

**don't touch, that's the rush**

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# don't touch, that's the rush

by [starblushed](#)

## Summary

*He liked it when Rozanov held him down, more than he would ever admit, liked those big hands around his waist, around his wrists, pressing on his back so his chest would lie flat on the bed and his back would arch to give Rozanov the perfect angle to take him apart. He liked it when Rozanov held him tightly and kissed him gently, he liked it when Rozanov looked at him like he was the only thing in the world.*

Omegaverse Ilya and Shane try something new in bed, with unexpected consequences.

## Notes

Hello everyone, I have decided to dip my foot into omegaverse for the first time. I have a lot of thoughts on this trope, so sorry if this is not 100% traditional. Somewhat based on personal experience (as much as something like this can be) so might not apply to everyone. Please read content warnings!

### ► Content Warnings

Title comes from [HARD](#) by FKA Twigs.

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

When Rozanov pulled out the fuzzy white handcuffs, Shane's heartbeat caught in his throat.

His first thought was *absolutely not*. Everyone expected omegas to be submissive, to want to be held down and used and taken care of by a perfect, strong alpha. Shane wanted to fight against those stereotypes, he *had* been fighting against those stereotypes, for his whole life. Being one of maybe ten omegas total professionally playing hockey, being the only omega captain of a hockey team ever, had already positioned him as "not like other omegas", as stupid as that was.

Any omega was just as capable as any alpha or beta. Shane's secondary gender wasn't anything special – his hard work and dedication and skill was what made him the best.

Omega discrimination was mostly a thing of the past, but professional sports was one of the last avenues clinging to a pro-alpha dynasty. It was hard enough to break into any sport, let alone as an omega in hockey. Even if Shane was as good as he was ten years ago, it was beyond unlikely he'd even end up playing professionally, let alone ever thinking of being a team captain.

Things were changing, slowly. But alphas were alphas, and Shane had heard enough teasing jabs about an "omega's place" or whatever bullheaded idiocy alphas could use their tiny brains to think of. As much of an asshole as Rozanov was, he was one of the ones who was never an asshole about gender – Shane wouldn't have given him the time of day if Rozanov had shown even an inkling of it. He hadn't ever been overly fetishizing or creepy with Shane, he didn't see Shane as an omega first and a person second. Shane trusted him enough to know that. In fact, their rivalry being taken seriously by both Rozanov and the media was affirming. It didn't matter that Shane was an omega – he was going to be the best hockey player in the world, omega or not. He could compete with anyone, regardless of gender, and he would win.

So, yeah, maybe he hated omega stereotypes, especially ones about omegas having to submit to any alpha who gave them a hint of attention. But he didn't think Rozanov had brought the handcuffs because Shane was an omega. Maybe he brought them because Shane was *Shane*, and sometimes he understood the appeal of it, of the idea of being held down, of having his body restrained and having his mind float free. Rozanov must have noticed it, they'd been doing this *thing* for long enough for him to pick up on it. Shane didn't always have the desire for that flying, mindless feeling during sex, for giving in, but today...

Today had been hard, and Rozanov always got Shane out of his head in the best way. It was what Shane had secretly been craving when he got that text tonight, and he didn't even have to ask for it. Rozanov was just going to give it to him – not because they were omega and alpha, but because they were Hollander and Rozanov.

"Yes," Shane said, anticipation hot coursing through his veins.

He liked it when Rozanov held him down, more than he would ever admit, liked those big hands around his waist, around his wrists, pressing on his back so his chest would lie flat on the bed and his back would arch to give Rozanov the perfect angle to take him apart. He liked

it when Rozanov held him tightly and kissed him gently, he liked it when Rozanov looked at him like he was the only thing in the world. Rozanov had started talking, but Shane was already giddy and barely able to think, stumbling out of his clothes and folding them carefully, hands trembling in excitement and nervousness as his mind spun at the thought of those gleaming silver handcuffs.

“Get on the bed,” Rozanov said, voice low, deep enough to get Shane slicking up. Shane was powerless to do anything but listen, lying down, lifting his arms above his head. Rozanov’s lips turned up in the little smile that was reserved for whenever Shane listened to him. A part of Shane hated how much he craved those smiles, but tonight, all he wanted was for Rozanov to take him out of his spiralling thoughts and fill him up with pleasure.

