hadn't inserted yet, but at this rate, he wouldn't need them.

“Can we see you touch yourself?” someone asked, tipping and adding a string of heart emojis.

Eros whimpered again as he turned his body around, feeling the beads shift inside him. He let out a small yelp when he touched his cock, not realizing until then just how sensitive he was.

“K-kuso--” he whined, feeling like he was close to tears. “Please...n-need it...please let me cum, Daddy!”

**IceAlpha:** Good boy. You can take your ring off now~

Eros slid the rubber ring off of his cock with a shaky hand and sighed with relief. “Thank you,” he said, steadily stroking himself. “Thank you Daddy, thankyouthankyoutha—haaaaaah~” He let out a choked sob as he came in spurts all over his hand, using the other one to hold himself steady against the desk when his legs went limp. Seeing him cum so intensely and hearing him address Daddy so wantonly on camera sent Victor over the edge too. Once he was able to think clearly and his hands stopped shaking, he wiped the cum-covered one off on his sweatpants and replied:

**IceAlpha:** You're welcome, Rosya. Bozhe moy, you're welcome ❤️

He watched Eros pant and shiver as he slowly pulled the beads out, one by one, before tossing the toy aside. He sat down on his desk and smiled at the camera.

“Yes sir, I've learned my lesson,” he giggled, and Victor had almost forgotten that he was playing a character. “No more slutty skirts or crop tops at work. But I do need to go clean up, so...am I excused? Thank you~” He stood up and blew his signature kiss. “I'll see you again soon~”

After taking a quick shower himself, Victor settled into bed in a clean pair of briefs and picked up his phone to type out a message to Eros.
IceAlpha: Blyad, you were phenomenal tonight. Hearing you address me as Daddy during a stream, my God...

A few minutes passed before he got a reply.

LonelyEros: Yeah, that was the preheat talking 😅 I got kind of cloudy-headed, I hope I didn't overstep?

IceAlpha: Absolutely not. A lot of your viewers seem to have caught on anyway. Besides, I don't think I've ever had an orgasm quite like that, even watching you.

LonelyEros: Me either

IceAlpha: Make sure you drink plenty of water before bed, and change into something comfortable if you haven't already.

LonelyEros: I will, Daddy, thank you 😊

LonelyEros: Goodnight~

IceAlpha: Dobroy nochi, Rosya.
LonelyEros and PeachesAndCream present a very special joint stream! Join us live at eight~❤️)

Merry Christmas y'all! Both of your beloved authors here to bring you something very special 😊

This chapter includes Phichit and Yuuri camming (and playing) together. If that is not your jam, just sit tight, IA will be back with a regular chapter soon!

click here to see what the boys are wearing ☺

Phichit and Yuuri had been planning this stream for nearly a month now, the team-up that both of their audiences had been waiting for. IceAlpha had only been encouraging of the collaboration, insisting to Yuuri that he respected his profession, admitting that from time to time, that meant playing at flirting with others.

"You promise, Daddy?" Yuuri asked, his cheeks bright red as he and Phichit sat on his bed, a video chat connecting all three of them in one space. "You promise it'll be okay?"

IceAlpha laughed gently and nodded. "I promise on my own life, darling. Have fun." he said with a fond smile. "I know I'll have fun watching... they say jealousy is the strongest aphrodisiac, after all." Yuuri squeaked, the preheat pheromones lingering in his blood making it painfully easy to turn him on.

Phichit couldn't help chuckling at the exchange, having interacted with IceAlpha a few times during his video chats with Yuuri. "And I promise I'll take good care of him for you, Daddy," he teased, looping his arm around Yuuri's waist. He was wearing the jacket IceAlpha had sent him, but he could feel the body chain he was wearing underneath, picturing it with the pink lace lingerie that another one of his viewers had sent him. "You're the one he's gotten all prettied up for, after all..."

"I'm sure you both look lovely," IceAlpha purred, his smile going straight to Yuuri's core. "Though I must say, Rosya, that I'd love for you to wear my jacket during the stream, if you wanted to..."

"I actually considered it," Yuuri admitted. "But I might get too warm, and you wouldn't want that, would you Daddy?"

IceAlpha nodded softly, stroking his beard in a way that even Phichit could admit was sexy. "Mmm, I suppose. You're already so warm, aren't you, detka?" he teased, winking at the camera as Yuuri buried his nose and chin in the neck of his jacket.
"If you keep teasing each other, you'll both bust way too early," Phichit laughed, trying not to make his best friend feel too bad. "We don't need to call Daddy C, he already signed off on everything."

Yuuri flushed again, trying to convince himself that this was truly happening, that he and Phichit were really about to do... this. "O-okay. The stream starts at eight, Daddy, don't be late~" he said with a coquettish smirk, ending their call by blowing a kiss, a gesture that Phichit mimicked.

After ending the call, Yuuri turned to Phichit with a questioning look on his face. "By the way, when am I going to meet your Daddy? You can't hide him from me forever, you know. I haven't even gotten a picture of him."

"I'll introduce you eventually," he said. "Maybe before break? My flight doesn't leave until after you plan on checking into your heat room, so I'll probably be FaceTiming him while I finish packing, and you could pop in to say hi..."

Yuuri nodded. "Okay," he agreed. "Now, can you help me with my hair and makeup? We still have plenty of time, right?"

Phichit checked the time on his phone. "Oh, for sure," he said. "You were planning on a more natural look, right? A soft pink lip and maybe a subtle cat eye?"

Yuuri bit his lip and considered the lingerie he was wearing under his red and white jacket, the lovely pink set a viewer had sent to him not long ago. Something pink would be absolutely perfect, especially with the blush he had already been sporting for a few days.

Phichit set to work as Yuuri worked his usual gel into his hair, but left it a bit softer than usual, already anticipating that he'd be even messier and sweatier than usual with his pre-heat. Phichit did his own makeup as soon as he was finished with Yuuri's, opting for his usual: a severe cateye with red lips.

Yuuri was already on edge after inhaling his alpha's scent all day, and he could feel himself leaking into the sheer panties he was wearing. Phichit was wearing something his Daddy had sent him too, a striking pair of red, high-waisted panties that laced up the sides of his thighs like lattice, as well as a pair of satiny garters and sheer stockings in the same deep shade of crimson.

"Be careful, Yuuri, you sure you don't need to take a cold shower before we start?" Phichit teased, noticing the tension in Yuuri's expression and body language. He shook his head and reluctantly took off the jacket, tossing it aside on his bed to put back on before the stream began.

"I'll be okay," he said. "Besides, we don't really have time to do my makeup again. How close is it to eight?" he asked, thinking of heading to the kitchen for a drink of water first. "I'm gonna grab a drink. Do you want anything?"

"Hmm...about ten minutes," Phichit replied, checking his phone again and replying to a text. Judging by the coy look on his face as he typed, Yuuri assumed it was his daddy he was talking to. "And yeah, water's fine."

Yuuri stood and pulled out his own phone, feeling his heart rate spike as he read a few early comments from viewers already logged into the stream.

"can't believe it took you two so long to collab 😁"
"no idea how both of your daddies are going to survive this stream tbh"
"I think we'll both be just fine 😊"

The last commenter had an unfamiliar username, but Yuuri assumed that it was Phichit's elusive,
French-speaking sugar daddy. He set his phone back down before the nerves could catch up to him, focusing on breathing slowly. He and Phichit had worked out what they would be doing ahead of time, but the anxiety of trying something new still made him nervous.

Once he'd calmed himself down, he hurried back to his bedroom with two bottles of water, handing one to Phichit before opening the other and taking a long drink. Phichit had mostly re-dressed, wearing a pair of thigh-hugging leggings and a loose t-shirt, something Yuuri assumed had been a gift from his sugar daddy as well. Yuuri opted not to put on pants, knowing their plans would work better if he started the whole ordeal mostly naked.

He drank quickly and set the bottle aside and climbed onto his bed, getting comfortable on his back, then slowly started to palm himself through his lingerie as the countdown began. When the timer reached zero, he watched the webcam light turn on as it began to record. He smiled when he saw Daddy join the chat and reached for his jacket, zipping himself back into it.

"Oh Eros~" Phichit called, winking at Yuuri from across his room before slowly striding into frame. "What's wrong? You seem flustered..."

"Mmm," he mumbled, resisting the urge to bury his face into the jacket resting inches from his face. "Just feeling a little restless. I told you my heat starts in a few days..."

Phichit chuckled softly and looked pointedly down at Yuuri's hand, still gently palming himself over his panties, sheer and pink. "You've been hanging around half naked all day... trying to send a message?" he purred, dropping gracefully into Yuuri's bed.

Yuuri choked back a whine, shaking his head. "N-no, not trying to send a message... just..." Yuuri mumbled the rest of his sentence, playing up the shy, nervous omega role he played so well. "It's so hot, I'm s-so warm..."

Phichit smirked again, his red lips cocking up in one corner. "You say that like I haven't heard you touching yourself at least twice today..." he teased, watching Yuuri's cheeks burst with an even darker pink. A flurry of tips jingled in their twin tip jars. "Getting a little... desperate, are you, Eros?"

Yuuri glanced at his hand, then up at Phichit, trying to look at least a little bit in control despite his desperation. “Maybe a little,” he admitted, his voice cracking. “Do you think you could um...help me out?”

“Are you sure I can satisfy you?” Phichit asked, sliding closer to Yuuri. “Are you so needy for someone’s touch that even a beta could get you off?” He lightly ran his fingernail along the zipper of his jacket, a light, trembling vibration running between Yuuri’s pecs, moving slowly down his belly, tracing the lines of the body chain draped over his torso beneath the jacket. “I’ll definitely try my best...”

Yuuri whimpered and gripped at his pillow with one hand, covered in the pillowcase Daddy had sent him; the sudden burst of his scent made him shiver. “Yes, please, touch me, Peach, I’ll take anything...” His nerve endings all felt like they were on fire as Phichit’s fingertips danced up and down his body.

Phichit chuckled deep in his chest, slipping up to the zipper holding Yuuri's jacket closed. "Maybe we should take this off, hm? I'm sure you're getting even warmer with this on..." Yuuri whined, unsubtly pushing up into Phichit's hands as he pulled the zipper down tooth by tooth.

"St-stop teasing, going too slow~" Yuuri whimpered, biting his lower lip as Phichit's hand slipped
under the hem of the jacket, wrapping around his waist and squeezing, pinning Yuuri down to the bed.

"So impatient... so eager," Phichit purred, biting his own lip at the reaction he was working from his roommate. "You really are that needy, aren't you?" Yuuri whined again as he felt the jacket fall open, the cool air of his bedroom a welcome relief on his heated skin. The reveal of his lacy pink lingerie made his tip jar jingle again, and he got several comments on his jewelry that he was too distracted to read.

“I think our friends like your outfit,” Phichit teased. “Do you think Daddy is watching right now? Watching me take you apart from barely touching you?”

Yuuri nodded. “Uh-huh,” he panted, trying to arch up into his touch. Phichit had always been strong for a beta, and with him holding Yuuri’s hips down he wasn’t going anywhere. “T-touch me like Daddy would, please?”

It was Phichit’s turn to moan, a soft, restrained thing in his chest. "God, Eros... thinking about a certain muscly alpha making you feel good, are you?” he teased, running his fingertips over the straps of his lingerie. "Thinking about Daddy touching you like this?"

Yuuri choked on a moaned, needy ‘hai’. "I... I mean, m-maybe..." he gasped, feeling his arousal coiling tighter and tighter in his core. A flurry of comments filled the chat again, as well as a pair of impressively large identical tips dropped into each of their tip jars.

"Poor Eros~" Phichit smirked, cupping his chest gently, thumbing his pebbled nipples through the sheer material of the lingerie. "So pent up and needy for your alpha's cock..."

Yuuri yelped and pushed up into Phichit’s hands, his chest even more sensitive than usual in his condition. “P-please...” he whined, begging for more contact, the fabric beginning to cling uncomfortably to his skin. “C-can I feel your hands under my top? The lace is starting to chafe a little...”

“Aww, I’m sorry Eros,” Phichit said with a wink. “I’ll let you take your top off for us, show off that cute, sensitive chest of yours...” He winked and licked his lips, making Yuuri’s fingers fumble a bit with the back closure of his lingerie before managing to get it off. “There, is that better?” he asked, brushing his thumbs over Yuuri’s nipples again. “Wow, they’re so red...”

“Th-they—aahhhhhhh,” Yuuri shivered when Phichit pinched one of them lightly, “they want you to play with them more, Peach...”

Phichit hummed and adjusted his position, kneeled between Yuuri’s bent knees. "Would they maybe... like to be kissed, Eros?" he asked, watching the full-body shiver that overtook Yuuri then. It was all Yuuri could muster to whimper and nod, pushing his chest up submissively.

Phichit pounced eagerly, leaning over Yuuri’s frame and pressing a kiss to a reddened nipple, savoring the keening whine that Yuuri made. "Ohhh... so sensitive~" he mumbled against his chest, licking a teasing circle around his areola. "I bet... if I tried, I could make you cum with this, couldn't I?" Yuuri whimpered a yes, and Phichit smirked when he felt Yuuri’s slick on his leg, positioned right between his thighs and inches from his groin. “You’re already so wet,” he purred, leaning down to kiss Yuuri’s nipple again, this time prodding it with his tongue. “I’ve barely made it past your chest and you’ve soaked through those cute panties. Should I take them off, or do you want to hold off a bit? They are awfully cute on you...”

Yuuri squirmed as Phichit’s hands made their way down to his hips, teasing at the heart shaped
rings resting on his hip bones. He let out a pleading whimper. “Take ‘m off, please? Want everyone to see just how wet I am...”

“Everyone?” Phichit asked, hooking his fingers into the rings and slowly pulling down. “Or do you want Daddy to see how wet you are? You want Daddy to see you all wrecked for him?”

Yuuri let out a high-pitched whine of Phichit’s screenname, nodding vigorously. "Want Daddy to see me like this~" he managed to say, panting with arousal. Phichit pulled his panties off entirely, throwing them over his shoulder and biting his lip at the sight of Yuuri’s cock, weeping at the slit, and his wet, pink hole twitching with need. He had seen Yuuri like this before when he lurked in his chats during streams, so it was nothing new, but he still felt lucky to get to participate in the fun.

"Why don’t you tell Daddy just how much you want him? Just now wrecked and desperate you are for him, Eros?" Phichit teased, pulling one of Yuuri’s peaked nipples into his mouth and nipping playfully at it.

Yuuri took a few shaky breaths and turned to face the camera, his flushed, panting face bringing in a few more tips. “D-Daddy,” he whined, batting his eyelashes into the camera. “Look how wet I am for you, how desperate I am for you to touch me...” While he looked at the screen of his laptop he saw a few comments come through, including a few from Daddy himself, and he buried his face in his pillow again to suppress his satisfied grin. He was already getting Daddy riled up too...

“If you’re not careful teasing like that,” Phichit said, almost reading his mind, “Daddy might have to punish you for being so shameless. Would you want that, naughty little omega?”

The word naughty made Yuuri whimper. He and IceAlpha hadn’t spent much time playing with punishment, but god, would he love to. “Y-yes, I... I want Daddy to punish me," he gasped, rolling his hips against nothing, both his cock and his hole aching for friction.

Phichit smirked and turned to the camera. “And how should Daddy punish such a naughty, horny omega like you, Eros?” he asked, both to the audience and Yuuri, though the viewers were much more coherent in offering ideas, accompanied by tips.

"edging, maybe?"
"wht abt some overstim?"

Phichit waited patiently for the one username he knew Yuuri would want to hear from most. A large tip dropped into Yuuri’s virtual tip jar, and Phichit smirked at the suggestion. "Eros... I think Daddy wants to punish you with his cock... Alpha wants to ruin you..." he purred. "Would you like that? Alpha's cock fucking you until you're such a mess you can't remember your own name?"

“Hai, hai!” Yuuri cried out, throwing his head back against his pillow, getting an idea. “How do you want me, Daddy?”

Phichit tapped his chin, pretending to think of an answer while he looked at the viewers’ suggestions. “That’s a good question, Eros...how does Daddy want to take you?”

The chat went wild again, with suggestions of seeing Eros riding Peaches or seeing them fuck on the edge of the bed. After a moment, he saw a suggestion from IceAlpha again:

“Maybe Daddy wants to take you face down, with that pretty ass in the air, showing off for him...”

Phichit didn’t want to raise suspicion taking all of his suggestions from the same viewer, but God, that one was too good to pass up. “Roll over and get on your knees for me, Eros, so I can get you
Yuuri all but scrambled out of Phichit's grasp, his body chain jingling lightly as he left behind a notably dark patch in his sheets. It didn't go unnoticed by the audience, who filled the chat with water squirt emojis and compliments on how wet he was.

"P-Peach?" Yuuri whined as he set himself up on his knees, burrying his face and chest in his scented pillowcase. "Please hurry, I'm... god, I'm already so close~" Yuuri pleaded, wiggling his hips to make his point.

Phichit tutted gently, swatting his ass and giggling at the soft bounce of it. "You're such an impatient little omega tonight, so needy for Daddy's thick, alpha cock... you know it'll take a minute to get you ready..." Phichit watched the chat scroll by as he reached down for the strawberry scented lube Yuuri preferred, wedged between the mattress and the bedframe. “This lube complements your scent so well,” he cooed. “Sweet like sugar and tart like strawberries. Like a cookie or a little berry tart...” He giggled and poured some lube onto his fingers. “You’re so wet I might not even need this...though depending on what I end up fucking you with...”

Yuuri whined and pushed his hips back, thinking of both his knotting dildo and the glass toy Daddy had sent him, the one nearly the size of his cock. God, if only he had a knotting toy that size. Maybe he’d ask Daddy for one after this... “Daddy, please,” he begged, looking over his shoulder. “Please touch me...”

Phichit lined up two fingers at Yuuri’s twitching entrance, cupping his ass cheek with his other hand. “I’m going to start prepping you now, Eros, relax for me...” A moment later, he slid his fingers inside, and the sound Yuuri made caused Phichit to go half-hard.

Yuuri arched his back and pushed himself onto Phichit's fingers, his heat-hazy mind easily replacing his friend's fingers for Daddy's. The angle was so much more pleasant, so much easier for Yuuri to lose himself in the sensation of being filled.

Phichit felt himself getting a bit too warm in his t-shirt, but the way Yuuri was reacting to his fingers curling and moving inside him was far worth the sweat. He could take the shirt off as soon as Yuuri was ready, he decided.

"F-fingers, more, need more~" Yuuri whined, earning himself another soft swat to his asscheek; the thought of Daddy doing that set his skin aflame, a burst of slick seeping out around Phichit's fingers.

“God, you’re so naughty,” Phichit said. “Getting off on me spanking you. And while Daddy watches, too...” He slowly inserted another finger, shivering at how easily it slid in with how slick Yuuri was. “You’re such a sight, dripping wet with my fingers inside you, working you open for something much bigger. Which toy should I use on you?”

Yuuri took a deep shuddering breath, thinking about his two favorite toys, and which one would be more fun for his audience. He hadn’t shown the glass dildo to anyone but Daddy yet, except during that Q and A...

“Th-the glass one,” he painted. “‘s in my bottom drawer, in the satin pouch...”

A handful of viewers reacted to the mention of that glass toy, including Yuuri’s Daddy. "That huge glass monster, hmm? You really want Daddy's cock don't you, didn't he tell you it's just about his size?" Phichit purred, reaching for the bottom drawer and finding just the toy Yuuri requested.
"Y-yeah, it's..." Yuuri whimpered, looking over his shoulder at Phichit, loosening the drawstring on the bag. “B-big...” The tip jars jingled incessantly for a minute at the reveal of the toy, Yuuri's own mouth watering like he was looking at the real thing... that long, flushed cock he had seen in his and Daddy's private chats.

"Now, Eros... I think you're still in need of more stretching, if you're going to take this massive dick..." Phichit crooned, knowing full well that Yuuri could already take it easily, but god, he loved hearing Yuuri beg. "Unless you can convince me that you're ready~"

“I’m ready,” he whined, eyeing the toy. “I’m so ready, I need it so bad...” He bit his lip and wiggled his ass. “Need Daddy's big, thick cock in me...” He shrieked in surprise when Phichit teased his rim with the cool glass.

“I’ll take it nice and slow,” Phichit said, applying enough pressure to get the head of the toy in, and fuck, the way Yuuri’s hole took it so easily, stretching effortlessly to accommodate the heft of the toy. “God, Eros, look at you...”

Yuuri beamed at the praise. “M-more please,” he said, restraining himself from fully impaling himself on the cock. “Need it...” He whimpered as he felt the toy pull out, just long enough for Phichit to shed his own shirt and toss it aside, revealing his panties to a flurry of tips. "fuxk im not even into getting fucked but.. id let peaches fuck me into next week" one comment read, but both Yuuri and Phichit were far too involved in what was happening in front of the camera to notice the chat.

"D-Daddy!” Yuuri cried, rocking his hips back onto the toy messily, shakily, feeling the head of the toy hit that perfect spot deep in his core. "Fu-uuuck me, please, n-need your cock in m-me~" he whimpered, his lust-addled mind just barely holding on to reality.

"Daddy is fucking you, Eros~ can't you feel your greedy little hole sucking him in?” Phichit moaned, his own cock now fully hard in his silky panties. "He's so big, isn't he? He fills you up just how you need it, doesn't he?” Phichit led him, encouraging that hopelessly turned-on babbling to continue as he began a slow pace with the toy.

“H-hai,” Yuuri moaned, his voice muffled in his pillow. “So big...” He could feel that familiar pleasant burn in his hips, the feeling of the toy pressing against his lower tummy from inside. He put his hand there, suddenly wanting nothing more than to feel Daddy that deep inside him.

“I’m not hurting you, am I?” Phichit asked, his voice gentle while he still fucked Yuuri with the toy, which his fingers barely made it around.

“N-no, not hurting,” he moaned. “Don’t stop, please Daddy, ‘m so close—“

“Oh, really? I’d better hold back a bit then,” Phichit said. “We’re just getting started...” He pulled the dildo out almost all the way and held it there, making Yuuri cry out in frustration. Out of the corner of his eye, Phichit noticed that the viewer who suggested edging earlier, a mutual fan of his and Yuuri’s, had donated a pretty impressive tip to both jars.

Phichit winked playfully at the camera as Yuuri whined wantonly, his hips canting back to seek out more friction, to press that hard length against his prostate again. "Eros... you need to control yourself~" Phichit cooed, holding the toy where it just barely stretched him open. He gently reached forward with one hand, rubbing Yuuri’s lower belly where the toy had been bulging before. "I've heard omegas get sensitive here when they're getting ready for heat..."
Yuuri moaned at the touch, his skin sparking with sensitivity. It felt so good to be touched there, like he might burst if Phichit kept going. "Hhhhhnn, please, f-feels so good, more, please more~" he begged sweetly, blinking teary eyes at the camera, knowing Daddy was watching.

