

Your Touch

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Your Touch

by [oliveo](#)

Summary

Ilya's eyebrows rose at that, "Oh, my little omega, aren't you supposed to be good for me?" He lowered to his elbows, licking his way down Shane's chest, before hooking his fingers gently in the fabric of his underwear, "Don't you want to be good for me, sweetheart?"

Shane's heart, his *body*, was *fracturing*. He was *splitting into a million pieces every place Ilya's tongue, hands, and breath touched him*. He was *falling, falling, falling*; he felt like a *powder keg*.

"Look at me, moya zhizn'."

And with that, he burst into flames.

OR...

Shane loses his suppressants and what can he do except call Rozy !

Notes

I am but a dopamine-deprived fiend, who will need yaoi ripped from her cold dead hands. I haven't written a fic in like a year so who knows how this will go!

PSA I used google translate for the Russian I am not gonna lie.... if something is like atrociously wrong please tell me

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

Shane had called Hayden in a panic. His hand tugged at his hair before flipping his backpack and shaking it out. Again. *Shit*.

Hayden answered on the second ring, sounding like he was still half-asleep, “Dude, you know I need my post-game 24-hour nap.”

“Sorry, sorry- I just- did you find a random bottle of meds when you unpacked? I’m missing some of mine, and I- I really need them. Do you have them? Please say you do,” Shane was pacing, or trying to; his clothes were a haphazard mess across his floor, and he kept tripping. The state of the room was doing nothing to lower his general anxiety, but he couldn't fucking *find* them. He had taken everything out and put it all back *twice*.

“Whoa, whoa, man, chill out. What’s on the label? I don’t think I did, but I’ll look again.”

“It doesn't matter what they are; I just really need them. I need them now. Can you look, please?” *Shit. Shit fuck, shit, he doesn't fucking have them.* Shane could have listed 50 possible bad outcomes to their weekend Florida game that weren't this. Getting eaten by a gator? Plausible. Losing his fucking suppressants? Impossible. Or so he had thought

There was a creak on the other end of the line, footsteps shortly following, “Are you good, Shane? What’s going on?”

“I’m fine, I just- please tell me you have them.” Sliding down onto the floor beside his bed, Shane tipped his head back, closing his eyes.

“Dude, I’m really sorry, but I’m not seeing anything. Do you need me to run to the pharmacy and pick something up for you?”

Shane’s heart plummeted into his gut, and he dragged a hand down his face. *Fuck*, “No, it’s okay, Hayden, thanks for looking.”

“Alright... let me know if you need anything.”

“Thanks, man, I appreciate it,” Shane hung up with a groan, before immediately dialing his mom’s number.

“Hey, honey, what’s up?”

“I lost my suppressants.” The sentence tasted bitter on his tongue. He hadn’t lost his suppressants since the year he presented. He had been so good at keeping track of them, keeping it a secret. And now he had lost them.

“Shit, Shane, how many days have you missed?” He could hear the fear in his mother’s voice. The NHL didn’t have any openly presenting omegas on any team. Even his team’s physician didn’t know. No one knew.

“Two. I thought I just packed them away when I got to the hotel last night. I didn’t even look until just now. Missing one day has always been fine. But two...”

“When’s your next game?”

“Not for another week and a half. Then we play Boston.”

“Well, I don’t know, hun, if you already missed two days, you will have your heat regardless of when you get new suppressants, maybe just ride this one out? Call your coaches and say you’re injured when it gets bad?”

“I guess so, it’s just- we’re mid-season. And I’m a terrible liar, Mom.”

“I’ll call them. Say you’re bedbound, need a couple of days at home to get better.”

“I will never hear the end of that.”

“Well, Shane, we’re low on options here. They’ll probably smell it on you if you go in anyway.”

He pressed his face into his palm, “Shit.”

“We’ll get through this, hon. You’ll be back on your feet by Florida, and we’ll get you a second bottle of suppressants, so you can take one when you go and know you have one left at home.”

“Thank you, Mom. I love you.” Shane hung up and promptly threw his phone across the room.

—

Pressing his forehead against the glass of his shower wall, Shane let the ice-cold water pound down over his body, “*Fuck,*” he muttered. He felt like he was melting from the inside out. His gut churned with lava, and even under the cold spray of water, he felt as though his skin was singed. He was starfished against the cool glass, legs spread, arms spread, fingers spread. His heat had progressed faster than he thought. It had been two days since his call with his mom, and he felt like a live wire.

“*Fuck.*”

He slowly unplastered himself from the glass, which, like fucking everything else, was now warm to the touch. Groping at the shower knob, he shut off the water, wincing at the immediate spike in his temperature. He stumbled out of the bathroom, tripping through his apartment before splaying himself out on his bed.

Reaching over to his bedside table, he picked up his phone, squinting as he scrolled through his contacts until he saw the name Lily, and dialed. *This is a terrible idea*, he thought,

squeezing at his temples against an oncoming headache.

