

Please Me (Baby)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75581361) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75581361>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Svetlana Vetrova , Anya Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Omega!Shane , Alpha!Ilya , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Scenting , Scent Kink , Light Dom/sub , Eventual Smut , will add more tags in later chapters , Grad School AU , Roommates , Everyone is Gen Z , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Rimming , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Multiple Orgasms , Dirty Talk
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Completed: 2025-12-21 Words: 13,105 Chapters: 3/3

Please Me (Baby)

by [dreamersreality](#)

Summary

Shane didn't tell his parents until the lease was already signed.

"Oh, by the way," he said, shoving a spearing of carbonara into his mouth, "the guy I'm rooming with is an alpha."

Yuna was scrolling through Facebook, so it took a moment for her to register what Shane had said. His father, however, furrowed his brows and frowned.

"What?" David leaned forward, hand reaching toward his son as if to pull him off a cliff. "Why in the world would you room with an alpha?"

Yuna's eyes darted up. "What?"

David repeated, "He just said he's—"

"Rooming with an alpha, yes, I heard." Yuna unceremoniously dropped her phone on the table. She made a quick scan of the restaurant before speaking, as if worried someone would overhear that her unmated omega son had agreed to live alone with an alpha. Shane loved his parents, he did. He loved having an alpha mother and a beta father, and he knew they adored him back. But it didn't change the fact that they sometimes let their biases seep through.

"That's not safe, Shane."

////

Shane meets his scent-kryptonite in the form of Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

Saw people on twitter asking for omega Shane and decided I needed to do my part. This is my first time writing omegaverse even though I've consumed it for a very long time, so be kind to me. Heated Rivalry has currently taken over my life so I'm pretty confident I can finish this fic even though it's ongoing. I have the next two chapters planned out.

If there's a hollanov fic you really want to read, drop it in the comments and if it intrigues me/seems doable I will write it and gift it to you.

Smut will happen in chapter 3 but chapter 2 will still get some non-penetrative stuff.

Chapter 1

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"That's not safe, Shane."

He sighed. "I just upped my blockers. Literally no one knows I'm an omega until I tell them. *He* doesn't know."

His father looked close to passing out. "Please don't tell me you're trying to pass as a beta."

"I'm not trying to pass as anything. I just didn't put any info about my second gen on my post, and he apparently didn't care to ask what I was." A privilege Shane could never afford.

Yuna tapped her manicured fingers against the table and shook her head. "Just because he's not currently aware of you being an omega doesn't mean he can't still pose a threat. Alphas attack medicated, beta-passing omegas all the time. If he so much as gets a *whiff* on your head—"

"Mom." Shane rolled his eyes. "I'm twenty-three. I think I understand by now how alphas work. I'm not safe if I'm on blockers. I'm not safe off blockers. Yeah, whatever, but I'm gonna have to rub elbows with alphas for the next three years and you think I'm somehow more at risk living with one?"

Yuna stared at him like he was crazy. "Yes! Yes, I do."

"All it takes is one partnered assignment gone wrong or I make a friend with an alpha who seems too nice to be good just to prove they are too nice to be good. So, if I'm fucked either way, I'm gonna choose to live with an alpha because he's the only person not looking for an

apartment in Beacon Hill or Back Bay or whatever expensive ass neighborhood they can find in Boston. And he's the only one that seems like he won't drive me crazy."

Yuna's mouth crumpled in the way it did whenever she was trying very hard not to say something hurtful. It only slightly mitigated whatever she had been planning to say, because knowing his mother thought him so incapable of taking care of himself was enough to make his eyes sting with tears. He tore his eyes away from his parents to stare out the window.

His father's voice reached him in a carefully-pitched tone. "Shane...I—you're right. You're an adult now. You don't need our permission to do anything. We just worry, you know?"

"Yeah," Yuna murmured. Then she sighed. "Shane, look at me."

He suddenly felt five again, admonished for doing something stupid, and he couldn't help but obey. He faced his mother, took in her defeated expression, and did his best not to let his eyes well up more.

"I want to meet him when you move in," she said. "I know you can't always tell the bad apples from the good ones, but it'll make me feel a lot better if I can get a read on him. School is going to demand so much from you and you don't need to be stressing over a crazy alpha roommate as well."

"If that happens I can just break the lease."

She shook her head. "Right. Is he mated at least?"

He swallowed. "I don't think so? He doesn't have a visible mark, and he's only a first-semester grad student like me." Ilya hadn't mentioned having a partner on his Harvard community post. In fact, he hadn't mentioned much about his personal life at all (he made note to never let this slip to his mother). Shane had found Ilya's post about a month ago when he'd been in the thick of his roommate hunt. His preference had been omegas, but too many of the ones he came across on the online community were wealthy legacies with pictures of themselves on yachts, touring countries they probably had no business being in, and generally having very off-putting vibes. Ilya Rozanov's first picture had been of him hugging his dog, Anya, at the beach. As well as images of him at bars with friends, eating out, and playing numerous sports. He appeared as normal as an alpha could get. And he promised he wouldn't be a loud roommate.

Shane had reached out first and had been even more excited to learn Ilya had been looking at the same apartment complex where rent would be \$1,400 for them each. He'd had a zoom call with him, met up with him in person at a coffee shop when he had come to tour the campus, and had even held Anya while Ilya had run into a corner shop to buy cigarettes. He was a bit of a character, to say the least (the first thing Ilya had done when they had spoken over zoom was make fun of his solar system tapestry—"oh, you are a, how do they say, a *nerd*, aren't you?" he'd said in his thick, Russian accent), but he'd also had a surprisingly soft scent for an alpha.

Shane had already done everything he could to make sure Ilya Rozanov wasn't fucking insane.

“Fine.” Yuna picked up her fork to stab at her salad. “I’m a cool mom. I’m fine with my baby living with an alpha I’ve never met before.”

Shane rolled his eyes but picked up his fork, too, pleased his mother had decided to not put up the fight he knew had taken everything within her to bury. All that mattered was getting through his astrophysics program and eventually landing a spot in proper academia. He would eventually forget he ever shared space with an alpha.

Shane wouldn’t say he regretted moving in with Ilya, and he certainly didn’t plan to leave any time soon; he just hated to admit you really didn’t know what it was like to live with someone until you were, like, *actually* living with them.

Ilya was the exact roommate he’d *promised* Shane he would be. He avoided watching TV in the living room when Shane was pulling all-nighters. He rarely left dishes in the sink for more than a couple hours. He followed the chore chart Yuna had bought and stuck onto their fridge (during their initial meeting, Yuna had fired so many probing questions at Ilya that Shane had nearly melted at the second-hand embarrassment). He let Shane know days ahead of time whenever he was inviting friends over, which he always saved for the weekends. And he had even agreed to slowly easing Shane into living with a dog by letting Anya stay with his friend, Svetlana, on-and-off for the first three weeks they had lived together. Svetlana was apparently the dog’s “maternal godmother.” Whatever the fuck that meant.

But about a month in, Shane began to notice other habits Ilya hadn’t expressed he had in his community post. First, he was home quite often. Shane had thought Ilya was a social butterfly based on his pictures, but Ilya rarely left the apartment except for going to class, the gym, or Svetlana’s rented townhouse. And when he was at home, he enjoyed taking laboriously long naps on the couch, arguing on the phone for hours on end in Russian (when Shane would complain, Ilya would just move to the balcony where his voice became a muted, angry buzzing), and eating enough take out to require whoever was on trash duty to empty it at least twice a week.

There technically wasn’t anything *wrong* with the way Ilya lived, it just really fucking clashed with Shane’s routines. He had asked Ilya if he wanted any of the baked chicken and brussel sprouts he’d made one night, and the man had looked at him like he’d called his mother a whore. He’d then proceeded to DoorDash enough Taco Bell to feed a small family. Shane had a personal aversion to the scent of most fast food, and he’d bristled in his room for the rest of the night.

