Burning Under My Skin

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Burning Under My Skin

by batteryfueledheart (SanctumOfDreams)

Summary

Eijun was fine with being an omega without heats. It didn't matter to him. Until it did. And it was really all Miyuki Kazuya's fault. (Stupid self-conscious alpha boyfriend.)
I'm not dead, the fics aren't dead, it's just been a very slump heavy couple of months. I've been writing this on and off for the past while as a detour and it's about mostly finished. Yes those tags are all correct (I may have overwarned but better safe than sorry) - I'll be spacing it so that if you want to read everything else but avoid 90% of the excessive self-indulgent you can skip that chapter. It was meant to be read as one long one-shot as that's how I originally wrote it out to be (it just got out of hand in both content and length).

(You'll unfortunately also miss a bit of the plot if you choose to skip the porn chapter unless I magically rework it, sorry).

I know people will disagree with me but I've done my best to make consent as explicit and outright as it can be in this scenario and imply that all sex-related acts have some form of prior consent since they're (in this setting) in a long-established relationship.

Set in their early twenties/university setting.

(This is seriously just super thirsty and self-indulgent omegaverse fic with way too much thought put into how hypothetical medication/biology works - you have been warned.)

There was a house a short bike ride away from his parent’s house in Nagano that looked like it came straight out of a catalogue; the tiles of the roof were clean, not a dried leaf in sight, the mailbox empty of clutter, and the lawn neatly trimmed. There was an old man who lived in that house, his back hunched by age and all the years of experience etched on the wrinkles of his face. But to the young child Eijun had once been, it was a demon’s den. Dark foreboding clouds hovered in the horizon, an scream erupting from the depths of the halls. His stomach twisted and lurched every time he saw the old man, a demon in everything but name for he was Eijun’s childhood doctor.

And was terrible at his job.

Eijun didn’t remember one visit that didn’t end with him, or someone else, in tears one way or another. Most of the time from pain incurred by a procedure or two. Needless to say, Eijun really hated going to the doctor thanks to that guy.

Additionally, doctors never seemed to tell you anything good, or at least, in his case they didn’t. He always left their office with either no answers or more questions than he arrived with (or even both).

However, his first doctor did have one redeeming quality. Kindness. His medical technique had seen better days but he was the one who had bent down on rickety knees to the height of a crying and shaking 8th grader and told Eijun that he didn't have to be afraid. That who he was as a person wasn’t defined by his dynamic. That Eijun himself decided who he wanted to be. As much as he hated to admit it, he owed a lot of who he was now to that doctor.

In this world he lived in, people had defined sexes and genders and then a secondary dynamics of alpha, beta, or omega. There were stereotypical ideas of how the dynamics worked that everyone
would repeat: alphas were aggressive and had knots, betas got to be the lucky ones and not deal with this drama, and omegas got the short end of the stick and went sex crazy for basically a week every couple of months.

That is, all omegas except Eijun.

Ever since that day he presented while in his middle school years, waking up to soaked bed sheets and flushed embarrassment, he had never experienced a heat. Normally, it was exceedingly easy to trigger heats in newly presented omegas due to the sudden increase in sensitivity and awareness of other people’s scents. Yet even after a full three-month cycle of heat suppressants and on his suppressant-free, supposed-to-be-scheduled-heat week…nothing happened. Nothing. Not even the twinge of arousal. At all. Well, other than what was typical of a teenage boy. Apparently his body had not received the memo that heats were triggered by scents. Not even one person he encountered smelled remotely enticing to him. Not one. The first cycle might have been a fluke, after all hormones were a finicky thing, but then came the second and then the third and then every subsequent cycle.

Nothing.

Weren’t the noses of omegas supposed to be the most sensitive ones out of all the dynamics?! How did everyone smell so, so…mediocre to him?! Sure, most people wore scent dampers; especially people in professions that required it – medical professionals, athletes, wherever scent could be a distraction. However, even the people who didn’t wear scent dampers, all they smelt like to Eijun was sweat and disinterest. Eijun was apparently doomed to be forever uninterested in anyone.

Except.

Miyuki Kazuya. His scent was the first one that Eijun had found remotely attractive, curiously alluring from the very first whiff on the mound of their first meeting. Something about it had drawn Eijun in, piqued his interest enough to follow it to Seido. (That wasn’t to say it was the primary reason he had come to Seido, really, he had come for baseball!) Of course, Eijun soon found out that his personality was nothing like his scent – annoying and mean and just plain infuriating. But somewhere along the way through high school and university, with the help of one embarrassing accidental confession, they had fallen into a romantic relationship. Eijun still wasn’t quite sure how that had happened but at the same time he couldn’t imagine life anymore without Miyuki’s presence. His annoying, teasing, unbearable presence.

Admittedly, one of the most awkward conversations of his life had been confessing to the other boy that while Eijun was attracted to him and his scent was enticing, it still wasn’t enough to trigger a heat. That Eijun had never had a heat in his life. That he wasn’t sure if he could go into heat at all. His stomach churned at the memory; it was one of the most heart-seizing moments of his life, waiting for rejection. Even now the thought of it made his mouth dry and panic flood his veins.

It hadn’t really bothered Eijun too much – not having heats. At least, it didn't before. He had grown comfortable with who he was and if anything it was a relief to not have to deal with them. But then he had to go and fall in love with stupid Miyuki Kazuya and suddenly his lack of heats became something he was self-conscious about. Damn it. (It was like middle school all over again.)

But the catcher had taken his admission in stride, said it didn’t change anything – said he liked Eijun for Eijun, not out of scent-lust. And while Eijun appreciated the comfort, he was pretty sure that it still bothered the other boy, like he wasn’t ‘alpha’ enough. Grraah, alphas and their pride. (And Miyuki called him the egotistic one. As if.)

Then again, Eijun was pretty hypocritical himself for criticizing Miyuki when he was at the doctor’s
office again, getting a second, third - he forgot how many - opinion about his situation. It couldn’t be normal, going this long without something remotely resembling a heat. An old memory danced across his mind - a face he couldn’t remember but words that had sliced through him.

A cruel smile.

Jeering laughter.

Damn it, he didn’t want to think about that.

He didn’t know though, maybe this was normal - he honestly hadn’t paid much attention in that health lecture in middle school about heats because clearly it wasn’t going to apply to him. All Eijun really remembered from those were that a really nice scent equals horniness and prolonged exposure equals triggered heat. Or something like that. He might have simplified a lot of things.

And that heats in teenager omegas were so easily triggered, even on regular suppressants, all teens carried emergency suppressants with them since an accidental heat didn’t imply consent. On the other hand, alphas and their ruts could only be triggered by an equally compatible omega although they maintained their rationality better at the beginning in comparison; ruts tended to settle in slowly in contrast to the rush of a heat. Overall, the chances of an accidental heat dwindled down to basically zero by the time omegas were in their twenties thanks to effective daily suppressants, although most people still had the habit of carrying emergency pills around to help someone else if needed.

Eijun didn’t have any; he kept losing them and what was the point – he wasn’t going to need them and his nose was apparently crap at picking up scents. He probably couldn’t tell the difference between a heat scent and just sweat. That being said, it was considered one of the most douchebag things to do to not help an omega in distress – especially a young one. Even if Eijun didn’t carry any suppressants on him, he’d be more than willing to punch an aggressive alpha in the face or call emergency services or whatnot. It was basically drilled into their head that if they took nothing else out of that course about this stuff that you always tried to help an omega in need. Especially for alphas if the best way to help them was to get away from them.

Accidentally triggered ruts were rarer than accidentally triggered heats but it wasn’t completely unheard of. But it was also pretty easy to ‘wake’ someone up from a rut, all you had to do was separate them from the omega. Without the constant flood of an omega’s heat scent releasing pheromones or whatever they were, ruts died down pretty quickly - granted not without embarrassment.

Back in his first year of university, Eijun heard a classmate whine about how much ruts sucked, that it was literally like a timer counting down to zero and a switch flipping instantly inside of their mind. At that point forward, as he had described, they had a completely one track mind; instinct demanded that they do whatever it took to satisfy, protect and care for their omega and when he came out of rut, it had been absolutely mortifying. Thankfully, he spared them the specific details of what happened.

(Eijun wished he could make Miyuki lose his cool like that.)

His doctor sighed, closing his charts. The sound jolted him out of his thoughts. Right, he was at the doctor’s office. The familiar smell of antiseptic burned his nose, reminding him of the vials of blood taken for analysis last week in what would probably be another futile attempt for answers. The entire reason he was here right now were for the results of the tests.

“I don’t know what to tell you, Sawamura-kun. All your bloodwork and test results are normal. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with you.” She turned to look at him, hands carefully placed in her
“Sometimes this just happens, there’s no good explanation for it but there are some omegas that simply don’t have heats. They’re still fertile, they just don’t get the extra boost of fertility that comes with heat cycles. It could be a hormonal thing, or you might be one of those outliers who aren’t sensitive to scents or perhaps maybe even too sensitive to scents that your body is very ‘picky’ about your heat.”

She hesitated for a moment and before she even opened her mouth, Eijun already knew what she was going to say. He had heard it from every other doctor he had seen. “Perhaps you haven’t met the right alpha yet to trigger your heat?” Her voice is tentative, trying to soften the blow on a sensitive topic. “I know your chart lists that you’re currently in a relationship which is why you wanted another doctor’s opinion on your condition but perhaps could it be that you two aren’t compatible enough?”

Yup, that was what the last doctor had said. And the one before that too. A burst of anger shot through his body, why the hell did hormones have to dictate who the hell he liked or could be with?! That was so stupid and whatever deity or higher power that designed it needed to be punched. Hard. But he had no other option other than maybe finding another doctor that could give him a better answer. The pills that could induce a heat were expensive, had a list of side effects three pages long, and were reserved specifically for couples that were having problems conceiving with or without a natural heat. Not for university students wanting to have heat sex with their boyfriends. (A taunting laugh rang through his mind. Damn it. Go away.)

“Sawamura-ku—“

“It’s not that.” Eijun cut her off, his hands balled into fists in his lap. “Just…nevermind. Thanks for your time, Yamamoto-sensei.” He stood and bowed slightly, done with having the same conversation with yet another doctor.

She gave him a wane smile, looking almost as if she was indulging a stubborn child. “Of course. Oh, and your prescription. Please fill it at the pharmacy.” Eijun took the slip of paper and walked out of the room. Once again he had no more answers than what he started out with. Damn it. It was like trying to pitch a ball that he understood in theory but just couldn’t actually get it to land in the strike zone. Eijun sulked and kicked a can on the sidewalk. Whatever, they didn’t need heats to have a relationship. The sex was intense as is – not that he would ever say it to that guy’s face. Ever. He didn’t need to see more of that smug grin of his. Not after the last time he had point-blank said it to his face. (Eijun did learn from his mistakes.)

