Give and Take

by kenjideath

Summary

Seth knows that if you give an alpha an inch, they'll take a mile. Kane wishes that Seth were either less hot or had a less terrible personality. Things turn out alright, anyway.

Notes

Originally written for the WWE Kink Meme, for the prompt found here:
http://wrestlingkink.dreamwidth.org/279.html?thread=119063#cmt119063

A couple of specifics about this universe:

1. For purposes of this story, heat suppressants work more like the pill – they regulate heats and make them less intense, as well as preventing pregnancy. So omegas still need to go into heat, but they know in advance when they’ll happen and can plan around them. Suppressants also make heats shorter and less intense, so that you only have to miss a day or two of work.

2. I’m using the A/B/O model where betas and alphas both have knots and are affected by omega pheromones, but alphas are more strongly affected and give off reciprocal pheromones that make the whole experience more intense. Basically, alphas and omegas together will completely lose themselves to their baser instincts, but betas can keep relatively cool heads.
3. I’m pretending that Kane has an actual office somewhere that isn’t just a backstage room with a monitor and a poster of Stephanie’s workout DVD in it. This is by far the wildest assumption made in this story.

4. The original premise of this story, which is “Seth is omega prom royalty and Kane spent his adolescence locked in the basement of a funeral parlor,” kind of got away from me, but we should still remember it because it is hilarious.

This is a lot of notes for what is essentially just a story about Seth getting extravagantly fucked, but here we are.

Kane was walking away from Triple H and Stephanie’s office, thinking about the card for the night, when Seth Rollins threw himself into his arms and said, “Do I smell like I’m going into heat to you?”

It sounded like a pick-up line, but Seth was completely business-like. Kane’s hands wavered at Seth’s sides, not sure where to land. As usual, Seth smelled mostly like J&J Security – they couldn’t completely hide Seth’s omega status but burying it under their soothing beta scents at least kept it off people’s minds. This close, with his face practically shoved into Seth’s hair, Kane could smell Seth himself. He smelled glorious, as usual – Kane’s hands dropped to grip Seth’s waist without him quite deciding to, holding the smaller figure closer to his own – and, very faint, there was the smell of oncoming preheat.

“Well,” Kane said. His voice was raspy, wrecked, like an omega had done him a bigger favor than just letting him sniff him. “A little bit. It shouldn’t hit full force for a few hours, at least.”

“Shit,” Seth said. He was already pulling away, moving the way Kane had come. “I’ve got to tell Stephanie and Triple H. Thanks, Kane!” And he was gone.

Seth’s match got moved up and Kane saw him leave before the show was over, J&J clinging even closer than usual, glaring at everyone they passed on the way out the door. Seth didn’t take notice of anyone. His eyes were already a little glazed and he was jittery, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“It’s ridiculous,” Randy said, watching them leave. “What are two betas going to do with a fine piece like that?” Kane didn’t respond. “Well, at least someone’s getting some use out him, right?”

Randy clapped him on the shoulder and walked away. Randy was, in all things, a dick, but he wasn’t wrong, necessarily. Kane arranged for him to be in a handicap match the next week, anyway.

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The first time Seth went into heat after joining the Authority, he showed up the next day drenched in Stephanie and Triple H’s scents, and they were even more proprietary toward him than usual. That appeared to have mostly been the alphas staking their claim. Since then, J&J had been handling it pretty exclusively. Of course, it was none of Kane’s business. Seth had always been on top of keeping his cycle regulated. It was reproductive system and he had it under control.

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A week after Seth won the Money in the Bank briefcase, Kane was trying to get some work done in his office when Seth strolled in, dressed in street clothes and hair still damp from the shower. He smelled very intensely like himself.

“I’m going into heat on Wednesday,” Seth said, casual as anything.

Kane cleared his throat. “Is there something wrong with J&J?” he asked.

Seth rolled his eyes. “Look, we don’t have to be coy about this. We’re on a team, you’ve helped me out, I’m just letting you know that if you want to fuck me, I’m game.” Seth’s expression showed that he had absolutely no doubt that Kane very much wanted to fuck him. Kane sincerely wished that he wasn’t right.

