needy

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by wow_genetic81

Summary

“Say yes,” Rozanov says, his tone almost pleading, something that might pique Shane’s curiosity if he wasn’t currently burning.

Shane breathes in Rozanov’s scent directly from his throat, letting the right good yes alpha feelings wash over him. He’s been taking care of himself for so long—so many years drudging through his heat never feeling truly satisfied—would it be so bad to take what Rozanov is offering? Would it be so bad to overlook the why and just take for once in his life?

Shane feels like another person entirely when he breathes out a quiet, “Yes.”

“Then come, omega,” Rozanov hums. “Let’s get you fucked.”

OR

Shane uses a heat app for the first time.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane

Shane has an intimate knowledge of hotel rooms.

At this point in his career, he's seen the inside of more hotel rooms than he has his own bedroom. There's nothing new and exciting about the experience, and there certainly isn't any cause to be *nervous* about being inside one.

But he is. Nervous. And for good reason.

It's been six weeks since he spoke to his omega doctor and received the news that blew his world up; he's spent his entire career since his rookie season suppressing his heats to the point of it being medically advised against, and now that decision has finally come back to bite him in the ass.

Your hormone levels are unstable, Mr. Hollander. Foregoing your heats for so long and then handling them with only toys has resulted in your levels being highly elevated. If you continue like this without the aid of a suitable alpha's pheromones, it could result in detrimental health effects.

Shane wipes his sweaty palms on the knees of his jeans, wondering for the thousandth time if this is a terrible idea. He knows that there's a chance that the person he's chosen might recognize him, that they might sell this story to the closest gossip mag—but he sees little other choice in the matter. It's not as if he can just ask some alpha he knows. Who would he even ask? JJ? Hayden? The thought makes his stomach turn.

No. This is the only way.

Shane has never used a heat app before, but he's well familiar with the concept. They pair alphas and omegas with others that need help through their heats and ruts, respectively. There are health panels shared (with identifying details censored out) as well as physical attributes and usually one of those headless shirtless selfies Shane supposes is supposed to entice someone to choose them.

Shane's picture wasn't a headless shirtless selfie. No, he simply cropped down the last pic he took at his parent's house to showcase his (probably) very boring button down and the makings of sensible khaki shorts. He's honestly surprised anyone matched with him in the first place. Who would choose someone so bland in a sea of half-naked specimens? He supposes he should just accept his luck that someone did. If he can even call it luck.

He's almost too nervous to see it that way. It doesn't help that he's in another city and not home; he certainly didn't *prefer* to spend his heat in a Boston hotel room, but he couldn't exactly pick the timing. It hadn't been easy to think of an excuse not to fly back with the team after their game (and admittedly brutal loss) to the Bears, but in the end he'd made up some acceptable lie about meeting with potential sponsors. He hated lying to Hayden and the others, but the alternative was too unthinkable.

Ugh. Now he's thinking about the Bears. More specifically, he's thinking about one in particular—one cocky as fuck Russian who had been more aggressive tonight than usual. Shane can still feel the twinge in his shoulder from where Rozanov slammed him into the boards, can still hear his grating voice taunting him at their last face off.

You look tired, he'd said. *Maybe you should sit this one out, yes?*

Fucking dick.

Shane definitely doesn't want to be thinking about his arch rival. Not right now. If Rozanov could see him like this…fuck. He'd never live it down.

Shane checks the time again, noting it's five till nine—the time they were supposed to meet here. He opens the app chat once more, scrolling through the rather brief conversation he had with his alpha.

His alpha. Definitely not that. *The* alpha, he meant.

mishka81: I can meet tomorrow night. My rut is soon.

User12647482994993: My heat is also soon. Tomorrow night would be perfect actually, but I can't meet until late.

mishka81: Text me hotel and we can meet.

And that was that. Looking back, Shane kind of wishes he'd chosen his own username instead of keeping the one assigned to him when he signed up, but at the time he was practically shaking with nerves while making the account, checking over his shoulder every few seconds to make sure someone wouldn't pop up and catch him at it. He guesses it doesn't matter now. The deed is already done.

Shane checks the time once more—two minutes after nine. Is he not coming? Has he changed his mind? Maybe Shane should text him in the app. Or would that be too needy? But then again, he *is* needy; he can already feel the familiar signs of his impending heat. The sweaty palms, the warmth at his neck, the subtle cramps that have just begun to manifest—there's no time for a Plan B.

Seriously, what if he doesn't show up? What if he doesn't—

A knock at the door makes Shane jolt. His head snaps up to stare at the closed door, his heart pounding beneath his ribs in a way that only partly has to do with his impending heat. He suddenly wants to run far away. Hide, maybe. Burrow into the mattress and never come out.

He stands instead, moving to the door.

Shane lets his hand hover over the doorknob, his sweaty fingers brushing against the cool metal. Another knock sounds, more insistently this time, and after taking a deep breath, Shane grabs the handle before he can change his mind, wrenching the door open.

What's on the other side leaves him absolutely floored.

