**Take**

by **BaffledFox**

Summary

They had a very careful routine regarding their rut schedules.

Gabriel accidentally ruins that normalcy(and ruins a lot of other poor bystanders days').

Notes

I love Gabriel in tiny shorts, the tinier the better.

This could be considered a loose sequel to 'Give', but it's not necessary to read that one first~ Also, I'm well aware water and spit aren't good lubricants. Just go with it. Anyway, please enjoy. :)

Jack in rut was someone you wanted to avoid.

Their schedules didn’t allow them to usually have any time off for ruts, but their super soldier bodies also didn’t allow them the blessed reprieve of suppressants. Their bodies burned through any foreign substance at too high of a rate for it to do anything at all.
Which meant they had been trained to ‘manage’ their conditions during the SEP when the time of the year hit. Alphas experienced ruts four times a year, so it was definitely something that they needed to get used to.

So as they worked up the ranks during their military careers they had figured out how to work around their biological condition. Their ruts also became more regular once they had bonded; though they had never synced like usual mated pairs(probably because of their fucked up chemistry thanks to the SEP).

Jack was now the Strike Commander of Overwatch and he took his position very seriously. Despite how his rut usually made him hostile and territorial, he was still civil. Of course, their subordinates also weren’t stupid enough to challenge him. Even the most arrogant of alphas bared their throat to him upon entry to his office or during a debrief.

It helped keep the peace, as it were.

Another condition during Jack’s ruts was that Gabriel was not to come into contact with him in any public space. Jack was fiercely possessive of his mate, during his rut it was only worse. This particular rule was had been put in place after ‘the incident’.

‘The incident’ happened because neither of them had expected Jack to fly off the handle when Gabriel had entered his office during a meeting. Before then, oddly, they’d never really came in contact with each other the years prior(aside from running into each other alone, or when Gabriel was alone in Jack’s office with him).

He’d went in to drop off a file, at the time he did know his mate was in rut but neither were prepared for how he’d react when met with Gabriel surrounded by other alphas.

Immediately everything in that room tensed; every alpha sitting in front of Jack’s desk produced fear pheromones and Jack himself seemed to have transformed instantaneously from a tense, civil pack leader, to a dominating alpha hellhound.

Gabriel(at the time) had felt like a deer in the headlights when his eyes met the intense blue of his mate’s over the heads of the random group of soldiers called into his office that day. His hand had still been on the door handle and his other still occupied with the folder(of information he couldn’t even recall anymore).

Jack’s beautiful snarl echoed in the room and he bared his teeth as he stood up, slamming his hands on the desk. The aggressive display hadn’t been for Gabriel; it had been for everyone else in that room. A wordless command to stay exactly where they were, not to move even a muscle because the hostility in Jack’s eyes was enough to chill blood.

Gabriel had not been immune.

Jack’s rut smell always made his knees weak and his mouth dry. Made him want to present like an omega in heat and bare his throat. He knew who the dominant alpha was in their relationship and Gabriel was a slut for a good knot(and Jack had the best knot).

They’d stared each other down until Gabriel couldn’t help the choked whine of need that stuck in his throat nor the way he had tipped his head just enough to show submission.

It was all it took for Jack to get himself across the room and to slam Gabriel into the door of the office. The papers he had been holding went flying, scattering across the floor at their feet.

Gabriel had tried to temper Jack’s mood then, had tried to placate him enough to try and coax his
But the damage had been done.

Jack’s possessive rage had been ignited. His rut always made him paranoid that if any alpha so much as looked at Gabriel or sniffed in his direction, that someone was trying to court him, that someone was trying to challenge Jack’s mating bond.

That moment had been no different.

With all the other alpha men in the room it had only caused his fragile control to snap. He’d demanded submission from his burly mate by snapping at his neck with his teeth and offering those deep vibrating growls.

Gabriel, lucid as he had been at the time, just had to resolve himself to being fucked in public. Jack wouldn’t settle until he had exerted his claim in front of everyone he felt were a ‘threat’.

It had been both humiliating and embarrassing(probably for everyone but Jack).

Gabriel definitely didn’t want or need a repeat of that moment. So he was much more careful about Jack’s rut time. It was marked on their calendar in their shared apartment; and Gabriel was used to taking alternative routes for anything he needed while this time of the year happened.

However, their careful routine broke this fateful day.

Gabriel had been on a mission for over a month; he’d flown back in the night before and passed out the moment he got home. Jack hadn’t been in the apartment, hadn’t even come to bed. He’d woken alone, and hadn’t thought anything of it.