It was just… it was wrong, down to its core, that people like the doctors he had seen could so easily blame it on them not being compatible enough. The doctors didn’t know them, how could they say that? It was annoying - that there was this nagging doubt there. Although Miyuki and Eijun could trust each other fully on the field, there was this one issue looming in their personal life that they couldn’t resolve, didn’t have a solution or strategy for.

‘What if’. ‘What if Eijun encountered someone he was more biologically compatible with, then what?’

He saw those thoughts in his stupid boyfriend’s eyes sometimes and urgh this was so aggravating!! He didn’t get it. Didn’t get why that was such an issue for Miyuki and he would never understand if the catcher didn’t tell him about it! How could he support Miyuki or help him if Eijun didn’t didn’t know why there was a problem in the first place!

He all but stormed into the pharmacy, slamming his script on the counter and making the pharmacist jump in shock. “Sorry.” He groused and the pharmacist gave him a slightly puzzled yet polite smile
in response.

“Here you go, Sawamura-san. We’ll see you in 3 months for your next refill.” The girl slid a paper bag across the counter after processing the order. Eijun muttered his thanks and stomped out of the pharmacy as angry and annoyed as he had entered it. He tore open the bag: heat suppressants and birth control pills. The staple of omegas everywhere. Whoever made the policy of them being government-funded and free of charge for all omegas, especially those who otherwise wouldn’t be able to afford it, was a hero.

It almost felt like a waste when he chucked the heat suppressants unceremoniously into the garbage.

He stopped taking them some point in high school, after all what was the point if he didn’t even have heats. It was stupid and probably unsafe but it was just so…he couldn’t explain it; he just didn’t like taking pills for something he didn’t get – it just felt like it was rubbing the fact in his face just how abnormal his body was. Stupid body, couldn’t it be normal for once?! Just once. Just once not be…sh*t, he needed to stop thinking about that. So he hadn’t taken suppressants in a little over five years and still, nothing. Miyuki didn’t know, if he did, Eijun knew he’d be angry and worried and it would just end up as a fight and them angry at each other because *biology was dumb*. The only thing it was good for was sex and even then it couldn’t get it right.

Eijun grumbled under his breath, a dark cloud hovering around him as he popped one of the birth control pills out of the blister pack, swallowed it and shoved the rest of the pack into his bag.

At least *these* pills were good for something.

He honestly only vaguely remember how these pills worked, barely knowing enough in middle school to pass the written health test by the skin of his teeth. Something about how, in male omegas at least, the birth control kept their internal reproductive organ in a quiescent state and that they were supposed to be taking continuously without breaks unlike the female ones. The heat suppressants, on the other hand, prevented heats by regulating some hormone so that ideally there would be a scheduled heat every 3 months if with a compatible partner.

(Eijun’s situation was clearly not ideal. It was the *opposite* of ideal.)

He ignored the look one, most likely conservative and alpha, man on the sidewalk shot him. People like him were the worst; Eijun recalled this one time when he was in middle school back in Nagano, a local politician trying to get omegas banned from team sport activities based on the archaic belief that it ‘was distracting’. They were human, capable of rational thought and control - not *animals*, damn it. If Miyuki had ever thought of him as anything less than an equal, he would have slapped him, nice scent be damned. Later on, he had seen the politician on the street and it took half of his friends physically stopping him from marching over, hitting the guy and showing him just how ‘distracting’ omegas could be. Even with all the laws and safeguards in place, bad relationships did still happen, especially in rural, more old fashioned regions. Tokyo was pretty liberal all things considered and going to Seido had honestly been a breath of fresh air. And even if he hadn’t basically followed Miyuki to his university, Eijun probably would have stayed in Tokyo for university – he loved Nagano but something about it was just a bit too stifling to him now. He couldn’t place his finger on what exactly, but was pretty sure one disgustingly attractive catcher was part of the reason.

He sighed, slouching as he walked home. Miyuki would probably be home now, back from practice. Eijun had taken the entire day off for his doctor’s appointment expecting it to last longer than it actually did. His phone vibrated in his jacket pocket. He took a look - it was a text message from Harucchi.
'How did it go?'

Eijun tucked his phone away - he didn't want to talk about it. While the other omega was sympathetic to his plight, he was sure that he would snap at his well-meaning friend. It had become an open sort of secret amongst their close friends from Seido as both had their confidants, him more so than Miyuki. But right now he wanted to just go home, stomp and sulk, and maybe drag Miyuki out for some catch ball to work off some anger.

Yet clearly the world wanted to rub it in deeper because the next shop he passed was an electronics store with the TV playing a program about mating bonds and true mates. Then there was the bookstore doing a promotion on romance novels featuring bonding and ‘one true love’. Followed by the convenience store selling magazines about the latest celebrity bonding scandals. *Argh.*

Bonding was just a whole other can of worms.

From what one doctor had explained to him, mating bonds changed something molecularly in the body so that the pair became solely attuned to each other – in other words only that specific alpha could trigger the omega’s heat, didn’t matter how good anyone else smelled, their body wouldn’t respond. The doctor had actually suggested that to him as a future option if he really wanted to stay with Miyuki since, well, mating bonds were *permanent*; there were even people who got married without being bonded just because there was no going back from that, at least heat-wise. He had thought briefly about bringing up the doctor’s suggestion to Miyuki but discarded it a second later. There was no way Miyuki would have agreed to that, would have overthought the issue completely and – sigh. Maybe when they both had pro careers he’d bring it up.

Eijun wanted to though. Wanted to throw it back in Mother Nature’s face that screw you, he wanted Miyuki Kazuya and no one else, no matter what his body said. His heart belonged to Miyuki and no one else.

True Mates on the other hand, was every person’s fantasy for ‘one true love’, of someone who would be perfect for them in every way possible. A *soul mate*. Just the thought of those words made Eijun grumble. No scent would compare, no one would complete someone as much as a True Mate. Or so goes the fantasy, no one actually has been able to prove that they exist after all. (But if they did, Eijun sure wished it was Miyuki. Except clearly not given the scent part.)

Eijun was done with biology, done with his stupid body that wouldn’t do what it was supposed to, done with stupid Miyuki for being worried even though he pretended he wasn’t worried, done with the world throwing it in his face and “— I am so *sick of it!*”

Oops, he had yelled that out loud in the middle of the street, with more than one head turning to look at him in confusion and worry. He blushed, ducked his head down, and walked faster. This day was a nightmare. He decided to jog the rest of the way back to the apartment, figuring the sooner he could make up for missed practice, the better he’d feel. (That was another thing, he hated missing practice for appointments. *Hated.* Stupid, stupid body.)

Eijun had never been happier to see the apartment complex come into view in his life. He was tired, not physically, but emotionally drained from the day. He just needed something in his life to go right today. He snorted. If that something could be his heat, that would be fantastic as unlikely as it was to happen.

He ran up the stairs, two steps at a time, and walked to the end of the hall, rummaging through his bag for his keys. Finally finding his keys – they were in the bottom of his bag – he unlocked the door and pulled it open, stepping in and immediately felt warm. Huh, it was pretty hot in here, why hadn’t Miyuki turned on the air conditioner when he got in?
“I’m home.” Eijun called, closing the door behind him.

He faintly heard the bathroom door open as he sat down to untied his sho—


*What was that scent?*
The crunch of shoes on gravel, the clang of bats on balls... all of these things were nothing but white noise a mile away from his thoughts. \textit{Smack!} Kazuya blinked and looked down to his mitt. Shit, he had dazed out again. Hadn’t paid attention to the course of the pitch at all, it was only thanks to years of well-honed reflexes that he managed to catch it.

"Nice pitch." He said, throwing it back to his teammate. Kazuya spent all of practice distracted, dazing out in the middle of it more than once, was always distracted during practices where Sawamura was absent due to doctor's appointments. Something he had a lot of recently. He could see Kuramochi looking at him from the corner of his eye - the shortstop had noticed that momentary lapse in attention. Kuramochi was seriously way too observant, Kazuya thought wryly. Then again, he had roomed with Sawamura during high school and known them for the entire duration of their relationship. The other alpha could definitely tell there was something up with the two of them given how they've been acting.

Kazuya hadn't lied when he said it didn't bother him that Sawamura didn't have heats. It really didn't. Sawamura was Sawamura, loud and blunt, sincere and stubborn, and somehow broke down every last wall Kazuya had built around himself. He hadn't even noticed it happening, hadn't noticed until the thought hit him like a line drive straight to the chest - that he wanted to be a battery with Sawamura forever, that he wanted to be his partner off the field as well. So the lack of heats was not a deal breaker for Kazuya because Sawamura was just so much more than that. Although he admitted that he had, several times, fantasized about what Sawamura's heat scent would be like... even unconsciously before they got together. In his defense, he was a teenager at that time and Sawamura had interested him since day one, not only with his scent but with his personality and strong will. It had, after all, piqued his interest enough to catch for Sawamura that day.

And when he had finally admitted not only to Sawamura but to himself that he liked Sawamura \textit{a lot}, the pitcher had such a look of surprise and elation... that quickly fell from his face. Sawamura had looked and sounded so timid, so unlike himself, and so prepared for rejection when he admitted he didn't have heats. Kazuya never wanted to experience that again - it made guilt churn angrily in the pit of his stomach, made him want to grab Sawamura by the shoulders and shake that expression off his face. That sort of vulnerability didn't belong on his face. Though, it made Kazuya wonder, if something like that had happened before. Sawamura's expectation that Kazuya would reject him that day, his expression full of resignation... it was like he was reliving a past experience. A flash of something had darted across Sawamura's face that day; an indecipherable expression that Kazuya had never seen on his face before and hadn’t seen since.

Regardless, Sawamura shouldn't have to be ashamed over something he had no control over. That was stupid - even for him. So no, Kazuya wasn't bothered that Sawamura didn't have heats. Their relationship was fine as is.

But his \textit{instincts} were bothered by it. Add on his habit of overthinking and Kazuya was a perfect storm of stressed over nothing. \textit{What if}, they screamed at him. What if Sawamura found someone
else? What if Sawamura found someone he was more compatible with, someone who could actually trigger his heat – what if he found a better alpha? What if he left? What if Kazuya ended up like...that? It was stupidly aggravating and if Eijun found out they’d end up arguing over why Kazuya didn’t trust him – and he did - but instincts were hard to please. Especially his ridiculous alpha instincts.

