

Center of His World

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/69032591) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/69032591>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	late presenting omega , dual gender omega , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omegaverse , Growling , First Time , award for silliest fic title goes to...
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-08-11 Words: 2,437 Chapters: 1/1

Center of His World

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Shane didn't know he was an omega when he walked into Ilya Rozanov's hotel room

Notes

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

Shane had never been so aroused. Ilya's scent was intoxicating, deeply masculine with the mineral scents of snow and ice, also sweet accent notes that he wanted to chase. He was painfully hard. When Ilya pushed him toward the bed, he became painfully aware of how much he was sweating. His underwear felt wet.

Ilya paused and took in his scent. Shane felt very self conscious about this. Ilya's alpha status was well known. As a beta, Shane wouldn't be able to satisfy him like an omega could. He knew that such thinking was often considered regressive, but facts were facts, the vast majority of alphas preferred omegas as partners and mates if they could get one.

Ilya groaned in response to his scent and said something softly in Russian. Shane didn't know what he said, but he could read his tone, that groan. Whatever Shane's scent was, Ilya was into it. Shane had showered thoroughly before coming over, so he knew there were no lingering scents of food or other people on him. He used unscented bath products because he hated how strong everything else smelled, which happened to be what alphas and omegas also used. There was no perfume claiming to mimic a coastal breeze or hidden waterfall clinging to his skin. He just smelled like himself.

Ilya took another deep breath and grabbed Shane's hips and rocked hard against them. Yeah, Ilya was into his scent. That this was really happening, he was in Ilya's hotel room and about to have sex with a guy for the first time, hit Shane. He could do this. He was just not going to mention the whole first time thing.

Shane felt like he was drowning in pleasure. His few attempts at sex before this had never felt so good. If he was honest with himself, they hadn't felt good at all.

He was still clothed and his ability to think was unraveling, pleasure like molten gold in his veins. Ilya's desire, no that wasn't quite the word, Ilya's open lust for him made Shane feel like he'd just won a tournament. The adrenaline, excitement and validation that came from winning, this was not all that different. He didn't know it would be like this. Ilya teased and joked a little, but wasn't playing games with him or making him feel off-balance. Ilya's directness made him feel wanted, powerful.

Ilya reach down and cupped Shane's dick, still trapped in his jeans. His long fingers reached between his legs and pushed up sharply right where Shane felt so strangely wet. "You want this, you are sure?" He pushed a little harder at that spot when he said 'this'.

"Please, yes, god..." Did he sound like he was begging? He certainly sounded desperate.

Ilya laughed, a deep, rich sound and said "Hollander, you are full of surprises. So sweet."

"Please..."

"Don't worry, pretty boy. I will give you what you need."

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya and took deep breaths of that amazing scent. He'd been a ball of anxiety before knocking on Ilya's door, but every moment since than Ilya had just

made him feel more secure. The way Ilya treated him felt so good.

Ilya held him for a few moments before saying, “You need to let go if you want me to undress. You want to feel my skin, yes? Your chest against mine? Better than buttons digging in?”

“Yes, please, fuck...” Shane was desperate to feel Ilya’s body pressed against his. He was so aroused that his body felt strange, nerves sparking behind his balls, it was almost like he was swollen there, too.

Ilya stepped back and quickly shed everything. Shane watched for a moment, then Ilya gave him a look and suddenly he was throwing his shirt away, throwing all the annoying, suddenly rough, cotton away from his skin.

Before he could throw himself at Ilya again, Ilya held out a hand and cupped his jaw, thumb running over Shane’s lower lip. “Must be clear, you want me to fuck you, yes?”

“Yes, fuck me.”

That was all Ilya needed. Ilya pulled him close and Shane pressed himself into his chest, sunk his fingers deep into his hair and let him stay there, just feeling so much skin against so much skin. Shane pressed the palms of his hands into Ilya’s back. He could feel Ilya’s large cock against his stomach. It felt huge. Why the hell did he choose a fucking alpha to be the first to fuck him? He knew why, he felt closer to Ilya than anyone. He found a lot of guys hot, but he could only be so at ease and able to sink into pleasure with Ilya.