Jack was a workaholic, just like he was, and it wasn’t unusual for the blond to spend nights sleeping in his office. Though, normally, he would come home to sleep in bed with Gabriel(since it was so rare they got to see each other much at all); and he knew that the Strike Commander had a schedule of all the returning teams, who was currently deployed and who was currently on base.

So, it wouldn’t be a secret to him that his mate was back.

That should have been his first clue that something was ‘wrong’.

Gabriel had also stupidly not noticed the date on the calendar hanging in the kitchen when he’d gotten his breakfast and subsequently left on his morning jog. After, he’d gone to the shooting range and after that he’d gone to the gym. Occupying himself with drills as a nice detox to the long mission away he’d just returned from in shitty Alaska.

All of that had continued to distract him from where Jack was, or what he could be doing.

At least, until he spotted him at the end of a hallway speaking to a shorter woman with a clipboard. She was taking notes of whatever he was currently saying; gesturing as he often did when he was speaking professionally.

He had felt naturally weak upon seeing his alpha dressed in his Strike uniform; armor and duster, even had his medals on today. Probably had just returned from some UN meeting or a PR event somewhere.

Gabriel felt completely underdressed; in a ripped up grey shirt he’d sweated through and extremely small red gym shorts(which really could just be considered hot pants). He was holding a half drank
water bottle and his matted hair was stuck to his forehead.

He’d been on his way to the communal showers (just for an efficient clean and rinse) before he’d find something else to occupy him on base.

Now, running into his mate normally wasn’t a big deal. Even if Jack was busy, sometimes they’d pass each other and touch hands or even kiss briefly. It wasn’t a secret they were a mated pair; hard to hide it when they were both possessive scent-marking alphas who took their personal territory very seriously.

No, they’d already filled out all the forms and made their bonded status public years and years before.

What was a big deal, however, was the fact that Jack was in rut.

It wasn’t until that exact moment that Gabriel realized his error when the scent of his mate wafted towards him. He’d been ready to greet him, to catch his attention, even had his hand in the air and half a smile on his face--

But he had stopped all movement, like he had just been frozen in time as that frosty scent was inhaled deep in his lungs. His body starting to respond in kind already; knowing he had started to produced reactatory pheromones.

“Fuck.” He cursed to himself, and just as he was about to take a step backwards Jack’s head snapped up and their eyes met.

The woman at his side had looked up as well, brows knit in confusion as Jack’s demeanor and attention completely changed.

For that brief moment they looked straight at each other it felt like time had stood still. Just a stretch of a beat long enough for Jack’s nostrils to flare and his blue eyes to narrow.

Gabriel’s brain finally came back online as his heart stuttered in his chest. He felt like prey under his mate’s gaze (and how right he was about that). Didn’t waste another second as he dropped the water bottle in his haste to turn on his heel (the squeak of his sneaker much too loud in the quiet of the hall, like a signal to the chase) and bolted in the opposite direction of the other alpha.

It was enough to earn him a snarl and immediately he heard Jack’s heavy boots clunking behind him as the blond worked to catch up to him.

Normally Jack was faster than him; but he had a minor head start and he wasn’t weighed down by armor and heavy clothing (not that the weight of it would do much at all to their enhanced physiques).

Though, Gabriel was also fatigued from all his work outs so he needed to think fast and figure out a place to go; he knew he couldn’t run forever. He was going to be caught; that was a given. Once Jack got his scent there would be no hiding place for him. All he was doing was prolonging the inevitable and getting himself some privacy--

Because honestly, he didn’t want to be mounted in a hallway and tied to Jack while the public walked around them (or rather, avoided them, or curiously watched from a very safe distance).

“Gabriel!!” Jack all but roared behind him; it sent a spike of adrenaline through his blood, making him jittery and desperate to find somewhere ‘safe’ to go.

The poor soldiers milling in the hallway immediately slammed themselves to the opposite side of the
space to give them as much room as possible to run through.

Gabriel decided on his original route (though more of a roundabout way to get there now). The communal showers were the closest and it would give him some relative privacy (once the other men cleared out).

He could almost feel Jack’s breath on his neck (probably just in his head), felt when he tried to swipe at his shirt—his fingers almost digging in but Gabriel twisted his body and jerked to the right, down another hallway. Heard Jack’s following growl as they both heavily breathed from the intense sprint they were engaged in.

Finally, he could see the door at the end of the hallway.