Kuramochi strolled over, hands in his pockets, feigning casualness as Kazuya took off his catcher’s gear. “Bakamura have a doctor’s appointment today?” Kuramochi asked and really it was a moot question – why else would the energetic pitcher ever miss practice?

“Yeah.” Miyuki replied, taking off the arm guards.

“Saito-sensei again?”

Kazuya pursed his lips. “Yamamoto-sensei.” His answer was short and clipped. Sawamura probably thought Kazuya hadn’t noticed that he had seen multiple doctors but when did he not notice something bothering that idiot? He noticed more about him than Sawamura himself did. Knew exactly when the last time he filled his prescription was, where he was in his cycle, etc. (He couldn’t even completely blame instinct for this one, Kazuya was just by nature a calculating individual.)

“Ah. So he switched doctors again, huh.” Kuramochi stated, leaning against the fence around the field. Practice was starting to wind down, and the rest of their teammates avoided them, leaving them to their own devices. Kazuya hadn’t noticed but something about him, his scent, just screamed ‘annoyed alpha, stay away’ today and no one other than the shortstop dared to approach him. Kuramochi had years to get accustomed to Kazuya’s scent, it no longer bothered him. Although frankly, it hadn't much to begin with. “That guy...he really doesn’t know, does he.” Kuramochi sighed and grimaced, looking up at the sky in silent prayer.

Kazuya shook his head. “Apparently not, probably didn't notice the fine print.” But perhaps it was a good thing Sawamura didn’t know that when you listed someone as your emergency contact, the doctor’s office always gave the person a call to verify their information. Especially in cases where Sawamura lists him both as his emergency contact and alpha.

Over the last couple of months, Kazuya had been contacted by five different doctors. The first time he just thought Sawamura was just switching doctors. The second time he was a bit more concerned. The third time was when he got actively anxious. Sawamura always got home in a foul mood too after these appointments; it was the only time Kazuya didn’t put up an iota of resistance when Sawamura demanded to play catch ball. It didn’t take a genius to put two and two together, especially when all those doctors were omega specialists. Kazuya was annoyed that Sawamura was trying to keep this from him, fix this as if it was solely his issue. He was annoyed that this was even as issue, frown deepening on his face.

“You two morons need to talk to each other about this shit, damn it. Or else it’s going to start affecting your plays. Not only that but it’s straining your relationship, yeah? Shit, when the hell did I become your relationship counsellor...” Kuramochi scowled and picked up his sports bag, slinging it onto his shoulder. Kazuya felt a twinge of pity for the shortstop – he had dealt with a lot of their crap throughout the year including more than one occasion of being kicked out of his own dorm room in high school.

Kazuya scratched his head and sighed, slinging his own bag on his own shoulder with his free hand. He didn’t answer Kuramochi and they walked silently to the subway station. Kazuya caught several of Kuramochi's worried glances from his peripheral vision before they parted ways. It wasn’t an easy problem to solve. There were...issues that Kazuya didn’t want to tell Sawamura. If he did, then he had nothing left – Sawamura would know everything about him and wasn’t that completely
terrifying? Him breaking down that last wall Kazuya had. But Kuramochi was right – they needed to talk even if it was a talk neither of them wanted. Kazuya just didn’t know how to do so without it devolving into an argument.

It didn’t bother him, Sawamura’s lack of heats. It really didn’t.

(Damn it, it did a lot.)

He just…didn’t want to lose Sawamura but also didn’t know how to...keep him. It’s not like he could suddenly change who he was. And Sawamura seemed to like him the way he was – bad personality and all. But these damn insecure instincts. Unbidden memories surfaced in his mind. His hand tightened on the strap of his bag. That wasn’t going to happen again. It couldn’t.

Theoretically, mate bonding would solve all their current issues and the idea did make some instinctual part of him really happy and pleased …but he wouldn’t do it. No. Not like this, not for this at least; he wasn’t going to chain Sawamura to him. Bonds were permanent, were sacred on some level, worth more than any words he could offer. Sawamura deserved to be bonded to someone he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

Even if it wasn’t Kazuya.

He sighed as he got home, throwing his bag into the closet and turning on the air conditioner. He was sweaty and his head pounded against his skull. A shower, he thought, maybe that would help clear his mind.

Except the shower only gave him more time to think and think and think about everything and Kazuya really wished that his brain came with an off button sometimes. He sighed again, shoulders sagging as he stepped out of the shower, mind not feeling any clearer than before. If anything, it was throbbing even more. Maybe he should see his own doctor, see if there’s anything he could do about this. Whatever the doctors – especially that third one – had said to Sawamura really pissed him off. What was supposed to be a simple game of catch ball always ended up with Sawamura throwing nearly as hard as he did during an official game. It was more work for Kazuya, trying to keep Sawamura both in line and easing his temper.

He walked over to the medicine cabinet, and pulled out his scent damper, all the while still mulling over what to do. It was always better to be straight and direct with Sawamura, trying to do anything else always led to miscommunication. So as much as he didn’t want to, they should have a talk when Sawamura got home today. He didn’t know how to even begin. Maybe he should tell him about… his gut churned. But how would Sawamura react? Sawamura had destroyed all his other walls, did Kazuya want him to break this one too? Was it truly okay to share every last secret he had? Would things work out? If there was one person he didn't want rejecting him, it would be...

He grimaced. He was not looking forward to this talk. If they got through the night without arguing, that would be a sheer miracle. He pressed down on the spray nozzle after shaking the bottle, spraying it directly on the scent gland on his neck — clunk.

Kazuya looked at the bottle and gave it another shake. A hollow clack. Shit. He mentally cursed, pressing down on the cap a couple more times just in case. It was completely empty. He must have forgotten to buy a new bottle, was so out of it recently he didn’t even notice that he didn’t have any left in the house. Great, as if this could get any worse. His dampers were a special mail order item to boot, there was nothing quite as strong sold in stores. He changed quickly, hanging his towel around his neck. His phone was in his bag, he needed to get it before Sawamura got home, get him or someone else to buy something from the drugstore to tide him over – the last thing he needed to add to this problem was Sawamura getting a sniff of what Kazuya actually smelled like. Then they might
break up for real. He didn’t want that. He didn’t want to lose Sawamura. He couldn’t.

There were two major secrets in Kazuya’s life; the only two secrets that he hadn’t shared with Eijun.

One: Miyuki Kazuya had, from the moment he presented, a near unbearable scent.

To most people.

Sawamura had been the first person to say his scent - the masked one at least - smelled nice. To others, especially without scent dampers, it was pungent and, as the school nurse had explained it to him at the time with handkerchief pressed politely against her nose, ‘too alpha’ which made everyone around him uncomfortable and on edge. So Kazuya had always religiously applied the spray, always kept an extra bottle on hand, brought it with him to the communal baths at Seido, made sure that the baths were empty when he took one.

His teammates, for the most part, found it tolerable as long as Kazuya calculated and curbed all his actions, making sure nothing would make his scent flare out of control. As far as he could tell, the only times semi-recently he had nearly lost it was with Sawamura in the staff room and during that game against Seikou Academy. Seriously, his personality alone already rubbed people the wrong way, he didn’t need to add his scent issue on top of that. It took a lot of time and some bumps along the way but Kazuya learned not to depend on his dynamic for anything – it only led to more problems.

He hated his scent.

There were times when he was jealous of Chris-senpai not only for his game-calling ability, but because he had a scent that was generally liked. A complete 180 from Kazuya. He had wondered more than once why Sawamura had chose him over the other catcher. Chris-senpai was, after all, nicer than Kazuya in a million different ways – something Sawamura himself had said before. (Even though he knew Sawamura was joking, it had still wounded his pride.)

Thinking of that made him feel even worse, the anxiety crawling like ants over his skin. This was bad, Kazuya thought to himself as he reached for the doorknob. He didn’t want Sawamura getting a full blast of his scent; dampers could alter the scent, especially strong, long-lasting high dosed ones like the kind Kazuya used. Chances were the reason why Sawamura liked his scent at all, in the first place, was because he liked how the dampers altered it.

He didn’t want to give Sawamura another reason to leave (him).

Kazuya heard the front door open and thought that this must be divine retribution for not manning up earlier on and having this talk with Sawamura. Now life was taking things into its own hands and making sure that both of them came clean with everything. He took a deep breath, steeling his nerves for rejection. How ironic was it, that now it was him that feared being pushed away for something he couldn’t control. He just hoped he survived whatever happened (or at least better than he did). He opened the bathroom door. “Ah, you’re home early.” He managed to say, attempting to keep his voice even. “Sorry for the smell, I know it’s pretty bad. I ran out of my regular scent dampers and I was going to ask you or someone to buy some for me and bring it back. I can’t exactly leave the house smelling like this, hah...I know it’s unpleasant but bear with it for a bit, okay?” He internally prayed that Sawamura was at least ambivalent to it instead of downright bothered.

No response. Sawamura was sitting silently and still by the entryway and even his fingers had stopped moving. It was like watching an old family movie, he had seen this scene before, a long, long time ago. Shit, was his scent that bad to Sawamura? Kazuya gripped the ends of the towel, panic churning in his gut as his heart pounded in his chest. Thump. Thump. Thump. He tentatively
walked closer, arms drawn defensively close to his chest. “Sawamura? Are you okay – shit it’s not bothering you that much, is it?”

Finally, Sawamura responded and turned to him and — Kazuya stopped thinking. His eyes widened and he swore his heart stopped thumping for a moment because that smell, there was this unbelievable scent in the air that was impossibly sweet and attractive and he took another whiff of the air, nostrils flaring, and oh. Oh god, it’s Sawamura. It’s Sawamura's heat scent. Sawamura's in heat.

It was absolutely tantalizing.

Fuck. It was too much. The scent was a siren’s song, overwhelming his mind, Kazuya was already feeling it; feeling the slow crawl, the fraying edges of his rationality at the back of his mind. It was like a worn glove lace – about to snap. Sawamura's scent was an aphrodisiac, a hypnotic, a stimulant all rolled into one. It was cajoling and coaxing, tempting him to give in to his instincts and shit, they hadn’t talked about this, hadn’t mentioned it at all since high school, hadn’t planned for it, ever.

Kazuya took half a step back, a hand flying to his nose to block the smell. Sawamura leaped towards him and he can vaguely hear the thud of Sawamura's shoes hitting the floor as they go sprawling onto the ground. The towel went flying, tossed somewhere unseen behind him, and Kazuya barely had time to register the pain before Sawamura's pressing so close and he's slipping, he's slipping and it's so hard to think and he needed to focus.