“Good,” Rozanov whispered. Reached up, looming above him, his gold cross necklace dangling down just out of reach. *Good*. Shane had been good. His mind went quiet in sweet satisfaction, in the simple joy of being good for Rozanov. He smiled back as Rozanov’s nostrils flared. They both always took suppressants and wore patches to conceal every trace of their scents, even during sex, but that couldn’t take away the scent of Shane’s slick.

He hated how proud he was that Rozanov really, obviously, loved the scent of his slick.

And Shane liked Rozanov’s scent, too. The patches could only do so much when they were soaked with sweat, and Rozanov always smelled so good, like woodsmoke and molten, pure desire. Shane craved it like breathing. It was overwhelming, almost everyone Shane interacted with kept their scents at bay, but no one had him as close as Rozanov had him.

The handcuffs had soft white fuzz on them, protecting the thin skin of his wrists from the harsh bite of the metal. As soon as Rozanov encircled one of his wrists in the handcuffs, Shane’s head went blissfully blank.

“You okay?” Rozanov asked, running a finger down Shane’s cheekbone.

“Mhm.”

As Rozanov slid the chain between the slats of the headboard and put the other cuff on, Shane struggled to tune into what he was saying, “Keys are on the bedside table. You can tell me if you want to stop, anytime, okay? Just say stop, I will open the handcuffs.”

“Okay.”

Shane didn’t want to stop. He really, really didn’t want to stop, especially as Rozanov ducked his face down into his favourite spot on Shane’s throat to trail soft kisses over the skin of his neck, a few scant inches from his mating gland. The first time Rozanov had gotten too close to it, Shane had snarled so fiercely that he had actually startled the usually unflappable alpha. From then on, Shane didn’t even have to say anything. Rozanov respected the boundary like it was etched on his body

He loved touching Rozanov. Loved his soft chest and perfect ass and strong thighs, loved running his fingers over the other man’s body, but there was something so freeing about having his hands restrained, about not being allowed to do anything but float free in the

blissful safety of Rozanov's hands on him. Rozanov had him. He could do anything, be anything he wanted. He was safe.

Shane felt like his skin was on fire, his spine already arching from pleasure. He was always so sensitive, falling into pleasure under Rozanov's hands and lips, but this was so much more than he had ever experienced before. Rozanov's mouth drifted lower, over his chest, down his stomach. He was going slow, slower than he had before, almost reverently pressing kisses to Shane's body. It felt good, sweet and emotional, Shane wanted to pull him up and kiss him, but he couldn't.

He couldn't, he could only do what Rozanov wanted from him. Some nights, that would piss him off and frustrate him in a bad way – but some nights were like tonight, where his thoughts were louder than his mind, where he just wanted to slow down to a stop, where he wanted to give his body over to someone who would take care of him, who could make all the choices, who would just make it easy for him to exist – not as Shane Hollander, prodigal omega and team captain of Montreal with all his responsibilities and expectations, but just as Shane.

He hadn't found anyone who could help him reach that state of euphoria except for Ilya Rozanov.

“Still okay?”

Shane blinked, eyes darting to where Rozanov was lying between his parted legs, hands on his thighs.

“Good,” Shane whispered. It was getting harder and harder to talk, his brain covered in cotton, as if he was out of his body and watching as a spectator.

Rozanov's mouth sliding down over his cock was – *ecstatic*. Shane knew his cock was big for an omega's, but Rozanov didn't seem to mind at all (Rozanov was quite a bit bigger, anyway). He was always so, so good with his mouth, when he was taking Shane all the way down to the base, when he was drawing it out or making it fast and sloppy, when he let Shane fuck his face until his throat was hoarse, when he held Shane down and made him just take it, like right now. Shane couldn't do anything but stare at Rozanov, beautiful even with his lips stretched around his cock, and surrender to the overwhelming, incandescent pleasure. Rozanov held his hips down, and his hands were tied, he couldn't even bury his hands in Rozanov's curls. Shane couldn't do anything but take it.

He kind of loved it when Rozanov forced him to just take the pleasure. No guilt, no second thoughts, no omega stereotypes – Rozanov wanted Shane to feel good, so Shane would feel good. That's it. All Shane had to do was be good for Rozanov.

It was freeing. Shane spent pretty much every moment of his life overthinking and hyperaware, it was beyond precious to have a place besides the hockey rink where he could sink into himself and just exist.

“You okay?”

