

Scratching the Itch

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/22820971) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/22820971>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)
Relationship:	Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov
Characters:	Katsuki Yuuri , Victor Nikiforov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Verse , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Heat Sex , Cock Warming , Anal Sex , Feeding , Dirty Talk , Breeding Kink , Pregnancy Kink , Creampie , Rough Sex , Caring Victor Nikiforov , Possessive Victor Nikiforov , Bottom Katsuki Yuuri , Top Victor Nikiforov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-02-21 Words: 2,843 Chapters: 1/1

Scratching the Itch

by [CarnivalMirai](#)

Summary

Yuuri's heat is here, and Victor has promised to take care of him. Naturally, Victor delivers.

Notes

This is a reward for a lovely supporter of mine, VodkaaKola, who has supported me for years! Her request was simple-- heat/rut, though thinking back, part of me kind of wishes I focused on rut sex rather than heat sex - dammit! Maybe next time, haha! I've written a lot of heat sex recently at the request of my supporters, but I think next time I will focus on rut. This one is for you, Vodka 💕

Don't forget to follow me on [Twitter!](#) where I also post teasers and announcements!

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

“Hey, Yuuri, are you feeling okay?” Victor asked, holding his hand to Yuuri’s forehead. They were training to start the new season, the Olympic season, actually, and Yuuri’s last chance at getting a super slam. A royal flush. All of the major international titles. It was his last chance. But unfortunately, biology had other plans for him in the upcoming week, for his heat was just around the corner.

“Y-yeah I’m just... feeling a bit drowsy...” He sighed heavily as his eyes fluttered shut, head falling onto Victor’s shoulder. “I just feel so... heavy and lethargic at this time of the year.” He murmured.

“I get it, it’s okay.” Reassured Victor. “Let’s get you home then. There’s no way you can skate like this. Let’s get you home to your nest, okay? Let me take care of you.” Tiredly, Yuuri nodded, and allowed Victor to lead him off the ice. “Sit down.” Victor said, helping Yuuri sit down on the bench as he knelt down in front of him on the floor to help him with his skates.

“Mmgh...” Yuuri grumbled, hand holding his head and sweeping his messy, sweaty fringe back. Victor untied the laces to one of his skates, loosening them to free Yuuri’s foot.

“You wanna shower here or at home?” Asked Victor as he made a start on Yuuri’s other skate.

“Here...” He groaned. “I won’t want to shower when we get back home otherwise.” Victor nodded, pulling off his skate.

“Alright, then. Come on.”

By the time they made it home, Yuuri was literally falling asleep.

“Let’s get you down for a nap. I’ll make you something to eat for when you wake up.” Yuuri nodded, trudging through their apartment and down the corridor to the master bedroom. He immediately cosied up beneath the sheets, pulling various items of Victor’s clothes to his face

as Victor joined him. He climbed in beside Yuuri, pulling him in by his waist, knees tucked behind Yuuri's.

His hands rubbed softly up and down Yuuri's body and within seconds, Yuuri was fast asleep. Victor laid there for a few minutes, kissing his neck and shoulders before getting up. Now that Yuuri was asleep, it was the prime time to make him something to eat, as well as prepare some supplies. Yuuri hated being in heat on the best of days, so Victor was determined to at least make sure he was as comfortable as possible.

Yuuri only managed to nap for an hour before a horrible, uncomfortable itch began to crawl under his skin. He grumbled, kicking away the covers, shirt clinging to his skin as it rode up his chest. When Victor returned to the bedroom, Yuuri was tossing and turning, moaning as he flipped onto his stomach, gripping the pillows. He put down the tray of food on the bedside table and went over, crawling onto the bed.

"Baby," he quietly cooed, "wake up, you need to eat something." Yuuri groaned as Victor's comforting hand ran up and down his back and over the plush swell of his ass. Yuuri's hips pushed back against his hand as his eyes fluttered open tiredly.

"Vitya..." He mumbled. "Hot..."

"It's okay, let's get you out of these clothes." Victor said as he helped Yuuri onto his knees, pulling his top over his head. "You need to eat something first." At the mention of *eat something*, Yuuri's first instinct was to grope Victor's crotch, pulling a strained moan from his alpha. "H-hey, not *that*, eat something proper. You'll need the energy." Victor reasoned, pulling Yuuri's hand away to help him out of his sweats. "I'll reward you *after* you've eaten." Victor promised as Yuuri draped himself over Victor's body, hands sliding into Victor's sweatpants to free his half hard cock.

