

Made for each other

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Summary

Shane knows omegas are supposed to be good at comforting others. Just like he knows that's definitely not a skill he possesses. But when he hears Ilya's broken *I'm sorry* he knows he at least has to try, even if he's afraid he'll end up fucking it up.

(Now with a second chapter: ✨ cottage sex ✨)

Notes

After liking every omega!Shane post I kept seeing on twitter, I guess it was only a matter of time before this happened...

I hope you enjoy!! 😊

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

Chapter 1

"I'm sorry," Ilya says, looking away from him, and his voice cracks at the barely audible words and Shane feels his chest tightening at the sound, his heart breaking in a thousand pieces for the man next to him.

And he knows he's not good at this.

Just like he knows that omegas are supposed to know how to do this; they're supposed to be good at comforting and that's an omega trait that would be really fucking helpful right about now, so of course it's very much not a skill he possesses.

So he might fuck this up - he probably *will* fuck this up, if he's honest - but he also can't not do anything. Not when Ilya's falling apart right beside him and *apologizing* for it. And yes, Shane knows he usually overthinks and spirals and overthinks some more before he acts and is conscious of everything he does, but today he's being brave and bold and he doesn't really let himself think about it before he moves, straddling Ilya's thighs so he can sit on his lap.

"Hey," he says softly and cups Ilya's face, bringing their lips into a kiss. *I'm here*, he's trying to say, *I got you*, as he tastes the saltiness on Ilya's lips from the few tears that have managed to escape and he might not say the actual words, but he really hopes Ilya hears him all the same.

He can't help feeling relieved by the way Ilya immediately responds to the kiss. He doesn't know if this is what Ilya needs at this moment, but just the fact he's welcomed both the kiss on his lips and Shane on his lap, it must mean Shane isn't doing so horribly with this whole *comforting* thing.

They break the kiss not long after. Ilya's eyes are wet and open and vulnerable and maybe a bit lost too, like he doesn't know what to do now that he's let Shane see him like this; like it's the first time he's let anyone comfort him. Like it's the first time anyone has even tried to.

Shane pulls him into a hug and gently rocks their bodies back and forth, holding him as close to him as possible. Ilya squeezes him in his arms, silently confirming he wants him right there, and buries his face in the crook of Shane's neck, taking a deep inhale.

And at that moment it's not that Shane doesn't think, it's simply that his only thought is to comfort, to soothe Ilya, that's all he wants, so he doesn't hesitate before reaching and removing the scent blocker patch from his neck.

His scent still won't be that strong since he's been on suppressants since he presented, but it won't be completely absent either, so he hopes it somehow helps. He might freak out later, but right now he feels quite certain this is the right thing to do. Ilya's just holding him, not asking for anything - he didn't even ask for the hug, even though he all but welcomed it - and if Shane's being honest he really wishes Ilya *would* ask him for something, anything, tell him what he needs so Shane would know what to do. And at this moment - and maybe, terrifyingly, not only at this - whatever Ilya would ask, Shane would give it to him.

But without Ilya's instructions, he needs to rely on his own instincts and just hope he doesn't fuck up.

And maybe he's doing alright so far because the moment the blockers are gone, a gasp comes from Ilya and his hand squeezes the side of Shane's waist, holding him so tight their bodies are pressed together without an inch of empty space between them.

He doesn't know for how long they stay like that, but he doesn't mind. He'd be happy to stay right there for as long as he has to. Forever, if Ilya needs him to.

He knows talking has never really been their thing, but now he can't help but wonder what else he doesn't know about Ilya. What else they haven't talked about but they should have. He's known Ilya for almost a decade and yet there are so many things about him Shane doesn't know. He wonders if Ilya would tell him, if only Shane was brave enough to ask. Not tonight though; tonight has already been a lot. But maybe next time.

He can tell it's been a little while since the tears have stopped, Ilya's breathing now calm and steady, but Ilya's hold on him is still just as tight.

He does pull slightly away eventually, Ilya's arms now loosely wrapped around him, as if refusing to let go of him completely. Shane's definitely not complaining; just the few inches of space between them is already more than he'd like and he misses the comfort of having the heat of Ilya's body pressed against his own.

Ilya isn't quite meeting his eyes, looking somewhere at Shane's shoulder instead, which is not like him at all because he usually loves eye contact and staring until Shane's blushing and looking away.

"Your ugly shirt is all wet now," is the first thing Ilya says and after everything they've talked about since he came to Ilya's room and the hug and the tears, this is such an Ilya thing to say that Shane can't help but smile, a fond little chuckle escaping him.

"That, uh, that's a first. It's usually other things that get wet when I'm with you," he says and then immediately grimaces, squeezing his eyes shut. Fuck. That was absolutely fucking horrible. This is definitely one of those moments he'll lie awake in bed at night ten years from now and still think about, not able to get over his embarrassment even then.

And it was also probably not the right time for stupid jokes either way.

Or, well, maybe it actually *is* because it elicits a little snort from Ilya and when Shane forces himself to open his eyes, he finds Ilya's gaze already on him, the corner of his lips slightly twitching upwards, amused, maybe even fond.

"Oh, so you are funny now," he teases and Shane offers him another smile, this one kind of shy, a bit unsure, mainly because he knows that as much as he loves all the teasing and the joking he also needs them to be serious for a moment.

He sort of hopes Ilya will fill the silence that follows, because he's usually better at that than Shane, but today that doesn't seem to be the case.

"Ilya," he says softly when he accepts that Ilya isn't planning to say anything, which again is quite strange because he usually loves to talk, never shuts up.

Shane is tempted to repeat his name, just because he likes how it rolls off his tongue, how right it feels. Calling him *Ilya* and hearing Ilya call him *Shane* might have been part of what freaked him out the last time, but now he revels in it. "Are you okay?" he asks at last, feeling more nervous than he should be about an at least seemingly innocent question.

Ilya nods but he seems distracted, still staring at him. His hand moves and comes to cup Shane's face, his thumb caressing the soft skin on the top of his cheek. And it's honestly so stupid that even so many years later, after everything they've done together, this still makes him blush and Ilya can definitely see it and probably can even feel how hot Shane's face is. Still Shane smiles and melts under the gentle caress, eyes helplessly fluttering closed as Ilya keeps stroking his face.