"Miyuki…you smell so good…” A shiver ran down his spine. Sawamura sounded so needy, voice wordlessly begging and — shit, he needed to focus.

He pushed at Sawamura's chest, trying to put some distance between them but it was a struggle attempting to do so with one hand while pinching his own nose with the other. "Sawamura! Wait - What - Why - How are you on heat?! Your cycle should have just passed!” It was hard to recall this information right now, but he was certain that Sawamura should have just had his suppressant-free week. Unless he's been calculating it wrong the entire time, there was no way he could have an accidental heat. If he was a young teenager who didn't have years of hormone regulation from the suppressants than maybe it was possible. But Sawamura was a young adult who had been on daily suppressants for almost a decade. This shouldn't be happening. Unless…

"Mmmmm... Don't take them...Haven't since second year in Seido." Sawamura slurred, still attempting to press closer to Kazuya.

What.

What.

Cold water doused him down to the very corners of his soul, the black edges of his mind receding and replaced with red as a wave of unbridled anger (and fear) curled up in his chest. Didn't... Didn't take them?! Sawamura had let years of hormones run unchecked, might have gone into heat at literally any moment, could have been triggered by any, any, compatible alpha?! Not only was this heat going to be bad for Sawamura - even if he gave him emergency suppressants - but Sawamura could have been taken from him. The thought of anyone else seeing Sawamura like this, of anyone else triggering his heat, sent his instincts into overdrive, an unconscious need to show Sawamura just who he belonged to roaring at the back of his mind.

He grabbed a fistful of Sawamura's shirt and pulled him closer, the exact reverse of what he had done earlier. "What were you thinking?! Of all careless things—!” He snarled, all of his normally hidden alpha aggression bleeding through. "Damn it Sawamura, you could’ve - shit, what the hell!
Why didn't you tell me you weren't on your suppressants?!” His words were muffled and sounded nasal due to the fingers still covering his nose. But his fury was evident in his glare and the crease in his brows.

But his actions had the opposite intended effect as Sawamura shivered and gasped, arching his neck to the side in submission and whined softly for angering his alpha and damn it, he had added fuel to the fire and now found himself at internal war with himself. He wasn’t sure what to feel. He was pissed and he was aroused and that was so like Sawamura to make him feel conflicted that easily. His rut came back full force, if not stronger than ever, his capacity for rational thought hanging by a quickly fraying thread. Shit, Sawamura's heat was affecting him way faster and stronger than he had ever expected or heard of. He wanted… but it wasn’t about what he wanted, he needed to know what Sawamura wanted. The omega was normally fiercely independent and made his own decisions. He didn't need his alpha making them for him and Kazuya couldn't make this decision for him.

Regardless of what Sawamura decided, Kazuya would take care of him, but he needed to be the one to make that choice.

The catcher released Sawamura’s shirt, using his now free hand to reach up and pinch the pitcher’s nose, cutting off his ability to smell temporarily. Hopefully it would bring Sawamura back out of his stupor long enough to figure out what the other boy wanted.

Hopefully.

“Oi Sawamura, I need you to listen to me very carefully. If you never listen to me again, it’s absolutely important that you listen to me now. Are. You. Listening.” His words were clearly enunciated as he reined in the aggression and kept his voice leveled. A bit of clarity seemed to return to Sawamura’s eyes, focused on Kazuya and good, the haze disappeared.

“I have emergency suppressants in my bag right there.” He glanced over to where his sports bag was, shoved hazardedly into the closet on his way in. He’d have to push Sawamura off and make a mad dash for his bag if Sawamura wanted them before locking himself in the washroom as they attempted to get some measure of control back over their bodies. Even on the emergency suppressants, they would probably need to call in a Heat Week absence since the medication would probably make him feel like absolute shit.

“You need to tell me right now if you want them. Because if you don’t tell me now, I’m not going to be able to stop and I don’t want what you’re not willing to give me. And just, damn it, Sawamura you are so troublesome – this conversation about your suppressants is not over in the slightest – and bottom line: do you consent to spending your heat week with me. Yes or no?” His blood surged in his veins, his heart was pumping faster and faster and —

His eyes bore into Sawamura’s, demanding an answer.

Fast.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This was too long so I'm gonna split the porn into chapters too. I'll write the relevant tags to each chapter in the notes so people can decide if they want to skip some/all of the chapter!

**Chapter Relevant Tags:** Mentions of Voyeurism, Anal Sex, Face-Fucking, Blowjob, Rimming, fingering, Marking, Spanking, Wall Sex (technically Door Sex), Multiple Orgasms, Knotting, Dirty Talk, Praise Kink, Dominance, Dom/sub Undertones, Self-Lubrication, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Possessive Behavior, Slight Humiliation, Overstimulation

**Additional Comments/Tags:** I'm so sorry Kuramochi

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was as if time stopped – absolutely nothing else mattered to the pitcher. All his senses narrowed down on that scent, trying to engrave it in his mind, etch it into his soul.

To Eijun, the scent was absolutely intoxicating, smelled rich and right and *home* and already he was starting to feel light-headed and dazed. His breath hitched, and before he even realized it, he had stopped breathing. It was the most divine thing he had ever smelled and he couldn’t figure out if he should continue breathing it in or not.

“Ah, you’re back early.” He managed to hear through the sudden fog in his mind. Miyuki was uneasy, something in his voice – Eijun couldn’t place what because the *smell* – giving him away. “Sorry for the smell, I know it must be bad —” Bad? How was this bad? This was amazing. “I ran out of my regular scent dampers and I was going to ask you or someone to buy some for me and bring it back. I can’t exactly leave the house smelling like this. I know it’s unpleasant but bear with it for a bit, okay?” Miyuki was saying things but none of it was making any sense to Eijun. His mind was clouded and focused entirely on the scent in the air. It was euphoric and it was Miyuki yet not Miyuki. Or at least the scent he associated with Miyuki. He had heard scent dampers could change the smell and while Miyuki normally smelled nice, right now it was *mouth-watering*.

“Sawamura? Are you okay – shit it’s not bothering you that much is it?” The voice is directly behind him now – bothered? Not at all. He turned his head and saw the way Miyuki’s eyes widened, nostrils flaring, and then took half a step back. Before he even realized it, Eijun stood up and fell straight into Miyuki’s arms, sending them both careening to the ground with a loud, solid thump. His heart slammed against his ribcage, beating so fast barely providing his brain with enough oxygen. It was good, it just smelled so good. He couldn’t get enough of it, wanted to breath it in forever and always and it was so warm; he was going to sweat out of his skin or pass out from overheating. It was like there was an itch all over, one that he needed to alleviate, needed to do something *now*.

He needed Miyuki.

“Miyuki…you smell so good…” Eijun muttered, nosing at Miyuki’s neck while he sat in the catcher’s lap. The pulse in his neck was strong, his hair was still slightly damp from his shower. He could detect Miyuki’s regular soap and shampoo but more than that he could smell *Miyuki*. He moaned
lowly, trying to press closer and closer, trying to find something to douse the heat. It was too warm, too hot, he couldn’t think, what was he doing, he was doing something before, what was it? Did it matter what it was?

Miyuki. Miyuki was that scent. A thrill of happiness shot up his spine. Miyuki. It was Miyuki. The name rang in his mind, everything else shutting down so he could focus on nothing but the catcher. He didn’t understand how or why now of all times, but it was Miyuki. Miyuki did this to him.

A hand pushed insistently at his chest but Eijun refused to budge, continuing to try and push closer and closer, to get more. “Sawamura! Wait - What - Why - How are you on heat?! Your cycle should have just passed!” Cycle? Oh right, the suppressants.

"Mmmmm... Don't take them...Haven't since second year in Seido.” He sounded drunk. He felt drunk. It took so much effort to even hear the question let alone answer it. Some rational part of his brain screamed at him that he shouldn’t have said that. That there had been a perfectly logical reason why the catcher didn’t know. He couldn’t remember what that reason was.

But there’s a shift of something in Miyuki’s scent and there was a sudden heaviness in the air. Next thing he knew he was being pulled in by that very hand on his chest that had been pushing him away and — "What were you thinking?! Damn it Sawamura, you could’ve - shit, what the hell! Why didn’t you tell me you weren’t on your suppressants?!” Miyuki glared at him all full of anger and worry and oh, he hasn’t seen Miyuki like this ever, the closest had been during that one time in his first year at Seido. Eijun never had Miyuki’s ire directed at him before and he wasn’t quite sure if he liked it or not. But a thrill went up his spine all the same, his breath hitched and he bared his neck as a soft whine spilled from his lips, unconsciously seeking to placate his alpha. Eijun could feel how tense Miyuki was, could tell by the way every fiber of his body was held with iron-clad control not to move. Eijun wanted him to, needed him to do something, anything, whatever he wanted as long as it made this smothering heat more bearable. The heat eroded his senses - he felt like he was going to die if Miyuki didn’t do something soon.

Although that didn’t include pinching his nose.

Eijun flinched in surprise, of all things not expecting his shirt to be released and fingers to pinch down on his nose. “… — very carefully. If you never listen to me again, it’s absolutely important that you listen to me now. Are. You. Listening.” It was so hard to hear but he heard the urgency, the edge of desperation in Miyuki’s voice and with the catcher’s scent temporarily blocked he found it easier to try – try to clear his mind and listen. Something must be evident on his face because Miyuki continued talking and for the first time in what felt like forever he heard it clearly.

“I have emergency suppressants in my bag right there. You need to tell me right now if you want them. Because if you don’t tell me now, I’m not going to be able to stop and I don’t want what you’re not willing to give. And just, damn it, Sawamura you are so troublesome – this conversation about your suppressants is not over in the slightest – and bottom line: do you consent to spending your heat week with me. Yes or no?”

Eh?

That was what was bothering Miyuki?

Annoyance pushed the heat away for a moment and he was pretty sure he was scowling based on the surprise that flickered across Miyukis face, eyes wide and lips slightly parted in shock. Any other day he might have appreciated the gentleman spiel, but not today. “Do I consent to spending my heat week with you??! Is that really what you’re asking right now?!” Eijun might be shouting. Just a little. It sounded weird thanks to the fingers pinching his nose.
“Miyuki Kazuya!! — Of fucking course I do, why the hell do you think I’ve seen five different doctors over this crap trying to figure out why the hell I don’t have heats! I don’t like going to doctor’s appointments! I hate missing practice! I don’t care that I don’t have heats but it was bothering the shit out of you – and don’t you dare deny it - and for fuck’s sake I wanted you fucking me like five minutes ago. Why the hell are you asking me, fine, I’ll say it bluntly: I want you to fuck me until I don’t remember what day it is or my name, want to ache so much that I’ll still feel you in me for the week after and do I have to spell it out for you?! I want you to F-U-C—”

Miyuki’s hand released his nose, moving to the back of his head and pulling him in for a searing kiss. It’s passionate and frenzied, on the near edge of feral and Eijun absolutely melted into it, bringing his own arms to wrap around Miyuki’s neck. He clawed at Miyuki’s shoulder, his irritation abandoned; the heat was returning quickly and his mind fogged up again. But more than that, the kiss was enjoyable, was something he was familiar with; kisses and Miyuki were filed away together in his mind.