“R-Rozanov?”

To his credit, Rozanov looks just as stunned as Shane feels. His bright eyes are wide, his full mouth parted slightly in surprise.

Shane realizes they’re both standing there halfway in the hall, panic clawing at his gut because *what if someone sees them together?* With that thought in mind, Shane reaches out to grip Rozanov’s wrist, dragging him inside the room and slamming the door behind him.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Shane grits out, still gripping Rozanov’s wrist.

“I was invited,” he answers flatly, his eyes still slightly rounded.

Shane tries to piece together how the fuck that would be possible, but deep down, he knew the truth the second he saw Rozanov on the other side of the door. Not that he wants to accept it.

“*You’re* mishka81?”

Rozanov smirks. “Means teddy bear in Russian.”

Fuck. *Fuck.* How the *fuck* did Shane not clock that it was a Russian word? Would he have made the connection if he had, or was he too damned desperate to notice anything at all?

“This is a fucking disaster,” Shane groans, releasing Rozanov’s wrist and running his fingers through his hair. “You need to go.”

He expects Rozanov to agree, to turn around and leave—so he’s surprised when instead Rozanov takes a step closer.

“Is what you really want?” He leans in, inhaling. “You smell…needy.”

Shane flushes with embarrassment and most likely hormones. “Don’t fucking *sniff* me.”

“Is not hard. I could smell you when you opened the door.”

“Doesn’t matter. This can’t happen.” Shane can feel himself starting to panic, because what the fuck is he going to do? “*Fuck.”*

Rozanov looks remarkably calm throughout Shane’s little freak out that’s currently happening. He studies Shane with a predatory gaze, his jaw working.

“You still need alpha,” Rozanov says calmly.

“Then I’ll find someone else!” Shane spits. “Surely there’s another alpha on the damned app willing to fuck me.”

Rozanov crosses his arms over his chest. “Is not a good idea, yes? Someone could recognize you.”

“Someone could recognize *you*,” Shane points out.

Rozanov shrugs. “Is no bother.”

Of course it isn’t. Rozanov isn’t exactly subtle about his sexual exploits. He’s constantly in the tabloids being caught at clubs grinding and tonguing some willing omega. Men, women, it doesn’t seem to matter to him.

Shane winces as a sharper cramp rings through him, grimacing. Rozanov doesn’t miss it.

“You are hurting, yes?”

“I can handle it,” Shane grinds out.

Rozanov continues to stare at him with an unreadable expression. “This could be good thing.”

Shane rears back. “Excuse me?”

“I already know you, and I can keep secret.”

Shane can feel himself gaping, certain that he heard Rozanov wrong. There’s no *way* he’s implying that they could—that they should—

“That’s…that’s the worst idea I’ve ever heard,” Shane splutters.

Rozanov shrugs. “Is it? You need alpha. I can smell it on you. You have little time, by the scent of you.”

“And you think I’d let *you* help me with it? We can’t even stand each other!”

“We do not need to be friends to fuck, Hollander.”

Shane can feel his body heating up, and to his horror, he can feel himself getting wet. *Wet.* Because of the scent of *Rozanov.* And Shane would like to say it’s not an enticing scent, he really would—but it’s woodsy and spicy and heady in all the right ways and it’s *working* for Shane, to his horror.

And Rozanov…he doesn’t miss a fucking thing. He steps impossibly closer, reaching out to fiddle with the button on Shane’s shirt.

“I could help you, Hollander. No one needs to know.”

Shane grows suspicious then. “Why the fuck would you even want to? You hate me too!”

“I am good person, yes? I help the needy.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.”

Rozanov smirks again, trailing a finger down Shane’s chest. “Is too late to find someone else. My rut is soon, yes? Your heat will come any minute. It is what they say…impossible

situation?"

"And you'd really…" Shane's breath grows more ragged, his stomach twisting with another cramp. "Why in the hell would you even consider that? We hate each other."

"Yes. You said that already."

"Well, it's true!"

Rozanov's fingers slide just under the hem of Shane's shirt, the tips skimming his bare skin, and Shane shivers all over at the contact. He watches almost as if in a trance as Rozanov leans in impossibly close.

"Maybe I am curious," Rozanov murmurs. "You make me curious."

"Curious," Shane echoes dumbly.

Rozanov's maddening fingers tickle Shane's skin, heating him up even further as he asks, "Do I make you curious?"

And Shane wants to say no, wants to tell him to fuck off, that there's no way he could ever be interested in someone he's spent literal *years* detesting; Rozanov is too cocky, too loud, too… everything.

So why isn't Shane saying no?

He blames Rozanov's scent. That maddening scent that's permeating the room more and more with every passing second, making Shane burn. Because the truth is…he can't pretend he's never *considered* what it might be like. Rozanov might be too much in almost every way, but that means he's also too broad, too many sharp lines and wicked angles—he's an alpha in every way. And Shane can't pretend that in his deepest, darkest fantasies…he's been just what Rozanov said.

Curious.

Not that he'd ever admit that out loud.

