

What Came Unexpected

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What Came Unexpected

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Summary

Shane Hollander's heat came unexpectedly early. He begs Ilya to come and help him. Ilya does.

The game that fateful day was a special dynamic one. Shane Hollander had his mind focused on one thing - winning. Well, maybe not only that. Because the presence of Ilya Rozanov was like a heavy bag on his shoulders, pressing him down and making it harder to focus. Every time they crossed paths on the ice, the heavy scent of the Russian man filled his nostrils, making him slip up with his game.

"Focus, Hollander!" yelled his teammate, right when Shane's gaze locked on Ilya's back. He shook his head, trying to shake off the uncontrollable need to be close to the man on whose cock he had been stretched so many times.

But the game was a more pressing matter now, and he needed to act like it. So he tried his best. His team was on a good path to victory, and he himself managed to score two goals in the three periods - even though his mind was in a completely different place.

But then, he felt it. That hot chill, sweat pouring across his face, his stomach twisting - his heat was coming in a very short timeline, much quicker than it should be. He knew it shouldn't be happening. Just before the game, he checked his app for tracking his cycle, and it was supposed to come in three days, not *today*. Not *now*.

That was enough to make him absolutely terrible, giving Boston a great opportunity to get an upper hand over them. Their rivals managed to win, with two more goals scored, the game ending and sealing Montreal's unfortunate fate.

"What the fuck was that, man?! Why were you so distracted, for God's sake?!"

His team was furious with him, but he couldn't afford to stay and argue with them. He knew he didn't have a lot of time, so he changed as fast as he could, and basically flew out of that locker room, rushing to get to his hotel room.

When Shane managed to finally open the door with his shaky hands, he collapsed on the floor, his legs weak from the overwhelming feeling. He wanted to crawl out of his skin - he was that hot.

He quickly tore off his clothes, leaving them scattered across the room's floor. Shane barely had the strength to crawl into his bed, but when he did, he collapsed on the soft hotel sheets, sighing with somewhat of a relief. He still very much felt like shit, like he was about to melt from the heat that surrounded him. If it stayed like this, he would manage it alone. But he knew his body too well - more was coming, and it would come in the most unexpected moment, making him so desperate to feel something inside him that he would do something he normally wouldn't - he's going to beg that motherfucker.

Shane knew he should destroy his phone before he reached that state, because then, any restraint and shame would leave him, and he would indeed beg Rozanov to come and fuck him into oblivion.

But he didn't have more time to debate on it, because the overwhelming feeling had come.

He moaned, his ass arching in the air without his consent, his legs spreading, his instincts screaming for a knot.

His hand reached for his phone, and he did what he shouldn't.

Jane: 708. Now. Please.

He wrote and collapsed on the sheets again. He shifted, turning on his back, his hand reaching for the aching hole that was now leaking slick like crazy. As soon as he touched it, his mouth opened, and a loud moan escaped his lips. His legs parted as far as possible to ease him his access for pleasure that he needed so much at that moment.

"Fuuuck... Rozanov, please..." Shane begged, his finger slipping inside, slowly stretching himself for what was hopefully going to come. He knew he'd need that stretching, his mind going back a few months when he last saw the massive cock of the Russian man. He wanted that nine inches like a lifeline, desperate for the feeling of being completely full with the warm cock, for the part when it swells even more, and seals them together.

But Rozanov never gave him that satisfaction unfortunately, because, as he put it, 'I don't want to knock you up, Hollander'. But now, Shane wanted nothing more than exactly that. He wanted his belly to swell with the pup of his rival, to be caressed and cared for by the usually nonchalant man, to be *loved*. But, oh, his dreams were impossible, and he knew it.

Shane added another finger, trying to reach where only Ilya could, and groaned with frustration when he failed. He arched his back, fucking himself with his fingers, trying to imagine Rozanov being the one on top of him, pressing him to the mattress, making him come one time after another.

"Fuck, Ilya!" he cried out, not even noticing that he had used the name of the man. He was too deep in his fantasy to register the real Ilya walking through the door, closing it, and making sure it was locked. "Oh, fuck, fuck me harder, please! Rozanov, fuuck!"

Rozanov rested his back on the door, enjoying the sight in front of him. As soon as he relaxed, smirking satisfied, the sweet smell hit him, making his nonchalant posture crumble, as his instincts screamed to go and put his knot in the omega on the bed. But he managed to contain himself, instead undressing, while Shane was still in his own fantasy.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck... AHH, Rozanov!" Shane screamed out, as his cock shot out a thick stream of cum on his stomach, his arch deepening, his other hand curling deeply with the sheets.

