your love is my sunshine

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by enamored_pat01

Summary

“Shane,” Ilya sighs, dragging his nose along Shane's collarbone. He sounds as affected as Shane feels. He's mouthing at the first few buttons of his shirt like he wants to pop them open, his breathing growing ragged as he slips his hand under the fabric and digs his fingertips into the soft meat around Shane's hip. He's so close to where Shane's inner omega pitifully wants him. He has to stop the whine building on the back of his throat, willing his body to not move.

“Ilya,” He says, barely above a whisper. We should stop, he needs to say. We don’t do this, he has to remind them.

“Moy solnyshko” Ilya says, and he sounds reverent in a way that has Shane wanting to know what it means, but before he can even find his voice to ask Ilya’s hand traces a path down to his wrist, just below Shane’s scent gland.

Fuck, Rozanov.

Or, omega shane and the many ways he comforts alpha ilya in that tampa hotel room.

Notes

hi, the gay hockey players have taken over my entire life. that scene where shane climbs into ilya’s lap and it looks like he’s trying to scent him has been haunting me since last week and hudson came to me in a dream and told me to write this. so yeah.
english is not my first language, i’m sorry for any mistakes.

hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane doesn't want to move. He thinks he might have stopped breathing altogether.

“My father is very…old fashioned.” Ilya is saying, and he sounds tired, defeated in a way Shane has never heard. He looks nothing like the stoic, fierce Alpha sport news love to talk about. His posture keeps falling forward, shoulders hunched and eyes down, quiet and vulnerable in a way that he never is. In a way Shane has been selfishly craving to know. A skittish animal finally showing its belly, hoping it won't get hurt.

He stays silent. He locks his eyes on Ilya's face, hoping it conveys everything he doesn't say. *I'm here. I'm listening. Nothing could pray me away from you right now.*

He tries to ignore the recurring restlessness under his skin when Ilya's scent grows more pungent and sour. His inner omega is clawing at his chest, anxious and alert, needing to do something to soothe the Alpha. He wants to hold him. He wants to nose at his scent gland and have him gradually relax when Shane nuzzles at it. He wants to hold his face and press their foreheads together, breathe each other in while Ilya's hand clasps the back of his neck and gives it a squeeze, firm and gentle, grounding them both. He presses his hands together between his legs and forces it down.

Not your Alpha, he reminds himself. *You can't just do this, not yours, not yours.*

No matter what has been said, they have never scented each other. Haven't even spent a heat or a rut together.

The closest they had come to cross that unspoken line had been that night in Las Vegas, when he had been so close to his heat after missing a dose of suppressants he had almost begged Ilya to scent him, frantically nuzzling against him, needily nosing at his collar, seeking his scent gland, feeling like he was burning alive. Ilya didn't. It was the right decision, of course, but years later, he could still feel the burning embarrassment at the rejection, the way Ilya had scuffed his neck gently and whispered *no, Hollander* against his ear, giving him clear instructions of how their night would go.

Days later, after he had teared up inside the elevator because Ilya *hadn't kissed him once*, he spent a long, painful heat secluded on his cottage deliriously calling for an Alpha that did not want him back.

“He thinks being Alpha is pride.” Ilya continues. Shane blinks back into focus. Ilya sniffs and rubs at his nose with a shrug. “Being hockey player is important, but being Alpha is…is everything. I am only Alpha son, so. I have to do more. I do everything, but I always have to do more. Alphas are strong, Ilya. Alphas are born leaders, Ilya. Alphas are not *soft,* Ilya. He always says that.” His expression shifts to something detached but pained, like the mere thought makes him want to put distance between it and him. Shane digs his nails into his own palms. “He is also very sick.”

“Sick like, crazy?” He asks. He thinks it would explain the way Ilya sounded that day in his house, frantic as he paced around while he yelled at someone on the phone. Maybe a caretaker. Maybe his father.

Ilya purses his lips, the barest hint of wry amusement on his face. “That, too, a little, but no, sick more like…”

“Oh, like, cancer?” He says around a grimace. That must be horrible.

“Dementia.” Ilya simply says, the word ending on a shaky exhale.

Shane thinks he might have drawn blood from how hard he's been clenching his hands. He swallows back a pitiful whimper and discreetly presses a hand against his scent patch, knowing he's hoping in vain that Ilya can't smell his distress yet.