But Rozanov isn't wrong. Shane can feel his heat creeping in, can feel its impending arrival in every tangible way. He remembers what his doctor said, how forgoing another heat without an alpha might cause health problems. He can't imagine what that would look like. Would he have to stop playing? He can't risk it, and yet…

"People could never know," Shane hears himself saying, almost as if he's listening to someone else.

Rozanov smirks again, the bastard. "Oh, yes, because I will be telling everyone."

"I mean it," Shane stresses. "If people find out they'd—they would—"

“Hollander. You are having panic attack,” Rozanov says exasperatedly. “No one will know, okay? I told you. I can keep secret.”

Shane swallows thickly, practically tasting Rozanov’s scent on the back of his tongue. He’s sweating now, his clothes sticking to his skin in a way that feels entirely uncomfortable. He can feel his strength leaving him, his body curling ever so slightly until his forehead feels almost inches away from Rozanov’s shoulder. He doesn’t want to be needy like this, doesn’t want to find Rozanov’s scent so intoxicating, but…he does. He can’t pretend that he doesn’t.

Rozanov surprises him by bringing his hand to Shane’s hair, running his fingers through it before cupping the back of his head. He urges Shane to rest his head on Rozanov’s shoulder fully, and like the needy creature he is…he goes willingly.

“No one will know,” Rozanov murmurs again, right into Shane’s ear. “I can take care of you. Let me.”

“This is such a bad idea,” Shane half-slurs, feeling his heat starting to roar to life as slick trickles down his thigh.

Rozanov chuckles. “Bad ideas are more fun, yes?”

“You *would* say that,” Shane grumbles.

“Say yes,” Rozanov says, his tone almost pleading, something that might pique Shane’s curiosity if he wasn’t currently burning.

Shane breathes in Rozanov’s scent directly from his throat, letting the *right good yes alpha* feelings wash over him. He’s been taking care of himself for so long—so many years drudging through his heat never feeling truly satisfied—would it be so bad to take what Rozanov is offering? Would it be so bad to overlook the *why* and just *take* for once in his life?

Shane feels like another person entirely when he breathes out a quiet, “Yes.”

“Then come, omega,” Rozanov hums. “Let’s get you fucked.”

Shane shivers, the idea of being filled so enticing that he can’t even muster up any indignation at being addressed by his designation. He squeaks out a surprised sound when Rozanov suddenly wraps his hands under Shane’s thigh, lifting him as if he weighs nothing, something that definitely isn’t the case. The omega in him purrs at the casual show of strength.

Alpha. Alpha. Alpha.

Rozanov carries Shane to the bed, laying him over the covers and arranging him just how he likes him. Shane watches it all as if through another person’s eyes, his lids hooded and his breath shaky. Rozanov reaches for the top button of Shane’s shirt, peeking up at Shane with a question in his eyes. Shane feels himself nod, still not quite believing this is happening even

though his body seems to be fully on board. His cock is already achingly hard, copious amounts of slick between his cheeks.

Rozanov unbuttons Shane's shirt carefully, slowly, making each loop feel like slow torture. The cool air on every inch of Shane's exposed skin feels like heaven, sweat glistening on his chest and abdomen. Shane lifts up a bit so that Rozanov can work the shirt off of him, tossing it aside to the floor before hovering over him, just looking at him.

If he weren't burning, Shane might wonder why Rozanov would take the time to study him like he is, but right now, he can't really think of anything except feeling Rozanov's skin against his, tasting it with his tongue.

And how the fuck did he even get to this point?

"You are very pretty," Rozanov utters quietly.

Shane can feel his cheeks warm with something other than his heat. "Fuck off."

"I notice before but…" Rozanov runs his hands over Shane's abs. "Is very obvious now."

Shane wonders if Rozanov is just making fun of him, if he's trying to make a dig even now, but he doesn't have much time to dwell on the matter when Rozanov reaches for the button of his jeans.

Rozanov peeks up at him with an arched brow. "Is okay?"

"Fuck. Yes. Okay? Just do it. Hurry."

That maddening smirk again, but blessedly, Rozanov moves a little faster now. He rips open Shane's jeans with deft precision, shucking them over and down his thighs before tugging them off to add to the pile of Shane's clothes. Even in his current state it doesn't escape Shane that he's practically naked while Rozanov is fully dressed, making him feel vulnerable.

"This seems one sided," Shane mutters.

Rozanov's mouth turns up in a lopsided grin. "You want me naked, Hollander?"

"Fuck off," Shane grits out.

"I can do that for you," Rozanov says, teasing the hem of his black v-neck with his fingertips. "If you ask nicely."

"Fuck you! I'm not doing that."

Rozanov pouts. "But I am going to take such good care of you, yes? Is only fair."

Shane's teeth grind together in frustration, but the cramps inside him have started to sound in earnest, making his muscles strain and his body feel too tense. He doesn't know how much longer he has before he becomes mindless with need, and he *knows* he might start begging then.

“Fine,” Shane says tightly. “Please get undressed.”