“I’m good. You?”

“Perfect,” Rozanov whispered as he pulled Shane’s hips up, running a warm finger over his slick, wet hole, teasing him as if he wasn’t dripping for it already. Shane whined, he wanted it faster, pulling at the restraints as Rozanov slowly pressed a finger inside him. He wanted to be fucked. He wanted Rozanov’s mouth back on him, he wanted to hold him, he wanted –

His wrists ached. He wanted to be closer. Wasn’t he being good? Why wasn’t Rozanov fucking him? The floating feeling was disappearing, slipping through his fingertips. It felt like he was falling, instead, untethered. His chest was freezing cold and empty, like someone had scooped out his lungs and left a cavernous void inside of him.

He just needed to touch. Rozanov always made him feel better, lust-warm skin grounding and settling. He tugged at the restraints. He could barely smell him anymore.

He couldn’t touch?

Was he too needy? Did Rozanov tie him up because he didn’t want Shane to touch him?

Panic clawed at his throat. He couldn’t breathe. Something was wrong. He tugged harder at the restraints, but they didn’t budge. He was weak. He couldn’t – he was trapped. He was stuck. He was alone, he was going to choke, he couldn’t breathe.

What did he do wrong? Why was Rozanov leaving him? Shane couldn’t smell him, couldn’t feel him.

Shane wanted out, he didn’t – he didn’t want to – “Stop.”

“Hollander?”

“Rozan – Ilya,” Shane tried to say, his wrists aching, “Stop, stop, take them off, I want – stop –”

Ilya lunged off of the bed, and Shane *sobbed, no, don’t leave me, please don’t leave me I’m sorry I’m sorry please* –

“Taking them off. We’re done, I’m not leaving. Here,” Ilya reached for his wrists, and Shane jerked away, pain stinging and dripping down his veins. “Shane. I’m taking them off. You’re okay, I’m not leaving. We’re all done.” Ilya trapped Shane’s hand in his, twisting the keys in the lock. At the click, Shane wrapped his hand loosely around his throat, feeling his pulse, counting his breaths, as if could hold himself together by sheer force of will.

Fuck. He couldn’t think. It was hard to breathe again. He felt disgusting, he felt wrong. Bad. Broken. Scraped raw and open, vulnerable and aching and lonely and revolting. He wanted to curl up and cry until he dissolved into nothingness. He wanted to curl up and hide in Ilya’s arms.

“Ilya,” he said, quietly, *please*. Ilya would make it better. Ilya always made it better.

“Shane, I’m here. I’m here.” Ilya put a careful hand on Shane’s arm. “I’m here. I am not leaving.”

*He wasn’t leaving.* The horrible, aching emptiness in his chest grew a bit warmer, a bit more manageable. He could breathe, Ilya’s scent faint in the air. He was okay. Shane just wanted to be closer, shifting over to rest his head on Ilya’s thigh, his mind shuttering sweetly silent again at the feeling of warm skin under his cheek. “Ilya.”

He was vaguely aware of Ilya carefully moving them around, until Shane’s head was pillowed against Ilya’s chest, warm arms around him, his aching wrists carefully placed on Ilya’s stomach, gentle fingertips carding through the sweaty, tangled mess of his hair. He burrowed deeper into Ilya’s chest, catching the barest hint of woodsmoke. He breathed in deeply. Ilya was here, Shane could feel it, Shane could smell it.

“Shane, do you want me to...” Ilya tapped on the scent patch on his neck. “I can remove. Might help.”

Shane swallowed. He felt so weak, needing an alpha’s scent to feel better, but there was no judgement in Rozanov’s eyes, just bone-deep concern. He nodded.

Ilya ripped the scent patch off of himself as if it was burning him. Shane breathed in deeply as his scent expanded, filling the air with the rich, woody smell. He dragged himself further up Ilya’s body to put his nose in Ilya’s neck, breathing in the calming alpha scent from up close. He smelled so good. Shane was safe now. Everything would be okay.

Slowly, as if Ilya’s scent was a cure, the horrible aching feeling in his chest abated, shrinking down until it was a pit in his stomach – painful but manageable. Each touch of Ilya’s strong hands on his back, each gentle kiss on his forehead, each breath of that intoxicating alpha scent, was like a balm for his frayed nerves. Ilya smelled like safety and warmth and affection.