“That's awful.” He manages to say, wishing he knew how to express himself better, feeling like he has to put distance between them before he does something stupid, like rub his forehead against Ilya's shoulder and let his omega do as it craves to. *Let me, please, please, I'll be good, I'll make it better, I can make it better.*

And then Ilya's face *crumples*, a tear rolling down his cheek, and he looks away trying to hide it, but Shane can see it, the restraint Ilya is holding on to like a lifeline, his father's words engraved in his head, *an Alpha is not weak, an Alpha is not soft*, and the weak hold he had on his baser instincts goes out like a flame under pouring rain.

“Hey,” he mumbles, very quietly, trying not to startle Ilya when he leans forward to meet his eyes. Ilya lets out a small, wounded noise. “Hey,” he says, more urgently.

“Sorry.” Ilya says, sounding very small. The break in his voice feels like the worst pain Shane has ever experienced, and before he can stop himself he's already placing a hand on Ilya's shoulder and climbing into his lap like second nature, peeling one of the scent patches on his wrists off clumsily, feeling his inner omega release calming pulses of his syrupy scent.

Comfort, his inner omega is thinking frantically, *I need to comfort.*

Ilya could react negatively. He could push Shane away, he could snarl at him, curl protectively into himself. He could send him away.

He finds that he doesn't have to question any of it. He doesn't even get enough time to worry, because his hands are already buried in Ilya's hair, scratching at the soft curls as he slots their mouths together on a lingering kiss. He pulls back gingerly only for Ilya to desperately chase his lips again, licking into his mouth with a slick sound.

I'm here, he thinks*,* his scent growing sweeter, and then, dazedly*: Mine. My Alpha.*

He breaks the kiss and presses their foreheads together, soothingly rubbing his nose against Ilya, curling his arms around his neck until he can gently lead his face to his shoulder.

“I've got you, I've got you,” he keeps mumbling over and over, muffled where his mouth is half pressed to Ilya's shoulder. He feels Ilya's grip tighten, both arms coming up to wrap around his waist as he breathes shakily.

Shane rocks them back and forth softly. There's a quiet, almost hesitant noise filling the silence in the room, something he notices distantly as he keeps rocking both of them on the

bed for what feels like forever and a second ago. It takes him some time to realize it's him. He's *purring*. Shy, barely audible purrs that he would be embarrassed about if he were focusing on anything that isn't the Alpha making himself small in his arms.

He inhales quietly through his nose and tries not to squirm in satisfaction when he notices the faint traces of Ilya's scent gradually changing, smelling less like burnt cinnamon and more like the spice scent Shane is used to. It's not very noticeable, not when Ilya is still wearing his scent patches, but his inner omega still feels pleased.

One of Ilya's arms slides up his back. He rubs his hand down the fabric of Shane's shirt and he feels his thighs tense against the outside of Ilya's in response.

“Shane,” Ilya sighs, dragging his nose along Shane's collarbone. He sounds as affected as Shane feels. He's mouthing at the first few buttons of his shirt like he wants to pop them open, his breathing growing ragged as he slips his hand under the fabric and digs his fingertips into the soft meat around Shane's hip. He's so close to where Shane's inner omega pitifully wants him. He has to stop the whine building on the back of his throat, willing his body to not move.

He forces himself to put some space between them and pulls away from the tender, dangerous curve of Ilya's neck, still scraping his nails delicately against the short tight ringlets at his nape.

“Ilya,” He says, barely above a whisper. *We should stop*, he needs to say. *We don't do this*, he has to remind them.

“*Moy solnyshko* [1]” Ilya says, and he sounds reverent in a way that has Shane wanting to know what it means, but before he can even find his voice to ask Ilya's hand traces a path down to his wrist. He rubs the pad of his thumb just below Shane's scent gland, forehead resting against his collarbone as he mumbles fervently: “Can I, please, let me, I need to, I need to-”

Shane lets out a trembling sigh.

Fuck, Rozanov.

He tugs at Ilya's hair, gently coaxing him to look at him; when he does, eyes wet and brimming with expectancy, Shane cradles his cheek and catches a stray tear with his thumb, fighting the overwhelming, primal urge to lean down and lick it.

“Do you really want this?” He asks, and then, with a smaller voice: “With me?”

Ilya sniffles. His teary eyes roam over Shane's face, and whatever he finds there makes him slow down, relaxing his hold enough to lean his head up and press a small kiss to Shane's cheek.

