A Spoiled Young Master

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Character:	Von Lycaon (Zenless Zone Zero)
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by pixelzpup

Summary

"Please, Lycaon? Pleeease? Pretty please with a cherry on top?"

Lycaon felt his eye twitching alongside his ear as he guided Esme away from the toy store.

"No. You have quite enough things to play with already."

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or, Esme wants to buy new toys, and Lycaon has to keep him financially responsible!

Notes

Something short and sweet that I had rotting in my drafts!

I really like writing Von Lycaon LOL

Age regression is a non-sexual coping mechanism in which someone retreats into the mindset of a child and it is completely seperate from age play. The only reason "non-sexual age play" was included as a tag is because that is the most common tag on fanfiction sites.

Clinical study of age regression is still in its infancy, but you can read more about the community-driven aspects of it here: https://agereinformation.carrd.co/

Please do not sexualize this work. Thank you!

See the end of the work for more notes

"Please, Lycaon? *Pleeease*? Pretty please with a cherry on top?"

Lycaon felt his eye twitching alongside his ear as he guided Esme away from the toy store.

"No. You have quite enough things to play with already."

"I do *not*!" Esme huffed, resisting Lycaon's gentle pushing. He was entirely too strong for a child of his feeble constitution. Lycaon made a mental note to investigate this later. "I only have stuffies. And my games."

Lycaon arched an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Do those anime dolls not contribute to the toy count?"

"They're *figures*, Lycaon! They're only for decoration." Esme stumbled slightly on his crutch as the expenditure of force threw him off balance. Lycaon braced him with one hand easily. "I mean, *maybe* I could play with the tiny ones. But those are tiny."

"You also have an excess of stuffed friends already," Lycaon noted. "I doubt you could fit more in your little corner. And your video games give you more than enough to do."

Esme whined, dropping his weight against Lycaon with an unceremonious flop. Lycaon tucked the boy's head under his chin so that he wouldn't see the exasperated expression on the wolf's face. "I want more toys, though…! I've been good recently, and I just got paid! Shouldn't I have earned a treat by now?"

"Let's see." Lycaon raised a hand to count on his fingers. "Your room is already overrun with clutter and clothes, and you have refused help every time I've offered it. Your personal bathroom needs cleaning. You have yet to complete your training as a member of Victoria Housekeeping—"

"Oh, please," Esme grumbled. "Will I *ever* complete my training, or will you just keep finding things I need to improve on?"

Lycaon's lips pressed together in a thin line. His hand trailed from the back of Esme's head down to his waist, before hoisting him up into his arms. "You do not need more toys at this time." His voice was firm and decisive. "We are going to return to your mother's estate, you are going to rest through the aftermath of this outing, and—"

"That's bullshit," Esme muttered.

Lycaon bristled. His eyes moved down to the pouting boy in his arms.

"Language, Esme."

"What? It is." Esme turned to look back at the toy store longingly. "I've been good, and you're not letting me spend my own money on the things I want. It's bullshit."

Lycaon sighed, glancing towards the toy store apprehensively. "You will overspend. You are prone to large, impulsive purchases, so I am making the executive decision for you. What would you even buy?"

Esme paused, as if he hadn't thought about that. His ears drooped. "*Fine*. We can go home. But I'm gonna do some online shopping, for sure!"

The corner of Lycaon's mouth quirked into a small smile.

"Sure."

End Notes

okay so that's it i'm so sorry I don't have any ideas and lowkenuinely just shit this out from a prompt :sob:

i hope you enjoyed!!! sankyou have a nice day :]

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