“Good boy,” Rozanov teases, already tugging his shirt over his head.

Shane would like to pretend that he doesn’t drink in the hard curves and bulging lines of muscle in Rozanov’s chest, but it would be a lie. Shane is no stranger to muscular men—he’s a hockey player after all—but he can’t deny that Rozanov looks like he was carved from marble. His pecs are wide and his shoulders broad, tapering down to thick arms that look chiseled and strong.

And now Rozanov is reaching for his belt buckle.

Shane watches enraptured as Rozanov slides the leather through the loops, dropping it unceremoniously to the floor, never taking his eyes off Shane. He unzips his jeans slowly, but even from here it’s impossible to miss the hard bulge pressing against the denim. It makes Shane’s mouth water and his ass ache.

“You are close now,” Rozanov mumbles. “I can smell it on you.”

Shane would be embarrassed by that fact at any other time, but right now all he can think about is easing the ache inside him. All he can think about is being *filled.*

“Hurry,” Shane says, surprising himself. By the look on Rozanov’s face, it must surprise him too.

It does the trick though; Rozanov shoves his jeans down and off, kicking them away to leave him standing in nothing but his black boxer briefs—his cock straining and hard against the cotton. Shane knows he’ll be mortified later by what he does next, but he’s just so *hungry.*

Shane rolls to his stomach so that he can crawl to the end of the bed, wrapping his hands around the backs of Rozanov’s thighs and pulling him in so that he can nuzzle at his clothed cock. His scent is stronger here, and Shane gulps down greedy lungfuls, even sticking out his tongue to taste the wet spot that’s formed against the fabric.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov hisses. “You *are* needy.”

“Hurts,” Shane whimpers. “I need…”

Rozanov runs his fingers through Shane’s hair. “What do you need?”

Shane just manages to keep his mouth shut, trying to save himself the embarrassment he knows will come later, but Rozanov is having none of it. His hands reach to grip Shane’s face, forcing it up so that he has to look at Rozanov.

“Tell me,” the Russian says tightly.

Shane lets out a stuttered breath, swallowing thickly before he utters, “I need you.”

Rozanov flashes him a look that Shane can’t decipher as anything other than *hungry.* Maybe Shane isn’t the only one that’s feeling a little needy. The thought makes him feel better.

“Take them off,” Rozanov demands, and Shane doesn’t know whose underwear he’s referring to, but he knows which one he prefers.

So Shane curls his fingers into the elastic of Rozanov’s briefs, tugging at them roughly as Rozanov shifts to help get them off. And then it’s there in all its glory—an alpha cock to rival all alpha cocks. And sure, Shane doesn’t have a *ton* of experience in this area, but he can’t deny that Rozanov is…big. Long and thick with a swollen base that teases what’s to come.

And Shane *wants* it, he realizes. He wants it so bad he can almost taste it.

Actually, that sounds like a fantastic idea.

Shane looses his tongue so that he can lick up the underside of Rozanov’s cock, enjoying the way it makes the other man hiss and the way the fingers in his hair tighten as if by instinct. Shane can taste Rozanov’s precum at the head, and the flavor of it sends a new wave of heat rushing through him, making him so slick that he can feel his underwear getting wet.

“Do you like my taste?” Rozanov practically purrs. “You want more?”

Shane nods even as he closes his lips over the head to suckle, eliciting a groan out of Rozanov that makes him feel powerful, because *he* did that.

Rozanov grips Shane by the hair, his touch rough but his actions surprisingly gentle as he slowly eases his cock a little deeper into Shane’s mouth. The weight of it is heady, sliding over Shane’s tongue in a heavy glide as it fills and fills and *fills*. Shane closes his eyes, enjoying the sensation of *being* filled even if it’s not quite in the way he needs. Still, it’s enough to cool the ache, even if only for a moment.

“This is not what you need, yes?” Rozanov murmurs. “You need to be fucked.”

Shane slurps off Rozanov’s cock, tilting his head back to look at him. “How are you so calm right now? I thought your rut was close.”

“You think I am calm?” Rozanov’s jaw clenches. “I want to be fucking you into that mattress right now. But you are nervous, yes?”

And that…that’s surprisingly thoughtful, something that Shane didn’t expect from Rozanov. But now that he’s looking at him, he notices the fine sheen of sweat on his brow, the flush of his cheeks that spreads down his throat. He notices the way his breaths come heavily and his abs clench with each one.

“Then fuck me,” Shane says boldly, hardly even recognizing himself. He blames his heat. “Do it.”

Rozanov lets out an honest to God growl—his hands finding Shane’s jaw and tugging him upwards in a way that forces Shane to crawl onto his knees. Rozanov holds him like that for the briefest of moments, studying him again, his eyes roving over Shane’s face.

“I will kiss you now,” Rozanov says matter of factly.

Shane feels a flare of panic at the idea, but then Rozanov swipes his tongue out to wet his lower lip, and another sensation grips Shane, a seed that Rozanov planted.

Curiosity.