He didn’t want to talk. He would happily spend forever like this, held safe and close. Ilya had him. It was all okay now.

“Sorry,” Shane whispered. “Don’t know what happened.”

“Don’t apologize” Ilya said back, voice equally soft. “You are...feeling better?”

“A little.”

“You want some food? Water? A shower?”

All Shane really wanted to do was fall asleep in Ilya’s arms for a week, but a snack sounded nice. “Food.”

“Alright,” Ilya somehow managed to stand up while lifting Shane in his arms, not separating them for even a second. Shane’s legs wrapped around Ilya’s waist, as the alpha reached for a discarded sweater and slid it over Shane’s head. It was soft and just a bit too big, a white knit

material that almost felt like a warm hug. Shane was immediately obsessed with it. The scent was perfect, soothing and warm.

“Come,” Ilya didn’t really give Shane a choice as he lifted him up, Shane’s arms wrapping around Ilya’s shoulders on instinct alone. The first time Ilya had done this was to carry Shane to bed – it was unbearably attractive that Ilya could just pick him up and move him where he wanted. He hadn’t ever done it outside of sex, and Shane didn’t know if he would usually like it, but in this fuzzy headspace where everything felt like it was made of dreams, he liked it. Liked being held close, knowing Ilya would never drop him or let him fall, knowing he was safe and taken care of.

It was so different from how things usually were, when Shane had to always be *on*, juggling being Team Captain and a perfect omega and winning and hockey and sponsorships and the media and fame and making his family proud and and *and* –

But here, in this room, in this moment, with this man, Shane could let all the thoughts and anxieties in his head go. He could rest. He could just let himself exist without overthinking every moment, because Ilya was okay with him just the way he was – Ilya maybe even *liked* him just the way he was. He didn’t have to be Shane Hollander, one of the best young hockey players of his generation, a role model for omegas everywhere. He could just be Shane, and he was cherished for it.

“You want to take yours off, too?” Ilya nodded to the scent patch on Shane’s neck as he set him down on the kitchen island.

Shane hadn’t ever taken his scent patches off in front of anyone who wasn’t a doctor or his parents. He liked having it off when he was alone in his apartment or his cottage, but it was different here, with Ilya. “I might smell...bad,” he said in a quiet voice.

He meant that he might smell like an omega in distress, and upset Ilya. Even an omega stranger’s distress would set an alpha’s protective instincts haywire, and Shane really didn’t want to disturb the fragile peace, even if the patch was scratchy against his sensitive skin. He did feel a bit better, but not all the way good yet, and taking off the patch might help, but...

“You could never smell bad,” Ilya reassured him. “Don’t have to. Your neck is red. It hurts?”

Shane shrugged, reaching for his neck and roughly tugging the patch off without overthinking it, letting it fall to the floor. Just as he expected, his usual peach scent still smelled almost rotten with shame and guilt and sadness. Ilya let out a distressed sob at the scent, pulling Shane into his arms as if he couldn’t help it.

“I’m okay,” Shane whispered, heart shattering into pieces at the swell of Ilya’s scent as a response. He thought back to what he had read and heard about alphas liking, running his hand through Ilya’s hair, trying to provide that same reassurance back. “You did a good job. I’m safe. You took care of me. I’m okay.”

Ilya took a few deep breaths, as if trying to smell the sweetness beneath the rotten fruit scent. Shane closed his eyes, trying to focus on anything to calm his scent down. His eyes caught on Ilya’s hand on his bare thigh, holding him firmly but not too tightly. Even at his basest

instincts, Ilya had never shown even an inkling of wanting to possess or overpower Shane. Any hint of dominance was a sign of Ilya's care, his reverence. Shane had never been safer.

In his most hopeless of dreams, shrouded by the cover of the moon and deniability, Shane knew that Ilya Rozanov was exactly the type of alpha he would choose. An alpha who treated him as a person, not just an omega, but still took care to be respectful and considerate of his omega traits. An alpha who pushed him and challenged him to be his best on the rink but held him safely and carefully when they were alone. An alpha who was everything he could ever want.

Ilya looked up at him as his scent returned to its usual soft sweetness, the wildness in his eyes settling a bit as the distressed undertones faded from Shane's scent. "Okay?" he checked, cautiously.

"Okay," Shane confirmed, pressing a kiss to Ilya's nose. Ilya blinked in confusion. *Cute*. He tried to appeal to that alpha instinct to provide, to bring back that softer atmosphere. "Snack?"