Ilya also seemed to never study. He claimed to be getting a Master’s in anthropology, but Shane was sure that meant actually doing homework. Which he swore he never saw Ilya do. While Shane was long past the days where he thought every non-STEM field was a waste of time and money (his sixty-seven in his Gen-Ed literature class had effectively humbled him), it irritated him to no end whenever he would come out of his room after studying for four hours straight to find both Ilya and Anya snoring on the couch.

Then...there was the fucking.

It had only happened a few times in the two months they had been living together, but each incident stayed with Shane after for days. Ilya had asked Shane back when they had still been messaging online if it was okay to “have sex at the apartment.” Shane had been so frazzled by the blunt questioning that he’d immediately sent a *no problem!* in response. He wasn’t a prude, he’d told himself, and he could always throw on his noise-canceling headphones if they ever got loud.

The problem was Shane never did put on his headphones. Ilya clearly tried to schedule his escapades for the weekends Shane would go back to Ottawa, based on the singular time he’d ran into one of his hookups leaving the apartment the same moment he was arriving, but Shane would still find himself freezing while tracing through a chapter for the second time, a sigh or a gasp or a smothered whimper making its way through the wall between his and Ilya’s bedrooms. They weren’t *loud*. Shane never heard more than the faint creaking of the bed, muffled moans, and a couple words.

The reason the fucking had become so much of an issue for Shane personally was because of two things that happened before and after the fucking:

Before, if this was a night Shane was at home and not at the library, the front door would squeal open and shut, and voices would slip through the crack under his door. He hadn’t yet told Ilya that the positioning of his room with the vents meant he could hear everything happening in the living area and kitchen like there was a speaker broadcasting it on his dresser.

The first time, a woman had giggled as the soft smacking of their lips had echoed into Shane’s room. Ilya’s voice had followed after, deep and curled in a way that had made Shane’s stomach flip in on itself, “Tell me what you want.”

He didn’t remember what the woman had said, but he’d remembered what Ilya had replied with.

“Hm. Only if you’re good.”

She’d giggled.

There was another time the noise had stalled by the door, like they were pressed up against the wall, and there was barely more than a ruffle until there was a sharp intake of breath and an, “Oh, god.”

It was a little intoxicating hearing Ilya be so earnest about something when he usually could only get a grumble or half-baked quip from him.

After the fucking, Ilya’s scent always changed. It went from being a faint, almost baby powdery scent (which was the sweetest he’d ever caught off an alpha, and maybe sometimes Shane lingered beside him in the kitchen longer than he needed to) to a thick, clogging waft of honey and pine. Shane hated it. He hated how much he wanted to melt into Ilya whenever he passed him in the hall. Sometimes he would catch a phantom breeze of it, and he would spend the next thirty minutes trying not to think about it.

Shane didn't really have a sex life. Which he was fine with; he certainly didn't have time to look for a mate. He wasn't sure if he even wanted to get married with how much time he would have to spend in labs and auditoriums in the future. But something about Ilya's scent made him want to gather as much of the man's clothing and burrow into it. When Shane nearly missed a zoom meeting because he'd been thinking about the moles that dotted Ilya's back, he decided enough was enough.

"Is there anywhere else you could meet people besides the apartment?"

Shane was making dinner Saturday night in the kitchen. He glanced over the counter to catch Ilya's expression, who was reclined on the couch with his feet propped up on the coffee table. Anya was curled at his side and the TV was playing some awful reality dating show Ilya had unfortunately become obsessed with.

Ilya blinked at him. "You don't want my friends here?"

"No, I mean..." Shane sighed, returning his gaze to the potatoes he was mashing, suddenly unable to meet the other man's gaze. He had to go about this the right way. He didn't want Ilya to know exactly why him having sex at the apartment disarmed him so much. "Like the hookups. Is this the only place you feel comfortable meeting them or can you go to, like, their place or something?"

There was silence for a stretch of time before Ilya hummed contemplatively. "It makes you uncomfortable?"

"No! I'm an adult."

"That is good to know because I thought you were child."

Shane found the courage to lift his gaze again just so he could roll his eyes. Ilya's mouth twitched in a barely-there smile. Then, Shane blurted, "Your scent just gets really distracting after."

Ilya raised an elegant brow. "Why would my scent be distracting? Are you not beta?"

Shane froze. "Well...no."

Ilya's eyebrow rose even higher. "You're omega?"

"Maybe."

"...You are maybe omega."

Shane dropped the masher into the bowl and brought a hand up to thread through his hair. "Okay, yeah I'm an omega. If that's a problem—"

"No problem." Ilya's face fell into something almost stern in its sincerity. "If bringing people here makes you uncomfortable I will stop."

Now Shane felt bad. "It's not—it's not the *people*."

It's you.

“What is it, Shane?” Ilya let his feet fall onto the floor and leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees.

“It's your smell. It's...”

“Distracting?” Ilya gave him a one-sided smirk.

Shane flushed, and instead of doing something to smother his embarrassment, he said, “I'm thinking about the way you smell when I should be studying, so yeah it's distracting.”

Ilya looked like he stopped breathing for a second. He opened his mouth, closed it, then opened it again to let out a barely audible, “Oh.”

Shane felt his face grow warm. He was probably beet red. “You know what, forget I even said anything.” He went back to making his dinner, trying not to be obvious with how he was straining to hear what Ilya was doing in the living room. There was only the shouting from the TV at first, which meant Ilya was still staring at him, before the couch groaned as Ilya shifted into a different position. Anya let out a little yip.

Instead of eating at the table squished between the kitchen and the couch, Shane took his food to his room and didn't leave to wash the dishes until Ilya had wandered into his own room.

By some miracle, Ilya never brought up the subject again. Not even to tease him. The only evidence that Ilya even remembered that Shane had revealed he was totally-not-totally obsessed with his scent was that he stopped hooking up with people at the apartment. Which meant that he was finally starting to spend more time out. And whenever he did return from these meetings, Shane could tell he'd used some sort of scent neutralizing soap. The expensive kind, because Ilya always smelled stripped in a way that bothered him.

Thanksgiving and Christmas went by, and before Shane knew it, second semester was upon them. Classes grew twice as hard, a shift that seemed to have occurred with Ilya too. Instead of finding the man lounging whenever he went out into the living space, Shane would catch Ilya sitting on the floor before the couch with notes spread out over the coffee table. Anya grew dissatisfied with Ilya's preoccupation and took up bothering Shane in his room whenever he forgot to close the door. He'd always considered himself a cat person. Dogs were needy and slobbery and smelly. But sometimes Anya would whine and stare up at him with those huge eyes of hers and he was suddenly unable to deny her anything. He kept a small container of treats in his closet, which he would give to her when she was being good and polite (not trying to jump onto his desk while he was ten pages into a paper). Despite not caring for his own nutrition, Ilya was very strict when it came to Anya's, so Shane always made sure to double check before dropping something very not-healthy into the dog's mouth.

Shane did not respond whenever Ilya grumbled about Anya spending so much time in his room.

A month into the second semester, Shane himself had forgotten about the whole scent incident. Yes, he still caught himself breathing deeper around his roommate. Yes, he sometimes had dreams about Ilya that were certainly not platonic in tone. And, yes, he had an unseemly fixation on the alpha's moles. But Shane convinced himself this was all a matter of him liking Ilya's scent. It wasn't unheard of for omegas to get crushes on alphas they weren't even friendly with because of their scent. In early civilizations, scenting was how people found preferred mates. It was only in modern history that people began to look past that because, you know, it was probably best not to marry someone just because their smell made your knees buckle.

But this all came to a head when Shane entered a stress heat on a fucking Sunday afternoon.

Shane had gotten them more often when he'd first presented—a side effect of his nervous nature. His mother had told him over lunch one day when he was still in undergrad that he was a touch more anxious than the average person and should maybe consider talking to a psychologist. Shane had brushed it off as yet another omegan trait alphas thought needed to be monitored and controlled (preferably with medication) until he caught himself washing his hands exactly three times before every final and decided that he might actually have a problem.

His prescription for Prozac had reduced the number of stress beats he got to almost zero, but sometimes the right factors could push him into one.

He was hunched over his desk, going over his research proposal draft when a wave of heat rolled through him. Anya perked up from where she was curled beside his desk chair to bump her snout into his side.