"I must say I enjoy show, Hollander," Ilya finally spoke up, revealing himself to Shane, who got scared so much that he almost jumped off the bed. "Oh, do not be shy now. You put me a great show, really."

"Fuck, Rozanov!" Shane cursed, his face getting even redder than before from his heat. "Couldn't you announce yourself louder when you walked through the door? Must you be such an asshole?!" he complained, sitting up and covering his dick with his hands.

Ilya got closer to the bed, his cock hardening under Shane's watchful gaze. His posture screamed authority and dominance Shane loved so much. His mouth watered at the sight, his throat throbbing, begging to swallow the thick length until it remembered every vein.

"You begged me so sweetly to come here and help you, Hollander. I could not resist, you know," he said, his eyes never leaving Shane's. "Don't be shy now. Come here," he said in a commanding voice, his thick Russian accent sending shivers down Shane's spine.

He obeyed without a second thought, crawling to the edge of the bed, his eyes lifted so as to never break the eye contact with the man in front of him.

"Suck," Ilya ordered, and Shane did, lowering his head and opening his mouth, blindly looking for the head. His lips wrapped on the wet slit, beginning to suck softly. "Fuuuck, Hollander... Your lips are so soft, made to suck big cocks," Rozanov commented, putting his fingers in Shane's short hair.

'Your big cock,' Shane wanted to correct him, but he kept quiet, instead focusing on sucking harder, taking more of the cock into his mouth.

"Ahh, yes, Hollander," Ilya praised him, starting to slowly rock his hips, thrusting deeper into Shane's throat. Shane whimpered on his cock, sending vibrations and bringing even more pleasure to the man.

Rozanov threw his head back, immersed in the feeling of a warm mouth on his dick. Shane wanted to get more sounds out of him, so he relaxed his throat and went even lower, swallowing the thick nine inches to the hilt. The moment his nose touched Ilya's stomach, the Russian man let out a loud moan, forcing Shane's head to stay.

"Fuck! Do you want to kill me, Hollander?" he asked, his voice trembling, but his face staying stoic and controlled. It was as clear as day he wanted to appear as nonchalant as always, hating to show vulnerability. But Shane was determined to see and hear the stoic figure break, and see what's under it.

When Ilya let him take a breath, he looked up and smiled, his lips and chin covered with precome and spit. "Would you hate it? I don't think so," he answered, in this bratty way that made Ilya let out a growl, as he forced his cock back down Shane's throat. With the sudden move that caught him off guard, Shane didn't have time to relax and gagged on it. Fortunately, used to the length, he didn't feel his stomach contents flow back into the throat.

Rozanov moved his head as he liked, tugging at his hair, and pressing down hard. But - feeling himself getting too close to climax - he stopped, pulling out of Shane's throat.

"Turn around, Hollander," he said, and Shane listened. He made sure to arch especially low to show off his round ass to the man, knowing that would make him go feral and wild like he desired. "Fuck, that ass... It's even bigger than before." His hand landed hard on the left cheek, making Shane whimper. He hid his head in his arms, lowering himself even more, only his ass left in the air. "You like that, yes? You like it when I hit you?" Another smack followed, this time on the other side.

Shane had to bite his lip to stop another moan escaping. "No. Fuck you, Rozanov," he added, feeling it necessary to assert some amount of dominance over the man. At least by sticking by the better option - not being so desperate for it.

But he didn't fool Ilya for even a second with his shy answer. He laughed, adding three more smacks to make his ass redder, and after receiving a muffled whimper, he spread the cheeks. "I can see how you got ready for me, Hollander. Fuck, it is so fucking hot," he murmured, lowering himself enough to stuff his face into the wet hole. Shane let out a loud moan, making it a session when Ilya's tongue made a circle across the edges and slid inside it, moving wildly as if he wanted to literally eat him. "So fucking wet for me, yes? Answer," he demanded, pressing his nails into the soft flesh.

Shane whimpered, shifting on the mattress. "Yesss..." he admitted, his pride sliding to an unimportant corner of his mind, instead replaced by the sheer desperation to get the cock he dreamed of. "Please, Rozanov. Fuck me already. I need it," he added, biting his lip when he felt a finger slip alongside the skilled tongue. "Fuck..." another whimper escaped his mouth, his nails digging into the mattress so he could have something to hold on to.