“Da?”

“Are you...” a sharp pain stabbed at his stomach, “Fuck, are you in town yet?”

“Hollander, what is wrong- you sound bad.”

“I- just. Are you in town yet or not, asshole?”

“My plane lands tonight,” he sounded distracted. *Fuck, his voice*, Shane thought. “Why do you sound like this? What is wrong with you?”

“Just- just come over when you get here. Please. I can’t- I need you to come over and help me.”

“Blyad. Hollander- help you with what? What is happening?” Now there was concern edging Ilya’s voice: concern and annoyance.

“Just. Please,” he mumbled, before ending the call.

Groaning, Shane crawled under his covers, shivering despite the heat that wracked his body. *Ilya will be here soon.*

—

He was curled in a ball in the center of his bed when the knock finally came, twisted up with a pillow and wearing nothing but his boxers. His boxers, which were already soaked. He had assembled something of a nest around him, though there were far too few of Ilya’s clothes in it, just a hoodie and sweatpants he had left on accident the last time he had been here. Slowly sitting up, Shane observed what he had built. *Not big enough. Not comfy enough. Alpha will*

be displeased. The thought wrenched at his stomach, and he felt sick, eyes filling with tears before another knock and-

“Hollander. Open the fucking door, what is wrong with you?”

Shane crawled towards the edge of the bed, the ache in his stomach intensifying with every movement. By the time he brought himself to stand, Ilya was knocking again.

There was panic in his voice this time, “Hollander, are you dead? Open the door, or I am going to open it myself. What would your fancy little designer think if I kicked it in, huh-”

Shane opened the door and tumbled into Ilya’s arms with a sob, “Help.”

“What are you doing, Hollander? What is wrong? Why... why do you smell like that?” Ilya pushed Shane back slightly, gripping him by the waist when it became clear that Shane wasn’t able to hold himself up.

“NeedyoupleaseIlyahelpme,” Shane slurred, squirming towards Ilya’s chest, hips canting painfully against air, “Please alpha pleasepleaseplease it hurts.”

“Fuck. Hollander, how long?” Ilya still had him at arm’s length. His gaze was still wary. *No, no, no*, Shane thought. He pictured how he had thrown himself at Ilya. *Shit*. Anxiety thumped in his chest, and he tried to wiggle free of Ilya’s arms.

“You... you don’t want to help. I’ve displeased you. I’ve. I’ve upset you,” his voice started to quaver, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry I’ve tried to be good I- I called you and I put your clothes in my nest but I didn’t have that many and the scent is almost gone but I should have tried harder I should have I’m sorry I’ll make it up to you I promise please don’t leave me please I’m sor-”

“Dermo- Hollander, sweetheart, I am not upset with you, I promise. Come here,” Ilya lifted him into his arms, Shane’s legs wrapping around him like a vice as he buried his face into

Ilya's neck with a rough inhale, *smells like home*. "I will help you, I promise, just tell me when it started, okay? So I know what you need."

"I need *you*," Shane whimpered, tongue running over Ilya's gland.

"Answer the other question too, sweetheart," Ilya muttered. Shane sank his teeth lightly, ever so lightly into the gland, moaning at the burst of flavor that rewarded him. His hips were beginning to rut against Ilya's abs, and, *good god*.

He could feel the press of Ilya's cock against his crotch and tried to squirm his way lower down Ilya's body, "I noticed my pills were missing three days ago. Felt weird yesterday and then today I can't-"

"Okay, Hollander, I have you, I am here," Ilya stepped into the flat, kicking the door shut with his heel, before stopping short. Shane looked up to see that his room was a disaster, clothes strewn across the ground, a suitcase upside down and half falling off a nearby chair. He looked up to see Ilya grinning down at him, "Who are you and what have you done with Shane Hollander?"

Shane whimpered, pressing his face into Ilya's chest, "I couldn't find my pills. This wasn't supposed to happen."

Ilya set him gently inside his nest, stepping back to admire the scene. Shane knew he must look pathetic, blush covering his freckles, hands reaching up to pull Ilya down with him, "If you had told me what was going on, I could have brought you more of my clothes for your nest."

Shane's heart sank. He felt his face crumple, and he drew back. "You don't like it?"

Ilya set his hands on the bed, leaning in to kiss Shane's neck, "No, no, *moya zhizn'*, I love it. It's beautiful." He hesitated for a second, as if lost in the heady scent pouring from Shane's glands. An idea that sent a flare of pride spearing through Shane's chest. *Fuck*.

“C’mere,” Shane grumbled, pulling at Ilya’s shirt until he was almost falling on top of him, his arms caged around Shane’s head. Turning his head to the side, Shane pressed his nose to the gland at Ilya’s wrist, “You smell so good.”

“Ah, you smell better, Hollander. Like you’re ready for me to fuck you.” The words were breathed against Shane’s ear, and he whimpered, hips jerking up against nothing.

