

Breathe onto me

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Breathe onto me

by [beans2000](#)

Summary

“You can cry when I knot you though, because it will be that good.” Ilya smirks, grinding against him with purpose.

Shane groans, keening his neck into the pillow at the mere thought of it. “You’d do that? For me?”

A deep hum reverberates between them. “I’d do a lot of things for you, Hollander.”

—

aka Shane gets his heat early and someone refuses to stay away

Notes

oops! my pen slipped!

timeline is vague as fuck sowwy i just couldn't get this out of my mind. all u need to know is they love each other!

song is from ‘Breathe onto me’ by Wisp

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

Shane felt a searing heat settle in his core the second his skate hit the ice. It's a familiar warmth, permeating throughout his body from the blood rushing to his cheeks all the way to the delicate arches of his feet. *Typically*, this feeling is reserved for his aptly timed days off, which happen to be scheduled two weeks from now. He always waits until the very last minute to take leave for his heat; the team needs Shane, and he won't waste a moment.

Luckily, he was covered head to toe in gear, scent blocker coursing through his veins from the pill he took earlier that morning, and an extra layer of scent pads over his glands. They're itchy, especially along the slope of his neck, and he already yearns for the comfort of the soft bed waiting for him at the hotel. He'd never have done this much preparation if it was against any other team than Boston, but he couldn't take any chances.

And chances he is being taken on, because his arousal rises to a boil on command when he gets the slightest whiff of Ilya's scent. It's been *so long* since they've merely texted each other, and his incoming heat isn't making that pang of anticipation reduce in the slightest. Even through the haze of other egoist Alphas on both teams, the cheers of the crowd, and the dull grounding bite against his mouthguard, he still smells Ilya.

Shane's never had a strong scent. He's been told it's airy and frigid, barely perceivable unless someone is within his personal bubble; akin to a slight gust of wind, and most of the time people just assume a window's been left open. The team knows he's an Omega, but the general public has attributed him to being a beta. He'd like to keep it that way, to be honest.

In contrast, *everyone* knows Ilya is an Alpha. His boldness on the ice is adequately mirrored in the way his scent occupies a room in a thick haze. Everyone knows when he's entered a room, and everyone can tell if he's left one—it lingers in the air long after he's gone. He never bothers to smother his scent, and most attribute it to his Russian heritage or ruffian persona, but Shane thinks that's just *him*. He's unapologetic with a magnetism no one else can match, so it's no surprise that's reflected in his scent as well. To Shane, it's like biting into the richest dish on the menu, never becoming overwhelmed with its flavor no matter how many times it touches his tongue. It's quite indescribable in nature, but the closest thing Shane would compare it to is a hot citrus dessert fresh out of the oven. There's other underlying notes as well—rich mocha and perhaps a hint of vanilla—that are so strong that if they were any more intense they would turn burnt, but Ilya's never been someone who throws their scent around like a weapon. It says something about him that he holds back in that way.

Shane's latent weakness to Ilya's scent is likely exacerbated by their...*arrangement*, but he can't help that his instincts sharpen at the drop of a hat when Ilya's around. Not that Shane would ever admit that to his face.

Ilya knows he's an Omega too, obviously, but he's never lost control like some Alpha's have when they find out Shane's true designation. He's always composed and careful, yet he never fails to drape Shane in his scent like thick honey when they're together at night. His favorite is when Ilya comes to his room, or the condo, since he's privy to its lingering aroma for days after. There's also...*something* about Ilya that makes him feel safe, but he's not about to dwell on that fact. He's gotten by succumbing to the natural flow of their bodies a few times per year without too much thought and he's not about to stop now.

Most of the time, those pesky Omega thoughts fade into the background. It's easy to ignore them as he's never been too tethered to that side of himself anyways. However, his incoming heat is making it *really* hard, and he's properly wired with energy by the time the game begins.