"You beg so nicely, Hollander. How I can deny you now?" Ilya said to himself, tutting while adding a second finger, and straightening. He looked down on the beautiful sight, the man that prided himself on being this sassy brat that swore he didn't like him, arched over the bed, his hole aching to be stretched by his rival's cock.

He couldn't find it in himself to deny it any longer, so he pulled out his fingers and went to his pants for the lube he brought.

"Please... Please, fill me, fuck," Shane muttered under his breath, deep in the subspace that made him surrender all of his want for control. His heat needed him to be filled, and that was all that was on his mind in that moment. "Rozanov, come here..."

So Ilya didn't waste any more time in covering his fingertips with the lube and covering his thick cock with it. He sighed, throwing his head back, for a second getting lost in the momentum of his hand doing the practiced moves across his length, but then the soft, needy whimper made him look in Shane Hollander's direction. Shane spread his legs even further apart, whilst still managing his ass to stay high in the air. He twitched his hole as an invitation Ilya couldn't refuse.

"Fuck, Hollander. Are you trying seduce me to get what you want now?" he asked, coming closer, unable to resist the temptation the other man offered so desperately.

Shane didn't answer; he instead moved his hand up his back, to his gaping hole, thrusting two fingers at once. An awfully pornographic moan left his lips, something that sounded very close to Ilya's name, but the man himself wasn't sure that he heard it right.

"I guess you do. And you are good at it, too. Fuck, you are gonna be the death of me, Hollander," Ilya said, grabbing Shane's by the working wrist and pulling it away. Shane whined at the loss of it, but he was going to be quickly rewarded by Rozanov's cock. "You sure?" he asked before the head went in. There was concern in his voice, but Shane was too deep in his pleasure and the overwhelming need for it to notice.

"Yes, Rozanov. Just fuck me already," he demanded, offering his ass closer to the place where Ilya stood with the cock in his hand.

He didn't need to hear it twice, taking hold of Shane's round ass as he pushed the head in. Soon the rest of the length followed, giving Shane what he so desperately desired - filling him up to the point he felt it in his stomach.

"Fuuck..." Shane sighed shakily, his arms stretching across the bed, his nails digging harder into the duvet.

Ilya gave him a few moments to adjust to the fullness before he started to rock his hips. He began slowly, but quickly it became faster and faster, and the pathetic sounds Shane let out became louder and louder.

"AHHH!" Shane cried out when Ilya hit the spot with just the right amount of pressure. He was so close, even though he had come by his fingers just ten minutes ago. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!!!" he screamed desperately, coming to meet Ilya's thrusts with moves of his hips. "Harder, Rozanov! Fuck me harder, for God's sake!"

Ilya didn't need to hear it twice, bending closer to Shane and grabbing him by his shoulder to support himself, and began a much more brutal pace, getting the deepest he had ever got. His grunts mixed with Shane's desperate whimpers, creating a beautiful song that their neighbours on the floor had to hear.

"I'm going to make you mine, Hollander. Fuuck, your asshole so perfect for me..." Ilya said, bending even further, now basically laying on top of Shane. He spread possessive kisses mixed with some teeth across Shane's back, making the man underneath him whine and shake with pleasure even more. "You want that, yes? That I make you mine?" he demanded, biting down a little harder on the sensitive skin.

"AHH! Fuck yes, Rozanov!" Shane screamed, but Ilya didn't do anything about it. It wasn't right of him to do something like that, when Shane only consented because of his heat. But it was hot nonetheless to talk like that, making sure Shane got more and more desperate to come. "Please do it!" he begged the Russian man, but instead of getting a clear answer, he felt his lips spread and swift fingers sliding right in.

"Suck," Ilya ordered, and Shane whined, but obeyed, unsatisfied with the lack of more teeth on him - especially on his neck, where the mark would be. "Yes, like that, Hollander," he praised him, pressing harder on Shane's tongue. "You're my good boy, aren't you?" he asked directly into his ear, biting on it gently.

Shane turned his head to the side, trying to get a glimpse of Ilya's face. "Yesss..." he whimpered, just as Ilya let him breathe for a moment by pulling out the fingers. "Fuck, I'm gonna come, Rozanov," he warned him, feeling the thrusting cock hit his sweet spot just too right, making it impossible to hold any longer.

"Do it, Hollander. Paint my hand with your cum," Ilya said, while moving the hand he just had in Shane's mouth down to cup Shane's throbbing, untouched cock.