"Oi," Warned Victor, "eat first, okay?" But Yuuri whined, crawling into Victor's lap.

"Vitya... t-touch me..." Pleaded Yuuri, naked as he straddled Victor's lap. Naturally, Victor couldn't resist as he reached a hand out to grope the swell of Yuuri's ass, gently tugging his cheeks apart.

“Be patient.” Victor said firmly. “How about we compromise,” Victor repositioned Yuuri so his back was pressed to his chest, thighs spread open to his plush, pink rim, already twitching and eager to be filled. “Hold still for me, darling.” Victor worked himself to full mast. It only took him a couple of strokes, what with the way his incredibly horny omega was grinding and mewling on his lap.

Once he was fully hard, Victor tugged apart Yuuri’s cheeks with one hand, and the other lined up his cock. Yuuri shrieked in pleasure as Victor’s cock kissed his fluttering rim, and before Victor could even begin to enter, Yuuri’s hips had already plunged down to take him in all the way with a pleased moan. He tried to move, however, Victor held him still, one arm tossed over Yuuri’s hips to firmly hold him down.

“Hey, not until you’ve eaten.” Victor repeated, tone firm as Yuuri squirmed in his lap. “Be good for me and eat something first, okay? Then I’ll give you what you want.” Yuuri whimpered, but allowed his body to go lax against Victor. Victor had to bite back lewd moans as Yuuri’s ass clamped around him, rhythmically massaging his cock. He tried to ignore it as he picked up the bowl of rice porridge he had sitting on the bedside table, along with some fish and some vegetables. “Let me feed you?” Tiredly, Yuuri nodded as Victor scooped some porridge onto a spoon.

“Ahh,” Slowly, Yuuri’s lips parted, allowing Victor to feed him. “Good?” Yuuri nodded again, mouth opening, demanding for more. Victor scooped up some more porridge, a piece of fish also on the spoon, and he brought it to Yuuri’s lips.

They managed to make it halfway through the bowl before Yuuri started whining again, stomach muscles clenching around Victor’s girth.

“V-Vitya...” He mewled breathily. “P-please...” Victor bit his lips, holding back a gasp at the way Yuuri massaged his cock.

“J-Just a bit more, Yuuri.” He smiled. “Eat a little more for me.” Yuuri keened in his lap, hips desperately trying to roll back as Victor held him still. “Hey, be good for me.” Victor firmly said through gritted teeth as he bit his lip.

“P-please... V-Vitya... ahh...” Tears began to pool in Yuuri’s eyes with desperation as he sucked in a deep, heavy breath, chest puffing out with every breath.

“No, Yuuri.” Victor groaned. “I promised I’d take care of you, and that includes making sure you eat.” His arm tightened around Yuuri’s waist in an attempt to stop him from squirming. God, his dick was so hard inside Yuuri, twitching harshly as Yuuri throbbed around him. Yuuri pouted, sniffing as Victor held the spoon to his lips again. Shakily, Yuuri opened up.

“Good boy. Just a little more to go, alright?” He crooned, filling the spoon again. “Just a few more bites, ahh.”

Victor eventually managed to get Yuuri to finish his meal.

“You did so well for me, baby.” Praised Victor as he kissed Yuuri’s ear and down his jaw as he began to slowly buck his hips.

“M-mhh... V-Vitya...” Yuuri gasped as Victor’s tip brushed his sweet spot. Victor shifted his position, rising onto his knees, Yuuri’s thighs now spread across his lap. “Ahh!” Yuuri panted at the sudden change of angle as he tried to buck his hips back against Victor, and naturally, Victor couldn’t resist. His hands gripped Yuuri’s hips as one of Yuuri’s arms reached back around Victor’s neck to pull him closer, their bodies pressed together.

Their hips began to move in tandem, Yuuri’s hips jerking in Victor’s lap as he tried to get him in deeper. “That’s it... take whatever you need, baby.” Yuuri couldn’t hold back his soft, breathy moans as he ground back against Victor, his velvety warmth massaging his cock. “F-fuck... Yuuri...” Victor shakily kissed his neck, tongue flicking over soft skin as he nibbled down on his neck.

“A-ahh... Vitya... m-more... please...” Yuuri couldn’t help but whimper as Victor dragged one hand up his body, fingertips brushing over his nipple, pink and puffy. “Ahmm!” Yuuri whined as Victor pinched his nipple, rolling the small bud between the pads of his fingertips.

