

Wedding Gift

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Wedding Gift

by [little_passions](#)

Summary

“Just for a while.” Shane breathed, his eyes unwavering and persistent. “I just - I just need a taste. I’ll be good, I promise.” He licked his lips and edged closer on his knees. “I’ve been waiting for you. Don’t I deserve a reward?”

He’d never been one for propriety, but Ilya was quite sure that heat-drunk omegas who barged their way into homes and scandalized staff didn’t merit praise. But he’d never been one to deny Shane anything, so he relented anyway.

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Or: Shane goes into heat a month before the wedding and throws propriety out the window.

Notes

I love The Gilded Age, and this AU called to me. Straitlaced Shane and his menace to society suitor Ilya? I was a goner. Consider the Hollanders as an old rich sort of family, while Ilya is an industrialist aka railroad daddy George Russell (not the F1 driver, sorry).

Slight spoiler for anyone who hasn't read The Long Game: I've used a line from the book in a letter that Ilya writes to Shane for his birthday. You can skip over the actual letter if you want to remain completely spoiler-free. It shouldn't interfere with the overall reading experience!

Lastly, shoutout to the members of the pregnant!Shane community, episode 4 was for us. Happy reading!

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

Chapter 1: The Night Of

Part 1: The Heat

The presidings of high society dictated that engaged couples were forbidden from seeing each other at least a month before their wedding. However, most families imposed a longer distancing period. It was a safety precaution, especially in the case of well-suited matches. The last thing any decent family wanted was a gift of marriage arriving sooner than the actual wedding.

Shane had always thought that the custom seemed sensible.

It was simple logic. Mates were prone to triggering each other's cycles. Add in the emotional highs of a wedding, and it didn't take much until one thing led to another. It was inconvenient, but it was proper to stay apart.

The way Hayden had acted throughout his pre-marriage exile always came to mind. It hadn't been easy. He'd watched as two weeks turned his good-natured best friend into someone short tempered and irritable. But despite it all, Shane had kept his judgments to himself. Surely it wasn't *that* bad to be separated from one's mate for a while?

It'd taken a few years, but Shane knew better now. The separation wasn't bad. Actually, it was agony..

Today was his birthday, Ilya was nowhere to be seen, and he was wallowing in his room like a child. It didn't matter that the Pikes had been lovely or that his parents had stopped by. He wanted to scream into his pillow and stay in bed until Ilya came back.

These rules were unfair, archaic, and stupid.

He wanted to see Ilya. He *needed* to see him. He was running hot, his nerves were frayed, and even his parents had retreated to their own home in the face of his delayed rebellion. Hayden couldn't bother chaperoning him either after Shane had chewed him out for a joking comment about his fiancé.

Years of being proper, and now he was some sort of wild animal. The days leading up to his birthday had been awful. He was sure the separation was making him sick. He'd felt nauseous and stayed indoors, re-reading Ilya's letters until the paper grew thin.

A knock at the door interrupted his meltdown.

Shane paused his theatrics and got up from bed. He fussed at his hair, straightened his clothes, and hoped he presented a better picture than he felt.

"You have a gift sir." The maid offered a white box, and Shane froze. He didn't need the card to know who it came from. He accepted the box with shaking hands, stumbled through his

thank you, and slammed the door shut. He couldn't be bothered to cross to his desk. He dropped to the ground to examine the present.

Ilya had written him a card. Shane sniffed at the paper. Ilya's scent was faint and interspersed with those who'd handled the package, but it was enough for the moment. He felt closer to him than he had in weeks. His heart fluttered over the unexpected gift. Flowers had arrived in the morning, and then while dining at the Pike's, Ilya had sent chocolates and champagne for the entire party.

He hadn't expected more than that.

Sweetheart,

I miss you every day. It is late, but I cannot sleep. I am thinking only about you right now. A million memories, but still not enough. In the morning, I wait for you to tell me about the day's weather and your plans for the day. At night, I miss the warmth of your skin against mine.

You know I do not have the patience and temperament for these foolish customs, but I follow them for you. I would do anything for you. Ask me to return, and I will be there by tomorrow.

But until then, accept these three presents. The first, a comfort for lonely nights, the second, a reminder of beautiful times together, and the third, a vision of our future.

Yours,

Ilya

Shane traced the lines of ink on the page. It seemed Ilya had the bleeding heart of a poet after all. He pressed a kiss to the card then set it aside.

His heart was pounding, and despite a rush of dizziness, he wanted to see what was inside. He untied the ribbon and uncovered the lid. His hands touched fabric, and he recognized the first gift. It was one of Ilya's shirts. Ilya's pheromones lingered, and Shane took greedy breaths as he clutched the dark fabric close.

His face was flushed, and he could feel himself getting hard. It was embarrassing, but Shane was sure that Ilya had intended to elicit such a reaction. He accepted the teasing. He missed Ilya's humor and dirty comments.

Shane eventually forced himself to put the shirt aside and inspect the box's other contents.

The second gift was a gold pocket watch, obscene in its splendor. On the inside, the words *my darling husband, for eternity* were etched in Russian. Shane pressed it close to his heart. It took longer for him to recover this time, but he breathed deeply and reached for the third gift, a rolled document.

He unfastened the tie and unfurled the paper on the floor. It took a moment, but eventually he recognized what he was looking at. It was a blueprint for a home - *their* home.

Shane suddenly couldn't breathe.

His temples were throbbing, and his stomach turned. It was suddenly too hot. He moved on instinct, anything to try to alleviate his symptoms. He shed his clothes, but something still didn't feel right. There was something missing.

His eyes landed on Ilya's shirt, crumpled on the carpet. He slipped the shirt on - not bothering to fasten its buttons, grabbed the pocket watch, and retreated to bed. He curled into himself, his eyes forced shut as he breathed in, then out. The bone-deep ache wasn't going away.

He could smell Ilya, but he wasn't there. His room was too empty, too quiet.

Shane tried to sleep. He could comfort himself with thoughts of his fiancé. He reached for memories of casual intimacies. Ilya brushing against him in ballrooms and whispering secrets into his ear. But something instinctively led his thoughts in a different direction.

He remembered one of their secret afternoons, his body pressed against the walls of Ilya's study. The wooden bookcase dug into his spine. He hadn't cared. He was naked, while Ilya was fully clothed. Soon after, he would drop to his knees then -

Shane jerked upright, struck by a stinging moment of clarity. He was soaked with sweat. His cock was hard, and his thighs were slick. He felt ravenous and thirsty all at once. Everything pointed to one thing - the real reason for his restlessness and poor behavior.