"I ruined our night, no?" Ilya says after a while and Shane opens his eyes, immediately shaking his head no.

"No. You didn't." he says, his lips still curled up into a little smile, soft but now a bit teasing too. "To be fair, I'm the one who started the whole conversation."

"You are right. You ruined night," Ilya agrees easily, but he doesn't sound like he actually blames Shane for the turn their night has taken. His tone is light, more teasing, more like Ilya, and it makes Shane's smile widen a little. Maybe they've had enough serious for one day.

"Fuck off, Rozanov," he replies, because this feels normal and familiar and maybe they need that now.

Only that Ilya seems to disagree.

"Fuck off, *Ilya*," he corrects and Shane is shamelessly grinning at this point; he likes the sound of that even more.

He goes happily when Ilya pulls him into a kiss, sighing against those perfect, familiar lips and eagerly parting his own to welcome Ilya's tongue in his mouth. He's almost panting by the time Ilya breaks the kiss and it's honestly pathetic that Ilya can reduce him to a flustered, needy mess simply with a kiss. Just like that first time they kissed, this still hasn't changed. And it probably never will.

"You did not have to do that," Ilya says after a moment, his eyes fleeting to Shane's neck for a second.

And it's then that Shane suddenly remembers what exactly he did. He was too focused on Ilya and how he is that his brain very conveniently completely ignored the fact he actually fucking *removed* his scent blocker patch. He's never done that before. He doesn't even go around his own house without one when he's alone.

And yet he didn't think twice about it before doing it, for Ilya. His face heats up so much he feels his cheeks burning and Ilya can clearly see it because there's a proper smile now on his

lips. Good to know his embarrassment never fails to entertain Ilya.

"Did it help?" He asks. Because yes, he didn't have to do that. He wanted to, though. He feels a bit vulnerable and exposed now that he's thinking about it but still he can't bring himself to regret it.

Ilya nods and his gaze goes back to Shane's neck, this time lingering there, his eyes growing dark with interest and lust. Shane welcomes the familiar sight and shivers when Ilya brushes his finger across the length of the side of his neck, the touch light and gentle and yet overwhelming.

Before he can stop himself he tilts his head, all but exposing his neck in a clear offering. Ilya inhales sharply and looks at him for a long moment, as if searching for further confirmation as if this isn't very obviously an invitation. And it's not like Shane's never done this before when they're together, but it's always while they're already fucking and definitely not when he doesn't have a patch on. Submitting to Ilya has always come quite naturally to him - almost frighteningly so - but this is more than that. It's about trust and vulnerability and Shane wanting Ilya to have him in any way they can and are allowed to.

Ilya seems to find whatever confirmation he needs in the expression on Shane's face because a moment later he's nuzzling Shane, nosing across the side of the column of his neck. Ilya hums in pleasure and approval and places a lingering kiss right where the patch was before Shane removed it. It's not long before he can feel Ilya starting to harden underneath him.

More kisses are placed on the exposed skin of his neck and Ilya's hands find their way between them, impatiently undoing a few of his top buttons and opening up the collar of his shirt until he can pull it down on the one side, his mouth now kissing a path from Shane's neck to his shoulder and back again.

Ilya's tongue joins the kisses soon after, wet and hot and teasing the sensitive skin, and Shane's dick is already desperate and pressing against the front of his shorts. His hole twitches greedily, slick and ready like it always is for Ilya; has been so since day one.

Ilya's for the taking, *always*.

"Fuck," Shane gasps when Ilya sucks on a particularly sensitive spot on his neck, his hips instinctively stuttering forward, grinding against Ilya's now temptingly hard cock.

He wants more, but he's also reluctant to let Ilya move from where he is now, and his hand is firm and steady on the back of Ilya's head, his fingers gripping those soft curls he's come to love so fucking much, desperate to keep Ilya right there, not that Ilya seems to be in any hurry to go anywhere.

Ilya's hands are on his thighs now and start moving upwards in a possessive caress, pushing the fabric of the shorts higher too until it's stretched around Shane's thighs and keeps moving his hands so they can palm his ass. He squeezes two handfuls, before his fingers slide between Shane's cheeks and settle over his hole through his shorts, immediately drawing a whine from Shane who tries and very much fails to stifle it.

"Mm. Already wet," Ilya says approvingly and not for the first time - and probably, hopefully, not the last either - Shane welcomes that sweet mix of shame and arousal that rushes through him.

He doesn't say anything in reply, but Ilya doesn't seem to be expecting an answer anyway, happy to kiss and tease and all but chew Shane's neck and collarbone - thankfully low enough that any marks can be hidden by his shirt - his fingers rubbing at his entrance over the thin material of his shorts that's now properly, humiliatingly drenched.

He whimpers when Ilya's mouth starts moving upwards, until he can tease Shane's earlobe with his teeth, just as his hand slips inside his swim trunks.

Ilya makes a surprised but appreciative noise when he touches bare skin underneath, probably expecting Shane to be wearing an underwear, but the shorts are *swim trunks*, they're for the *beach*-

"Nothing under your slutty shorts? Very naughty," Ilya teases him and Shane rolls his eyes, even though even pretending to be annoyed is almost impossible when Ilya's pressed against him and touching him and kissing him, his hot breath brushing over Shane's ear, making his skin tingle and sending goosebumps across his spine.

"Shut up," he replies, not sounding annoyed at the slightest. The words come out more like a whine, like he's begging for something and it's certainly not for Ilya to shut up.

Shane can feel Ilya's wide and probably very smug smile where his face is still nuzzled against his neck. Asshole. He knows exactly what he's doing. Of course he fucking does.

But suddenly none of that matters because only seconds later two fingers tap at his entrance before being pushed inside him. Shane gasps, his spine bowing, his body seeking more contact by instinct, and he tugs harshly at Ilya's curls, moving him where he wants him until he can crash their lips together.