Do you fuck everyone you’re on a team with, Kane didn’t ask. People in other cities had known the Shield all fucked each other, and that was before Ambrose had embarked on the most public post-break up meltdown in history. Instead, he cleared his throat. “This is a busy week for the Authority,” he said. “I’ll drop by if I can find the time.”

Seth put his hands on his hips. “Really,” he said. “That’s how you’re going to play this?” When Kane didn’t respond, he snorted. “Alright,” Seth said. “I’ll tell Joey to let you in, if you can ‘find the time’.” He slammed the door on the way out the office.

Kane put his head down the desk and spent ten minutes doing breathing exercises until his erection went down.

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Here was the thing: Seth was spoiled, irritating, obnoxious and wouldn’t know his place if it choke slammed him through a table. He was a brat and a coward and he couldn’t seem to do anything without making Kane’s life harder.

He was also an impressive athlete with a better feel for this business than almost anyone else on the roster and Kane really, really wanted to fuck him. The fact that he smelled downright breedable didn’t help. It had been a serious concern when he was being hired – Vince hadn’t wanted to risk an incident but Hunter had argued that there was no real danger, now that policy was to have a separate omega locker room.

It wouldn’t even be a particularly big deal to say yes. All omegas needed heat companions and nobody could be dating all the time, so inviting a friend or a coworker over to help out was commonplace. It was just that Kane wasn’t the kind of person who got casually invited to help people through their heat. The thing about being the devil’s favorite demon and an alleged necrophiliac was that it didn’t make people that likely to trust you with something like their heat cycle.

It was just that Kane’s experience with helping an omega through their heat was, well. Just slightly better than non-existent, and Kane would set himself on fire before he ever let Seth Rollins know.

Showing up, Kane decided, would be too risky. Better to appear aloof, above it all, than to look like an idiot.

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Wednesday night found Kane knocking on Seth’s door anyway, of course, because when had Kane ever been good at doing what was best for himself? He couldn’t even properly reprimand himself for it, because he could already smell Seth in the midst of his heat and it was taking all of
Kane’s self-control to not start rubbing himself against the door.

Jamie cracked the door, then opened it all the way to let him in. “Joey’s with Seth now,” he explained, while Kane stumbled into the room, trying to appear less dazed than he was. Jamie closed the door after him and made sure it was locked. He was in his shirtsleeves and his belt was off, but it didn’t look like he’d had Seth yet. Kane had expected things to be well underway at this point, had held vague hopes that they would be too engrossed in the goings-on to notice if he made a fool out of himself.

Following Jamie into the bedroom killed these hopes, however. Joey was stripped down to his slacks and holding Seth on the bed, but this close Seth smelled unquestionably unbreeded. Seth was completely naked and covered in a thin sheen of sweat, sprawled out on top of the sheets, which were already soaked with slick. Kane had been hard since before he walked in the door and he could feel himself swell and twitch with want, but Seth’s cock was so hard and red that he winced at the sight of it.

Seth’s eyes were glazed and he was flushed a deep red, but he still managed to smirk when he realized Kane was there. “Well, well, well,” he rasped. “Found some time, huh?” While he was talking, one of Seth’s hands started drifting down, but Joey caught it and pinned it to the bed before he could touch himself. Seth whimpered and shoved his hips up onto nothing. “Fuck, Jamie, what time is it?” he asked.

“One more hour, boss,” Jamie answered. Seth groaned and spread his legs wide, presenting his wet pink hole. Kane didn’t realize he’d taken a step forward until he registered that Joey and Jamie had shoved themselves between him and Seth, teeth barred and hackles raised.

With great effort, Kane managed to ignore the part of his brain telling him that he could destroy Jamie easily and knot Seth immediately. He took a step back. J&J didn’t seem reassured by this gesture, but Seth just asked, “You good? Not going to snap on us?” Then again, Seth was probably too fried on hormones to be worried about much of anything right now.

Kane managed and nod and Seth said, “Okay, great. Joey, get back here and stroke my hair.” Joey complied, but didn’t stop glaring at Kane. Jamie didn’t move at all.

“Seth,” Kane said, trying hard to be reasonable. “You’re clearly deep in heat and you have three people willing to help you. What exactly are we waiting for?”