He was in heat.

—

Shane knew he was supposed to stay away from Ilya. It was the right thing to do. Ride out his heat alone. They'd give him tea and concoctions to stabilize his senses. Send him to the best heat specialists.

But his body was burning, and everything in him was screaming to find his mate.

He whined helplessly. He was curled around Ilya's gifts on the bed, the lone source of his scent. He stroked his cock roughly but the resulting orgasm was unsatisfying. He turned to his knees and traced his slick hole with his fingers. He squeezed his eyes as he started with one.

Ilya's fingers would feel better.

Shane shoved another finger in, then a third. He tried to imagine Ilya in the room with him. It didn't work. He couldn't smell Ilya over the overpowering scent of his own heat pheromones. His body knew he was alone.

He shifted to find a better angle but even three fingers didn't feel good enough. When he came, his dick barely flagged, and he couldn't hold himself back from crying in frustration.

The tears escaped and Shane grasped Ilya's letter for some form of comfort, trying not to crush it in his hand.

Ask me to return, and I will be there by tomorrow.

Shane didn't doubt Ilya would come if he asked. Ilya wouldn't care about the gossip that would run for days. He wouldn't care that people would look down on them for breaking custom. He wouldn't care that they'd get a few less invitations in the mail.

He closed his eyes. He was supposed to be the responsible one.

Ilya would knot him if he asked. It wouldn't be the first time, but if it happened now, Shane was sure it would take. There was no way it wouldn't. Heats increased the chances for pregnancy significantly, and he wasn't on any anti-contraceptives. He'd stopped because what was the point when Ilya wasn't around and they were about to be married?

His right hand settled over his flat stomach.

Perhaps it was instinct taking over, but the idea of being round with Ilya's child was thrilling. He could imagine a beautiful daughter with Ilya's curls and his eyes. He'd hold her in his arms, and Ilya would never let them go. Or maybe a darling boy with Ilya's hazel eyes -

Shane exhaled sharply. His mind was made up.

It didn't matter what other people wanted. He knew what *he* wanted. Society was a glutton for misfortune and scandal. He'd never be good enough, no matter how hard he tried. As for his parents, Shane was sure they would understand. They'd forgive him. Eventually. It would be even easier to forgive once their first grandchild was on the way.

Shane crawled out of bed to write his message. Once done, he pressed the paper against his mating gland. He wanted his scent to linger. Ilya would open the envelope and know what to do. But just in case, he'd written three words. He was sure they'd be enough.

I need you.

—

Despite the lust-addled fog of his heat, Shane knew he'd have to give everyone under his employ a raise once this was over.

His whole staff had tried to keep him at home, but he'd refused. He raged, whined, and then burst into tears until his butler had finally relented. He needed to be at Ilya's home. It didn't matter that he wasn't even there, the itch under his skin was only getting worse, and he could feel himself burning up. He couldn't just sit at home with nothing to soothe him.

He needed to get Ilya in any way he could.

As soon as the carriage pulled to a halt, Shane rushed to the doorway. He wasn't even knocking. He was banging his fist against the door and demanding entry. Once it swung open, the butler's mouth fell open in shock. Shane couldn't blame him. He clearly had

expected some ruffian and not a future master of the house. To add to his lack of decorum, Shane had haphazardly dressed himself in Ilya's shirt, as well as the closest coat and pair of trousers. He probably looked as crazed as he felt.

"Let me in."

"Mr. Hollander." The butler, Jones, faltered. "Your fiancé will return in a week -"

"I had a message sent before coming here," Shane felt his sweat run down his back. He didn't want to be outside explaining himself, he wanted to be inside, building his nest. He needed to enter immediately. Ilya's scent was faint in the air, and his body desired to be shrouded in it.

"You have to let me through, please, I just -"

"Mr. Hollander -"

"You won't be in any trouble, I'll tell everyone I forced my way through." Shane leaned against the doorway. He could hear Anya barking in the distance. "It won't matter in the grand scheme of things. We'll be married in a month."

Shane's own butler came up from behind him. He and some of the other staff had insisted on coming along to ensure his safety. The two betas shared a look, and Shane was too distracted to pick up on whatever message was being communicated. A moment passed, and eventually Jones stepped aside reluctantly.

"Would you require anything of me sir?"

Shane shook his head. "I'll be in the master's bedroom." He turned to make his way up the stairs, only to see Anya rushing towards him from the kitchens. She pounced and barked excitedly, either unknowing or uncaring that he was in heat. It was hard to tell. She was as persistent as her owner.

Unable to deny her, he scooped her into his arms. He heard the servants gasp in worry, but he waved it off, and carefully made his way up the stairs. Anya relaxed in his hold, making the journey easier despite his unsteady knees.

He wasn't *supposed* to know the way to Ilya's bedroom, but heat-induced temper aside, Shane figured everyone was dropping pretenses at this point. It was probably best to just leave him be. The staff were well aware he'd been warming Ilya's bed long before their engagement had been close to finalized.

Once they were at Ilya's door, Shane set Anya down and told her to stay. She tried to sit still, her tail wagging behind her furiously. It was an amusing attempt at obedience. He kissed her forehead and scratched behind her ears. "Ilya will be here soon." He murmured reassuringly before leaving her in the hallway.

As soon as the door shut behind him, Shane fell to his knees. Ilya's room smelled like heaven. His smoky scent hung heavy in the air, disorienting him entirely. His stomach was beginning to cramp, and Shane could feel the dampness between his legs. He stepped out of his clothes and laid them out on Ilya's bed.

It felt incomplete. He needed everything ready for when Ilya arrived.

His body strained with every moment, torn between the urges to wait for claiming and to build a nest. The instinct to be productive won out, and he stumbled towards Ilya's armoire. Shane resisted the urge to grab everything.

A lurking sense of propriety warned him that he'd burn bridges with the whole household if he gave them a week's worth of washing in one go. Instead, he sniffed each garment, picking out only those with the strongest scent of rose and tobacco. The ordeal took longer than needed but eventually he returned to the bed with an armful of clothing.

He started with the pillows then moved onto clothes. He didn't have enough things that smelled like him, but he'd fix that later. He wove his clothes between Ilya's to set up the walls of the nest. A sense of satisfaction settled under his skin, and he smiled to himself once he realized he was done. He'd never done this before. All his past heats had been lonely solo affairs. This would be different. This time he had an alpha who'd see him through it.