“I always want you.” He breathes against the flushed skin. An earnest admission. A relieved confession. Like he's been carrying the words inside for so long and it lifts a heavy weight off his chest to finally let them exist in the world. Shane can't help the broken sound that he lets

out as he nods, *me too, me too,* he thinks frantically, leaning down to kiss the Alpha like he needs it to stay alive. He might.

Surrender has never tasted sweeter.

He traces Ilya's jaw with his thumbs, a pleased shiver running down his spine when Ilya breaks the kiss and peels his own scent patches in a hurry. When he's done, he takes Shane's hand, slowly bringing his palm up against his face. He looks up at him under his eyelashes and presses his nose against the scent gland on the inner side of his wrist, nuzzling against it almost worshipfully.

A tiny, mewling sound escapes Shane's mouth as soon as the room fills with the Alpha's scent, something strong and sweet that threatens to cloud his senses, like the cinnamon tea that he used to love to drink during winter when he was a kid, like the cloves and spices he's always unconsciously looking for. It makes his inner omega purr in content bliss.

“Ilya,” he whines, clumsily sliding his nose against Ilya's temple in a weak attempt to get his attention. He's too deep too fast into that familiar floaty feeling to care, Ilya's mouth dragging along his wrist as he inhales his freshly scented skin with a rumbly pleased sound.

He smells like his Alpha now. He can almost taste it on his tongue, the way his scent is now all over him, and yet he finds that it's still not enough, it's still not *right*.

“Ilya,” he mumbles, pressing their foreheads together, eyes falling shut on their own accord because he finds that it's too hard to keep them open. The name sits weirdly on his tongue. It sounds *wrong*. He tries again: “*Alpha*.”

The arm around his waist flexes and tightens. Ilya grunts something low in Russian and nuzzles at his cheek, like he's letting him know that he's aware of what he needs, slowly tracing a path to the curve between his neck and shoulder, right where Shane has been desperately aching for him for years.

He hears himself make a pitiful high pitched noise when Ilya stops right under his jaw.

“Shane,” he exhales, a silent question. Maybe even a warning.

There is no coming back from this, he's trying to say without words between the almost non-existent space.

There never was, he wants to say, except the only thing that comes out of him is, “Please.”

Ilya pulls away, discards all of their scent patches to the side, peeling each one of them gently until both their scents have grown thickly present.

When Ilya's face buries against his neck, the entire world seems to explode right before his eyes.

Distantly, he realizes that he's never been scented this way in his entire life. His loved ones were mostly Betas, like Dad and Hayden, and the only Alpha he's ever had was his Mom.

This… this is entirely different. It's not the affectionate nudge of Mom's nose against his neck as she hugged him, it's not the reassuring touch of her wrist brushing over his own.

This is like a tidal wave. Something that sweeps him right under his feet, something that he doesn't see coming until it's already taken him. It's everything. It's what he never even realized he's been missing. It's too much and too little, overwhelming his senses and yet making him crave more, more, more, small shivers running all over his body as Ilya mouths at his neck and drags his nose over his scent gland over and over, overpowering Shane's honeyed scent with his own until he can't find traces of it that don't carry the Alpha's.

"*Moy* [2]" Ilya is softly growling like a mantra, one hand firmly clutching Shane's nape to keep him in place. As if he wants to be anywhere else. As if he's not willingly baring his neck and spreading his thighs wider, as if he can't feel himself slicking up. "*Moy, moy,*"

He thinks he doesn't need to know Russian to understand what Ilya is saying. He feels his chest rumbling quietly, his inner omega finally settling, his body growing pliant.

"*Tak krasivo* [5]" Ilya says, nuzzling his skin a final time before nudging Shane's face against the warm uncovered place of his own scent glands in a silent plea.

He whimpers, pushing his nose under the hinge of Ilya's jaw readily, leaving an open mouthed wet trail against the Alpha's neck as he makes sure to scent him back. He does his best to ignore the ache in his gums that urges him to bite down and mark him. He also does his best to ignore the urge to beg for it in return.

Once he's certain the room no longer smells like two separate scents, he holds Ilya's face in his hands and peppers sloppy kisses all over, the fogginess in his mind partially subdued now that they both smell like *them*.

"Hi." He whispers softly around a smile, eyes fluttering open. He rubs his thumb against Ilya's cheekbone.