He groaned, burying his face into his hands.

Shane waited another minute to see if it would happen again. He absolutely could not afford to have a stress heat right now. His presentation was tomorrow afternoon and if he let the heat ride out on its own, it wouldn't finish until tomorrow evening at the earliest. When he'd still been in high school, Shane's solution had always been rolling himself into his parents' duvet and letting their combined scents calm him. But they were seven hours away.

When his body pulsed with heat again, Anya yipped before sprinting out of Shane's room. There was barking in the living room, Ilya shushing the dog before the clatter of nails brought the two of them to Shane's door.

Shane was taking deep breaths, trying to push off the heat with sheer will.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asked. He stepped further into the room before pausing. "Are you—"

"It's not a real one," Shane answered before Ilya could finish his question, as if saying the word out loud would give his body the last bit of power it needed to completely wreck his day. "I had it over winter break. This is just a stress one."

"Oh." Another step. "My mother used to have those."

“Hm.”

“Is there anything I can do for you?”

Shane couldn't help the laugh that slipped out of him. He knew exactly what Ilya could do, but asking for it would cross the line he'd drawn months ago. “It's fine, Ilya. I'll...”

He would what? If Shane didn't find some way to calm himself down, he would be doing this presentation in the throes of a stress heat. Not as debilitating as his quarterly ones, but enough that it would certainly dampen his performance. And embarrass him.

Shane dug his fingers into his hair before raising his head to look at Ilya, who was standing about a foot away from his desk. Ilya straightened when their eyes met, something very earnest and worried in the way he searched Shane's face.

Shane bit his lip. “Could I...have something from your bed? Just for an hour or so.”

He didn't know what he'd expected. A laugh. A sneer. Maybe discomfort. What Shane suggested was intimate. It was common for omegas to soothe themselves with items from family members and loved ones, but Ilya was neither. He was just his roommate.

Yet Shane knew without a doubt Ilya's scent would be just as efficient in staving off his stress heat as much as his parents' would have.

Ilya didn't even say anything before he immediately turned on his heel and walked across the hall to his room. Anya hovered in the doorway, unsure if she wanted to follow Ilya or stay with Shane. Ilya was back in a second, though, armed with three separate blankets.

“The thin blanket is what touches me most, but the duvet will help insulate. Here.”

Shane leaned forward and let Ilya drape him in the sheets. His heart was pounding. Throughout the months they had lived together, Shane had wanted to get closer, to bury his nose into the source and take his time cataloguing what exactly about Ilya's scent was so good. Now, he was completely and utterly surrounded by Ilya. Baby powder wasn't the proper way to describe it. There was a note of something warmer, like the spiced vanilla candles his mother liked to light around the house. It drew him in like a tide, lulling and soothing, so different from the overbearing and dominant scents of the alphas he was surrounded by during labs.

He wrapped the sheets tighter around himself and let out a very small whine.

“Is okay?” Ilya said from somewhere above him. Shane felt like he was floating.

“Mm-hmm.”

“I will get you something to eat.”

When Ilya left the room, Shane fought the urge to reach for him. He melted against his chair, swaddling himself in warmth and in Ilya until he was jostled out of sleep by ceramic hitting

wood. Ilya was placing a cup of steaming tea beside his now dark laptop. He set a plate of beignets beside it.

Shane blinked at the table, then up at Ilya. “Did you go to Donut House?” The cafe was close but not a short walk either.

“You like their dessert,” Ilya offered as explanation. He nudged the plate closer to Shane. “Eat. It is much better than black bean brownie.”

Shane swallowed the quip he wanted to throw back at him. Baking black bean brownies every now and then was a good way to still get some fiber in with dessert. He wanted to tell him the majority of people did not eat enough fiber, but he already knew Ilya’s response would either be a blank stare or “I eat real chocolate and still shit every day.”

He instead poked out an arm from his cocoon to bring a beignet to his mouth. It was still warm, the layer of powdered sugar like a thick swath of snow. He bit into it, careful not to breathe out his nose to prevent the sugar from getting all over his laptop. Sweet and flaky, just how he liked it.

When he looked up, Ilya was staring down at him with an intensity that startled him.

“Oh,” Shane said, “I should Venmo you.”

Ilya blinked and the expression crumbled away. “No. On me. The sugar will make you less grouchy.”

Shane would have gotten offended if any other alpha had said it, but Ilya’s tone was so light all he could do was roll his eyes. “Right.”

“Call me if you need anything else. Anya will keep you company.” Before he left, Ilya threw a smile at him over his shoulder. “Try not to give her too many treats. She is getting spoiled.”

Shane balked at him as he walked out the door. Right after Ilya disappeared, he shouted, “I’m not the one that gets her pedicures once a month!”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Lol i wrote the majority of this tonight. Hope to publish the last chapter within a week!

Ilya tried two times to bring the matter up but chickened out each time. It was only when they were both sitting on the couch, feet up on the coffee table with Anya sleeping between them that he said, “What are you doing for break?”

Shane drew his eyes away from the TV slowly. It had been his choice of movie, and he had put on one of those comic book-to-movie adaptations Ilya didn’t really care for but loved to watch Shane ramble about. He’d seen this one four times, he’d told Ilya, and yet it was still hard to pull him away from his fifth watch. “Spring break?”

“No, autumn break. Yes, the break that’s five days away.”

Shane didn’t appreciate his sarcasm if the glare he got was anything to go by. The splash of freckles across his nose shrunk as he scrunched it like a cat. “I’m not really doing anything. I’m probably just gonna rot in my parents house for the entire week.”

“Well,” Ilya cleared his throat, “would you like to rot somewhere else?”

Shane stared at him. “What?”

“Svetlana has this beach house—”

“Of course she does.”

“—in the Hamptons. It’s not really the proper weather for it, but it’s nice having a nice, big house to ourselves. And then we like to go to bars and restaurants. I know you most likely want to see your parents, too, but if you wanted something fun to do you could spend a couple days with us.” Ilya would order a Crumbl cookie as a reward for suggesting this without making it obvious he’d been ruminating about it for days.

Shane pursed his lips. “Who else is gonna be there?”

Ilya pointed between them. “Well, Anya, of course.”

“Of course.” Shane shook his head.

“Svetlana, our friends Rose, Ryan, Troy, his boyfriend Harris, and Wyatt. They are very nice.” Ilya liked to think he had a good group of friends. He had met all of them except for

Svetlana during his undergrad at Boston University. But everyone had spread out after graduation and he so rarely got to see them.

Shane contemplated for a second before asking, “Can Hayden come?”

Ilya’s first instinct was to say *fuck no*, but if he wanted to spend more time with the omega apart from the weekly movies on the couch he would have to make some sacrifices. Annoying beta friends or not. Hayden had come to their apartment a few times to work on research with Shane, and during every one of those occurrences he had glared at Ilya like he was some sort of deviant.

“You really don’t have to live with this guy,” Ilya had overheard Hayden whispering to Shane in the kitchen. He must’ve thought he was asleep on the couch. Or, perhaps Hayden had known he was awake and wanted him to hear. Asshole. “My roommate is dropping out and he wants to sublease. You could come stay with me.”

“You pay nineteen hundred for your apartment,” Shane had fired back casually. “No, thank you.”

The conversation had ended there, but Ilya had since wondered if he had ever made Shane uncomfortable. His mind went back to a few weeks ago when Shane had gotten that stress heat. Shane *should* have been too overwhelmed to notice, but Ilya had been struck when he’d caught scent of Shane for the first time. He’d thought Shane had been a beta for the longest time. Whatever blocker he was using had to be strong, because even standard blockers didn’t completely dampen an omega’s scent. Shane had smelled like nothing for so long that when his natural pheromones did present itself, Ilya was...

Awestruck?

Hypnotized?

Tempted?

Horried, most likely, because he had not stopped thinking about Shane since then.

“Sure,” Ilya said. “Being your beta friend.”

“Hayden,” Shane said firmly. “We can come for the first half of the week and then I’ll go back to Ottawa for the rest of break. It’ll be easier that way.”