"You're getting so antsy, aren't you? Your body getting ready for some strong, sexy alpha to knock you up, hm?" Phichit asked, his voice dropping a few steps into a pleasant rumble.

"Please, yes, yes!" Yuuri cried, almost going over the edge. "Y-yes alpha...I want you to fill me..."

"Eros, you'd look so pretty with some lucky alpha's pups inside you," IceAlpha said, making Yuuri whine more. "So radiant and perfect..." Yuuri practically melted at the praise, feeling chills go up his spine as Phichit slowly inserted his toy again.

"Our friends seem to like seeing you on edge like this," he said, slowly palming himself with his free hand. "Do you think they'll let you cum if we give them something else to watch afterwards?"

Yuuri choked on a moan as he turned his attention back to the camera, comment after comment scrolling past of praise and encouragement. "Please, please, please~ I need to cum, can I? Please?" Yuuri gasped, rolling his hips back onto the toy as Phichit pushed it back in, feeling the toy press against the inside of his stomach. "I need to, s-so bad, need to cum~"

Phichit bit his lip at the begging, trying to keep his stokes steady as he worked Yuuri up to the edge despite his own arousal getting harder and wetter, trapped in his panties. "What do you think, friends? Should we let our cute little Eros cum? Has he been a good omega for us?"

"He's so pretty when he begs, and I'm curious what else you have planned," one of Phichit’s viewers said. "I say let the poor boy cum, he's earned it."

"I agree! Let him cum and show us what other surprises you have~" another viewer added, dropping a tip in the jar.

Phichit turned back to Yuuri, smiling devilishly. "Looks like our friends are feeling merciful tonight," he purred, picking up the pace of his thrusts with the toy. "Cum for me, Eros. Cum for our audience, and for Daddy..."

Yuuri closed his eyes and saw white as he came all over his belly and chest, almost imagining the feeling of Daddy’s knot filling him, if he thought hard enough. His legs went limp and he nearly fell over, if not for Phichit helping to keep his hips steady. "D-Daddyyyyy~" he whimpered into his pillow. "S-so good, Daddy, thank you..."

Phichit held Yuuri up, leaving the toy right where it was, deep in Yuuri's body, as he clenched around it erratically, gasping and moaning as he rode out his orgasm. He almost missed the typo-riddled comments from IceAlpha as well as a flush of water squirt emojis from the rest of the viewers. Phichit spotted a message from his own daddy as well, praising him sweetly for the display in French, but expressing a slight concern for his own straining length, tucked up against his stomach in his high-waisted panties.

He didn't point it out at first, simply making sure Yuuri came down safely, before working the toy out of his pink, abused hole. "How do you feel, Eros?" he asked gently, setting the toy aside and easing Yuuri onto his back. "Everything okay?"

Yuuri giggled, drunk on his own pheromones and the scent of alpha floating around his head. "Mnmhmmm~ 's all good~" he purred giddily, his cheeks bright red. "But... what about you, Peach?" Yuuri mumbled, looking down at the wet spot in his costar's underwear. "You probably
Phichit blushed, but he would have been lying if he said he wouldn’t have wanted help. “I mean… are you sure? I can take care of it, if—“

“Let me suck your cock, Peach,” Yuuri said, managing to roll onto his back, not thinking about the fact that he was lying in his own cum. “It’s so pretty, I’d like to have a taste of it…“

The chat went absolutely wild, flooding with “please”s and eggplant emojis, and both tip jars received generous additions. They both looked at the screen, then at each other.

“If you’re sure, Eros,” Phichit said again, gasping when Yuuri sat up and reached to pull his panties down. Phichit shuddered as Yuuri’s fingers unlaced the ties at his hips, loosening the fabric and letting it fall down around his thighs. Yuuri licked his lips as Phichit’s weeping length bobbed in front of him.

"You're so cute, Peach~" Yuuri mumbled as he laved his tongue sweetly at the bead of precum at the head of his cock, working a stuttered moan out of him. Phichit laced his fingers into Yuuri’s hair, gently encouraging him as well as grounding himself. It had been so long since he’d had someone suck him off, and he knew he wouldn't be lasting long.

"F-fuck, Eros~" Phichit moaned, losing his mind as Yuuri tortured him with more of those teasing little kitten licks. "Stop teasing, please?" he asked, losing some of that playful, teasing facade in the process.

Yuuri winked up at him, briefly wishing they’d set up a secondary camera for some POV footage. “Weren’t you the one telling me to be patient?” he teased, before ducking back down and wrapping his lips around Phichit’s cock. He worked the head a bit before easing onto the full length; he was pretty impressive in length and girth, a little bigger than the average beta, but Yuuri could still take him to the back of his throat with ease.

“F-fuck, Eros…” Phichit whined, tugging enough at Yuuri’s hair to get a whine out of him but not enough to hurt. “S-so good, so talented with that naughty mouth, suck me like you would Daddy…”

Yuuri nuzzled his nose into the patch of soft curly hair at the base of Phichit’s dick, taking in his subtle lemongrass scent. He caught himself wondering again what it would feel like having Daddy in his mouth, maybe even fucking his throat… Yuuri hummed around Phichit’s length, rocking his hips almost without thinking, the thought of taking Daddy’s cock down his throat like that making his legs quiver. He could almost hear that thick accent in his mind, his hips pistoning and pushing his cock deeper into Yuuri’s throat.

Phichit moaned as he rocked into Yuuri’s mouth, the tight tunnel of his throat squeezing around him in a way that made him see stars. He pitied Yuuri’s Daddy, and how soon he would fall apart with his cock in Yuuri’s talented mouth.

"Mmmnff~" Yuuri whined, reaching between his legs for his cock, already aching and hard again. Slick was still dripping from his hole, sliding along his perineum temptingly; Yuuri gathered up a bit and began stroking himself in time with Phichit’s gentle thrusts.

“I see you touching yourself, Eros, naughty boy,” Phichit said in a low voice. “Are you really that needy?” He chuckled when Yuuri nodded around his cock, still stroking his own. “Are you thinking about pleasuring Daddy, having him praise you for sucking his cock so well it’s like you were made for it?”
Yuuri nearly choked, but managed to keep his composure. He wanted to hear more praise, he wanted to hear Daddy praise him...

“You’re such a good little omega, aren’t you?” Phichit continued. “So obedient, so pretty...” He stroked Yuuri’s hair as he rocked into his mouth, feeling himself getting closer and closer. “I’m... fuck, I’m getting close, do you want me to cum in your mouth, or maybe somewhere else?”

Yuuri whimpered, trying to think of where he would want Daddy to cum, where Daddy would want to stake his claim. He pulled off for just a moment, looking up at Phichit. "Want it on me, on... m-my belly?" Yuuri asked, diving back down and swallowing Phichit to the root.

"Oh, god, Eros~" Phichit moaned, "I bet Daddy would love to see your cute tummy all covered in his cum, wouldn't he? Your belly all swollen, round with his pups and marked with his cum?" Phichit panted, knowing he was playing to Yuuri's omega, and judging by the sudden enormous tips dropped in their jars from IceAlpha... his Daddy's alpha as well.

Yuuri whined desperately, nodding the best he could. Phichit nearly lost it at the sound of Yuuri's moan, but he pulled himself free in time to get Yuuri on his back. "C-close, gonna c-cum, just like Daddy would for you, Eros," he moaned, stroking himself messily as his orgasm approached.

“M-me too,” Yuuri managed to choke out, lying on his back and stroking himself more frantically. “Mark me, Daddy~” He gasped when ribbons of cum, both Phichit’s and his own, covered the flat plane of his stomach, and while he was used to the feeling when it was his own, something about someone else marking him like that woke something in him. Apparently his omega loved being marked up like this...

“Wow, look at you,” Phichit panted once he came down from his own orgasm, looking down at a gasping, writhing Yuuri. “You look amazing. Should I take a picture of you to post on your blog later?”

Yuuri barely registered Phichit reaching for his phone when he nodded. “Y-Yes,” he says. “Wanna send it to Daddy too...”

Phichit's hands shook as he snapped the photo, almost completely forgetting the camera and the stream. "God... so pretty and flushed..." he mumbled, knowing how much the praise meant to Yuuri. "You did so well for us, Eros."

"Mmh, thank you~" Yuuri purred languidly, feeling his heart rate slowly drop, his breathing slow and the need under his skin subside. His preheat isn't usually this bad, but maybe it was the appearance of Daddy in his life that awoke something in his omega.

"Let's say goodnight to our friends, hm?" Phichit suggested, feeling himself grow sleepy with the afterglow. Yuuri giggled lazily and sat up, careful of the drying cum on his tummy and trying to avoid letting it drip onto the bed or floor. He leaned against Phichit's shoulder as they both waved and blew kisses.

"Thanks for joining us, everyone~" Yuuri purred.

"See you all next time~" Phichit added, standing and ending the stream. Yuuri giggled as he watched several viewers bid them goodbye as the stream ended.

“You’re going to have to change your sheets already anyway,” Phichit smirked. “God, Yuuri, I think that was the most successful show either of us have ever done. With our powers combined we’re unstoppable!”
Yuuri looked at the tip jars and his eyes widened. While he’d definitely seen higher amounts just from Daddy, this was definitely the most money he had made on a public stream. “Maybe we should do this more often,” he teased, knowing that Phichit would probably be up for it if he was. “Why don’t you message your Daddy and see what he thought?”

Phichit laughed softly and nodded, picking up his phone. “Mhmm, and you too, Rosya~” he teased, using the nickname Daddy had used in their call earlier.

Yuuri, still a little out of it, nodded slowly and reached for his phone, left just out of frame on the bedside table. There were already a handful of notifications from his streaming site, as well as a long string of messages from Daddy, seemingly replying in real time to the stream privately, as well as having been commenting.

He flushed at what was essentially a play-by-play of their stream, with his commentary even more possessive and dominating than it was in the stream... he had apparently been holding back in the chat.

"God, detka, take Daddy's cock~"
"You look so gorgeous like that, stretched open wide for me"
"I want to fuck your throat so much, darling, may I?"

Yuuri almost felt something stir in his core again at the thought, but set it aside for now, his body thoroughly exhausted by two consecutive orgasms.

"Hi Daddy~ did you like the show?" he typed, humming a quiet thank you as Phichit handed him a tissue.

“Da, I loved watching your roommate take you apart like that,” Daddy replied. “Watching you take your big glass toy like that, blyad...maybe I should get you a knotting toy that size?”

“Oh, please, Daddy? I’d love to pretend I’m taking your knot with a toy that’s closer to your actual size ☺” he replied. “I saw that you messaged me privately during the show, and I was thinking about you fucking my throat too. I could almost feel you...”

“Bozhe moy, Rosya, I’m a weak man, I can only get off so many times in one sitting,” Daddy replied, making Yuuri giggle. “Though if you asked me to video chat again in oh... half an hour or so, I suppose I could work myself up again...”

Yuuri giggled, feeling indescribably proud of himself. Phichit looked up from his own messages with his Daddy, smirking at the ten ways he had utterly destroyed him during their stream. "You're going to go again, aren't you?" Phichit teased, Yuuri's scent thickening in the air again.

Yuuri nodded, stretching his back gently and dabbing away the spend on his skin. "Think I need a shower first though..." he hummed, "Wanna join?" he asked, setting his phone aside.

"Go ahead and get started, I'll be there in a sec." Phichit encouraged, watching Yuuri stand and walk out of his bedroom with a slight limp. He smiled gently and snapped a quick selfie, sending it along to his... he hesitated to say his boyfriend, but what else could he call him?

me: >>image<<
me: Can't wait to take you apart over spring break, Daddy ☺
mon daddy~: mon dieu, you'll destroy me, mon ange

me:

me:

me:
Yuuri could feel it crawling under his skin, his heat was getting closer every day. The urge to run home, burrow into bed and nest, to be filled and sated. That morning, Yuuri woke with a fever, his skin hot and itchy, and god, so sensitive. It was a struggle just to pick something soft enough to wear for his two exam periods that day. His heats always did this to him, made him absolutely despise clothing covering him up, smothering his skin and his scent. But the embarrassment of being publicly in preheat compelled him to, at the very least, cover the most noticeable scent glands, the ones in his throat.

He pulled the plain black collar out of his side table, grimacing at the sensation of leather against his skin. He always felt like it was smothering him, stifling him. But he knew it was a safety precaution, as well as a courtesy for any of his alpha classmates. He had showed it to Daddy, when he called him that morning.

The more frequent video calls were a new habit of theirs, and as Yuuri’s heat got closer, his omega craved seeing its alpha. This, more often than not, turned into hurried playtime, Yuuri pretty much strictly making use of the newer, larger knotting dildo Daddy had sent him, made with his specific dimensions. It filled him perfectly, stretching him open and god, inflating the knot made him cum every time. He could only hope to imagine the real thing felt just as good.

Daddy smiled soothingly at Yuuri as he pouted, buckling the collar into place. “You look lovely, zolotse. I know it’s uncomfortable, but you look so pretty with something around your neck.”

Yuuri flushed at the praise. “You really think so?” he asked, admiring himself in the lower corner of his laptop screen, where his own camera feed was playing. The black did look nice against his skin...

“Oh, I know so,” IceAlpha replied with ease. “Maybe, if it wouldn’t be too much of an imposition, I could send you a high-quality one? I know someone who could make you something that fits perfectly. Maybe something with a bit more sparkle, hm?”

Yuuri all but moaned at the thought of his Daddy sending something like that, something so claiming as a collar made just for him, a gift from his alpha. “I’d… I’d like that,” he nodded, earning a pleased purr. Their conversation was short but sweet, soothing Yuuri’s restless omega
with kind words and praise. “I have two exams today, and some studying to do when I get home, but I’ll message you when I can.”

“Alright, solnyshko, make sure you drink plenty of water today, and wear something that won’t irritate your skin while you’re out.” Daddy reminded him, his voice going right to Yuuri’s core. “And I know it’ll be hard to focus with your omega so pent up, but if you can make it through, I’ll have a reward for you when you’re all finished up.”

Yuuri’s ears perked up at that, one of his eyebrows jumping up at the mention of a reward. “Oh? Like what, Daddy?” Yuuri asked, his curiosity more than piqued.

IceAlpha chuckled, the sound of it low and gravelly. “It wouldn’t be much of a surprise if I told you, now would it?” he teased, winking an ocean blue eye at Yuuri through the webcam. “Now, would you like Daddy to help you pick something to wear today?” he asked, making Yuuri blush bright red, his omega preening at the thought.

“I…” he began, but a devious thought wriggled into his mind. “I think I want to surprise you too, Daddy.” The look on his face was priceless, and Yuuri was almost tempted to take a screenshot.

“Turning my tricks around on me, hm?” Daddy mused, chuckling softly. “I can’t wait to see what you decide, sweet.” Yuuri giggled and blew him a kiss as a reply.

“I’ll send you a picture when I’m dressed,” Yuuri said, bidding him a goodbye and ending the call with a flutter of butterflies in his chest. He quickly decided on a pair of loose-fitting shorts and a breezy tank top, given just how warm it had become in the recent weeks and not mentioning the heat buzzing under his skin. His phone vibrated with a message from IceAlpha as he finished packing his bag for class.

IceAlpha: >> image <<
IceAlpha: Have a lovely day, zolotse. Davai.

Yuuri’s jaw fell to the floor at the sight that met him, his sugar daddy, completely dressed in what had to be the sexiest suit Yuuri had ever seen. His ensemble was a dark, slate gray, clearly bespoke, if the way it fit him perfectly was any indication; the omega in Yuuri whined at the sight of him dressed so well, and ached at the thought of peeling him out of it piece by piece. A caribbean blue tie added a splash of color, but the shade was nothing more than paltry forgery of the color of his eyes.

Yuuri’s eye caught the glint of a large gold timepiece around his wrist, shining in the light of what looked like a public restroom, the color mirrored in a matching pair of cufflinks.

Yuuri hadn’t considered himself to have a suit kink. Until today.

LonelyEros: Wow, Daddy, you look amazing 😊

God, that was a criminal understatement, he thought to himself as he pressed send. He snapped a photo of himself in the mirror, turning his head ever so slightly to the side to show off the collar around his neck.

LonelyEros: Something fancy going on today?

“Yuuri!” Phichit called from the living room, “Pull the dildo out of your ass and let’s go!”

Yuuri flushed, hugged his alpha-scented pillowcase to his nose and inhaled deeply. He wished he
could take it with him to his exams, the calming scent kept him centered, some modicum of focused. He whined to himself as he set the pillow back down into his makeshift nest of sheets and pillows, that red and white jacket at the head of his bed where he could easily reach it.

IceAlpha: So do you, detka. So pretty when you show off all that skin 😊
IceAlpha: Nothing fancy, just a little video meeting. Besides, I like to look my best all the time. 😎

He slung his laptop bag over his shoulder and joined Phichit in the common room, who was presently eating a slice of toast and shoving his feet into a pair of sneakers at the same time.

“You start in two days, right?” Phichit mumbled around his breakfast, eyeing Yuuri up and down. “You look like you have a fever.” he remarked, noting the flush on his cheeks and the watery, glazed-over look in his eyes. “Are you sure you can take the exams?”

Yuuri nodded slowly, not wanting to exacerbate the slight headache already mounting behind his eyes. “I’ll be fine. Exams today and tomorrow, one last morning shift on Friday, and then I’m locking myself away in one of the heat rooms at the hotel.” He ran over his plan for the hundredth time with Phichit, who had been regularly quizzing him on how he’d manage such a busy schedule and his heat at the same time.

“As long as you’re sure,” Phichit mumbled, pulling the door open and leading both of them to the bus stop. “Do you want me to hold your hand?” he asked when they had boarded, noticing the shift in Yuuri’s scent when they found the bus crammed with morning commuters and other students. His anxiety spiked, but comforting touch always held him down to earth.

Yuuri nodded, unable to summon the right words to thank Phichit for being such a good friend as he took his hand, the gentle touch soothing him almost immediately.

~~

“Well, Mr. Nikiforov,” the chipper Canadian accent was nearly too much for Victor, even at that time of the afternoon. “It was so nice to sit down and chat with you before our little meeting and tour on Friday.” Victor smiled and nodded, almost as eager to finish the call as he was to get on his plane and finally be on the same continent as his darling Rosya.

Even if he hadn’t selected the hotel where he worked, there was still a chance. The topic of his ‘dayjob’ had come up a handful of times, especially in recent days as his impending heat made him crankier, more eager to complain about customers and fellow employees, including one particularly tart blonde coworker who reminded him quite viscerally of Yuri. He had learned that Eros worked as a front desk concierge of one of the higher end hotels in Detroit, and that only made his selection of hotel more exciting.

He prayed that he had picked the right one, even just to see him once. His inner alpha purred happily at the prospect of meeting him in the flesh, though the rational side of him thought that it might come across as… well. He pushed the thoughts aside and selected a hotel near the river, overlooking it and Lake Erie in the distance.

God, what would it be like to share his heat with him? To finally be able to touch him, to sate him, to please him and make him melt a thousand times over? Victor almost let himself get carried away, his length half hard in his slacks when his caller’s voice yanked him back to the present, away from pleasant thoughts of sweeping Eros off his feet.

“Mr. Nikiforov? Do you have any questions for me?” Mr. Leroy asked, his grin looking a bit too haughty for Victor’s taste, personally, but it would be far worth working with the man to expand
the business.

“I do not, Mr. Leroy, I’ll plan to meet you at JJ Style headquarters Friday morning.” Victor replied easily, checking the time on his watch. If he had timed it right, Eros should be finishing up his exams shortly, meaning he had a little bit of time to record his surprise.

“Wonderful! I hope you have plans to see the sights, the city is beautiful this time of year.” Mr. Leroy remarked with a laugh, and Victor replied with a soft chuckle.

“I have a few… tentative plans.” he answered, finishing the call with the regular formalities and leaning back in his chair, paging Mila from the phone on his desk. She entered the office quickly, trying not to seem smug as they both knew she was.

“Tentative plans, huh?” she asked with a laugh. “Does this have anything to do with that package I had mailed to a PO Box in Detroit?”

Victor laughed and flushed softly, the color surely noticeable despite his beard obstructing. “Perhaps,” he teased, fluttering his lashes coquettishly. Does your little vacation to Rome have anything to do with a certain friend of yours from college? A pretty, purple-eyed omega… Sara, right?”

Mila blushed as red as her hair. “Shut up, Vitya,” she protested. “Did you tell your little fling that you’ll be in town?”

Viktor shook his head, not at all surprised that he had been obvious enough for Mila to notice. “No, I want to surprise him,” he answered, checking the time again, his phone still silent and barren of notifications. “I just hope he doesn’t think I’m stalking him.”

Mila snorted a laugh. “Oh god, Vitya, I doubt he’d think you’re stalking him. I bet he wants to see you just as bad as you want to see him. I sent him your horny scent box for you. You’re spontaneous, capricious, maybe, but you’re not stupid.” she said, the confidence in her voice only making Victor more sure of his choice. “You wouldn’t send something like that if you didn’t know, way down in your alpha, that he wants you too.”

Victor felt his smile widening as he rounded his desk and pulled Mila in for a hug before immediately heading down the hall to the restroom. “Hold my calls, will you?”

Mila laughed and rolled her eyes, setting Victor’s phone to do not disturb, deciding that now would be a lovely time for a break.

~~

Yuuri barely made it through his second exam. Sweat has been beading at his forehead and in the small of his back since the beginning of the day, and even with the collar, he swore the entire room could smell him. It was unnerving and almost broke his concentration a few times, but as soon as he was finished, he handed in his exam and all but ran to the bus, where Phichit had promised to meet him after his own exams finished.

His stomach was growling, having not had enough time to grab breakfast on the way to school, but his omega was absolutely adamant that he go home right now. They could always order takeout, and Yuuri’s wallet could manage it, especially with the recent allowance drop from Daddy.

Yuuri kept his nose buried in Phichit’s hoodie, slowly inhaling the calming scent of his best friend to block out the obtrusive scents of everyone else on the bus; his sense of smell was so much more sensitive as his heat approached, and just about everything made his stomach churn.
They stepped off the bus and within minutes, Yuuri had stripped out of his clothes again, thrown himself into bed and into the nest of blankets, heavily scented with his own unique scent and the minty musk of his alpha’s. His mind all but went blank as he stroked himself to an easy orgasm, panting and whining as his cock twitched in his hand, his hole slick and begging to be touched as well, despite how much attention it had been getting recently.

In the short-lived afterglow, Yuuri checked his phone with his clean hand, smiling at the new messages that had come through during his commute. Daddy had seen his promise through, and had sent a few more photos of himself in that suit, smiling and winking at the camera in a few of them. Yuuri purred happily at the sight of him, easily imagining himself nuzzled up against his chest, drinking in the thick, crisp scent of him.