Seth moaned and arched his back. He tried to yank one of his arms away from Jamie, but Jamie didn’t budge. “Fuck,” Seth gasped out. “The longer I wait to start, the less time I spend getting fucked and the faster I’m back to 100% afterwards.” Jamie was still trying to block Kane’s view, but Seth was obviously spreading his legs as far as he could. “Fuuuuck,” Seth bit out. “I forgot how much worse this was with an alpha.”

Kane was reluctantly impressed. It took real commitment to be thinking about your career while this deep in heat. He was also more frustrated than he could ever remember being in his life. He had only been in the room for a few minutes, but he felt like he’d been hard for a year. Reaching down to palm the bulge in his slacks, he felt a wet spot – he’d already leaked enough to seep through. Kane didn’t think he could wait an hour.

Thankfully, it seemed Seth couldn’t either. “Oh fuck shit Jesus,” Seth said. “I can’t – I need one of you in me now, that’s an order.”

Kane was ripping off his clothes before Seth had even finished talking, but Jamie was ahead of him. “I’ve got it, Seth,” Jamie said, and then he fell to his knees and licked Seth’s needy rim.
Seth gasped and screamed and pressed back into Jamie’s face. Kane just sank down to the floor and watched, helpless to do anything but take himself in hand. At one point, Seth came untouched with a broken wail and Kane gripped his base so hard it almost hurt. After a while, Joey leaned down and offered Jamie his hand for a tag. They switched places, Joey dropping to his knees to eat Seth out while Jamie pinned his hands above his head. Kane hated Jamie’s accent, but hearing him whisper, “You can do it, Seth, we’ve got you – just wait a little longer – Joey’s tongue is filling you up, isn’t it?” into Seth’s ear while his face was still covered in Seth’s slick almost pushed him over the edge.

Finally, a cellphone on the bedside table went off. Kane stared at it dumbly, unable to comprehend what it meant, but Joey didn’t waste any time. He shoved his pants off and threw himself onto the bed, sliding between Seth’s thighs and pulling his legs over his shoulders with ease.

Seth hadn’t shut up the whole time, but the shaky wail he let out when Joey first slid in was exceptional. Kane shot off into his hand, coming with such force that he slammed his head into the wall behind him.

When he had recovered enough to start paying attention again, Joey was fucking Seth in earnest, while Seth rocked back as hard as he could. Seth was also panting out a constant stream of “please please please.” Kane reached for his cock again and winced, pulling his hand away. His erection hadn’t gone down after his orgasm, but it was still too sensitive to touch yet.

Seth came twice on Joey’s dick before Joey thrust in deep and stayed there, his whole face purple as he came deep in Seth’s body. From his angle, Kane could actually see Joey’s knot swell up inside of him, which wasn’t something Kane had ever thought about before but turned out to be unbelievably hot.

Jamie padded into the room - Kane hadn’t even noticed him leaving - with an armful of water bottles. He handed one to Joey and dumped the rest on the nightstand before sliding into bed next to Seth again. He propped Seth up as best he could and offered him a drink.

Seth was still deep in the ecstasy of the first knot of the night and more interested in letting out desperate moans than drinking, but Jamie cajoled him until he’d finished about a quarter of the bottle. “Gotta stay hydrated, Seth,” Jamie said, voice determined. He’d lost his pants at some point, when Kane wasn’t paying attention, and he was visibly hard and throbbing. In Kane’s admittedly limited experience, dehydration and malnourishment were just part of the heat experience. He had no idea where J&J were getting this self-control from.

When Joey’s knot finally deflated, and he rolled off of Seth to flop on the bed with the walleyed expression of a man who had seen Nirvana, Kane wasn’t surprised when Seth shoved Jamie down to take his place. For such a natural born omega, Seth had an alpha inclination for power plays. Kane was sure Seth would make him wait for as long as he could stand it.

Even though Seth was still clearly affected by Kane’s scent and couldn’t stop himself from taking frequent, longing glances at Kane’s exposed dick, which was notably bigger than what J&J brought to the table.

Well, Kane wasn’t going to be put in time out like a child, especially not by Seth goddamn Rollins. He stood up and started to strip out of clothes, making a point of ignoring the scene on the bed. When he was naked, Kane ambled to the nightstand and retrieved a water bottle for himself. He took a long drink, taking care to appear casual, as if he was unaware that his position meant that his cock was barely a foot from Seth’s face. The whole room was already so steeped in Seth’s scent that being closer could hardly make things worse for Kane, anyway.

