Sweat, Baby, Sweat

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Sweat, Baby, Sweat

by the_prettiest_w0lf_star

Summary

Shane fled the ice. Maybe he had just imagined– As he stumbled down the tunnel, he wedged a hand into his skin tight hockey gear, gathered some of the wetness and brought it to his nose.

The scent was obvious: his heat had started.

Notes

Title Song: The Bad Touch - Bloodhound Gang

I hope you accept my formal apology!

It's not beta read and I'm too tired to give a fuck about mistakes.

Olympia, 2014, Russia

Shane left the ice knowing something was off. He felt sweaty in the second period but that was normal after almost forty minutes of high level activity and way too short resting periods, nothing to worry about. He downed a bottle of Gatorade in the second intermission and followed the rest of team Canada out on the ice for the semi finals game against Switzerland.

About seven minutes into the third period, Shane had just failed to net a backhander, he felt a gush of slick leak out of him. He pressed his thighs together, desperately trying to keep it in. But his struggles were in vain. He could see the noses of the Alphas around him flare.

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Ilya saw Shane leave the ice and decided to go investigate. It was already clear that Canada stood no chance against Switzerland which in itself was already strange, but that wasn't a reason for Shane to leave the sinking ship. Something must have happened. For a moment he replayed the last scenes in his mind, but there hadn't been a check that could have caused an injury. Just a scramble along the boards that had ended with Shane being pinned against the glass and the missed shot, nothing noteworthy.

He excused himself as he passed a few of his teammates and headed down towards the changing rooms.

The scent of an Omega in heat hit him like a freight train. He followed it into the Russian changing room and through the door to the showers. The light was on, giving the room an almost clinical look. Luckily Russia didn't play today, and their training had been in the early morning so it was deserted except for Shane.

He laid naked in the middle of a nest of his own hockey uniform and Ilya's towels, with Ilya's uniform wrapped around him like a toga. The scent was sirupy thick and Ilya struggled to breath. Everything was Shane. Everywhere was Shane. Ilya felt like he was stuck in a snowglobe full of Shane's slick. If someone shook it, pucks would float around or something equally cliché.

Ilya shook his head at his own imagination and narrowed the gap between them. He crouched down next to Shane. “Are you okay, Hollander?”

His response was muffled.

“Can you repeat that?”

More muffling.

“Shane?”

Shane spit out a mouthguard. It landed on his naked chest, trails of drool still clinging to it. The tiny 81 that was etched into it glared at Ilya. It was his own. He didn't know if he should find it gross or endearing.

“Ilya,” Shane whined and reached for Ilya’s hand.

During the six years of occasional fucks, Ilya had always assumed Shane was a beta. Omegas were rare in any male dominated field, but especially in sports. Generally they were considered too fragile, too high maintenance and too exhausting to cater to their needs, even though there had been high quality suppressants on the market for years. He knew statistically that there had to be Omegas in hockey, and maybe the thought of Shane being one of them had crossed his mind once or twice–

Before Ilya could finish the thought, Shane pulled on Ilya's hand causing him to lose balance and tumble into the nest. He landed on his side, half on top of Shane.

“Better,” Shane sighed dreamily and buried his face between Ilya's shoulder and neck.

Ilya turned them around until Shane was straddling him and unzipped his jacket to give him more space to explore before resting his hands on Shane's hips, trying to ground him a little. Like an overexcited puppy, Shane trailed kisses over Ilya's neck, throat and chest, his erection poking Ilya in the leg.

The next time Shane looked up with his big dark eyes, shimmering with tears, he had Ilya's cross necklace between his teeth. “Does my pretty boy need something to keep his mouth busy?” Ilya drawled. His own cock twitched at the sight, and Ilya imagined those sinful lips around it. He didn’t want to risk it in public where anytime someone could come in. So he did the next best thing and slipped his thumb between them.

Shane pressed his tongue against the pad of his thumb, and swirled it around it, before sucking it deeper into his mouth.