Just as Shane felt that, his vision went white; he let out the loudest, most desperate moan of all night, and came in Ilya's palm, with continuous streaks as Rozanov pumped more out of him with his thrusts.

"Clean it up, yes?" Ilya offered him his hand covered in Shane's own cum, and Shane didn't hesitate in sticking out his tongue and licking it all off. "Good boy, Hollander," he praised Shane after it was clean, though he filled the man's mouth once again with his two fingers.

Now he chased his own release, getting faster and faster, and more sloppy with it. Shane whined that he was too sensitive now, and begged him to stop, but Ilya knew it wasn't his limit yet, continuing anyway.

But then, when Shane thought he'd pull out, he felt Ilya's hot cum hit his prostate and the knot beginning to form.

"Fuuuck..." Ilya cursed, noticing what he had just done. He tried to backtrack, but in vain, because his cock formed a knot, securing the hot cum inside Shane's hole for the right amount of time to ensure a successful mating. "Fuck, Hollander, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to," he began apologizing, trying still to pull out, but he wasn't able to move even by an inch.

"It's alright, I guess. I'll get the morning-after pill tomorrow," he reassured Ilya, as his mouth was freed from the two fingers. "Seriously, it's alright, Rozanov, stop pulling, it hurts!" he scolded him, lifting himself on the bed and turning to give a look at Ilya. "Just accept we're going to have to endure some time entwined together."

"I'm sorry, I should have pulled out," Ilya insisted, cursing himself for such a stupid mistake.

"Just move slowly on the bed and we'll lay until it's over, alright?" Shane suggested, and Rozanov nodded, both making sure to be extremely careful to not cause each other pain with any sudden movements.

They lay down on the bed on their sides, Ilya's hands wrapped around Shane's stomach in a protective gesture. He began kissing Hollander's neck, as if he planned to prepare it for a mark that couldn't happen. Shane whimpered softly when Ilya just slid his tongue across his sensitive spot behind his ear.

"You know, I could get used to this," Shane admitted, making Ilya stop his kisses for a moment.

"To what? What do you mean, Hollander?" he asked, staring down at the man intensely.

Shane turned his head to the side, and looked - as much as his eye could reach - in Ilya's direction. "You and me, just fucking and laying in bed like this," he explained, blushing shyly. "It'd be nice, wouldn't it? No eyes staring at every single move of ours, trying to get as much gossip as possible for their stupid media articles. Just us, and your cock in my ass," he added, and Ilya laughed.

He wrapped his arms even tighter, then one of the hands travelled down Shane's stomach to reach the neglected little cock, wrapping his fingers around it and stroking it slowly.

"Wouldn't you like that, Hollander... But you know that's impossible to do. We can't stay in a hotel room forever, yes? Then they would have a decent gossip on us," Ilya said, making Shane moan by spreading the wetness from the tip across the rest of the length. His cock was now much more sensitive after the two orgasms, and especially with Ilya's knot still in his hole, keeping it filled to the brim.

"Ahh... Fuck, Rozanov. Why do you have to tease me so much?" Shane rolled his eyes, and he wanted nothing more than for the knot to soften so they could separate. He wanted to try something they never did, the position so iconic in the sexual culture, yet he never did it. He would bet that Ilya did, but that was nonetheless something worth trying out, especially since the need for cock wouldn't leave him for a good chunk of time still.

"Because you like it. Because I like it," Ilya said, bringing his hand and spitting on it. He wrapped the wetted fingers on Shane's cock for another time, moving a bit faster now. He was rewarded by a sweet moan from Shane. "Fuck, you sound so pretty when I touch you, Hollander," he whispered in his ear, making sure to change his wrist's pace even faster.

Shane gave him another whimper, cursing the fact he couldn't thrust his hips into Ilya's palm. He didn't want to tear, but he also didn't want to wait any longer for another release, so he joined Rozanov's fingers with his own. When he felt double the pressure on his cock, he felt the tension in his abdomen tighten, and he finally came, letting out one of the most pathetic sounds Ilya had heard.

"So pretty," Rozanov praised, making sure to milk every last drop out of Shane's cock, before he brought it to his chest and spread it in a slow, filthy way. "Now, even prettier. Painted with your own cum, you like that, Hollander?" he asked, moving his fingertips to play with Shane's nipples.

Shane threw his head back, resting it on Ilya's shoulder as he sighed with still shaky breath. "Fuck yes," he admitted, moving his hand to put it over Ilya's, playing with the wetness that covered Rozanov's skin. "Now you're pretty too," he noticed, and Ilya chuckled.