His muscles were burning and his lungs were tight by the time he launched himself at the door and pushed it open. He kept running on slick tiles; hearing the scattered shouts and confused muttering of the soldiers who previously had been trying to shower and dress.

At least, the confusion lasted a few seconds before Jack burst through the door and continued the chase.

Gabriel couldn’t help his pathetic yip as he scrambled to find somewhere to go only for Jack to finally catch up to him. He tried to grapple as the man grabbed him from behind; twisting his body and trying to combat his mate only for Jack to snarl in his ear and bite into his throat.

It was enough to scruff him, to make him lose the aggressive fight he had.

Jack bullied him; Gabriel’s knees weak he stumbled forward until they crashed into a shower stall (the soldier that had just been in it jumping to get out of their trajectory). The hot water immediately soaked them through; Gabriel’s face pressed to the tile as he tried to take in gulping breaths.

Slowly, Jack had released his throat, still rumbling aggressively as he licked at the bruised indents of teeth he’d caused. “Mine.” He crooned over the spray of the shower, the steady hiss a static white noise that made him (almost) forget they were still in a room full of people.

Gabriel sagged in defeat, hands splayed on the wet tile, legs apart as Jack blanketed his entire body with his large figure. Trying to hide him from view; possessive and protective all at once.

They probably looked ridiculous, fully clothed in the shower, two of the highest ranking soldiers on base reduced to rutting teenagers.

But now that he lost the chase Gabriel could appreciate the closeness of his alpha; could tip his head and offer his throat to those pretty fangs and plush lips. He offered a soft growl (an imitation of a purr), letting his body language soften to reciprocate properly. He wasn’t going to challenge Jack now that he had snared him; besides, he’d missed his mate when he had been away and hadn’t yet had time to physically connect with him.

Even if this wasn’t the reunion he had planned initially, it still felt nice to have him close, to have his complete attention.

“Yours.” He agreed, groaning soft when those big hands groped the meat of his ass and worked to yank down his shorts. The sopping wet material clinging to his thighs and slithering down his calves to settle at his ankles which restricted how far he could spread.

Jack continued to nose at his throat, nipping up into his hairline as his gloved palms ran under his
clinging shirt until he drew that sticky fabric off of him too. Tossing it at the bottom of the shower in a grey heap so he could appreciate the sight of Gabriel naked and dripping.

He looked over his shoulder as his alpha shrugged out of his heavy coat and yanked off his gloves one by one with his teeth; his blue eyes almost glowing in the steamy shower. Jack looked gorgeous with his sunflower hair sticking to his face, the freckles on his skin standing out due to the flush the heat of the shower(and his rut) was doing to him.

Gabriel watched as Jack worked the belt out of the loops and then yanked at the fastenings of his pants. He wriggled the tight fatigues down just enough to free his large hard cock and he had to bite his lip to suppress the whimper that escaped him at the sight.

It’d been so long since he’d been fucked, been knotted.

He was aching for it suddenly, could hardly breathe; still sucking in sharp breaths of steamy air and water.

Jack smothered him a moment later, letting him feel the hard warmth of his dick against his thigh. His bare hands ran down his scarred brown flesh, momentarily clinging at his hips only to shift further down to cup his ass again.

“Please Jackie.” He crooned at the wall, arching his back prettily and hoping that the big man behind him got the hint. Distantly he knew water wasn’t a lubricant but it couldn’t be that bad could it?

“You’re so beautiful.” Jack murmured into Gabriel’s hair; snuffling loudly as he continued to scent him. He shifted his stance so he could instead pillow his cock between Gabriel’s plush asscheeks. He rutted against him slowly, his hands back on his hips to steady him as he did as he pleased. “Smell so good.” He continued to babble cutely as he nuzzled at him.

Gabriel honestly had no idea if anyone else had lingered after their chase. Couldn’t see anything aside from his mate over his shoulder; the rest of the room fogged out to obscurity. But right now he also didn’t care if anyone decided to stay and watch.

“I need you.” He baited further; though he’d rather be back in their room. In their den and nested in their bed. Wanted their first fuck together to be somewhere warm and comfortable and dry. But he knew for now this would have to do until Jack’s mind cleared enough to realize what had just happened and where they were.

Jack ran his hand down between his cheeks, fingertips gently pressing at his aching balls a moment before he dipped them upwards to touch at his tight entrance. He suckled gently on his bond mark which had Gabriel ‘purring’ again, relaxing his body enough for the first press of fingers.