“Okay. I will ask Svetlana to put Hayden in the attic.”

Shane laughed but cut himself off halfway, glaring at Ilya like it was his fault he did so.

“Why do you hate him so much?”

“He hated me first.”

“He doesn’t hate you—well.” Shane avoided his eyes by looking back at the TV. “He just worries too much.”

“Do you think he’s right to?”

Shane glanced at him again, confused. “Huh?”

“To worry. Are you still okay living with me?”

The confusion lingered on Shane’s face some more before a sort of delayed dawning fell on him. He flinched, blushed, and stuttered all at once. “What the hell do I need to be okay about? I knew you were an alpha before I even signed the lease! And you’re...nice. I trust you.”

Ilya would die. “Okay.”

“This is when we went to a Megan the Stallion concert.” Svetlana tilted her phone so Shane could see better.

“Megan the Stallion is a person?” Shane gawked at the photo. Ilya, Svetlana, Troy, and Harris had gone to a Megan concert two summers ago. Or rather, a festival that they kept referring to as her own concert. Ilya was in the middle with Svetlana on his shoulders. Her hands were clenched in his curls as she laughed. Ilya was laughing, too, with wide, panicked eyes because they were all very drunk and Svetlana was threatening to fall off. Troy and Harris flanked his sides, smiling perfectly at the camera while he struggled to keep his best friend from going face first into the grass.

Svetlana stared at Shane from her place across the kitchen island. “What the hell did you think she was?”

“A horse?”

Everyone stopped what they were doing in the kitchen to look at Shane. Ilya was already sitting at the barstool beside him, so he covered his smile with a curved finger.

“I mean,” Shane tried to explain, “I’m not really on social media so whenever I heard of the name, I thought people were talking about a horse. You know, because there are lots of animals with TikToks and stuff.”

“*Right, right.*” Hayden nodded his head emphatically. “That makes sense.”

“Why would they name a *stallion* Megan?” Harris transferred a batch of pancakes onto a plate, giving Shane a teasing look over his shoulder. The beta had a knack for making everyone think he was their best friend, and it must’ve been why Shane wasn’t currently bristling with embarrassment.

“Maybe this is gender queer horse,” Ilya cut in. “They have those.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Svetlana, what about the video you were talking about? The one of Ilya at the haunted house?”

Svetlana brightened and began flipping through her phone’s album.

Ilya groaned. “It’s not even that funny. And it was when I was a freshman. I don’t get scared by that stuff anymore.”

“He means he’s gotten better at hiding it.” Svetlana stuck her tongue out at Ilya while sliding her phone across the counter to Shane. Ilya was unfortunately in the perfect position to watch the video as Shane did.

It was their entire circle from college, along with some others from their orientation group they’d lost contact with later in the year. Ilya had somehow found himself in front of the group, and when he’d turned to beg for a replacement line leader, a man with a chainsaw had jumped out of a bush. The sound alone had him sprinting down the path in seconds. In the video, his screams faded into the distance as he escaped with the actor on his heels.

“I don’t know anyone who wouldn’t run when someone chases them with chainsaw.” Ilya kissed his teeth, but kept a close eye on Shane’s reaction.

He was surprised when Shane didn’t burst into laughter, and was even more surprised that he was disappointed to not hear it. Shane had a small smile on his face as he let the video play for a second time. “You guys must’ve had a lot of fun in college.” He glanced up at Ilya then, and Ilya realized the question had been trained toward him only.

Ilya shrugged. “It’s college.”

“But I feel like I don’t see you do that sort of stuff now.”

“Too busy.”

Shane looked like he was going to say more, but Harris tapped two spatulas together and announced, “Food’s ready,” as if everyone wasn’t already in the kitchen and could tell the food was done.

As they ate, Rose read aloud the itinerary she and Svetlana had made. They would go to the beach after breakfast, mess around, then they would come home to clean up before heading out to bar-hop. Halfway through, an alarm on Shane’s phone rang and he left the room. Ilya was throwing treats in the air for Anya to catch when Shane came back, face sheet white.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya asked. Everyone paused at the sound of his voice.

Shane blinked like he had just realized where his feet had taken him. “Uh, I forgot my blockers.”

A couple concerned looks were shared. Wyatt looked shocked, which made Ilya remember he hadn’t had a chance to tell him Shane was an omega.

“There’s a bunch of convenience stores in town,” Svetlana offered. “I can take you in my car if you want?”

“I can’t use over-the-counter stuff because the side effects are way worse for me. And I can’t go back and forth with them and prescription blockers anyway.” Shane looked less horrified and more angry now, frowning at himself as he returned to his seat beside Ilya.

The only omegas in their company were Svetlana and Rose, but neither of them used blockers. When her first suggestion proved to be of no use, Svetlana glanced desperately at Rose—who bit at her nail—then Ilya.

“Do you need to go to the hospital?” Ilya leaned in to ask Shane. He embarrassingly didn’t know much about the use of blockers. His mother had never used them, and such topics were things most omegas didn’t like discussing with non-omegas. How long could Shane go without a pill? Would it make him go into heat?

Shane stared at him for several moments before giving him a bashful smile. “Sorry, it’s not that big of a deal. My scent just always comes back stronger if I forget to take my blocker. So, it’s embarrassing.”

Ilya blinked. “Oh.”

“Yeah, sorry guys.” Shane waved a hand as if to disperse the worry they’d all caught at his reaction.

Assured Shane was okay and not actively dying, everyone got back to their food. But Ilya found himself stealing looks at Shane.

Shane’s blocker stopped working some time after noon when they were still at the beach. Ilya had finished racing with Troy and was now lounging on one of the beach chairs beside Svetlana. He wasn’t sure when he fell asleep, but his body jerked him awake at some point while the sun beamed down at him. It was still cold in the Hamptons, but Ilya thought it strangely soothing to sit before the ocean in sweatpants and a hoodie. He rubbed the crust out of his eye and lazily watched a few of the others make their way back from a walk along the coast (Anya trotted behind them happily) until he realized what had woken him.

Svetlana and Shane were engrossed in conversation. Shane sat on the arm of Svetlana’s chair closest to Ilya, his back to him.

His scent was not only completely unmasked, it was as if someone had placed a fan in front of Shane; the sweet notes of citrus and something distinctly floral billowing right into Ilya’s face. He swallowed and turned away from them.

“*Bella’s* is pretty chill,” Svetlana said. There was a tapping sound as she pressed on her phone screen. “See? Lots of booths you can stay in if you get overwhelmed. Good food. The owners are also super strict about harassment so if an alpha tries to do something, we can always grab a bouncer and they’ll throw them right out. Most of the places I go to are super friendly so don’t worry. And if you stick with me and Rose our scents will help mask yours a bit.”

Ilya hadn’t considered how other people would react, but now the thought of some strange alpha bearing down on Shane sent a dizzying wave of protectiveness through him. The primal sort that was utterly inappropriate for their relationship. Shane was his roommate. He’d told Ilya he *trusted* him. There was no reason for Ilya to have obsessed over Shane’s stress heat scent as long as he had. There was no reason for him to be struggling now, wave after wave of Shane’s intoxicating scent passing over him.

Shane hadn't been kidding when he said not taking his blocker made his scent come back stronger. It was as if the universe itself was trying to entice him. He subtly brought his hand up to scratch his nose, then kept it there as a shield.

God. He smelled so *good*.

"Or." Svetlana's voice shocked him. "You could ask Ilya or Ryan or Wyatt to stick by you when we go out. That way other alphas won't even want to come up to you."

When Shane turned to look at him, his presence heightened like a switch had been turned up. It took everything within him not to get up and leave.

"Is that okay?" Shane asked. His eyes crossed Ilya's face, and a flicker of self-consciousness lit up on his own. If Ilya said no, he would ask Ryan or Wyatt. And while Ryan, for one, was happily engaged to his boyfriend, Fabian, Ilya didn't think he could watch someone else shelter Shane when he was perfectly capable of doing it himself.

"Yes, of course," Ilya said.

Surely it couldn't get any worse than this.