“—K. Okay.” Warm hands cupped his cheeks affectionately as they separated; Miyuki grinned at him, all excited and pleased. “You’re absolutely incredible, Sawamura.” He said, a note of disbelief in his voice. Thank you – he had learned, with time, to read between the lines better when it came to his alpha.

Eijun hummed absentmindedly as happiness curled up in his heart at the praise and made it beat faster. He leaned forward to initiate another kiss, putting all the trust and desire he could muster into it. “Now, do something.” Eijun half-demanded, half-whined, grinding down on Miyuki’s lap as he broke the kiss.

“So bossy. I can’t wait to completely mess you up.” Miyuki smirked and it was all the prompting needed as he captured his partner’s lips in another messy kiss. The catcher’s hands traced down Eijun’s back, landing on his ass and squeezing firmly. He moaned into the kiss, trying to inch closer and get more of Miyuki. His head was heavy and he had no sense of time, completely lost in the sensation. Finally, finally they were getting somewhere.

Except, some rationality seemed to still be present in Miyuki’s mind because he broke away from the kiss, taking deep gulps of breath through his mouth, the air landing on Eijun’s cheek. “Shit, wait. Phone. I need my phone. I need to —” And he was trying to pull away, get up and like hell was Eijun letting that happen. He whined in throat and pressed short pleading kisses to Miyuki’s face, his hands tugged on the short strands of hairs at Miyuki’s neck. What could be important enough to interrupt this?

“—Damn it Sawamura! Fine, where the hell is your phone…” Miyuki’s hands rummaged through his pockets, fighting off Eijun’s clingy hands, until he pulled out the electronic device in Eijun’s sweater pocket. Eijun huffed in displeasure – Miyuki was stalling and it was irritating that he could still think. A ‘clever’ idea formed in his head; he would make sure Miyuki paid attention to him. Eijun moved down so he was sitting near Miyuki’s ankles, ready to carry out his plan. Miyuki, on the other hand, hadn’t caught on to Eijun’s plot and only sent him a relieved look at not putting up a fight, otherwise distracted by punching a number on his speed dial list. He was going to regret that, Eijun thought gleeful to himself. In about one week’s time, Eijun would be embarrassed by what he was about to do, but that was neither here nor now. He heard the phone line connect. (“What’s up, Bakamura?”)

“Kuramochi, listen it’s me. Could you tell — shit, Sawamura!”

Eijun moaned loudly in response, mouth otherwise occupied. He had roughly pulled down Miyuki’s sweatpants just far enough to expose his cock and licked a firm line from the base to the tip. The skin
was smooth against his tongue. He then wrapped his mouth around the half-hard cock and sucked. Hard. He alternated between sucking and licking, coaxing it to hardness and teased the slit with his tongue, enjoying how Miyuki tasted. To be honest, he adored doing this – would sometimes drop to his knees and blow the catcher on a whim. It had become one of their unspoken ‘do it whenever you like’ things. Eijun heard the other boy curse and fumble with the phone. A hand gripped his hair, neither pulling nor pushing. Yet. Eijun looked up through his eyelashes. Miyuki looked wrecked himself, his eyes focused solely on Eijun, watching as Eijun sucked him. The pitcher preened, a cheeky look in his eyes, clearly happy that he had successfully regained his alpha’s attention. He sucked a bit harder, tongue teasing the underside before swirling around the tip.

“What the fuck is going on? Hello? Miyuki?”

Kuramochi’s confused voice rang throughout the room – Miyuki must have accidentally hit the speakerphone in his attempt to not drop the phone. Eijun doesn’t have time to think about it beyond that because Miyuki outright snarled at the phone, at Kuramochi, at another alpha and – oh god, the sound made his own cock twitch in his pants and he felt slick pool out of him, trickling against his skin and soaking his underwear. Miyuki never showed stereotypical alpha possession like this, always had a tight lid over his instinct, and now he was completely spiralling out of control because of Eijun. Eijun loved it. This was a side of Miyuki that only Eijun got to see.

He moaned again, tried to say Miyuki’s name around the cock in his mouth, the vibrations sent a full body shiver through the catcher, and nearly choked in surprise when the hand in his hair pushed him down further, until his nose was buried against coarse hair. Eijun’s eyes rolled up slightly and fluttered closed. Miyuki’s scent was overpowering and his cock was hard, hot, and heavy in his mouth, brushing against the back of his throat. He could feel himself drooling, spit trailing down his chin and tears hovering at the corner of his eyes. He couldn’t move, Miyuki’s grip keeping him firmly in place. It was hard to breathe; breathing through his nose only introduced more of that maddening scent to his brain, making him dizzy and lightheaded. All he could do was swallow and breathe – any other noises was gagged by Miyuki’s cock. Just as the alpha had intended.

He looked up again and it’s so much harder this time to keep his eyes open. Miyuki looked almost feral, pupils blown and the amber of his eyes almost glowing. He was still making low growling sounds, his teeth gritted together. Eijun couldn’t help but mentally preen again, he made Miyuki like this, only Eijun – no one else.

“The fuck, are you growlin—?!”

“Shit. Shut up. Shitshitshit. We’re on Heat Break. Tell coach.” Miyuki’s words were rushed, the catcher’s attention otherwise fixated on Eijun, on the way he looked with his mouth wrapped around his cock, lips pressed against his skin.

“Whu—?!”

Miyuki finally hung up and tossed the cellphone aside. His eyes were gleaming with rut and Eijun didn’t resist as he pulled Eijun’s hair, silently commanding him to get off. Eijun obeyed and the slippery slide of Miyuki’s cock out of his mouth was as arousing as the slide in was. There’s a slightly salty aftertaste and a glistening trail of saliva connecting Eijun’s lips to the tip. Eijun was breathing heavily, coughing once or twice, finally able to catch his breath.

“Off, on your knees.” Eijun scrambled to heed the order, Kazuya’s words the only thing he could concentrate on through the haze that was his mind. Now that Eijun was no longer sitting on Kazuya, he was free to stand up before roughly guiding Eijun’s open mouth back onto his cock, then thrust in slow and sensual, forcing him to take it as deeply down his throat as he could. The muscles in his throat relaxed as much as they could, attempting to accommodate the girth. He was allowed a
moment of respite to adjust before Kazuya grabbed a handful of his hair and tugged. It was rough and frenzied and Eijun’s jaw ached from being forced open. He could feel the tears gather in his eyes from repressing his gag reflex as Kazuya thrust almost ruthlessly down his throat.

"Damn it Sawamura, I didn't want anyone to see you, hear you like this, know that you were this needy with heat and then you had to go and moan like that while I was on the phone.” Eijun shivered, his hands curling helplessly on the fabric of Miyuki’s sweatpants. He could hear the possessive edge in Miyuki's voice. It snaked under his skin, like a poison to his sanity.

He was given another moment to breathe, taking deep gasping breaths, trying to fill his lungs with as much oxygen as possible. His lips were swollen. His tongue darted out to lick them, making them wetter and more enticing. “Miyu—” He tried to talk but was cut off by Miyuki shoving his cock back into his mouth, filling his mouth and Eijun couldn’t do anything but let Miyuki do as he pleased and just take it.

“I like you like this, letting me feed you my cock, having it so deep down your throat you can barely breathe, so desperate for air, gagging and gasping, barely capable of anything else. You like this too, right? Like me using your mouth like a toy, fucking your face however I want. You'd be good and let me do as I want...you’re always thinking about how to please me. Incredible. You’re absolutely incredible.” The knuckles of Miyuki's free hand trailed down Eijun's cheek sweetly in contrast to the filth that fell from his lips.

"You're so pretty like this, with your lips around my cock. This is the only time you’re ever quiet – when I’m gagging you with my cock. I should do it more often, it would be a waste of your talents otherwise. What do you think, Sawamura – heh, you can’t answer me right now, can you?” The rut was taking over. Miyuki's mouth could be downright dirty during sex normally and Eijun loved hearing it, but with the added heat and subsequent rut, it was pure sin. Miyuki himself was probably only half aware of what he was saying.

Eijun was in bliss. The heat and his instincts swarmed in his mind, demanding that he submit, demanding he show Miyuki – his alpha – how good he was. He wanted to wail but could only manage a choked off whine, which made Miyuki press impossibly deeper down his throat. He clawed at Miyuki's exposed hips, pleading wordlessly with his eyes. Finally, Miyuki pulled him back and Eijun was allowed to cough, open-mouth pant and swallow thickly in an attempt to get air back in his lungs. There was still a hand in his hair but the grip had loosened, stroking it affectionately. Eijun distractedly thought that it made him feel like a cat. It was easy, with how intense it got, to get lost and forget that there was more to their relationship than just sex. But it was in the little things, a pet here and touch there, that made Eijun remember there was more than that – that there was emotion and devotion and many facets to their relationship.

"Tell me what you want, Sawamura.” Miyuki murmured as he cupped Eijun’s cheek softly with his free hand and his words could almost be mistaken as a request, not the demand that it was. Eijun inched closer to languidly lavish just the tip of Miyuki cock with his lips and tongue. The hand in his hair kept him in place, stopping him from going any deeper than that. He pulled off with an obscene pop. As much as it felt amazing when Miyuki did that, taking complete control and fucking his face, it wasn’t what Eijun needed right now. What he needed this cock in his ass, knotting him and filling him with come until he's absolute drenched in it.

"Ho~, is that so?” Miyuki was smirking, amusement evident in his eyes. It took a moment to realize that Eijun had said all of that out loud. It was hard to tell with the heat clouding everything but Eijun was certain his cheeks were a deep red. He hadn’t meant for that to happen but there was no going back now.
He glared up at that smirk. Miyuki wanted to know what he wanted? Fine, he would tell him what he wanted. "I want you, I want your cock. I want it splitting me open and feeling you for weeks, knowing that it was because of you. I'll end up missing another week of practice on top of this one because I'll barely be able to move, let alone pitch. Please, please, Miyuki-senpai, please. Miyuki-senpai...alpha..." The smirk disappeared and dark desire burned in those eyes. Eijun had said all the words that turned Miyuki on; the catcher in particular loved it when Eijun called him senpai. Eijun was giving control over to Miyuki this week because he trusted the alpha to take care of him. Trusted Miyuki to not exploit what Eijun offered him. (Although Eijun was sure there would be ridiculous amount of teasing and a whole lot of embarrassment come next week.)