The shorts don't give Ilya much space and freedom to move his fingers, but even that slight shift in and out of him feels almost too much. He's always so fucking sensitive when Ilya's touching him it's ridiculous. Always so responsive and eager and melting under his touch. They're so compatible that sometimes - *most of the time* - it feels they were truly made for each other. Of course this time is no different. It only seems to be getting worse if he's being honest. Instead of his need for Ilya to start being even a little sated after all these years, he only feels greedier every time they meet, like he can never get enough.

He rocks his hips, fucking himself on the digits inside him and trying to grind against Ilya's cock, desperate for all of it, and he gasps and moans against Ilya's mouth when his fingers brush over his prostate. "Ilya," he says, breathless and panting and needy.

"Shane," Ilya replies in the exact same tone, mocking him, because he's an asshole and likes to make Shane suffer.

Shane puts some space between them, as much as it hurts him to stop kissing Ilya, so he can glare at him.

"Need something?" Ilya asks, way too sweetly. He's so annoyingly hot, even when he's being an asshole.

Especially then.

Ugh.

"Yes. You know what I need," he says and aims to sound annoyed and firm, but if anything his tone is petulant. He's definitely not pouting or anything like that though.

"Maybe I know. Tell me anyway," Ilya says with a shrug and the confidence of a man that knows very well his order will be obeyed. He's not wrong. "Ask nicely. I want to hear."

Still that earns Ilya another glare, which doesn't last very long because Shane's mouth falls open in a gasp and his eyelashes flutter in pleasure when Ilya teases his prostate again.

And it's not like he needed the encouragement before he started begging, but he's definitely not complaining. He just wishes Ilya would do more than just fucking tease him.

"Please, please give me your cock. I *want* it," he says and it's ridiculous how easily the words come out of his mouth now compared to when they started this. Ilya has truly trained him well. "Need it. Need it so bad. I always do. Please, Ilya."

There's still a sense of humiliation when he starts begging for cock because as much as things have changed, he's still himself, but it's all absolutely worth it because Ilya smiles that shit-eating grin Shane absolutely doesn't love, looking pretty pleased with himself but also almost proud of Shane in a way for asking for what he wants. Shane more than welcomes all of it, feels warmth spread in his chest and lower to his belly.

"Good boy," Ilya says and Shane does his best to not beam at the words. He probably fails.

Ilya removes his fingers then, leaving him empty and aching, and Shane mourns their loss, but he can't be too sad about it when he knows what follows.

Before he can even move, Ilya stands up with him still in his arms, which is absolutely unnecessary considering they were already on the bed anyway. Ilya definitely only does it because he loves showing off and knows the effect it has on Shane. He really does go stupid when Ilya lifts him in his arms or carries him, the omega in him all but purring about how strong *his* alpha is and Shane won't be thinking about *that* now or any time soon- or like, ever, but fuck it's *hot!*

Ilya turns them around and lowers him on the bed. Shane kicks off his shoes and watches hungrily as Ilya takes his clothes off, another wave of arousal rushing through him at the sight of him getting naked. He's so beautiful, it's honestly fucking unfair.

Shane lets his eyes roam all over Ilya's body, before they inevitably stop at his cock bobbing against his stomach, hard and thick and leaking and always a little intimidating no matter how many times he's had it inside him, which only seems to make Shane more desperate for it, his hole twitching impatiently, waiting to be wrecked.

Once Ilya's completely naked, he reaches for his shorts because clearly Shane got a little distracted and hasn't bothered removing his own clothes yet. He decides to help a little and reaches for his shirt now and does a quick work of unbuttoning it, grimacing a little when Ilya grabs it from his hand and throws it on the floor with the rest of their clothes.

So unnecessarily messy-

Which apparently isn't important and not even Shane can bring himself to care about his unfolded clothes, because Ilya's now on the bed with him and hovering over him, looking at him intensely, like he's about to devour him, somehow managing to make Shane feel even more naked than he already is.

But even with Ilya looking at him like that, Shane can't help pausing for a moment. Because yes, it's obvious Ilya wants him and is very clearly aroused, but after their conversation and everything that followed, Shane wants to make sure this is what Ilya needs right now. Which is probably weird since they always meet to fuck, but things feel different now.

"Hey," he says and reaches to run his fingers through Ilya's messy hair, blunt nails gently scratching his scalp. "You sure you're okay?"

He doesn't get to finish his question because Ilya is quick to press their lips together and effectively shut him up. "I am okay. I will be perfect when I put my cock in your tight, little hole."

Shane nods, his eyes widening in interest as he swallows, and feels said *tight, little hole* clench around nothing, his toes curling into the sheets underneath them. "Yeah. Okay."

"Good," he says. His expression changes then, turning strangely serious. "You want...?" he starts saying but then trails off without finishing his sentence and Shane has no idea what he's talking about but he's ready to say yes anyway, because when it comes to Ilya he *always* wants, but he understands what this is about when Ilya taps his fingers against his own neck.

"Oh. *Yes*," he says immediately, so obviously eager, it's impossible to hide it even if he tries. "If you want," he adds then, not wanting Ilya to feel forced to do it as well, just because Shane did.

He knows that would make everything even more intimate and they should both be ready for that and maybe it's a big step- but all he can think about is *holy fuck, yes please*. The possibility of absolutely reeking of Ilya afterwards almost has him coming on the spot. He feels overwhelmed with need and arousal and want just thinking about it. He'll have to shower obviously before going back to his room, but even for just a little while he wants Ilya's scent all over him.

"I want," Ilya assures him and removes his own scent blocker patch without a hint of hesitation, letting Shane pull him closer until he can bury his face into Ilya's neck. A whimper leaves him the moment Ilya's scent hits his nostrils and he takes a deep inhale, greedy for more. It's perfect and intoxicating and Shane knows with certainty he could easily become addicted to it if he's not careful- or maybe, even if he is. When it comes to this thing between them, it truly seems to be inevitable. They've definitely tried to keep their distance from each

other, both physical and emotional, and yet nine years later they're still here together and closer than ever.

"Please, get inside me. Please. Need you," he says and can feel Ilya shiver when he licks at his neck, sucking on a spot there and whining in protest when Ilya pulls away to get a condom.