LonelyEros: Just got home after exams ❤
LonelyEros: You look so nice in your suit, Daddy

IceAlpha: Why thank you, darling, I’m glad you’re home safe and sound in your pretty nest
IceAlpha: Would you like your reward now?

Yuuri’s heart jumped into his throat and typed a quick yes in reply, watching as a file came through, dropped into their chat log. Usually he would be concerned about an unfamiliar file in his messages, but it was Daddy, and something in him compelled him to open the folder.

Inside was a short, three minute video, with the attached message “For Rosya’s Eyes Only~”, cheekily mirroring that first private video Yuuri had sent him all those weeks ago. The thumbnail was a static image of him, from the neck down, unfortunately, but Yuuri could respect the need for privacy, if his alpha was as high-profile as he seemed.

Yuuri pressed play and reached for the red and white jacket, holding it close to his nose as he watched IceAlpha set his phone camera down and adjust his sleeves, straighten his tie, smooth out his jacket before unbuttoning it. A flash of gold on his belt buckle caught Yuuri’s eye, drawing his attention to his groin, where the hard press of his cock was tenting his charcoal gray trousers. Yuuri’s omega purred at the sight, his own length hardening again after such a quick orgasm.

“Rosya~” his voice whispered in the video, echoing gently in what he assumed was a bathroom, the same one from the photo earlier. IceAlpha palmed at himself gently, rocking his hips into his hand before dipping into his fly. Yuuri’s eyes went wide as he unzipped and fed his full length out through his fly, his cock red, hard and leaking against the contrasting dark of his suit. Yuuri’s mouth watered and he slipped his hand between his legs again, watching on with rapt attention as he rolled his furled fist over his cock, moaning his name again. The gold of his watch flashed in the light as he stroked himself, the other hand rising up and throwing his tie over his shoulder. A low moan echoed through the room and IceAlpha dipped his hand into the gap between his shirt buttons, surely tweaking one of his nipples, if the sharp, gasping moan he made was any hint.

“R-Rosya, fuck,” he panted, rolling his hips into his fist, a low growl rumbling into a keening whine as he came, ribbons of white cum falling from the head of his dick and onto the floor, out of frame. He mumbled something in Russian that Yuuri didn’t understand, but he didn’t really need to, in the grand scheme of it. He was far too lost in the fantasy of sharing his heat with the alpha on his phone screen.

Yuuri replayed the video, plugging in his headphones and turning up the volume to an irresponsibly high level, hearing the wet squelch of lube on Daddy’s skin. He knew he was moaning, he could hear it distantly, in his own head as he listened to his alpha moan and call his
name. He worked himself to another dizzying few orgasms before his wrist started to cramp, his back spasming with a fourth orgasm in under an hour.

God, he could barely wait for another day if this was his current state. He shivered and wiped his hand with a tissue from the box nearby before replying to Daddy, thanking him for the video and sending a picture of the messy evidence.

**IceAlpha:** Why don’t you put one of those nice, heavy plugs in? The ones I sent you. That should keep your omega happy, shouldn’t it?”

Yuuri whined at the thought, immediately doing just that, slipping the largest of his plugs in and gasping at the sensation. He took a photo as best he could, sending it to IceAlpha before dressing again and joining Phichit in the main room for their planned study date.

Phichit knew he had a specific role to fill that night and the next day, until Yuuri left to fend for himself: he stayed close to Yuuri’s side, letting him stay as cuddly and close as he wanted, pausing for a snack or to whine about his cramps. He distracted him the best he could, getting his heating pad or helping him to his feet to distract him with packing up his toys and essentials for his heat.

“So you’re *sure* you don’t want to ask Daddy to join you?” Phichit asked as he helped Yuuri pick out his outfit for the only stream he’d be running during that week, on the first day when he was most lucid. His viewers would go wild for it, and when Yuuri played up the needy omega role so well people might actually be convinced he lost control.

Yuuri groaned and nodded. “Yes, I’m sure. He’s not flying out all the way from Russia just to help me through it.”

“You know he would,” Phichit scoffed as he threw a few different pairs of panties and matching bralettes, a pair of fishnets and those pretty leather cuffs that Yuuri never used into his suitcase along with almost all of his toys, save for that knotting dildo and the toy still inside him. “He’d probably give you enough cash to retire now just to get a chance to take care of you.”

Yuuri said nothing, but Phichit knew the blush on his cheeks wasn’t just the heat.

“If you don’t want him to, then okay. But… don’t you think it might be worth asking? What’s the worst that could happen? You don’t get to fuck the hot Russian sugar daddy, but he keeps paying you like he is.”

“Phichit…”

“I’m serious, Yuuri. He’s into you.” Phichit interrupted, “If you don’t ask him, at least ask for his number. God knows you’re going to want to FaceTime the man.”

Yuuri huffed softly at him, crossing his arms. “Okay fine, I’ll ask him for his number. But that’s it.” he acquiesced, Phichit nodding sharply in approval. “I think I’m going to turn in early tonight,” Yuuri fibbed, feeling his omega starting to grow restless with all the talk about alpha.

“No you’re not, but okay. I’ll leave some pizza in the fridge for you when you’re hungry.” Phichit teased, closing the door behind him and leaving Yuuri alone again. He crawled back into his nest after turning out the lights, the bright, electrical buzzing sound coming from the light fixtures becoming too much.

Sleep took him unexpectedly, pulling him under without warning. He dreamt of sinfully lewd things, his omega running rampant without his consciousness to rein it in, filling his mind with images of IceAlpha surrounding him, filling him, taking him apart piece by piece.
He woke a few times that night, fresh brusts of slick and cum soaking his skin as the wet dreams persisted through most of the night. Every time he woke, expecting to find the alpha in his bed, nosing at his throat, stroking his hair, his chest, his thighs, but he woke to nothing but himself and a stuffed poodle propped up in the corner of his nest. By morning, he felt more exhausted than rested, but one thought persisted in his mind.

He wanted to invite IceAlpha to join him, god, did he want to. He could so easily imagine himself lost in the throes of it, panting and writhing under the ministrations of those hands, that tongue. It was so easy to replace the knotting dildo with the real thing… but it might not be enough when his heat truly arrived.

His hands moved before he could stop them, opening his chat log with IceAlpha again.

**LonelyEros:** Can I have your number?
**LonelyEros:** So I can FaceTime you during my heat?

A reply came in before he had even thought to second guess himself, a long string of numbers configured in a different way from his own. Daddy would help him afford the international calls, he reminded himself, as he saved the number and called it right away.

Baby steps, he murmured as it rang once, twice. If he was too shy to ask him to join, he had at least accomplished this. He aimed the camera at himself, curled up in his nest, his arm shaking.

*Hello?*” his voice answered, and Yuuri nearly moaned at the sound of it alone. He really didn’t have much time left.

“H-hi,” Yuuri replied, his breath catching in his throat at the sight of him, of Daddy, in his own bed too, but if Yuuri’s memory served him… it was a bit late for him to be sleeping. “Aren’t you supposed to be at work?”

“Oh, no, *not today,*” Daddy laughed, his smile almost painfully attractive. “I leave for a business trip today.”

“Where to?” Yuuri bit his lip, he didn’t dare to hope.

“*Mm, that’s a surprise.*”
Meeting

Chapter by fuzzycatsandgoofyhats

Chapter Summary

Yuuri finishes his exams, Victor makes it to Detroit for his meeting, and Yuuri's heat comes a bit sooner than he expected.

Chapter Notes

So uh. This chapter ended up being longer than anticipated, I got kind of carried away lmao. Before I started writing, I saw the word count of the fic so far and realized I'd break 60k words with this update. Welp, now it's roughly 65k. I apologize for nothing.

“A surprise?” Yuuri repeated, a light blush tinging his cheeks. Maybe...no, that would be hoping for too much...

Daddy winked. “Da, I'll be leaving in a few hours for the airport, and I'll let you know when I land.”

“I guess that means you won't be around much today, huh?” Yuuri asked, pouting at him playfully.

“Oh, darling, you know I'll happily pay for in-flight wifi to talk to you,” he replied. “I may even sneak off to the lavatory to record another reward for you, if you're a good boy and make it through your other exams.” He flashed a smile and winked. “Can you do that for me, Rosya?”

Yuuri nodded eagerly. “Yes, Daddy,” he said. “I'll be good for you.”

“You always are, aren't you?” Daddy teased. “Always so obedient for your Daddy...”

The low, almost primal growl in Daddy's voice went straight to Yuuri's core, and suddenly all he could think about was having a quick play session with him. But his omega was already so pent up, so desperate, that he knew he wouldn't make it to class on time if he gave into his desires. With a low, reluctant whine, Yuuri gave him a soft pout. “I think I have to get up and get ready,” he said. “I want to make sure I get showered and dressed on time to make it to class.”

Daddy nodded, understanding. “All right then, detka. Make sure you have a filling breakfast and that you stay hydrated today. Would you like me to get you anything?”

“Mmm, I'll grab something at Starbucks on my way,” he replied. “I'll send you a few shower nudes to make up for leaving early though. And you'll text me when you leave, right?”

“Of course,” Daddy grinned. “Good luck today, Rosya. Get plenty of rest when you get home.

“Yes, Daddy,” Yuuri giggled before ending the call. He tossed his phone aside and took a deep breath, willing his half-hard cock into submission as he made his way to the bathroom. If he could
make it until after his first exam for the day, he could at least sneak off to the bathroom again if he really needed to...

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“Good morning, Yuuri!” Gracie beamed as she watched her friend come through the door. “Long time no see! Today's your last day of exams, right?’”

Yuuri nodded. “Mmhmm,” he said. “I'll have my usual, and a blueberry yogurt parfait, to go please.”

Gracie typed the order in and swiped Yuuri's debit card when he handed it over. “Do you and Phichit have any plans for break? Maybe the three of us could have a movie night or something?”

Yuuri blushed, realizing he hadn't told her about his planned heat isolation. He knew she'd understand, being an omega herself, but it had just never come up. “Well, Phich is actually going on a trip for the week, and I'll, uh...I'll be staying in.”

Gracie took one look at the feverish blush on Yuuri's cheeks and nodded. “Ah, gotcha,” she said. “I'll throw a bottle of water onto your order too, my treat.” Before Yuuri could say anything else, she reached into the cooler and took out a cold bottle of water, along with a premade blueberry yogurt parfait cup. “Your drink will be right up, but here's everything else.”

Yuuri nodded and picked up the bottle and yogurt cup, then walked to the waiting area for his drink. Remembering Daddy's advice to stay hydrated, he popped the lid off of his water and took a generous drink.

“So, are you spending your...break with anyone special, then? Maybe that guy you told me about last time?” Gracie teased, mixing a blend of coffee, milk and ice into the blender before turning it on and giving Yuuri an amused smile when he nearly spit water everywhere. He quickly made an attempt to recover.

“I...I mean, not really,” he said. “He's actually leaving on business today, so clearly he has more pressing matters than to spend my...my heat with me...” he whispered, noticing a group of his classmates entering the shop.

“Oh, I was only kidding, but...you've at least thought about asking him, haven't you?” she giggled. “I'll get you to spill the beans on him someday, just wait.” After pouring Yuuri's drink into a cup and topping it with whipped cream, she smiled and handed it to him. “Good luck today, and take it easy later. Come back if you need a pick-me-up, okay?”

Yuuri nodded, still blushing a bit before he turned to leave. He put his water in his bookbag and made his way down the sidewalk towards campus, grateful that he still had time to have his breakfast before his exam started.

~

Yuuri's second day of tests was only marginally better than the first. The exams themselves were mercifully much easier, but the lingering heat under his skin and stifling warmth of the lecture halls had him desperate for relief, even after a short, rushed FaceTime rendezvous with Daddy in the bathroom of the science building. After stopping at a drinking fountain to top off his water bottle, he walked out of the lecture hall with a sigh of relief as his spring break officially began. Daddy had just boarded his flight and said that he had to prepare a little for his meeting, so Yuuri figured he'd take some time to make sure he had everything packed that he needed before he went
If he even felt like working tonight, he thought as he made his way to the bus stop. Maybe he should take the night off again to recuperate; he hadn't expected to be so worn out before 1 pm. Maybe his heat was coming early? Reluctantly, he pulled his phone out of his pocket and scrolled to his coworker's contact number, then sent a short text message: *I'm sorry to ask, but is there any way you could work my shift tonight in exchange for me working tomorrow morning? I'm not feeling well and need to take it easy tonight.* He nervously waited for a reply, trying to ignore the unease rising in the pit of his stomach as he boarded and showed the bus driver his student ID.

“6:30-11:30 tomorrow morning. And only because you're sick” came her reply not long after. Yuuri almost cried realizing he wouldn't have to go in tonight while feeling like this. He sent back a quick word of thanks as he rode back home, briefly finding himself wondering what Daddy was doing right now...

Victor looked over the brief presentation that he'd put together to show JJ at tomorrow's meeting, making sure that everything looked coherent enough. He wanted to make his company look appealing with some examples of their recent sales numbers, but didn't want it to be bogged down by too much unnecessary information. The quicker they got through their meeting, the quicker he could get back to his Rosya.

If he'd found the right hotel, at least.

He closed his presentation, and after sending a quick email to the owner of the luxury doggy spa where he'd boarded Makkachin for the week—as much as it had pained him to do so, he knew how bad the poor girl's travel anxiety was, and a 14 hour flight would be way too rough on her—he tucked away his laptop and stood up to stretch, trying to look as casual as possible as he made his way back to the lavatory. He'd already paid for in-flight wifi and accessed the network on his phone as well as his laptop, so Rosya was just a FaceTime call away. He checked the mirror to see if his hair and beard looked well enough, then tapped the call button next to his contact name (which he might or might not have saved with a few more heart emojis than necessary.)

“Hi, Daddy~” he mumbled, looking adorable as ever with his flushed cheeks as he sat in his nest. “Is your flight going smoothly? Did you finish your prep work for your meeting?”

“I think so,” Victor replied. “I might look over it again tonight before I go to bed. The flight hasn't been too unpleasant, but I'd much rather be going somewhere with you, splitting a bottle of champagne with you in first class.”

Eros giggled. “That sounds nice, Daddy. I'd like that a lot.” He blinked, as if just realizing where exactly Victor was. “Care to show me what else you'd like to do while sharing a flight with me?”

Victor hummed and panned his camera down, letting Eros watch as he flicked the button open on his fitted slacks and pulled the button down, revealing his flushed, half-erect cock. “Oh, there are a number of things I'd like to do with you in here, detka. There may not be a lot of room in here, but I think you could get down on your knees comfortably, don't you?”

Eros whined and licked his lips, the sight sending a shiver down Victor's spine. “Daaaddyyyyyy, such a tease,” he pouted. “Do I need to tease back?”

“Mmm, how do you plan to do that?” Victor asked, raising an eyebrow at him as he slowly stroked himself to full hardness. He nearly froze when he watched Eros pull his glass dildo into the frame
and run his tongue along the shaft.

FUCK, HE'D BE LUCKY TO SURVIVE THIS FLIGHT.

Victor arrived in Detroit at around 9pm local time, and while he expected the jet lag to hit him in full force the next day, he was surprisingly still alert after a 14 hour flight across the ocean. He sent a quick text to Eros that he'd landed safely after retrieving his luggage and meeting his prearranged ride at the entrance. As he was giving his driver the address to his hotel, he received a text back.

Rosya: I'm glad you made it, Daddy~ I hope it's not too late wherever you are. You need to rest up for your big meeting tomorrow, right?

Me: Da, that's right, bright and early tomorrow. I'll be sure to let you know how it goes, Rosya. I hope you're feeling better after your nap earlier too.

Victor looked out the window as the car passed his surroundings, taking in some of the sights of the city. He still found himself hoping that he'd booked the right hotel, and that if he had, Eros wouldn't be too freaked out by his arrival. He ran his introduction over in his head again, imagining himself walking into the hotel lobby and seeing the omega there, giving him a charming smile as he invited him up to his room after his shift ended. Would that be too much? Maybe he should invite him out for drinks first, or maybe dancing. No, Rosya was too close to his heat, a packed dance club full of moving, sweaty bodies and clashing scents would probably too much for him right now.

He'd gotten himself in way too deep, he told himself. But it was too late to back out now. And besides, Mila was right; he wouldn't have gone through with such an impulsive move if deep down, his alpha wasn't positive that Eros wanted this just as badly as he did. As his car pulled up to the entrance of the hotel where he was staying, he thanked the driver and got out with his bags, stopping when he got another text from Eros:

"I FEEL A LOT BETTER, THOUGH I'LL PROBABLY BE GOING BACK TO BED AFTER A QUICK SHOWER. I TRADED SHIFTS WITH A COWORKER TONIGHT BECAUSE OF HOW SICK I WAS AFTER EXAMS. I GO IN TOMORROW MORNING FOR A FEW HOURS BEFORE I'LL BE CHECKING INTO MY HEAT ROOM."

Victor couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed. Even if he had gotten the hotel right, he wouldn't see him. He was glad that he'd done something to take care of himself, though. He typed out a quick reply before making his way into the lobby, where a short, slender girl stood at the front desk, her disposition clear that she didn't want to be there. Her scowl almost reminded him of Yuri's from that day they'd met in his office...

“GOOD EVENING,” he said. “I APOLOGIZE FOR THE LATE CHECK-IN, BUT I HAVE A ROOM RESERVED UNDER VICTOR NIKIFOROV...”

Yuuri yawned and rubbed his eyes as he crossed the parking lot and made his way into the lobby the next morning. He and Daddy didn't have time to FaceTime, with his meeting being so early,
but they did get a chance to text each other for a while. Daddy had just left his hotel and he'd wished him good luck as he was getting off of the bus. He entered the lobby and caught a brief whiff of something strangely familiar.

Mint and evergreen.

Could it really be possible?

Yuuri shook his head as he made his way to the hallway where the time clock was. No, there's no way that Daddy was here, and that he'd missed him by moments, and that he could possibly come back at some point during his shift when they could sneak off and fuck in the spare linen closet. His heat was just making him hallucinate, that was all. He hoped that this morning would go by quickly so he could finally give into his omegan desires and not have to think about anything else.

He even wore a plug today, to keep his omega at least a little bit sated. It was just big enough that he could feel some sort of pleasure, but it not to the point where it threw off the way he walked or raised any suspicion. If nothing else, he could rock slightly in his seat at the front desk to feel some semblance of satisfaction until 11:30 rolled around.

The first hour passed—or maybe two, now, he wasn't sure—and he wanted desperately to call Daddy. But he was expecting to be in that meeting for most of the morning, and it sounded really important, so he couldn't interrupt him. The lobby was all but deserted; maybe he could sneak off to the bathroom and watch that video of Daddy in his nice suit again. He'd brought his earbuds with him, but he'd gladly watch it muted if he needed to, just to have something to get off to...

His shift was just long enough that he could take a lunch break, he decided, setting up the “Be Back Soon” placard on the desk and standing up. Just ten minutes, he told himself. Ten minutes was all he needed to hold him over...

Maybe fifteen, he amended, remembering that smell from when he'd come in this morning.

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“It was a pleasure to meet with you, Victor! I look forward to working together with you, once the final paperwork has all been organized,” JJ said, walking with Victor back to the front entrance of his office building. “Would you like to join me for lunch? I know this wonderful place not far from here that you simply must visit while you're here--”

Victor gave him a strained smile. “My apologies, but I have somewhere I need to be,” he said, hoping to get back to his hotel and, at the very least, talk Eros through the beginning of his heat over FaceTime. “I do have your number, though, and I'll be in Detroit until next weekend. The pleasure was mine, and I'll be in touch.” He gave JJ a final wave and exited the building, where his ride was just pulling up. He opened FaceTime and called Eros, hoping he wasn't too busy at work to answer.

“Hi Daddy,” Eros grinned, his flushed face filling Victor's screen as he sat at the very reception desk he'd walked past this morning. “How was your meeting?”

“It went very smoothly,” Victor said, his heartbeat picking up at the confirmation that he was staying in the same hotel where his beloved omega worked. “I'm confident that this collaboration will do quite well for the both of us. And how about you? Are you feeling okay? Have you had lunch yet? Are you staying hydrated?”

“Yes, Daddy, I am,” Eros said. Victor could see the top edge of a nametag pinned to his uniform
shirt, but it was just barely in the frame and he couldn't read his name. He'd see it in person soon enough, he told himself. “I mean, all I've had to eat was a bag of chips from the vending machine, but I've been drinking water and I'll get a real lunch soon, I promise.”

“Good,” Victor told him. “I'm getting ready to be dropped off at my hotel, if you'd like me to call you back when you get settled in after your shift...”

Eros hesitated, clearly wanting to talk a bit longer but knowing he had a shift to finish. “That sounds good, Daddy. I'll text you when I get home, I'll need to grab my things before I check into my room...”

Victor nodded. “Perfect. I'll be waiting for you, Rosya. Take it easy until then.” He smiled warmly when Eros blew him a kiss and ended the call, and a few minutes later he was pulling up in front of his hotel again. He got out of the car, straightened his tie, and walked inside. The moment Victor entered the lobby, his alpha zeroed in on the subtle, but distinct scent of sugar and cinnamon. Oh, his Rosya smelled divine, and he was even more beautiful in person, sitting at that marble-topped desk scrolling idly through his phone. He slowly approached the desk, trying his best not to spook him.

Yuuri was faintly aware of someone approaching the desk, and he calmly set his phone aside when he heard the footsteps stop. That damn smell was back, he was losing his mind, he thought as he looked up. Eyes the color of a clear sky looked back at him, and a confident smile, surrounded by an immaculately trimmed silver beard.

He was definitely hallucinating.

“D...Daddy?”

Victor leaned back on his heels, the shocked expression on Eros’ face taking him by surprise. Suddenly he didn't know what to say—he totally thought he was stalking him, it was a mistake to come here, of course the idea of them meeting in person was just talk, why would--

“You know, Daddy,” he said with a coy giggle, “I always pictured I'd be wearing something a bit sexier than a white polo when we first met in person.”

Victor let out a tense breath, letting his shoulders relax. “I...I apologize that I hadn't said anything, I wanted to surprise you. You're not disturbed that I'm here?”

“Disturbed? I was actually...kind of wanting to ask if you'd come spend my heat with me,” Eros—or, as Victor read on his shiny silver nametag, Yuuri—said. “Even my roommate tried to talk me into it, but I was too shy. So, did you really come here on business?”

“I did,” Victor said. “Though it was the prospect of possibly being near you that might have influenced my decision to make the trip. Though, to be honest, I'm about as eager to talk about work as you probably are right now. Would you...” He paused, feeling himself getting nervous again. “Can...can I kiss you, Yuuri?”

