Bet

Posted originally on the Omegaverse of Our Own at https://www.omegaverseofourown.org/works/11.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Secondary Category:	Alpha/Omega
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationship:	Schlatt (Dream SMP Character)/Quackity (Dream SMP Character)
Alpha Character:	Alpha Schlatt (Dream SMP Character)
Omega Character:	Omega Quackity (Dream SMP Character)
Additional Tags:	Bondage, Dominant Omega Male(s), Dominant Bottom, Power Play, Mating Cycles/In Rut, Riding, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Vaginal Sex, Winged Alexis | Quackity, Top Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF), Bottom Alexis | Quackity, Knotting, Past Alexis | Quackity/Wilbur Soot, Past Alexis | Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap, Finger Sucking, Biting, Jealousy, POV Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF), Las Nevadas Alexis | Quackity, Las Nevadas (Dream SMP), Revived JSchlatt, Power Bottom Alexis | Quackity, Goat Hybrid Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF), cubitos not ccs
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-06 Words: 4,156 Chapters: 1/1

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by theotherwolfinsideyou

Summary

After being revived, Jschlatt loses a bet to Quackity. Which is how he finds himself tied to his bed, in rut, and completely at Quackity’s mercy.

It took approximately one hour for Schlatt to regret every decision he'd ever made.

Now, Schlatt was no stranger to waiting. He did a hell of a lot of it in Limbo, where distractions were few and far between and often came in the form of annoying little twerps who didn't even stay dead for long. But at least in Limbo, he had his weights and booze and drugs and solitaire to distract. He hadn't been tied to his bed. And, crucially, he hadn't been in fucking *rut.*

If being dead had been good for anything, it was stopping his body's insistence on having these dreadful things. His rut was properly starting now, the haziness of pre-rut long gone, lost to the pathetic neediness and heat of a real rut. A red flush had crept down his face and to his chest from the heat his body was producing, which he could see easily on his exposed chest. He didn't know how much longer he'd be able to stay cognizant for. His thoughts were already slow and sluggish, focused on the object of his torment.

Said object of torment was reclining on an armchair a few feet away. Quackity wasn't paying attention to Schlatt in the slightest; instead, the omega's attention was focused on a book about poker techniques while he nursed a joint. Schlatt was sure he couldn't be paying much attention to the book; no omega would be this unaffected by the rampant amount of alpha pheromones in the room, which were only getting thicker by the second as his rut really kicked in. Quackity's poker face was as immaculate as was befitting the leader of a nation run around gambling, however, and Schlatt didn't get so much as a look out of the corner of his eye, even as he deliberately started pumping out an aroused scent to try and at least attract the omega's attention.

Quackity flipped a page without so much as looking up.

Schlatt shuffled, testing the ropes wrapped around his wrists, yet they didn't budge from where they'd expertly been attached to the headboard. Quackity had perfectly timed it so that he'd still have enough wits to not fight back as he was restrained, but not so far from rut that they'd have to wait forever for it to start. It seemed he still remembered Schlatt's tells from their time in Marburg, letting him read the alpha's body like the resurrection book he'd fought tooth and nail to get his hands on. Schlatt had no choice but to keep lying buck-nacked on the bed, hands bound above his head, and completely at Quackity's mercy.

He threw his head back onto his pillow with a slight growl, the top of his horns smacking into the headboard uncomfortably. God, Schlatt was a fucking idiot for getting himself into this situation. But he'd spent so much of his time in Limbo (the majority, really), thinking about what he'd do when he got his hands on Quackity again. He'd spent years shoving his hand down his pants and thinking, about pushing the omega down and spearing him on his cock and knot, about Quackity's moans and breathless whimpers of Schlatt's name and the way his wings fluttered when he was on the brink of orgasm, and once he'd been revived he'd gotten… impatient.

He'd been hoping his husband (or ex-husband, or whatever the fuck they technically were now) would hop on his dick the day he revived him as an act of celebration, and he'd certainly tried to get that to happen. But Quackity had refused him. And kept refusing him,

day after day, turning away from every trick that had used to get him all riled up and ready to jump Schlatt's bones and whine for his knot in Manberg. Schlatt knew he'd changed, but there was no way that *all* his old tastes had gone away. No, Quackity had absolutely been riling him up, getting him desperate and ready to make a stupid decision. And Schlatt had fallen right into his hands.