"Hello." Ilya whispers back, his thick, lovely accent making Shane's heart flip. He sounds calmer. His own eyes look a little misty, but there's a rare shy smile curving the corners of his mouth.

Shane nudges their noses together playfully. "Okay?"

"Mm, okay."

"Do you…feel better?"

Ilya pauses, looking away. Shane wants to fly to Russia and punch his father in the face. "*Da* [3]. Yes, better." He sniffs, a clear note of shame still on his voice.

"Hey," He gently guides Ilya to look back at him. "It's just you and me, here. It 's only us."

Ilya's eyes dance around his face. There's intent in the way he does it, tracing Shane's features with an adoration that has him averting his own eyes.

“*Solnyshko,*” he says solemnly and nods, like he's affirming to himself something he's been suspecting for some time.

Shane frowns. “What?”

“You have snotty shirt.” Ilya smirks.

“I do not.” He retorts, then looks down anyway. There is, in fact, a small wet patch where Ilya buried his face earlier. He grumbles, only half joking. “You ruined my new shirt.” He liked this shirt.

“It was ugly. You should fire your stylist.”

“Asshole.”

His insult would probably have more impact if he weren't still straddling Ilya's lap.

“It is only joke. I told you you look very pretty, no?” Ilya skims his fingers down Shane's sides. The ticklish sensation has him squirming in place. Ilya smiles that infuriating smile that Shane wants to kiss and wipe off at the same time and murmurs: “Such pretty omega.”

He feels his face grow hot at the words. “Shut up.” He mumbles without any real heat, bringing his hand up to gently push the curls falling over Ilya's forehead back. The Alpha lets out a pleased little rumble, eyes fluttering shut as he lets Shane trace his features with curious fingers.

He knows how Ilya's body works. He knows it almost like it's his own, could probably point to every erogenous zone with his eyes closed. He knows that tugging at the fine hairs at the back of Ilya's head will grant him a soft whining sound. He knows that scrapping his nails on the inner thighs will give him a moan. He knows that biting on the earlobe will get him a sigh. He knows that he loves having his upper lip suckled during a kiss, knows that if he adds a bite Ilya will groan in pleasure.

He knows how to make this body react, but, he realizes, he doesn't really *know* this body.

He doesn't think he's ever taken the time to *look.* He doesn't think he's ever felt like he was allowed. It was always hurried hands and a flurry of kisses, always the ticking of an invisible clock getting louder in the back of his head.

He takes his time now. This close, he can let his eyes wander over the Alpha's face to his heart's content; the speckles of green and hazel around his blue eyes, the frankly ridiculous curl of his eyelashes, the subtle dip on the bridge of his nose, the beauty mark on his left cheek, the perfect curve of his cupid bow. He's beautiful. His brave, beautiful Alpha.

Shane sighs and leans softly until their foreheads knock together, pressing his thumb against Ilya's jaw to make him open his mouth before diving in to kiss him deeply, licking inside his mouth with all the pent up longing that he's been holding on to for as long as he can remember.

He feels Ilya's hands cling to his shirt, shivers when he bunches it up and strokes at his hips with tenderness, then slides a palm to the small of Shane's back and *pushes*. The sudden pressure has him involuntarily letting his full weight fall completely into Ilya's lap.

He lets out a surprised whine when he feels a fresh wave of slick gush out of him at the action. He can't help the way his hips rock back and forth once, the warmth of Ilya's hard cock rubbing against his ass. Fuck, his shorts are definitely ruined too, now.

Their kiss breaks with an obscene sound when both of their mouths fall open around a moan, a string of their connected saliva smacking down Shane's chin.

“Pretty omega with prettiest noises,” Ilya purrs, then licks their mixed saliva from Shane's chin and feeds it back to him on another kiss. The hand that isn't still pressing them together runs down and grabs at his asscheek, spreading him open over the damp fabric of the shorts and brushing his fingers against his hole.

His eyebrows scrunch in pleasure. He feels feverish, like his entire body has been turned into molten lava. He fidgets in Ilya's lap, grabs at his shirt with trembling fingers until he gets the buttons undone and he can push it off his shoulders.

“More, more, please,”

In a swift movement, Ilya pulls off his tank top over his head and drops it carelessly next to them, then grips at his waist and tips them back on the bed. The second that he can feel the mattress more firmly under his knees, he drops his forehead to the Alpha's naked chest and whimpers, grinding down onto his clothed cock, shamelessly circling his hips against the hardened bulge.