"Yes, I am pretty now."

The rest of the time before the knot loosened enough for them to untangle was spent rather lazily, their energy recharging for later.

"Fuck, you are loose, Hollander," Ilya commented whilst pulling out. His cock was all red and purple at the head, and it hurt a little when he touched it, but he focused on Shane's wellbeing instead of worrying about himself. "Are you okay, though? I might have been too much for your little hole," he added, touching the edges to the place he loved so much being in, thrusting in, and now, staying in.

"You asshole! Fuck off for now, I'm too sensitive!" Shane whined, moving away from Ilya's fingers. He sat down, but quickly regretted that when he felt the wet stream of cum dripping down his hole onto the snow-white duvet. He moved up, feeling it now flowing slowly down his thigh.

"Fuck, Hollander. Just this makes me want to fuck your ass into the mattress again," Ilya stated, following Shane on the bed and lowering himself enough to be at the same level as the sight.

Shane felt a hot tongue slide across his thigh, licking all of the cum that dripped there. His movements were eager and hungry, going up to the stretched hole and circling the opening.

"Fuuuck... Are you trying to kill me, Rozanov?" Shane asked, looking behind himself to lock eyes with Ilya.

He didn't answer, though he lifted himself and joined their lips in a kiss. Then - when Shane felt it - he realised that the motherfucker still had his cum in his mouth, and gave it for him to taste, again. Though that didn't stop him from enjoying the kiss. He moved to sit in Rozanov's lap, trapping their cocks together as they kissed.

"You want more, Hollander? Or did I ended your heat with a single fuck?" Ilya added, wrapping his hands around the full cheeks he just destroyed.

Shane tangled his fingers in Ilya's hair, and looked down at Rozanov's eyes, fire still burning in his. "You wish you could, Rozanov. But no, I still very much need your cock in me, but for now, I have another idea to entertain us until I'm ready."

"Oh, yeah? What is that idea?" Ilya asked, tilting his head to the side slightly, awaiting the answer.

"Sixty-nine me, please," he pleaded, moving his lips across Ilya's jawline. He pressed harder with his hips on Ilya's cock, making the other man growl and manhandle Shane by flipping him over, with such ease as if he weighed nothing.

"Fuck yes, I want that little cock in my mouth," Ilya said, grabbing Shane's thighs and moving him closer to his face. Shane didn't even have the time to think before he felt Rozanov's lips wrap around his cock tightly.

"It's... not... that little," he choked out, biting his lip to stop himself from moaning loudly. He found a good distraction with the large, warm cock in front of his nose. Shane grabbed the hilt, wrapping his lips around the head, beginning to suck, just when Ilya swallowed him whole. He couldn't stop himself from whimpering loudly, the sound getting muffled by the cock stuffed in his mouth.

They both sucked, swallowed to the throats, trying to outdo each other with their skills. The muffled groans and moans echoed in the luxurious hotel room, creating a beautiful, passionate song of their pleasures.

Shane was the first to crack under Ilya's tongue's pressure, coming hard down the Russian's throat. Ilya also soon painted Shane's throat white with his cum, almost choking him just from the amount of it. He swallowed, satisfied, crawling off Ilya.

"Well, that was pleasant," Rozanov stated, smirking at Shane, who snuggled up to his side.

"Oh, fuck off," Hollander said, rolling his eyes. They locked their eyes together, staying like that for a good few minutes, just admiring the beauty of the colours of their pupils.

"Have you had enough now, Hollander?"

"I don't know... My appetite has gotten quiet for the moment, but it can change at any moment. Why?" Shane asked, playing with his fingers on Ilya's chest.

"Because I have early flight tomorrow. It's already after midnight, Hollander," he noted, pointing with his head at the clock on the wall in front of them.

Shane whined, embracing Rozanov with his leg and arm. "Would you leave me, a defenceless omega, all alone here?" he asked, trying hard with his impression of puppy eyes.

Ilya groaned, clearly battling it in his head. But then he shook his head and got himself freed from Shane's embrace. "I'm sorry, Hollander. I have to go," he apologised, getting up, and putting on the scattered clothes. "I will text you, or something," he promised, walking out the door, leaving Shane shivering from the uncomfortable cold that was left by his disappearance.

"Fuck," he cursed, falling back on the soft pillows, heat just now rushing back to him, filling him again with the need to mate.

But now there was no one to mate with, his stomach clutching with regret.

"Damn you, Rozanov!"

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