There were a few seconds of tense silence, and for a moment Victor had hoped that saying Eros' given name wasn't too much, or at least that he'd pronounced it correctly. Before he could manage another word, Yuuri pulled him down by his tie into a warm kiss, moaning shamelessly against his lips before pulling away.

“Say it again,” Yuuri said, blushing. “Say my name again, please, Daddy?”

Victor's lips, slightly flushed from the kiss, turned up into a smile. “Yuuri~ri,” he purred. “Am I
Yuuri blushed vibrantly hearing his name roll off of the alpha's tongue like that, his Russian accent lingering on the 'u' sound. “Perfect,” he said, feeling a bit of a tingle between his legs as he looked at the clock. 11:26. God, *four more minutes*.. “Is it okay if I know yours too? I can still call you Daddy, if that's what you prefer...”

“I do love when you call me Daddy,” Victor said, “but I suppose it's only fair since I know yours. It's Victor. Victor Nikiforov.”

“Victoru~” Yuuri repeated, his own accent slipping in as he said it. It definitely sounded like a name belonging to a high-ranking sportswear designer-slash-sugar daddy. “I, um...”

“You get off work in just a few minutes, don't you?” Victor asked. “Would you mind if I came with you to get your things from your apartment? I'll even help you settle in when we get back.”

Yuuri looked up at Victor and blinked. Maybe he was just offering to help him unpack; he did have his own room here after all. But he did come all this way, so maybe he should finally ask... “Are you saying that...I mean, will you share my heat with me, Daddy?”

Victor chuckled and leaned over to kiss Yuuri again. “I'd be honored to, my Rosya.”

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The apartment appeared to be empty when Yuuri brought Victor inside. The cage housing Phichit's hamsters was gone from its usual spot in the living room, and he was nowhere to be seen.

“My roommate must have left early for his flight,” Yuuri commented. “He would have loved to meet you, Daddy...”

“I would have loved to meet him too, he seems very nice,” Victor said. “Which way is your bedroom?”

“Down the hallway here,” he replied, leading Victor down a narrow hall, past the bathroom and to his own bedroom door. “You've, ah...seen it plenty of times already, but it's a little messier right now than it usually is on camera. With the packing and stuff...”

Victor only smiled. He didn't care how neat or how cluttered Yuuri's room was, as long as he was okay with being fucked senseless on the very same bed he'd watched him writhe on countless times now. “I think it looks nice, he said. “I'm sure you usually keep it very well-organized. Is there anything you'd like me to carry out to the living room?”

“I'm not bringing much,” Yuuri admitted. “I wasn't...really planning on going out anywhere, so I just packed my toiletries bag and a duffel bag with a few sets of comfy pajamas...and some lingerie I was going to surprise you with...well, that is before you decided to surprise me even more.”

“Oh, really?” Victor teased. “Since I'm here, maybe I could take you out shopping for a few new things, if you wanted?” He winked at Yuuri, who blushed.

“I'd like that,” he said, walking over to the bed. It was a twin, but clearly it was enough for him to have plenty of room for his streams... “You know, Daddy,” he said, “I don't have to check into my room right away...” He patted the empty spot next to him on the bed. “And we've got the place to ourselves...”

Victor nearly tripped over himself as he made his way to the bed. Yuuri caught him in another kiss,
his omega whimpering with need. He slowly brought his hands up, putting them on Yuuri’s hips in a silent request for consent. Yuuri whined again and pulled away from the kiss.

“You don't have to ask to undress me,” he said. “I'll help you out though...” He lifted his arms and resumed the kiss while Victor untucked his polo and slowly pulled it up, parting from him again just long enough for the shirt to come up over his head.

Next were Yuuri’s slacks. He stood up and in front of Victor, letting him flick the button open and unzip his fly. He couldn't help blushing again at Victor's attention to his body, and the way he gently squeezed at his hips as he tugged his pants and boxer briefs down and let them fall to the floor.

“Blyad...” he muttered. “Yuuri, your body is so beautiful, I don't think I'll ever get tired of seeing it...”

“Daddy...” Yuuri tried to protest, covering his face with his hands. Victor couldn't help being a little surprised by the stark difference between Eros, who always seemed to know how sexy he was, and Yuuri, who blushed with every compliment he received.

“No need to be shy, detka,” he crooned, smiling up at him. “I've seen you naked how many times now?”

“I know, but this is different, somehow,” Yuuri explained. “You're here, and you were the one to undress me, and...now you're touching me, and I can't believe this is real...”

“Well, I promise you, it's quite real,” Victor said. “If it would help ease your nerves a bit, would you like to undress me too?”

Yuuri’s legs wobbled a little at the suggestion. To his recollection, he hadn't even seen Victor fully nude yet. He remembered that first selfie he’d sent, his sculpted biceps, broad chest, and toned abs on full display, and he’d seen him shirtless during a few of their video calls. And he’d seen his cock enough times for it to be the star attraction in all of his wet dreams as of late too. But the full package, here, in his bedroom?

Either his heat was working overtime giving him these fantasies, or he was the luckiest omega on the goddamn planet.

“Okay,” he agreed, sitting back down beside Victor after stepping out of his pants and underwear. He reached for Victor's tie first, loosening it with shaky hands. As he worked, Victor's tender smile did manage to calm him down, and soon they were making out again while Yuuri unbuttoned Victor's dress shirt. He let one hand wander up and down his stomach while the other fumbled with the waistband of his pants.

“Here, I'll get it,” Victor muttered, quickly shedding them and his briefs underneath, and allowing Yuuri's hands to explore his body. With both of them undressed, Yuuri found himself a lot more relaxed, becoming pliant at Victor's touch. He whined when the kiss was broken again, but his disappointment evaporated when Victor's lips made their way across his jawline and down his throat. Meanwhile his hands started at Yuuri's hips and slid downward and inward, smirking when he made his way between Yuuri's thighs.

“My, Yuuri,” he teased. “You're already so wet, I've barely touched you.”

“Well, I've been trying to control myself all day,” Yuuri defended. “All I've had to keep my omega satisfied was a plug and ten minutes in the bathroom at work and--”
Victor bit his bottom lip and slipped his hand further back, raising an eyebrow when his fingertips made contact with the base of a plug, nestled firmly between Yuuri's cheeks. “My Rosya was naughty today, wasn't he?” he growled, tugging lightly on the toy and making him whine. “Wearing a plug at work, how shameless of you.”

Yuuri pouted and wiggled his hips at the sudden stimulation. “T-teasing, Daddy, don't tease...” he moaned. “Need more...”

“Oh? And what is it that you need, my darling?” Victor asked, slowly pulling at the toy. Judging by the weight of it in his hand, it was one from the set of steel ones he'd recently sent. “Could this greedy hole of yours maybe want something else to fill it?”

“Please, Daddy, your cock, please!” Yuuri cried, letting out a squeak when the plug came out with a soft, wet pop. A gush of slick came out with it, soaking the toy and Victor's hand, and Victor's alpha let out a satisfied growl as he set the toy aside and began to stroke his cock, already hard and starting to leak a bit at the tip.

“You're already so wet for me,” he said, easing Yuuri onto his back. “You might not even need that much lube. Just in case, though, where do you keep it? When you're not streaming, of course...”

Yuuri pointed wordlessly to his bedside table, his legs spread in a lewd display as he palmed at his own erection with his other hand. In all honesty, he was curious whether or not he could take Victor right now without any added lube, or even any further prep than the plug. His omega knew there was an alpha cock nearby, and he wanted it to fill him now.

“I don't want to hurt you, so I'm going to stretch you a little more with my fingers, okay?” Victor asked, waiting for Yuuri to respond before he continued. He nodded, and Victor grabbed the familiar-looking bottle of strawberry lube and poured some on his fingers the way he'd watched Yuuri do so many times. “This...this will be your first time, won't it, Yuuri?”

Yuuri blushed at the fact that, now of all times, Victor would remember that he was still a virgin. “Y-yes,” he said. “You're my first...you'll be gentle with me, right?”

“Oh, Rosya, of course,” Victor said. He placed two fingertips at Yuuri's entrance and leaned over to kiss him, then slowly inserted them. Yuuri tensed a little at the intrusion, but quickly relaxed into the touch when Victor rested his free hand on his thigh. “Shh, you're doing so well for me, and you feel amazing. So soft...” He parted his fingers just slightly, stretching Yuuri's hole and making him squirm. After he'd become accustomed to two fingers, he introduced a third for good measure, and soon he had Yuuri whimpering and begging in his mother tongue, a phrase he recognized as meaning that he was close to orgasm.

He'd watched the on-screen version of Eros manage much more than this before he started falling apart and babbling in Japanese. Was it just because it was him that was doing this? Victor felt a surge of pride in knowing that with only three fingers he'd nearly gotten his omega off. He started to slide his fingers back out and considered fucking him with them, but Yuuri finally managed to find his ability to communicate in English again.

“P-please, Daddy, onegai...” he whined. “Your cock...n-need it, please, 'm ready...”

With one final teasing curl of his index finger, Victor pulled his hand out and moved into position between Yuuri's legs. The omega's heat seemed to have arrived in full force now, as his face was flushed and his chest was heaving. There was a distinct fire behind those gorgeous brown eyes as they looked up at him, pleading. Leaning down to take Yuuri in another kiss, Victor made his entrance, filling Yuuri to the hilt in one go and drinking in his keening moans.
Yuuri had been dreaming of this moment for so long, and in his almost delirious state he had to convince himself that this was actually happening, that his alpha sugar daddy was really here, deflowering him in his own bed. This was so much better than even his wildest wet dreams. He tried to communicate this to Victor, but all that came out was a string of incoherent syllables that barely resembled the words, “Daddy, please, more, more, fuck~”

“Da, take Daddy's cock, just like you wanted,” Victor groaned, pumping into Yuuri with a steady rhythm. “You're doing so good for me, so good for Daddy...”

“S-so good, Daddy, so big...” Yuuri moaned, feeling Victor's cock fill him better than any of his toys had, even his giant glass toy or the knotting dildos he had. God, he wondered what Victor's knot would feel like... “Close, 'm close, Daddy, wanna cum on your knot, please...”

Victor was surprised at how quickly it took for him to get this close too. He had always prided himself in his stamina in bed, though since he'd discovered Eros' site he was finding it was becoming a bit more of a challenge to last very long. He wanted to make sure Yuuri enjoyed himself too, though, so he willed himself to go just a bit longer. “I'm close too, Rosya, I don't think I'm going to last very long...”

“s okay, I want you to cum,” Yuuri said, looking up at him through heavily-lidded eyes. “Fill me, knot me, I wanna cum with you...”

With another cry of “Daddy~”, Yuuri toppled over the edge, pulling Victor down with him. Victor felt his knot inflate inside Yuuri as he came inside him, and Yuuri threw his head back as ribbons of his own cum coated his chest and belly. For a brief time, it was just the two of them, with the world around them completely blocked out as they rode out their shared orgasm together.

Yuuri was the first to come down, feeling better than he could remember ever feeling after a stream or a jerk-off session before. He felt happy and warm and sated, the desperate fire under his skin extinguished if only for a little while. He knew that he had a few more days of this, but for now, his omega was content. He whimpered in protest when Victor's knot finally deflated enough for him to pull out, and the sensation of his seed leaking out of him made him shiver, and the two of them shared a tired smile.

“That felt amazing...Victor,” he said, his mind clouded too much from the afterglow for him to realize immediately that he hadn't called him Daddy. “Did you have fun too?”

“Bozhe moy, I had the time of my life,” Victor said, his voice hoarse with sex. “I'm happy I could make your first time memorable. Do you need anything? Are you sore anywhere?”

Yuuri grinned, feeling a whole new wave of warmth wash over him at how much Victor cared about his well-being. “I'll be okay once I can see straight again,” he laughed. “Would you want to take a shower with me before we go back to the hotel?”

“I'd love to,” Victor replied, brushing Yuuri's sweaty bangs out of his face and kissing his forehead. The sound of Yuuri's phone going off with a text notification startled them both, and after a few seconds of fumbling Yuuri managed to grab it to see who could be contacting him at a time like this.

**Phichit:** Congrats on losing your v-card, Yuuuuuuiiiii~ I didn't interrupt anything, did I?

**Me:** Wh
Me: You were home?!

Phichit: Not before you brought Daddy home, I had to come back for my headphones. It sounded like it was good though 😊

“Who’s that?” Victor asked, eyeing Yuuri curiously.

“It’s my roommate,” he admitted, blushing. “He must have come in while we were...I didn't even hear him, I'm so sorry, I--”

Victor shushed Yuuri with a soft kiss on the lips. “Don't apologize. I'm still happy we did it.” He looked around for a moment before grabbing his dress shirt and draping it over Yuuri's shoulders. “In fact, why don't you show off a little for him?”

Yuuri's eyes widened when Victor put his shirt on him, remembering the sticky mess still coating his skin. “B-but your shirt, won't it get--?”

“Shh, I can always have it cleaned. Besides, it looks great on you,” Victor assured him as he took his phone. “Smile for me, detka.”

Yuuri did as he was asked and gave the camera a playful grin while Victor took his picture. He examined it when he got the phone back, and he couldn't help but chuckle at his sex-mussed hair and flushed cheeks. Without a moment of hesitation, he replied to Phichit's text:

Me: >>image<<

Me: It was~ and don't worry, you didn't interrupt anything 😊😊😊
Nest

Chapter by IncandescentAntelope

Chapter Summary

Yuuri’s heat begins in earnest, a nest is built, frick frack is done.

Chapter Notes

ta-da lmao

i think this is the fastest chapter turnaround yet 😅 the thirst just couldn't be controlled, friends. hope y'all enjoy!
-ia

“So, about that shower…” Victor chuckled, watching as Yuuri set his phone down on the bed again. Yuuri flushed and stood, taking Victor’s hand when he offered it. “May I share that with you too?”

Yuuri smiled, his sex-flushed cheeks still rosy and warm. “Please,” he answered, standing and letting the shirt fall to the ground behind him. He hesitated to remove his collar too, eager to get the restrictive material off his sensitive skin, but without knowing how Victor or his alpha would react… he did nothing, leaving it where it was, at least for now. He led Victor through the apartment, still trying to wrap his mind around the idea of him being here. He felt too large for the space, out of place in his and Phichit’s budget two-room apartment. He didn’t quite fit with the multiple pairs of aging Converse sneakers, the spotty bananas on the counter, the trash can full of fast food wrappers. Even his eyes, sparkling, endless pools of Mediterranean blue shone beautifully in the harsh fluorescent light in the bathroom, where Yuuri’s just looked… normal in the same light.

Victor carried himself with the confidence Yuuri wished he had, a pale mirage of it bleeding through into his streams every now and then. Yuuri paused as he pulled the old shower curtain aside, almost ashamed of how dirty the fixtures were. He knew enough about his spending habits to know that he was wealthy.

Victor, however, paid no mind, simply content to step into the shower behind him, to be near him. All of it, all of this, had been so far out of the realm of possibility that it still felt like a dream, that he should pinch himself to bring him back to reality. Back to a hotel room, spending an aimless week away from work, away from home.

But nevertheless, Yuuri was still there when he opened his eyes, smiling that small, bright smile of his as he turned the tap, warm water falling in streams down over his shoulders and chest. Steam filled the space around them, curling in wispy tendrils over bare skin soft as a whisper.

Yuuri heard his purring rumble across the tiles before he realized the sound was coming from his
own chest. The mere proximity to Alpha, after all that time, was keeping him centered and relaxed. He laughed despite himself, calling Victor Alpha as if he had any real claim to him that way.

“Hm?” Victor hummed softly, cupping Yuuri’s cheek.

“Nothing, nothing,” Yuuri said, leaning into the touch and shivering as the water reached its perfect temperature. “Just can’t believe you’re here, that’s all.” he answered, watching Victor’s lips turn up in a small smile.

“I can’t either, if I’m honest,” Victor laughed, smoothing his hair up and over his forehead, the humidity curling the silver locks slightly. “I’m surprised you didn’t call the police, a stranger from the internet met you at your place of work…”

Yuuri laughed and dipped his head under the stream of water, wetting his hair and smoothing it down in that familiar slicked-back style. “You’re very lucky I didn’t call the cops on you, Daddy.” Yuuri teased, knowing that, for anyone other than Victor, he would have panicked and called the police without hesitation. “I think you owe me a favor for surprising me out of the blue like that.” he said, a smirk growing on his lips.

“Oh? Do I?” Victor laughed in reply, “How ever could I repent for my sins? Should I go to confession and do my rosaries?” Yuuri snorted a laugh and shook his head, waving away the idea with the back of his hand.

“No, no, nothing like that.” Yuuri remarked, turning to wash his face too, oil and sweat clinging to his skin from the short shift he had only barely survived. “Just… would you wash my hair?” Yuuri asked, seeing the way Victor had been eyeing the bottles of store-brand shampoo and conditioner on the shelf.

“Will that absolve me of my sins?” Victor asked reverently, his tone soft and tender, in a way that warmed Yuuri at the very center.

“I’ll consider it,” Yuuri replied in kind, the rush of the water almost louder than his voice.

Victor’s hands were careful, Yuuri hesitated to say loving, knowing nothing about how Victor felt about him in that regard… but if Yuuri knew anything about love, which he admittedly knew little, he might call how he felt love. Victor worked his coconut-scented shampoo into his hair, the smell far too artificial with all the pheromones floating in the air between them.

Yuuri melted into Victor’s worshipful touch, his omega purred loudly at the attention. Victor’s fingers worked in small, gentle circles, the repetitive motion hypnotizing. He caught himself swaying on his feet a handful of times, nearly lulled to sleep standing up. Victor laughed quietly every time, guiding him under the water to rinse away the suds.

The conditioner made Yuuri’s skin slick and slippery, water flowed effortlessly down his toned back as Victor worked, and god, it was hard to stay focused on the task at hand. Yuuri was even making those happy little purring sounds. He worked a generous amount into Yuuri’s hair, the conditioner made that wave of ebony look even sleeker, even more impossibly dark.

“Thank you, Yuuri,” Victor whispered, the words left his lips before he could think to stop them.

Yuuri hummed softly, the sound distant and content. “For what, Victor?” he answered, taking a half step backward, their bodies meeting in a warm, slick line running from the outside of Yuuri’s ankle where it touched Victor’s to the crown of his head, resting against Victor’s chest.

“For not calling the police,” Victor answered teasingly, wrapping his arms around Yuuri’s slim
waist, sighing a slow breath. “And for letting me in. For letting me be here with you.”

“Thank you for finding me,” Yuuri replied and let out a long, chest-deep purr. Carefully turning on his heel, he ducked back under the stream of water, rinsing out the conditioner and beckoning Victor to join him under the spout, curling his finger toward himself in a way that Victor knew he couldn’t deny. “And thank you for joining me.” he added, catching Victor’s lips in a kiss again.

A low, pleased growl rumbled in Victor’s chest at the contact, his arms winding around Yuuri, covering him completely. His hands came to rest in the small of Yuuri’s back, sliding down to cup the peachy swell of his ass when Yuuri reached behind himself and adjusted Victor’s position.

“Eager, hm?” Victor laughed quietly against Yuuri’s lips, earning an adorable pout. “We should have put one of your plugs in afterward…” he teased, his cheeks running red when Yuuri moaned at the suggestion.

The thought of Victor plugging him up, Alpha’s seed staying inside him after they had finished… “Fuck,” Yuuri swore under his breath, his hips rolling against Victor’s in a slow, infuriating dance he was just now learning. The friction against his hardening length made him whine in frustration, wanting more, more Alpha, more kisses, more touch, more everything.

Victor noticed the desperation in those noises and gently unraveled himself from Yuuri, carefully shifting to his knees in front of him. “May I, Yuuri?” he asked, his mouth scant inches from Yuuri’s now twitching length.

“P-please,” Yuuri nodded, leaning against the cool tile wall to keep himself grounded as Victor took him into his mouth. The noise that came from his own throat surprised him, halfway between a whine and a scream. Victor’s mouth was hot and soft and perfect, his tongue painfully adept as it wrapped around the head of his cock. Even his beard, which Yuuri had thought might be too much for his sensitive skin, felt like heaven as it brushed over his thighs and groin.

Ignoring the sensation of the water beginning to cool, Victor buried his nose in the thatch of soft, dark hair between Yuuri’s legs, breathing him in deeply as he swallowed around him. Yuuri threaded his fingers into his hair, rocking into his mouth as best he could manage as his heat surged forward again, instinct threatening to take control.

It was over embarrassingly quickly, in hindsight, Victor sucking him to a head-spinning orgasm. (In his defense, he had never had someone do that, and it felt really, really good.) Yuuri slumped against the wall and Victor was quick to scoop him up, wrap him up in a fluffy towel and carry him back to bed to dry off and catch his breath.

Half an hour later, Yuuri re-emerged from the post-orgasmic fog and set about finishing his packing for the week.

Victor could barely believe that he was there, sitting in Eros’s… Yuuri’s… bedroom, watching him finish up his packing. He couldn’t help but feel himself preen at the sight of him, wearing nothing but his shirt. He looked so happy, so utterly blissful to be swimming in Victor’s shirt, the material so loose on his frame that it fit him like a dress; he had insisted on putting it back on, even after they got out of the shower.

“It smells like us…” he had said, and far be it from Victor to argue with logic like that.

He had been expecting Yuuri to be shorter than himself, but to be so much shorter… god. He could scoop him up in his arms and carry him anywhere he wished to go easily. He could do any manner of terribly delicious things with Yuuri, his size lending itself to being thrown around,
manhandled… folded in half and fucked into the mattress in any number of ways, if Yuuri would like that.

*Yuuri.* The name tasted like molasses on his tongue. It felt like a long exhale, an admission he had been waiting to say for far too long. Even hearing him say his own name, Victor… it felt so right, so easy, so perfect with his soft accent. No other lips would do his name such justice.

His hips swayed so playfully while he moved around the room, a small dance in his step. After so many months of courting each other online, moving carefully around each other in increasingly smaller circles… being here, watching Yuuri’s little movements and habits without screens interfering… it felt domestic. Something unfamiliar, something warm settled in Victor’s chest as even his alpha seemed to agree. Yuuri was important. Yuuri was bright and alluring, charming beyond simply the sexual pull of Eros.

“Vic-to-ru… did you hear me?” Yuuri’s voice cut through Victor’s examination of Yuuri’s adorably curved lips, still reddened with his kiss.

Victor chuckled and shook his head. “No, I’m sorry. I was a bit busy. I got distracted admiring you in my shirt,* solnyshko,*” he admitted, earning him a playful muttering of Japanese and a stuck-out tongue in retaliation. “What did you say?”

Yuuri giggled and bent himself over, reaching for something in his closet. “I asked if you would like me to bring my heels…” he teased, the honeyed tone of his voice slightly deepened with the purr that hadn’t stopped since Victor walked in those front doors.