Shane glares at it and not only because it made Ilya move away from him, even if it were just for a few seconds. He wishes they could fuck with no barriers between them, but that feels like a whole other conversation they should have before getting there and they've already talked more than they can handle tonight.

He almost thanks Ilya when he finally feels the head of his cock nudging his entrance and he probably would say the words out loud too, if he could actually form any words right now. All he can do is whine and spread his legs even more, encouraging Ilya to slide inside him at last. He's so wet he feels slick dripping down his cheeks and onto the sheets and he's so terribly empty it physically hurts him to not have Ilya inside him yet.

Ilya has apparently decided to torture him some more because he rubs the tip of his dick against Shane's twitching rim but still doesn't push inside, teasing him as if Shane hasn't suffered enough already! He's been so patient - kind of - and he deserves to get stuffed full of Ilya's cock and be fucked!

Ilya leans in and places a sweet kiss on his lips before pulling away to look at him. "Say my name," he demands, his voice rough with arousal, but his eyes are open and soft and almost begging for reassurance and Shane gets it. He doesn't hesitate before obliging.

"*Ilya*," he says and it's needy and desperate, *so desperate*, but it's also sweet and intimate and Shane revels in it. He wants it to be like this, always.

Ilya grunts and then finally, *finally* pushes inside and a relieved sob leaves Shane's mouth, his body feeling full and complete and right at last.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya says and like always when he's aroused, especially when he's inside him, his accent comes out heavier than usual. Shane loves it. "Always so tight. So wet for me."

Shane can only moan in reply as Ilya starts moving, rocking his hips and guiding his cock in and out of him, setting a steady, fast pace from the beginning, giving them both what they want.

Shane doesn't have much experience with alphas - or any really, except for Ilya - to know how exactly their scents work, but Ilya's gets sharper, stronger as they keep fucking and Shane feels almost dizzy with it. He wants Ilya to rub himself all over him, to claim every part of him until there's not an inch of his body that doesn't smell like Ilya. He swears he's usually much better than this at keeping these kinds of thoughts under control, but tonight he seems to be all over the place.

He draws Ilya down for a kiss in hopes to silence his thoughts and it works quite successfully. Having Ilya's tongue in his mouth while his cock is buried in his ass seems to be the perfect

distraction he needs to stop overthinking.

The kiss turns sloppy as Ilya keeps thrusting into him, but neither of them seems willing to pull away. They stay like that, panting and sharing the same breath, their lips not quite locked in a kiss but still brushing together, their sounds swallowed by each other's mouth.

Shane runs his hands over Ilya's body, feeling the way the muscles on his back flex and tense as he moves, all that strength and skill he knows Ilya's body possesses being used to fuck Shane through the mattress and drive him to the edge.

Shane can feel his dick bouncing between them and he can't help whimpering every time the leaking head brushes against their stomachs. It's aching and begging to be touched, but he knows he'll come the moment he wraps his hand around it so he doesn't reach for it. Ilya probably wouldn't let him anyway, always loving the challenge of making him come hands free. Not that it seems to me much of a challenge when he has Ilya's cock inside him.

He lets one of his hands slide lower until it's settled on Ilya's ass, squeezing a round, firm globe, encouraging him to keep going, to fuck him harder.

Ilya seems all too happy to oblige. He snaps his hips and slightly changes his angle, grinning when he hits Shane's prostate, eliciting a broken moan from him.

"Like this, yes? Feels good?" He asks and all Shane can offer in reply is a nod and an unintelligible *nghh* sound, which Ilya seems to deem good enough of an answer.

Ilya's hand moves to his head, fingers threading through his hair, gripping it and then tugging at it hard, sending a mix of pain and pleasure coursing through him and forcing him to crane his neck back and bare his throat, his back instinctively arching off the bed.

Ilya groans and leans in closer, rubbing his cheek all over Shane's exposed neck, a series of Russian words leaving his mouth. Shane doesn't understand any of them but the sound of Ilya cursing in Russian is a familiar one by now and it always - fucking always - makes his dick throb and his hole tighten. He swears Ilya could read him fucking cooking recipes in Russian and Shane could easily come just from listening to him.

He feels quite close now, his groin tightening with his impending orgasm, his fingers desperately digging into Ilya's flesh to stop himself from reaching for his own cock and jerking off.

He whimpers when suddenly Ilya pulls away, letting his cock slip out, leaving Shane's hole empty and gaping.

"What-"

"Turn around. On hands and knees," Ilya says and Shane scrambles to obey and position himself on all fours, wanting Ilya's dick back inside him as fast as possible. Ilya moans his approval and a sharp slap lands on one of Shane's ass cheeks, followed by a firm squeeze, before Ilya's sliding inside him again in one smooth motion. Shane lets out a relieved sigh at

being full again, barely registering the sharp sting spreading across his cheek from Ilya's hand.

Ilya plasters himself over his back and starts fucking him again, leaving sloppy kisses all over the back of his neck and shoulders. Shane arches his back and welcomes every thrust, reveling in the sound of skin slamming against skin as Ilya keeps pounding into him, not even embarrassed about the obscene wet sounds his dripping hole is making every time Ilya slides inside him.

"Next time," Ilya starts and then has to stop for a moment, grunting as his cock is being fully engulfed by Shane's welcoming heat at his next thrust. More Russian curses follow and a deep breath before he's able to continue talking and Shane savors every second of it. He loves knowing he has such a strong effect on Ilya; that every tread of his self-control is being destroyed because of him. Not that Shane is the one to speak on this matter because he's definitely not any better, but he's glad they're in this together, helpless and unable to fight it. "Next time maybe I fuck you without condom," Ilya continues. "Come inside you. Fill you with cum," he says and it sounds like a promise. "Then everyone will smell me on you. In you."

"Oh- *oh fuck*," is all the warning either of them gets before Shane's cock starts pulsing, spilling his release on the sheets, his body clenching around Ilya.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya says and it might be Shane that's getting railed and just came, but Ilya sounds just as deliciously wrecked.