Ilya stepped out of Shane's hold, opening up the fridge. "Yes. I have peach, and ginger ale. Can also order anything you want."

Peach. Ilya really was sweet under all that posturing. Shane had always known it, but this was even sweeter than he had thought. "That sounds good," he reached out for the peach. Ilya batted his hand away gently, washing the fruit under the sink and grabbing a knife, expertly slicing two peaches and putting it all into a bowl, except for once slice that he held up to Shane's mouth.

Shane cut him a look, but it was endearing in its own alpha way, so he leaned forward and took a bite out of the offered fruit. A burst of pride crossed Ilya's scent, and Shane hid a little grin. Ilya didn't even bother to hide his smile as Shane ate out of his hand, feeding him all of the peaches and even opening up the can of ginger ale for him, not letting Shane lift a finger. It left Shane feeling even more relaxed and calm, and probably soothed Ilya's instincts as well, like a positive feedback loop.

He could take care of his alpha, too.

Shane teasingly bit at Ilya's finger on the last bite of peach, and Ilya's eyes blew wide open, scent leaking a tiny bit of arousal. Shane grinned at him as he sucked the last hint of sweetness off of Ilya's fingertips. He didn't have it in him for more sex, but the arousal was distant, passive. It felt more like a kiss than anything.

"Bed? I'm a bit tired," Shane asked.

Ilya nodded, scooping Shane back up into his arms and carrying him back to the bedroom, settling them back down with Shane pressed against Ilya's side again. It was comfortable, but Shane wanted to look at him. He shifted until he was on top of Ilya, looking down at the slightly startled alpha.

"Kiss?" Shane asked, and of course Ilya gave him that, too.

They had never really kissed just to kiss before, always as a leadup to sex, and Shane was missing out. Ilya was such a good kisser, present and teasing but letting Shane do as he pleased, his hands firm on Shane's waist, not dipping below his hips even as both of their scents bled hazy, distant arousal. Shane could barely pull away from Ilya's mouth to breathe, he tasted so good, like peaches and warmth. One of his hands slid to Shane's back, holding him firmly, securely, the weight of it like an anchor into Shane's soul. He gently, slowly, tipped them around, eyes on Shane the whole time, until Shane was on his back and Ilya was on top.

"Is this okay?" he asked, voice hushed.

Shane nodded, hands sliding to Ilya's hair and tugging gently on the golden strands, fitting their mouths back together as his legs parted to accommodate for the alpha's presence. He smelled addictive, woodsmoke and peach mixing together into an intoxicating combination. Shane wanted to bottle it up and breathe it in for the rest of his days.

*If they were mated, they would both smell like this.*

Shane pushed the thought away before it could infiltrate his consciousness, biting down gently on Ilya's lip. Ilya's hands tightened just slightly on his waist, even as Shane brought his thighs up to press against Ilya's hips. The sweater was long enough to keep a barrier between their cocks, but his legs were bare, and the press of inner thighs to hipbones was perfection. The kisses were slow, lazy, as if they had all the time in the world.

Shane wanted to stay here forever, wrapped up in Ilya's arms in Ilya's den, safe and warm and happy. For once, the thought of it didn't terrify him.

As Ilya pressed a kiss to his nose, Shane yawned. "Am I boring you?" Ilya teased him without even a hint of malice, almost looking *besotted*. Shane's heart raced. It could be the endorphins and the rush of the night, but it felt like more than that.

"Tired," Shane said, instead of choosing to look deeper into it. "Long day."

Ilya's expression grew sober. "We can talk tomorrow. Sleep."

Shane nodded, letting Ilya pull him back to their original side-by-side positions, with Shane's head on Ilya's shoulder, pressed right up against his scent gland. He smelled so lovely, the barest hint of stress covered by satisfaction and affection. He was happy, Shane had made him happy. "Thank you for taking care of me, alpha," Shane whispered, as he drifted off.

"I'll always take care of you," he heard, low and sweet like a vow, before he fell asleep.

## End Notes

Hello and thank you for reading! Please let me know if you enjoyed the fic, if there is interest I have a couple of ideas in my head in this universe (probably more fluff or smut). Please be kind, my first time writing omegaverse and I am a bit nervous to post :)

Come talk to me on [twitter \(18+\)](#).

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