“Like that, *da*, like that, *kotik* [4]” Ilya grunts, one big hand clasping Shane's nape, keeping him pressed to his chest as he thrusts his hips up to meet his clumsy movements.

Shane flexes his thighs and arches, bringing a hand down his stomach and between his thighs to paw blindly at Ilya's sweatpants, a petulant whine catching in his throat when he can't get them down. Ilya's chest rumbles with a quiet chuckle, making quick work of them as Shane mouths at his nipple.

The moment Ilya's cock springs free, a sound that he would be embarrassed about if he had any inhibitions left makes its way out of his mouth. He fidgets around until the head is nestled right under his ass, then grinds against it with a pleased mewl.

God, he missed this. Missed the hot searing line of Ilya's dick, missed the familiar weight of it against his tongue. He almost wants to slide down to his knees and beg for it.

As if the Alpha can read his mind, he grabs Shane's chin on a firm, gentle grip and thumbs at his bottom lip.

“You miss it.” He says, and it really might as well have been written all over Shane's face. He nods, eyes heavy-lidded, mouth parting. “Say it.”

“I missed it. I missed this. I-” He presses a small kiss on the pad of Ilya's thumb, clumsily trying to nuzzle into the warm skin of his wrist, right where his scent is stronger, right where he smells like them. “I missed you.” He admits around a sigh, and then Ilya growls like the words have physically wounded him and feeds him his thumb, fucking it in and out while he stares at him in pure adoration. It almost makes him feel invincible.

He suckles readily, making small graceless motions with his hips and chasing the delicious drag of the Alpha's cock between his asscheeks and over the slicked through fabric of both his underwear and shorts.

In a sudden, effortless movement that has Shane letting out another pathetic whimper, Ilya lifts him slightly and moves them up the bed, resting his back against the mountain of pillows and manhandling Shane back into his lap.

“So fucking good.” He hisses and grabs at Shane's ass with both hands, lifting him up and pushing him down like he weighs nothing, as if he’s really fucking inside him. Shane whines. His own cock has been trapped inside the confines of his tight shorts, the tip peeking out of the waistband, red and swollen and wet with copious amounts of precome. He pushes the fabric under his balls and rubs his fingers over the head.

“I missed your pretty sounds. I missed, *ah*,” Ilya pauses, lips parting in a moan when Shane wriggles as another wave of slick has the head of his cock bumping and squelching loudly against the fabric of his shorts. He brings a trembling hand up to Shane's face. “I missed your blushing,”

“Ilya, Ilya,” His movements become desperate as the heat in his lower stomach intensifies, his dick rubbing against Ilya's abs. “M-more,”

“I missed your mouth.” Ilya continues, as if immediately understanding what Shane is asking. His heart throbs painfully inside his chest. “I missed your skin. The…the warmth.” His own movements become erratic, nails digging into Shane's hips as he ruts against his slick hole through the linen. Shane grinds down frantically, chasing the unraveling feeling that he's been craving for months.

“*Alpha*,” He sobs, and then he's coming untouched all over Ilya's stomach, thighs shaking with the force of his orgasm.

“I missed your f-freckles.” The words fade into a whimpered stammer against Shane's shoulder. “I, oh, fuck, *fuck*,” he groans, hips stuttering and stilling as he comes all over Shane's ass in thick spurts, adding to the mess on his lap.

They collapse on the bed in a tangle of trembling limbs. Shane presses a kiss to the hollow of Ilya's throat and closes his eyes, running a hand up and down his side while they catch their breath.

“My shorts are so ruined.” he complains into Ilya's warm skin.

“Really? You are thinking of your shorts right now?”

“Yes. I liked these shorts.”

“Oh, God, Hollander, you really are so-”

“Not that.”

“What?”

He presses his burning face a little harder against Ilya's throat.

“You know.”

Ilya stays silent, then cards his fingers through Shane's hair. Quietly, he says: “Shane.”

“Again.” He mumbles.

Ilya lets out a small chuckle and runs a finger over the shell of his ear affectionately.

“Shane.”

He wriggles happily. He's purring, louder than before, his inner omega basking in the way the Alpha's scent now carries the syrupy sweet smell of his own.