Schlatt had caught Quackity at one of Las Nevadas' numerous poker tables, and had made him a proposition. They'd play five rounds, and if Schlatt had the most chips at the end, Quackity would share his rut with him. If he had less, then he'd serve Las Nevadas without pay for a week. Was it a little pathetic he'd been that willing to put himself in temporary slavery just to get his knot wet? Absolutely, and it hurt his alpha pride quite a bit to not be able to just take Quackity like he used to and instead resort to negotiating with him. But their power dynamic had undoubtedly shifted since Schlatt's death, and he had to deal with the cards that were currently in his hand.

He should've noticed how Quackity's eyes had shined when Schlatt mentioned his upcoming rut. Suddenly, there were different stakes. Now he would be sharing Schlatt's rut no matter what, but the winner would be the one in control. Schlatt had accepted the amendment with enthusiasm. After all, now he'd be getting what he wanted either way; his dick in Quackity's cunt. So what if Quackity wanted control? It would be impossible for him to overpower an in-rut alpha anyways, and Schlatt had already beaten the omega once with far higher stakes. What was the harm in a second round?

A lot of harm, apparently, as Quackity beat him in four out of five rounds, leaving Schlatt with next to no chips. And now Schlatt was here, feeling more dominated than he ever had in his entire life as he struggled against his bonds, rut fully kicked in and making his instincts go haywire at his predicament. This was undoubtedly worse than being alone; at least then he could use his hand to get himself off, instead of being stuck in complete unsatisfaction.

He heard the swish of a page turning. Quackity took another hit of his joint and hummed as if he was reading the most interesting piece of literature in the world. The scent of Schlatt's rut was dominating the room now, to the point where even a noseblind beta would be getting a whiff, and yet Quackity still refused to acknowledge Schlatt's existence. The game was clear; he wouldn't be touching Schlatt unless he begged.

And Schlatt was *not* going to fucking beg.

No matter how hard he got, no matter how much he craved the wetness between his omega's thighs, no matter how much his thrashing chaffed his wrists and brought no relief to his red and leaking cock, he wasn't going to beg. He was still an alpha, goddamit. Alphas didn't beg for their omegas. It was the other way around, and with his instincts as high as they were, that wasn't going to change.

An excruciating thirty minutes passed, with his sweat soaking the sheets as he desperately fought to release himself from his predicament, growling and swearing and panting. But then Quackity must've gotten bored. He didn't move a muscle from his position on the armchair, but suddenly strong omega pheromones hit Schlatt's nose, pumping the scent of *aroused, young, fertile* omega straight into his brain. And that push, of making his alpha completely

unable to ignore the very viable mating partner sitting half a room away, was enough to make Schlatt snap.

”Omega,” he said, voice rough from the growling and panting he’d been doing for what felt like ten hours.

”Hmm?” Quackity replied, flipping another page without so much of a glance at the alpha.

”Get the fuck over here.”

That, at least, was finally enough to get Quackity to look at him. Big brown eyes stared right into Schlatt’s over the book’s obnoxious green cover. Schlatt didn’t even need to see the rest of Quackity’s face to know that the omega was having the time of his life; his eyes were practically shining. *Bastard.*

Quackity tsked. “C’mon Schlatt. You know you’re not the one making demands tonight.”

Then those pretty eyes went right back down to the book, and Schlatt jerked against the ropes so hard it drew blood. He swore that second that he was going to throw that book into the fucking ocean after his rut was over.

”Omega.”

”Ask *nicely*,” Quackity’s tone was similar to that a teacher would use on a preschooler. Quackity’s ability to be as annoying as possible was not one that he’d lost since Schlatt’s death. “And *maybe* I’ll come over there.”

Quackity never would’ve tried something like this in Manburg. He’d always been happy to let Schlatt bend him over a desk or a wall or a bed whenever the alpha wanted to fuck him. He probably got off on the spontaneity and the excitement it brought. Their cycles had been synced up back in those days, and Schlatt had a horde of treasured memories of Quackity in heat, soft and pliant and whining for him. He’d undoubtedly had the power before, when he was president. Quackity had called him *sir* for fucks sake. But starting his own country and a constant thirst for power had changed the omega in more ways than Schlatt could count, and as much as Schlatt bitched about it, a large part of him found it hot whenever Quackity talked back to him or bossed him around. It was exciting, to be challenged. Sometimes.

Now was not one of those times.