He doesn't stop moving as Shane rides the last waves of his orgasm. He knows better than to slow down. Ilya knows he likes getting fucked when he's all sensitive and tender after climaxing.

If anything, Ilya's thrusts grow harder, faster, his pace turning a bit uncoordinated and frantic the closer he gets to his orgasm but still so fucking perfect. He moves so he's not plastered over Shane and manhandles his pliant body however he likes, until he has Shane with his face pressed to the mattress, a firm hand keeping him there, his ass up in the air and welcoming Ilya's dick inside.

Ilya snaps his hips, rutting into him with sharp, hard thrusts and it's not long after that he groans and stills, burying his cock all the way inside Shane as he starts coming. He rocks his hips a few times, making sure Shane's hole has milked every last drop of his release and Shane can feel him pulse almost violently inside him, as he spills into the condom.

He wonders how it'd feel without it, having Ilya's cum, hot and thick, flooding his insides. He moans dreamily at the thought and smiles when Ilya all but collapses on top of him, welcoming the warmth on his back.

Ilya plants an open-mouthed kiss on the sweaty skin of the back of his neck and turns them around on their sides without pulling away, still holding him. Unfortunately the movement makes his softening cock slip out and Shane can't help pouting a little at being left empty but Ilya's arms are still wrapped around him so he can't bring himself to care about anything else.

Ilya only shifts for a moment to remove the condom, before pressing his body against Shane's again.

Another kiss is placed on his neck and Ilya makes a content, humming sound. "You smell nice," he says. "You smell like me."

Shane smiles, all soft and happy and open, and he's honestly glad Ilya can't see his face right now, because he probably looks ridiculous- and so fucking transparent.

"Like I'm yours?" And clearly he's still cock-drunk, because there's no other explanation for why he's saying stupid things like that.

"Yes," Ilya says after a beat. "Mine."

Shane's not sure how exactly he means it, but he decides to not push it. Even just hearing the word is enough for now.

They just stay like that for a while, silent but comfortable. Neither of them seems to be in a rush to speak or move or go shower. Probably because they know Shane has to leave soon and go back to his room. Or at least that's what Shane is trying to postpone. He's not ready to let go yet. He knows they're going to be meeting again when their schedules allow it, but it doesn't seem enough anymore.

But they *could* have more of this, he realizes. Because summer is coming and Ilya could come with him instead of going back to Russia, spend some days at the cottage. They could have more time together, a week or two or however long Ilya wants to give him.

He senses something that feels dangerously close to hope the more he thinks about it and he wants to share his idea with Ilya and he wants Ilya to agree or even just promise to think about it, but he can't bring himself to speak the words. With the way their other conversation went, he doesn't think Ilya would even consider it if he asked tonight.

Maybe next time, Shane thinks. Next time they see each other he'll ask. He promises himself he'll at least try.

For now he forces himself to turn around, knowing it's getting late and he should get going.

Ilya loosens his hold on him so he can move, but doesn't stop holding him and Shane has to bite down at his bottom lip to hide his smile because it makes him feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

Absolutely ridiculous.

He reaches to brush some of the curls off Ilya's sweaty forehead, feeling quite pleased when Ilya leans into his touch.

"Hey, um... How're you? You okay?" He asks and almost immediately regrets it, because Ilya's expression immediately closes off and even though he doesn't really move, it feels like there's a distance now between them. Still, Shane doesn't take it back; he's worried and he needs to know.

A nod is all he gets as an answer.

“Okay. If you want to talk about- about your father... or anything really-”

"I'm fine, Hollander," Ilya says, the words followed by an eye-roll. That's clearly him feeling cornered and putting more distance between them. And Shane understands that this is scary and that things are probably even more complicated than Ilya is letting on, but it's still hard to not feel hurt and rejected.

He nods his head, chewing on the inside of his cheek. He doubts Ilya's *fine*, but he doesn't think insisting and asking more questions would help. Not right now at least. "That's, uh, that's good."

And his face must be betraying him somehow, because Ilya's next words are softer, almost gentle. "Really, Shane. I am okay," he says and it sounds almost like an apology for his previous reply. Shane tries his best to hold back his smile. Ilya is trying and is closing the distance between them again- the imaginary one, because physically they're still as close to each other as possible. But apparently not close enough for Ilya who uses the arm he has wrapped over Shane's waist to draw him even closer to him, almost on top of him now, his hand shifting lower to squeeze his ass. "I am good. Promise. This always helps," he says then with a smirk, his fingers having already found Shane's sensitive, thoroughly fucked hole.

Shane squirms and laughs, shaking his head both in fondness and amusement. "Fuck off," he says and pulls Ilya into a kiss before he can say anything. He guesses showering will have to wait a bit longer.

Something seems to have shifted between them and he thinks it started even before that day at Ilya's house. He might have freaked out then but he feels ready for it now and he wants to relish it some more, unable to make himself leave just yet. He just needs one more kiss. Maybe two. Three maximum.

He'll leave at some point. Truly he will. Just not quite yet, he decides, as Ilya's tongue finds the inside of his mouth.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I wasn't planning on writing a second part but then in ep6 they started talking about not having been with anyone else since their last time and i was basically forced to write them fucking without a condom ✨ enjoyyyy!

Shane feels giddy. And free and relaxed in a way he's definitely never felt before.

He laughs as Ilya pins him on the bed and squirms playfully, pretending he's trying to resist but they both know he's more than happy to be held down. He's slightly worried he'll completely ruin his shorts if he keeps leaking like this, his hole wet and ready to be fucked while his dick is dripping more and more precum, making him feel like he's going to come just by Ilya kissing him.

Ilya moves until he can settle between his spread thighs, his hard cock pressing against Shane's hip, taunting him and making him feel terribly empty. He gasps when Ilya starts grinding against him and he's about to lean up for another kiss when he notices all the windows around them.

He knows they're completely alone there and he's talked about how private the cottage is many times when he was trying to convince Ilya this is a good idea, but right now he wonders if maybe they should be more careful about this- even though they're supposed to be there to relax, just the two of them away from everyone and everything. Their scent blocker patches were removed the moment they stepped into the cottage, another sign of how safe and private the cottage feels, but that's different than having sex in a room full of windows. It's almost like they're about to fuck *outside*, which admittedly doesn't sound like a horrible idea- *ugh*.