Victor swallowed thickly, his cheeks flushed. “The ones I sent you?” he asked, the lump in his throat refusing to dissipate. “The Louboutins?” Yuuri simply nodded, standing back up, holding those black, red-bottomed pumps in his hands. “Ah, yes, yes, please,” Victor hurried to answer, only slightly embarrassed by the twitch in his recently redonned trousers.

Yuuri smirked at the flinch in Victor’s pants and set the heels in his suitcase before dropping in a handful of other necessities, his phone charger and laptop, the bottle of lube he admittedly might not need, all things considered. He also pulled out the poodle plush, his pillow and the red and white jacket he had woven into his temporary mess of a nest, laying them all lovingly in his suitcase. He shed his borrowed shirt and changed into something mildly comfortable, a simple pair of cotton briefs and leggings with a well-worn sleep shirt. He hurried to the bathroom, pulling his anxiety medication and his birth control out of the mirror cabinet.

“I think that’s everything,” Yuuri remarked as he added his makeup kit and medications to the suitcase and zipped it shut. Victor smiled and buttoned up his soiled shirt, quickly tucked it back into his pants and threw his jacket and tie over his arm.

“May I carry your bag, sir?” Victor asked, eyeing the suitcase full of admittedly very little other than the toys and a few changes of clothes. Yuuri flushed as he nodded, already feeling spoiled by the offer. Victor preened, his inner alpha endlessly pleased to be doting on its omega. He easily picked up the bag by its handle and let Yuuri lead him back through the apartment and out into the hall. From there, Victor escorted Yuuri to his rental car, opening the door and helping him in, making Yuuri giggle at his stereotypical alphan chivalry.

“As if I could be so lucky to share your heat and not treat you like royalty,* detka,*” Victor crooned, reaching for Yuuri’s hand and upturning it gently, exposing the soft ivory skin of his wrist, as well as the scent gland beneath. Yuuri gasped softly, recognizing a *very* traditional courting ritual taking shape. Victor’s mouth ghosted over that sensitive skin, reddened by his oncoming heat, the pulse point rabbiting and pushing out even more pheromones.
Victor’s lips connected with his skin, a tender, chaste thing, sending butterflies free in his stomach. His fringe, already perfectly dried and shining, fell over his features, brushing his flushed cheekbones. With a quick glance upward, Yuuri knew that Victor had meant what the action described; the wish to leave a bonding bite there.

Yuuri pushed out a shaky breath, meeting those icy eyes, black pupils nearly completely eclipsing the blue. Victor pressed another soft kiss to the skin and withdrew, setting Yuuri’s hand back in his lap, closing him inside the vehicle to collect himself in the time it took for Victor to round the hood.

“Kuso,” Yuuri swore, looking down at his wrist as if Victor had already left a mark. Maybe he really had.

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Yuuri kept his eyes down as he and Victor walked through the lobby, finishing off a small order of french fries as Yuuri’s omega had only been patient enough for drive-through takeout on the way back to the hotel. (As much as Victor would have loved to take him out for a nicer sit-down.)

Yuuri turned sharply left as Victor made for the elevators, and Victor laughed at himself for forgetting that Yuuri had a reservation of his own. “Yuuri,” he interrupted his beeline down the hall, “Can I ask you something?”

“Hm?” Yuuri paused in his tracks, turning slowly and nodding. He felt that need crawling back under his skin again, and it wouldn’t be long before he needed to tend to it. “Victor, we need to get settled in,” he said, trying to convey the urgency without drawing too much attention.

“I was wondering if the penthouse is adequately equipped for our… privacy requirements.” Victor asked, the euphemism more than enough to imply what he meant. Yuuri nodded, all of the executive suites and higher were built to handle guests in heat and rut, soundproofed and equipped with extra locks and scent-blockers. The hotel offered a handful of small, budget-priced heat rooms as well, furnished with a single queen bed, a bathroom and other rather sparse accommodations, usually rented by single omegas like himself. Yuuri had picked one of those rooms, simply because of the small space; he tended to like feeling cozy, and smaller, enclosed spaces worked best… but with Victor, that might change.

His mind worked slowly through the fog of his heat, but once the mental gymnastics were over, it clicked. “Oh… are you… did you rent the penthouse?” Yuuri asked, feeling himself go a bit weak in the knees at the thought. The pricetag of the entire top floor and private hot tub and pool on the roof was absolutely nothing to sneeze at, and Yuuri had only ever set foot in it once to deliver towels on a slow night.

Every chance Victor had, it seemed, he proved just how easily he could spoil Yuuri rotten. He nodded and offered Yuuri his hand, leading him to the bank of elevators. “Only the best for my detka,” Victor purred, nuzzling affectionately at Yuuri’s cheek when they stepped into the empty elevator car.

Yuuri hadn’t seen Detroit from that high up in a while, and when he pressed his forehead against the cool glass of the wall-to-wall window, he couldn’t push down his smile. The river sparkled from this high up, and the world below so far away. The space was large and sprawling, the full-sized kitchen appeared to be fully stocked, as well as the mini bar. After a few minutes of admiring the main room and trying not to ogle the expensive-looking TV, Yuuri wandered into the bedroom and immediately felt the pull of his omega to nest.
The bed, large and plush, was covered in blankets and pillows, and Victor emerged from the linen closet with two armfuls of extra sheets and blankets, dropping them all onto the floor near the bed.

“Let’s build you a nest, hm?” Victor asked with a soft smile, and Yuuri was eager to cross the room and wrap his arms around Victor’s shoulders. “Now, this isn’t building a nest…” he teased, setting his hands on Yuuri’s hips.

“Mm, no, it isn’t,” Yuuri hummed, pulling at the buttons of Victor’s shirt. “But I want to add this to it too…” he mumbled, and Victor’s chest was bare within the next breath. Yuuri laughed and hurried to bed, stripping it down to the fitted sheet and set about his work, happily telling Victor exactly where to put which pillow as he wove the sheets in between them. Content with his work, he leaned back on his heels and pulled the shirt he was wearing off over his shoulders and tucked it in as well, adding more of his scent to the nest.

“Rosya?” Victor’s voice called to him through the fog, pulling his attention back to the present. "Just a few things are missing, aren't they?" he asked softly, nodding at the suitcase resting next to the bed. Yuuri nodded, looking longingly at the small black bag, reluctant to leave the soft circle of pillows and blankets he and Victor had built. His eyes met Victor’s, soft and warm in the low light.

"Would you like me to get them for you?" Victor encouraged, lifting the suitcase and setting it on the dresser. Yuuri blushed but nodded, and Victor carefully opened the bag, fishing out the items that he recognized as smelling like himself, the pillowcase and jacket he had sent him. He passed the items to Yuuri and watched as he added them to the structure, positioning them near the head of the bed with a blushy smile.

Yuuri, finally content with his nest, curled up in the center and stripped himself out of his leggings and boxers, feeling heat spreading in his core like molten rock pooling below the surface of the earth. He spent a few moments letting his scent soak into the sheets, as well as leaving a few sweet little wet spots that Victor would have no qualms lapping up.

“Daddy?” came Yuuri’s voice after a moment, the sound of it warbling and heavy with want. Victor had been waiting patiently, despite feeling the pull of his alpha to push Yuuri into that mattress from the moment he set foot in that hotel room.

“Yes, detka?” Victor replied, waiting with bated breath; Yuuri was splayed languidly across the bed, his legs spread and his cheeks flushed, both pairs, Victor noticed. Yuuri embodied everything soft and enticing, his touch a warmth begging to be indulged, explored, taken apart slowly and put back together again piece by piece. “What is it?”

“You’re… wearing too much.” Yuuri answered, eyeing his alpha, still half dressed. As good as he looked in only his slacks, Yuuri needed him bare, and he needed him bare now. Victor moved with the ease and grace of water over well-worn rock, all of his movements smooth and practiced; he looked as if he might have had a fulfilling career in dance in another life. In the warm light from the lamp in the corner, Yuuri could see every dip and curve of muscle and tendon flexing under Victor’s skin, sculpted and lean, strong and lithe all at once.

“Is this better?” Victor crooned, a low growl resonating in his chest as he pushed his slacks to the ground, the material shuddering as it fell around his ankles, leaving him completely, wholly nude. Yuuri swallowed thickly and watched as Victor turned in a slow circle, allowing him to admire his physique from every angle. God, he looked like he was made of marble, carved by hand, imagined by a mind specifically intent on ruining Yuuri completely, just by looking.

He nodded wordlessly, not trusting his tongue to say much else other than a moan of Victor’s name or his titles. He whined softly, licking his lower lip at the sight of Victor’s cock, still impressive
even when it was soft. Victor’s alpha preened at the silent compliment and carefully crawled into their nest, his posture reading uncharacteristically submissive for an alpha.

Victor kept his head down, his movements slow, his neck bared, and somewhere, deep in Yuuri’s omega, he shivered. Victor was presenting just as much as Yuuri presented to him. Yuuri leaned up on his elbows, watching as Victor slipped between his parted thighs, kneeling as his length began to fill again, strong waves of scent rolling over Yuuri like the rising tide.

“V-Victor...” Yuuri mumbled, his thighs trembling as Victor smoothed warm hands over them, skimming over his skin with the barest touch. “Alpha, please,” he pleaded, a burst of slick wetting his cheeks as those hands traced the lines of his hips, dancing up over his stomach and his chest, wandering long, aimless paths in his skin.

“Yuuri,” Victor’s voice was no louder than a whisper. “May I take off your collar?” he asked, his fingertips rubbing soothing patterns in the flesh just below the thin stripe of leather. He knew he was asking a lot, and what the implications of it might be. “I swear on my life I won’t mark you.” he promised, one hand cupping Yuuri’s cheek, heated and red in his hand.

A pause hung heavily between them, Victor holding steady as Yuuri pulled his lower lip into his mouth. ‘You can, if you want to,’ Yuuri might have said, ‘Mark me, make me yours,’ he could have said. But not yet, Yuuri decided. It was a permanent choice, allowing Victor to bite him, to leave his mark and create a bond between them. They would be mates, paired for life.

Yuuri nodded, shaking the thoughts from mind before they took root. He wasn’t in the right mind to agree to something that... permanent. Not in this state. Not yet. “Please, take it off. Just... don’t bite me, and I won’t bite you.” he added, knowing a bond worked both ways.

Victor lifted reverent hands to the small clasp at the nape of Yuuri’s neck, unclicking the protective leather wrapped around his throat. His scent thickened in the air immediately, waves of cinnamon rushing into Victor’s nose with every breath.

“I promise, I won’t.” Victor whispered in reply, laying the collar on the bedside table. “May I scent you, detka?” he asked, his alpha quaking with the need to smother Yuuri in his scent. Yuuri nodded with a whimper, tipping his chin upward; Victor didn’t waste a moment. His wrists slid across the tender, too-sensitive skin of Yuuri’s bared throat, rubbing his own crisp evergreen musk into Yuuri’s glands.

Victor alternated between scenting him and massaging his glands with long, graceful fingers, the two maddening pleasures making Yuuri gasp and moan the longer Victor dragged it on. Yuuri knew he was absolutely soaked, his cock hard and dripping precum into his stomach and down the sides of his shaft, but he didn’t dare try to pull away from the ministrations of Alpha’s hands. He stayed in place as best he could, letting Victor’s scent soak into his skin, into the nest, into his very blood.

“Now your thighs, detka,” Victor whispered, pressing wet, heated kisses to each side of Yuuri’s throat, red and pulsing after all the attention. Yuuri pushed his legs apart further, sobbing out a moan as Victor trailed kiss after kiss down the length of his body, straying only momentarily to take both of his nipples between his lips. Yuuri squealed at the sensation, his nipples only made more sensitive by his heat.

“D-Daddy, I-- hahh, t-too much,” he whimpered, arching into the sensation regardless. Victor pulled off with a growl, a silvery thread of saliva still clinging to his lower lip and Yuuri’s chest. Yuuri’s cheeks burn even brighter at the lewd sight, his nipple pink and kiss-bruised, shining with spit, and Victor… god, Victor. He looked like he was starving.
Victor quickly repositioned, lying on his stomach between Yuuri’s plush thighs. His scent was thick there too, dizzying, almost thick enough to drown in. “Bozhe moy, detka, you smell so wonderful,” Victor moaned, brushing his cheek against Yuuri’s inner thigh, encouraging another one of those delicious moans from his lips. “So sweet and soft… god, you’re beautiful.”

Yuuri reached down with a trembling hand, running it through Victor’s silver locks. “V-V-Victor, feels goo-hooood,” he stammered, pleasure threatening to spill over and take him over the edge with it. Victor’s lips met the tender scent glands in his inner thighs as well, wringing even more desperate, needling cries from Yuuri as he fell deeper into bliss.

Those sounds crept up higher and higher, Victor’s own rumbling growl getting louder as he kissed, licked, teased the tender skin there. Yuuri’s scent grew impossibly thicker as more slick soaked his skin, his hips rocking against nothing but air.

“Alright, enough teasing,” Victor purred, leaning away and flipping Yuuri onto his stomach, setting his knees beneath him, spread wide enough for Victor to kneel between them. Yuuri gasped and arched his back in presentation, aching for something to fill him, to touch him, anything, after all that massaging and scenting.

Instead of the blunt pressure he had been expecting, the heat of Victor’s cock or the press of his fingers, Victor’s tongue began lapping up all the slick that had begun to leak from his hole, humming and moaning like he was enjoying a decadent dessert. Yuuri sobbed at the pleasure, his sensitive skin ringing with the first signs of orgasm.

Victor’s hands found their way to the globes of Yuuri’s ass, kneading and squeezing as he licked up Yuuri’s sweet slick, getting drunk on the taste of it and the pleasure it was so clearly giving Yuuri. Yuuri began rolling his hips against Victor’s mouth, his tongue hot and insistent as it pressed into him.

“Alpha, please, more, n-need more,” Yuuri moaned desperately, feeling his core tightening in that telltale way. “I’m cl-close,” he whimpered, but his body had other plans.

The tight coil of his orgasm snapped without warning and Yuuri spilled into the sheets, his body clenching and shaking as he rode out the wave of it in bursts. His legs trembled beneath him and he fell into the nest, his orgasm tearing any strength from him. Victor’s hand fell to his own straining erection the moment he felt Yuuri tense up in that perfect way, his length wet with precum and purpling at the tip.

"Der’mo," Victor growled as he pumped himself, easily pushing himself to the edge with the scent of Yuuri so thick in the air, his body so warm and pliant as he tried to steady himself again. Yuuri pushed himself up on shaky arms, presenting his hole to Victor once again.

“I-in me,” Yuuri mumbled, and Victor didn’t hesitate, slipping two fingers into his hole, finding him perfectly ready. “Please-~” he whined, shuddering a long string of Japanese when Victor sank in, filling him to the brim. Yuuri felt himself slipping into his omega’s control, the heat finally taking over completely as Victor slid home, his warmth filling him perfectly.

Victor didn’t last longer than a handful of strokes after that, a blissfully babbling Yuuri taking him easily as breathing. Victor folded himself over Yuuri’s frame, kissing along his hairline as his knot began to swell, pressing it slowly into Yuuri’s hole, locking them together as he came.

“Mmmmm,” Yuuri hummed softly, a rumbling purr distorting his voice slightly. “I bet you knocked me up that time, Daddy~"
Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor have a post-sex nap together, followed by a nice dinner. Victor also starts to come to a realization.

Chapter Notes

Hey, Fuzzy here! This chapter was a lot of fun to write, and I hope you all enjoy it! A good mix of fluff, smut, and teasing between the two of them, with an extra dose of protective alpha Victor.

Victor nearly choked at Yuuri's comment, once he had come down from his orgasm and the words had a chance to register in his lust-addled brain. He wouldn't dare hope for something like that, at least not realistically. He might have fantasized about it, but Yuuri wasn't just a character on a screen; this would affect him outside of his heat, outside of this relationship they had, if it could even be called that.

Yuuri noticed the hesitation in Victor's reaction and blushed. “I-I mean...sorry, I didn't mean to make it weird. I am on the pill, and I did take it this morning, so if you're concerned about...you know...”

Victor smiled and kissed Yuuri's forehead before slowly pulling out. “I'm not worried, detka. I know it's your omega talking,” he said. “That being said, if something were to, er...happen, I'll support whatever you decide to do. And if you prefer that we use condoms for the rest of your heat, I can go out and get some.”

Yuuri couldn't help feeling touched by Victor's concern. “That sounds good,” he said. “I think for now I'd like to cuddle in my nest for a bit. Join me, Daddy?”

Victor nodded, smiling warmly at Yuuri as he cuddled up to him in his nest of pillows, blankets, and clothing. The way the omega fit so perfectly in his arms scratched an itch that his alpha had been needing for so long.

“Mmm, can I take a nap like this, Daddy? 'm sleepy...”

Yuuri's adorably sleepy voice tugged at Victor's heartstrings, and he softly kissed the top of his head, taking in his sweet scent. “Of course, detka. You've had a very long day so far and you deserve to rest.”

Yuuri let out a soft giggle and nuzzled into Victor's bare chest, and after a few moments his breaths became slower and more even. Victor could have lay there and watched him sleep all afternoon, if given the chance, he thought to himself with a fond smile.
That is, if it weren't for his long flight finally catching up to him and his own eyelids starting to grow heavy.

“Sweet dreams, Rosya.”

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Victor woke up before Yuuri did, and a quick, careful check of his phone revealed that about three hours had passed. He wondered how much longer Yuuri would want to nap, and whether he'd be hungry for dinner when he woke up, or if he'd be feverish and horny again. He did feel a bit warmer than he had when they'd fallen asleep, and when Victor kissed his forehead again it felt a little sweaty. Reluctantly, he pried himself away from Yuuri and snuck away to the en suite bathroom. He took one of the pristine white wash cloths and ran it under a stream of cool water in the sink, then made his way back to the bed and carefully placed the folded cloth on Yuuri's forehead. The new sensation made him stir and mumble something in Japanese, and after a moment those beautiful doe eyes opened.

“D-Daddy?”

“You felt like your fever was coming back,” Victor explained, sitting beside him on the bed. “I wanted to keep you comfortable, in case you wanted to sleep more. I didn't mean to wake you. Yuuri smiled. “'s okay,” he said. “I feel better after that nap. It felt nice falling asleep in your arms, like you were protecting me...”

Victor's alpha perked up at the idea of protecting Yuuri, making him feel safe, claiming him as his mate, catering to his every need, sexual and otherwise...

Fuck, maybe he had fallen deeper than he'd realized.

“D-Daddy?”

Victor blinked, realizing he'd spaced out again. “Yes, Yuuri?”

“I asked if we could get dinner,” Yuuri said, sitting up and draping Victor's jacket over his shoulders.

“Of course,” Victor said. “I bet you're hungry, after exerting yourself so much earlier. What would you like?” He briefly thought of all the restaurants he'd passed between the airport, the hotel, the JJ Style office, and Yuuri's apartment, and imagined taking Yuuri on a date to any of them that he would have wanted.

Yuuri tapped his bottom lip as he considered his options for a moment. “Hmm, I don't wanna get dressed, so can we just get room service?” he asked, batting his eyes adorably. “I've only tried some of the food we serve here, when my friend Leo had kitchen duty for a while and would sneak me extras left from the end of his shift, but it's really good! I think the chicken parmesan is probably my favorite.”

“Okay, then room service chicken parmesan it is,” Victor said with a nod. He reached for the booklet on the bedside table, which contained a room service menu as well as the phone numbers for the front desk, room service, and maintenance. He dialed the room service number and placed Yuuri's order, as well as a portion of grilled chicken and vegetables for himself. As an afterthought, he added a bottle of champagne for them to share, making Yuuri blush.

“They said it'll be about half an hour,” he said after ending the call. “What would you like to do
Yuuri hugged the jacket closer to himself, his omega purring in delight by the scent surrounding him. He looked at Victor with a playful gleam in his eye.

“Well, I could repay you for what you did for me in the shower...”

Victor shuddered as he watched Yuuri crawl across the nest, and he moaned when one of his soft hands made its way between his thighs, gently stroking his cock, already half-hard again from the mere thought of having those perfect, pouty lips wrapped around it. He watched as Yuuri gently pushed his legs apart, making room for himself as he slid down onto his stomach.

“God, your cock is so big, Daddy,” he commented. “Maybe even bigger than the toys you’ve sent me. It definitely fills me up more...” He slowly licked up the underside of Victor’s shaft, taking his time as he went from the base to the head and leaving soft kisses in his wake. It occurred to Yuuri that this was his first time sucking an actual dick since his drunken Halloween bathroom blowjob. And yet, this felt so much different. This wasn’t some faceless frat boy whose name he didn’t even remember now, all these months later. This was Daddy. This was someone whose pleasure he valued as much as his own, perhaps more.

“Y-Yuuri, blyad...” Victor gasped as Yuuri took the red, weeping head of his cock into his mouth, which was every bit as warm and inviting as he had fantasized. He leaned back onto one hand, letting the other tangle itself in Yuuri’s soft black hair while he took him down to the root effortlessly, swallowing him down like his mouth was made for sucking cock. “Yuuri, s-so good, such a talented mouth, fuck...”

Yuuri looked up at him with those pretty brown eyes, only pulling off for a moment. “Pull my hair, Daddy? Please?”

This man really was going to be the death of him, Victor decided. He may have survived the private videos, the pole dancing, the countless streams, even the first few rounds of absolutely mindblowing sex...but at this rate, he definitely wasn't going to survive the whole week. Victor's breathing became ragged as he tugged gently on Yuuri's hair, guiding him back onto his cock. Yuuri whimpered, and at first he was afraid he'd hurt him, but then he heard him mumble something around his dick. Something that sounded a lot like “harder, Daddy, harder~”

So he pulled harder, and gods above, the noise Yuuri made as he swallowed around him was nearly enough to make him cum on the spot.

“Good boy,” he managed to choke out, tugging at his roots again. “Such a good boy for Daddy, taking his cock so easily. And you look so pretty when you do it, too...”

Yuuri drank in the praise, feeling himself getting wet again. He reached down with one hand, pushing his bottom half up onto his knees so that he could finger himself while he sucked Daddy off. A sudden burst of slick coated his fingers, taking him by surprise and making him nearly choke, but he recovered quickly. Before long, he felt Victor's thighs tense up, recognizing it as a sign that he was close.

“R-Rosya,” he gasped, his accent coming out a bit thicker. “Rosya, I'm close, so close--”

Yuuri whined, lapping at the head and briefly considering swallowing Victor down to the hilt again and taking every drop he had to give, but with some hesitation, he pulled all the way off instead, switching to stroking him with his free hand.
“Good,” he said. “That means you can cum on my face, right Daddy?”

It took an almost embarrassingly short time for Victor to do just that, his orgasm hitting him in waves as he came all over that gorgeous face. Even if a traditional bond was out of the question at this point, he had still marked Yuuri like this, and God, did it look wonderful on him, an utterly blissed-out mess. When he came down he watched Yuuri wink at him as he licked his fingers clean.