Ilya pulled Shane on the bed with him. Shane cooperated with Ilya pushing and pulling at him, trusting he knew what he was doing. Ilya certainly had a reputation. He’d probably done this dozens of times, if not more. Maybe if Shane just went along with everything his own lack of experience would be less obvious. Then Ilya was over him, both of their dicks in his broad hand, stroking them just a bit, mostly squeezing them together. Shane trembled. The feeling of Ilya’s giant cock next to his was so good. He desperately needed something, it was like his mind couldn’t quite figure out the shape of his own need, still, feeling their cocks pressed together was satisfying somehow. Ilya started to roll his hips so he cock slid against Shane’s. Shane whimpered. This time when he trembled his legs twitched apart.

“Opening up for me?” Ilya said. Instantly Shane spread his legs wider and Ilya settled between them, still playing with their cocks. Ilya laughed. “You want me so bad.”

Shane kept himself from saying yes, but just barely. He was about to reach out and grab Ilya’s arms, just to feel even more of his skin, but then Ilya pulled back and flipped him.

“You want so bad, is better like this when you want so bad?”

Shane didn’t know, but he just nodded, not wanting to do anything that would slow things down. He wanted that giant cock inside him.

Ilya’s fingers pressed against him, then two thick, blunt fingers pressed in. Shane cried out in pleasure and pushed back. He felt like he was melting. His senses were a little confused, but

he felt so good and Ilya was so confident, that he ignored that sense of things being in the wrong place. Shane wasn't trying to chase scraps of pleasure for once, he felt amazing. There was a fear deep inside him that he'd never feel this good, and that fear was melting away in the heat of Ilya's breath on his neck. He tried not to think about anything, just let himself sink into this feelings as Ilya fingered him.

"A little tight, but you can take it, yes?" The smug pleasure in Ilya's voice made Shane grind against the sheets. Then Ilya grabbed his hips. "No, none of that yet. Not until I am inside of you."

The head of Ilya's cock felt huge. Ilya pressed in and Shane felt a pain, but good pain, like from pushing himself during a workout. His body slowly stretched like it was reshaping himself to Ilya. Again, that sense that the pressure was in the wrong place, that the angle was wrong surfaced in his mind, but then Ilya growled. It was the deep, rough growl of an alpha and it did something to Shane. He felt something in him release, like muscles deep inside him relaxed. The growl continued, because of course Ilya could keep it going while breathing in and out. The sound felt good, soothing and exciting at once. He knew omegas had a unique response to alpha growls and he wished he was an omega. He wanted to know what that was like, but also, how could this growl feel any better?

Shane felt his body stretch and burn in the best ways as Ilya pressed in steadily. He could feel his thighs tremble in response. The pain cleared his head for a moment. Ilya hadn't used lube. Ilya wasn't fucking his ass he was... wait... Shane's brain tried to fit the pieces together, but then Ilya just said it.

"Omega. Fucking Hollander is a fucking omega. You give yourself to me, you give this secret to me. Fuck."

Just then Ilya had made in all the way in, into an opening Shane didn't even know he had. He'd heard of omegas presenting during sex, but he was way past presenting age, right? Had his body really presented while he'd been in Ilya's arms, breathing in his scent, feeling like it was soaking into him? Oh god, he had. He'd breathed Ilya in deeply and his body had just opened up. Shane could feel Ilya's balls and thick body hair press into him. Then Ilya lay on him, letting his body adjust to the exact size and shape of Ilya's cock. Ilya started growling again and Shane's mind was gone. He felt his body give and shift, then Ilya drew out and pressed back in, then again, and again.

Ilya fucked him hard while Shane smelled his scent everywhere. Ilya leaned forward and Shane felt his breath on his neck. Ilya was taking in his scent as he thrust in, his omega scent. Ilya had smelled it on him during that first embrace.

"So good, you take me so good. I feel like I could even knot you, make you take that, too."