Because what would it be like to kiss that cocky mouth? To shut it up with his tongue?

Rozanov leans in slowly, giving Shane ample time to pull away, but he doesn't, he finds. To his everlasting surprise, he feels his lashes flutter and his mouth part, and then all at once there are soft, warm lips pressed against his, a wet, hot tongue slipping inside his mouth to touch against his. It's tentative and soft—everything that Rozanov isn't—and that too, surprises Shane. He lets out a moan without meaning to, and Rozanov's answering grunt heralds the end of the slow, searching kiss.

Because then Rozanov kisses him for real.

Rozanov's tongue swipes through Shane's mouth like he owns it, the taste of him like an expensive vodka, making Shane wonder if he drank before he came. Maybe Shane should have done that, maybe it would have lessened his nerves. Not that he has time to dwell on it. Now with the way Rozanov is curling over him, forcing him backwards and climbing up the mattress as Shane scoots up the bed.

And then he's covered in nothing but Rozanov, his big body blanketing Shane's and making him feel almost…small. Which is ridiculous. Shane is not a small man by any means, but at this moment, Rozanov seems so *large*. Almost larger than life. Rozanov continues to kiss him hungrily, but he's far from lost in it, conscious enough to bring his hands between them so he can tug at Shane's underwear, pulling it over his thighs as Shane lifts to help him be rid of them.

Shane gasps when he feels Rozanov's rough palm enclose around his already wet cock, holding it gently as if asking for permission.

"This is okay?" Rozanov asks against Shane's lips.

Shane feels himself nodding fervently. "Please."

"Mm. I like when you beg."

"Fuck you," Shane hisses, it barely sounding forceful with the thready tone of his voice.

"Is more like fuck you, I think."

Shane opens his mouth to reply, but then Rozanov is gripping his cock, spreading his precum down his length to ease the way as he strokes him steadily.

"Your cock is nice," Rozanov comments. "I like it."

Shane doesn't know what to say to that, so he keeps his mouth shut, letting Rozanov capture it once more. He closes his eyes as Rozanov's tongue takes him apart, his touch making that

burning sensation feel hotter, brighter, more insistent. It makes Shane moan, in love with the way Rozanov is touching him but recognizing that it's not enough.

"Please," Shane whimpers again. "Please, I need—"

"I know what you need," Rozanov says gruffly, looking a little out of sorts himself. "You need my cock, yes?"

Shane is past the point of propriety now, nodding his head roughly even as he grabs for Rozanov's hips. He pulls him closer, forcing Rozanov to release Shane's cock so that theirs can slide together. They both gasp at the sensation, and Shane arches his back, his head tipping back as a fresh trickle of slick escapes him.

"Blyat, Hollander," Rozanov groans. "I need to fuck you."

"Then do it," Shane pleads. "Need your cock in me."

"Do you?" Shane feels Rozanov's fingers trailing over the inside of Shane's thigh, so close to where he needs him. "You need me here?"

"Please!"

Shane gasps when Rozanov breaches him with two fingers all at once, the wet slide of his slick easing the way. It's so close to what he needs that he cries out, reaching out to grasp Rozanov's wrist as if he can somehow urge him to push deeper.

"Ah, you do need me," Rozanov says smugly. "You are so wet for me."

Rozanov twists his fingers deeper, touching that place inside Shane that makes him keen.

"Your little omega cunt is so hungry," Rozanov grunts. "Need me to fill it?"

Shane feels feverish now, his brain foggy and his eyes drooping as his muscles go lax with heat. All he can think about is being filled. All he can think about is being filled by *Rozanov.*

"I need it," he babbles. "Please give it to me. Need your cock. I need you. Please, Rozanov."

"Such a good boy when you are needy," Rozanov says thickly. "Do not worry, Hollander. I will take care of you."

Shane feels hot tears in his eyes when Rozanov removes his fingers, but he doesn't have time to mourn the loss, not with the way Rozanov is pushing at the backs of his thighs, hoisting them high so that his knees are practically around his ears. Through his hazy vision he can make out Rozanov staring down between his legs, his nostrils flaring and his eyes hard.

"Need to taste you first," he says.

"Rozanov, I need—*fuck*."

The hot, wet glide of Rozanov's tongue against his hole has him practically shouting, his eyes crossing with pleasure. No one has ever touched him like this. No one has ever *tasted* him before. He can hear pitiful sounds escaping his throat as Rozanov continues to lick and suck at his hole, and when that slick organ breaches him, pushing past that tight ring of muscle, Shane's entire body bows.

"Rozanov!"

There's another broad stripe over his hole, and then Rozanov is rising to his knees, wiping at the back of his mouth as one of Shane's legs falls limply to the side.

"You taste good," Rozanov says. "Could do this all night if we had time."

"Please, I need—"

"Shh, omega. I know. Your app said you are on birth control, yes?"

Shane nods. "I am."

"You want condom?"