Thirty minutes into their stop at Bella's, Ilya was nursing a rum and coke at a booth. He was squeezed between Shane and the wall while Ryan and Hayden sat across from them. The three were engaged in a passionate conversation about the correct order to watch the Marvel movies. Ilya chimed in now and then with a dig about how nerdy they all were (he took pleasure in the way Shane flushed each time), but mostly he did his best not to hyperfixate on Shane's scent. He felt as if he was in a sauna, except instead of the oppressive heat, Shane's pheromones were a tangible matter that clung to the air like steam, that weighed down on Ilya's shoulders, on his mind, and on his heart. He wouldn't ever be normal about this. Ever.

He only felt more ridiculous when he noticed how little Hayden and Ryan seemed to care. Hayden, of course, was a beta and wouldn't notice the change in Shane. Ryan wasn't sharing a mark with Fabian yet, but he was so enamored with the man Ilya sometimes wondered if the alpha could even *smell* omegas that weren't his partner.

No, Ilya was the only one at their table trying not to freak the fuck out.

"But, like, you can skip the first two Thor movies," Hayden said. He was drawing an invisible diagram on the sticky resin finish. "They honestly don't add much to the experience. The third does a good job at laying out the history and everything so you still understand the stakes."

Shane shook his head. His ginger ale was barely touched from how much he'd been arguing. It seemed the more riled up he got, the more intense his scent became. Which was probably why Ilya hadn't spoken up in the past five minutes. "You miss out on all the context, though. You won't fully understand Thor and Loki's relationship if you skip the first two. You're thinking about it as someone who already watched them. New people need that context."

“To be honest, I think I truly liked only five Marvel movies,” Ryan said. He was on his third drink and still completely sober. Perks of being a million feet tall. “Everything else is, like, a casual watch just to keep up with the storyline. So, I wouldn’t mind a skip or two.”

Shane looked disappointed to hear this from Ryan as if he expected Ryan to share his reasoning.

Hayden took offense. “Are you saying we don’t care about the lore? I *love* Marvel. I just fucking hate the first two Thor movies.”

“Yeah, and I hate them, too!” Shane waved his hands for emphasis. “But I’m still glad I got a complete understanding of Thor and Loki’s character arcs even if the first two sucked. And it’s because the first two were so bad that I’m able to appreciate the third one even more.”

His rekindled enthusiasm brought along another wave of his scent. Ilya shifted uncomfortably. He was beginning to wonder if he could even make it through the night like this. How could he without saying or doing something that clued in not just Shane but everyone on how depraved he was? He had thought of Shane in ways that made his chest ache with guilt.

When he’d come back from the cafe while Shane had been coming down from his stress, finding Shane blissed out with layers of his blankets swaddling him, their scents intermingling, had nearly undone him. He hadn’t wanted someone more in his entire life. He’d almost felt like he’d entered their nest.

If Shane had had his last heat sometime around Christmas, then his next one should be happening soon, right? How would Shane look in an actual nest? If he decided to spend it at their apartment, would he ask for more of his bedding? Would he ask for Ilya’s clothes? Would he ask Ilya to—

Hayden’s eyes flitted toward him, barely perceptible, but the split second of attention he had of Hayden Pike was cold and reproving. He was the only one at their table that couldn’t sense pheromones, but he’d caught Ilya. He knew.

The asphyxiating grip of shame took him around the throat. He needed to leave.

“Excuse me,” he said, and his croak startled even him.

Shane was staring at him with blatant concern. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I just need to, uh—I need the bathroom.” He motioned in the general direction of where he thought the bathrooms were. He intended to find the exit, though.

“Oh, okay.” Shane slid out to allow Ilya to exit the booth.

Ilya didn’t bother to say anything else before hightailing it out of there. Hands reached for him as he wove through the night crowd.

When he finally stepped out into the cool air, Ilya released a deep sigh. He longed for a cigarette. He’d successfully gotten off of them a year ago, but times like these he was

reminded of his old habits where reaching for a pack was the closest thing he had to comfort. The slow drag of ash to fill his lungs so he wouldn't be tempted to do anything else.

He dropped a shoulder against the brick wall and stared down the alleyway. He shut his eyes and counted his breaths. He—

The back door slammed open. "Ilya, are you okay?"

Ilya dug the heels of his palms into his eyes. "Shane, go back inside."

"Is it me? God, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have assumed you'd be okay with this. I mean, if an alpha was spreading their scent all over me, it would be super fucking overstimulating, and I'm so mad I didn't realize how much it was bothering you. It just made *me* feel so much better to sit with you because then people would stop staring at me and I—well I—"

Ilya turned slow on his heel and stalked over to where Shane stood. The other man froze, eyes wide. Ilya had had his back turned when Shane had come outside, and whatever expression had taken over his face was enough to shock Shane into silence. He stopped about an arm's distance from Shane.

"You shouldn't be the one apologizing," Ilya confessed. "You didn't do anything wrong. You asked me for a favor. I agreed. I'm the one who didn't disclose that I've been thinking about the way you smell for almost a month."

"What?" Shane's voice was weak.

"All I can think about is just..." His eyes trailed to Shane's throat. He didn't let himself finish.

Shane's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed loud enough for Ilya to hear. "Then do it."

Ilya flashed back up to Shane's face, which was staunchly determined. "What?"

Shane only answered by bearing his throat.

Ilya must've been dreaming. Surely. But when he took a step closer Shane did not move, nor when he closed the gap between them. But he was now close enough to see the way the other man was trembling.

"Shane..."

"Do it." Then, Shane glanced at him from the corner of his eye, face painfully bare. "Please."

A surge of heat flooded through him. Ilya was helpless as he pressed forward, driven by a need so intense and so inescapable that he felt pulled in on a line. He took Shane by the waist, running his fingers through the belt loops of his jeans to yank him closer and bury his nose into the source of all Ilya's frustration. Shane gasped.

He smelled *heavenly*.

Ilya groaned against Shane's skin. His nose folded from how hard he was dragging it along Shane's scent glands. Touching wasn't enough. Ilya wanted to be *inside* Shane. He wanted to be drenched in him. He wanted to wear Shane like a pelt, forever ensconced by him. He felt rabid.

Shane was mumbling something incoherent. Then, something more intelligible came through. "Ilya....Ilya." His nails dug into Ilya's back where he was clutching him like a life raft. Something was buzzing between the two of them, a controlled nuclear fusion.

Ilya's tongue poked out between his lips, and without meaning to, traced up the side of Shane's neck as he rubbed against him. Shane's grip on him tightened. He tilted his head back further, giving Ilya more access. Ilya thought he was mindless before. He thought he was feral and hungry and greedy when Shane had first stuck his neck out. But this explicit permission to do more drained any and all control he had.

He licked Shane from his collarbone to his ear. He wrapped his lips around the lobe, sucking on it as Shane's hand slithered up into his hair and tugged. Shane's moans were distant sounds in his ears, overpowered by a roaring. A roaring that was actually rumbling traveling up from his chest. He suckled up and down Shane's throat, scenting and tasting him all the same.

The hand in his hair dragged his face in a different direction. His mouth slid across Shane's jaw until it met another pair of lips. Ilya dove in before he could stop himself or even think to do so. He kissed Shane insatiably. He kissed him with an open mouth and an aching jaw. He buried his fingers into the longer hairs on Shane's nape and stuck his tongue in deep. He kept Shane still as he ravaged him.

They rocked in place. The hard bulge of Shane's erection pressed against Ilya's upper thigh. Ilya used the hand that wasn't holding Shane firm as he sucked on his tongue to latch onto Shane's ass. He pulled the two of them impossibly closer, tilting their heads opposite directions to maintain access. Shane whimpered into the kiss.

The noise only fanned the flames burning through Ilya. He felt like a dam bursting. He felt closer than ever before to his goal of intertwining with Shane. All he had to do was keep going. All he had to do was sink his teeth into him and hold him gently as he pumped pups into him.

Distantly, there was the faint shrill of the door opening. Footsteps neared and then all of a sudden he was ripped off of Shane.