"Good job, Sawamura. Let me reward you since you said it so nice and honestly." There was a wicked look in his eyes, and a purr in his voice. Miyuki liked to tease him during sex normally and the same could be said about sex during heat. The only differences were that one, Eijun felt hypersensitive to every touch, word, and glance - felt like he could come undo at any moment and two, he had no desire to play around with what he wanted or half-heartedly protest like he normally did to anything as long as it ended with him being fucked.

Miyuki pulled him up to his feet and tried to drag him in the direction of the bedroom. It was too far, would take too long to get there. Eijun pulled on Miyuki's arm instead, pulling and pulling until Eijun's back was pressed against the front door. Here was fine, he didn’t care, he just wanted Miyuki right now. He heard Miyuki growl and tug at his sweater. Miyuki stripped him bare right there at the entrance way, deftly taking off everything Eijun was wearing. Eijun whined as he was crowded against the door, moaned as their cocks brushed briefly, the sensation absolutely electrifying. They kissed all open mouth and desperate, Miyuki leaving more than one bruising bite on his bottom lip. Miyuki's hands were on his waist and — Eijun found himself flipped around, now facing the door, shoulder and cheek pressed against the cool surface. Miyuki's arms were caging him against the door but. They. Weren't. Touching. Him. Eijun whined in frustration, beyond caring about embarrassment or modesty, and reached back with his own hands to pull his ass cheeks apart. He could feel the slick already dripping down his thighs, saw the stain on his jeans as they were stripped from his body. He was wet and ready and Miyuki needed to do something before he died of overheating. “Miyuki-senpai, please…” He implored, looking over his shoulder. He jumped at the sudden press of a thumb against the rim of muscle, body sensitive to every and all touch, spreading it slightly, letting even more slick leak out and — Eijun’s brain short-circuited as something warm and wet pressed against his hole that was definitely not a finger. Shit, that was his tongue. The catcher was very much aware that every time he did this it drove Eijun completely out of his mind. His breath hitched and he dropped his hands as he tried to scramble closer to the door. His hands now clawed at the metal, blunt nails dragging against the smooth surface searching for purchase. He needed to get away because it was too much yet not enough. But Miyuki had a grip akin to steel on his hips, keeping him in place.

"M-Miyuki, ah…don’t teas—” He whined and squirmed, not sure if he wanted more or less of the sensation. Smack. The words died in his throat as the catcher brought his hand down on Eijun’s ass. His palm rubbed against the heated flesh, attempting to alleviate the sting. Only to repeat the action, the crack of his hand as sharp to Eijun’s ears as it was to his skin. Not. Fair. Eijun had a weakness for that burst of pain-pleasure and the catcher had used every opportunity to do so since figuring out that particular kink of Eijun’s.

“Keep still, this is your reward.” Miyuki said and Eijun could hear the smirk in his voice. That bastard, how could he even think about teasing him right now?! If the heat wasn’t absolutely consuming him, demanding he listen to his alpha, Eijun would have definitely yelled back. Loudly. But right now all he wanted was Miyuki to keep touching him, that if he stopped he definitely would combust.
So he tried. He tried really, really hard to keep still as Miyuki left a trail of kisses and bites up both his inner thighs, licking up the slick that had dripped down his thighs but never once touching Eijun where he wants it. The kisses were soft and sweet and did nothing to smother the heat. If anything, only spurring it further. They weren’t enough, too gentle and worshiping and not quelling his desire at all. The bites stung, sending sharp pangs of pleasurable pain up his spine until he soothed the red marks with more fleeting kisses and wet licks. His thighs would be all red and littered with marks by the time this week was over, would feel the slight ache there as his pants brushed against it when he walked as well. Miyuki loved covering him with marks – Eijun couldn’t remember the last time he went to practice without one red hickey standing out against his skin. Eijun didn’t mind being marked, at least not as much as he did when Miyuki first started doing it. He did grumble when it was excessive – like it was now – but otherwise it reminded him of the catcher when they were apart. It was reassuring. Plus, it helped keep unwanted attention away.

He attempted once more to wiggle away and received two more warning smacks on his ass. Miyuki nipped at flesh, finally done with decorating his thighs. His skin burned, he could feel the heat radiating from the handprints on his body until Miyuki’s hands were finally on his cheeks spreading him open. his tongue was back, pressing against the rim, alternating between swiping teasingly light and then harshly firm. Miyuki hummed as he traced the sensitive skin around Eijun’s hole, lapping at the slick that seeped out as if it was his favorite thing in the world.

“M-Miyu—Senp—aah…” Eijun was babbling all needy and breathless, had no idea what he was saying, his tongue heavy and uncoordinated as he tried to speak. When Miyuki finally slipped his tongue into him, Eijun keened and his entire body tensed and oh this was impossible, should be impossible, but his body was just too sensitive right now thanks to the heat and the shallow thrusts of Miyuki's tongue sent him over the edge. He forgot to breathe, body unconsciously clenching and seizing as he painted his own stomach in come. It was the most unsatisfying orgasm in his life and the heat only roared louder in return, demanding its due. So when Miyuki pulled away, Eijun was quick to hastily stick one of his fingers, then another into his ass, desperately trying to abate the fever himself.

“You’re so desperate and needy right now, Sawamura. You’re still hard even though you just came, aren’t you? Came from just having my tongue in your ass, is that all it takes? But that wasn’t enough, was it — you’re still hard after all. You’re so wet down here, absolutely drenched in your own slick.” The rough pads of Miyuki's fingers teased the rim, one almost sliding in next to Eijun’s. “I now know why there’s such a huge AV market for omega heat sex — what do they call those — ‘Bitch in heat’ or something like that?” Eijun’s breath hitched and his ears burned from the insult, a sense of humiliated pleasure sending a shiver up his body. As much as Eijun enjoyed it, Miyuki’s mouth was really running away from him this time; this guy better be embarrassed by it at the end of this week — Eijun would make sure to tease him mercilessly for it. “Your body really is amazing, look at how much it’s begging, asking for a knot to fill it up.” Miyuki muttered next to his ear and Eijun was arching his back towards him, baring his neck, begging silently. He had no idea what the sight of him like this did to Miyuki, completely obliterating any strands of rationality he had left with how sweetly Eijun’s body begged and submitted to him. Eijun already looked so fucked out and wrecked despite not even being knotted yet.

Eijun’s fingers were roughly pulled out but before he could protest the loss, Miyuki’s calloused fingers pressed in and not-so-gently worked him open. The stretch burned a bit, but Miyuki was curling his fingers at all the right angles, making Eijun nearly sob with how good it felt, hands still scratching futilely at the door. He pushed back on those fingers in an attempt to take them deeper, shifting from resting on his shoulders to bracing himself against the door on shaky hands. Eijun heard the filthy wet noises as Miyuki fingered him unrelentingly until Eijun was almost on the edge again and no, not again – not like this, he didn’t want to come like this, it wasn’t enough, it wasn’t enough and he would really cry if it happened again and please senpai just fuck him already, he needed that
cock, that knot in him now.

He didn’t realize he had been rambling out loud until a gentle kiss fell on his heaving shoulder, wordless soft mutterings soothing his near hysteria. And then finally, finally he felt the blunt tip of Miyuki's cock press against his entrance and the slow satisfying stretch of it filling him. The heat burned so much but the sensation of Miyuki in him felt so right, and Eijun nearly sagged with relief, resting his sweat-soaked forehead against the door. He pressed back as much as he could, making sure Miyuki's cock was buried as deep as possible in him. Sex with Miyuki felt amazing normally but sex with Miyuki in heat was a whole different level of incredible and consuming. The contrast between the two temperatures – the icy coldness of the door in front of him and the raging heat swirling in his body – was so mindblowing, and then there was Miyuki's scent adding fuel to the fire and Eijun just couldn’t think.

He could only feel, feel the way his cock would brush against the cold metal making him shiver and clench, feel the way one of Miyuki's hands was gripping both his wrists, trapping them over his head flat against the door, feel the way Miyuki’s teeth were now adorning his neck with a series of bites and kisses not unlike the ones on his thighs, and the way Miyuki was fucking him, rough, fast, hard and it was everything his body demanded and needed. He pushed back again, trying to time it with Miyuki's thrusts but his movements were erratic. The almost rough texture of Miyuki's clothing against his naked back dimly reminded him that Miyuki was still dressed. His sweatpants must be soaked and stained with Eijun's slick and there was something so…primitively erotic about it, about being this naked and desperate while Miyuki was still fully clothed while fucking him. Like he had no other purpose, no other talents, was nothing other than an omega being fucked and bred and filled with come. (Miyuki would not be the only one embarrassed by his thoughts at the end of this week.)

The hand not pressing his wrists against the door was rubbing reassuringly up and down his thigh and periodically slapping his ass, the blows coming with no rhyme or reason so Eijun couldn’t predict when the next sting of pain-pleasure would happen. He could only wail and quiver, and let the sensation wash over him. The world around him was hazy; his eyes stared unseeingly at the door. Miyuki was too damn good at that – combining near brutal actions with gentle praising touches that left his head spinning even out of heat. Then there was the way he managed to say the filthiest things with the sweetest voice, mixing praise and sin together, always making Eijun crave more of it, and that should be all sorts of illegal. It was intense, the way Miyuki did both what Eijun needed and wanted.

“Sawamura, Sawamura, god just look at you – you already look so wrecked and it’s just the beginning of your heat week. You’re going to be completely fucked out by the end of it. We’re going to have to take an extra week off. I’m so hap—thank you Eijun.” His name fell like a holy prayer from Miyuki’s lips as he continued to suck and bite. It was like he was trying to recreate the constellations of the night sky across Eijun’s back. He pressed his lips gently against Eijun’s scent gland and oh a spark of pure pleasure sizzled up his spine and Eijun unconsciously tightened. Miyuki moaned and did it again, pressing another soft kiss to the sensitive skin but careful to not let even the hint of teeth touch it.

Eijun wanted it to – wanted it with a sudden burning need that he wanted to be bounded to this person for the rest of his life. “Miyukimiyukimiyuii, please—, bond me,” he implored, baring his neck so his alpha would have an easier time biting and puncturing the gland. Miyuki's thrusts stopped for a moment as his lips hovered over the area and for a moment Eijun’s heart stopped. Time paused. But Miyuki only lightly sucked on the skin, again making sure that none of his teeth touch it.

