

desperate

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desperate

by [wow_genetic81](#)

Summary

“Say yes,” Ilya says, and he can hear the pleading quality of his tone, hoping that Hollander doesn’t notice.

He can hear and feel the way Hollander breathes from Ilya’s throat, no doubt taking in his scent. Ilya hasn’t ever given much thought to his scent before now; omegas seem to enjoy it, yes, but he’s more conscious of it right now, because does Hollander enjoy it?

It’s quiet, so quiet Ilya almost misses it, and yet so loud that it might as well be a shout in Ilya’s ears when Hollander mutters, “Yes.”

Ilya feels a rush of endorphins flood him, a ringing in his ears of yes good fuck take—but he wills himself to remain calm, to not scare Hollander off.

“Then come, omega,” Ilya hums, curling his fingers around Hollander’s nape possessively. “Let’s get you fucked.”

OR

Ilya's POV

Notes

listen I guess I wasn't done with them this ended up being longer than the first because Ilya is down bad

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Ilya

Ilya isn't the world's biggest fan of hotel rooms. One might think that after having spent so much time in them that he would at least be ambivalent—but mostly, they just make him miss his apartment. Ilya has spent a lot of his life dwelling in places where he's felt not wanted, and his home is the first safe space he's ever truly had since he was twelve years old. So it's not so much that he *hates* hotel rooms per se, it's just that he'd rather skip them when possible. Especially here, in his city.

But here he is, riding up the elevator of one of the nicer hotels in town, heading toward a room number that was sent to him no more than an hour ago. Using a heat app wouldn't have been Ilya's first choice to take care of his rut; it's probably even unnecessary—there are plenty of people he could call to see him through it, after all, but for reasons he can't explain, he hadn't wanted to call any of them. Maybe it's because everything familiar only reminds him of what he can't have.

Ilya had thought that by doing this with a stranger he might finally be able to fuck the fantasy of dark eyes and alluring freckles out of his head. All things he shouldn't want. Things he can't have. Things that make him feel a little bit...desperate.

So that's why he's here. Stepping off this elevator and trudging down a hall as his rut lingers on the edge of his consciousness. He can already feel the way the back of his neck has begun to sweat, the way his knot throbs dully in anticipation.

He lingers outside the door to room 1410, hesitating. He has no good reason to other than he's second-guessing this entire thing—but he's already committed now. The person on the other side of that door is expecting him, expecting him to help them through their heat. It would make him a complete asshole to leave now.

Still, he pulls his phone from his pocket, checking their message thread once more to psych himself up. He'd like to say he doesn't know why he chose this particular user, but it would be a lie. He'd taken one look at the plain, faceless user in his simple button down and his chino shorts, and it had fueled the fantasy that he was meeting someone entirely different in this hotel. Even the simple, nondescript username had screamed of Hollander.

Don't think about him right now.

Ilya knows he shouldn't be thinking of him at all. Just like he knows he shouldn't have been thinking of him for the last...well. A very long time. It's just that there's something about the boring, polite Canadian with his beautiful freckles and his weak backhand. Ilya noticed him the very first day they met, but the problem is....he never really seemed to *stop* noticing him. Even now, he still doesn't know what to make of that.

Stop. You're here to forget.

Ilya glances at the time, noting that he's now a few minutes late. He supposes it's now or never, and with that in mind, he raises his fist to the door to knock. He can hear shuffling on

the other side of the door and then silence, almost like the other person is standing on the other side waiting, maybe just as nervous as Ilya is.

But then the door opens, swinging wide to reveal who is on the other side, and who is one the other side nearly robs Ilya of his breath.

He looks so different like this—a rarity to see him in plain jeans and one of his stupid button downs. It's so very different from when he's in his uniform, and for a moment, Ilya can only drink him in, shocked to his core that it would be *him* waiting for him. Here. At this hotel. A hotel that suddenly Ilya doesn't mind so very much.

And apparently, judging by the look on Hollander's face—Ilya isn't the only one who is shocked.

“R-Rozanov?”

Ilya tries to say something back, something clever maybe, but he's still too stunned to see Hollander here. Too surprised that out of the millions of people on the app he could have matched with, it would be the one person he'd been trying to escape. Not to mention the way Hollander smells—something Ilya can scent even here standing a few feet away. It's almost...sweet. Sensual. *Needy*.

Hollander grabs for Ilya's wrist suddenly, hauling him inside the room and slamming the door behind them as he rounds on Ilya with a flabbergasted expression.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” he asks tightly.

Ilya remembers himself then, schooling his expression. “I was invited.”

He can see the pieces fitting together in Hollander's mind, his eyes darting across Ilya's face as if trying to make sense of it still. “*You're mishka81?*”

Ilya smirks back at him. “Means teddy bear in Russian.”

He'd chosen it as a joke, but he's surprised that Hollander didn't pick up on the language. Especially given that he seems to speak them with ease. Ilya glances down, noticing that Hollander is still gripping his wrist, the warmth of his palm seeping into his skin.

It makes it all the more noticeable when Hollander suddenly removes his touch.

“This is a fucking disaster,” Hollander groans, running his fingers through his silky black hair. “You need to go.”

And that one statement shocks Ilya, sending a flare of panic through him because how can he possibly let this opportunity pass him by? He steps closer to Hollander, noting the way he shrinks into himself again, like he's afraid of Ilya's touch. “Is what you really want?” Ilya takes a step closer, breathing in that delicious scent Hollander is giving off. “You smell... needy.”

He watches as a pretty blush spreads across Hollander's face. “Don't fucking *sniff* me.”