“Get yourself off on my thigh,” Ilya ordered, harsher than appropriate, his own frustration at the situation boiling up. He was achingly hard with no release in sight.

“But I need your knot,” Shane mumbled around the thumb, drool leaking out of the corner of his mouth, running down Shane's chin and Ilya's arm.

“I can’t knot you in here, baby, we’re still in Russia where male Omegas are forced into special camps during their heats. The safest thing you can do as an Omega here is leave the country. You’re not allowed to get married, open a business or teach children. They’re ostracised here.”

While Ilya was saying all that, he tried to construct a story that allowed Shane to endure his heat in the safety of his hotel room behind a scent blocking door. Food Poisoning, that would be a probable cause for him to stay holed up in there.

“That's not fair.”

“I know that,” Ilya sighed, frustrated. “And do you know what else isn't fair? That you're out here having everything you need to get yourself off while I’m forced to watch without any hope of relief, and you **just. don’t. get. on. with. it.**”

“Okay, Alpha,” Shane whispered and sped up his movements. Ilya did his best to guide him, but Shane didn’t seem to be able to get himself off. As he grew more and more desperate his movements became more and more uncoordinated. Eventually Ilya took pity on him and wrapped his hand in a loose grip around Shane’s cock.

“Thank you, Ilya,” Shane moaned. “Alpha, I’m–”

Ilya waited until the aftershocks ceased before rolling them to the side and sitting up. “Look what a mess you’ve made, sloppy boy.” Ilya wiped away the drool from Shane's face with one of the towels before cleaning the come of his hand.

“How could that happen?” Ilya asked once they were in the safety of Shane's hotel room.

“I calculated my circle, and took the suppressants, I don't know. I wasn't due for at least two months.”

If Shane planned his circle only half as meticulously as his diet, there was no way he could have fucked this up.

“Then how– *He fucking scented you,*” Ilya raged. “When he had you against the glass.”

“Dont be angry with me,” Shane whimpered.

“I'm not angry, Shane, you did nothing wrong. Now let me take care of my pretty boy.”

Ilya stripped out of his team uniform: red pants, and a white jacket with a big RUSSIA lettering emblazoned on it. He threw them on the bed in wise foresight that Shane will want to recreate the nest from the rink. He had grumbled the whole time when Ilya forced him to abandon it back there and shed a single tear when Ilya returned his own things to their rightful place. “*They're itchy*,” Shane had complained when Ilya dragged his hockey undergarments over Shane's head and “*They're too tight*,” when he struggled him into the pants.

“You can go out there naked, bet the reporters will eat that up,” Ilya had mocked and it did the trick. Shane pliantly let himself be manhandled, led to the players entrance and into Ilya's car. The drive to the hotel was short – luckily because by the time they entered the garage Shane was rocking against his hand – and nobody had seen them ride the elevator to the top floor with Shane wrapped around Ilya like an octopus.

Ilya herded Shane into the bathroom, positioned him in front of the mirror and instructed him to take out his contacts. Shane arched back, rubbing his ass against Ilya's half hard cock.

“Oh fuck,” Shane moaned.

He smelled the slick that was gushing out of Shane before he felt the wetness against his bare thighs. Ilya might perish if he didn't taste him immediately. The stone tiles were hard and uncomfortably warm when Ilya knelt down. He spread Shane's cheeks with his thumbs and licked over the leaking hole.

“Don't tease, Alpha, please,” Shane pleaded and wasn't it the prettiest sound that has ever reached Ilya's ears.

“Be good and stay still and I will give you what you need,” Ilya promised. He bit Shane's plump cheek and linked an arm around him to cup his balls. Ilya delved deeper into Shane's gaping hole, exploring with his tongue, led on by Shane's whines. Desperate boy that he was, Shane didn't stay still. Torn between rocking back on Ilya's tongue and pressing his balls against Ilya's palm, he swayed on his feet.