Shane crawled and took his spot at the center of the bed. He rocked his hips into the mattress, hoping to find relief. It wasn't enough. He buried his face into one of Ilya's pillows as he began to stroke his cock. Slick was running down his thighs, his body ready for claiming. He was staining pristine fabric with heat pheromones and cum.

He jerked himself off roughly only to find another unsatisfying release. His alpha still wasn't here to make things better. Shane let out a needy whine then reached to plug his hole with his fingers. He sobbed into the pillows and tried to be quiet.

He'd done this before, he'd been alone during heats for years. Shane tried to remind himself of that, but it didn't work. He wasn't supposed to be alone this time. He was supposed to be with Ilya. His body craved his mate, who whispered salacious things and promised to give him as many children as he wanted. They'd been in this bed before, but now it was empty, and everything felt so wrong.

Shane buried deeper into the nest to soothe his frayed nerves. He reminded himself to be patient. He just had to wait.

Ilya would be here soon.

Part 2: The Mating

The evening chill whipped against his face, but it was a small mercy that Shane had gone into heat at night. Nobody was around to witness his desperate race back home. There had been no time to draw a carriage. Shane needed him.

And so, even though Shane hated seeing him race on horseback, Ilya had saddled his fastest horse and rode into the night. He'd seek forgiveness later, when Shane was no longer in heat. Perhaps he wouldn't even need to ask for it at all.

Members of his household waited for him on the doorstep. Ilya dismounted in a swift, single movement and handed off his horse. He moved to enter but found his way blocked. His butler, Jones, prevented him from stepping through the front door.

“Mr. Hollander is in heat.” The beta explained. “We can provide you with his tea before you see him.”

Ilya stilled. There was a shared understanding that the tea on offer wasn’t Shane’s usual choice of earl grey. The anti-contraceptive wouldn’t be as effective during a heat between mates, but Shane had every right to make these decisions. “Did he ask for it?”

“No sir, just a precaution.” Jones answered. “We sent Yulia to give him the tea, just to be sure, but he’s rejected it three times now.”

Oh.

“On the third time, he told us to find better things to do.” The butler paused and weighed whether he wished to say more. His duty to be truthful won out. “He suggested we start preparing an infant’s room.”

Ilya couldn’t help the curve of a pleased smile. Jones noticed and glowered. He patted the man on the shoulder, a small attempt to placate his offended sensibilities.

“Fine, I will take the tray.”

“That would be best sir.”

Ilya knew better than to upset his staff, even if this quest would be meaningless. He caught Yulia’s eyes over Jones’ shoulder, and she looked dubious. He shrugged and finally entered his home.

His body tensed immediately. It’d been hours since Shane had passed through but he could still smell him in the air. His omega, sweet, desperate and wanting. Ready to be knotted.

“This is Mr. Hollander’s tea,” Yulia murmured. Ilya admired her calm. He supposed being a happily mated beta was a successful formula for a strong ambivalence towards heats. He accepted the tray, but just as he was about to turn away, she inched closer.

“Mr. Hollander was lucid when I last spoke to him. He expressed his refusal of the tea quite clearly.” Yulia glanced at Jones, who was speaking to some of the other help. “If he still refuses it, you may set it outside the door. This tea set was a gift from your mother-in-law.”

Ilya laughed. He secured his grip on the tray’s handles. “She’ll be upset with me very soon. Best to not give her another reason to be angry.”

—

Ilya ascended the stairs alone, and Anya lifted her head once she caught his scent. She was settled right in front of the bedroom door, as if barring anyone from coming through. Her tail thumped excitedly as Ilya approached, but she remained in place.

“Darling.” Ilya set the tea down and knelt to pet her. Shane’s scent was stronger now, his distress trickling through the gaps in the door. It seemed Anya had picked up on it and refused to leave him be. “I’ll take care of him, you can go.”

He nudged her softly. Anya got to her feet, and Ilya ran his fingers through her soft fur. He watched her trot away, likely to the kitchens where she could charm her way into a few stolen bites. He smiled and shook his head.

There were no more barriers now. Once he crossed the doorway, he’d bear the full force of Shane’s heat. Ilya knew it would trigger his rut. They’d likely give each other mating bites. Marriage would be a mere formality because they’d be soulbound.

Ilya clenched the door knob tightly. Everything he’d ever wanted waited for him on the other side. He pushed aside the creeping doubts that were coming to mind. If Shane didn’t trust him and want the same things he did, he wouldn’t have come.

It was time to unlock the door.

He wasn’t prepared for what came to view. Shane was on his back, his legs splayed open, and his eyes were screwed shut as he fingered himself. He was so lost to his heat that he hadn’t immediately noticed Ilya’s presence.

“Sweetheart.”

Shane froze, his body coming to attention. He sat up, and Ilya nearly dropped the tray of tea. God, Shane smelled perfect. His usual fresh scent was overwhelmed by his desperate arousal. Every muscle in Ilya’s body was straining to close their distance, and his canines ached with the urge to claim his mate.

“Ilya.” His mate stumbled out of bed with unusual clumsiness. He ran forward and came to a sharp halt once he realized Ilya wasn’t ready to hold him. Ilya watched as Shane studied the tea with annoyance.

“I told them I didn’t want it.” Shane huffed. He stepped around so he could latch onto Ilya from behind. He buried his face into his back. “I won’t drink it. Put it away.”

Ilya’s resolve was crumbling. He’d asked Shane, wasn’t that enough? Yet there was a part of him that wanted to push again. Just to be sure. As much as the idea of children thrilled them, he had to be sure that Shane was ready.

“I can wait if you have doubts.” Ilya started. He shifted so he could balance the tray and adjust their positions. He embraced Shane and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “If you’re not sure -“

“I’m sure.” Shane replied easily. He maneuvered Ilya’s free hand to his stomach. “Wouldn’t it be nice to see me with child? Your child?”

Ilya swallowed. Shane kissed his jaw. “Everyone would see me and know I was yours. I’d smile at Mrs. Astor and tell her you’d kept me on my back for days until we were sure I was

pregnant.”

“Sweetheart -“

Shane dropped to his knees. “Alpha, *please*.”

As far as Ilya was concerned, he’d tried his best.

He set the incredibly unwanted tea onto his desk. As soon as he turned around, Shane was already halfway across the room. He practically launched himself at Ilya.