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

Hollander looks panicked, his eyes still wide and his mouth parted. “Doesn’t matter. This can’t happen. *Fuck.*”

He can see the wheels turning in Hollander’s head, no doubt trying to think of a way to end this here, to continue on either on his own or worse—with someone else. The thought of someone else touching Hollander when he smells like this makes Ilya feel...a little feral, actually.

“You still need alpha,” Ilya points out as calmly as he’s able to.

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

Ilya’s muscles feel tight at the realization that yes, that’s probably true—crossing his arms over his chest to keep from reaching out and touching Hollander. “Is not a good idea, yes? Someone could recognize you.”

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

Ilya feels distracted now, unable to keep from staring at the flushed skin of Hollander’s neck. “Is no bother,” he says flippantly.

Hollander looks almost put out by this, rearing backwards and making a face. But then he winces, his jaw working subtly as almost as if in pain.

Ilya’s instincts roar to life, and it takes everything he has not to reach out for the other man, to pull him into him and breathe in his scent. It takes everything he has to be *still*. “You are hurting, yes?”

“I can handle it,” Hollander says tightly.

Ilya knows he only has one chance to convince Hollander that this is not a terrible idea—one chance to live out the fantasy that he’s been carrying for far too long. He keeps his expression neutral when he says, “This could be good thing.”

Hollander looks shocked. “Excuse me?”

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

Hollander gapes at him, looking at Ilya like he’s grown a second head. “That’s...that’s the worst idea I’ve ever heard,” he stammers.

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

So little time. He’s so ripe. So ready. You could reach out and take him.

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

Ilya has to will himself to remain calm, to not let it show just how untrue that is. At least for him. “We do not need to be friends to fuck, Hollander.”

He notices the way Hollander is breathing heavily now, no doubt so close to his heat that his body has begun to work against him. His scent is more potent now, that sweet, sweet scent that’s driving Ilya a little wild—and what’s more, there’s something else beneath it. Something sharp and heady, something like *arousal*. It makes Ilya’s muscles clench, knowing that Hollander is getting wet. That he’s getting wet for *Ilya*.

He takes a chance, stepping closer and reaching out to touch one of the buttons on Hollander’s boring shirt. He just needs to touch him somehow, just a little bit. “I could help you, Hollander. No one needs to know.”

Hollander flashes him a wary look. “Why the fuck would you even want to? You hate me too!”

Ilya can’t help but tease him then. He likes the way Hollander gets when he’s teased. “I am good person, yes? I help the needy.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov,” Hollander grinds out, looking entirely too cute to be so indignant.

Ilya runs a finger down Hollander’s chest, enjoying the sensation of hard muscle beneath his shirt. Wanting to touch him more. “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...” Hollander’s breath grows more ragged, his face twisting as no doubt a cramp tears through him. He’s so *close*. “Why in the hell would you even consider that? We hate each other.”

“Yes. You said that already.”

“Well, it’s true!”

And Ilya can’t help but touch him for real then, running his fingers just under the hem of Hollander’s shirt so that the tips brush against the omega’s bare skin. It feels electric—the slight dampness there from Hollander’s sweat, the heat of his skin—and Ilya wants nothing more than to put his lips there, to chase after his touch with his tongue.

“Maybe I am curious,” Ilya murmurs, barely holding onto rational thought at this point. “You make me curious.”

“Curious,” Hollander echoes.

And Ilya can’t help but ask then, hoping beyond hope that somewhere deep down Hollander has thought about this too, even if just a little. “Do I make you curious?”

Ilya can see the myriad of emotions playing out on Hollander’s face, and hope flutters in Ilya’s heart when he realizes that Hollander is actually considering it. Sure, it most likely has to do with his impending heat, with the way he has little other options—but Ilya finds he

doesn't care what Hollander's reasons are. Not if he gets to touch him. Not if he gets to *taste* him.

He takes the moment to really study Hollander—the smoothness of his skin, the inky tresses that look so soft, the fucking *freckles*. Ilya never considered he could be so weak for such a thing, but he is, he finds. He's fucking *weak* for those freckles. *Desperate*, even.

"People could never know," Hollander says quietly, and that hope in Ilya's heart *soars*.

Ilya can't help but smirk. "Oh, yes, because I will be telling everyone."

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

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

He watches as Hollander swallows, his eyes going a little hazy. He's so fucking close that Ilya can taste it, and it makes his own impending rut seem that much more prevalent. He can feel it in every fiber of his being—the need to fuck this pretty omega into the mattress and claim him as his own. Hollander's body curls almost as if involuntarily, and Ilya can't help the way he reaches to cup the back of his head, urging him to rest his forehead against Ilya's shoulder. He's more than a little surprised when Hollander goes willingly.

"No one will know," Ilya murmurs again, his breath washing against Hollander's ear, making him want to stick out his tongue and tease it. "I can take care of you. Let me."

"This is such a bad idea," Hollander half-slurs, and Ilya can definitely smell it now, Hollander's arousal. It makes his muscles feel even tenser and his tongue feel too thick.

Ilya chuckles, but it's tight. "Bad ideas are more fun, yes?"

"You *would* say that," Hollander grumbles.

"Say yes," Ilya says, and he can hear the pleading quality of his tone, hoping that Hollander doesn't notice.

He can hear and feel the way Hollander breathes from Ilya's throat, no doubt taking in his scent. Ilya hasn't ever given much thought to his scent before now; omegas seem to enjoy it, yes, but he's more conscious of it right now, because does *Hollander* enjoy it?

It's quiet, so quiet Ilya almost misses it, and yet so loud that it might as well be a shout in Ilya's ears when Hollander mutters, "Yes."

Ilya feels a rush of endorphins flood him, a ringing in his ears of *yes good fuck take*—but he wills himself to remain calm, to not scare Hollander off.

"Then come, omega," Ilya hums, curling his fingers around Hollander's nape possessively. "Let's get you fucked."