Ilya presses his nose to his hair and inhales deeply.

“Fuck.” He trails one hand down Shane's back. He arches slightly under the touch, unconsciously spreading his legs wider where they're still splayed over Ilya's lap. *Touch me, touch me and don't ever stop*, he wants to beg. He feels starved in a way that shouldn't feel possible. His skin feels tight and feverish. He would be worried about his heat getting triggered if the suppressants weren't directly prescribed by the medical team, so much more effective than the ones he used to get from local pharmacies.

“I can hear you thinking.”

He lets out a small huff of laughter. “Shut up.”

“There is smoke coming off your head. Too much effort.”

Shane slaps his shoulder blindly. When Ilya tries to roll them over, he tightens his thighs at his sides and shakes his head, embarrassed.

“The bed.”

“What about the bed?” Ilya says, mouth curved in a knowing smirk. Asshole.

“Fuck you, you know what I mean.”

He is uncomfortably sticky inside his underwear and shorts. He is, also, still producing an embarrassing amount of slick.

Ilya grabs at his discarded tank top and places it over his ass. Shane lets out a surprised squeak when he rolls them over on the bed, using the fabric as a poor attempt to preserve the clean ivory sheets.

“That barely did shit.” Shane grumbles, instinctively bending and spreading his legs when Ilya makes his way between them. He lifts his hips at the gentle pat to his thigh and lets Ilya take all of it off, then watches his eyes dilate as the unconcealed sweetness of his scent overpowers the room.

“Fuck, Shane…” Ilya's nostrils flare. He seems entranced, gaze fixed between Shane's legs. He feels the distant urge to close them out of self-consciousness, but finds himself almost preening under Ilya's eyes instead. His inner omega is most certainly alert and out.

The Alpha bunches both the shorts and underwear on his fist and looks at him as he brings the bundle of clothes slowly to his nose. When he presses the soaked fabric into his face, his eyes flutter shut and he lets out a deep, long-drawn groan. The sight has his half-hard dick filling up so quickly he feels almost dizzy.

“*Ya khochu tebya* [6], *ya khochu tebya*,” He hears Ilya say under his breath over and over before he drops the clothes beside the bed and shoulders his way back between his thighs. He grabs both of Shane's ankles and looks up at him with frantic eyes, swallowing hard.

“Okay?”

“Fuck.” He feels himself clench around nothing, surely making a mess of Ilya's shirt. “Yes, yes, please, yes–”

He cuts himself off with a moan, eyes scrunching shut and one hand coming down to smack the mattress when Ilya throws his legs over his shoulders and laps at his hole like a starved man. He's not slow about it. There's nothing gentle in the way he grabs his ass and spreads him open, greedily alternating between flicking his tongue and suckling around the rim.

And the noises. God, the *noises*. Wet, slurping noises, obscene and overly loud inside the room. He squirms under Ilya, half heartedly trying to close his legs, whimpering when Ilya tightens his grip to stop him before letting go to wander his hands up and squeeze his chest.

When Ilya presses his tongue inside him, he feels like he's burning inside out. He thinks he's calling out Ilya's name. He thinks he might be being too loud, and he doesn't care. He grabs handfuls of Ilya's curls and yanks hard at them, grinding down into his tongue, feeling the vibrations of Ilya's pleased moans against his skin. He eventually loses track of time, his cock hard and profusely leaking against his stomach, and he's so close he wants to cry, wants to flip them around and ride Ilya's tongue until he comes all over his fucking curls, but he also wants Ilya inside him, really inside him, and so he tightens his grip in his hair and tugs his head up and away from between his thighs.

He swallows down a string of curses at the sight. Ilya looks absolutely ruined, all flushed cheeks and darkened glassy eyes, half of his face glistening with slick under the warm glow of the hotel room lamps, mouth red and swollen. He's panting harshly, lip curled into a slight snarl that instantly disappears when he sees Shane's expression.

“I need you.” He whines, feeling his eyes burn with unshed tears. “Please, I need you, I need your knot, I need to feel you inside, please, Ilya, Alpha,”

Some distant part inside his head knows that Ilya's rut is nowhere near, which makes his pitiful pleas impossible. He hasn't even knotted Shane once. They've never spent a rut or a heat together. He knows this, but logical thinking is not something he's capable of doing right now, not when his inner omega is begging to be filled, and he knows he could snap out of it, knows that he could take back the control of his body if he wanted, but he feels safe, the type of safe that he only experiences with Ilya, and so he feels himself lose the grip on his control as he lets the primal, needful part of him take over.