Seth, however, couldn’t play it cool this deep in his heat. Jamie had set a pace of quick, shallow
thrusts that had Seth crying out on every downstroke, but Kane’s proximity caught Seth’s attention almost immediately. Seth turned his head to face Kane without seeming to realize he was doing it and let out a groan straight from his diaphragm at the sight. His mouth dropped open and he started to drift toward Kane’s cock, but Joey caught him gently and held him in place. Kane swallowed, pointedly, and Seth whimpered, eyes still glued to the alpha dick in the room.

“Seth? Do you want to let Kane have your mouth?” Jamie asked. He hitched Seth’s leg up higher on his shoulder and adjusted his angle enough to make Seth slam his eyes shut and scream.

It took Seth awhile to respond, him being distracted by digging his nails into Joey and wailing as Jamie gave his prostate the pounding of a lifetime, but once Seth had finished screaming his way through another orgasm and relaxed around Jamie’s knot, he gave the matter some consideration.

“I’m not going to suck you,” Seth said, staring at Kane’s cock and licking his lips, “but you can fuck me next.” Kane raised an eyebrow and gave himself a slow stroke. Seth bit his lip to try and muffle a moan, and Jamie let out a surprised shout, as if Seth had tightened around him unexpectedly.

Perhaps in revenge for Kane’s attitude, Seth took his sweet time getting ready for the next round. Joey tried to feed him a power bar and he took ages getting it down. Which, alright, might have the effects of his heat, but Seth followed that up by asking Jamie to stay in him until his knot had deflated all the way, instead of just pulling out once he could.

“Nooooo,” Seth moaned, “You feel so good, hold me open a little longer,” while Jamie puffed up with pride.

By the time Jamie was allowed to collapse and Seth stretched out on the bed, sighing as come from two different men dribbled out of his ass, Kane had had enough. Anyone could smell that Seth was desperate to be dominated, that his body was crying out to be knotted and filled by the most powerful alpha in the room. When Seth wriggled in the wet mess he was laying in and said, “Go for it, Kane. Unless you’ve lost interest?” Kane didn’t waste any time. He grabbed Seth and hoisted him up, letting the wall support his back. J&J struggled to get up, but Kane ignored them. He wrapped Seth’s legs around his waist, with Seth’s minimal cooperation, but that was due to heat-induced coordination problems more than a lack of enthusiasm. Seth started wildly thrusting against Kane’s stomach as soon as he was in range.

Kane lined his long neglected cock up against Seth’s hole, and his vision tinted red. Fuck, Seth was so wet. He was already trying to press down on it, but Kane held him in place, forcing Seth to clench desperately against his tip. It was a pointless gesture, equally torturous to both of them, but, hell that was this whole night, wasn’t it?

“Oh God, fuck, fuck me, please, fuck me,” Seth gasped out and Kane thrust in.

It was incredible. Seth was so tight but so, so slick, and already stretched from taking two knots. Kane got most of the way in on the first thrust and Seth wailed, a high pitched sound of pure bliss. Kane worked himself the rest of the way in with small, strong thrusts, spurred on by Seth’s fingernails sinking into his back.

“Oh God, oh God,” Seth panted out. He was trying to press down onto Kane’s cock, but he was too out of it to do more than writhe mindlessly. Kane finally pressed all the way in, felt his balls slap against Seth’s ass, and he had to just lean forward and bite. Seth started shooting off at the first brush of teeth and the way he instinctively tightened around Kane made Kane’s teeth grip even harder.

Kane help Seth in place with his teeth while he started to thrust. He drove Seth up the wall over
and over and Seth screamed for it, begged for more with his pretty mouth and his grasping hands and his clenching, dripping hole. “Oh my god,” Seth groaned, “So, fuck, so big, I – I need – Oh!” Kane let go of Seth’s neck to shift Seth and, yes, that angle was better, fuck, yes.