“Feel good, baby?” Asked Victor as he guided Yuuri’s hips, pace picking up with each of Yuuri’s moans. Hastily, Yuuri nodded his head, keening and moaning in Victor’s lap. “Go on, keep going...” He encourages, squeezing Yuuri’s hip. “M-mhh...” Victor’s breaths were slow and trembling as Yuuri’s ass convulsed around his girth. He could feel every ripple of the muscle, every slick slide, every contraction as his tip bumped Yuuri’s prostate.

Victor's hand relented off Yuuri's nipple and snaked down his body, across his stomach to grasp Yuuri's dick, hard and red and leaking in his hand. Yuuri jolted, the cold touch of Victor's hand tearing a heady groan from his lips. Now, he was stuck between rocking back onto Victor's delicious cock or rutting forwards into the warming touch of Victor's hand.

Tears streaked Yuuri's face at the duel stimulation, every pump of Victor's fist and every thrust Victor's hips pushing him closer and closer to the precipice of orgasm. The bulbous head of his alpha's cock bumped his sweet spot over and over and *over* again, punching the breath out of his lungs with a faint "*ungh—!*"

Victor could tell by the way Yuuri's rim contracted around him and the way the inside of his thigh trembled that he was close to coming already. "That's it... my pretty omega... my beautiful Yuuri..." Yuuri's back arched under Victor's praise as he turned his head towards Victor, nosing at his jaw and ear. His breath brushed Victor's neck, warm and moist against his sweat-slicked skin. "You can come, Yuuri, whenever you want." And at the soft coo of Victor's voice, Yuuri's breath hitched sharply, back arching as his hips bucked up into Victor's fist, then back onto his cock. His hips stuttered as lewd moans tore from his throat, resonating throughout the room as his chest heaved with harsh, heavy breaths.

Semen spurted from his cock, staining Victor's hand and his own stomach as the pressure in his wet heat suddenly increased, ass clamping down so hard on Victor that it was borderline painful. "Fuck-- Yuuri-- *Yuuri!*" Victor bit into Yuuri's shoulder, and with three more deep thrusts, his hips stilled, cock knocking Yuuri's sensitive bundle of nerves one last time as he came, filling him to the brim.

Yuuri preened in his lap, cock already hardening again as Victor came inside of him, marking his walls with come. Yuuri gave Victor no time to relax, for his hips began to rock again as Victor's softening length threatened to slip out of his slick entrance. Yuuri moaned, entrance fluttering around Victor's cock in an attempt to get him hard again.

"Y-Yuuri... Baby... I n-need-- *ungh!*" Victor's breath caught in his throat as Yuuri ground back against his hips, practically begging.

"Alpha... p-please... it's not enough... V-Vitya... please..." Tears were streaking Yuuri's face again, staining his red cheeks. His fringe was matted to his forehead, body sticky with

sweat and come as he pleaded. “F-fill me more, Vitya... b-breed me... k-knock me up...” Victor’s flagging cock gave a violent pulse at Yuuri’s lascivious request, threatening to harden again.

“B-baby... gimme a second...please...” Victor moaned into his neck, kissing and licking at his pale skin.

“N-no... Vitya... now, please... more...” God, when his gorgeous omega was moaning in his lap like a two bit whore, Victor’s body found it incredibly difficult to say *no*. He felt his cock begin to harden again within Yuuri, the omega giving a happy preen at the way Victor’s length began to fill him again.

“Yuuri... I don’t know how you do it...” Victor breathlessly chuckled as Yuuri’s hips rolled in his lap. With a surprising amount of strength, Victor flipped Yuuri onto the bed on his stomach, chest pressed to the mattress, ass lifted into the air. Yuuri’s hands immediately grabbed his cheeks, tugging them apart to expose his rim, pink and wet and winking, Victor’s *comme* threatening to leak.

“Please...” With Yuuri laid out like that, like a feast for him, pleading eyes begging for more, Victor couldn’t resist. His hands knocked Yuuri’s hands away and gripped his ass, the flesh spilling between his fingers. Biting his lip, he plunged right in. His omega wanted to be filled, and Victor was going to make sure Yuuri got everything he wanted.