He feels Hollander shiver—his solid body going lax against him like Ilya’s words alone make him as needy as he smells. Ilya can’t wait any longer then, scooping Hollander up in his arms and holding him tight. He feels...right in his arms. Like he was made to fit. Or maybe that’s just Ilya’s rut talking.

He carries Hollander to the bed with haste, laying him out over the mattress. It hits him then, that they’re doing this, that he’ll be able to touch Hollander in all the ways he’s only fantasized about, and it’s almost overwhelming, that knowledge. He reaches for the button on Hollander’s shirt with trembling fingers, looking up at Hollander for permission and feeling a secret thrill when he gives his consent with a nod.

Ilya can see the way Hollander’s cock strains against the denim of his jeans, can smell his slick no doubt pooling in his underwear, and Ilya wants nothing more than to rip every stitch from the other man, to strip him down to nothing but his sweat and his slick and his skin. Still, he forces himself to be careful, to unbutton Hollander’s shirt with care so as not to scare him off.

And when it’s gone, when Hollander’s chest and shoulders are bare to Ilya’s eyes, Ilya feels...stunned. He can’t seem to do anything but look at him. He tries to find a flaw, something that would squash the rising hunger growing inside him, but he can’t seem to locate any. Hollander, annoyingly enough, seems to be just as perfect in this way as he is at everything else.

“You are very pretty,” Ilya hears himself say, surprise coursing through him that he would utter such a thing out loud.

Hollander looks disgruntled instead of flattered. “Fuck off.”

Ilya has to bite back a smile. He likes it when Hollander is prickly. “I notice before but...” Ilya lets his fingers trail over Hollander’s abs, counting each one. “Is very obvious now.”

Hollander stares up at him with suspicion in his eyes, and Ilya realizes he’s saying too much. It’s not what Hollander is here for, and it certainly won’t gain him any favors. He touches the button of Hollander’s jeans instead, looking up at him in question. “Is okay?”

“Fuck. Yes. Okay? Just do it. Hurry.”

Ilya feels himself smirk. He finds that he likes Hollander like this. Wanting. Needy. *Desperate.*

It mirrors how Ilya feels.

Ilya undresses Hollander a little faster now, almost afraid that he will change his mind about the whole thing. He tosses his jeans somewhere to the floor, leaving Hollander in nothing but his boxer briefs. He can see the straining bulge of Hollander’s cock against the cotton, his mouth watering with the need to taste. It distracts him, that need, making him nearly forget what he was doing.

“This seems one sided,” Hollander mutters.

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

"Fuck off," Hollander grits out.

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

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

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

Ilya can see just how much it's killing Hollander to need him like this, can see the way his need wars with his pride as he stares up at Ilya with barely-checked irritation. He looks tense—too tense—and Ilya knows how close he is, how he must be hurting. Ilya wants nothing more than to give him everything he needs, but he wants—just once—to hear Hollander ask him for it. To pretend that Hollander would want this even if these circumstances hadn't brought them together.

"Fine," Hollander says tightly. "Please get undressed."

Elation floods Ilya as he tugs his shirt over his head, murmuring, "Good boy."

He doesn't miss the way Hollander drinks him in—his eyes roving over the planes of Ilya's chest in a way that can only be described as hungry. It makes Ilya feel powerful, almost like a god even, knowing that this man he's lusted after for so long wants him like this. Even if only for his heat.

Ilya makes a show of threading his belt through the loops of his jeans, dropping it to the floor before he undoes the button to his jeans. "You are close now," Ilya mumbles. "I can smell it on you."

Ilya expects Hollander to tell him to fuck off again, to spit some other barb in his direction, so he's more than surprised when Hollander lets out a quiet, "Hurry."

This spurs Ilya on, shucking the denim down his thighs and kicking off his jeans. Hollander watches the entire thing as if enraptured, his eyes settling on the straining mass of Ilya's cock when he's left standing in nothing but his black boxer briefs.

Ilya can't say what he expects to happen next, but he *can* say with certainty that watching Hollander roll to his stomach and actually *crawl* down the bed to touch Ilya was the last thing on the list. Hollander's hands curl around the backs of Ilya's thighs, and Ilya feels heat churning in his stomach, spreading down through his limbs and into his cock until it throbs so hard it almost hurts. He gasps when Hollander nuzzles his clothed cock, nearly biting off his own tongue when Hollander licks at the wet spot his dick is leaking against his underwear.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya hisses. "You *are* needy."

"Hurts," Hollander whimpers. "I need..."

Ilya runs his fingers through Hollander's hair. "What do you need?"

He sees the way Hollander bites his lip, like he's holding himself back, and that just won't do. Ilya wants to hear everything, to *see* everything. And he won't miss it. Not tonight. He cups Hollander's face in his hands, forcing it up so that Hollander must look at him.

"Tell me," he hears himself say.

Hollander's breath is stuttered, his throat bobbing with a swallow when he says, "I need you."

Ilya feels like little more than an animal then, wanting nothing more than to mount this needy omega and give him everything he needs.

"Take them off," Ilya grunts, barely knowing whose underwear he's referring to.

He's not disappointed at all when Hollander interprets it as Ilya's.

Hollander tugs at Ilya's underwear like he needs them off more than he needs to breathe—and Ilya helps him, shuffling until they fall to the floor. His cock strains and leaks, almost as if reaching out to Hollander, begging to be touched. He sucks in a breath when Hollander surprises him by flattening his tongue up the underside, teasing the sensitive slit and making the softest sound of pleasure when he tastes Ilya there.

"Do you like my taste?" Ilya's eyes grow hooded, but he can't look away. "You want more?"