Seth screamed and Kane felt come splatter on his stomach. Kane went in for a kiss and ended up licking Seth’s mouth. There was blood on the corner of his lip, probably from biting it in the throes of pleasure. Kane relished the tang of iron.

Fuck, how could someone so annoying be so good? Seth was so tight and so hot and – and – Kane thrust in as deep as he could and felt his knot swell up, stretching Seth’s already well-fucked ass even farther. Seth dug his fingernails into Kane’s shoulders and the shock of pain stayed with him as he had the best orgasm of his life, seemingly endless strong spurts of come ripping through him into Seth’s eager ass.

When Kane’s ears stopped ringing and he could think clearly again, he was half slumped against the wall, bending Seth nearly in half. Now that the urge to rut had diminished, Kane was aware that his back was killing him and it was a miracle he hadn’t dropped Seth on his head. Seth, thankfully, hadn’t noticed how close Kane was to collapsing; his pupils were completely blown and he was whimpering almost constantly. His inner muscles kept fluttering around Kane’s knot in a way that threatened to send him straight back into rut.

Kane took most of Seth’s weight again and stumbled to the bed, collapsing on his back with Seth on top of him. J&J were there in an instant, swarming over Seth to make sure he was all right. Jamie kept shooting Kane heated glares, but the day Kane gave a shit what Jamie Noble had to say to him was the day he retired.

Kane let his eyes fall closed. He’d forgotten how good it felt to knot, how right it was… how exhausting.

Seth clamped down extra tight and whined his way through another orgasm. Kane couldn’t help but buck up against him, which earned a strangled shout and another stripe of come on his chest. His brain was already fogging over with lust again.

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Kane knotted Seth a couple more times before his heat broke. J&J made it clear that his help was not necessary anymore, so Kane gave himself a cursory wipe down and threw his clothes back on. As he left, they were helping Seth stumble, mostly asleep, into a hot bath.

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Seth always had the day after a heat off, but he usually showed up anyway. This week was no exception; Seth strolled into Kane’s office without knocking, as per usual. Kane gritted his teeth and didn’t look up from the expense report Stardust had filled out, trying to claim thirty lbs. of glitter – which he called “Mars sand” – as a necessary business expense. The last thing he needed right now was Seth gloating over having done him the favor of letting him get laid. Now that he wasn’t in a pheromone-induced stupor, Kane was aware that he’d made a fool of himself. An experienced alpha would never have let Seth call the shots like that or waited for his turn behind two betas. Seth would be getting mileage out of his poor performance for months.

“So,” Seth said. “You’re, you know, pretty spry for an older fellow.”

Kane wrote NOT APPROVED on the form. “I try to keep in shape,” he said.

Seth nodded and rolled his shoulders. He couldn’t seem to stay still. If Kane didn’t know any
“Better, he’d say that Seth looked almost – nervous?

“Yeah, I, uh, I noticed. You’ve definitely kept your core strength, although you could probably stand to work on your – that’s not important.” There was a pause, during which Kane refused to look up from his paperwork. Finally, Seth huffed out a loud breath. “Look,” he said. “I don’t get what’s supposed to be so great about spending heats with alphas. I’ve never liked it. They get out of control, you can’t tell them anything, and then afterwards they get all attached, like letting them knot you a few times means you owe them something. So what if they smell better and their dicks are bigger? If I’m going to be out of my mind on pheromones, I don’t want to be around someone else who can’t control themselves, you know?”

Kane signed a form so hard he ripped through the paper. “I’ll be sure to take your criticisms under review,” he said. He crumpled up the form and dropped it into the wastepaper basket.

Seth said, “What? Look, what I’m trying to say is, you can swing by next month. If you can find the time, I mean.” Which sounded like Seth mocking him, but also sounded like, well. Like Seth wanted him to come by.

Seth didn’t like fucking alphas, but he was offering to let Kane fuck him again.

Kane put the cap back on his pen and put it back in its place, even though he wasn’t done working yet. He cleared his throat. “I’ll think about it,” he said.

Seth looked relieved. “You do that, big guy,” he said. “Alright, back to work. I’ll see you on Monday.” Seth turned on his heel and walked, too quickly to look natural, out the door.

Kane didn’t say, “You’re welcome.” He didn’t need to rub it in. This time, he felt like he could say that he and Seth had both won.

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