“*Anghh!*” Yuuri gripped the sheets, body lurching up the bed an inch as Victor pounded into him, setting a brutal pace as soon as he’d settled deep within the omega. “F-fuck! V-Vitya-- ahh... alpha... m-more...” Yuuri preened with Victor’s violent pace, the thick tip of his cock knocking Yuuri’s prostate with every thrust, making him flutter around his dick.

“Yeah... you like that, don’t you? You love it when I get rough...” Victor towered over Yuuri, body draped over Yuuri’s back as his hips snapped, lips kissing and licking at their bond mark. Yuuri shuddered, whimpering at the swipe of Victor’s warm, wet tongue against the sensitive mark, fingers gripping the sheets as raspy breaths pulled from his throat.

“Ahh... y-yes... yes... V-Vitya... mmh... p-please... fuck me full...” Victor loved when Yuuri got like this, needy and begging and indulging in his inner omega. “Fuck... fuck...”

fuck... ahh... fill me more..." Yuuri's chest heaved with every breath as Victor pulled desperate moans from his throat.

"Yeah? You want me to fuck you full? Knot you? Breed you till it takes? You'd love that, wouldn't you?" Victor's voice was dripping with lust in Yuuri's ear, sending shivers down his omega's spine as he melted under him. "You'd be stuck on my knot, and I'd be pumping you full of my seed..." Victor's hand snaked under Yuuri's body to rub at his stomach, feeling the way Yuuri's tummy bulged with the weight of his cock. "I'll fuck you till it takes... you'll be so full of me... so full of our child..." Yuuri sobbed blissfully at Victor's words, slick flooding from his ass as he loosened even more for Victor's girth.

"Imagine how pretty you'd be with your stomach all round and full of our baby..." Victor pushed down on the bulge in Yuuri's stomach, causing him to cry out again as he rocked his hips back on Victor's dick, desperate for more. Victor could feel the way he moved inside of Yuuri with every thrust, a low moan tumbling from his lips as he felt his dick pulse. Slowly, his hand snaked up Yuuri's body to grope his chest, slightly puffy with his heat. "And these... they'd fill out so nicely with your milk... I wonder how it would taste? Sweet, delicious, creamy... you'd let me drink from you, wouldn't you, Yuuri?" Victor punctuated his question with a firm pinch to Yuuri's nipple, ripping another lewd cry from his throat.

"Y-yes! God yes, Vitya-- *ahmm!*" Victor's hips ground against Yuuri's, pushing the tip of his cock into Yuuri's abused prostate. "I'm c-close... so close... Vitya... Vitya... c-close...!" Yuuri was gasping for breath as Victor continued to bully his prostate, every nudge causing Yuuri to tighten, pushing him closer and closer to the precipice of orgasm.

"Yeah? Gonna come for me, baby? Gonna tighten and squeeze around me with your perfect ass... milk me till I fill you up?" And *oh*, that was it.

"Ahh, ahh, ahh, ah-- Vitya-- *alpha!*" Yuuri's body immediately tensed, ass flexing rhythmically around Victor's thick girth as he cried into the pillow, eyes rolling to the back of his head. Victor fucked him through his orgasm, knocking soft, staccato moans from Yuuri's lungs as his toes curled and his legs trembled, come spurting up his chest.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck... Yuuri--!" The sudden pressure inside Yuuri was overwhelming, too much to bare as the omega convulsed around him. Victor came with three more sharp thrusts, knot expanding and plugging Yuuri's rim. Yuuri whimpered at the sudden stretch, almost

hissing in pain at the added girth. A wet heat seeped through him, pooling in his abdomen as one hand rested on top of his filling tummy.

Every minute shift tore a sharp hiss from Yuuri, his rim sore and swollen and red around the base of Victor's knot. Victor stared down at where they were joined, groaning lowly as his thumb began to rub into Yuuri's abused rim, feeling it relax a little. "V-Vitya..." Yuuri collapsed, unable to hold himself up. Carefully, Victor followed, turning them onto their sides, being cautious of where they were joined.

It took Victor five minutes to catch his breath and clear his head. Yuuri whined, skin tingling and hot, far too sensitive for Victor to even touch his hip. His soft, plush ass still pulsing around him. "Are you okay?" Fatigued, Yuuri nodded, throat too hoarse to speak as his eyes fluttered shut. "Take a nap, okay? I'll be here when you wake up."

End Notes

If you enjoyed this chapter please leave me a comment, it would mean the world to me 🙏💖

Don't forget to follow me on [Twitter!](#) where I also post teasers and announcements!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!