“Wait,” he says, before he can stop himself, deciding he'll just mention it and leave the decision on Ilya. It's easier that way, when Ilya can just take charge and decide for both of them and Shane doesn't have to overthink. Ilya pauses immediately at the word, a little frown forming between his eyebrows. “The windows... Do you want me-”

Ilya shakes his head before Shane has even finished talking. “No, leave them like this,” he says, his grip on Shane's wrists tightening, as if reminding him Ilya's still in charge there. As if Shane would have it any other way. “Maybe someone is out there and will see us. Will see how desperate you are for my cock. What a good, little slut you become when you want to get fucked.”

Shane moans, his body arching off the mattress and towards Ilya, needing more contact. Just a few seconds ago he was worried about somehow being seen even though there's no one out

there and now, just with a few words from Ilya, he's hot and bothered from imagining how it'd feel to be watched as he took Ilya's cock. "Shut up," he says and he's already panting, which is fucking ridiculous when Ilya has barely even touched him.

Ilya grins at him and removes his hands from Shane's, but stops him before he can move them. "Uh uh. Keep them right there," he says and Shane wants to pout and protest because he wants to touch Ilya but at the same time nothing gets him off like being good for Ilya and following his orders so he nods, not moving an inch.

"Good. Very good boy," Ilya tells him and leans in to press a quick kiss to Shane's lips. Shane all but purrs on the inside, happily welcoming the praise and the kiss. Ilya pulls away then and places his knees on either side of Shane's body, until he's looming over him. "Now you suck my cock until I come, yes? Then I take care of you."

Shane nods his head frantically, pressing his arms on the mattress so he won't reach for Ilya. It's been so long since their last time, Shane feels fucking feral. He opens his mouth and sticks his tongue out expectantly, heat coursing through him when Ilya smiles that predatory grin at him that makes Shane want to submit and offer himself to Ilya, every single part of him; every part Ilya wishes to have.

He shifts impatiently on the bed underneath Ilya when Ilya doesn't immediately reach to free his cock. Instead, Ilya leans in and runs his own tongue against Shane's in some kind of wet, filthy kiss. He pulls slightly away and their eyes lock together as he gathers some spit in his mouth and then lets it drip on Shane's waiting tongue.

Shane's only surprised for a moment and then makes a desperate, little sound and accepts everything Ilya has to give him, letting their saliva mix together before swallowing. "More," he says and darts his tongue out again. It draws a growly, low sound from Ilya and this time there's no hesitation and he doesn't let it dribble slowly. He spits in Shane's mouth and then fucks his mouth with his tongue, bringing their lips together in a sloppy, desperate kiss.

"Fuck," Shane sighs when they pull away and Ilya grunts his agreement, before finally moving, shifting until he's straddling Shane's chest. He reaches for his sweats and underwear and pulls them just low enough to free his cock. The hard length of his dick bobs right in front of Shane's face and Shane cranes his neck and tries to reach it with his tongue, moaning happily when he licks the head, tasting the familiar saltiness of Ilya's precum.

Ilya doesn't leave him waiting after that. He feeds him his cock, letting it slide into Shane's mouth and throat until Shane gags around it and Ilya pulls almost completely out only to do it again. And again. Tears cling to Shane's eyelashes and he blinks them away as he looks up at Ilya, his mouth open wide and pliant as Ilya fucks it.

It doesn't last long and while Shane's kind of sad he didn't get to enjoy having Ilya in his mouth for as long as he wanted to, he's also impatient for Ilya to *take care of him*, whatever that means, like he promised.

Ilya warns him he's about to come, even though it's not really necessary anymore and not only because Shane always wants to swallow. At this point Shane knows his body maybe even better than his own and he can tell when Ilya's getting close, when he's only seconds

away from his orgasm. He welcomes Ilya's cum in his mouth and swallows all of it until the last drop, leaving the tip clean as Ilya pulls out with a wet sound.

Ilya shifts back, panting, his eyes fixed on Shane. His hand comes to cup Shane's cheek, his thumb rubbing against his spit-slick bottom lip. He toys with it, slightly tugging at it down, and Shane lets his mouth fall open so Ilya can slide his thumb between his lips.

"Fuck, Shane," he says and Shane doesn't miss the way Ilya's spent cock twitches; he bets in a couple of minutes he'll be hard and ready to go again. "Look at you."

Shane moans and sucks on the digit filling his mouth, whining when Ilya pulls away completely.

"Come on. Up. Remove clothes," Ilya tells him and immediately starts doing so too.

"I can move my hands?" Shane can't help asking, just checking that it's okay and he's not breaking any rules.

It makes Ilya smile, fond and sweet, and it has Shane feeling a bit shy, as if Ilya wan't just fucking his mouth and he doesn't still have the taste of Ilya's cum on his tongue. "Yes, Shane. You can move."

Shane nods and stands up, quickly taking off his clothes and folding them, while Ilya, already naked and on the bed, watches. He looks like he wants to laugh, the amusement clear on his face. It's a familiar look. In the beginning Shane thought it was mocking, and it might have been, but now all he can see is the adoration in his expression.

He moves to join Ilya on the bed, when Ilya shakes his head, stopping him. "No. Stay there. Let me look at you."

Shane rolls his eyes but as always he obliges. "You've seen me before. Many times," he reminds Ilya, as if he might've forgotten. He's not uncomfortable with being naked around men, he's used to that. But being looked at with such obvious want and desire is almost overwhelming and makes him want to hide as much as it makes him want to keep Ilya's eyes on him forever.

"You are stunning," Ilya tells him and Shane digs his nails into his thighs, hoping his body doesn't react too visibly to the praise.

"Shut up," he mumbles and even to his own ears the words sound more like *please keep going*.

"So pretty," Ilya says, clearly hearing the truth behind his words just fine. "Are you wet?"

Now Shane glares at him. Ilya knows very damn well the answer to that. He bets his inner thighs are fucking glistening with slick right now.

"Are you?" Ilya insists and Shane nods once.