Shane ties his hardest to tame his heartbeat when they approach their first face off, but the way Ilya's damp curls peek through the bottom of his helmet makes him want to abandon reason and drag his tongue along the sweaty angle of his neck, lingering on the moles that he fantasizes about licking every time he jerks off. His pale skin is flushed from warm up and the frigid air of the rink, but the focus in his eyes is sharper than ever.

Normally, Ilya flings a snappy remark his way when as they approach, goading Shane into fumbling the face off with his words. He readies himself to hear Ilya somehow manage to jeer at him affectionately.

Ilya says nothing this time though, and the longer Shane stares the longer he feels foolish for the way his heart pangs at the absence of syrupy accented words escaping Ilya's lips. Lips he long to kiss more than anything. His instincts are practically *screaming* for it—for him to tear off their helmets and vice grip his jersey before hauling their lips together. Shane would suck on his tongue like he's starved for it, and Ilya would return with the same intensity. He'd throw his gloves off and shove them into chestnut curls; his hair has grown longer than the last time they met and Shane misses twirling his fingers along the strands so bad his *teeth* hurt. He has to clench his jaw just to ground himself in an attempt not to jump Ilya right then and there.

God, he could probably come like this, doing nothing but staring at Ilya and imagining all the things he could do to Shane on and off the ice. He's never felt this weak under Ilya's silent yet contemplative gaze, and he blushes bright red before averting his down to the ice.

Especially when they're so close, Shane's attention can never stray too far though, so he finds himself stealing one last look before the referee drops the puck. Ilya's eyes aren't just contemplative, they're *ablaze*, heated thoughts simmering beneath the surface. Shane's own eyes widen at their intensity, and Ilya's nostrils flare while his tongue darts out to wet his lips. He can't help himself from taking a deep inhale, if only to get a smidge more of that rich and comforting scent into his lungs.

Time slows between them, and the pressure of the game fades to the background. Every sense in Shane's body attunes to the tension pulled taught towards the man in front of him. He can practically *taste* Ilya's scent on his tongue, watching the bulky angles of his body shift as Ilya repositions despite being buried under gear. Shane's heartbeat thumps through his chest all the way to his ears, the erratic pump of blood magnified by his incoming heat.

He barely notices the puck fall, but apparently his reflexes are still up to par, because he manages to shuck it behind him to his team before Ilya even twitches forward. The game begins, and he forces himself to leave thoughts of Ilya to simmer until he can afford to.

It's almost laughable how good Shane plays despite the circumstances. He never would've thought that his heat would give him the upperhand in hockey, but every cell of his body being on high alert has him speeding across the rink with newfound energy. Since sports in general attracts Alphas, he can smell whenever another player enters his periphery before he can even see them. Not only that, but the inherent aspect of the chase—that base instinct to *run*—makes his movements much quicker. Adrenaline spikes every time he gets possession of the puck, because being tired doesn't matter when there's the looming threat of a predator nipping at his heels.

Ilya on the other hand, plays terribly. He's clearly distracted everytime the clock goes live, missing passes and fucking up plays he would normally execute with practiced ease. He even slams into one of his own teammates who was descending upon Shane as he approached Boston's goal. It cost them a point, and Ilya's benched after the second intermission. Though when Shane manages to sneak a glance, Ilya doesn't look mad at being benched. His face is pinched, but it's not the cold anger which usually graces his features when his team is this behind.

Boston loses sorely. It's the biggest gap in scores in years, but Ilya doesn't seem to care.

“Better luck next time,” he offers—albeit with a slight smirk on his face—extending his hand like an olive branch towards Ilya as they pass by each other in the line. Shane keeps the pitied smile from his face; he knows Ilya would hate it if he treated him like any other opponent. Always keep the rivalry up when the cameras are on them.

Ilya raises his head slightly, eyes scanning Shane's face for only a moment, before nodding curtly and continuing down the line.