“Oh, sweetheart,” Ilya sighs. He sounds adoring and fond, caressing the warm skin of his thighs with his thumbs as he leans over him. “I am here. Beautiful, perfect omega. *Vsya ty moyo* [7].” He cups a hand under Shane's jaw, coaxing it open before kissing him. He hears himself whine at the sickly sweet taste of himself on the Alpha's tongue. *Gross*, he wants to say, but his inner omega purrs in satisfaction, so he just wraps his arms around the Alpha's neck and clings to him, kissing back with sloppy, lazy strokes of his tongue.

The hand cradling his jaw breaks their kiss softly as gentle fingers trace around his hole. “Still good?”

Shane nods. He lifts his legs and wraps them around the Alpha, and then he's letting out a whimper when two fingers slide inside him without problem. He clenches around them, enjoys the faint burn of the stretch as Ilya fucks them in and out in tender strokes, carefully avoiding his prostate, knowing that Shane gets easily overstimulated.

“Like this, like this,” He slurs, kneading at Ilya's shoulders, then burying his fingers in his curls to guide his face down to his chest.

Ilya whines, instantly sticking his tongue out and suckling one of Shane's nipples into his mouth.

He scratches the Alpha's head and sighs blissfully, burying his head back into the plush pillows as he rocks mildly into his fingers. “Fuck me, please, please, now,”

He presses the entire length of his body against Ilya and arches his back. They moan simultaneously when the leaking head of the Alpha's cock rubs against Shane's stomach.

Ilya hums around his nipple, reluctantly letting it go. He takes himself in one hand and then pumps his fingers three more times before slipping them out slowly, slick sliding down the back of Shane's thighs.

“Good?”

He nods, heavy-lidded. Ilya kneels between his legs, then lifts his hips up until he can press the blunt, swollen head of his cock against Shane's hole, pushing inch after inch while he rubs at his legs soothingly and breathes shakily through his mouth, trying to keep himself from doing it all at once.

“So good, Ilya, so, *ah*, s-so fucking good,”

The Alpha's face screws up, something that's both pain and pleasure covering his features. When he's finally all the way inside, Shane's eyes flutter shut. Ilya mumbles something in Russian that he doesn't catch and leans down, chain dangling between their faces.

“I can move?” He asks breathlessly.

Shane feels his lips curve into a fond, half delirious smile. “Yes. Yes, you can move. Please.”

The first drag of Ilya's cock inside him has him arching off the mattress, mouth falling open soundlessly. This. This is what he's been missing. The fullness, the complete surety of being right where he needs to be. Right where he wants to belong.

Ilya keeps his thrusts measured, carefully controlled in a way that has him whining and pulling him down by the neck until they're panting into each other's mouths.

“More. Give me more.”

Something shifts in Ilya's expression, soft and open and determined, eyes dancing around Shane's face like he's making sure it's really okay. Whatever he finds there–and Shane knows anything that he could possibly find would be full of enthusiastic consent–has him adjusting their positions and draping Shane's legs over the inner corner of his arms before pulling out almost completely and then thrusting right back in *hard*.

The noise that comes out of him seems to reverberate in the room. He thinks he's never heard himself make such a noise.

He's too fucking gone to care, though. He loses the ability to know how much time has passed. Everything blurs around the edges, and he almost forgets about his surroundings.

Like this, Ilya feels so deep. He's so full he thinks he might feel the shape of the Alpha's cock if he pressed down against his lower stomach. He twists his fingers into Ilya's head, his legs dangling uselessly over his arms, letting himself be fucked open as he sobs and wails.

“So good, such a good omega, *vsya ty moyo, vsya ty moyo,*” Ilya is blabbering between harsh breaths, his movements starting to grow erratic and desperate.

A broken, needy sound comes out of Shane.

“Inside me, inside me, please, give me your knot, Alpha, Alpha,”

Ilya moans, leans down to press frantic kisses all over his face as he fucks wildly into Shane.

“Yes? You want it? Want me to fill you up? Keep doing it until it takes?”

“Yes, yes, please, *yes*,” He sobs, feeling every muscle in his body tensing into a tight coil. He's so close. His cock slaps against his stomach with each thrust, and he instantly knows that he won't even have to touch himself. Again.