“You taste amazing, Daddy,” he purred. “Maybe I should have swallowed...”

“And you'd better get cleaned up for dinner, Rosya,” Victor teased, tweaking Yuuri's nose playfully. “I can get the door when dinner gets here.”

Yuuri nodded and hurried off to the bathroom, while Victor stayed behind and dug through his suitcase for a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt to throw on.

“Daaaaaddyy~” Yuuri called, peeking out of the bathroom after washing his face and between his legs. “Can you bring me my bag? I just remembered I needed something out of it.”

Victor eyed the duffel bag sitting beside the dresser, then back at Yuuri. “The whole thing? I can just bring you what you need if you tell me what it is.”

Yuuri pouted. “That'll ruin the surprise,” he insisted. He giggled when a half-dressed Victor crossed the room and grabbed the handle of his bag, then brought it over to him, moments before a knock at the door alerted them that their room service had arrived.

“Coming!” Victor called, quickly donning his shirt and hurrying to the door. Yuuri could hear a familiar voice talking to Victor.

“Oh, it's you~” she giggled. “I remember when you checked in. Are you enjoying your stay?”

“Ah, yes. The room is lovely,” Victor said.

“This is an awfully big room for just you,” she commented. “And kind of a lot of food for one person too.”

“I have a guest,” Victor explained.

A twinge of jealousy settled in the pit of Yuuri’s stomach as he listened, his omega feeling strangely possessive all of a sudden. He heard Victor thank his coworker and bid her goodnight before closing the door.

“Rosya, dinner's here!” Victor announced. “And you were right, it smells and looks delicious!”

“I'll be right out!” Yuuri replied, taking one last glance of himself in the mirror before coming out with his bag slung over his shoulder. “What do you think, Daddy?”

Victor looked at Yuuri leaning against the bathroom doorway and gasped. He had slicked his hair back, much like he'd done in his streams. He was wearing nothing but a pair of lacy black panties and matching stockings. Holding up the stockings were a pair of matching leather garters, each accented with a heart-shaped ring. The garters and tops of the stockings squished into his thighs in the most pleasing way, and Victor couldn't seem to look away from them.

“I can put my heels on, if you want,” Yuuri said, gesturing toward his bag.
Victor shook his head. “Mmm, not while we eat. I might have you put them on for me later, though.”

“Okay!” Yuuri said, setting his bag down and sauntering to the bed. “Speaking of dinner...would you feed me, Daddy?”

Victor couldn’t help but grin at the way Yuuri batted his eyes at him. “I’d love to,” he said. He picked up the plate of chicken parmesan and one of the forks on the tray. “Your coworker seems friendly, by the way.”

“She was flirting with you, I could hear her,” Yuuri pouted. “I heard her giggling while she talked to you, and I bet she did the hair flip thing too, didn't she?”


Yuuri blushed as he wrapped his lips around the fork. He chewed and swallowed before replying. “I know, but Omega got a little possessive while I was in the bathroom...”

“Well, Alpha is flattered, Victor grinned, feeding Yuuri another bite of chicken and pasta before reaching to take a bite of his own food. “Would you like some champagne, Yuuri?”

Yuuri eyed the bottled, nestled comfortably in a bucket of ice. “Yes please,” he said, smiling eagerly at Victor. He watched in anticipation as Victor popped open the bottle, then carefully poured a glass for both of them before handing one to Yuuri.

“I can always order another bottle too, if you want,” he said, holding up his glass in an unspoken toast. Yuuri lightly clinked the lip of his flute to Victor's, and they both took a sip.

“I think we should stick to one bottle,” he said, “I'm even more of a lightweight during my heat, and I don't want to embarrass myself too much...” He took another sip and let Victor feed him another bite of his food. “By the way, what was that toast for?”

Victor grinned over the rim of his glass. “To a successful business meeting, and to you finishing your exams,” he said. “And...to being lucky enough to spend the next week with the most beautiful omega I've ever seen.”

After finishing their dinner and the bottle of champagne, Yuuri rummaged through his bag again for his Louboutins. “So, Daddy, I have an idea...”

“Oh?” Victor asked, watching him put the shoes on. “And what's that?”

“Take some sexy pictures of me?” he asked. “I'll even let you pick the poses. I'd like to post something to my blog since I wasn't able to stream last night...”

Victor raked his eyes up and down Yuuri’s form. “Oh, but detka, what if Alpha doesn't want to share you?” he teased. “What if he wants you all to himself?” He blushed again, trying not to think too hard about why he wanted Yuuri all to himself, and the implications of wanting it. His desires were more than just physical, he decided. There was definitely something deeper there...

Yuuri blushed at the thought too. “Well, that depends. Do you want me all to yourself, Alpha? Maybe you’d like to make that known?” He gave Victor his best devilish grin. “If you felt comfortable, that is...would you want to fuck me on stream tonight?”
Chapter Summary

Victor shares something very special with Yuuri; the boys share themselves with an audience.

Chapter Notes

hi friends! sorry about the delay! please enjoy over 7,000 words and two rounds of smut to make up for it 😊
-ia

Victor stared at Yuuri for far longer than he had expected. A strong pang of arousal coiled in his core, writhing with the urge to pull Yuuri back into the nest that very second, but not a moment later, a storm of thoughts flooded him all at once. The instinctive part of him warred between keeping its omega entirely to itself and showing the world just how well it could take its omega apart, while the lucid side of him (albeit a small voice comparatively) fretted over his public image.

What would happen if he was recognized? Sure, very little about tending to an omega was stigmatized these days, but the fear of being recognized sat like a rock in Victor’s stomach. He swirled the last of his champagne in his flute and watched the bubbles swim as he considered it, when a small whine pulled his eyes back to Yuuri’s.

“I understand if you don’t want to, Daddy, I know you probably want to keep your privacy…” Yuuri’s voice was soft, soothing. Victor didn’t have to look for long into those chocolate browns before coming to his decision.

“No, no, I… bozhe, I want to, detka, more than anything in the world, I want to,” Victor hurried to reply, his tongue leaden and hot in his mouth. “I’m just worried. I’m fairly recognizable back home…”

Yuuri’s face fell, and despite his best efforts to hide the disappointment, Victor spotted the brief glimmer of pain in his eyes. A flash of instinct compelled him to set aside the champagne and wrap himself around Yuuri, standing so perfectly dressed in so blessedly little. Yuuri sank into Victor’s embrace, his nose immediately seeking out the scent gland under Victor’s skin and breathing deeply against it.

“O-okay, you don’t have to--”

“Yuuri, I want to.” Victor interjected, cupping Yuuri’s cheek and pulling his gaze back to his own icy blues. Yuuri’s eyes widened, excitement mingling with arousal in his chest and bubbling out in the form of a goofy, giddy grin. “I’ll just have to keep my face off camera. Do you think we can
“Yes, absolutely, Daddy,” Yuuri said, ecstatic beyond words that his alpha had agreed to it. Something deep inside him purred, knowing that he’d be on camera, being completely ruined for the world to see tonight. “We can make sure the camera doesn’t see anything above your shoulders… I think I recall someone touching his chest in that video he sent me, after all…” Yuuri settled into an adorable combination of giddy and playful, those eyelashes fluttering as he brought his hands up against his chest, sculpted and muscled.

Victor let out a soft growl of appreciation as Yuuri’s hands cupped his chest, smoothing over the quickly pebbling flesh of his nipples.

“-ah, darling,” Victor moaned through gritted teeth as Yuuri’s fingers rolled those sensitive nubs, “You’ll need to be careful if you want Alpha to last for your stream…” Yuuri’s lips cocked up in a sly smile full of mirth; the smile tasted like sugar against Victor’s lips as Yuuri rocked forward onto his toes, wrapping his arms around Victor’s broad shoulders.

“What if I don’t want Alpha to last until then?” Yuuri purred into Victor’s half-open mouth, rocking his lace-clad hips into Victor’s half-hard. “What if I want Alpha to fuck me before we start? Plug me up with his cum so I show everyone just how messy, just how wet I am for you?”

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another photo of Yuuri’s wide, doe brown eyes, flushed cheeks, kiss-bruised lips and half-hard cock straining against his panties as he kneeled on the couch.

“Are you sure, Rosya?” Victor huffed, motioning for Yuuri to stand, and directing him to bend himself over the armrest of the chaise, ass in the air. “Is this your way of asking me to be rough with you?”

Yuuri hummed softly and nodded. “Mmhmmm…you can be as rough as you want with me, Alpha, I won’t break.” Yuuri purred, arching his back as Victor snapped a few more photos, highlighting the swells of his asscheeks, the way his thighs spilled over the elastic of his stockings, pushed against the rings of his garters. “Daddy, grab my ass?” Yuuri asked after a moment, the clicking subsiding when Victor began to review the photos.

“Hm?” Victor questioned with a soft noise, “Getting needy again already?”

Yuuri giggled, but shook his head. “Well, yes, but that’s not why~” he teased, swaying his hips from side to side. “Grab my ass and take a picture. Wanna tease the fans a little bit… and announce that I’ll be streaming with you.”

Victor’s alpha salivated at the thought, and his left hand immediately dropped to the curve of his left cheek, grabbing and squeezing, his fingers sinking into the lace and plush flesh as he snapped the photo. Both of them moaned softly, Yuuri at the sensation of it and Victor at the concept.

“So, darling, are you going to have me pound you into the mattress in front of all your viewers?” Victor crooned playfully, giving his ass another firm squeeze, digging his fingers in and working a sharp keen from Yuuri’s open mouth. “You want me to take you, claim you? Ruin you, fuck you hard and rough, hm?” Yuuri whimpered at the teasing, arching his back into the greedy hand pawing at him.

“Yes, god, yes, Daddy,” he moaned, sucking in a sharp breath when Victor’s hand disappeared, only to reappear with a resounding slap. Yuuri shrieked with surprise, but shuddered with arousal as he felt the rippling pain of the spank radiate warmth along his flank. “Oh, f-fuck, Daddy, do that again.” A burst of slick wet his cheeks, soaking into his panties. The scent reached Victor’s nose immediately, and he eagerly complied, if this was Yuuri’s reaction.

Victor quickly landed another sharp spank on Yuuri’s other cheek, feeling himself stiffen again at the sight before him. “Jesus, Rosya, such a naughty thing you are… wanting Daddy to punish you for doing nothing at all…” Victor’s alpha growled possessively as he spotted the patch of wetness between Yuuri’s legs, and after setting the camera down carefully, Victor’s fingers hooked into the waistbands of those panties, tugging them down sharply. “Ohh… so wet, detka moya. And just from this, hm? Do I have a little masochist on my hands? Or just a wanton, greedy little slut who needs to be straightened out?”

Yuuri whimpered and arched his back again, silently pleading, and both of them knew exactly what he wanted. “Y-yes, I’m just a greedy little slut who needs Daddy to punish him,” he babbled, slick rolling down his inner thighs like fat, slippery teardrops. “Fuck me, please, wanna… please,” he gasped, Victor’s long fingers plunging into him with devastating accuracy. “There, god, Daddy there!”

Victor’s fingers twisted and curled as he stretched Yuuri out again, his walls soft and permitting; his heat made his body pliant and willing, eager and greedy. Yuuri wailed as Victor found his prostate, and he couldn’t help but smirk at the noise his sweet omega made when he pressed against it.
“Oh… I found it, didn’t I?” Victor chuckled hotly, using his unoccupied hand to stroke himself once, twice, three times, never once relenting in his exploration of Yuuri’s prostate. “I found your special spot, didn’t I, detka?”

The sound Yuuri made was utterly feral, a sharp, desperate cry that shot right to Victor’s alpha, and he couldn’t wait another second. He pressed himself in and wrapped his hands around Yuuri’s slim waist, fully sheathing himself in his omega’s wet, clutching heat in one slick stroke. With all the buildup and teasing, the playful banter and god, those spankings, Victor knew he wouldn’t be lasting longer than a few minutes. How could he possibly last when Yuuri was begging so sweetly?

The wet slap of skin on skin underscored panting breaths and moans swallowed by the lounge and Victor felt his grip tightening around Yuuri’s waist. His body rang like a bell, each pulse of his heart, every thudding slap of his groin against Yuuri’s ass pulling him closer to the edge.

Yuuri had devolved into babbling again, his tongue too heavy in his mouth for English, the pleasure too great for cognitive thought at all. All he needed was Alpha, Alpha’s dick, Alpha’s knot. Alpha’s hands, his touch, his mouth…

Victor bent himself double over Yuuri’s frame, kissing breathlessly along the knobs of his spine, imagining the purpling bruises of bond bites over his glands, the physical proof of his love.

Fuck, Victor swore under his breath as the realization hit him. Is this what love feels like?

The thought was stolen from him as Yuuri’s orgasm hit, his body clenching and wringing the same from Victor immediately. Victor felt his chest rumbling with a growl, his inner alpha desperate to sink his teeth into flesh, to claim, to mate, to make Yuuri his. He clamped his teeth down into the meat of his own hand instead, his hips twitching as he rode out the waves of his orgasm with Yuuri.

Slowly, carefully, Victor pulled himself free. “Stay here, Yuura, let Daddy pick you a plug.” Victor crooned, his voice low and soft, and Yuuri obeyed, despite the tremble in his thighs. Victor quickly pulled out one of the gemmed steel plugs he had sent ahead, the largest one, and coated it in a generous amount of lube. He knew exactly how wet Yuuri was, but the thought of hurting him pulled at Victor’s edges in the worst way.

Yuuri whined softly as Victor worked the plug into his hole, the cool steel a sharp comparison to the heat of Victor’s cock. The toy settled inside him, thick and perfect, and Victor tapped gently on the glittering blue-green gem in the base.

“Perfect, absolutely perfect.” Victor praised, gathering Yuuri up in his arms and carrying him back into the nest, letting him curl into his body, his omega seeking comfort, seeking warmth.

“You…” Yuuri’s voice shook, a little wobbly in the aftermath of their round. “You, um, you called me Yuura?” he said, the sentence more a question than a statement, and Victor flushed to the tips of his ears. “Is that… someone else’s name?”

“I… yes, I did,” Victor began, sweeping a hand through his hair. “And no, it’s… a cultural thing. In Russia we have our given name, that we use for formal relationships, business dealings, acquaintances… but friends, family, and… ah, well, partners, use a different name. A diminutive.” Victor fumbled for his words, and Yuuri could see the way he was searching for the right explanation. He waited patiently, the pang of anxiety settling with the knowledge that he hadn’t been called by someone else’s name.

“So… like a nickname?” Yuuri provided after a moment of quiet, running his hand over the
expanse of Victor’s chest, cooling sweat still damp on his skin.

“Yes, they’re similar. But not anyone can call you by your diminutive. It’s… special. Reserved for important people. I called you Yuura, because you’re important to me.” He admitted, his voice small, knowing how strange it must sound to Yuuri. “Rosya… is a diminutive of Eros. I’ve… I’ve been using a diminutive for you for a while.”

Yuuri’s wide eyes blinked at him, his soft, tender smile echoed in the shimmery depths. “So… if I’m Yuura, and Rosya…” Yuuri puzzled out the meaning, feeling his heart soar at the thought that Victor might just feel the same way he did, feeling the strange sense of something more… “What can I call you?”

Victor cleared his throat, suddenly dry. “You can call me Vitya, if you’d like,” he supplied, something deep in his heart flipping at the thought of the name on Yuuri’s lips… and how desperately close he was to letting those three words fall from his lips.

“Mmm. Vitya.” Yuuri purred, resting his head on Victor’s chest, listening to it beat. He held back a giggle when he felt Victor’s pulse quicken just a bit at the word, and he couldn’t help but know he had been trusted with something very special. “It suits you.”

Victor smiled that earnest heart-shaped smile, and Yuuri felt like his heart made the same giddy expression. “Why thank you, darling, I think it suits me too.” Victor replied, pressing a kiss to the top of his head, inhaling the sweet scent of sugar and cinnamon. “Would you like to look through the pictures I took?”

Yuuri nodded and scrambled out of Victor’s arms to retrieve the camera, oohing and ahhing at all of the shots Victor had snapped, picking a handful of his favorites, including the one of Victor’s hand on his ass. “I need to edit these… can you run to the conbini while I edit and post them? And get ready?” Yuuri asked, batting his lashes as he shrugged into Victor’s button-up, shrouding himself in Victor’s scent. “Please, Vitya?”

“Oh, right, the condoms…” Victor remarked sheepishly, completely forgetting that he had promised Yuuri he’d use them. The flushed expression on Yuuri’s face told him he had forgotten too. “Anything else? Should I get some snacks to share? Some energy drinks? You’ve already put me through the ringer as it is.” Yuuri’s eyes lit up and he nodded eagerly, watching as Victor climbed out of bed and pulled on a comfortable pair of light gray joggers and a tight-fitting t-shirt. The line of his cock was so visible Yuuri could swear he could see the outline of the head. Even out of his impeccable suits, Victor looked incredible, and Yuuri’s mouth hung open as he watched.

“Hurry back, Daddy,” Yuuri warned when he snapped out of his thirst-induced staring, reaching for his laptop and plugging the camera’s memory card into it. “The stream starts at nine sharp.”

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Victor’s phone pinged with a notification while he waited in line at the convenience store just down the street from the hotel. Yuuri had posted on his cam site, sharing the few photos he had selected. Victor’s alpha growled appreciatively at the sight of Yuuri’s curves, his body displayed like that, and a low hum of arousal rippled through him at the reaction to the last image on the post, of his own hand squeezing Yuuri’s ass.

Comment after comment, Victor read the reactions from Yuuri’s viewers; they ranged from thinly-veiled jealousy to blind keysmashing excitement.

“is your guest an alpha?????”
“that hand is the luckiest hand ever”
“omg did daddy come find u?”
“are you finally loosing your virginity?”

Victor tried not to laugh at the typos, but who could blame Yuuri’s audience for being so eager? Victor hurried through the checkout, not shying away from the clerk’s curious eye as he scanned both a box of large, knot-accommodating condoms, as well a box of average sized condoms. He hadn’t discussed it with Yuuri, but… maybe he’d want to take a turn giving as well. Victor strode out into the street afterward, a bag full of condoms, electrolyte drinks, granola bars, some sweet snacks and caffeine shots for both of them under his arm, and he all but ran back to the hotel.

After stashing away all the drinks in the fridge, Victor made his way back to the bedroom, where Yuuri was setting up the camera and tripod, angling it from above, just like he had for the private shows he had put on for Victor before. It was an interesting thing to watch, and Victor felt like he was getting a peek behind the curtain. His alpha rumbled proudly at watching his omega putter around the room, fixing various things in the shot, arranging the nest better, pulling the red and white jacket from the folds, realizing it might be too obvious for Victor’s privacy needs.

“I’m back,” Victor announced softly, and Yuuri yelped gently at the sudden sound. Both of them laughed after a moment, and Yuuri caught his lips in a quick but fierce kiss, still wearing those heels.

“Okaeri,” Yuuri whispered against his lips, the phrase meaning something entirely new to both of them. “Welcome home,” Yuuri translated, hoping Victor could read between the lines. He wasn’t ready to admit things yet, but he could at least hint at it in the small ways.

Victor smiled and immediately peeled himself out of his clothes, his alpha eager to press Yuuri’s (mostly) nude body to his own. “Your audience is excited, I read a few of the comments, detka…” Yuuri flushed and nodded, tucking a tuft of hair behind his ear. “They’re eager to see me take you apart… for Daddy to take your virginity,” he teased, winking down at him.

Yuuri flushed even darker and looked away. “Well… I’ve, ah, I’ve played it up enough, I’m sure they’re bound to be excited about it,” he said shyly. Victor smirked playfully, the corner of his lips cocking up as Yuuri turned back to his set. “Can you… ah, sit on the bed? Just so I can make sure I got the angle right?” Yuuri asked, nodding at the nest.

Victor happily complied, leaving the boxes of condoms within reach as he settled into bed, letting Yuuri pose him, checking that no matter where he was in the shot, the frame never went higher than his shoulders. Happy with the setup, Yuuri pulled his laptop into bed with him, setting it on the bedside table where he could monitor the chat when the camera started to roll.

“Alright, fifteen minutes till showtime,” Yuuri said, turning to Victor in their soft little cocoon of blankets and sheets. With the lights dimmed just so, Victor’s hair looked almost golden instead of silver, his beard too, looked like golden gossamer on his cheeks. “I just… wanted to go over a few things.”

Victor could sense the nerves in Yuuri, and immediately launched into protector mode, pushing out a strong wave of pheromones and wrapping his arms around Yuuri’s frame. “Of course, zvezda moya, let’s talk.”

Yuuri flushed at the sound of Russian tumbling from Victor’s tongue, his omega growing needier as he neared another bout of his heat. They had timed things perfectly, all things considered.

“Oh, so, um,” he stammered, feeling more nervous than he ever had for a show. Even his first show he had been utterly blitzed. “C-condoms?” he asked, and Victor reached out for the box on
his table, pulling out a row of foil packets.

“Absolutely. I bought a box for you too, if you want to use them.” Victor said softly, leaving the row of six in the nest and putting the box away again. “No rush, no pressure. I just want you to know, you’re free to express your heat however you’d like, Yuura.”

Yuuri’s throat felt tight and he nodded, feeling an overwhelming urge to press Victor into the nest and kiss him breathless for such a sweet courtesy. It hadn’t even occurred to him to try, he’d never topped before, but god, did he want to now. “Thank you, Vitya, so thoughtful~” he purred, rubbing his cheek on Victor’s gland, pressing more of his scent into his skin. “I think we’ll save that for later, but I want to lay some ground rules for the show. Please, call me Eros, or… Rosya, don’t use my real name.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.”

“And, you… you know my safeword system? The colors?” Victor nodded. “Okay. I… might get a bit… demanding. Just give me a color if you need to. This works both ways.” Another nod. “You can talk to them, if you want, you don’t have to tell them you’re Daddy, if you don’t want to.”

Victor growled softly. “I want them to know, detka, is that okay with you?” he asked, running his fingers through Yuuri’s styled hair, swept back again. He had done his makeup too, soft pink and shimmery white, accented with gold. A fresh pair of panties with his stockings and garters, he noticed. “I want them to know it’s me that’s been taking care of you, that’s been spoiling you, making you feel so good all this time.”


Yuuri’s alarm rang for five minutes until showtime, and he worked himself out of Victor’s arms, beginning the live countdown on his feed. “Put on those sweatpants again. And… um, wait out of frame? I’ll invite you in, like a good omega.” he teased, winking as he settled into his Eros persona like a second skin. Victor nodded, and swiped one last kiss from those painted lips before sliding out of the nest and redressing, standing behind the camera, his hand in his waistband as the clock clicked down to zero.