Shane frowns, rethinking his snark. Maybe what Ilya needed was a comforting reinforcement and not their usual banter. Maybe he needed a soft smile rather than a goading one. Maybe he needed Shane's fingers to linger as they pulled apart, searing through their gloves as a promise for their incoming night activities. Maybe he wanted...

No, he wouldn't want that. Not when everyone was watching.

Maybe he'll be even more upset when Shane inevitably has to explain that he can't see him tonight, even though the mere thought of sharing his heat with Ilya makes white hot fire course through his veins.

Shane shifts in his gear, confinement is becoming too stifling and he *needs* to get the hell out of here. He thinks back to that moment so long ago in that stairwell.

You were hard, weren't you? For how long? Whole game? Even the memory of that moment makes him whine under his breath, heat erupting in his stomach like a wave of magma.

Ilya might not have been right about him that time, but *this time*? This time it was undeniably true.

He scurries to his corner of the locker room with a haste he's only exhibited on the ice in pursuit for a goal. Sure, his team knows his orientation, but he's not about to take his usual sweet time in the showers when there's a perfectly usable one back at the hotel. So, he changes quickly while everyone else is washing off and reapplies his soiled scent patches before slipping out into the cold night air.

Exhaustion from the game makes him sluggish, and the warmth of the heated seats in his car does not help his tired eyes at all. Despite this, a sliver of electricity thrums beneath his skin at the promise of being *finally* alone for the first time since his heat started to rear its ugly head earlier that night.

Shane barely makes it past the door before he's stripping his clothes off like he'd die if he wasn't free from the confines of his sweaty clothes. He throws them on the side chair in the hotel bedroom and rips off his already dampening patches, tossing them in the bin and not caring if he misses the mark. Sue him, he plays hockey not basketball.

Not only that, but the arousal welling within him is becoming legitimately unbearable. Shane nearly sobs as the slightest touch of his fingers wrapping around his weeping cock. Quivering knees rest on the bed as he squeezes his eyes shut, lost in the sensation of finally getting to quell that need. His fingers brush over every soft ridge and vein of his cock, squeezing tighter than usual once he reaches his tip. Shane's desperate for it; even his typical heats don't have him foregoing a shower beforehand in favor of jerking off on the stale hotel bedspread.

However, what *isn't* different than his usual heats is the everpresent and seductive vision of Ilya materializing in his mind. Everytime he closes his eyes, Ilya's there. He's touching him, licking him, stretching him, and pushing in to fill him whole. He's kissing him, biting at his bottom lip, and trailing his tongue down the slope of Shane's neck.

It's quite ridiculous how shameless he's being, fantasizing about Ilya like this, but Shane's never deviated from his heat cycle since presenting and something about this time makes him a bit indulgent.

As if materializing through Shane's less than innocent thoughts, his phone pings from the dresser across the room. It could be anyone. It could be his parents congratulating him on the win. It could be the assistant coach—who's also an Omega—texting him back to make sure

she booked another few days for him in the hotel. It could be Hayden, wondering why the fuck he dipped from the lockerroom so quick.

So many messages he could be getting yet the mere potential of it being Ilya sends him over the edge. Shane doesn't even get to finger himself like he'd intended when he first flung himself on the bed. He huffs out a laugh after he comes down from the high, grabbing his dirty shirt and wiping his chest. The heat is still burning in his gut, and he allows himself to go see who *actually* texted him.

Another laugh escapes him once Shane opens his phone, and the smile lingers on his face for longer than necessary.

From: Lily

Room #

Shane smiles wider, rolling his eyes at the text. *What an asshole, he didn't even bother with a question mark.*

To: Lily

Can't this time. Sorry

He resolves to be vague. Ilya might have caught onto his situation during their faceoffs in the game, but that doesn't mean he's just going to outright admit he was in heat.

From: Lily

Was not a request. Tell me

Even though the command was digital, it still sends a shiver down Shane's spine. He *really* can't indulge in this right now.

To: Lily

Something came up.