"What the hell are you doing?" Hayden was beyond furious. His aseptic scent was almost bitter with it. "You're halfway into fucking rut. Are you crazy?"

Ilya stumbled back, inebriated after a single moment with Shane Hollander.

Shane was slowly coming back to himself in the middle of the alley, an arm held by Hayden. His eyes sharpened and focused on Ilya just as Hayden dragged him back inside.

Ilya took an uber home early and stood beneath a freezing spray of water until he shocked his body out of rut.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Took way longer than I wanted for this to be finished, but here we are with our smut finally! For those here since chapter one, thank you for sticking with me knowing this was unfinished. This one's for you!

I apologize ahead of time to my Russian speakers. There's some google translate in here. Also, check out my notes at the end to see what I'll be working on next!

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

Hayden

March 15th

when will you stop being pissed at me

idk when you apologize to Ilya

...

did you forget the part where I said he was about to go into rut

you keep saying that like it was for sure going to happen

BECAUSE IT FUCKING WAS HELLO. He was all growly and trying to like bite you

we were just making out

and then he probably would've triggered your heat early and it would've been a whole mess and you would've been pregnant by the end of the night

I just think you didn't need to yell at him like that. Even if he did go into rut it wouldn't have been his fault.

oh is he sad bc I told him to get off my best friend

idk bc HE'S NOT RESPONDING TO MY TEXTS

good

you're an asshole

??????

I rescued you

what if I didn't want to be rescued?

Shane

I want to ask him if he can spend my heat with me

let me move my bang so I can read that again

what does that mean

it means I'm disowning you

you're not my dad and you have to stop acting like ilya is evil

he is evil I can sense it

...

okay maybe I'm a little alphaphobic bc the kid that used to call me "Hung Hayden" in middle school was an alpha

why did he call you hung Hayden

I accidentally pulled down both my pants and boxers in the locker room and he never let me live it down

wow that sounds traumatic

it was

doesn't mean you can be mean to ilya

I don't trust him

yeah maybe bc you haven't had a SINGLE proper conversation with the guy. You should get coffee with him or something before you're allowed to say you don't like him

ew

I'm serious. I feel bad and I wasn't able to talk to him before we left the hamptons

what am I supposed to fly back to take him out to coffee?

no you idiot after break

fine

you'll have exactly 48 hours after we get back

UUGGGGGGGHHHHH

Shane didn't see Ilya after the bar hopping. He was exhausted, honestly, from the dancing and worrying and trying to avoid the curious looks from alphas who definitely noticed not just his heightened scent but also the caramel burn of abandoned arousal. When he got back to the house, he only spared Ilya's closed door a glance before sidling into the room he was sharing with Hayden and falling into bed.

During breakfast Ilya refused to meet his eye.

Shane carried the hurt with him as they lounged beside the beach again, and throughout lunch at a spot Svetlana recommended. Shane had done something he'd never done for anyone before. He'd let Ilya scent him. He'd bared his neck, kissed him, held him. And Shane had wanted more. He wouldn't have cared if Ilya had gone into rut. He would have offered to go back to the house with him. He would have taken care of him like Ilya had done for him weeks ago.

But Ilya wouldn't look at him. Ilya had gotten a taste of Shane, he thought, and decided he didn't want more. Didn't want *Shane*. It was embarrassing.

It was only after Shane realized Ilya had also pulled away from his friends that he considered the cold shoulder might not actually be a cold shoulder.

He slid up beside Ryan at the bar of the club they visited the next night (which Ilya had skipped by claiming he was sick) and poked the ginger-haired alpha in the shoulder. He'd gone for personable, but after the alpha turned to him with a shrewd look, only for it to fall

once he realized it was Shane and not a stranger, Shane immediately regretted having done so and wanted to walk into traffic.

“Uh,” Shane said very intelligently. This was the same man he’d had a full conversation with the night before. “Can I ask a really invasive question?”

Ryan blinked. “Sure?”

“What’s a rut like? You know, because we know there’s terrible sex ed everywhere, but we at least get around to learning how heats work. Ruts, though, are, like, super glamorized. I mean, heats are, too, but in the sense that some alphas think it means they can get with any omega who’s in heat just because they’re in heat. But ruts are treated like this grand thing where alphas just get really horny but is it, like, just them really horny? Or are there feelings with it? Because omegas pretty much always know when to expect a heat but a rut can come at any time. They can be weeks or years apart and that has to be kind of crazy right? Or embarrassing? And there’s not like a lot of thought into how alphas might want comfort, too, or to nest and stuff. So I was, like, I was thinking—“

“Wait, what’s your question?” It was the nicest *get on with it* Shane had ever gotten.

“Do ruts ever make you feel *bad*?”

“Is that what was going on with Ilya? I’ll tell you this, ruts are embarrassing for me personally because it makes me feel like the alpha I never wanted to be. The aggression, the sex drive, whatever. I always thought it was some innate part of me that proved no matter what I did I would always be a threat to the people I cared about. But then one day I had this epiphany where I was like, ‘how much of my feelings reflect what I’ve been told?’ When you’re constantly fed shit about how alphas are supposed to act, it’s no surprise ruts turn out like they do. Ruts happen because alphas want comfort or connection when something triggers them, but it turns into something completely different because we suppress that urge.”

“Huh.” Shane blinked at him, and he hoped Ryan realized he was mentally snapping his fingers.

“I’m not assuming, but if Ilya is feeling like how I used to with my ruts, he’s probably beating himself up right now. Just give him some space to mope and then you can talk.”

“Oh.” Shane tapped his nails against his ginger ale can.

“I know.” Ryan smiled. “Not what you wanted to hear.”

Shane didn’t have to hold himself back from Ilya. He never saw the alpha except for group settings that third day, and he didn’t know how to ask him to go talk in front of everyone. On the morning of the fourth day, the Uber for Shane and Hayden arrived after breakfast. Ilya stopped Shane by the door, looking pained.

Shane hoped for a break in the tension between them, but Ilya only said, “I’ll see you back at school.”

Sadness took Shane by the throat. “See you.”

Shane knew Hayden had followed through with his demand when Ilya shuffled into his open bedroom doorway the first day after spring break.

“What’s wrong with your beta friend?” They were the first true words spoken between them since they’d arrived. Ilya’s face was screwed in genuine concern.

“*Hayden*,” Shane corrected. “You know his name, Ilya. You spent three days together.”

“Three very unfortunate days.” Ilya raised his phone to Shane and waved it in the air. “And now he wants to meet for coffee. Is he dying? Is this last goodbye?”

“He probably just wants to talk.”

Ilya frowned, staring down at the phone like it would bite him. It came to Shane suddenly that Ilya was *nervous*. The last time the two of them had been in each other’s vicinity, Ilya had been admonished for nearly going into rut around Shane. Ilya probably thought Hayden wanted to do it again.

“He won’t do anything crazy,” Shane reassured him. “I promise.”

Ilya brought the frown up to him. “I believe you think that.” Then, soft and gone as quickly as it appeared, a smile. “I will bring back fried chicken, so don’t eat that fake shit you have in the fridge—“

“*Buffalo cauliflower*.”

Ilya was down the hall before the first word was out Shane’s mouth.

Hayden

March 18th

he’s alright

oh did you guys just finish talking?

yeah

damn it’s been like two hours

when that guy gets going he doesn't know when to shut up

neither do you

what did you guys talk about?

you

really???

wtf did you think we were doing? Catching up??

and it wasn't just you. He told me about himself and he's actually a pretty decent guy

I told you

not too much. I still don't regret separating the two of you. A random alley was not the right place to go into rut

yeah whatever I'm glad you you'll stop being an asshole around him

I never said that. I told him I still think he's a dickhead but not an evil dickhead and he just laughed in my face

he likes you

no he doesn't

he likes everyone that makes him laugh

so he's a baby

what if I say I want him to be MY baby lol

literally never speak to me again

Shane was over the moon when things between him and Ilya settled back into proper alignment. Again, Shane was cooking dinner in the kitchen while Ilya found some atrocious show to watch with Anya. Again, Shane would offer something of the well-researched blend of veggies, complex carbs, and filling proteins and Ilya would pretend to consider it for two seconds before saying something like, “I want burger. With cheese. Do you know what cheese is?”