Ilya breathed in the heavy scent of his mate. He could smell how frustration eased into pleasure as he kissed Shane back, starving and sloppy as his mate pinned him against the edge of his desk. Ilya reached down, his hand working across the curve of Shane’s butt before reaching further down.

Shane whined as Ilya pressed a finger against his rim, a slow slide through his omega slick. He kissed the base of Shane’s throat. “I’ll give you what you need.” He inserted another finger, and Shane responded by humping his clothed thigh. He chased friction, and Ilya would allow it for now. “Were your fingers not enough?”

“Not enough.” Shane echoed back. He was writhing against Ilya as a third finger was pushed in. Ilya mouthed at Shane’s shoulder in a poor attempt to soothe him. He wasn’t even inside Shane yet, but his omega was already lost.

He’d half-heartedly unbuckled Ilya’s pants, only to abandon the task so that he could buck into the fingers stretching him open. Shane didn’t even need it, he was leaking and loose. But Ilya wanted to see his charmingly straitlaced fiancé whine and beg for pleasures that he only demanded when they were together.

“You’re going to submit to me.” Ilya hissed, and before he could get another word out, Shane came. The smell of his cum only incensed Ilya, and every one of Shane’s whimpers thrilled his alpha nature. His omega needed him right now. Polite Shane Hollander had willingly thrown aside custom and tradition and was now begging to be bred.

Ilya hid his smirk against Shane’s chest. He mouthed at the tender skin above his collarbones then moved to his nipples. Shane relaxed and pushed back, fixated on keeping Ilya’s mouth against his body.

“Are you ready?” Ilya asked.

Shane fell to his knees for the second time that night. He placed his hands atop his thighs and looked up at Ilya. His cock was half-hard and leaking, a lovely picture of submission. Ilya spared him only a glance before slowly undressing himself. He made a show of removing his belt and eventually stepping out of the rest of his clothes.

As soon as he was naked, Shane grabbed Ilya by the waist. His mouth was open, and he’d only managed a taste before Ilya pulled him back by his hair. The flash of annoyance made

Ilya smirk. He didn't miss the way Shane's fingers dug into his skin either. He enjoyed this - the reveal of sharp edges that Shane hid behind layers of manners and good breeding.

"That isn't proper. It would be such a waste to just spill down your throat." Ilya teased. He let the tip of his cock trace over Shane's lips then jerked it away. "Let's move into the nest. Lie on your back and wait for me."

"Just for a while." Shane breathed, his eyes unwavering and persistent. "I just - I just need a taste. I'll be good, I promise." He licked his lips and edged closer on his knees. "I've been waiting for you. Don't I deserve a reward?"

He'd never been one for propriety, but Ilya was quite sure that heat-drunk omegas who barged their way into homes and scandalized staff didn't merit praise. But he'd never been one to deny Shane anything, so he relented anyway. He released Shane's hair and gently smoothened it away from his face.

"Alright then. Be good, you know when to stop."

That was all the permission Shane needed. He opened his mouth and took the tip of Ilya's cock into his mouth. He savored the taste on his tongue before he worked him in deeper. He swallowed and sucked, his eyes briefly fluttering shut in contentment. Ilya ran a hand over his throat before it found his place at the back of Shane's head.

Shane slid his mouth off Ilya's cock then turned his attention elsewhere. He mouthed at the base of Ilya's erection, purposefully flicking his eyes back up before he lapped at the sensitive skin where the knot would form. He was pushing his luck now and Ilya let him continue for about a minute longer before he tapped at Shane's right cheek.

"Enough."

He hadn't meant it as a command, but Shane backed up immediately. His heat was making him more sensitive to instruction. Ilya smoothened his hair again and wiped the pre-cum at the corner of his mouth. He needed to reassure his mate. He'd done well. There were other things he wanted to say, but his mate's bruised lips were distracting. Ilya kept a tight grip on his urges, reminding himself why he couldn't start off the evening by knotting Shane's willing mouth.

"Get in your nest."

Shane drew himself up to his full height in a single fluid motion, but before he could turn away, Ilya reached for his arm. He smashed their lips together and tasted himself on Shane's tongue. It only made the gnawing hunger inside of him worse. The excitement of knotting his mate was taking over, and he had to wrench himself off Shane before he bred him on the carpet.

"I want you on your hands and knees."

Ilya watched as Shane returned to their bed. He walked slowly and bent over to adjust his nest - an intricate tangle of fabric made out of Ilya's clothes. Shane fluffed a pillow here and

there, but once satisfied, he sent Ilya a sultry look over his shoulder then settled in position. He leaned onto his forearms and tilted his lower body upwards. Even from afar, Ilya could see the glistening signs of his mate's arousal.

Every step felt too long. Once Ilya was close enough to touch, his brain was singularly focused on finally mounting the omega in front of him. Shane arched his back and parted his legs further. All the while he was completely silent, well aware that Ilya was watching but not touching.

"I'm ready, alpha."

Ilya crawled into their nest. He set a hand on Shane's hip and pressed the tip of his cock against his hole. He was playing with his food, and they both knew it. He traced his cock over the curve of Shane's crease then leaned over to kiss his back.

"Please."

The desperate plea cut through his teasing. Ilya pushed in, the first thrust making them both moan loudly. The stretch around Ilya's cock was almost too much. They both breathed before he rocked forward and sunk his cock in deeper. Shane was so wet that every snap of his hips felt easy. His perfect mate was made to take him.

Every sinful sound escaping Shane's lips was heaven to Ilya's ears. Strangled gasps and loud moans spurred him to keep going. Unable to help himself, he pinned Shane's head against the mattress and sped up his thrusts. It was unrelenting, but Shane kept pleading for more as he writhed underneath him.

"Is this what you wanted?" Ilya demanded. "Is this why you sent me that message? I could smell how aroused you were even from that scrap of paper. My poor omega, so hungry for his alpha's knot. So desperate to be bred that he'd ruin his own wedding."

"Ilya." Shane's voice was muffled against the mattress. "Ilya, please, Ilya -"

His mate didn't seem to forget his manners even while being mated. Ilya rewarded him by reaching around his waist to fist his cock. Shane was dripping with pre-cum, and he stroked his erection knowing it would make him come sooner. Ilya squeezed, and Shane came undone. He spilled onto Ilya's hand and wet the bed with his cum.