Shane chews on his bottom lip as he contemplates sending another text. Maybe he should be a little more gentle since he knows Ilya's beating himself up about the game.

To: Lily

I really am sorry. I'll make it up to you next time

Sighing deeply, he throws himself on the bedspread and places his phone face down on the side table. Shane hates rejecting Ilya like this; he wants nothing more than to sink into his warm embrace and waste the night away in this very bed. His heat is making the longing even worse, and he contemplates throwing his phone out the window to lessen the temptation. The urge to throw caution to the wind and beg Ilya to come to his room rises within him like a tidal wave, and he has to clench his fists to ground himself on pain rather than desire for a moment.

Another ping comes from his phone, and he would normally feel embarrassed at the speed he grabs his phone but the buzz in his mind is too powerful.

From: Lily

I won't ask a second time

Shane has to physically contain the moan that threatens to escape his throat, chest hitching on as he dry swallows on hot air. His fingers shake as he texts out his reply.

To: Lily

I'm being serious, we can't tonight

From: Lily

Why not?

Fuck. Does he know? Is this a legitimate question or is he just being smug? Does he just want Shane to admit he was dampening his boxers the whole game whenever they skated past each other? Numerous excuses flit through Shane's mind, but none of them seem believable.

To: Lily

Just because

Shane shoves his face into the bed and groans into the sheets. No way is Ilya going to let this go, but he has no idea how to successfully fend him off without telling the truth. He *could* tell Ilya he's in heat, but something about admitting that makes it seem like Shane is inviting him to join. He can't have Ilya thinking that—thinking that he'd beg for it at the mere inkling of Ilya being interested in something this intimate. Sure, they have sex, but it's supposed to be *fun*. There's always going to be that wall between them in that regardless, and Shane thinks that indulging in Ilya during his heat would bust that wall to pieces.

There's no use thinking about what it could be like with that wall gone, so Shane reinforces the divide everytime he wakes up alone after their nights together. He groans once more, dragging a hand through his hair and down his face; his heat is making him quite irrational.

A banging on his hotel room interrupts his spiraling, and his stomach drops with a wave of anxiety. *Who the fuck could that be?*

He waits for a few moments, suspended in time on the soft hotel sheets. Maybe it was all in his head?

Another round of forceful knocks pound against the door sends Shane to his feet. Creeping towards the door, he quickly slips a pair of dry boxers and a T-shirt that isn't drenched in sweat or slick. He takes a deep breath, surveying the room for weapons in case an intruder busts through the door moments later.

However, the second that hot citrus scent flows through his nose, he knows *exactly* who's behind his door. Well, so much for keeping his boxers dry.

“Ilya,” he whispers, unable to stop a wide smile appearing on his face.

Another knock. Against all reason, Shane rushes towards the door and wrenches it open.

Ilya is on him in less than a second, slamming the door behind him before gripping the collar of Shane’s shirt and switching their positions with practiced precision. The dull thud of his back against the door is miles away as soft lips press into his, immediately opening as Ilya drags his tongue against the seam of Shane’s mouth. He reciprocates in fervor, clutching at Ilya’s waist and helplessly moaning as thick fingers caress his jaw before sifting through his hair.

Shit. This is such a bad idea.

Reality crashes through Shane like a bucket of cold water, and he pushes Ilya away. As much as the distance makes his soul ache and how weak his knees feel, he stands his ground as the two of them heave in the silence of the hotel room.

“You...you can’t be here...” Shane rasps, clenching his fists at his sides.

“Yet here I stand.” Ilya’s eyes spark in the ambient light of the hotel room, and his smirk is just as sharp.

It’s the first time Shane’s heard his voice in months, and it causes his instincts to go haywire. His head feels foggy and the butterflies in his stomach catch flame as they ravage his insides.

“Tell me to go,” Ilya dares, eyes piercing through Shanes weakening resolve.

“You know I can’t,” he whispers, the confession heavy on his lips.