All thoughts about a shower had been wiped from Ilya's mind when he almost drowned in another gush of slick. It stuck to his stubble and ran down his chin and neck. The only thought left in his brain was his need to see his seeds spilling out of Shane's hole and mix with the slick.

He carried Shane back into the bedroom and threw him onto the mattress. “Get on your back, legs up in the air. Show me your hole.”

Shane was so eager to please. He stared up at Ilya with his big brown eyes, his mouth agape, spreading his thighs and holding them open with his hands.

Ilya grabbed his hips and yanked him back until his ass hovered over the edge of the bed. “You're gaping for it, Omega, are you not?”

“Ilya, what–” Before Shane could finish the sentence, Ilya thrusted into him. It was almost too wet to get any friction. And there was more leaking out. That was what fucking a Jell-O must feel like.

He adjusted the angle until he managed to hit Shane’s prostate with the same precision he hit a puck into the upper left corner of the net – his signature move. He was relentless in his movements, not giving Shane a moment to get used to it. The sound of wet skin slapping against wet skin, Ilya's heavy breathing and Shane's moans filled the room.

“Ilya, Alpha, please, I'm so close.”

“Then come for me.”

“But I need– my cock–”

“I thought you needed to come?”

“But I can't, not without–”

“I won't touch your filthy cock, and if you want me to keep going, you won't either.”

“You're so mean. You're a meanie!”

“The whole hockey universe knows that already. Tell me something new.”

“No,” Shane pouted.

Ilya bottomed out until only his tip caught, hesitated for a moment and then snapped his hips forwards. He stayed buried inside his omega while the aftershocks of his orgasm were rolling through him.

Only when Shane stilled, he pulled out, and jerked himself a few times until he painted Shane's stomach white with his seed. He still dreamed about filling him up with his come, and he planned on seeing it true. But first he would clean the pair of them with one of the towels laying around, he knew how Shane hated the tacky feeling.

Sated – at least for the moment – Shane busied himself building a nest on the king size bed while Ilya filled two glasses with water, grabbed his phone and charger and bag of skittles from the minibar. He waited next to the bed until Shane seemed satisfied with the nest and settled down in the middle of it.

“Why are you standing out there?” he wondered.

“I'm waiting for you to invite me in.”

“Silly Ilya, I made the nest for you. Do you like it?”

“It's the prettiest nest I have ever seen.”

“Thank you. Come in, please?

Ilya climbed over the barrier of clothes, towels and bedding Shane had gathered before leaning back out and getting the two glasses from the night stand. “Drink this for me, would you please?” Ilya asked. Shane emptied it in one go, and yawned.

“Try to relax a little, Shane.”

Ilya sat the empty glass back on the night stand and grabbed both their phones, planning on scrolling mindlessly until their eyes drooped close. He hoped they could have a little nap

until Shane was ready to go again.

“You're so cute I could eat you,” Ilya surprised himself by saying after seeing Shane put on his glasses.

“Why don't you?” Shane prompted before realising what he just said and immediately closing himself off. He hid his blushing face in his hands and bit his bottom lip.

Ilya reached over and pried the hands away from the face. He freed Shane's bottom lip, leaned in and sucked it into his own mouth. “Do not hide from me,” he growled as he shuffled down on the bed.

“Okay,” Shane mumbled. He removed his glasses, slipped one end of the frame in his mouth and rubbed both hands over his face.

“What have I just said?” he reprimanded. “Glasses back on and hands on the bedframe.”

Ilya traced his finger along the underside of Shane's cock. He looked up to check if Shane followed his instructions.

“Good pet.”

“Just for you, Alpha. Will you mark me again?”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes.”

“Then I fill, but first I want to fill you up with my come until you physically can't take any more.

“Breed me, please.”

"I'll breed you so good, you’ll never want anyone else.”

“Is that a promise?”

“*Da*!”

Ilya wasn't able to talk for quite some time afterwards. Neither did he want to.

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