"Your knot." Shane begged. "I need you to knot me." He was tighter now, and Ilya bit the meat into his shoulder to take the edge off. He was so close, he could feel the familiar ache at the base of his cock as he prepared to breed his mate.

He relaxed his hold on Shane and moved to kiss him. It was a messy tangle as he licked into Shane's mouth. He tasted sweet and familiar, and his overstimulated whine was enough to push Ilya over the edge.

His knot locked them together, and Ilya buried himself as far as their bodies would allow. He could feel his knot pressing against Shane's rim, keeping his cum from leaking out as he

came. It was a perfect sort of pleasure, and he maneuvered their bodies so they could rest onto their sides.

He curled a hand protectively over Shane's stomach and pressed a kiss to the back of his neck. Ilya continued to gently thrust, his knot tugging at the sensitive skin of Shane's rim. He enjoyed the aftershocks of pleasure and Shane's small, punched out gasps. He'd do every little thing if that meant he'd bred his mate successfully.

"You're perfect." He mouthed at the bite mark he'd left on Shane's shoulder. A proper actual bite could wait for later. He stroked the soft skin of Shane's chest and moved down, lightly massaging cum onto his skin. "You'll be lovely on our wedding day."

"I hope it takes."

"It will." Ilya licked at Shane's cheek. He wanted to kiss every freckle on his face. "Don't you trust me?"

"I wouldn't have spread my legs so quickly if I didn't." Shane replied. He settled deeper into Ilya's arms. They were still knotted together, but he wanted more. Even in this moment of clarity, any form of distance was unacceptable.

Shane kissed Ilya's bicep. "You're so good to me." The praise thrilled his inner alpha. Ilya nuzzled Shane's neck in response.

"You'll be a wonderful father." Shane spoke with such confidence. Ilya stilled. He hadn't expected the topic to come up. He'd always wanted children. A desire to do better than his own upbringing. The fact that Shane was so capable had made him worry less about his failings. His sweetheart who smiled up at him like he could do no wrong even as he stumbled through life.

Shane noticed his silence. How could he not? Ilya always had something to say. He intertwined their hands then pressed kisses to Ilya's fingers. It was soft. Sweet. Ilya didn't know if he could take more of it.

"Would you like a boy? A girl?" Shane murmured.

"It doesn't matter." Ilya pressed his lips to Shane's mating gland then trailed kisses down to his shoulder. He squeezed at his chest. "You'll give me twins. My beautiful omega, too competitive for his own good. One won't be enough."

Shane laughed but didn't deny it. Ilya loved him even more for it.

—

It'd become very clear to him that Shane was insatiable. His solo heats must have been agony. He was petulant and demanding. Ilya could only feed him when they were knotted together, which *was* often, but still. He'd given Shane free use of his body. If he wanted, just take it.

As a result, Ilya woke up to the sight of Shane mouthing at his cock. It seemed like Shane had taken him up on the offer after all. He drifted through the hazy state between sleep and rising consciousness. It was hard to accept that this was reality. The warmth of Shane's mouth felt comfortable and easy.

His poor omega, so desperately seeking release that he hadn't waited for Ilya to wake up.

It would've been easy to just lie back, but Ilya knew what Shane would like better. He carded his fingers through dark hair then pulled sharply. "You've become wild and spoiled. I allow you too much."

"I needed you." Shane argued. "You said I could. You said I didn't have to wait."

"If only they knew." Ilya murmured as he lowered Shane back over his cock. He fisted his hair with both hands then started at a slow pace. It wasn't enough. His own urges demanded more. He fucked into Shane's mouth in earnest, tightening his grip and as he drove deeper down Shane's throat. "Aren't you supposed to be a good boy? Respectful and well-mannered?"

Ilya chuckled darkly. Shane wasn't even fighting back. He stared up at Ilya, wild-eyed and wanting. His cheeks were flushed with his arousal. "Proper gentlemen don't force their way into a hungry alpha's bedroom late at night."

Shane remained defiant. He squeezed at Ilya's thighs but surrendered himself to the force of each thrust. There was nowhere else he wanted to be. He was happy being used. Ilya knew that all Shane wanted was to surrender his usual control.

"Proper gentlemen don't go through their heats without protection, and they definitely don't get knotted before they're married." Ilya continued. He could see that Shane was humping the mattress now, chasing the slightest relief for his own aching cock. He released his grip, and Shane pulled back so that he could tongue at Ilya's balls then mouth at the base of his cock.

"You can't stop, can you?" Ilya hissed. Shane shook his head in agreement. It sent a thrill down Ilya's spine. "I've ruined you." He pulled Shane off his cock so he could crash their lips together. Shane moaned into the kiss. Ilya sucked on his tongue and chased every inch of contact. Every slight gasp of breath felt like too big a distance.

Ilya's canines itched. He wanted to bite Shane, claim him now while he was perfectly undone. But at the same time, it felt too early. They weren't knotted yet. He slid a hand down, ran his fingers over Shane's leaking hole, and then pressed two fingers in. He was slick and loose, ready to be mounted.

But before that, Ilya needed a taste of his own. He parted from Shane and reluctantly slid out from underneath him. Shane was breathing heavily, too aroused to do anything other than wait for Ilya's touch. He whimpered in complaint, but Ilya squeezed his chest. He was sure his mate wouldn't have any complaints about what would be coming shortly.

He moved between Shane's legs, and his mouth watered at the telltale glisten of slick that awaited him. His teeth ached with hunger. He couldn't deny himself any longer. Ilya leaned forward and mouthed at the crease between Shane's thighs. His mate was soaking wet, riding his face and chasing every inch of his tongue. Ilya shoved his legs further apart. He was enveloped by the scent of heat pheromones as he alternated between marking sensitive skin and lapping at Shane's leaking hole.

"You're perfect, and you're mine." Ilya breathed, lifting his head so he could check on Shane. His mate's eyes were glazed over, lost to the pleasure of their mating. But despite it all, Shane reached back to stroke Ilya's cheek. It was a soft gesture. A reminder that only he had the privilege of unraveling society's perfect prince.

Shane wanted him. Shane chose him. Shane loved *him*.

Such truths filled his greedy heart with joy.

"You're never leaving my bed again." Ilya growled before wrapping his lips around Shane's cock. The sensation was too much. His mate cried out and flooded his mouth with cum. Ilya swallowed it all down, working his throat as Shane continued to writhe. Once he relaxed, Ilya pulled back.

"I'm sorry."