“I know.” Ilya steps closer, the air between them thickening with each breath.

“You know what’s happening to me?” Shane asks desperately, even though the look in Ilya’s eyes and the way his scent flares makes it apparent he already knows. Maybe it will finally make Ilya realize this is a line he doesn’t want to cross.

Ilya nods, and inhales deeply. His eyes widen after this, and he curses under his breath before responding. The density of arousal in his words makes Shane’s stomach flutter. “*Fuck*, Hollander. You...you didn’t shower.”

Oh. Shane had barely noticed since he was in such a hurry to get back. Right as he arrived he couldn’t help but succumb to his heat for a moment just to relieve some pressure.

“Uh—” His unhelpful brain has no response.

Ilya doesn’t seem to mind though, crowding him against the wall and pressing his nose against Shane’s damp neck. He inhales deeply, tongue darting out to lick behind his ear, and Shane’s knees nearly buckle.

“Am I too dirty? Do you want me to wash off real quick?” Shane tries not to let his voice sound too vulnerable—too desperate to accommodate an Alpha’s wishes, but he fears it doesn’t work.

“No!” Ilya blurts loudly, gripping Shane harder, causing him to wince. “I mean...No, no shower. Like you like this.”

“Smelly?” Shane wrinkles his nose, and suddenly the smell of his sweat is all the more apparent.

Ilya moans as he inhales Shane’s musk; he’s *so close* to the scent gland on his neck. “Mm. Yes. I like smelling you.”

“Really? You like my scent?” he asks, recoiling in confusion.

“You think I lie?”

“No, it’s just...we’ve never really—”

Never admitted certain things regarding their orientations before, especially something as intimate as this.

“Mm. ‘S very nice. Very fresh. I love it,” Ilya murmurs, fingertips lightly scratching Shane’s back. The urge to purr is almost too strong to resist, but Shane can’t stop himself from whining at the admission.

“R-really?” He can’t help but ask again. The embarrassing neediness in his tone makes the space behind Shane’s eyes warm.

“Yes, really. No one has told you this?” Ilya draws back, eyes scanning Shane’s tomato red face.

Shane clenches his jaw and looks away, shrugging his shoulders slightly. “No one really smells my scent anyways.”

Ilya frowns, and the adorable tick between his furrowed brows makes Shane smile. “Hm. Must have shitty noses, I smell it every time.”

“Right, everyone but you has a shitty nose.” Shane rolls his eyes, but his blush still deepens.

“Is true,” Ilya nods, pressing their chests closer, and Shane *swears* their heartbeats pulse against each other.

Words escape him as Ilya pushes his shirt up, bunching it under his armpits and licking at the lingering sweat along his sternum. Shane moans, helplessly grasping at his curls while a hot tongue bites at his flushed skin and licking around his nipples.

Ilya's seemingly casual confession about liking his scent gives Shane a surge of bravery. Ilya can't stay here, but maybe he'd allow Shane a bit of himself in the meantime.

"Is your room closeby?"

"Yes. Only one floor down," Ilya murmurs, hands clenching his waist like a vice.

Shane closes his eyes, debating whether or not to ask what he's about to ask. His memory conveniently supplements him with visions of a sweaty Ilya with his clothes sticking against his skin—how potent his scent would be if he were still in those clothes.

"You got your clothes you wore during the game in there?" he rasps out, squeezing his eyes shut as if it will negate the heat rising in his cheeks.

Ilya freezes, and the seconds feel like *hours* before he draws from his previous position nibbling on Shane's chest. Gentle fingers grasp his chin, and he nudges Shane's cheek with his nose, successfully coaxing him to open his eyes.

"My gross sweaty clothes?"

Shane bites his lip and nods, squirming in place at the thought of them tucked between the sterile hotel pillows. It would help...those stinky clothes would help *so* much.

"You want to sniff them?" Ilya's accusing tone is unbearably smug.