He studied. He snuck Anya treats. He watched movies with Ilya on Friday nights. Shane could almost pretend their routine had never been disrupted, that he and Ilya hadn't been trying to tear each other's clothes off only weeks before.

He'd been serious when he'd told Hayden he wanted Ilya to be his heat mate, and he wanted it more and more each time he thought about it. He knew Ilya would be kind and attentive and *good*. Some mornings he woke with the taste of Ilya on his lips and a churning heat in his belly.

Yet as the days between him and his heat drew nearer, the more his heart swelled with apprehension. God, Ilya had been bordering a *rut*. Why hadn't Shane considered that? Ilya having a physical reaction to Shane's scent didn't mean he actually wanted him. Was that what Hayden had been trying to say to him? Did he miss some cue—yet again—that someone was trying to gently spoon feed him?

Ilya couldn't truly want him, could he?

Shane thanked every god in existence that his heat fell on a weekend. The Friday before, he noticed the warmth in his cheeks during the last hour of lab. He went to the corner store after and grabbed his usuals: gatorade, water, crackers, candy, and aroma sticks. As he made his way back home, he thought of the best way to let Ilya know he wouldn't be staying at the apartment over the weekend.

For your own sanity, I'll be booking a room at the Comfort Inn so I can finger myself relentlessly while I think about how pointy your canines are.

I'm going into heat.

Fuck me.

Shane paused before his door at the last thought to compose himself. He was hoping to wait until later that evening to check into a specialty hotel, but he decided he needed to leave as soon as possible. He also decided perhaps he shouldn't tell Ilya anything. Perhaps he should pray Ilya wasn't home so he could grab the rest of his stuff and leave.

He opened the door. Ilya was standing in front of the fridge, back bent so he could grab something from the bottom shelf.

Shane froze as the door shut behind him. *Please don't smell it. Please don't smell it. Please don't smell it. Please don't—*

Before Ilya even stood, he stiffened. He whipped his head over his shoulder to stare at Shane. The two of them stood there, the drone of the fridge and Anya's muffled snoring from the couch the only sounds to break their silence. Shane couldn't move. Ilya's eyes were entrancing in their intensity, in their command that he stay still so Ilya could *look*. Shane did not move. He did not move as Ilya straightened, as the other man mentally traced his entire body like he could see through his coat. Like he could see the cavern within his heart flooding with desire. Liquid warmth pooled at the bottom of his gut. He clutched the plastic bag in his hand; his world was beginning to tilt.

One look—one look, and the glass window holding back the current of his heat shattered.

"Shane," Ilya said breathlessly. His eyes widened, some cousin of fear inching into his stare. "You..."

"Yes, um." Shane cleared his throat, finding it very hard to speak. "It was supposed to come in the morning but, uh, it's here now." He laughed awkwardly. "I'll grab my stuff and go." His feet unstuck themselves from the floor long enough for him to take two steps toward his room.

He felt Ilya close in on him. He didn't even think the alpha realized he was cornering Shane against the wall, so focused on getting closer.

"Shane." Again, his name. Ilya shook his head. "You don't have to leave. *I'll* leave. I'll..." His eyes dropped to Shane's throat, and a shudder went through his body like a ripple across an ocean's surface before a tsunami.

Shane broke. "Ilya." He dropped the bag and turned to face Ilya fully. "Can you please—"

"Yes?" Ilya held his eyes with rapt attention.

"Can you—" Shane felt like the floor was crumbling beneath him. "I want—"

Ilya took him by the chin and fixed their faces so there were only inches between their eyes. "Shane, I need you to tell me what you want. I can't do it unless you let me know how to help you."

"I want you to spend my heat with me. I want you to make me feel good."

Shane was pushed against the wall, Ilya's lips descending onto his immediately after. Shane's body locked up at first, unable to process the fact Ilya was touching him again, that he was *kissing* him. Then Ilya's tongue slipped into his mouth and Shane groaned. He sucked in a deep breath in through his nose and released, another moan sounding with it. Ilya pressed him harder against the wall. Both of his hands wove around Shane's neck, his thumbs sitting beneath his jaw as he licked into Shane's mouth. Ilya's chest was doing that rumbling thing again, somehow both ravenous and sated at the same time.

Shane was burning up.

"My jacket," he said, reaching for its zipper.

Ilya pulled away to undo it for him, and Shane immediately regretted bringing it up. He wanted Ilya back on top of him. He wanted Ilya inside of him. He followed Ilya's mouth as the other man unzipped his jacket.

"Shane," Ilya pleaded. "God. Ты меня убиваешь, малыш."

They kissed again after Shane's jacket came off. They kissed as they shuffled toward Shane's bedroom. Shane whined into it. They were going to do this in his room. Ilya would be in his *bed*.

"Shane," Ilya whispered against his mouth like a prayer. "You smell so lovely, sweetheart. I want to taste you."

Shane nearly stumbled over himself as he backed up to remove the rest of his clothes. Ilya mirrored his actions but did not once look away. When Shane was sufficiently naked, he walked backward until he hit the bed, then tumbled onto the sheets. He lay across the short side of the bed, bringing his feet to rest atop it and spreading his knees. His slick made a wet sound as skin parted.

Ilya stalked forward, eyes focused between Shane's legs. "Tell me to stop."

"Don't stop." Shane's heart was galloping in his chest, the heady thrum of anticipation a wicked pounding in his ears. He was so aroused it hurt. His cock lay hardened against his stomach, a bead of precome dripping into the valley between his rolls. He would beg if Ilya didn't touch him soon. He could feel the words on the tip of his tongue.

Ilya dropped a knee onto the bed, then a hand beside Shane's chest, then another beside his head as he crawled over him. Shane lowered himself onto his elbows in tandem with Ilya leaning down and kissing him senseless.

Shane lost himself. He was nothing but the place where they ground their erections together, where Ilya fisted handfuls of his hair, where their lips opened against one another, tongues dancing, searching, teasing. He was nothing but their combined scents of persimmon, pine, honeycomb, and musk. He only came back to himself when Ilya broke the kiss to travel down his body, stopping briefly to suck one of Shane's nipples into his mouth, toying at it with his tongue. His eyes somehow crowded him in as he did this, a dark sort of satisfaction at seeing Shane squirm.

Shane wove a hand through Ilya's soft curls and released a soft sigh. Ilya didn't stay long. Although he seemed almost mournful to let Shane's nipple pop out of his mouth. He slid off the bed and knelt before it. Shane went to lift himself to see what Ilya was doing but yelped as Ilya went under his thighs to grab his hips and yank his ass to the edge of the bed. For a moment, Shane thought about how much of a mess he was making. He would have to wash his sheets right after to save them from staining.

Ilya brought his mouth to Shane's hole and licked a fat strip across it.

"*Fuck.*" Shane dropped his head against the bed and promptly forgot all about his sheets. "Oh."

Ilya responded by placing his hand against the backs of Shane's thighs and pushing up to reveal more of him. He squeezed the fleshy bit of Shane there as he lapped at his hole. He was making that deep purring sound again, releasing soft breaths through his nose that ticked the sensitive skin beneath Shane's balls. He ran his tongue around the perimeter, sucked, then released it.

Shane shuddered and grasped at the sheets. He wanted to lift his head up so he could watch Ilya, but every wave of pleasure sent him reeling.

Ilya spent a long time rimming him, and by the end of it Shane was floating and loose-limbed. Ilya replaced his mouth with a finger. He gathered a copious amount of Shane's slick and pushed past the first ring of muscle. Shane instinctively clenched.

"Oh, fuck me, Ilya. Please." Shane lifted himself to watch this time. Ilya was focused on where he was slowly dragging his finger in and out of Shane. His mouth was pursed the way it was whenever Shane found him studying at the coffee table. Ilya's eyes tracked every tremor that came from him, every cinched sigh and moan. When he slipped a second finger in beside the first, he raised his eyes to meet Shane's.

"Is good?"

Shane nodded.

"I need words."