Schlatt’s rut was coursing through him and all he wanted to do was sink his cock into Quackity and not take it out for three days, not play some stupid power games. But here he was, completely at Quackity’s mercy and left at an impasse. Which was more important: his pride or his relief?

After a few minutes of deliberation and constant breathing of omega pheromones, he finally made his decision. Swallowing down the lump in his throat, he struggled to put the words together. “Omega. P-ple..ase come over here.”

Brown eyes came up again. “Again.”

A growl rose up Schlatt's throat. "Please get the fuck over here!"

"I said ask *nicely*."

"Fucking bitch," Schlatt groaned, before closing his eyes and steeling himself. "Please come over here. I... need... you."

Quackity grinned and put his book down on the side table while standing up. The omega was still fully dressed, and he stretched his wings out behind him, yellow feathers glistening in the cool lights from above. "*There* we go. That wasn't too hard now was it?"

It was hard. It was the most insanely difficult thing Schlatt had done in his goddamn life, and it had left a bitter taste in his mouth. Begging like a fucking omega; how had he let himself get here?

But it was hard to stay angry as Quackity *finally* approached him. He was sporting a shit-eating grin, but it didn't escape Schlatt's notice that the omega's cheeks were flushed. It was a small consolation, but physical proof that Schlatt's pheromones had been affecting Quackity despite his aloof performance was a small victory he delighted in.

Quackity kneeled on the bed, running his slim fingers up Schlatt's chest as he straddled him. The relief the contact brought was instantaneous. Schlatt let out a groan as he finally got some of the pressure he needed on his groin, even if it was just a taste of what he really needed for this nightmare to be over. He bucked up on instinct, chasing the relief.

Instantly, Quackity rose up on his knees, cutting off contact completely. Schlatt growled and planted his feet on the bed in order to buck up again, but it was fruitless. It was impossible to reach Quackity now, though most certainly not from lack of effort as he thrashed against the ropes.

Quackity tsked. "You know that's not going to work, *alpha.* You're wasting your time."

Even in his rut-altered state Schlatt knew the omega was right. He stopped his thrashing, opting instead to glare at Quackity. It was torture, having an omega *this* close but not being able to touch them. His skin was on fire and water was *right there*, and yet he wasn't getting a drop. It made his instincts howl in fury.

"Good alpha," Quackity said, running his hand up Schlatt's face. And yet he didn't lower himself back down onto Schlatt's clothed dick. He was painfully hard, had been for a long time now, and yet Quackity didn't make a single move to do anything about it.

"Goddamnit omega!" Schlatt threw his head back with gritted teeth. He was starting to get *really* fucking sick of this shit. Quackity might have been having the time of his life, but Schlatt felt like he was burning alive. "You've won. You've won! We both know it! So stop fucking around and just let me fuck you!"

"Convince me."

Jschlatt's eyes snapped to Quackity's. The omega was staring at him intently, face hovering over his. It was strangely intimate, despite the space between them.

"You've always been a persuasive speaker. Convince me why I should let you fuck me," Quackity continued. "You're the only one here who *needs* to have sex right now. I've had alphas since you. I can get fucked by-"

I've had alphas since you. Those five words echoed in Schlatt's brain. Logically, he knew he had no right to be affected by them. He'd been dead. For most of the time he'd been dead Quackity hadn't even known reviving him was a possibility. It would've been unrealistic for him to expect Quackity, young and pupless as he was, to be celebite for the rest of his life. Especially with the terms they'd ended on.

But ruts were not the time for logic. Ruts were the time for instinct. And instinct was pumping pure rage into his veins at the idea that some other alpha had put their hands on Quackity, had knotted him and scented him and put their mouth on his scent gland. That another alpha had taken what was *his*.

"*Who,*" Schlatt growled, cutting Quackity off. He didn't miss how Quackity's eyes widened, clearly startled at the pure hatred dripping from Schlatt's tone.

Quackity recovered quickly, to his credit. He lowered himself back onto Schlatt's groin, running his hands down Schlatt's chest as he did. Schlatt barely even felt relief from it, too stiff from fury and focused on Quackity to be aware of much else.

A grin spread across the omega's face. "You want to know what other alphas I've been with?"

His fingers reached for his own shirt. He undid the first button. "Sam, once."

Second button. Third. Fourth. Schlatt's growl deepened with each movement. "Sapnap. More times than I can count."