“Jesus fucking...Forget I asked!” he blurts out, humiliation flooding his mind and he feebly tries to push Ilya away.

Ilya tuts, the seductive tone of his voice settling deep in Shane’s bones. “Ah, ah, Hollander. Ask and you will receive,” he drawls, punctuating his statement with a wet kiss on Shanes cheek, before practically sprinting out of the room.

Shane shivers as the previous warmth of the room gets snuffed out in a moment, leaving him with goosebumps trailing up his arm. Now, he’s cold and wanting, instincts running wild with anticipation and faux-abandonment. He whines pathetically, and without Ilya to hold him up, he slides down the wall to the floor.

Unable to hold himself back, a hand is shoved down his boxers and wraps around his cock. The relief is immediate, but that lingering pain of not receiving release just transfers into full blown lust. Sensations fade from his outer periphery to focus on the wet glide of his fingers sliding up and down. Every drag is agony, and his trembling fingers trail along his cock with a pace he hasn’t resorted to in a long time. It’s frantic, rgent, uncoordinated, and has him spilling in his own fist in under a minute. Shane groans as he detaches his sticky hand, wiping the remnants on his boxers. *God*, he feels like a pathetic teenager with how fast he came just now.

“Shit,” he exhales, body shaking with relief. Pleasure still electrifies every atom of his being, but some of the dense pressure in his muscles lessens as the seconds tick by.

Dammit, Ilya has him reverting to his stupid mediation breathing exercises just to keep himself somewhat composed. He closes his eyes, letting his lungs take precedence. *In for five, out for five. In and out. In and—*

Against Shane’s better judgement, his hands start to creep back down his boxers, the heat in his core rising once more. Maybe this time he’ll be able to last long enough to finger himself.

It’s barely a minute more before Ilya’s bursting back through the door, cheeks flushed and eyes wild with desire. Shane watches as his gaze travels across the room, only to finally trail down to where Shane sits on the floor still with his hand down his pants.

Ilya growls, stomping into the bedroom and plopping down the pile of clothes atop the bed before rushing back towards the entryway. His stride slows, and Shane feels small peering up at the man looking down at him. Under Ilya's contemplative gaze, Shane reddens even deeper, humiliation causing tears to gather at the edges of his eyes. His scent is even stronger now, and it's as if Shane's been plunged into a sauna with how he feels it slide down his throat.

"I—I..." He's damn near *choking* on Ilya's scent; it's never been this potent before.

Ilya tilts his head to one side, a satisfied smile appearing on his face. He clicks his tongue, crouching down to Shane's level. "Poor baby, couldn't make it to bed?"

"Rosanov..." He bares his teeth, but it's hardly intimidating from his spot on the floor with his hand on his cock.

"Relax," Ilya purrs, brushing the sweat from Shane's forehead into the strands of his hair. "I will take care of you."

Fuck. They *really* can't do this. All he wants to do is cling to Ilya and never let go, but he knows he can't. He wants to be good for Ilya, but Shane could never truly give him what he deserves. They can't afford to get distracted like this, Shane won't survive it. "You don't have to, I'll be fine with just your clothes."

"Steal my clothes then kick me out, huh? Not very nice, *Omega*," Ilya teases, and his words brand Shane with such intensity he cries out.

Tears immediately leak from his eyes, and Shane furiously wipes at his face while curling in on himself. The emotion is visceral and unprecedented, causing him to hiccup on every other inhale. "I'm sorry! I didn't—I mean... You don't want to deal with this, and here I am just... I'm sorry, I'm sorry. You can just...do whatever you want, I—I'll be nice, I—"

Warm palms cup his cheeks, guiding his messy face to meet Ilya's concerned gaze. He kisses Shane hard, keeping his hands along the curve of his jaw while pressing against him, tongue lapping into his mouth, trailing along his teeth and up against his palate. It grounds Shane, panic dissolving to the rhythm of Ilya's lips that, after all this time, has become as easy as breathing. He doesn't know how long they stay there making out on the floor, but once his breathing becomes less frantic, Ilya draws back slightly.