Through the haze of his heat Shane can remember what his doctor said—how he needs a compatible alpha's pheromones to level him out. And he could tell himself that's the reason that he doesn't want to use a condom, but it wouldn't be the truth. The truth is that he's becoming addicted to being touched by another person, and he wants to feel *everything* there is to offer.

"No condom," Shane says.

Rozanov gives him a look that's pure heat, and then he knee walks closer, spreading Shane's legs until Shane is wrapping them around Rozanov's waist. He reaches between them to grip his thick cock, and Shane watches with hooded eyes as he rubs the head against Shane's hole, making it clench.

"You still want?" Rozanov asks, capturing Shane's gaze.

And God help him, for reasons he'll never understand—Shane nods back. "I still want."

"Then be ready for me," Rozanov says roughly.

Shane can feel the fat head of Rozanov's cock notching at his hole, and suddenly everything seems to come down to this singular moment. His breath is unsteady and his body burns, and he's so slick that he can feel it wetting the sheets below him—but all he can think about is the thick weight of Rozanov's cock, the gentle press of it against his hole as he starts to push inside.

"Oh, *fuck*," Shane groans as Rozanov breaches him.

He can see the way Rozanov bares his teeth, hissing through them. "Is tight. Fuck, Hollander. You are so tight."

“More,” Shane begs. “Need more.”

“You want more?”

Shane bobs his head in a feverish nod.

Rozanov curls his body, capturing Shane’s mouth in a sloppy kiss just as he slams inside fully. Shane’s moan is captured by Rozanov’s tongue as he lets Shane adjust to his size, but miraculously, there’s no discomfort. Shane is too wet, too needy—just like Rozanov said.

“Move. Please. Can you move? I need you to move.”

“Needy,” Rozanov chuckles, but it sounds strained.

They’re both sweating now, Rozanov burying his face in Shane’s neck and groaning as he pulls back to let the heavy weight of his cock slide out to the head. Shane can feel every hot inch, can even feel the slight swell of Rozanov’s dormant knot, and his hindbrain *wants* that. It wants to feel everything. To experience everything.

“Give it to me,” Shane grunts. “Wanna feel it.”

Rozanov doesn’t waste any time, slamming back inside so hard that it makes Shane’s entire body jolt. He can smell it now, Rozanov’s rut. It makes his scent sharper, stronger, makes it cloud around them like a thick perfume that does nothing but make Shane burn hotter. Rozanov sets a brutal pace—fucking into him like he needs to crawl inside Shane. Shane can hear himself moaning with every thrust, and he can only hope that this hotel’s walls aren’t too thin, because he can’t seem to control it.

Rozanov’s cock hits every spot inside Shane that lights him up, easing the ache inside and transforming it into an all-consuming pleasure that threatens to swallow him whole. He wonders how he’s gone so long without this. He wonders how in the hell he’ll ever go back to using toys when he could be doing *this*.

“So wet for me,” Rozanov groans. “Such a good omega.”

And if he weren’t in the throes of his heat, Shane might bristle at the praise, but as it is—his hindbrain eats it up, greedily begging for more.

Shane wraps his arms around Rozanov’s neck, trying to bring him closer, needing his thick alpha body to smother him, to cover him in his pheromones until he smells of nothing but him. His body continues to jolt with each powerful thrust, the wet slap of skin ringing out in the room as Rozanov fucks and fucks and *fucks*. He fucks like he does everything else—with a confidence and surety that should be infuriating, but as it is, it’s *exactly* what Shane needs.

“Alpha,” Shane whimpers.

Rozanov goes still. He stops thrusting, pulling his head back to look at Shane with wild eyes. “Say it again.”

And Shane doesn’t hesitate, too far gone to even care. “Please, alpha. I need it deeper.”

A low rumble sounds in Rozanov's chest, and then he's pulling at Shane's hip, urging him to turn. "On your stomach, omega. I will fuck you like you need."

Shane rolls immediately, wanting everything Rozanov can give him. Rozanov's hands grip at Shane's waist, hoisting his ass into the air and forcing his back to arch as he presents for him like the needy omega he is right now. He feels the head of Rozanov's cock press against his hole once more, and then only a second passes before he's sliding home, his balls slapping against Shane's as he bottoms out in one thrust.

"S'good," Shane slurs. "So good."

"You will not use app next time, yes?" Rozanov growls. "You will tell me when you need this, and I will give it to you."

Shane knows it's just Rozanov's rut talking, knows that it's just his heat that makes his inside twist with pleasure at the demand—but he allows himself to bask in it, even if just for now. He pretends that Rozanov *isn't* his arch rival, that they don't hate each other. He pretends that the person behind him is someone who actually cares about him, who wants to take care of him.

It's enough to have him pushing back against Rozanov's thrusts, gripping the sheets tightly as Rozanov fucks into him again and again. Slick leaks from his freely, making every thrust sound horribly wet. Not that Shane cares. It feels too good. It *is* too good. It's everything he never knew he was missing.

"I will knot you, yes?" Rozanov huffs. "You need it?"