"Do it, knot me." Shane wanted it all. After years of trying to find a way to force pleasure, running after ghosts of it, he wanted it all. He didn't want a half experience of being fucked by an alpha, he wanted to feel everything.

"You are sure? I am very big."

“Yes.”

“You aren’t even in heat.”

“Give it to me.”

“Demanding little omega.”

Ilya grabbed his hips to lift them a little so he could stroke Shane. As soon as Ilya had stopped talking that blissful growl was back, louder this time. Shane knew what was happening, he was about to be knotted by Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya slammed into him again and again. His knot grew as he got close and instead of keeping it out of Shane, he pushed all the way in each time, letting the knot pull at him, making sure he felt how it was growing bigger. Then Ilya slammed in hard just as Shane’s orgasm crashed down on him. His body spasmed around Ilya, and the knot flared to full size inside him. The knot was huge, painful. Ilya ground his hips and Shane felt new sparks of pleasure as the knot pressed down into him. Everything was a confusing mess of pleasure heightened by pain, and feeling overwhelmed by Ilya, his scent, his sound, his strong hands gripping him so tight.

Shane let himself be lost in sensation. Everything felt right. Ilya panted on top of him, body relaxed so his full weight was on Shane. He was floating and also anchored, his body literally tied to Ilya’s.

Then, the knot began to ease. He made a high pitched sound as Ilya pulled out. Right after, Ilya’s fingers pushed in and pressed into his sorest spots.

“Good, wasn’t too rough. Fuck, you are perfect. You took me so damn good Hollander.” Then Ilya smacked his ass with a hand half covered in his slick. “Want shower?”

Shane did want a shower. He also wanted to lay here because Ilya’s seed was inside him. He also wanted to tackle Ilya so he could hold him for hours. His brain was barely working, but he decided to go with his policy of going along with things and went to the shower. As he walked, he could feel a wet slide on his legs. After he closed the door, he ran a hand on his inner thigh and saw a mix of slick and come.

He quickly got into the shower and let his love of being clean and tidy carry him through. Part of him wanted to stay smelling like Ilya, like his come, but that part could shut up for now. As he stood under the spray he spread his legs and there it was, an opening where there had been none just a few hours ago. He cleaned himself very thoroughly. Since he was newly presented, he wouldn’t go into heat for a bit. How long? He wasn’t sure. He never thought that information would be relevant to him. His brain started making lists of things he needed to do, plans to make, supplies to buy. Suppressants, fuck, he was going to need those.

Shane walked back into the room to see Ilya looked blissful and debauched, hair even messier than normal.

“Thank you, Hollander. That was a very unexpected gift.”

Shane blushed. “You were really good, best I’ve had.” That was certainly true.

Ilya grinned. “Need the best again, Hollander, you know where to find me.”

Shane pulled on his clothes. Fuck, Ilya was already such a huge part of his life. They’d barely ever spoken, but he still knew Ilya well enough to trust him with his first time. He’d just had no idea how that first time was going to go. Ilya hadn’t known he was being trusted with his virginal ass, but instead he must think he’d been trusted with Shane being secretly an omega. Now that he’d had this experience with Ilya, knew him a little more, accidentally shared a secret, Shane was going to be even more obsessed with Ilya. If Ilya hadn’t already been the center of his world, he was now.

He’d tried to breath shallowly while he got dressed, but now Ilya was in the bathroom taking his own shower. He indulged in one deep breath, and then grabbed Ilya’s shirt and took another. Fuck, why was it so good? He didn’t know what to do now that Ilya meant even more to him. As good as the scent was, it was the Ilya himself that he couldn’t get enough of. They were still at the start of their careers. Were they going to circle each other closer and closer until they couldn’t get any closer? Would Ilya become his alpha, mate him? Fuck. Shane hoped so. For now, Shane had to get back to his own room. He had his own career and body to deal with if he wanted to stay on this collision course towards Ilya Rozanov.

End Notes

I posted then orphaned this work so I could put it out there without it being on my account. I will be checking back regularly, so if anyone wants to leave a comment I will see it and appreciate it!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!