But it burned; he didn’t self lubricate like an omega and he hadn’t prepared himself before running into Jack(hadn’t expected his mate to be in rut). He tried to clench his jaw and bear it; but his muscles had tensed as the blond continued to probe at him.

Hard to smell the pain in his scent with the water running down their bodies--

It wasn’t until Jack had forced two fingers in had Gabriel clawed at the wall and whimpered, discomfort evident as he tried to jerk his head away from Jack’s nips and nuzzles; trying to gain some composure.

Jack cooed at him, gently removing his fingers and was quick to smother him and place kisses down his shoulder and the blades of his back in comfort. “What is it? What’s wrong?” He asked quickly; still too lost in his feral headspace to connect what he’d just done to Gabriel’s natural biology.
It wasn’t really his fault, normally Gabriel was prepared beforehand or they had lubricant in easy reach.

“Not ready,” He croaked between pained pants, getting himself back in control, “Not wet enough.”

Jack fell to his knees a moment after; no hesitation as those warm hands palmed his ass and opened it for his sinful mouth.

“Fuck.” Gabriel hissed as Jack began to open him up; having no shame in eating him out, spearing him open with his tongue. The water running down his back helped; eased the way along with Jack’s saliva and eventually his tender asshole started to soften.

He relaxed, idly humping at the air, the tip of his cock every now and then touching the slick wall as he nosed at the tiles mindlessly. Losing himself to the sensation, feeling the need to be filled rising as he groaned deep.

Jack was growling gently; could feel the vibrations against his skin. Soon he pressed a finger alongside his soft lips, easier to push inside now. Fished inside until he pressed against Gabriel’s prostate and caused the other alpha to buck forward with a choked moan.

“Yeah,” He murmured, words lost under the static of the shower spray, “Just like that Jackie, feels so good.”

Jack rumbled louder, gently fingerfucking him while he ate him out; showing more restraint than expected or maybe it was just because he couldn’t get drunk on pheromones here in the shower. Whatever it was, it was appreciated his alpha hadn’t decided to fuck him raw.

Eventually Jack had his cock leaking precome steadily; had worked three fingers inside of him and Gabriel had started to lose himself to it all. Babbling senselessly as little choked sounds bubbled past his lips as the other alpha worked him to over sensitivity.

Gabriel felt like he could come from this; right on the edge, thighs trembling as he stood up on his tiptoes, presenting needlessly for the alpha kneeled beneath him. Already as spread as he could get with his shorts still hooked around his ankles but he felt like he needed to be bent over and split open.

“Jack,” He managed to find his voice, a pained reedy sort of sound; wrecked with frustrated pleasure. “Jack c’mon, I’m ready, please~!” He spoke into the shower wall, “Need your knot baby, please.”

Jack continued to lick around where his fingers kept Gabriel’s hole stretched. Not in a rush to do as his mate asked; but eventually he did ease his fingers from him and stood back up.

Gabriel felt like a mess, quivering and hardly able to catch his breath. Back still bowed with his ass up, watching with hungry eyes as Jack grabbed the back of his neck, then his hip. Securing him so he could properly mount; and this always felt like the sexiest moment. When he was completely at the mercy of Jack, when he submitted completely to his fellow alpha.

He felt when Jack started to push into him; sufficiently stretched the burn this time was pleasant. He rolled his hips and met Jack’s lazy thrust until his mate was seated to the hilt. He shuddered happily against the shower wall, “So good.” He slurred, enjoying the feeling of being full; his own knot half inflated, his neglected cock still dripping between his legs.

Jack didn’t verbally respond, lost in the moment. Blue eyes half lidded and mouth slightly open, showing just the edges of his alpha canines. His clothing was stuck to him; leaving nothing to the
imagination and his stomach fluttered as he started to thrust evenly back and forth. Pulling out entirely before shoving balls deep; letting Gabriel feel the pressure of his inflating knot against his sensitive rim.

Gabriel was much too close already to last much longer. Especially not with the pressure of Jack’s bruising fingers and the soft huffing growls he emitted every now and then as his pace started to increase.

Let his eyes roll back in his head when his alpha pressed against his prostate and made him see stars. Whimpering openly; reduced to a near sobbing mess as the alpha didn’t let up once he had found his sweet spot. Just letting Gabriel get drunk on his thick cock as he scrambled at the wall for leverage so he could push back just as eagerly as Jack was thrusting in.

“Please, please, please~!” Became a simpering mantra as his own dick humped at the air, his own knot inflating without any stimulation aside from Jack in his ass. Knew not to touch himself, knew if he did his alpha would stop fucking him(he’d made that mistake before in the early part of their relationship).