Shane doesn't tell him that he's never been knotted before, that he has no idea if that's what he needs, because at this moment his body is singing that *yes* it's *exactly* what he needs. He's all instinct and pleasure, and he chases that feeling, letting it guide him.

"Yes, alpha. Knot me. Give me your cum."

"*Fuck*, Hollander."

Rozanov thrusts harder, pushing Shane so far up the bed he has to reach out and brace his hand against the headboard to prevent his head from hitting it. It's brutal and rough and *perfect*—and once more Shane wonders how he'll ever go back to the way things were after this.

"Are you close?" Rozanov grunts. "Say you are close. I need to knot you so badly, Hollander."

"Just keep—right there. I just need—*fuck*."

The head of Rozanov's cock brushes against Shane's prostate, sparks lighting up behind his lids as his eyes squeeze shut. He hits it again and again with laser-like precision, sending Shane into another plane of existence, one where they are nothing but bodies and skin and the hot, wet thrusts of Rozanov's cock inside him.

“Oh,” Shane cries out. “I think—I think I’m going to—*ah*.”

He shudders all over when he starts to come, his cock spurting out against the mattress as a gush of slick escapes him. He can feel himself clenching around Rozanov’s cock, can hear Rozanov cursing in Russian behind him as he fucks him through his orgasm. He slams inside harder and harder—so hard that Shane feels like he could come all over again—but then he lets out a string of Russian curses once more, slamming inside and holding as he grunts and groans.

Shane can feel it now—that swell, that stretch—and his mouth parts in pleasured surprise as it touches every good place inside him, causing another burst of cum to leak out of his cock. He can feel wet heat flooding him, filling him up, and the omega part of his brain relishes in it, in being *bred*. Like he was *meant* to. Later, he might be mortified by these thoughts, but now? Right now he feels only bliss.

“You are squeezing my knot so tight, Hollander,” Rozanov says shakily. “Feels so good.”

Shane doesn’t know how long they stay like that, but at some point in the dizzied daze of the aftermath Shane can feel Rozanov moving them, turning Shane on his side so that Rozanov can spoon him from behind. On any other occasion, Shane would balk at the situation, but right now, he’s too content to care who’s behind him. Too blissed out to freak out about the fact that he just let *Rozanov* fuck his brains out and knot him.

“Blyat, Solnyshko,” Rozanov murmurs. “You have killed me, Hollander. I am dead now.”

Shane can only hum in response, his eyelids feeling heavy as endorphins course through him. He feels more sated than he ever has in his life, more relaxed than he can ever remember feeling. Maybe that’s why he isn’t freaking out right now. Maybe that’s why he can already feel himself drifting off.

He can feel the gentle touch of Rozanov’s fingers trailing over his thigh, the simple gesture soothing him, making him even sleepier. The last thought that passes through his head before he passes out is that there are at least two more days of this.

And who will they be at the end of it?

…

It does take two more days for Shane’s heat to wane. Two days filled with being mounted and bred in every position imaginable—taking everything Rozanov offered, everything he had to give. And what’s more, he felt *grateful* for it. Something he never expected to feel toward the person he’s been battling mentally and physically for years. There were moments of clarity where Shane remembers Rozanov being gentle with him: giving him water, making sure he forced some food down, taking *care* of him. It’s something he didn’t anticipate, and it’s something he certainly doesn’t know what to do about.

Shane comes to on the third day in stages—his body rolls as he lets out a groan, throwing an arm over his eyes to block out the brightness coming in from the now open curtains. His lashes flutter open as the room comes into focus; there is the same white ceiling, the same

white sheets that have needed to be changed more than once (was it really Rozanov that did it?), and the same ugly wallpaper glaring at him from the opposite wall.

The only difference is the empty place in the bed beside him.

Shane sits up with a start, bracing himself on both hands as he notices Rozanov in the corner of the room, just starting to button his jeans. He's not wearing a shirt, and in the bright light of day, freshly showered with wet curls clinging to his forehead, Shane can't deny that he looks…good. It's something he's never allowed himself to notice before, but he can't pretend now. Not now that he knows the exact feeling of Rozanov's cock taking him apart over and over again.

"You're leaving," Shane says hoarsely, feeling strangely…odd about that fact.

Rozanov peeks over at him, buttoning his jeans and nodding his head. "I have game tonight."

"Right," Shane says quickly. He knew that. Of course he did. "Right, of course."

Shane swallows thickly, not quite sure what to do now that he's fully regained his faculties. In the throes of his heat, it had been easy to forget who Rozanov was to him, it was easy to forget that they would still be seeing each other all the time, that they would still be *playing* against each other.

Fucking hell. What has he done? He should have thought this through. Should have come up with another solution. But it had just felt so *good* and it had been exactly what he needed, but what the fuck are they going to do now? What will they—

"Hollander," Rozanov says calmly, crossing the room to sit on the edge of the bed. "I can hear you thinking. Is not a problem, okay? We both needed this, and there were no better options. You do not need to worry."

Shane almost snorts. He doesn't know how to do much else *but* worry.