“Hi everyone~” Yuuri purred, and Victor’s core throbbed at the difference in his voice. The sound of it didn’t carry through laptop speakers well; here, where Victor could hear him, his voice was low, but sweet, like dark chocolate, an edge of something deeper than simple sweetness lingering on his tongue with every soft-spoken greeting and gentle laugh.

“Yes, yes, I do have a guest with me tonight, but how rude would it be of me to just jump in? Some of our friends are stragglers, you all know that.” Yuuri teased a viewer as they began to demand to meet his Alpha, the one joining him for the stream, and as a handful of viewers pointed out, probably helping him through his heat.

Yuuri was perched at the foot of the bed, sitting on one hip, his legs folded beneath him and to the side, his ankles crossed in a way that showed off the red-bottomed pumps perfectly. Victor couldn’t help but curl a loose fist around his cock, teasingly stroking in a way that both felt good, and made the movement clear to Yuuri.

Yuuri giggled at something on his screen and covered his mouth, a bright, giddy smile breaking
across those baby pink lips. It only took one glance Victor’s way to spot the way he was touching himself, and Yuuri swallowed hard against the lump in his throat. Suddenly very keenly aware of the plug inside him, holding a load of Alpha’s cum inside him… fuck.

“Distracted, are you, Eros? 😊” a viewer asked, and Yuuri bit his lip.

“Mmm, perhaps. My guest is being quite playful, teasing me behind the camera.” Yuuri purred, winking at Victor and smirking at all the winking, kissy face emojis flooding the chat. He felt a flood of relief that the audience was taking things well, that no one was being rude about Yuuri’s choice to invite a partner into his nest for the public to watch. The chat began to grow, more and more regulars joining, as well as a flurry of new names Yuuri didn’t recognize. It was already shaping up to be a lucrative stream, perhaps even more than the Peaches and Eros teamup last month.

Yuuri watched as a handful of people began to ask about his guest, and when the new joiners began to peter out, Yuuri finally adjusted himself on the bed, making room for Victor, but not inviting him in just yet.

“So, friends, I’m sure you’re excited to watch, I know I’m very excited to show off tonight… I’m starting to feel my heat… really hard. It’s been a very, very long day, and I wouldn’t have gotten through it nearly as easily without Daddy.”

The chat lit up, and so did the tip jar, jingling happily with praise. Comments streamed in, and Yuuri tried to answer all of them, but with the higher turn out, and the muddled brain power he had with his heat, it was getting hard to keep track of them.

“So the guest is Daddy?”
“Are we finally going to meet him??”
“KSJFGHFKJGHS DKJFGHSDFKJGF GHSDKJFGHSKDJ?????????????????????????????????????????”

Yuuri nodded at the comments, giggling at the last one. “You guessed it, my guest is Daddy, and you’ll meet him tonight. Well, the bottom half of him at least.” he teased, winking at the camera and waving Victor in. “He wants a little bit of privacy, so you all will need to manage without seeing his face. But I can assure you, he’s every bit as gorgeous as you think he is.”

Victor flushed and chuckled, carefully stepping into the nest and wrapping himself around Yuuri’s back, his sweatpants still on, his head and shoulders out of frame, just like they had planned.

“Everyone, this is Daddy, I want you all on your best behavior.” Yuuri winked playfully, and Victor laughed again. A handful of comments came in about his voice, about the clear outline of his dick in his joggers, how sexy his muscled stomach was. Yuuri read them all out, and Victor’s alpha preened at the praise.

“Thank you, friends,” Victor said simply, running strong hands over Yuuri’s chest. “I’m happy to be here, taking care of our precious Rosya.” he tipped Yuuri’s chin upward, and caught him in a wet, hungry kiss that left a strand of saliva connecting their lips. Yuuri stared up at him, dazed, like his omega might have taken over for a moment, before shaking himself back to the moment and turning to the camera.

“I… ah, as always, we’ll be taking requests, you all know how things work around here,” Yuuri stammered, feeling his cheeks glow bright red. Almost immediately, a few requests came in for Yuuri to show off his lingerie, which he happily did, rolling onto all fours and showing the camera his panties, the garters and stockings. “Do you like the heels? Daddy bought them for me.”
The jingle of change proved that yes, they did like the heels. Yuuri flushed at the memory of a handful of people voting for foot fetish content a few months ago.

“Daddy, take them off for me?” Yuuri asked, laying back and lifting a heeled foot into the air, pressing it against Victor’s chest. Yuuri whined softly at the way Victor’s eyes rolled back, his nostrils flared, his cock stirred in his pants.

“Of course,” Victor growled softly, gently cradling his ankle and sliding the heel off his foot, pressing a soft kiss to the arch of his stockinged foot before setting it back down and reaching for the other. The tip jar rattled with the audience’s approval of Victor’s worshipful touch, and as Victor let Yuuri’s foot drop, he hooked his toes into the waistband of his alpha’s sweatpants.

“May I?” Yuuri purred, and Victor moaned a tight ‘da’ in reply. Yuuri pushed his pants down to his thighs, his cock springing free, already hard and leaking, his knot half-formed at the base of his dick. The chat’s appreciation for Victor’s length was loud and full of riddled with eggplant emojis. A handful of requests came in for Yuuri to play with it, to stroke it, to suck it, and Yuuri gladly did, watching both the chat and Victor as he did.

A low, hungry growl rumbled in Victor’s chest as Yuuri stroked him; he couldn’t fight the urge to fuck into the loose furl of his fist. Arousal pooled hot and desperate in his core, watching intently as Yuuri flicked his wrist at the end of every deliberate stroke. His hand buried in Yuuri’s hair once again and he guided him down, a dark, husky version of his voice rumbling,

“Suck me, Rosya.”

Yuuri whimpered, his body clenched around the plug still between his cheeks. He opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around Victor’s length, the eyes of the chat on him only pitching his arousal higher, his cock harder, his flush darker.

“Fuck,” Victor moaned, rocking gently into Yuuri’s mouth, listening to the tip jar jingle at the sound of his voice. “Your viewers like knowing how talented your filthy little mouth is, Rosya,” Victor purred, letting loose another shuddering moan. Yuuri moaned around his cock, relaxing his throat and letting it slide deeper into him, he buried his nose in the dense patch of silver hair at the base of his alpha’s dick.

“Is Eros wearing a plug?”

Victor had to squint to read the comment, but he nodded after he understood. “Da, and I think he wants to show you all why… isn’t that right, detka?” Victor crooned, cupping Yuuri’s cheek and (regretfully) pulling him off his length. Yuuri nodded blearily and adjusted himself, on all fours, facing away from the camera, pressing his nose into his pillow and arching his back, wordlessly presenting. Victor growled in appreciation, palming at Yuuri’s lace-clad ass and pulling his cheeks apart, just barely revealing the toy holding a load of his own spend inside Yuuri.

Victor paused, teasing Yuuri’s rim, stretched around the toy. The high-pitched whimper he earned spurred on a flurry of tips and comments, begging for those pretty panties to disappear. Victor gladly obliged, pressing the lacy boyshorts down over the curve of his ass, revealing the tiniest hint of a pattern behind in his skin, the lace just tight enough to leave its shadowy impression behind. Victor didn’t give himself much time to appreciate it, instead moving to reveal the sparkling toy between Yuuri’s cheeks.

“D-Daddy…” Yuuri whined, and Victor could feel the quiver in Yuuri’s legs as he tapped the toy’s base, once, twice. “Please, take it out?”
Victor chuckled and wrapped his fingers around the flared base of the toy, giving it a soft tug. Yuuri moaned, a low, guttural thing as the toy pulled against the inside of his rim. “Rosya has a lovely little surprise for all of you…” Victor crooned, and if only the chat could see the look on his face; he knew his smile was prideful, hungry, possessive. He pulled gently at the plug’s base, slowly working it out of Yuuri’s hole. The sounds Yuuri made were utterly obscene, and a chill ran down Victor’s spine. It seemed Yuuri’s omega enjoyed being watched even more than Yuuri did.

He pulled the toy free and a flow of his own cum ran along the puckered rim of Yuuri’s hole, their sex-mingled scents bursting into the already pheromone-dense air. Victor almost missed the sound of tips flooding in, all transfixed by the sight of Yuuri’s hole dripping with seed and slick, well fucked and… Victor had to squint, but he spotted the word he knew Yuuri’s omega loved to hear. “Rosya, darling, your friends want to know if Daddy bred you well…” he rumbled, running a finger along Yuuri’s spine, making him arch in a feline way. Yuuri moaned and nodded, apparently already too far gone for words. Victor smirked and cupped his flushed cheeks with both hands, two long fingers wandering their way into his hole when a request came in to do so, accompanied by a playful tip of sixty-nine coins. (Victor was all too familiar with the conversion rate, having happily spent an irresponsible amount on tips himself.)

“Fuck, that’s so hot…” one comment read, and Victor murmured it to Yuuri gently, accompanying the compliment with another long finger pressed into his hole, another keening whine for more from Yuuri. “Are you the Daddy from all the streams?”

Victor hummed a yes, twisting his fingers just so, working a whimper from Yuuri. “Da, that’s me. I’m the luckiest alpha in the world that I get to take care of Rosya…” Yuuri interrupted Victor’s playful gloating with a sharp, demanding whine of his title, a burst of slick wetting his inner thighs and cheeks. “Is someone ready for something bigger?” Victor teased, and he was almost caught off-balance by how quickly Yuuri righted himself, pushing Victor nearly to the edge of the frame and shoving a condom into his hand.

“Fuck. Me.” Yuuri demanded, a heat in his voice that Victor hadn’t heard before that day. Yuuri didn’t get pushy in his streams, not like this. He quickly positioned himself, on his knees, chest pressed into the nest, his ass up in the air. He was presenting, Victor recognized the position and a chill ran down the length of his spine.

“Oh-okay,” Victor stammered, losing his calm only for a moment before composing himself again. A few comments rolled in, teasing Victor for his lack of finesse in opening the condom, but most of the viewers seemed fixated on the way he rolled the rubber along his shaft and up over his half-swollen knot, pausing for a moment to rock into his fist, moaning softly. He reached for the bottle of strawberry-scented lube on the bedside table, but Yuuri again intercepted him.

“No, Daddy,” Yuuri snapped, wrapping his hand around Victor’s wrist and pulling him back to himself. “Fuck me, now.”

“But… Rosya, the lube-” Victor began, but Yuuri whined in anguished frustration before pressing his own fingers into his hole and stroking Victor’s length with the gathered slick on his hand, reaching behind himself and showcasing his flexibility once again. “Oh… I see… my needy omega is all nice and wet for me, isn’t he? Still sloppy and wet from before, when Alpha took you and plugged you up, nice and full?”

The filthy words had their intended effect, and Yuuri was shaking before Victor had even lined up. “Y-yes, Daddy, fuck me, need it,” Yuuri begged, that desperate, demanding edge still clinging to his voice.
Victor turned to the chat, already filling up with peaches and eggplants, an activity he used to be on the other end of, sending them instead of receiving them. “What does the chat think, hm? Should I give him what he wants?”

The result was utterly unanimous of course, begging Victor to fuck him until he’s completely wrung out, to let him ride his cock, for Victor to pound him into the sheets… every single suggestion made Victor’s heart race. Both of them watched as new names filled the chat, tips filling the jar far past the goal Yuuri had set before they started. Yuuri looked over his shoulder, those pleading eyes burning with a kind of fire that made Victor’s core ignite.

Victor grabbed twin handfuls of Yuuri’s ass and pressed his cheeks apart, revealing that rosy pucker, shining with slick and twitching to be filled. Victor pushed out a low, hissed breath as he sank into that slippery heat, an unintended curse in Russian tumbling out of his mouth as well.

“Bozhe moy, detka,” Victor growled out, gripping his hips tight as he bottomed out, flesh pressed to flesh like matched halves of a whole. “So tight, perfect…” Victor clung to half-formed sentences like a life preserver, and despite himself he completely forgot about the camera, the stream, the chat. All he found himself thinking about was the heat of Yuuri’s body, coiled tightly around his, his panting, gasping breaths making the sheets damp below him.

“Daddy, more, move, please,” Yuuri begged, rolling his hips forward and back, fucking himself on Victor’s cock, and it was only then that Victor realized he hadn’t even pulled himself back out yet. The tears in Yuuri’s eyes compelled him to withdraw, only to snap his hips forward again, the thud of their skin connecting audible even to the camera. Yuuri moaned, arching his back and grinding back into Victor, his mouth open in a gasp for more, that, again, please.

The chime of a request cut through the haze and the two blinked blearily at the laptop on the bedside table, both of them fumbling to read it through the fog of pheromones lingering in the air.

“Eros, will you suck Daddy’s fingers? Your mouth looks a little unoccupied.”

A chill ran down Yuuri’s spine as he imagined the implication of that, the thought of two cocks filling him, stuffed full on both ends. His mouth fell open obediently. Victor leaned over him, his body pressed tight against Yuuri’s as his fingers teased at his lower lip.

“Open wide, detka, let Daddy in.” Victor cooed in Yuuri’s ear, pairing the words with a long, slow stroke in and out. Yuuri’s tongue lapped eagerly at Victor’s fingers, tasting like slick, precum and rubber; Yuuri’s lust hazy mind easily replaced Victor’s fingers with a twin of the cock inside him and sucked them into his mouth greedily.

His imagination sparked to life in vivid color, two of Victor, two of Alpha, fucking him on both ends, filling his hole and belly with cum… he shuddered around those fingers, wringing a gasp from Victor.

“D-Daddy~” was all Yuuri could manage before his orgasm took him by surprise. His legs trembled and collapsed underneath him, but Victor held him up, withdrawing his fingers and wrapping both hands around his waist. Victor fucked him slowly through his orgasm, rocking gently in and out of him as the waves of it crashed over him. When the ringing in his ears finally stopped, his body still buzzing with need, he looked over his shoulder at a red-faced, wide-eyed, hungry-looking Alpha and bit his lip.

“How do you feel, Rosya?” Victor crooned, though his voice was strained with the effort of staving off his own edge.
“Need more,” his voice was frayed around the edges, raw, desperate. “Fuck me, keep going, please, wanna make you feel good too…” he added, keening as he felt Victor’s slowly swelling knot press against his bullied rim.

Victor growled deep in his chest at his omega, so far gone in his own pleasure and yet so concerned for Victor’s. He withdrew with a soft apology and guided Yuuri onto his back, spreading his legs and pushing back into him with a gasp.

“You make me feel incredible, zvezda moya,” Victor rumbled, “So tight, so perfect, so eager for Daddy…” Yuuri whined with every word, squeezing his eyes shut tight as he felt arousal mounting in his core again; Victor wrapped a firm hand around Yuuri’s chin, tipping it up to meet his gaze once again. “Ah, ah, darling. I want you to look at me. Let me see those beautiful eyes.”

Yuuri felt something impossibly warm rippling in his chest, and he wasn’t sure if it was his omega or himself, but Victor’s lust-blown eyes locked on him, his attention so singularly focused on him, on his pleasure, on filling him and sating him, he felt full to bursting… beyond just an orgasm.

Victor came with a sharp cry of Yuuri’s screenname and a slurry of other Russian that came too quickly for any hope of a translation, his knot swelled and locked him into place, buried deep inside Yuuri. Yuuri himself shivered through a second orgasm at Victor’s hand, a few slick strokes shooting ribbons of cum over his skin.

Yuuri blinked wetly up at Victor, wordlessly begging him to fall into his arms, to feel his warmth around him, his scent closer and thicker in his nose. He wanted Victor’s touch more than he wanted his next breath. He vaguely registered Victor’s voice speaking to the chat, then his long, muscular frame reaching out of the nest, the blinking red light fading from the camera.

The lamp on the bedside table clicked off, sending them into a warm darkness only barely illuminated by the light streaming in from the main room. Victor fell into Yuuri’s arms, wrapping himself around his body and holding him close. He was safe, Alpha was here to take care of him. He melted in Victor’s embrace as he came down from that high, nuzzling against Victor’s throat.

“So good for me, lyubov moya, so good. You were incredible, Yuura.” Victor’s voice crooned in his ear, his lips pressing softly against his throat, his scent glands throbbing with his pulse. He murmured something in barely audible Russian, before his breaths evened, his eyelids falling closed.

Sleep took Yuuri not moments later, but not before he pressed a gentle kiss to Victor’s scent gland, allowing himself the smallest pleasure of imagining a bond bite there. Perfect indentations of his teeth, marking Victor as his for the world to see.
Yuuri wants to get out of the hotel for a little bit and show Victor around town.

Victor woke up the next morning to something...wet on his thigh. After a moment, he realized that it was Yuuri, still fast asleep, energetically grinding against him. He was mumbling quietly in Japanese, some phrases he recognized from his streams—"more," "harder," "yes, there, more." He was torn between letting this continue and waking Yuuri, but decided on the latter, since he wasn't currently conscious and they hadn't discussed consent or boundaries yet surrounding sleep play.

"Yuura," he whispered, moving to kiss the bridge of his nose. "Wake up, detka moya."

Yuuri whined softly into Victor's shoulder and blinked his eyes open. "Mmm...tickles," he mumbled, scrunching up his nose adorably at the feeling of Victor's beard against it. "G'morning, Daddy..."

"Good morning," Victor grinned. "You must have been having a lovely dream, da?"

Yuuri eyed him curiously, then realized that his thighs—and Victor's too, apparently—were coated with slick. His eyes widened and he blushed. "Oh, God, I'm so sorry," he blurted out. "I didn't—I mean, I wasn't—"

Victor kissed him again, this time on his cheek. "Yuuri, it's okay," he assured him. "I didn't mind. I know you're not in full control of your body right now." He gave him a gentle smile. "Your omega clearly needs sated; let's give him what he's asking for before we start our day, hmm?"

Yuuri let out a sigh of relief and nodded. "Thank you, Daddy," he said. He shoved the covers down to his hips, moaning pleasantly at the cool morning air on his warm skin, and rolled over onto his other side. "Take me from behind and cuddle me?"

Victor chuckled and peppered several soft kisses to the nape of Yuuri's neck. "You're too cute, do you know that?"

Yuuri whimpered and rubbed his ass against Victor's groin. "Less talk, Daddy, and more cock..."

Victor's alpha growled appreciatively at the demand, and he reached down to work Yuuri open
with his fingers. He could feel just how wet he was, and that combined with Yuuri's desperate whimpers was enough to bring his half-erect cock to full attention.

“Such a beautiful boy for me,” he purred, heaping on even more praise while he fingered Yuuri. “So needy for Daddy.”

Yuuri's hole twitched eagerly around Victor's fingers, another burst of slick leaking out around them. “Daaaaddy~” he whined, shuddering as he felt Victor gently kiss the area around his scent gland. He almost flinched away, but somehow, his omega trusted him not to go too far. He still breathed a soft sigh of relief—or was it longing?—when Victor's mouth pulled away. “Daddy, I'm ready,” he pouted. “Fuck me, please?”

“Eager, aren't we?” Victor hummed as he pulled out his fingers. A part of him wanted to tease Yuuri a bit more, but the idea of soft, sleepy morning sex was too tempting. He placed his hand on Yuuri's waist as he reached behind himself toward the nightstand for a condom. Yuuri shuddered as he heard him tear the packet open and slide it on, and when he felt the blunt head of Victor's cock press against him he slowly pushed his hips back, letting out a keening whine as Victor slowly filled him.

“Just like that, thank you, Daddy,” he moaned. “You fill me up so well...”

“Mmm, and you feel so perfect and tight around me,” Victor replied. When he bottomed out inside Yuuri, he gave him a moment for his body to adjust before slowly rocking his hips back out and forward again. He rubbed Yuuri's side gently as he fucked him, finding himself wishing that they were facing each other so that he could kiss him. He pressed his lips to Yuuri's nape again, working a soft giggle out of him.

“Your beard tickles, Daddy,” he pouted playfully. “I don't want you to stop though...”

Victor hummed against Yuuri's skin. “Then I won't,” he said, placing another kiss there before moving over to his shoulder. He kissed every inch of Yuuri that he could reach in his current position, his mind quickly drifting to thoughts of giving such attention to his entire body. Perhaps after this, when they showered...

Yuuri—and more specifically, his omega—positively melted beneath Victor's kisses. In his half-awake haze, he wasn't sure if it was due to the bed linens making his skin more sensitive first thing in the morning, or if it was the kisses themselves, but he wanted nothing more than for those lips to explore every inch of him, to even tease at his throat again.

And really, would it be that bad if Victor bonded him? Not now, he firmly told himself as his orgasm neared and his thoughts clouded again. This was not the time to be making decisions like this, and he knew it.

“Yuura, I...I don't think I'm going to last much longer,” Victor croaked from behind him.

“S okay. I'm close too,” Yuuri panted, canting his hips back against Victor's. “Go ahead, cum for me, knot me...”

Yuuri came all over the sheets almost as soon as he felt Victor's knot inflate inside him. Even with the condom on, he could almost imagine the sensation of his seed coating his inner walls, and it was enough to sate his omega as he rode out his orgasm. Victor's grip on his waist tightened, then relented as they both came down at the same time. Victor pulled out and carefully took off the condom to dispose of it, and Yuuri rolled over onto his back, smiling contentedly as he watched.
“That was nice,” he said, his skin tingling pleasantly from the afterglow. “Thank you again, Daddy.”

“You don't need to thank me, the pleasure was mine,” Victor replied, tossing the soiled condom into the waste bin next to the bed. “Now, would you like to share a shower before or after I order us breakfast?”

Yuuri hummed to himself as he considered his answer for a moment. “Hmm...before,” he said. “And I think I'd like to go out for breakfast today. I'd like to show you around town a little...”

Victor blinked in surprise. “Are you sure? Not that I'm opposed, but it's just...your heat, and being out in public...”

Yuuri blushed and looked away. “I didn't think I'd want to go out either,” he said. “But honestly, this is my first heat where I've felt this balanced on my second day. Maybe it's because you're here, I don't know...” He sat up and stretched his arms over his head, and he watched appreciatively as Victor did the same. Maybe it was because they'd just had sex, he told himself; he always felt somewhat more lucid after getting off, but this somehow felt...different.

“Because I'm here, hmm?” Victor teased, joining Yuuri on the other side of the bed and looping an arm around his waist as he led him to the bathroom. “Having an alpha present for your heat has you clear-headed?”

Yuuri blushed and stammered as he tried to think of what to say. “I...I'm not sure how long it'll last,” he said. “I might need to pull you aside in an alley somewhere while we're out, but...I think we can make this work. I don't want you to be cooped up here all week, not after you flew all the way here. Let's at least get breakfast and take a walk in the park. We can see how I feel after that.”

Victor grinned broadly as he stepped into the shower, holding out his hand for Yuuri. “Rosya, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you were asking me out on a date...”