Shane didn't look like he meant it. His face was flushed, and he looked like a child caught sneaking cookies before dinnertime. He shifted under the heat of Ilya's gaze, casually parting his thighs as if to distract him from what he'd just done.

"Was that polite?" Ilya asked as he eased off the bed. He stood at its base, his hands on his hips, and he stared Shane down.

The sudden loss of his touch made Shane sit up. A slight worry set over his brow, and his scent was immediately tinged with distress. Eager to soothe him, Ilya wrapped a hand over one of Shane's ankles. He stroked his thumb over the skin reassuringly.

"It's time for you to satisfy *me* sweetheart. Won't you show me how good you are?" He then hooked his arms around Shane's legs. He took his time, building anticipation as he pulled him to the edge of the bed. Shane was compliant, his cock stiffening as Ilya manhandled him.

He drew Shane's legs up and leaned against the bed. Ilya had his aching cock in hand, and the sight of Shane watching him made him ravenous. He pushed in, a slow, torturous slide that had both of them groaning out loud. Shane widened his legs then shifted slightly before he handed Ilya a pillow from their nest.

Ilya shoved it under Shane's hips without slipping out. Assured that his omega was comfortable, he began pounding into him. Ilya grunted on every thrust. It didn't matter how many times they did this, he was consumed by how good Shane felt. He'd never stop wanting this. Every animalistic instinct sang with joy as he bred his mate.

“Don’t stop.” Shane locked his legs behind Ilya and forced him closer. He felt overcome, his limbs pliant and his body welcoming every pump of Ilya’s hips. It didn’t take much longer until he came again. His back arched beautifully. His smooth stomach was stained with cum, and he was leaking copious amounts of slick, making each thrust easier than the last.

Ilya exhaled sharply. He wasn’t much better off than Shane. The base of Ilya’s cock ached with the need to knot his omega again. His alpha instincts overwhelmed all previous senses of rhythm. He was mindlessly rutting against Shane. His omega wanted to be bred. He wouldn’t stop until he was satisfied. The slap of their hips echoed in the room, joined only by Shane’s mindless noises. His articulate mate was reduced to breathless gasps and eager moans.

The sheer force of his thrusts made them slide up the bed, and Ilya fell to his knees, adjusting only so he could drive in deeper. Everything was perfect. Shane was incoherent and teary eyed. The clearest words were him begging for Ilya’s knot.

When he could, Ilya licked at Shane’s tears and mouthed at his chest. He slammed his cock in deeper, each push barely satisfying the need to be as close to him as possible.

With every thrust, the same cycle of thoughts repeated. He’d breed Shane now, knot him, and fill him with so much cum so that a pregnancy would be an inevitability. If hadn’t bred Shane successfully the previous times, he’d make sure of it now. They’d welcome their first born before winter was over. The wedding be damned, he didn’t care about the consequences. They would seal their bond before the heat ended if Shane wanted it too.

“Shane, I want your mark.”

The words tumbled out of his mouth. Ilya had been so eager that he only realized in the following silence that he’d spoken in Russian. He repeated himself in English. He huffed and grasped for what he wanted to say next. “Will you let me claim you?”

He’d wait forever if he had to. He was just as ruined as Shane. The separation had been torture for him too, and the heat just a convenient excuse to end it. Ilya needed his mate.

He’d fled his home because he wanted to be good for Shane but also because it was too quiet. He’d grown used to his company. Every room was too void of life. He needed to hear Shane chiding him for pretending he couldn’t understand English when he was bored at parties. He wanted Shane to discuss every single mundane household detail with him. He longed for boring conversations in bed.

He’d never been good at sharing. And now that he had Shane again, he’d break every single social convention for him to get to stay.

“I’m yours.” Shane bared his neck for Ilya to claim. His answer soothed Ilya’s growing restlessness. He’d never looked more beautiful. He licked his lips and dug his nails into Ilya’s arms.

“Claim me.”

Ilya surged forward. He wanted it too much to be gentle. His teeth sank into Shane's mating gland, and the shared pleasure across the bond made Ilya come. It wasn't the first time he'd knotted Shane, but something about it felt different now.

He was so lost to the haze of mating that he was late to notice that Shane was sobbing underneath him. His beloved mate was overstimulated. He'd come again, and now Ilya's knot swelled and pressed against his tender rim. Ilya licked at the mating bite to reassure him. "You're such a good mate." He whispered tenderly. "Always so good for me."

Minutes passed as Ilya kissed Shane softly and waited for him to calm down. He wiped at his tears, murmured praise into his skin. They weren't done yet.

Once Shane could kiss him back, Ilya nuzzled his face one last time then bared his neck. Shane hesitated. His teeth scraped against skin.

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't hurt me." Ilya replied. "I promise."

Shane sank his teeth, and Ilya groaned. His mate retracted his teeth quickly then immediately licked at the mark. He seemed apologetic. Ilya closed his eyes and smiled. Trust his mate's good manners to suddenly show up when they were both at their most carnal. He licked at Shane's mark in turn.

He relished this new comfort. Ilya stayed in place, too satiated to do anything else. Their bond felt stronger now. The full brunt of his mate's happiness washed over him, and Ilya surrendered to the feeling. Shane was taking his knot and mouthing at his neck mindlessly. What else was there for him to do? He was a happy man.

"I love you."

Ilya let the weight of his words settle. He wiped the remaining traces of Shane's tears and kissed his forehead. He held his mate close and nearly burst into tears himself when Shane replied with his own *I love you* in perfect Russian.

His heart swelled. It felt like the sweetest agony to know he was loved. Ilya buried his face into Shane's chest. He'd broken hundreds of rules and made even more mistakes, but he held no regrets over the steps that had led him to this moment.

Part 3: The Afterglow

Shane's heat ended the next morning, two days earlier than usual. On the other hand, the abrupt end to Shane's heat only worsened Ilya's triggered rut. He was insatiable, an intoxicating mix of smug yet sweet as he took Shane on his hands and knees, on his back, or over his lap. Left to his baser senses, his vocabulary had been reduced to telling Shane how good he felt, how beautiful he was, and how he was the perfect mate.

Everything felt right. Their bond was intense, yet Shane surrendered himself to its comfort. His mind felt like it'd floated away. His worries about parenthood and societal judgment felt distant. He let Ilya feed him by hand, push him to drink more water, and lull him to sleep.

The tea remained untouched. And after Shane let Ilya knot him for the fourth time, he rang for Yulia and had her take it away. When Ilya woke hours later and noticed it was gone, Shane crawled into his lap and took his knot for the fifth.