"Yes."

A pleased smile spreads on Ilya's face. "Show me. Put your hands on the window and bend over."

Shane's eyes widen, his cheeks heating up. He can't do that! He's naked and hard and so wet he's dripping and there are windows literally everywhere and Ilya's asking him to put on a fucking show-

The glass is cool under the warm skin of his palms and he feels goosebumps travel across every inch of his exposed body. He slightly spreads his legs and arches his back, making sure Ilya can see everything he wants to see.

"Fuck," Ilya moans and even just the sound has Shane's entrance twitch. He wonders if Ilya can notice it from where he's sitting on the bed. "Yes, good. Fucking perfect."

He can hear Ilya moving now and he turns his head to see, wondering what Ilya has planned next. Shane's literally ready to explode- has been since he got in his car and drove to the airport to pick up Ilya. And after putting on this little show for him, his orgasm truly feels only seconds away, if only Ilya touched his dick.

He watches as Ilya approaches him, his breath hitching when Ilya drops on his knees behind him.

Oh. *Fuck yes.*

Ilya's hands, rough and demanding, come to squeeze his asscheeks and spread them apart, and Shane feels his hole fucking *pulse* with need. Ilya blows right on his entrance and makes his rim clench pathetically around nothing. Shane whimpers, trying to arch his back and push back into the touch, seeking Ilya's mouth, but the grip on his ass is firm, keeping him in place.

"Be good," Ilya tells him, the reprimand followed by a slap on his right asscheek. Shane moans but complies, staying still and waiting, ready to welcome whatever Ilya decides to give him.

Thankfully, Ilya seems to be in a charitable mood and his mouth closes around Shane's hole soon after. Shane's knees almost buckle underneath him and now he's grateful for Ilya's tight hold on him, helping keep him in place and not let him collapse.

Ilya laps at the wetness at his entrance and sucks on his rim, before his tongue makes its way inside him, humming, happy and satisfied, as if he's enjoying his favorite meal.

Their visits when they meet are usually too short and they're always too desperate to fuck, so they don't do this a lot and Shane always misses it; thinks about it a lot. He hopes they'll at least make up for it during the next two weeks.

He pants as Ilya all but feasts on his hole, fucking him with his tongue and kissing his rim and sucking on the sensitive skin until Shane is trembling and Ilya's name falls from his mouth like a prayer.

He doesn't even manage to reach for his cock, even simply to catch his release in his palm, as he starts coming, spilling all over the window and the floor, making a fucking mess everywhere.

After feeling on the verge of an orgasm for hours just from thinking about seeing Ilya again and then being in his presence in the car, this feels like the sweetest relief and he can't even bring himself to worry about his cum staining his fucking windows and floor.

Ilya gets up but doesn't let go of him, maybe because he knows Shane's legs are not quite able to hold him up right now and they'll definitely give out if Ilya loosens his hold. Thankfully, he doesn't. He hugs Shane from behind, placing a kiss on the tender flesh behind his ear.

"You have the sweetest hole," he says, pressing another kiss there.

"Shut up," Shane replies, but there's a huge grin on his face that Ilya can definitely hear in his voice.

Ilya just hums and guides him to the bed and Shane lets himself be manhandled until he's on his back, his legs instinctively falling apart to accommodate Ilya between them.

"Hey," he says quietly, still feeling kind of dizzy from his orgasm. Ilya smiles at him and it's such a sweet, beautiful smile Shane swears he can feel fucking butterflies fluttering in his stomach.

"Hey," Ilya says, leaning in for a kiss, like he can't help himself. Shane's more than happy to return the kiss, his lips - and every other part of his body - always eager and ready for Ilya.

They pull away and for a moment they just look at each other. Shane brings his hand to the back of Ilya's head and strokes his curls, biting at his lower lip as he smiles up at him. "You really haven't been with anyone else since the last time?" He asks again, he can't help it, and Ilya groans, like he wants to tell Shane he's asking too many questions. Ilya buries his head in the crook of his neck and just stays there, mouthing at his scent glands; it seems to be one of Ilya's new favorite things to do. Shane squirms a little but tilts his head, giving Ilya more space to kiss and lick and suck.

Shane has almost forgotten his question when Ilya pulls away and meets his gaze. "I have not been with anyone else since the last time. I did not want anyone else."

Shane smiles and rewards Ilya with a kiss. "See, that wasn't so hard, was it?" He asks and already knows what's coming when Ilya's lips curl up into a sly smirk.

"Oh, is *very* hard, Shane," he says and proves his words by rocking his hips so Shane can feel Ilya's cock pressing to his stomach, deliciously hard again. "I did tests since last time," Ilya continues, his voice now serious. It takes Shane's post- orgasm brain a few seconds to understand what kind of tests he's talking about. "All clean."

The words immediately have his heartbeat increasing, his chest rising and falling faster with every breath. "I'm clean too."

"I want to fuck you without condom," Ilya says and Shane nods his head frantically, wishing Ilya was already inside him.

"Yes. Yes, please," he says, drawing Ilya in for a deep, needy kiss, tasting himself on his tongue. He hesitates before asking the next question, because he knows if the answer is yes, if this is something casual to Ilya that he does without it meaning something, his heart won't be able to take it. But he needs to know. He needs to know if he has a claim on Ilya, just as Ilya has on him. It's important. This is his omega feeling possessive of the alpha he's considered his for a while now and it's also Shane wanting to know this is special. "Have you done this before? Without a condom, with other people?"

Ilya shakes his head. "No. Never. Only with you now," he says. "Only ever wanted with you."

Shane whines, gasping Ilya's name like it's the only word he knows.

And if he were even just a little more gone with lust, even a tiny bit more dizzy and overwhelmed with arousal and need, he swears he'd probably be asking Ilya to knock him up by now. Instead of that though, he exhales shakily and reaches for Ilya's cock, not standing being empty even for one more second. "Please fuck me," he begs, already lining Ilya's dick with his opening.

Ilya grunts and pushes in, Shane's body welcoming him inside, like that's Ilya's rightful place to be.