“No. Not today, Sawamura. Not during this heat. Not until we have a chance to talk about it properly.” Miyuki mumbled against his ear, nibbling on the shell of cartilage as his thrusts quickened once more, angled exactly to brush against the bundle of nerves that made Eijun see stars. There was
a moment of disappointment yet overall he was relieved.

Relieved that Miyuki hadn’t taken his spur of the moment words seriously, that he always seemed to understand when to go along with whatever Miyuki wanted and when to refuse him. Miyuki was so good to him, never held anything about his nature against him. His grip on Eijun’s wrists was strong but not painful – if Eijun really tried he could get loose easily because Miyuki was always careful not to put too much pressure on anything that could harm his ability to play baseball indefinitely. Miyuki was always thinking, even in the throes of rut and unconsciously of it. He was just instinctually aware of these sort of things – always thinking about how to care and protect Eijun, including from himself. Miyuki knew Eijun’s limits, knew exactly what he liked during sex and how to play all those cards. It should be scary, his first heat, but he wasn’t afraid, not when he knew Miyuki would take care of him, keep him safe and sated, and that by the end of the week he would be anticipating the next one.

All of Miyuki’s thrusts were angled perfectly and Eijun was wailing sweet breathless pleas – each thrust pressing him closer and closer against the door, his cock brushing against the cool metal, and leaving a smear of precome on it. It’s too much, the dual sensation and Eijun’s coming again for the second time, untouched and that should be physically impossible yet his body is on fire and every touch was heavenly. He felt Miyuki’s knot catch on the rim, push in, and finally lock them together and oh, he’s pressed completely against the door from his wrists held above his head to his toes arched against the floor. Miyuki was an unmovable weight against his back, crowding him against the now-warm metal. If Eijun pressed any closer, he would be climbing the wall.

His body was shaking, shaking from the force of his orgasm, more intense and satisfying than the first although the heat hadn’t gone away – was still simmering in the pit of his stomach, waiting to crest once more. His body demanded what it was previously denied and this heat wouldn’t be over until it ran its course over the week or if he became pregnant. Since the second one was impossible right now (and Eijun barely wanted to think that far into the future even out of heat), the other choice was to burn the heat out.

His come was cooling against his skin and the door, sticky and utterly gross yet somehow pleasing. He heard himself whining, making these small mewling sounds that he barely recognized as his own voice. It was such a weird yet gratifying feeling, the way Miyuki’s come filled him. They couldn’t move like this, would have to wait out until Miyuki’s knot deflated but that didn’t stop Eijun from trying to shift his hips, grinding against the catcher.

“Greedy for more, aren’t you?” Miyuki commented, nipping at his ear. “So good like this, Eijun. It’s really incredible how you get like this for me. You’ve made a mess of the door, should I make you clean it up with your tongue later? Would you like that? Say, the peephole is right in front of you right now – you can look out, see if anyone’s passing by. I wonder if they can tell what’s going on in here, how shameless you are for me, all pressed against the front door – couldn’t even wait till we got to the bedroom. It’s a good thing it’s law for housing to be scent-proof and have built-in deodorizers, otherwise everyone in the neighborhood could smell just how in heat you are.” Eijun whined again, low and needy, unconsciously clenching and grinding back harder. It was absolutely unfair how easily Miyuki could turn him on like this, how Miyuki could ask anything of him right now and he would do it.

“Imagine if someone was to look in right now.” Miyuki continued, near conversationally, pressing light butterfly kisses to the side of Eijun’s face. “ Aren’t there those reverse peephole viewer tools? How would they react to seeing you like this, all pressed against the door, fucked and stuck on an alpha knot. You being so completely owned and dominated.” Eijun almost sobbed, his head spinning all over again from how much alpha dominance Miyuki was showing. It was the rut talking, all full of sordid detail spoken in an affectionate voice. It was too confusing; the words were such cruel
taunts yet they sounded like endearments. “I’d be furious.” Miyuki petted the side of his thigh tenderly. “I don’t want anyone to see you like this.” He bit down on Eijun’s ear, tethering on the side of painful. “Because right now, this week for sure, you’re mine.”

Eijun moaned and his legs were weak and quaking. Shit, the growl in Miyuki’s voice… it vibrated strongly against Eijun’s back. “Y-yours.” He managed to answer back, instincts absolutely preening at the word ‘mine’. He was and he wanted the fact burned into the very fiber of his being. “And… you’re also mine, right?” Eijun asked breathlessly, turning his head so he could look at Miyuki. A surge of possessiveness flared in his mind – he didn’t want Miyuki to go into rut because of any other omega either. He wanted Miyuki to remember this, to remember him until every last breath and touch was branded in the alpha’s mind forever.

Miyuki blinked behind his glasses, somehow surprised by Eijun’s words. His eyes were still dark with lust but a twinkle of affection danced across them. A small, fond smile bloomed across his face. Miyuki leaned over to kiss the corner of Eijun’s mouth and Eijun could feel the sheer adoration on his lips. “Yeah, I’m yours too.” Miyuki muttered back, continuing to kiss whatever part of Eijun he could reach as they waited for the knot to shrink.

When it finally did, Eijun attempted to prolong the contact anyways, clamping down as Miyuki pulled out. “Insatiable.” He chuckled, nuzzling Eijun’s neck. “Don’t worry, it’s not over yet~. It’s only getting started.” Next thing Eijun knew, he found himself carried in Miyuki’s arms with his own hands looped around Miyuki’s neck. From this angle, Eijun could finally see Miyuki’s face again, see how his expression was a mix between pure elation and heady lust. There seemed to be a glow of some sort surrounding him though – was it happiness? Eijun couldn’t really tell right now, his head was so clouded. He watched the way sweat dripped down the alpha’s neck, glistening in the evening light, and he shifted in Miyuki’s arms so he could press his lips against his neck, lick at the dripping sweat, and feel the strong pulse underneath the skin. He couldn’t read Miyuki’s expression right now but Eijun was sure, really, really sure, as sure as how much he loved baseball, that he really liked this person.

No, that wasn’t right, he thought, burying his face in the junction of Miyuki’s neck and shoulder, breathing in mouthfuls of his scent.

He really loved this person.

Chapter End Notes

The word count basically doubled from this chapter of porn. /hides face and hibernates forever
The tender moment was broken as the sticky slide and drip on his thighs made him squeak in embarrassment. “Senpai… it’s coming out…” He muttered, tightening his grip around Miyuki’s neck, trying to hide his face in shame.

“How~ is it now.” Miyuki sounded almost gleeful. “Well, we can’t have that, now can we. Not when you enjoy being filled so much.”

Eijun yelped as he was manhandled further, now hefted over Miyuki’s shoulder as he carried Eijun to the bedroom, blood rushing to the pitcher’s head. “That should help, right? At least if it comes out now, it’ll just be on your legs instead of all over the floor.” He sounded way too smug, Eijun thought darkly, squirming around. “Hey now—” A broken cry escaped Eijun’s lips as Miyuki palm connected with his ass again. “—I’ll end up dropping you if you do that. Just be patient.” Eijun whined but stopped his protests, gripping the fabric of Miyuki’s shirt as he tried to ignore the oozing sensation travelling down his legs. (It wasn’t working very well.)

By the time they got to the bedroom, it was almost painful not to fidget. The heat was simmering at the base of his spine, just a spark away from flaring up again. Miyuki all but dropped him on the bed, flinging his glasses hazardously onto the nightstand, not caring where they went. Eijun couldn’t help but laugh, the normally meticulous Miyuki looked as disheveled as he personally felt. They were quite a matching pair.

“What are you laughing for?” Miyuki asked, but mirrored Eijun’s grin anyways, leaning down to press soft kisses along Eijun’s neck and up his jaw.

“Hehe, nothing – I’m just really happy.” Eijun replied, hands tangling in Miyuki’s hair, a soft purr rising from his chest. (He wondered if this was what the fabled ‘True Mates’ felt for each other.) Hands tightening on his waist, Miyuki instinctively responded to the content noises of his omega and held him closer. A nose nuzzled against Eijun’s temple followed by more kisses pressed to the corner of his eye. Omegan purrs were such a curious thing - capable of both soothing and ‘exciting’. Eijun himself purred quite frequently for Miyuki, especially when the baseball season got stressful and every game could be their last of the year. It had quite a reassuring effect on Miyuki, to the point that, more than once, a teammate would awkwardly request he do so to alleviate some of the tension hanging in the air. It probably said something about how engrossed Miyuki could get if they would ask such a personal thing of him.

But right now, it had less of a soothing effect and more of its other effect. Eijun could feel Miyuki’s cock pressing against his hip, the sweatpants an unwanted barrier between naked skin. The heat was sparking again, edging closer to full blast once more.
“Miyuki…I feel hot again…” Eijun muttered against Miyuki’s shoulder, hands bunching in the fabric of Miyuki’s shirt.

Miyuki nipped at his neck, making Eijun breath in sharply and his pupils dilate from the burst of pleasure making its way through his veins. “We better take care of that, then. Have to keep you satisfied, no?” Eijun could feel the smirk against his skin.

Afterwards, it was a rush of motion. The duvet was thrown aside, the pillows rearranged and Eijun propped up on his now shaking hands and knees. Miyuki all but ripped off his own pants and shirt, though Eijun managed to reach out and snatch the shirt before Miyuki tossed it on the floor, holding it tightly in his hands. He wanted this, wanted to be fully embraced by Miyuki’s scent.

He was so sensitive and buzzed from his last orgasm but he still wanted more. Eijun jolted when Miyuki gently traced up his thighs with his fingers, gathering the mix of semen and slick on his hand. Oh god, he was going to do this again. Miyuki was trying to kill him with overstimulation, fitting everything that turned them on in this one week. He sobbed in surprise and rocked forward in shock when the catcher stuck his fingers back in his ass, returning what had leaked out to where it came from. But Miyuki wasn't done, taking his sweet time fingering Eijun's ass, outright playing with the mess - scooping it out with his fingers only to press it back in. The sound was absolutely disgusting, squelching and wet. "Miyuki—!!" Eijun shouted, arching his back as his alpha sucked a mark on Eijun's lower back, his free hand groping and kneading the heated flesh of his rear. Miyuki continued to work at his own pace, unfazed by Eijun's sobbing pleas. Eijun's throat was aching and tears of frustration threatened to pool out his eyes, and finally the alpha pulled his fingers out, smearing the sticky mess of semen on Eijun's back as if he wanted it to absorb into Eijun's skin so the pitcher would always smell of him. So that everyone in a ten-foot radius would know Eijun was his. Eijun couldn’t say that he minded. If anything, it fulfilled a desire he didn’t even know he had.