The ache was settling into him again, noticeable once more as the distraction of Rozanov’s arrival faded, “Please, alpha, it hurts. Please, can you just?” He felt a tear slide down his cheek, and he writhed in frustration. All the while, Ilya just grinned at him. He just sat and grinned, and it was driving Shane insane. So he bit his forearm.

Ilya’s eyebrows rose at that, “Oh, my little omega, aren’t you supposed to be good for me?” He lowered to his elbows, licking his way down Shane’s chest, before hooking his fingers gently in the fabric of his underwear, “Don’t you want to be good for me, sweetheart?”

Shane’s heart, his *body*, was fracturing. He was splitting into a million pieces every place Ilya’s tongue, hands, and breath touched him. He was falling, falling, falling; he felt like a powder keg.

“Look at me, moya zhizn'.”

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—

Shane felt like it had been days. Hours? Decades? All he knew was that he hated Ilya. He hated him. He hated him so much it wasn’t even funny. He hated him almost as much as he needed him, “Please, alpha, please, I can’t- I need you inside me.”

Ilya’s head was between his thighs, hands wrapping around each to keep them spread. His thumbs dragged treacherously over the glands on the inside of Shane’s legs as he placed kiss

after kiss in the crease of his hip. He trailed them down the seam of his crotch, then softly, painfully, up the side of Shane's dick, "You have been so patient for me, sweetheart. You can wait a little more for me, da?"

"I've waited. I've waited so long, I've been so good, please."

Ilya grinned at him, crawling slowly up the length of his body, his cock, thick and full, rubbing against Shane's stomach. It made his mouth water, "You sound so pretty when you beg for me," Ilya slid a finger across Shane's lower lip, "Almost as pretty as you sound choking on my dick."

"Please."

Leaning down, Ilya pressed his forehead to Shane's, releasing a sharp exhale, "I can never say no to you, moya zhizn'."

Shane squirmed at the words, back arching, "Then fuck me."

He felt Ilya spit a curse into his neck, and then the blunt head of his cock was pressed against his entrance, "So wet, just for me."

A groan leaked from Shane's throat, and Ilya pressed in. And in. And in. *Fuck*, Shane mouthed, his body bowing up, eyes rolling back. Worlds could be born from this feeling. It was everything he needed, a glorious, wondrous thing created only for him. The perfect length, perfect girth. Perfect shape, for his body, "Alpha," he panted, fingernails scraping down Ilya's back, "Alpha, deeper."

Ilya was mumbling something into his hair; Shane couldn't even tell if it was English. They stayed just like that for a moment, Ilya bearing into him as far as he could go, Shane pressing as hard as he could back into him. And then the moment snapped.

It took two thrusts for Shane to come the first time. His body seized, limbs locking where they were wrapped around Ilya, a rough, “Fuck, so tight, so beautiful,” growled into the side of his head. Shane felt like he was going to float off the face of the Earth.

Ilya’s grip on his hips was the perfect combination of gentle and grounding. His thumbs pressed hard enough to leave bruises, but his pinky swiped up and down along Shane’s back. He had never felt this seen, this mapped. And maybe it was the heat, maybe it was the way Ilya was looking at him. With a fire and an honesty he had yet to see from anyone, but when his legs were hitched on Ilya’s shoulders, he began to sob. And then his limbs were on fire, there were stars in his eyes- Ilya *was* a star. He came again with a sharp gasp because shit, at this angle, something hit just right, “There. Please. Alpha- Rozy, please, there.”

A small smile curled onto Ilya’s lips, “Remember when you said I could only make you come twice in one hour, sweetheart? You thought so little of my capabilities.”

“I was wrong. So wrong- oh god. Please.”

Ilya’s gaze turned feral, and he sank his teeth into the skin around Shane’s collarbone, laving his tongue over the marks he left before moving up to suck on Shane’s gland, and nothing in the world had been like this, felt like this, ever before.

Then Ilya was pulling back, his thrusts quickening, and he hit that one damn spot every time. He locked eyes with Shane, one hand tipping his chin up, “You are mine,” he growled.

“Yes- yes, anything you want. Yes.”

“Say it.”

Shane felt the heat in his core spreading, expanding, smoldering, “I’m yours. Fuck. I’m only yours. No one else’s.”

Ilya leaned down till their foreheads touched, burning a hole through Shane's soul with his eyes, "You. Are. Mine."

Each word was punctuated by a thrust, until Shane was tightening again and coming again, and then Ilya was pressing farther into him, farther, and Shane was suddenly so full he couldn't think.

Ilya's teeth were digging into his collarbone again, and he was spilling inside him, and nothing had ever felt this good before.

The last thing Shane heard before sleep took him was the soft rumble of Russian against his cheek, pressed there with a kiss, "Ya lyublyu tebya, moy lyubimyy."

End Notes

There may be a part two to this in your near future... depends on how long it takes until my school work makes me want to end my life again!

If you enjoy, here is my [twitter](#) but its mostly just me yapping to the void...

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