Fifth. Six. Seventh. That was the last, and as Quackity pulled off his dress shirt, "... Wilbur Soot."

Schlatt. Saw. *Red.*

Quackity had certainly known which one to save for last. Schlatt couldn't imagine any other name he would've rather heard less than Wilbur *fucking* Soot. The mental image of the man who'd led the resistance against him in bed with Quackity, running his hand up the omega's body as they were knotted together, his signature stupid grin plastered on his face… it was enough to make Schlatt go feral.

He thrashed against his bindings like he was having a seizure, desperate to get out. He'd never growled so hard in his life; it was more of a yell now than a rumble. The skin on his wrists rubbed raw as Quackity laughed at the display below him. Jealousy mixed with instinct as he felt the overwhelming need to fuck Quackity so hard both he and the world

would never forget who he belonged to, and then track down Wilbur Soot and rip his throat out.

Up until this point, his rut had been mostly physical, focused on the discomfort rut hormones brought on a body receiving no contact. But now he'd hit the breaking point, where thinking past anything but a laser-focused precision on being inside an omega was impossible. He needed to be inside Quackity. *Now.*

"Shit, that really got to you!" Quackity leaned over him, grabbing his jaw to look into his blown-out pupils. The grin on the omega's face was wide, and his eyes were shining. "Oh, you *need* to fuck me now, don't you? Stake your claim? Make sure Wilbur knows who I belong to?"

He was met with nothing but Schlatt's aggressive growl, which showed no sign of slowing down despite how it was starting to feel like it was burning his throat. Quackity ran his hand up the side of Schlatt's face, and in his first act of mercy the whole night, brought their lips together. Schlatt instantly surged up into this kiss, crashing into the omega and transferring the intensity he was feeling onto him. The omega tasted like his scent, marchiato cherries and margaritas, and *Prime* had Schlatt not realized how much he'd missed that taste until he had it now.

Quackity pulled away. Schlatt followed him as far as his neck would allow, and frustration ran through him when Quackity was still out of reach. Quackity's voice was breathless when he spoke. "It's too bad for you that I decide if that happens."

Schlatt's rut-fucked brain didn't know what to do. His omega was right there, *he was right fucking there,* smelling of arousal and slick, but nothing was getting him any closer to fucking him. No matter how he thrashed or growled the situation wasn't changing, and in his current headspace, those were the only two strategies he could come up with.

"Omega," was all he could find it in himself to say, his struggles weakening. With his hoarse voice, it sounded like a plea.

Quackity's eyes softened, and he must've decided that he'd tortured the him enough, because he stopped straddling Schlatt so he could spit into his palm and grab Schlatt's cock. A groan erupted from Schlatt's throat. The intensity of finally feeling relief after being painfully hard for what felt like an eternity was almost enough to bring tears to his eyes.

Quackity grabbed his jaw and looked into his eyes. "Shit, you *really* need me, huh?"

Schlatt groaned in response, eyes pressed shut. His whole world had narrowed to the feeling of Quackity's hand around him, his light pressure both the best thing in the world and not nearly enough. He bucked up into Quackity's hand, only to whimper when Quackity pressed his other hand into his hip to hold him down.

"I was hoping to make you beg more, but I don't think you're capable of it, are you?" Quackity tsked. The hand on Schlatt's hip disappeared, but Schlatt had learned his lesson. He stayed still as Quackity lazily moved his hand up and down his cock. "Oh well. I still have three days to make you sing for me."

His second hand reappeared at Schlatt's lips, and Schlatt obediently opened his mouth. He instantly figured out where Quackity's hand had gone as the taste of Quackity's slick exploded on his tongue, sugary-sweet and identical to the omega's scent. He threaded his tongue between Quackity's fingers, desperate to taste it all. He heard Quackity laugh, and then the rustling of fabric.

Quackity pulled his hand out of Schlatt's mouth, and if Schlatt had any wits left, he would've been *devastatingly* embarrassed by the whine he let out at the loss. The bed dipped as Quackity straddled him again, and *oh*, he was naked. He was beautifully, gorgeously naked.

Quackity's body had changed since Schlatt's death. There were scars where there used to be clear skin, muscle where there used to be fat. A large, jagged scar cut up the side of his face, from some fight he still hadn't told Schlatt about. The Quackity of Schlatt's memory had been softly beautiful. The Quackity of now's beauty had a harshness to it, a harsh edge where there'd once been smoothness. But he was still gorgeous, breathtakingly so, and now he was naked and kneeling over Schlatt's dick. Schlatt's breath caught.