But all things had to come to an end. Six days after he'd barged into Ilya's home, Shane decided it was time to leave the corners of their nest. Life waited for them beyond the walls of Ilya's bedroom. Choice made, he ignored the half-hard cock pushing against the back of his thigh and untangled himself from Ilya's limbs. But as soon as they were separated, Shane suddenly found it hard to get out of bed.

He glanced over his shoulder to check on his sleeping mate. Ilya's neck was bruised, his mating bite sore and obvious. Shane felt a mixture of guilt and pleasure. He hadn't wanted to hurt Ilya, but he was proud of his mark. Everyone would see their bites and know who they belonged to. Unable to help himself, Shane ran his fingers through Ilya's blond curls.

Ilya's eyes fluttered open at the touch. He gave Shane a disarmingly soft smile before grabbing his waist. Shane huffed yet didn't protest. He let Ilya climb on top of him and looped his arms around his neck. His alpha trailed soft kisses from his chest to his face, and after a slight shift of their bodies, Shane was unsurprised to discover that Ilya's cock was now fully hard.

"Ilya - "

"Just one more time." Ilya whispered. "Didn't you like taking my knot sweetheart? You took it so many times, more than any omega ever could." The filth spilled from his mouth easily, every husky and accented syllable only further weakening Shane's resolve. He didn't put up much of a fight. Callused hands pushed his thighs apart and Shane surrendered to the fact Ilya would get his way as usual.

He could leave the bed later. They had a free schedule. It didn't matter -

There were three sharp knocks to the door. Ilya froze above him. They'd developed a system with Ilya's household help over the months they'd been together. One knock meant the staff had something to serve, and two knocks was a polite inquiry if they needed anything. Three knocks meant something serious.

Yulia called out from the hallway. "Mr. Hollander, your mother sent a telegram."

Shane sighed. He'd hoped for more time.

Undeterred by their lack of response, Yulia pressed on. "Mr. Rozanov, your betrothed's parents have agreed to join us for luncheon in two hours' time." Mundane information, if not for the fact that they had very much *not* been invited over at all. Yulia let her message sit before carrying on. "Shall we draw you both a bath?"

Ilya slapped a hand over Shane's mouth before he could answer. "Give us an hour's time."

Shane was glad Ilya had decided for him. It'd only taken moments for his thoughts to spiral. He didn't know how he'd explain himself. His mother would have a dozen questions, starting with what they were going to do about the wedding.

But at the same time, although concerns were coming to rise, Shane also felt a blanketing sense of calm. Ilya didn't seem fazed, and it clearly had a soothing effect. His mate was too preoccupied with licking and kissing at Shane's mating bite to think about how his in-laws were coming over. His scent remained unchanged, and he exuded an unbothered ease that radiated through their bond.

"We need to get out of bed. I need to plan." Shane murmured. It was hard to think when Ilya was mouthing at his neck and rutting against him.

Ilya kissed his nose, then his forehead. It was uncharacteristically sweet. Shane regarded him with suspicion.

"Let me fill you one last time. To make sure we have good news for your parents."

Ilya was smiling. His eyes crinkled with his usual good humor. It was impossible to be upset. Against his better sensibilities, Shane found himself smiling back. He followed their bond into feelings of contentment and felt himself relaxing further into what he now considered *their* bed.

He chased Ilya's lips for another kiss then flipped their positions once he felt Ilya relax. He sat astride his mate, childishly happy. Ilya's expression slid from amused to smug as Shane reached for his cock.

"Just one last time." Shane breathed.

Ilya squeezed his waist.

"We'll see about that."

Chapter 2: Follow Up: In the Light of Day

Chapter Summary

It's time for luncheon with the parents. Shane and Ilya present their plan for the wedding and everything that comes next.

Chapter Notes

I didn't expect to get such a positive reception to this fic. In turn, I wanted to give back!

So thank you so much, and here we have a short follow up - this chapter covers the lunch with Ilya, Shane, Yuna, and David. It's all family vibes and positivity. ♡

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

Ilya took a leisurely sip of soup and wondered who would break first. Shane? Yuna? Would it be by the third course or just after dessert?

Either way, it was probably terrible of him to be amused by the situation.

He loved both Shane and Yuna dearly. He'd seen people try to talk both of them into breaking off the engagement. He knew Shane would defend him. He just hadn't expected Yuna to do so too.

Disapproving gossips usually did it when he was in the room. Happy to take his money when they needed it, but unhappy to consider him a part of their exclusive group. They brought up Ilya's numerous entanglements. They mentioned his loud personality and unremarkable family background. They laid that all out in front of her, and his future mother-in-law still refused to listen and sent people away with a sharp reprimand to stay out of their business.

All that support, yet couldn't bring himself to put a stop to his loved ones' relentless back and forth about the weather and the neighbors. He could see Yuna become more agitated with each diversion. Shane was getting defensive, expecting her judgment and disapproval. Neither caved. Ilya was learning something new about the Hollanders, and he didn't want to cut the lesson short.

Ilya's curiosity was getting the better of him. So this was what it was like when loving families dealt with a problem? He had to see it. And because of that, for the past hour and a half, he'd allowed mother and son to talk about everything and anything *except* the fact that Shane was pregnant and mated a month before the wedding.

He'd seen Shane's parents notice his changed scent. It wasn't just that he smelled like Ilya. No, it was more than that. They'd scented him as soon as they'd arrived and paused. He no longer just smelled of ginger and white musk, he smelled rosier and sweeter. But instead of acknowledging that at least one grandchild was on the way, Yuna and David had merely smiled and complimented him on the bouquet he'd gifted Shane for his birthday.

Ilya turned his attention to David. His father-in-law would know if this had gone on long enough. He had a beta's solid temperament, and a deeper understanding of both Yuna and Shane. He was late to realize the older man's eyes were already on him. He'd been waiting.

His father-in-law winked and briefly shook his head. He mouthed *just wait*.

It seemed there was nothing to do. Ilya listened and had another spoonful of soup. It was a bit cold now but still delicious. Even under duress, Shane had crafted a perfect menu. Ilya was just about to have another bite when Yuna finally surrendered to control-seeking alpha tendencies.

"Okay, I believe this has gone on long enough." Her irritation flared, filling the room.