Blue eyes narrow, laying a palm on Shane's damp forehead before trailing his fingers down to his chin, thumbing at his quivering lips. "Mm. You are in deeper than I thought. Sorry, I did not mean to joke."

Shane shivers, the aftershocks of such a quick episode of instinctual fear still lingering in his body. "It's fine. Just...just *go*. You don't—You don't have to do this for me."

"And if I want to?" Ilya offers, like it's the easiest thing in the world.

"Want to what?" Shane asks numbly, fingers and lips still tingling.

"Stay. I want to stay," he whispers, resting their foreheads together.

A wobbly smile manages to manifest on Shane's face, and he peers up at Ilya through his lashes. "Really?"

He nods curly, returning Shane's smile with one of his own. His teeth peek through, and that smile is so *rare* it calms an anxiety within Shane he didn't know was there. It's a smile that he covets and treasures every time it happens. "Do you want me to stay?"

He wonders if they were inevitable, destined to be drawn to each other like this. Even if neither of them had met the way they had, Shane thinks he'd still be searching for Ilya's scent for his whole life.

Shane laughs, but it's broken and tinged with sadness. "Of course I want you to stay."

“I know. Wanted to hear you say it,” Ilya says, wiping Shane’s cheeks of tears and softly patting him on the cheek

“Asshole.”

Ilya smirks in response, kissing his cheek before scooping Shane up in his arms. He yelps at the jostling, lightly smacking the strong arms that hold him up. “Rosanov!”

Before Shane’s able to scold him again, Ilya throws him on the bed face first into the pile of sweaty clothes. The scent hits Shane like a tsunami, and he can’t help but shove his face deeper into the undershirt Ilya no doubt wore during the game. Something soft hits him, and Shane perks up from his position only to be hit face first with another piece of clothing. His vision is blocked by the shirt Shane quickly recognizes as the one Ilya was probably wearing two seconds ago, and he frantically peels it off before coming face to face with an almost naked Ilya standing near the foot of the bed.

Deja-vu washes over him, but he’s not sure which instance he’s thinking of. This has happened so many times, Ilya watching him squirm while Shane lies hard and wanting on a bed that isn’t his.

Shit. “Fuck,” he croaks, dragging a heated gaze up and down the man in front of him.

“That is the goal, yes,” Ilya teases, not wasting a moment before beginning to crawl across the bed towards Shane.

A spike of fear courses through him. If they’re going to do this, everything has to be *perfect*. He’s got to make it good for Ilya. “Wait, hold on for a second.”

Ilya freezes, almost comically so, at the slightest sign of Shane wanting to stop. “Is something wrong? Are you alright?”

Shane quickly moves to placate his sudden hesitation, shaking his head and watching the tension deflate from Ilya's shoulders. "No, I'm fine, I just...I need to make—" *I need to make a nest for us.*

"Oh, right. Of course," he says, but as he leans back, Shane grasps his wrist and keeps him in place.

"Stay on the bed?" he requests, and Ilya blushes. Why he's waited until now to become visibly bashful is beyond Shane.

He tugs on Ilya's wrist, letting him crawl to the middle of the bed, while Shane sits up and begins sorting the pile of smelly clothes. Smelly is by no means an insult here, the potency of that comforting scent has his mouth watering as he sifts through each article of clothing. Numerous pillows from the two queen beds in the room collect around Ilya's form, leaving space for himself as well. He files each article of clothing specific to however his instincts react to them, sniffing them slightly and scanning the preexisting nest before folding or stuffing the fabric into the pile.

Fuck. He brought his underwear too. Shane has to stop moving completely in an effort to restrain himself from shoving it against his face and breathing in. He clenches the cloth between his fist, before shoving it between the pillow where his head would lay.