He watches as Hollander nods just before taking him into his mouth, suckling gently at the head with a pressure that's not quite enough and yet is absolutely *everything*. Ilya groans, thinking to himself that he's never felt anything better—and they're just getting started.

He can't help but grip Hollander by the hair, needing to feel that hot mouth around his cock just once. He eases deeper, careful not to overwhelm him even though Ilya feels like he's coming part at the seams, and Hollander just holds him there, cradling him gently in the wet, tight heat of his mouth.

"This is not what you need, yes?" Ilya murmurs. "You need to be fucked."

Hollander slurps off Ilya'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?" Ilya's jaw clenches. How can he even begin to explain that he wants to tear this man apart and put him back together? That he's barely hanging on by a thread? "I want to be fucking you into that mattress right now. But you are nervous, yes?"

Hollander stares up at him, almost as if studying him, and Ilya worries that maybe he finally sees just how undone Ilya feels. That Hollander can tell just how desperate he is for this polite Canadian with his freckles and his sinful mouth.

"Then fuck me," Hollander says, surprising Ilya so much that it nearly robs him of breath. "Do it."

Ilya hears himself growl, actually *growl*—gripping Hollander by the jaw in a way that's too rough, but he can't help it. He forces Hollander up on his knees, bringing his face close so that he can look into his eyes. He sees many things there; there's need, yes, but there is also fear too. Ilya doesn't want there to be fear. He wants Hollander to think of nothing but how good Ilya will make him feel. He wants to be gentle with him even when his instincts scream at him to tear him apart.

"I will kiss you now," Ilya mutters, staring at Hollander's mouth.

There's a brief look of surprise on Hollander's face, but slowly, ever so slowly, it morphs into something else. Something Ilya recognizes.

Curiosity.

Ilya can work with that.

Ilya moves slowly, allowing Hollander time to say no, but he doesn't, much to Ilya's surprise. He watches as Hollander's lashes flutter and his eyes shut, his lips parting slightly as if inviting Ilya in. Ilya has been thinking about this moment for too long—much longer than he would like to admit, and it's that thought that has him leaning in slowly, pressing his mouth to Hollander's in a way that is only tasting. Feeling. He releases a shaky breath through his nostrils, then teases his tongue against the seam of Hollander's lips. He almost moans when Hollander opens for him, and then there is the hot, wet slide of Hollander's tongue against his, the taste of him—*sweet, so sweet*—and Ilya is content to continue like this, to slowly explore every nook and cranny of Hollander's mouth.

But then Hollander lets out a moan, just from this. Just from a *kiss*.

It makes the last shred of Ilya's sanity snap.

He is no longer hesitant, he *takes*. His tongue swipes through Hollander's mouth like he owns it, because he wants to in this moment. He wants to imprint the taste of himself on Hollander's tongue so that Hollander never knows anything else. He crawls over Hollander, enjoying the way Hollander slowly backs up the bed, never breaking his mouth from Ilya's.

Ilya feels powerful when his body blankets Hollander's, covering the man in a way that makes him seem smaller than he is. Makes him seem vulnerable. Makes Ilya want to take him apart. He needs to touch him, to feel everything there is to feel, and with that thought in mind he starts tugging at Hollander's underwear, reveling in the way Hollander seems just as needy as he feels, lifting his hips to help Ilya be rid of them.

Ilya encloses his hand around Hollander's cock, noting how wet he is even here, leaking profusely, making it slip and slide against Ilya's palm.

Ilya can't break his lips from Hollander's even when he murmurs, "This is okay?"

"Please," Hollander whimpers, nodding thickly.

"Mm. I like when you beg."

“Fuck you,” Hollander hisses, although it packs no heat.

Ilya’s lips turn up. “Is more like fuck you, I think.”

Hollander opens his mouth, but nothing comes out but a choked groan when Ilya starts to stroke his cock in earnest. His precum is copious, making it an easy glide.

“Your cock is nice,” Ilya notes. “I like it.”

Ilya gets lost in touching Hollander like this, gripping his cock tightly and stroking him in a slow up and down, memorizing the way he feels.

Hollander makes a pained sound. “Please. Please, I need—”

“I know what you need,” Ilya says gruffly. “You need my cock, yes?”

Hollander supprises him yet again by nodding roughly, grabbing for Ilya’s hips and tugging him forward in a way that fores Ilya to release Hollander’s cock. He gasps when his own cock slides against Hollander’s, the sticky wet of their precum easing the glide and sending sparks of delicious friction throughout his groin.

“Blyat, Hollander,” Ilya groans. “I need to fuck you.”

“Then do it,” Hollander pleads. “Need your cock in me.”

“Do you?” Ilya lets his fingers trail over Hollander’s thigh, so close to his hole he can practically feel the heat of him there. “You need me here?”

“Please!”

Ilya’s patience is running thin now, his rut in full swing and all his careful niceties seeming to fly out the window. He pushes two fingers inside Hollander all at once, nearly coming on the spot at the wet, tight heat of his ass pulsing around the digits. It occurs to him that this will be his cock soon. That soon, he will feel this glorious heat wrapped around his dick, squeezing him just like Hollander is squeezing his fingers.

Hollander grabs for Ilya’s wrist then, trying to shove his fingers deeper.

“Ah, you do need me,” Ilya says, feeling almost smug. “You are so wet for me.”

So wet. So hot. So tight. So mine.

Ilya feels greedy now, twisting his fingers just to watch Hollander keen.

“Your little omega cunt is so hungry,” Ilya grunts. “Need me to fill it?”

“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,” Ilya says thickly. “Do not worry, Hollander. I will take care of you.”

But he needs something first. Just a little. Just a *taste*.