"Yes." A rush of arousal hit Shane. There was something about the way Ilya took command and yet was so attuned to his needs that made him shiver.

After the introduction of a third finger, Shane felt as if he was going to die and lost all dignity.

"Ilya," he begged. "Ilya. Please fuck me."

Ilya was on his feet now, a hand holding him over Shane as he fingered him with the other. He hadn't changed pace from the slow drag against his walls, pressing against his prostate each time he dove back in. Ilya was staring at where his fingers were breaching him, but his

body was locked tight. His eyebrows were pulled together. He vibrated with the same wavering control he'd possessed earlier.

Then, finally, he pulled his fingers out.

"Yes." Shane gasped. He reached for Ilya, and when the other man came closer by dropping a knee beside him on the bed, he took him by the cock and pressed the tip into his hole. They both groaned at the same time.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya said through clenched teeth.

Shane released a drawn out moan as he continued to push Ilya's dick inside him. He felt himself unfurl, stretching to accommodate him despite all the time spent preparing. "You feel so good." They hadn't even gotten to the actual fucking yet and Shane already felt like coming.

Ilya cursed and pulled out. "We need a condom."

Shane whined, reaching for him, but the alpha had already run out the door. Because of that, Shane was yanked out of the heat-induced bliss he was in. Cold seeped into his bones. The removal of Ilya's soothing scent made a wave of fear pulsate through him, as if he'd been abandoned somewhere with no way to make it back home. He must have been calling Ilya's name, because when Ilya returned and shut the door, he had a look of regret on his face.

Ilya dropped the condoms onto the bed and swept a gentle hand across Shane's face. "I'm sorry, but I had to make sure we used a condom."

"I don't mind." Shane pushed his cheek into Ilya's hold. "I want to feel you in me. I want you to come *inside* me."

Pure desire flashed through Ilya's eyes before he reeled it back. "But we can't have pups, can we? Because I know if I knot you properly you'd get pregnant in an instant, wouldn't you? You'd take me so well."

Shane nodded, wrapped a hand around Ilya's wrist. "Yes."

"You're such a good boy, Shane." Ilya brought his thumb to rest against Shane's lips, and he opened them without question. "Oh, sweetheart. Малыш."

Shane sucked Ilya's thumb into his mouth, letting the faint salty taste of it meet his tongue. He moaned around it, looking up to meet Ilya's eyes. Again, a flash of rampant want in Ilya's face. Shane needed to see him break. He needed Ilya to stop holding back and do everything he wanted to him. He needed Ilya unrestrained, unencumbered, and wanton.

So, Shane let Ilya's thumb fall out of his mouth, turned over onto his forearms and knees, and stuck his ass in the air.

The potency of Ilya's scent went from a tickle in Shane's nose to a clogging, thick smog. Ilya's hands were on his ass in an instant, spreading apart his cheeks. Shane dropped onto his shoulders and pressed the side of his face against the bed. He tried to be patient.

After a second, he felt the tip of Ilya's now wrapped cock nudge against his hole. He trembled with anticipation. "Please—"

Ilya shushed him before pressing inside Shane with one, long thrust.

Shane's toes curled first, any noise he would've made getting caught in his throat. He was suddenly so full he didn't know what to do with himself. Ilya was spearing him so thoroughly he could feel him in his mouth as if a nerve ending there was being stroked. "Oh, fuck."

There was nothing but ragged breathing from behind him. Fingers dug into his hips.

Ilya was *still* holding back.

Without preamble, Shane tilted forward, losing about half of Ilya's length, before slamming back down. Ilya squeezed his hips so hard it hurt, but it did nothing to dampen the way his balls shoved against Shane's scrotum, the way Ilya impossibly slid in deeper than before.

Ilya hissed out something in Russian Shane couldn't make out. Then he repeated it in English. "Fuck, Shane. Don't do that to me. Christ."

"I want you to fuck me already." Shane's voice broke off at the end, his frustration evident.

Ilya went completely still for a moment before, "Is that what you want?"

"Yes."

"Say it again. One more time for me."

Shane might've been crying a little bit when he said, "Please fuck me."

Ilya tightened his hold on Shane's hip before pulling out and slamming back in. Shane barely had enough time to cry out before Ilya was doing it again and again and again. Soon Ilya was fucking him harder than he'd ever been fucked in his life. Harder than the awkward fumble with that one alpha his freshman year of college. Harder than when he used his dildo on himself during his heats. Each thrust reverberated through Shane's body. Every slap of Ilya's balls sent shocks of biting pleasure to his leaking cock. Then there was the wet smack of Shane's slick. A bead of it trailed down his thigh and into the indent behind his knee. At some point, the sounds building in Shane's throat released themselves, and his moans filled the room.

"That's it," Ilya said between his thrusts. "Take it, Shane. Take me just like that. You're so fucking good."

"Oh, Ilya." Shane could already feel an orgasm building, heat blooming behind his pubic bone. "You're gonna make me cum."

"Come for me, sweetheart. Show me how good it feels."

Shane let out a pained groan as the force of his orgasm hit him like a tide. He gripped the sheets, unable to move as Ilya fucked him through it. And almost endlessly, Shane came. He

jerked in place, arching his back and whimpering as Ilya refused to let up on slamming into his prostate. He didn't know when his orgasm had ended, but he suddenly became aware of the way his hole was weakly clenching around Ilya. He felt numb and sensitive at the same time. His body was trying to work its way up into another orgasm, but his mind was gone, detached. Floating.

"Another," Ilya demanded. "Give me another."

"I can't," Shane cried. "I can't, Ilya."

"Yes, you can. I can feel it. You're gonna cum again, aren't you?" Ilya leaned forward, smoothing a hand down Shane's back before he wove it into his hair and pressed his face harder against the mattress.

Shane's response was a muffled keen. He laid there—knees spread so far apart his adductors were aching, back concave and hands scrambling for purchase beneath him—and took it. His mouth opened with a silent moan as his body went stiff with pleasure. For a moment, he felt as if he was in the beginnings of a fall, tilting off an edge but hovering above a void.

Ilya dropped onto his elbows beside Shane's head, lips resting against Shane's ear as he whispered, "Let go, baby."

Shane shuddered and came.

When Shane opened his eyes, he was laying on his side. Ilya was facing him and running his knuckles up and down Shane's flank. Shane shifted closer automatically, brushing his lips against Ilya's.

"You didn't get to finish."

Ilya smiled against his mouth. "I did."

"What? I didn't get to see."

"Well, you were busy and you wouldn't have been able to see much on your stomach."

Shane frowned. He'd been hoping for a knot. Why was Ilya already out of him?

Ilya's smile widened into the teasing grin he was so familiar with. "Don't worry. I am not done with you."

Shane smiled back, brushing a hand against Ilya's face. "That was nice."

"Hm. Are you hurt at all?"

"No."

Ilya took a minute to decide if he wanted to believe him. Then, seemingly satisfied, he used the hand now resting on Shane's hip to pull him in and plant a long, searing kiss on his

mouth.

“I like you very much, Shane,” Ilya whispered. “More than I should.”

“Well, I like you very much, too.” Shane tugged Ilya’s bottom lip between his own, swallowing the man’s surprised moan. “And I’d very much like for you to knot me for real this time.”

Ilya nipped his lip, dragging it out as he pulled away before it popped back into place. “I will feed you first.”

Shane groaned. “Hurry.”

Ilya looked at him a second longer before he got out of bed, his eyes shining.

Chapter End Notes

Ты меня убиваешь, малыш - You’re killing me, baby
Малыш - Baby

I promised people on twitter I would be working on a monster fic with scary werewolf! Ilya trying to court Shane with dead animals at his door, but it has been unfortunately set aside by a devastating reincarnation AU idea I have. Stay tuned.

EDIT: working on the werewolf AU instead 

EDIT #2: I’ve seen some people wondering when the werewolf AU will be done. I plan on finishing the whole thing before I post, and since I intend it to be lengthier than this fic, it’s gonna take me a while!

You can follow my tumblr for writing rambles/updates/snippets! I forgot I had this:
<https://www.tumblr.com/dreamersreality>

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