"Fuck. So hot, Shane. So wet," Ilya groans as he starts rolling his hips, grinding into him but not properly fucking him yet, which is a good thing because as impatient as Shane is to get fucked, he needs a moment. Because Ilya is inside him, bare, without anything separating them, and he somehow feels even bigger than every other time they've had sex and Shane honestly doesn't know how the fuck he survived for so long without this.

Ilya starts picking up his pace eventually and he reaches for Shane's legs, grabbing the back of his thighs so he can push them upwards until they're resting on his shoulders and Shane is folded in half. Shane just whimpers and lets him do as he wishes, loving it when Ilya uses his body for his pleasure, manhandling him to the position he wants him.

Ilya's rhythm is perfect and his hips move just at the right angle, rubbing against Shane's prostate with every hard thrust Ilya delivers into him, leaving him gasping for breath.

"Fuck, Shane. Want to stay inside you forever," Ilya says, fucking into him harder, as if he's trying to get deeper in Shane's body, as deep as possible, creating a space inside him that only Ilya can ever fill again and leaving Shane to spend the rest of his life feeling empty and incomplete, unless Ilya is there with him; in him.

He can see his own desperation reflected in each of Ilya's movements and words and stares and sounds he lets out and he savors all of it, feeling relieved and excited and happy to know Ilya's as gone as he is. There's no going back now, for either of them.

Ilya keeps moving and even with his cock fully buried inside Shane, Shane still feels greedy for more. Ilya's skin is shining with a thin layer of sweat and Shane feels his mouth watering at the sight, wanting to trace every inch of skin on Ilya's abs and chest with his tongue, needing to taste him, smell him. Their position doesn't quite allow him to do that but that doesn't stop him from wanting it; from needing to be as full of Ilya as he possibly can.

It's what makes him open his mouth and stick his tongue out, looking up at Ilya with pleading heavy lidded eyes, hoping he will understand.

And Ilya must get it because he curses in russian and then grabs Shane's legs, pushing them to the side and onto the bed, holding him like that as he continues fucking him.

Then he leans in and grips Shane's jaw in his hand, keeping him right where he wants him before spitting in his mouth. This time Ilya fucks the saliva in with his fingers, two digits sliding past Shane's parted lips. Shane moans around them and makes a helpless, little sound when Ilya presses firmly down against his tongue, forcing his mouth open so he can spit in it again. The fingers are being shoved back in right after and Shane welcomes them, loving being so full of Ilya in every way- well, actually almost in every way; Ilya hasn't come in him yet.

He wraps a hand around Ilya's wrist, holding him there as he sucks on his fingers, his tongue lapping eagerly around the digits filling his mouth.

“So fucking hot,” Ilya moans breathlessly, sounding not very far away from his orgasm. Shane's almost there too. “Always so desperate for me,” he says and while the words on their own are quite humiliating, Ilya's adoring voice makes them terribly sweet.

Shane whines when Ilya removes his fingers from his mouth, but the sound is quickly silenced by Ilya's lips and tongue instead. They both moan into the kiss needily, always hungry for each other.

Shane's lips are tingling and feeling tender by the time Ilya pulls away and he swipes his tongue over them, chasing every trace of Ilya's taste lingering on his lips.

Ilya's hand settles on his waist then, gripping him firmly, tightly, as he drives his fat cock inside him and Shane really hopes Ilya leaves a mark there, his handprint branding Shane, making him his; *Ilya's*. Even though they both probably know that Shane belongs to him already.

“I thought about this. A lot,” Ilya says, his hand tightening on Shane's waist for a moment, his hold almost painful and Shane welcomes it, wanting all of Ilya's want and desire and possessiveness and whatever else Ilya feels for him. When it comes to Ilya, Shane feels truly insatiable. “Thought about fucking my cum inside you, breeding you, keeping you full of me.” His other hand finds its way to Shane's stomach, as if emphasizing his words and where exactly Shane would be full of him and Shane can only whine in response and let out a broken *please*, needing Ilya to touch him.

Thankfully, Ilya's hand is being wrapped around his neglected cock only moments later and Shane practically sobs in relief as Ilya starts jerking him off with firm, fast strokes, matching

the rhythm of his thrusts. They come almost simultaneously not long after. Shane's whole body shakes with the force of his climax and it only gets worse - *better*, so much better - when he feels Ilya's cum filling him inside, so hot and thick and meant to be his. They're both panting by the time they're done, chests rising rapidly with every breath.

Shane feels himself melting into the sheets underneath them, his limbs heavy and still slightly shaking. It's Ilya that moves him so he's lying completely on his back again, his legs on either side of Ilya. Ilya settles on top of him, their chests being pressed together. Shane shudders, his hole twitching around Ilya's softening cock when Ilya noses at his neck.

"I missed this," he says, sighing happily and in relief as he inhales, like an addict finally getting his fix. He licks at Shane's sweat, before pressing a kiss to his jaw. "You smell even better after I fucked you."

Shane hums, definitely agreeing. He loves it when their scents are mixed together like that. He bets the room is absolutely reeking of the two of them already and he can't wait to have the whole cottage smelling like Ilya too.

"I have idea," Ilya says then, propping himself up on his elbows so he can look at Shane.

"What?" Shane asks, his arms wrapping around Ilya's body, wanting to keep them pressed against each other for as long as possible. They'll have to move and get up and clean themselves eventually because they're a complete mess - and so are the window and the floor; fuck - but for now he's loving this.

"You should stay with my cum inside you," Ilya tells him, almost proudly. "The whole two weeks we are here. You should be like this, full of me," he says, his hand slipping between them to palm Shane's stomach.

"No, Ilya, That's gross!" He says, but he's definitely blushing and he's ashamed to admit his hole definitely clenched at the words, as if it's trying to obey Ilya and keep every drop inside.

Fuck. Ilya has truly ruined him.

Thankfully, Ilya doesn't call him out on it but he does have the audacity to fucking *pout*. And it's truly impossible for Shane to not lean in and kiss him, feeling his heart flutter happily in his chest when that ridiculously adorable pout turns into a smile against his lips.

Okay, fine, they can stay like this for a little longer.

End Notes

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