He pushes at the backs of Hollander's thighs, practically folding him in half until he can see the soft, wet of his hole. He stares down at it, thinking about sinking his cock inside, his mouth watering with hunger. His nostrils flare as the scent of Hollander goes stronger, like a rich honey that makes Ilya desperate with need.

"Need to taste you first," Ilya says distractedly.

Hollander makes a sound of protest. "Rozanov, I need—*fuck*."

His words turn to bitten off cries when Ilya dives between his legs, sliding his tongue against Hollander's hole and tasting him at the source. He tastes like everything good and sweet Ilya has ever had, and Ilya wants to drink down his slick by the mouthful, filling his belly with it. The pitiful sounds coming from Hollander spur him on—choked gasps and needy whines—and Ilya plunges his tongue past that first ring of muscle, spearing it as deep as it will go as he licks and sucks at Hollander's hole.

"Rozanov!"

He can hear it in Hollander's voice—how badly he needs him—and Ilya has to forcibly tear himself away, leaving one last broad stripe over Hollander's hole just to let his taste linger on his tongue. He makes himself pull up to his knees, wiping at the back of his mouth and trying to catch his breath.

"You taste good," Ilya says, the sentiment only touching the surface of just how *good* Hollander tastes. "Could do this all night if we had time."

"Please, I need—"

"Shh, omega. I know." And he does. Know. But there is one thing left between them. "Your app said you are on birth control, yes?"

Hollander nods. "I am."

Ilya's heartrate doubles and then triples. He knows what his next question must be, and the answer to it could potentially send him over the edge because the idea of having Hollander *like that*—

"You want condom?"

Hollander looks up at him with hazy eyes, biting at his lower lip in a way that makes Ilya want to do it for him.

"No condom," he says after a moment.

Ilya feels a rumbling in his chest, his knot throbbing violently as if already threatening to swell just from the *thought* of being inside Hollander without a barrier. Of feeling that tight, wet heat wrapped around him with nothing between them.

He kneels closer, forcing Hollander to wrap his legs around Ilya's waist. He grips his aching cock firmly, dipping his hips to rub the head against Hollander's hole in a slow back and forth, tingles shooting up his shaft at the sensation.

Ilya's eyes find Hollander's. "You still want?"

"I still want," Hollander says quietly, nodding back at him.

Ilya growls. "Then be ready for me."

He applies the gentlest of pressures, his breath caught in his chest as his eyes lock on the place where his cockhead nudges, the skin around it giving, welcoming him in. Ilya hears Hollander cry out *oh fuck* when he slips inside, but it sounds far away with the way Ilya's heartbeat is pounding in his ears. It's so wet, so fucking wet and—

"Is tight," Ilya hisses. "Fuck, Hollander. You are so tight."

"More," Hollander begs, actually *begs*. "Need more."

Ilya captures his hooded gaze, gritting his teeth. "You want more?"

Hollander gives an immediate and fervent nod.

It's all the permission Ilya needs to let go.

He bends so that he can capture Hollander's mouth, sweeping his tongue inside at the exact moment he surges forward, filling Hollander to the brim in one go. He captures Hollander's moan on his tongue, his cock throbbing inside the omega with a need to move, to *fuck*.

Thankfully, Hollander feels the same way.

"Move. Please. Can you move? I need you to move."

Ilya manages to chuckle, but it feels tight. "Needy."

Ilya buries his face in the side of Hollander's neck, sucking at the skin there and groaning at the taste of Hollander's sweat as he draws his hips back to let his cock slide out to the head. Ilya wants to slam back inside, to *take take take*, but he's trying to hold on, trying to be good, trying to—

"Give it to me," Hollander grunts. "Wanna feel it."

Fuck being careful.

Ilya slams his hips *hard*—his cock enveloped in the softest, wettest warmth he's ever felt. He can feel his control fraying, feel his body giving way fully to his rut, and he lets it slide over him, giving in to his most base urges. To take, to have, to *fuck*. He fucks into Hollander like he wants to live inside him, drawing out a low moan from Hollander with every thrust. He's loud and uninhibited, and Ilya wants to hear him make that sound forever, wants to make him scream with pleasure until they can't function anymore.

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

Ilya feels Hollander’s arms come around his neck, pulling him close as he begins to mouth at the soft skin of his scent gland, almost unconsciously. It sends shockwaves of pleasure jolting through Ilya, unable to think of anything else but the way his cock fits inside Hollander, the way it squeezes him so tightly with every thrust. Ilya can’t think of anything more perfect. Hollander takes him like he was meant for it, *born* for it even—he takes it like he *belongs* to Ilya.

“Alpha,” Hollander whimpers.

Ilya stops everything. Stops moving. Stops breathing.

He pulls back to look at Hollander, his eyes wide as he grinds out, “Say it again.”

“Please, alpha,” Hollander says without a shred of hesitation, making Ilya’s blood heat. “I need it deeper.”

“On your stomach, omega,” he rumbles. “I will fuck you like you need.”

Hollander rolls when Ilya tugs at his hip, and Ilya wastes no time hoisting his ass high in the air, forcing his back to arch, looking so stunning that Ilya nearly comes on the spot. Like the perfect omega. He wants to savor this moment, to burn it into his retinas, but the need to be inside Hollander is too strong, too overwhelming. He can’t think of anything else except feeling that tight heat around his cock once more.

Ilya notches his cockhead against Hollander’s hole, his breath catching when he starts to press inside. It’s so good, so fucking good, *too* fucking good, and he—

“S’good,” Hollander slurs, taking the thoughts right out of Ilya’s head. “So good.”

Ilya feels so possessive in that moment; he feels things that make no sense. Like it was fate that brought them here, that it was *meant* for Hollander to be under him, taking him so well. Like this is where they should have been all along. How could anything so perfect not be fated?

Maybe that’s what has Ilya opening his mouth.