But it was difficult, it felt if he just had a little more, just a little more something he could come right now--

He was so close; his feet were slipping on the tiles until finally Jack reached down with both hands to securely grab his hips. Lifted him as if he wasn’t a huge meaty super soldier and Gabriel could feel his knot trying to push in.

“Fuck yes,” He shouted, letting his voice echo as he tipped his head back and bowed his body prettily.

Jack leaned over him; smothering him with his body as he dug his teeth into the back of his neck. He growled deeply; drooling on his skin as his teeth bruised his flesh.

Gabriel lost the ability to move with Jack; scruffed and delirious on cock he could do nothing but take it. The blond pulled him back to him over and over and over again. Using him like a fuck doll, chasing his own end.

Until finally, finally he felt the catch of his knot. Just another few sharp thrusts and Jack pushed in, that impossible pressure almost painful.

The knot triggered his orgasm; catching him almost off guard he all but screamed Jack’s name, his own seed spurting against the shower wall. Thick jets of white that the water immediately washed down the drain.

Jack’s teeth had broke skin, the smell of blood cut through the crisp clean scent of water as the alpha began to lick the wounds he left. He growled low; an imitation of a purr as he continued to empty inside of Gabriel. Would be tied for a long few minutes and Jack’s balls would keep emptying into him during that entire time.

Gabriel shivered under the intense orgasmic bliss of it all; whining softly when Jack had a mind to reach around and squeeze his sensitive knot. Forcing out another jet of semen, squeezing until Gabriel bared his teeth over his shoulder and his whine turned into a snarl; oversensitive.

Jack let him go then, nuzzling into his hair and smearing blood on his skin. Gently the alpha cradled Gabriel to him, tugging him off the wall and slowly sunk down to the bottom of the shower.

Gabriel sank down into Jack’s lap easily; wincing only slightly as the knot shifted, unpleasant and
overly full now that his mind was starting to clear. He’d reached up a moment later to finally turn off the taps and stop the incessant spray of water.

He looked around the room to notice that there were still men in the area. Either brave, stupid, or scent drunk (or all three); they had milled in the changing area. Some were naked, and some were hard (others had probably finished themselves).

Jack seemed to finally take notice of the space, of the men still nearby. His hands had started to drift down Gabriel’s wet body, scent marking him with the oils of his palms, the pupils of his eyes sharp as pinpricks. His gaze focused beyond his mate now, watching the other alphas and snarling deeply into the flesh of Gabriel’s ear; aggressively protective.

As if any alpha in the room could actually challenge Jack and win. All of them together couldn’t win.

“Shhh.” He tried to coo, reaching back to gently pet at Jack’s wet hair. But it did little; only got his alpha to snuggle in closer, to hook his chin over his shoulder and keep his steady gaze on the other people in the room. “I’m right here mi sol.”

Gabriel felt silly now that he wasn’t high on sex; hobbled by his own clothing and completely on display for the idiots who had stayed in the room. If Jack wasn’t tied to him he knew that his alpha would have launched into a possessive rage--

Which they didn’t need. He didn’t want another ‘incident’ happening; the paperwork they had to fill out before had been a killer in and of itself.

“Look at me.” He said softly, coaxing Jack to tilt his head, to tear his gaze away from the people in the room.

Jack followed his command with reluctance, but eventually those cornflower eyes looked into his own.

Gabriel leaned to capture his lips in a kiss, coaxing him to calm as they lazily tasted each other. He petted down Jack’s face, running his nails through his stubble, sucking soft on his lower lip as he eventually pulled back.

He smiled slightly to Jack’s dazed look, watching as his blue eyes flicked down to his mouth as if wanting another kiss. He was comforted by the attention he was given, “Let’s go back to our room after this.” He said, though unsure if his words could seep into Jack’s feral brain. He nosed at him gently and decided on a simpler choice of words, “Wanna be in our den. Our nest.”

Jack hummed at that and nuzzled at his face; the scratch of his eternal five o’clock shadow scratchy and comforting on his skin. “Okay.”

“No fighting.” He said seriously.

That caused Jack to bare his teeth and huff, challenging Gabriel.

“I mean it,” He said back, offering a flash of his own fangs which had Jack eyeing him dubiously, “I’m yours. You have nothing to prove.”

Jack eyed him a long moment before he settled down again, “No fighting.”

He offered a ‘purr’, “Good boy.”
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