"Right," Shane says tightly, still freaking out a little bit.

Rozanov sniffs, his jaw working subtly before he finally holds out his hand. "Give me your phone."

Shane rears back. "What?"

"You have phone," Rozanov answers. "Give."

And it's not an alpha command, so Shane isn't compelled to obey, and yet still he finds himself rolling to where his phone sits on the charger on the nightstand, unlocking it and handing it over to Rozanov's waiting hand. He watches as Rozanov types something, a buzzing sounding in his pocket just before he pulls out his own phone to show Shane what's there.

"Who is Jane?" Shane says stiffly.

Rozanov smirks, something that would have irritated him three days ago but now…

“Jane is you,” he explains. “You will text me when you need this, yes? You will not look for others.”

Shane feels himself reeling; he vaguely remembers Rozanov saying something similar during their first night together, but surely he didn’t mean it, right? There’s no way.

“You…You can’t be serious,” Shane splutters.

Rozanov cocks his head. “Why would I not be serious?”

“Because we’re rivals? Because we play against each other? Because it’s a terrible idea?”

“Is only bad idea if people find out. You will not tell anyone. I will not tell anyone. Is simple, yes?”

“I…”

Shane scrambles to think of all the reasons he should be outright rejecting this proposal, because there are at least a dozen, and yet…he can’t seem to feel the gravity of any of them. He’s still too lax and sated, still too warm from the lingering heat of Rozanov’s body. Can still feel Rozanov’s *cum* between his thighs.

“Why would you want to do that?” Shane asks instead.

Rozanov’s expression gives him nothing, and he just shrugs. “You are…” He considers for a moment, as if searching for the right words. “I like your scent,” he settles on. “Is simple as that.”

And Shane doesn’t know whether or not he should be flattered or not by such a base reason, but he can’t deny that he feels better right now than he has in years. That he’s never felt so satisfied as he has in these past three days. But can they really do this? Can they keep a secret like this?

“You are still thinking too hard,” Rozanov says. “Do not worry, Hollander. You are prettier when you are not frowning.”

He grins when he says it, making Shane scowl and roll his eyes. That’s the Rozanov he knows. Always being an asshole. And yet…he wasn’t an asshole here, in this hotel room. He was…nice, even. Gentle. Shane still doesn’t know what to make of it. Perhaps it was nothing more than Rozanov’s alpha instincts getting the better of him.

Yes, Shane decides. That’s all it was. It was only their instincts and natural compatibility that fueled the fever dream that was the last three days. Nothing more than that. Maybe that’s what compels Shane to say what he does next.

“Okay,” he answers quietly. “I will text you.”

Rozanov breathes in deep, expelling it slowly through his nostrils as he nods back at Shane.

“If I’m Jane,” Shane asks, “then who are you?”

Rozanov’s mouth quirks. “Lily.”

“Nice,” Shane says flatly.

Rozanov shocks him then by reaching out, gripping his chin in his hand and studying his face. “I will tell no one, Hollander. You have my word.”

And for reasons Shane can’t understand…he believes him. He can see it in his eyes. That he means that. That he really will take care of him.

Shane doesn’t even want to think about how long it will take him to puzzle that out.

“All right,” Shane says.

Rozanov grins at him. “I must go now.”

“Okay.”

“I look forward to beating you at our next game.”

Shane feels his lips turn up at the corners. “That’s not going to happen.”

“Mm.” Rozanov shrugs. “We will see.”

His fingers are still gripping Shane’s chin, and his eyes flash to Shane’s mouth for the briefest of moments. Almost like he’s considering taking it. Like he might *kiss* him. Shane feels his heartrate pick up at the thought, because he’s not in heat right now. Rozanov’s rut is over. There’s no reason for it. No point.

So why does he kind of want him to?

In the end, Rozanov releases his hold on Shane. Nodding slightly before pushing up from the bed. He finishes dressing quietly, Shane watching the entire time. When he’s done, and his things are gathered, he moves toward the door, lingering there for a moment before turning back to flash him one last cocky smile.

“I will see you soon, Jane.”

Shane grins back at him, seeming to have no control over his facial muscles. “See you soon, Lily.”

Rozanov leaves the hotel room then, leaving Shane with nothing but the too-real memories and his own thoughts.

Shane falls back against the mattress, staring up at the ceiling. He can’t be sure, because it’s too soon to really process everything that’s happened, but Shane has the feeling that things will never be the same after this. He doesn’t know how he knows it, but deep down, he does.

Just like he can’t be sure why he’s looking forward to his next heat.

…

Ilya

Ilya stands outside the hotel room door for a moment longer than he needs to, fighting the urge to go back inside. He thought by using this app he would be able to fuck the memory of dark eyes and beautiful freckles out of his head, and yet here he is, forever changed.

He stands there for a moment more, finally fishing his phone out of his pocket and pulling up the app. He stares at it for a long time, considering.

Then he deletes it and walks away.

End Notes

idk I just needed to get them out of my system and now I want Ilya’s pov 😌🌞

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