“You will not use app next time, yes?” Ilya hears himself growling. “You will tell me when you need this, and I will give it to you.”

And he means it, he finds—he could blame his rut, his hormones—could blame a number of things that would explain away these possessive feelings, but Ilya knows deep down that it’s just *him*. That it’s just Hollander and the way he feels. The way he feels so *right*.

Hollander doesn’t respond to Ilya’s possessive declarations, too busy moaning with each hard thrust that Ilya delivers. He pushes back against Ilya’s cock like he’s starving for it, so slick and perfect and *his*. Ilya can hear every wet slap of skin as Hollander’s slick flows between them, so impossibly wet that Ilya can barely think straight. It makes the room spin and go

impossibly still all at once—and Ilya feels almost as if his world is turning on its axis, like things are realigning and reshaping inside him in ways he can't begin to understand.

Ilya can feel the tingling in his knot, the way it throbs so hard that it feels almost as if it's already forming, and he realizes how close he is, how much he can't hold back. It makes his head swim, thinking about being locked together with this stunning omega who may or may not ever let him touch him like this again. It makes him that much more desperate to have him.

"I will knot you, yes?" Ilya huffs, praying that he isn't the only one that is so close. "You need it?"

Hollander makes a guttural sound from low in his belly, arching his back to let Ilya hit so deep inside him that it makes Ilya see stars. He can't stop it now, it's coming. He's so close. So fucking *close*.

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

Ilya's vision whites out. He becomes little more than sensation and instinct.

"*Fuck*, Hollander."

He slings his hips hard, slamming into Hollander so brutally and gripping his waist so tightly that there could be bruises tomorrow, but Ilya can't bring himself to worry about it.

Especially when it seems that Hollander isn't too concerned either. Hollander thrusts out a hand against the headboard, ensuring that he doesn't hit his head with the way Ilya is driving into him so forcefully, and Ilya grits his teeth, hardly able to breathe with the pleasure that's coursing through him, threatening to spill over.

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

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

Ilya moves ever so slightly, and suddenly Hollander is making sounds that sound animalistic, so lost to his own pleasure that he does little more than lie there and take everything Ilya is giving him.

Like he was made to.

"Oh," Hollander cries out suddenly. "I think—I think I'm going to—*ah*."

And then Ilya feels it—that clenching inside, the way that Hollander begins to shiver and shake with his orgasm. He can smell Hollander's cum, thick and rich and probably delicious, making Ilya wish he could taste it, but he's too lost to his own impending orgasm. He's too close, too far gone. He throws his head back and just *feels*—feels the way Hollander's inner muscles milk his cock, feels the way Hollander reaches back almost unconsciously to brush his fingers against Ilya's hip, feels the way his own cock begins to buck inside this beautiful omega that is giving himself over to Ilya so sweetly.

It's too much. It's too fucking *much*.

Curses fall from Ilya's mouth in Russian; English is too hard for him right now. His brain feels foggy and too far gone, his cock spurting deep inside Hollander to fill him up, to *mark* him, to leave a piece of Ilya inside him. His knot swells and stretches, feeling too good to be real, and Ilya nearly loses it when he smells a fresh burst of Hollander's cum, like he's orgasming all over again.

"You are squeezing my knot so tight, Hollander," Ilya says shakily, his voice slurred. "Feels so good."

Ilya holds them there until they're both still, until Hollander's insides finally stop squeezing and Ilya's knot finally stops throbbing. He tries not to think about the fact that Hollander is now full to the brim with Ilya's cum—he doesn't think he *can* think about it without trying to fuck Hollander with his knot, and Hollander seems tired now, already fading.

Ilya is careful as he moves them, so careful, turning them both to their sides and fitting Hollander against his front. He goes so easily, like he really was made to fit, and Ilya tries not to think about that too, the implications of it, the way it makes him feel. Ilya rubs his palm over Hollander's thigh that is stretched out in front of him, kissing his shoulder gently and nuzzling his nose there after, unable to keep from touching him.

"Blyat, Solnyshko," Ilya murmurs, the endearment slipping out of him unbidden. "You have killed me, Hollander. I am dead now."

And Ilya thinks it's fitting really. *Little sun*. Hollander has always been so bright, so untouchable—maybe it's a sign that he *isn't* meant for Ilya. Ilya feels too dark inside on the best of days, and he would never want that darkness to touch Hollander, to taint his light.

And yet here is, unable to keep from touching him. Already knowing that he's going to do this again and again until they're both satisfied. Until their bodies have gotten every last bit of pleasure that they crave.

He has no other choice really. He's just too fucking *desperate*.

He hears Hollander hum sleepily, snuggling back against him and curling his fingers around Ilya's arm that is now slung low across Hollander's waist. It's so sweet, so domestic—and Ilya decides not to worry about the what ifs, at least not right now. Right now, he resolves, he will enjoy every second that he's gifted, even knowing it might be all he ever has. It's enough, he reasons. It has to be enough.

"Shane," Ilya whispers, knowing that Hollander can't hear him but needing to say it just once, just to hear the way it sounds falling from Ilya's lips.

Ilya lets his fingers trail over Hollander's thigh once more, watching as the pretty omega gently falls to sleep. He watches him for a long time after, wondering what will come after this.

Wondering how he'll ever come out on the other side without being forever changed.

...

Ilya doesn't want to go.

It's been two more days of the same—Hollander needing him, reaching for him—and Ilya has given him what he needs every single time, losing little pieces of himself with each occurrence. Because it's not just the fucking, not really, it's the little moments where he had to coax Hollander into drinking water, when he had to hand feed him just to make sure he didn't go hungry, it was the taking *care* of him that really fucked with Ilya's head. Maybe because it felt so right, like it's what he was meant to be doing all along.