Yuuri's cheeks turned scarlet and he avoided eye contact. “W-well...” he hesitated, letting out a soft gasp when Victor tilted his face toward himself.

“If that's the case, I accept,” he said, his smile sending a chill down Yuuri's spine. “I'd love to take you out on a date, Yuura.”

Yuuri's lips turned up into a playful smile. “Excuse me, Daddy, but I'm taking you out, since I'm the one who asked...or, tried to ask...”

Victor made a skeptical noise as he bent over to turn on the water. “We'll see who asks whom, Rosya.” He stepped out of the way for Yuuri to step under the stream of water. “Would you like to go for another round before we head out?”

Yuuri peeked over his shoulder. “I don't think so,” he said. “But I would still like to feel your hands on me. Will you wash my hair?”

“Of course I will,” Victor replied. He reached for his bottle of shampoo sitting on the shelf and poured a generous amount into his hand. “Close your eyes for me, okay?”

Yuuri did as he was asked, closing his eyes after running his hair under the water. He felt Victor's fingers work over his scalp and the sensation made his legs wobble. Victor was quick not to let him fall, catching him around the waist with one arm.

“Careful, detka,” he teased. “Has your heat made you that clumsy?”
Yuuri pouted. “Don't be mean, Daddy...” He steadied his legs and reached down for Victor's hand, lacing their fingers together as he brought it up to his lips before letting go. “Hey, um...Vitya?”

Victor could tell Yuuri was blushing as he used his diminutive, and it tugged at his heart strings in the sweetest way. “Yes, Yuura?”

“I, um...I really liked when you kissed my neck earlier,” he admitted, wringing his hands together nervously. “It felt really nice...”

Victor finished applying the shampoo to Yuuri's hair and lightly tickled the back of his neck with his soapy fingers. “Oh, really? I'll have to keep that in mind.” He placed both hands on Yuuri's shoulders and carefully turned him around to face him. He motioned for Yuuri to tilt his head back and captured his lips in a soft kiss as he rinsed his hair. Both men soon found their hands exploring each other's bodies as they made out, only parting when they needed to come up for air. They grinned and shared a tender look, surrounded by their intermingling scents and the smell of Victor's shampoo. They then repeated the cycle of tender kisses and touches as Victor put conditioner in Yuuri's hair, and they even took turns washing each other's bodies until it was time to rinse again. When they were both clean, Yuuri turned the water off and let Victor help him out to dry off.

“So, Yuuri,” he said, patting his hair dry and reaching for a small black pouch on the sink. “What do you recommend around here for breakfast?”

“There's a really nice diner not far from here,” Yuuri said. “It's family-owned and really customer-friendly. My roommate and I have gone there with hangovers a handful of times, so they, ah...they know me pretty well...”

Victor chuckled as he opened the pouch, containing his beard maintenance kit. With the excitement of the last couple of days, he'd let it get a bit scruffy, he observed as he looked at himself in the mirror. “It sounds great. I can't wait to try it.”

Yuuri stayed in the bathroom and watched Victor groom himself in silence before heading back to the bedroom to take his meds and get dressed. He grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and used it to take his birth control and his anxiety medication, then dug around in his suitcase to find something to wear. He put on his collar first, then picked out a pair of shorts and a sunflower-printed crop top, since it was supposed to be warm today.

“Well, don't you look nice?” Victor purred as he entered the bedroom a few moments later. He gave Yuuri a quick once-over as he finished getting dressed. “I think I have just the thing to wear to complement your outfit, too...”

Yuuri eyed him curiously, his gaze gravitating to his freshly-cropped beard. He watched Victor sift through his suitcase until he pulled out a dark green button-up dress shirt, almost the exact shade of the flower stems on Yuuri's shirt. He also pulled out a pair of dark-wash skinny jeans that looked like they cost more than Yuuri's entire wardrobe. And God, the outfit looked even better on Victor. Yuuri had to resist the urge to tear it off of him.

“Ready to go, Rosya?” Victor asked, winking as he rolled the sleeves up to his elbows. Yuuri practically salivated at the sight, and it actually took him a moment to realize Victor was speaking to him. “Rosya~” he repeated, walking towards him and tapping his nose gently.

“O-oh,” he said, blushing. “Sorry, I was just...yes, I'm ready,” he said. He grabbed a pair of flip-flops out of his bag and slid them on, then he followed Victor to the door. When they went down to the lobby, he opened Uber on his phone and requested a ride for them to the diner, while actively
avoiding eye contact with his manager, who was sitting at the front desk. He didn't want to have to explain why he'd never checked into his own room, or why he was in the company of the guest who'd booked the penthouse suite.

Fortunately, the wait for their ride wasn't long, and soon they were on their way to the restaurant. The car pulled up in front of a small, homey-looking building, with a sign in front which read “Coleman's”. Yuuri thanked the driver and promised a five-star rating as he and Victor got out, and in a moment of boldness he looped his arm around Victor's as they headed inside. They seated themselves and a waitress came to their table after a few minutes to greet them.

“Yuuri, hi!” she said, smiling at him before glancing over at Victor. She eyed him for a moment, giving him a polite smile as she looked him up and down, then looked back over at Yuuri. “Wow, good for you,” she teased, winking at him.

Yuuri turned scarlet and hid his face in his hands. He wasn't sure how he should introduce Victor, since they could hardly be called an actual couple, but to have something like that assumed... “I, uh...he's not...”

Victor calmly reached across the table and took one of Yuuri's hands in his own as he returned the smile the waitress gave him. “I'm Victor, a friend of Yuuri's visiting for the week,” he explained. She nodded, clearly not believing that was the full extent of the relationship, but deciding not to pry further.

“I see,” she said, tapping her pen against the notepad in her other hand. “Well then, Victor, can I start you off with a drink this morning?”

“Ice water and a cup of black coffee, thank you,” he said. With a gentle squeeze of his hand, he looked over at Yuuri. “And what for you?”

“I'll just have my usual,” he said, lowering his other hand from his face and looking back at him with a shy smile. “And my usual for breakfast, too.”

“Got it,” his friend said as she scribbled the orders down. “I'll have your drinks out soon, and I'll give you a little more time to decide on your meal,” she said, nodding in Victor's direction. After she left, Yuuri chuckled nervously at Victor.

“I'm sorry about that,” he said. “I hope that didn't make you uncomfortable...”

“Why would it?” Victor asked, still holding Yuuri's hand. “She seemed friendly.” He glanced down at the menu in front of him, softly rubbing the back of Yuuri's hand with his thumb. “What would you recommend here? You said you have a usual?”

“Yeah, I usually get pancakes with strawberries and whipped cream,” Yuuri said. “I get a side of scrambled eggs too, but if I've been drinking I get them over easy instead. The breakfast sandwiches are really good too, if a little greasy...”

Victor chuckled at the comment, letting go of Yuuri's hand when he saw their drinks coming back to the table. “Those do sound good. I think I'm in the mood for pancakes too, so I'll get what you're getting.”

The rest of breakfast was pretty uneventful, beyond Yuuri resisting the urge to lick away the occasional smear of whipped cream from Victor's lips as they ate and nearly choking when Victor reached across the table to swipe a sip of his iced coffee. When they received the check, they both reached for their wallets and Victor was the first to speak up.
“Let me pay, Rosya, I don't mind,” he said, pulling out his credit card.

“But Daddy, I asked you out, remember?” Yuuri pouted, ignoring the nagging in the back of his mind that he technically hadn't actually asked him anything of the sort. “Besides, most of the money in my bank account right now is from you anyway, so you're still sort of paying...”

Victor gave Yuuri a playful look, but pocketed his wallet again. “I suppose you're right,” he said. “I do still plan to treat you while we're out today, though...”

When the pair left, hand in hand, Yuuri led Victor to the end of the block and around the corner until they reached a park. “How about a walk while our food settles, Daddy?” he asked, sidling up a bit closer to him. “The park is pretty quiet this time of day, and it's so nice out...”

Victor nodded in agreement. “It is beautiful today,” he said, looking Yuuri in the eyes as the words came out of his mouth. “That sounds perfect.” He followed Yuuri across the street and onto the gravel path, where they passed a young couple walking a dog.

“Oh, I meant to ask you,” Yuuri said, looking back at the dog as they passed it. “Why didn't you bring Makkachin?”

“I did want to,” Victor explained, “especially since there was the possibility of introducing her to you. But she gets really anxious on long flights, and she's starting to get on in years, so I decided to treat her to a spa stay instead. I would love for you to meet her someday though...” He smiled fondly at the thought of one day coming home from the office to the sight of Yuuri, cuddled up on his couch with Makkachin resting in his lap. “I can introduce you when I call the resort later to check in on her, if you want.”

Yuuri's eyes lit up. “I'd love that!” he said. “I'd love to meet her, she seems so sweet.”

“I know she'd feel the same way,” Victor said. “I talk to her about you sometimes.”

“Oh? And what have you told her?” Yuuri couldn't help but ask. “Surely you don't tell your dog about the camboy that you pay to watch play with himself online,” he teased, lowering his voice so as to not be overheard.

“Oh, of course not,” Victor laughed. “I showed her the selfie you sent in that green hoodie I got you, and that you've told me how adorable she is, and I might have told her about some of your work stories...” He hoped that he didn't sound too pushy or obsessive in telling Yuuri this, and he went quiet after a moment. It hadn't occurred to him until this moment just how intimate of a gesture it was to almost brag about Yuuri, to show him off in such an innocuous way, even to his dog.

“That's...kind of sweet, actually,” Yuuri admitted, blushing. “That she knows me as someone other than Eros. I can't wait to meet her later.” As they continued to walk, he couldn't stop thinking about Victor talking about him, and the fact that there was at least someone he talked to about him outside of the context of his Eros persona. He'd had similar conversations with Phichit, of course, ever since that stream where he'd admitted to having that crush...

God, it seemed like that was so long ago. It was only a couple of months, but in the time since then he'd done another private video for Daddy, had several private video chats with him, texted him into the early hours of the morning on more than one occasion, and within the last 24 hours alone had met him in person, learned his real name, and lost his virginity to him. His omega began to feel restless again as he found himself wondering if he was completely sure it was still a crush at this point.
“Yuuri? Are you all right?” Victor asked, his voice thick with concern when he had to pull Yuuri away from colliding with someone else on the path. “Is there something on your mind? Do you need to sit down? Maybe get a drink?”

Yuuri looked at Victor and blushed, then looked past him at the building near a small picnic area that contained the bathrooms, which he suddenly hoped were vacant. “I’m fine,” he said, his throat suddenly dry. “But...remember when I said I might need to pull you aside?”

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“Where are we going?” Yuuri asked as Victor opened the back door of the car for him. The driver eyed him suspiciously through the rearview mirror, and he suddenly hoped that it wasn’t that obvious that he’d just given his companion a public bathroom handjob not even fifteen minutes ago.

“It’s a surprise,” Victor said simply, winking at him before closing the door and walking around to the other side. “I happened to notice it on my way to my meeting yesterday and hoped I’d get to take you there.” Without elaborating further, he smiled at the driver as they left the park and headed for their destination. After a few minutes of distracting himself by scrolling through his phone and sending Phichit a quick text asking how he was enjoying his vacation, Yuuri looked up as the car pulled up in front of the shopping center downtown, and more specifically, the designer lingerie shop that he and Phichit had visited several times in the last several months. The car didn’t stop directly in front of it, so he figured Victor hadn’t set its exact address as the requested stop, but somehow he knew that was the shop he had in mind. Victor thanked the driver and both of them got out of the car, and sure enough, Victor was leading him by the hand toward the shop.

“Since you wouldn't let me pay for breakfast,” he said, winking at him, “at least let me buy you something pretty to wear for me when we get back to the hotel.” As they walked through the door, Yuuri headed for the back where the styles he usually picked out were kept.

“Will you help me pick something out? I want to wear something that you’d like on me,” Yuuri said, browsing a rack of revealing lace garments. He blushed when he sensed Victor come up behind him to look through the same selections.

“I think you have a very good sense of taste when it comes to lingerie,” he said. “Maybe we could each try on something and have you try on both?”

Yuuri’s fingers fumbled as he nearly dropped the hanger he’d picked up. “Y-you don’t have to get me more than one set, Daddy,” he said.

“I know that, but I’d like to,” he replied. “You deserve to be pampered. In fact...” His eyes drifted to the collar around Yuuri’s neck. “How about I get you a new collar too? Something a little more...personal?”

Yuuri reached for his collar and gently touched it, shuddering as he felt the worn leather under his fingertips. “I...I think that would be nice,” he said after a moment. “I-if you're sure...” He continued looking over the rack before moving to the one next to it, not finding anything that particularly stood out to him. After another several minutes of looking, he finally found a sheer lace set: a navy blue bikini-style top with scalloped edges that appeared to tie around the back of the neck and behind the back with satin ribbons, and a matching bottom with bows at the sides. He usually preferred lighter colors, but something about it drew him in. When he picked the hanger up off of the rack, he noticed Victor did the same.

“I think your viewers would like to see you in something like this, hm?” he asked, holding up a
black bralette with dark red roses embroidered along the sides. The bottom was high-waisted and plain black lace, but looked like it would create a nice silhouette of Yuuri's curves. "I'd love to see that shade of blue on you too, Rosya," he added, glancing at the set in Yuuri's hands. "Let's go try these on."

Yuuri nodded and waved down an attendant to get him a dressing room, he and Victor followed her to the very back of the store and watched as she unlocked one of the stalls for him, and he disappeared into it with both sets while Victor waited outside. He tried on the black set first, remembering what Victor had said about his viewers liking it. He smiled at his reflection and the way his curves were accentuated by the high waistline of the bottom; it ended at his natural waistline, right at his belly button, and it left a few inches of bare skin between the waistband and the bottom hem of the bralette. Maybe he could wear his body chain with this for a stream sometime, he thought. He opened the door just enough to peek outside and smiled at Victor.

"I really like this one," he said. "Come see how it looks and tell me if a body chain would look good with it."

Victor hurried to the changing stall and gasped when he saw the full view of Yuuri in the lingerie as he slowly twirled for him. His hips and ass looked phenomenal, and the top was fitted perfectly against his pecs. The color scheme was reminiscent of the custom bodysuit he'd sent Yuuri, and the style almost made him wish he'd designed it to reveal more skin.

"A chain would look lovely with that, detka," he said. "Something like the one you wore in the stream you did with Peaches, maybe...or were you thinking of something bolder?"

"S-something a little more subtle, like the one from that stream," Yuuri said, nodding. "I think I remembered to pack it, if you want me to try it on when we get back..." He reached to unhook the back of the bralette and quickly stripped, having a bit less room to do so with Victor sharing the stall with him. "I was also thinking...this blue set, I think I'll keep off of my streams for a while," he said. "I wanted to wear something just for you..."

Victor watched in appreciation as Yuuri put the other set of lingerie on, feeling touched that he wanted to have something especially for his eyes only, besides the bodysuit. And by God, did it look fantastic on him. He'd always thought blue was a lovely color on him, with all the lighter-colored silk and lace he wore in his streams, but there was just something about this dark shade of it that looked absolutely beautiful against his alabaster skin, and how he could perfectly imagine him wearing a coordinating makeup look that would bring out his coffee-colored eyes.

Usually when he imagined the man standing before him in lingerie, he associated it with Eros, with the persona he'd created of sex incarnate. This, though, was a look that simply said Yuuri. And something about it, in a way, was even sexier.

"Well, what do you think? Too revealing? I don't usually wear something this sheer..." Yuuri said, shyly covering his chest and letting out a soft gasp at the way the lace brushed against his nipples. Victor reached for his hands and carefully pulled them away, then leaned in for a kiss as he pressed his body against Yuuri's.

"I think it looks perfect. You look perfect," he said, with nothing but sincerity in his voice. "And I'm honored that I get to be the only one to see you in this."

Getting dressed back into his regular clothes proved to be tricky while willing himself not to get aroused again, but somehow Yuuri managed. When he and Victor made it to the front counter, he saw Victor hold something up to show him.
“I found this while you were changing,” he said, showing him a collar that, at first glance, looked identical to the one that he had on. Upon closer inspection he saw that it was made of a much more comfortable-feeling velvet rather than leather, and it had the word “baby” embroidered in silver thread across the front. It still felt thick enough to cover his scent glands, but seemed like it would be much more pleasant to wear. Yuuri found himself almost tearing up when Victor handed it to him.

“Thank you so much,” he said. “Will you put it on me when we leave here?”

Victor pulled him close and kissed the top of his head. “Of course I will. It'll look beautiful with that blue set. Would you change back into it when we get back to the hotel?”

Yuuri hummed a soft 'yes' against Victor's shoulder as they approached the counter together. He watched Victor get his wallet out again to pay for the things they'd picked out together and suddenly couldn't wait to get back to the hotel for another round...

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“Okay, Yuuri, I've made my picks, you can come out now!”

Yuuri looked at himself in the mirror one last time, examining his makeup and hair that he'd styled to go with his new lingerie. While he got ready, he'd let Victor look through the toys he'd brought along with him and choose which one, or ones, that they'd use, as well as how and where they would be used. After giving his reflection a final smile, he came out of the bathroom and found Victor sitting, still fully dressed, on the bed. In one hand was Yuuri's remote-controlled bullet vibrator, still one of his all-time favorites. In the other hand was the glass monster cock that still made Yuuri's knees wobble.

“Are these fine?” he asked, holding both toys up. Yuuri blushed and nodded, walking towards him and sitting down on his lap. “Someone's feeling bold, I see,” Victor teased, setting the toys to the side and putting his hands on Yuuri's hips. “You said I could use these however I want on you, right?” Yuuri nodded again. “Okay. Lie down on your back for me and spread your legs.”

“Do you want me to take my panties off?” Yuuri asked as he moved into the requested position, parting his thighs while he looked up at Victor and hesitantly reaching for the waistband of the lace panties.

“Not yet, keep them on. They look gorgeous on you,” Victor said. “You'll probably soak through them soon enough anyway.” The low growl in his voice sent a chill up Yuuri's spine, and as he crawled across the massive expanse of the bed he turned on the bullet vibrator first. “Now, where to begin? I've seen you use this a number of different places, but...” He sat on his knees for a moment, eyes raking up and down Yuuri's form as he considered his next move. “Maybe your chest?”

Yuuri shivered at the thought of the vibe on his nipples, especially with Victor being the one controlling it. “Y-yes, please, Daddy,” he begged. “Please tease my chest?” He gasped when Victor touched the tip of the toy to his right nipple first, circling it gently over top of the soft lace. Fuck, the combination of the vibration and the lace teasing his sensitive skin was already a lot, and he found himself arching his back and trying to feel more of the sensation. Before he was able to feel too much, Victor pulled the toy away and moved over to his left nipple, giving him a playful grin.

“Don't get too greedy now, behave for Daddy,” he said, lightly grazing Yuuri with the toy and watching him squirm. “Now hold this for me while I get you ready for your other toy.” He watched as Yuuri cupped his hand over the toy, holding it in place, before reaching behind him for
the glass dildo. Yuuri eyed the toy with a soft whine, wondering what Victor had planned for it. Would he tease him with it, pushing him just shy of the edge before taking it away and giving him the real thing? Would he sit and watch as Yuuri fucked himself on it like he'd done on camera?

“Yuuri, I was wondering,” Victor began, reaching between Yuuri’s legs and palming at him just enough to get him wet, with the vibrator already teasing him. “Do you think you'd be able to take both this toy and me at the same time? I know how much of a size king you are...”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. Victor's cock was big, and so was that dildo. They both filled him and satisfied him more than any of his other toys. But could he really take both of them at once? “I...I don't know, Daddy,” he admitted. “Maybe I could suck on one while you fucked me with the other? I'll let you choose which one goes where...”

“Mmm, that sounds like a fair compromise,” Victor said with a nod. “I haven't gotten to feel those pretty lips of yours around me today, so I think I'll fuck you with your toy while you blow me. How does that sound?”

Yuuri nodded eagerly, licking his lips as his eyes dropped to Victor's groin. “That...that sounds great,” he said. When he saw Victor reach for another condom from the box on the nightstand he suddenly found himself grabbing his wrist before he could rethink it.

“Is something the matter, Yuuri?” Victor asked, watching his cheeks turn a dusty shade of pink.

“N-no, nothing's wrong, I just...” he looked away, hesitating to continue. “Would you, um...I want you to cum on my face again,” he said. “And maybe my chest?”

Victor couldn't help the low, guttural moan that escaped his chest. “Bozhe moy, Yuuri, you'll be the death of me,” he chuckled as he set the condom back on the nightstand. He slipped his fingers beneath the lace of Yuuri’s panties and smirked as he felt how wet he was, after just a few minutes of teasing. “So dirty, my Rosya, I've barely touched you and you're already making a mess of yourself...”

Yuuri whimpered as Victor slowly began to prep him, sliding his fingers in and out of him at an agonizing pace. He couldn't wait to be filled from both ends, and to have Victor mark him again. He gave in and let his omega take control, succumbing to sheer pleasure as the head of his toy pressed into him, warmed by Victor's hands. He whined and panted and moaned, barely registering the feeling of Victor's cock tapping against his parted lips. When he opened his eyes he saw Victor staring down at him with a devilish gleam in his eyes, giving him a stare that went to his core. With very little effort he took all of him to the back of his throat, moaning around him as he swallowed. He let Victor take control of the vibrator again, letting him play with his nipples while he took a turn holding the dildo as he fucked himself with it, pistoning his hips at the perfect speed and angle. It wasn't hard to imagine Victor's cock in place of the dildo too, or to imagine being filled from both ends, to have Victor and an exact copy of him double-teaming him, filling him with his seed, cumming down his throat, spilling all over his face and body, God he wanted nothing more than to be marked, to be claimed like the filthy, desperate omega that he was.

It turned out that the fantasy was enough for him to make a mess of himself; Yuuri nearly choked on Victor's cock as he came in ribbons and gushed slick all over his hand, his toy, and the bed. Concerned by Yuuri's sudden whimpering and coughing, Victor pulled out of his mouth and, with a few quick strokes, came all over Yuuri’s flushed cheeks, even getting some in his hair. He pumped himself through his orgasm, panting heavily as ribbon after ribbon of his seed painted Yuuri's face, his neck, his chest. And goddamn, did he look beautiful. When they both finally came down, the first thing Victor could think to do was to reach down and carefully remove Yuuri’s messy glasses.
“How are you feeling?” he asked in a sex-hoarse voice, turning the vibrator off and giving each of his overstimulated nipples a soft kiss.

“I...I feel amazing,” Yuuri whispered. He desperately needed another shower, but right now all he could manage to do was nuzzle against Victor. He buried his face into his chest, taking in his scent. All he wanted right now was to be held, to let the smell of Victor and sex completely overtake him. He let out a content sigh as he nuzzled against the alpha's sweaty shirt.

“Aishiteru, Daddy...”

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