Eijun was wordlessly panting, trying to hold himself up on quivering arms. He had given up on speaking; he was in a state where he could barely even think anymore. He jumped when Miyuki's breath tickled his ear, “Sawamura, look you're hard again, even though you've already come twice and you didn't even need me to touch you those times”, and outright whimpered, high-pitched and startled, as Miyuki's warm, calloused hand wrapped around his cock. He stroked it firmly and black dots danced across Eijun's vision. He frantically shook his head - the direct stimulation was too much, too much and oh god Miyuki needed to let go or else he would come again like this, only fuelling the ache instead of quenching it.

He was babbling a string of 'no's and 'more's, full sentences too much work to form as a shiver jolted through his body, a wet splatter against his abdomen. Miyuki only stroked him once before letting go and Eijun sagged with relief. He didn't notice the same hand gathering the cooling semen on his stomach until sticky fingers were at his open mouth, pushing down on his tongue. “!!—Mi—“ It was bitter and salty as he tasted himself on these fingers. Eijun didn't care much for the actual taste of himself but found the act in itself a turn on. (He would, however, gladly swallow Miyuki’s.) Nonetheless, he lapped at the fingers all the same, running his tongue in the crease between fingers, trying cajole Miyuki into fucking him again.

"Easy, Sawamura. Trust me, it'll be better like this, the heat will go away for longer if we prolong it like this.” Miyuki muttered against his ear but Eijun didn't care about that, he just needed something now. He could feel the heavy press of Miyuki's cock against his inner thigh, rubbing against sore marks. His arms protested from the strain and he fell down to his elbows only to be hauled back up to his hands with a sharp bite on his shoulder and a command to stay still.

Miyuki thrust back in, but it was slower, more teasing, and he was holding Eijun by the hips, keeping him steady as he pushed in inch by inch. It slid in even easier than before, Eijun's body
offering no resistance, all lax and open. He was drooling, the fingers in his mouth gagging him in almost the best way possible, second only to Miyuki’s cock, nearly sticking down his throat – it felt like he was being fucked on both ends.

The fingers were removed from his mouth, a line of saliva connecting them to his lips. "Talk to me, Eijun. Tell me how it feels. Tell me or I'll pull out." Miyuki mumbled into his shoulder, the reverberations of his voice travelling across the expanse of his skin. It took a moment too long to figure out what Miyuki’s saying and by then he’s already sliding out, leaving Eijun empty and horny.

"Nn – Mi—Miyuki please..." Eijun moaned, rocking backwards. That had been downright cruel to give Eijun a taste of what he needed and then leave him hanging. If Eijun had more coherency right now he would have hit Miyuki for that.

"No good - you can beg prettier than that, Eijun. I know you can. Come on, let me hear it." Miyuki refused to cave, hell bent on making Eijun lose his mind.

Eijun whined in sheer frustration, gathering what little wit he had left to say what Miyuki wanted to hear. This was always embarrassing to do, and it was no different in heat, but it was rewarding all the same when he saw how Miyuki reacted to it. “Please senpai,” he said as sweetly as he could, absolutely breathless with desire. “Please fuck me, please I need your cock, I don’t want anything else, anyone else but you, so please ju—ah!” Eijun threw his head back, eyes wide at the sudden thrust. He sagged in relief, rocking back against Miyuki, pushing it in deeper. “Y-your cock feels so great in me, pleaseplease—fuck me, breed me, do whatever you want. It feels so good when you thrust it in like that, please do that aga—” Eijun was rambling incoherently, the words falling out of his mouth even though he had no idea what he was saying. His body twitched when Miyuki brushed his fingers against his nipple.

The alpha was set on ruining him completely because if he did that right now on top of everything else, Eijun would definitely lose it. The heat peaked again, crawling over his skin, all-consuming and heady and — Eijun wailed hoarsely in utter ecstasy as Miyuki pinched and twisted his nipples with one hand, smacked his ass with the other and pushed deep into him – the combination of stimulation, the sharp burst of pain with the wave of pleasure, was too much, he couldn’t think, couldn’t talk, couldn’t breathe.

He thought he heard Miyuki say something to him but he wasn’t sure. All he was sure about was that he needed to come again, right now, as physically improbable as it was. But more than that he needed to be filled, needed Miyuki’s knot to quell the heat again, to give him a reprieve. Eijun dropped to his elbows and even then his arms were quivering from the strain. He struggled to get back on his hands but the next thrust made his vision white out; he gave up and collapsed onto his shoulder, utterly boneless and panting into the shirt that he had forgotten he was clutching. He let Miyuki reposition him as the catcher wished, which ended up with his ass high in the air, his flexible body arched on the bed. He didn’t care, Miyuki could do as he liked. A hand snuck between the bed and Eijun’s chest and continued to pinch and tease and tug at sensitive nipples until Eijun’s entire body wrinkled. Eijun buried his face against the shirt, breathing in the dizzying scent, while white-knuckled hands dug into the sheets, twisting and pulling. His breath hitched again as he felt a familiar bulge swell and push past the loose ring of muscle and he keened, whined, mewled – whatever noises he could possibly make.

“Aaa…you’re coming so much…” The words fumbled on his tongue, muffled by the fabric of the shirt. There was a damp spot on it from his panting and he was so hard and sensitive right now that the slightest touch would send him spiraling. Miyuki’s hand stroked his cock, the sensation on the edge of being painful but he came all the same with a relieved sob.
Miyuki’s body was pressed completely against his back and although they were rather similar in stature, right now in particular it made him feel small and dwarfed and utterly consumed by the alpha. His hips were still gyrating shallowly against Miyuki, and some base part of his mind preened and loved the absolutely filthy way the alpha’s semen was filling him up again, of how he was guaranteed to reek completely of him after this week, of how no one would be able to smell Eijun's own scent with Miyuki’s masking his.

Good.

Miyuki dragged his fingers through the new mess on Eijun’s abdomen and brought that to pitcher’s lips too, fed him his own release once more and it was so filthy… yet Eijun loved every minute of it, his mind muddled and his own instincts purring in delight. "You would suck anything I give you right now, wouldn't you, as long as I don't stop fucking you. How slutty. You’re completely insatiable.” Eijun whined and glared at the catcher as best as he could over his shoulder – he liked the dirty talk but right now he was way too tired, the heat gone for the moment, to entertain another round.

Miyuki got his lover’s silent message and switched gears; he sucked another mark on Eijun’s shoulder before he hummed in the pitcher’s ear, wordless calming noises that almost sounded like a lullaby. This was Eijun’s favorite part when it came to sex with Miyuki: the aftermath. The alpha always acted as if he wanted nothing more than to give Eijun the world. (What he didn’t know was, to Kazuya, in these moments Eijun was the entire world.)

The lips that pressed against Eijun’s shoulder, the hand that rested against his chest, the gentle whispers by his ear. Eijun could read this side of Miyuki Kazuya like a book; read all the things Miyuki found difficult to say to him directly with words.

I'm happy you're here with me.

Thank you for trusting me.

I love you.

Eijun hoped Miyuki could read it too – read his answer in the curve of his smile as it brushed against Miyuki’s lips, in the gold eyes that always searched for his, and in the laughter that echoed his mind.

I'm happiest when I'm with you.

There's no one else I trust more.

I love you too.

Eijun still didn’t know, still hadn’t figured out exactly what his partner still kept from him. But he wanted Miyuki to know that it didn’t matter. That regardless, Miyuki is loved. And Eijun doesn’t know how else to show it other than by entrusting himself fully to Miyuki. He hoped it worked, hoped that it would soothe whatever worries that lingered in both their minds. He would do anything - yell it from the mountaintops, write it across the sky - if it helped Miyuki realize that Eijun wasn't going anywhere.

Eijun was completely exhausted, the heat temporarily calmed. His eyes felt like lead and it was so hard to keep them open. He was completely surrounded by Miyuki’s presence – the discarded shirt brushed against his nose, the sweaty chest pressed against his back and the cock buried in him.

I love you. Eijun didn’t know if he said it out loud this time. But he was sure Miyuki knew anyways. If not, Eijun had the rest of the week to show him that.
With that last thought, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Eijun woke up who knows how many hours later sleeping on his ...stomach? Everything was hazy and at that moment he couldn’t tell dream from reality. It was dark outside which meant it was either late at night or early in the morning. He couldn’t tell anymore; time was irrelevant right now because he was burning up. Whatever they had managed to extinguish earlier came back with a searing fury. Eijun was sweating profusely and groaning because how was it even hotter than before?

It was dark, he could barely see – he needed Miyuki, where was Miyuki? Eijun moaned the catcher’s name, throwing off the covers and rubbing wantonly against the bed in an attempt to scratch the itching fire. Suddenly, Miyuki’s hands were on his hips and they were warm to the touch, yet somehow managed to cool him down. He was murmuring in Eijun’s ear, making low shushing noises as he ran his hands down Eijun’s thighs. “I got you, Sawamura. Let me.” His voice is soft and sleepy and Miyuki probably had just been asleep himself, woken up by the sudden surge of Eijun’s heat scent. Attentive, so attentive to his omega. So good at taking care of them. His instincts purred at him. It was true, really true yet…

“This is all your fault. Stupid Miyuki Kazuya.” Eijun muttered halfheartedly, leaning into the touch.

…he couldn’t help but blame Miyuki for how much Eijun wanted to squirm out of his skin. This guy drove him crazy both in and out of heat.

“Help me, Miyuki-senpai, please…” The heat was sinking its vicious claws into him and talking was starting to get difficult.

Miyuki hummed and kissed the back of Eijun’s neck. “Then, I’ll take responsibility for my actions. It’ll be alright, Sawamura.” It was gentle, Miyuki’s thrust. It was an effortless slide in but it made the heat flare, demand for more and the rest of Eijun’s memories were lost. He just remembered that it was hot and fast and absolutely dizzying. There was no time for teasing or finesse, this was an utterly animalistic rutting. Eijun reached climax with a sharp and loud cry, resting sluggishly on the bed afterwards. By the end of it Eijun wasn’t even quite sure if he was awake or dreaming, his mind so consumed by heat that the two had started to blend together. The only things he was certain of, as Eijun slipped back into the land of sleep following the dying wave of heat, was that there was a tender loving hand stroking his hair and the blanket being placed over him was soft against his skin.

(He missed the “…love you” whispered into his skin.)

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter may take a while! Please leave a comment or shoot me a message on tumblr! I love reading comments, tags, reactions -- it makes my day! <3

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