Yuna set down her spoon. She glanced at the waitstaff that were discretely posted in the corners of the room. "I apologize, the meal has been wonderful, but there are matters we must discuss in private. You can leave us with this course for now."

It was a clear dismissal. As soon as they were alone, Yuna sighed. "My darlings, I love you, and you must know that David and I are so happy for you." She paused. "Yet at the same time, I also want to strangle you both for throwing the wedding plans into chaos."

Ilya held back his laugh. He covered his mouth with his hand then glanced at Shane, who remained impassive. Neither his scent nor their shared bond gave anything away. Nonetheless, Ilya reached across the table to hold his mate's hand.

"Your mother assumed you'd have a plan." David explained. "You'll have to forgive us for wasting time on extended pleasantries. We were just hoping you'd speak first." He touched his wife's arm and gave her an encouraging smile. "She didn't want to overwhelm you."

"I assumed you were upset." Shane raised his head and met his parents' eyes. Ilya squeezed his hand reassuringly. "I know this was all untimely and grossly inappropriate. Once people find out, it's bound to affect you both."

"Honey -"

"I want you both to know that I love you so much, and I'm sorry for any future pain this might cause, but I don't regret it." He interlaced his fingers with Ilya's. "Not at all."

Ilya wanted to kiss him. Maybe even more. Pull his fiancé onto his lap and mouth at his mating bite. If not for the fact they were already on thin ice for being indecent, he would've done so. Instead, he tightened his grip on Shane and decided it was time to join the conversation.

“For what it is worth, I am also very sorry. I did not wish to bring more trouble to your family.”

“You’ve been a blessing, Ilya, don’t apologize. We love you. We’re glad you’ll be a part of our family.” Yuna left no room for argument. “And Shane, your father and I want to be clear that we aren’t upset. I can’t say there would’ve been any better solution for you. We were just worried.”

Yuna sighed but smiled. She relaxed and reached across the table. “You know that we only ever want things to be easy for you.”

“I’ve come to realize that I don’t like things that are easy.” Shane murmured, a hint of a smile finally on his lips. He met Ilya’s gaze. “We’ll save that for later, when we’re old.”

“Well, Hollanders are never ones to back down from a challenge.” Ever amiable, David agreed and took a sip of his wine. Ilya watched him move with enviable calm. He instinctively soothed Yuna and her busy mind with a gentle touch to her wrist.

Kind words, softer looks. Ilya hadn’t known family arguments that didn’t end with noise and violence. He watched the Hollanders with a pang of longing in his chest. Could he raise a family with such a gentle touch? Did he have it in him?

Shane pressed a foot against his under the table. Ilya startled out of his thoughts. His mate smiled, happy to have caught his attention again.

“We’ll be fine.” Shane said, his eyes on Ilya the whole time. “I know we will.”

Ilya really wished he could kiss him.

But with apologies out of the way, Yuna turned to business. “And the wedding?”

“We will not move the wedding. It is one month away, not so far.” Shane explained. “But at the same time, we will no longer be living separately. I can’t manage, and neither can Ilya, now that we are bonded and...”

Yuna pursed her lips. “May I offer one suggestion?”

“Of course.”

“Perhaps it’d be best if we all lived under one roof then. Just until the wedding. It’d make the whole situation look more acceptable. Anyone offended at this point will withdraw their attendance anyway, and it’ll offer enough decency for anyone on the fence.”

“We can retire to my seaside cottage.” Ilya suggested. He hadn’t thought of it back when he and Shane had discussed their plans. He checked for a reaction, but the bond was enough to tell him that Shane agreed. He pressed on.

“It’ll offer enough space for everyone. It will not take too long to move, only a day at most to get ready.” It was at this point he paused. Something else had come to mind. A desire to

nurture and protect gripped his chest so tightly that his next words came out quieter than intended.

“I also think the fresh air would be good for Shane...and the baby.”

The word didn't feel real on his tongue. The reality of their growing family weighed on him. He felt overwhelmed, and when he met Yuna's gaze, expecting her solid support, he found she had none to give. She was equally, if not more so, overcome. Her eyes were watery, and before anyone could say anything, Yuna had abandoned her seat to embrace her son.

There was not a dry eye in the room.

It took a few moments, but eventually Yuna recovered her usual grace. She eased off her son to smoothen out his hair and wipe at his eyes. “Just so you know, twins run on your father's side of the family.”

Shane's cheeks turned scarlet, and Ilya couldn't hide a smug grin. “And two changes to your scent? Rose is one thing, but it's candied too. Floral and sweet. It's a sign, honey. When I was pregnant with you, my scent only adopted a ginger note.”

“We don't know for sure, it's too early -”

“You need to trust me, I *know* these things.”

Mother and son descended into a well-worn argument of who knew better, and Ilya decided to leave them be once again. They'd settle down eventually. In the meanwhile, David dabbed at his eyes with a napkin then tossed it aside so he could join them. Once he was close enough, he laid a warm hand on Ilya's shoulder.

“Cottage? Ilya, son, I've never known an alpha such as yourself to be humble.” He smiled down at Ilya with complete affection. It was a look he'd seen him give Shane numerous times. “I've toured the property, and it's a marvel.”

Ilya hesitated over his reply. It was so easy for David and Yuna to call him their son. It'd felt strange at first, a title he didn't think he'd earned. But in this room, surrounded by a love he hadn't known since childhood, he felt brave enough to call them for what they were.

“It is not my property, it is ours. We are family, yes?”

All of a sudden, Ilya found himself smothered by both of Shane's parents. Yuna instantly diverted her affection, and David crushed them all in a hug. He teared up again, and Ilya caught a glimpse of Shane over his dad's shoulder.

Shane smiled, red-eyed, and beautiful. His perfect mate, more than he'd ever dreamed of.

“I love you.”

His reply came as easy as breathing. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments and kudos are the lifeblood for any writer. Let me know if you liked the fic, and if you have any ideas for this AU, I'm happy to hear them! ;)

Happy holidays!

End Notes

I had a whole backstory for these two, but pwp was just much easier to write. If you liked it, let me know! Comments and kudos are life and sustenance to any fic writer. If you have any thoughts you'd like to share, I'm also open to prompts for this AU. Will I finish the original fic that inspired this? Will their wedding be moved? Will Shane actually have twins? We'll see.

In the meanwhile, I'm looking for more Hollanov friends. If you'd like to talk Heated Rivalry, give me a follow on Twitter [here](#)! I'm a yapper, so be warned.

And as always, thanks for reading! ♥

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