And maybe that really *is* just Ilya's instincts running the show, but then why has it never felt like this before? Why has it only ever felt this way with *Hollander*?

Shane.

Ilya wants to call for him now, to use his name, his *real* name—just to see what he might say. He knows deep down that it would probably send Hollander into a spiral, so he keeps it locked inside, reaching out to brush the hair away from Hollander's forehead as he sleeps peacefully. Ilya has been watching him for sometime, and maybe that's a little creepy, but he can't seem to look away. Hollander is just...so beautiful that it hurts to look at sometimes. It's even worse now, knowing what he smells like when he's needy, knowing what he tastes like when he's wanting, knowing how he *sounds* when he lets go.

Ilya knows these things will haunt him for a very long time.

Hollander stirs in his sleep, and Ilya panics just a little. He knows Hollander would freak out if he were to catch Ilya watching him like this, and with that in mind Ilya scurries away, reaching for his jeans where they still lie on the floor and grabbing for them quickly so that he can start to step into them. He turns his back so that it's less obvious he'd just been staring at Hollander while he slept, hearing the bed creak behind him with Hollander's obvious movements.

Hollander shoots up out of bed just as Ilya is buttoning his jeans, staring at him with sleepy eyes that have just begun to round with surprise. His mouth parts as he stares at Ilya, his throat bobbing with a swallow just before his brow furrows.

"You're leaving," Hollander says, his voice sounding strange.

I don't want to. Ask me to stay. I'll do it. I'll stay for you.

Ilya finishes buttoning his jeans. "I have game tonight."

"Right," Hollander says quickly, clearing his throat and bobbing his head. "Right, of course."

Ilya sees it then, the way Hollander begins to panic a little himself. He can see it in the way his chest begins to rise and fall too quickly, in the way that his lip trembles, the way his eyes maintain that wide, lost look. It makes Ilya's heart hurt, seeing his omega go through something so stressful.

Ilya blinks.

His omega?

Hollander isn't...Hollander *can't* be—

Ilya shoves everything he's feeling deep, deep down where it can't touch him, moving to sit on the edge of the bed. "Hollander," he says calmly, trying not to let it show that he's freaking out inside at the thought of leaving. "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."

Hollander doesn't look very placated by the sentiment, his chin jerking in a nod. "Right."

But he still looks...lost. Like he doesn't know what to do now. It mirrors the way Ilya feels, because where do they go from here? They're still rivals, still have to play against each other basically all the time—there's no future here. There can't be.

And yet...

The thought of someone else touching Hollander like he's touched him these last few days, the thought of someone tasting him, scenting him, taking *care* of him? It makes Ilya's insides twist, because that should be *his* job, shouldn't it? Was it really an accident that brought them here? Or was it some higher power that Ilya would be stupid to ignore?

He knows that he shouldn't do it. That he should leave well enough alone. That he should leave *Shane* alone.

He also knows there was never a chance he was going to do that.

Ilya sniffs, clenching his jaw before he holds out his hand. "Give me your phone."

"What?" Hollander asks with a surprised expression.

Ilya is determined now. He can't let this pass him by. "You have phone," he says. "Give."

He expects Hollander to protest, to argue; he's looking at Ilya so strangely after all, it wouldn't be stretch to say that Ilya has lost it, just a little, so it wouldn't be out of sorts for Hollander to tell him to fuck off.

Ilya releases the breath he'd been holding when it appears Hollander is *not* going to do those things, instead rolling to grab his phone from the charger on the nightstand and holding it out dutifully to Ilya. Just like that. Without a shred of protest. It makes Ilya's insides sing.

He quickly opens the phone and goes to Hollander's text messages, typing out a message to himself and sending it before changing the contact to something on the fly. Something that would not be looked twice at. When it's done, he hands Hollander his phone back, holding out his own for Hollander to see.

Hollander's brow furrows as he glances at Ilya's text messages. "Who is Jane?"

“Jane is you,” Ilya says confidently, determined to see this through. “You will text me when you need this, yes? You will not look for others.”

Hollander’s mouth falls open. “You... You can’t be serious.”

But he is. Serious. He’s more serious than he’s ever been in his life.

“Why would I not be serious?”

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

It takes everything Ilya has not to let his emotions play out on his face, to let it show how desperate he is for Hollander to say yes. “Is only bad idea if people find out. You will not tell anyone. I will not tell anyone. Is simple, yes?”

Hollander still looks lost, but underneath that, it’s almost as if he’s...considering.

Ilya’s heart races wildly in his chest.

“I...” Hollander’s eyes search Ilya’s face, and Ilya feels naked underneath his gaze, like Hollander can see right through him, like he can see everything he’s hiding. “Why would you want to do that?”

Ilya’s jaw clenches, trying to hold the words he *wants* to say back behind his teeth. Trying his best not to let them out.

Because I need you more than I thought. Because everything about you drives me crazy. Because when I’m with you, I feel undone.

“I...” Ilya knows he can’t say those things, knows that Hollander will run away screaming if he does. So he holds it inside, where it can’t ruin things. Where they still have a chance. “I like your scent,” he settles on, not a lie, but so far from the real truth it’s laughable. “Is simple as that.”

Hollander’s eyes are still searching, still calculating, and Ilya feels stripped bare. Like Hollander can see right through his half-truths. Like if he looks hard enough, he’ll see everything Ilya is so desperate to hide.

Ilya flashes Hollander a grin, going for light and flirty, something Hollander would expect from him. “You are still thinking too hard,” Ilya says. “Do not worry, Hollander. You are prettier when you are not frowning.”

Hollander rolls his eyes, but the tension there lessens a bit, like he’s back in territory he knows how to navigate, like things are more normal than they were ten seconds ago. He stares at Ilya for a long time after, his lips rolling together and his eyes roving over Ilya’s face, thinking.