Ilya's forehead falls against his. There's sweat sliding off the tip of his nose. “Come for me, *solnyshko*.” He says, a pleading note on his voice, and Shane's body complies like it was just made to give Ilya whatever he asked for.

Maybe it was.

He comes hard, white ropes hitting up to his chin, his entire body going taut before he melts into the sheets, rippling aftershocks running up and down on each one of his limbs as he feels Ilya drive into him two, three more times before he's tensing and releasing deep inside him.

He doesn't knot him. Of course he doesn't, he knew this, they both did. Getting checked regularly by their respective medical team leaves them mostly free to go without a condom, but he knows knotting is a step far too important to take with someone you casually hook up with.

His inner omega still feels wounded by it. He shakes his head, trying to catch his breath and regain control of his senses as Ilya's erratic breathing begins to slow down along his own.

He feels the Alpha pull out carefully. He wants to whine and grab at his arms, wants to beg him to stay like this until the hotel staff kicks them out.

He knows then that he really needs to come back down.

“I think I will never feel my legs again.” He mumbles, eyes open and fixated on the ceiling.

“*Net*, we cannot afford that. Captain Shane Hollander needs to keep losing.” Shane blindly slaps at his arm, fighting back a smile. Ilya places his legs gently back against the mattress, leaning down to press a quick kiss to one of his flushed cheeks. “Okay?”

“Hm.”

“Good. Wait here.”

“Can't really go anywhere.” He deadpans.

Ilya lets out a pleased rumbling sound.

He listens to him move around the room, soaking something under the sink's tap in the bathroom, padding across the wooden floor, turning some lamps off, opening and closing the minifridge.

When he comes back, he pats Shane's hip and hands him a washcloth.

“You can take shower if you want.” He scrunches his nose up. “I think we cannot save your shorts. Sorry.”

“Oh, fuck.”

“I have similar ones. You can take them.”

Shane nods and tries not to overthink it. He can just change as soon as he’s back at his own hotel room. He sits up and cleans the mess between his thighs and stomach, then winces and looks away when he stops clenching and feels *everything* oozing out.

“I hate you.”

Ilya smiles innocently from the edge of the bed.

“You do not.”

He does not.

When he comes out of the shower not even five minutes later, he finds that Ilya has placed a bottle of water and a can of ginger ale on top of the nightstand. He's lounging on the bed in his boxers. He seems to have discarded his–surely–unsalvable shirt off the bed.

He walks closer and takes the ginger ale. “I, uh, tried to wash my shorts in the shower.” He mutters, taking a long sip.

Ilya's lip twitches. “Of course you did.”

“Fuck off, I meant, like, so it doesn't…”

“I know. Relax, Shane.”

They both pause. It feels different, somehow, to say it without the pent up urge clouding their senses. His heart flutters inside his chest, and he finds that the tight knot of anxiety that tied itself around him the first time he heard Ilya say his name is nowhere to be found.

He lets himself smile and places the can back in the nightstand, climbing into the bed.

“I have to go back.”

Ilya only nods.

“I want my shorts back.”

The Alpha rolls his eyes, falling back into the bed with a groan.

“I'm serious, Ilya.”

Shane sees him swallow, seemingly relieved. He scoots closer and pushes his fingers in the mess of curls atop his head.

“Are you sure you're feeling better?”

“*Da*. I am.” There's a tender, unguarded expression on his face when he looks up at Shane. “Thank you.”

He feels his heart on his throat.

Always. I love you, he stops himself from acknowledging the most terrifying part of his recent revelation.

“Good. Uh, call if…if anything,” he stammers, then leans forward and presses a clumsy kiss to Ilya's forehead before he lets go of his curls and forces himself to stand up.

When he's right by the door, he turns to look at Ilya one last time.

He's laying on his side, head under one hand. With the other, he wiggles his fingers.

“Goodbye, Shane.”

It takes everything in him to not run back into his arms.

“Goodbye, Ilya.”

...so much that it scares me of the things I would do to keep you.

End Notes

1. my sunshine (back)
2. mine (back)
3. yes (back)
4. kitten (back)
5. so beautiful (back)
6. i want you (back)
7. all mine (back)

this is my first work for this fandom AND my first attempt at writing abo so feedback, comments and kudos are super appreciated, thank you so much for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!