"You're lucky I'm feeling nice today," Quackity said, and then he sunk down on Schlatt's cock in one fluid movement.

Schlatt jerked against the ropes, every muscle in his body pulled taught and then released. It was perfect, everything his body had been screaming for and more. Quackity felt just as he'd remembered him, warm and wet and perfect around his cock. Schlatt could die happy here, provided he got to stay between Quackity's thighs forever.

Quackity started rocking his hips softly, hands planted on Schlatt's chest. After an hour of no contact, it felt like Nirvana. But it didn't take long for it to not be enough, the speed too slow to quell the fire that was burning through Schlatt's skin. He whined, wanting nothing more than to grab Quackity's hips and bounce him on his cock just as fast as Schlatt *needed.*

Quackity took pity on him and increased his speed, riding Schlatt with a practiced intensity. Had he gotten better at this since Schlatt's death? If Schlatt could think, he'd be enraged by that thought, mind filling with images of Quackity bouncing on *Wilbur fucking Soot's* cock. Lucky for him, all he had the presence of mind to do was enjoy it.

"There we go," Quackity said, voice shaky. Sweat was beginning to bead on his forehead. "Not complaining any more, are we?"

Schlatt's eyes darted between Quackity's face and the slick spot where their bodies were joined. Quackity felt amazing, but Schlatt's omega shouldn't have to sweat. He shouldn't have to work. He should just lay back and let his alpha take care of him.

Schaltt fought through his mental fog to speak. "Omega."

Quackity leaned forward, until they were almost nose to nose. "This not enough for you? You want to be in charge?"

Schlatt stared him in the eye, trying to let his gaze communicate what he couldn't.

“You’re *really* lucky I’m in a good mood today,” Quackity said, before sitting upright and reaching for Schlatt’s wrists.

The second the rope gave way, Schlatt pounced. He grabbed Quackity by the waist and flipped them over, roughly pinning Quackity to the sheets. His cock slipped out of Quackity in the commotion, and he was quick to right that wrong by shoving himself back into his omega. Quackity gasped, arms flying to wrap around Schlatt’s neck. The gasp turned into a long moan as Schlatt started a rough pace, driving the omega into the mattress with every thrust. Each moan he pulled out of Quackity’s throat sounded like a music block to Schlatt’s ears.

It didn’t take long for Schlatt’s knot to start swelling. With how pent up he’d been, it was a wonder it hadn’t popped while Quackity was riding him. Quackity’s hand moved to rub at his clit, but Schlatt caught his wrist and moved his own hand to the sensitive nub. Quackity threw his head back as Schlatt started to rub hard circles against him, timing them with each of his thrusts. When his knot finally popped inside, Quackity locked around him with a shout, legs clamping around his waist. His wings fluttered beautifully behind him, just as Schlatt remembered.

He couldn’t help himself. He bit Quackity, right next to his scent gland. Quackity hissed, but didn’t stop him as he started to lick at the pinpricks of blood that formed there.

They lay together, pressed chest to chest, as the first wave of Schlatt’s rut tampered off. He contented himself with listening to the rhythm of Quackity’s breathing against his ear and the sweetness of his satisfied scent. When he closed his eyes, he could imagine they were back in Quackity’s nest in Manberg, engaged and looking towards a bright future together.

He looked up at the omega, ready to say something corny, like “I missed you” or “I’m sorry” or “I wish we could try again.” Instead, he was met with the sight of Quackity picking the rope back up off the mattress. The words froze on his tongue.

“No,” he said instantly.

Quackity shot him a smirk. His voice was rough from moaning, but that didn’t stop him from saying, “A bet’s a bet, Schlatt.”

“C’mon,” he groaned. “That was fucking *torture.*”

“I can leave,” Quackity shrugged. “You’re more than welcome to spend the rest of your rut with your hand.”

Part of him was tempted. The larger part knew that the rest of this rut would be torture without him. “Quackity--”

“Uh-uh,” Quackity held out the rope. “Hands up.”

“You know, you used to be so sweet for me,” Schlatt said as he raised his wrists.

Quackity’s face dropped, just for a second, before he put on a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes. He started to thread the rope around Schlatt’s wrists once again. “Yeah, well. At lot’s changed since then.”

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