Ilya holds his breath the entire time.

“Okay,” Hollander answers quietly, easing the ache that had begun to form in Ilya’s chest. “I will text you.”

A shaky exhale escapes Ilya, and he just manages to nod, to keep his cool when inside it feels like everything is right with the world for once in Ilya’s life. Everything feels bright and new and full of possibility, and Ilya doesn’t know how he’ll be able to contain it all. Not with Hollander watching. He needs to get out of here before he fucks it all up.

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

Ilya’s mouth quirks. “Lily.”

“Nice,” Hollander says flatly.

Ilya can still see the worry in Hollander’s eyes, and his instincts scream for him to soothe it, to take care of his omega. He reaches out to grip Hollander’s chin, turning his face and forcing him to look at Ilya “I will tell no one, Hollander. You have my word.”

Hollander’s features relax, relief shining in his eyes, like he believes Ilya, like he trusts him to keep his word. It makes Ilya feel ten feet tall.

“All right,” Hollander says.

Ilya grins back at him, feeling lighter than he has in ages. “I must go now.”

“Okay,” Hollander answers with a nod.

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

Hollander gives him a wry smile, and it makes Ilya’s chest flutter. “That’s not going to happen.”

“Mm.” Ilya shrugs. “We will see.”

He realizes then that he’s still holding Hollander’s chin, and unconsciously his eyes drop to Hollander’s full mouth—still red and kiss-bitten from Ilya’s rough treatment of it. It satisfies something base in Ilya knowing that it will take some time for it to return to normal, that Hollander will leave here with a piece of Ilya for all the world to see, even if no one else knows it. It makes Ilya want to kiss him again, to taste his mouth one last time, to imprint the shape of Hollander’s tongue against his own. He wants to—so badly that he can practically taste the other man already.

But he knows Hollander is not ready. Not yet, at least.

He releases Hollander’s chin reluctantly, and for the briefest of moments, it’s almost as if there’s a flash of disappointment in Hollander’s eyes. Ilya tells himself it’s just wishful thinking. He leaves the edge of the bed with all the willpower he can muster, moving to find his shirt so that he can finish dressing and escape Hollander’s satisfied scent that only makes Ilya want to cover his body and fill him all over again.

When it's done, and there's no reason left to stay, Ilya forces himself to head toward the door, telling himself that he will get out of there quickly and escape, that he will leave here without giving Hollander any reason to suspect that this meant more to Ilya than it did to him.

But once he's at the door, he can't help but turn back, needing to drink in the sight of a sleepy, sated Hollander one last time. It will be months before his next heat, and who knows if he will still want this then, if he will ever really let Ilya touch him again. Ilya can't think about that now, or he won't ever leave.

"I will see you soon, Jane," Ilya says quietly, his eyes memorizing every line and curve of Hollander's naked body.

Hollander surprises him with a grin, Ilya's stomach fluttering as Hollander says, "See you soon, Lily."

Ilya leaves him then, thinking to himself that it's the hardest thing he's ever had to do. Telling himself that there will be a next time. That this is not the end.

Ilya doesn't know what he will do if he's wrong.

...

Shane

It's an hour later when Shane is feeling awake enough to get dressed, having spent most of that hour in the shower, washing away the evidence of everything he and Rozanov had done. Shane can't place why doing so made him feel so...off, but admittedly, when it was done, he found himself pressing his nose to his shoulder, trying to chase the memory of Rozanov's scent. It had made him balk after, because that's not what this was, was it?

Sure, Rozanov had offered to take care of him again next time, but Shane still hasn't quite wrapped his head around why that is. Shane knows he can't have been *that* good in bed—he's too inexperienced, after all, and yet...He recalls the way Rozanov had looked at him, the way he'd demanded that he ask *Rozanov* when he needed this again.

And what's more puzzling is how easily Shane had complied.

Shane finishes buttoning the last button of his shirt, checking his pockets to make sure he has everything before he checks out. He grabs his phone last, noticing a text there that makes him pause. His heart rate doubles as he opens it, and he refuses to analyze why that is.

Lily: I meant what I said. You will tell me when you are needy.

And Shane can argue that maybe it's the language barrier that makes that text message sound so dirty, but he has a sneaking suspicion that Rozanov meant it exactly how it sounds. Shane's fingers hover over the keyboard, trying to think of the perfect response, but in the end, his embarrassment wins out, his cheeks flaming.

Jane: Fuck off. I said I would.

He expects Rozanov to say something smart back, to tease him, like he usually would, so he's surprised when all he receives back is a simple:

Lily: Good. I will be waiting.

Shane stares at the message for a long time, trying to find hidden meaning in it, but talking himself out of every possible one.

He's still thinking about it when he steps out of the hotel room, standing in the empty hall for a beat too long as his mind wrestles with something, something unthinkable.

Because Shane realizes...he's waiting for it too.

He pulls out his phone once more without thinking too much of it, but not to text Rozanov back. No, he doesn't want to seem desperate.

And yet here he is, pulling up the heat app he only downloaded a few weeks ago, staring at its colorful little app cover, almost as if it's taunting him. Daring him to do what he's thinking.

You will text me when you need this, yes?

You will not look for others.

A shiver runs down Shane's spine, and the words ring out over and over again in his head, making his skin heat. He glances at the app once more, coming to a decision. Even if he doesn't know what it means.

He deletes the app, telling himself it's just easier this way.

Knowing deep down that it's a complete lie.

End Notes

annnnnnd now I can be free except what if this fic ended in accidental pregnancy and became a long fic no one encourage me I mean it I have no willpower happy new year may you all continue ready heated rivalry fic for the rest of the year

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