Ilya sits there, quiet as a mouse, eyes trailing Shane's increasingly frantic movements in an effort to create the perfectly comfortable shield for the two of them. Pillows come out of the side closet and clothes are taken from Shane's own suitcase before being shoved between the already fluffed mass of fabric.

It's nowhere near perfect; it's nothing like his nest back home in his cottage. That one is plush and vast, extending to nearly cover his whole bedroom. Shane doesn't know what he'd do if he got Ilya in his nest at home, probably never let him leave without a bite if he's being honest.

He must get too absorbed in his nesting, because the next glance he spares Ilya finds him at the behest of the most sinful vision he's ever seen. Toned legs splayed, brow pinched in pleasure, and a flexed arm tugging at his cock while he watches Shane build his haphazard

attempt at a suitable nest. Hypnotized by Ilya's rough palms stroking himself, Shane lets out a soft whine.

They both freeze at the sound, eyes magnetizing to each other in the low light of the hotel room. Heady scents spike between them, and Shane can't waste another moment not being touched lest his skin catch flame. Scrambling into his lap, that fire is tempered immediately the second Ilya's tongue licks into his mouth. Shane never tires of this: the wet glide of their tongues, the soft yet unceasing press of Ilya's lips, the way he grips Shane's chin before dragging his hand down his neck to grip at his nape. He slips further into his heat, moaning and writhing in Ilya's lap against the hard cock beneath him. Weaving between those sounds are Ilya's own breathy chuffs, low and unfocused as his eyes track Shane's every movement.

After a particularly embarrassingly high pitched sound Shane lets out, Ilya laughs deeply, pulling away every so slightly. Shane can still feel his hot breath fanning across his face like a dragon threatening to singe his prey. Ilya turns him around gently, and he barely even processes the movement with how pliant he is. Shane's putty under these hands as he sighs into the mattress, watching as Ilya moves above him, fingers caressing the spot between his collarbones and giving him another hard kiss on the mouth.

"You want?" he asks, letting his fingers trail down Shane's chest before cupping him through the damp fabric of his boxers.

"I want," he croaks, pressing into that hand for that delicious spike of pleasure, and frantically tears off his boxers.

Ilya gives him no more warning before slipping his fingers past the slope of Shane's cock, kneading at the space between, and then finally letting those thick digits breach. It's like a breath of air after years of drowning with the way Shane gasps at the sensation. It had been *days* since he's touched himself like this, and he's not sure if it's embarrassing or a sign of strength that he waited so long for this during his heat. He wanted to finger himself *so badly* before, but the thought of anything going inside him that wasn't Ilya made his core clench and stupid brain stubbornly keep him from doing so.

Now though...

Now Ilya's here—willing and skillfully stuffing him full and it's not even with his cock yet. Shane bites his lip, feeling more slick escape him as he imagines a near future where instead of fingers sliding against his walls it's a knot.

“Did you fuck yourself before this? With lube?” Ilya's hoarse voice breaks through his fantasy.

“No, why?” Shane manages to say, voice shaking with every drag of thick fingers exploring his insides.

“You are so wet,” Ilya mumbles, drawing up his hand and watching slick slide down his finger.

“Shut up.” He stops a desperate moan from sliding off his tongue. Ilya *can't* know how turned on that just made him.

“Is quite impressive, really,” Ilya comments, before giving his pointer and middle fingers a long suck, letting his tongue slip between them.

Shane groans, before snapping in faux frustration. “This is normal!”

Ilya hums, transfixed at the way Shane opens up for him so easily, slick coating each finger down to the knuckle. Humiliation makes Shane want to level the playing field.

He lets out an airy laugh. “I get it, you've never had an Omega in heat before, huh?”

It's funny. It's funny because the notion that Ilya hadn't heat shared with another Omega is truly laughable. He's desirable, doting, coy in all the right ways, and has incredible control over his instincts. Ilya must have Omega's lined out the door and bent over at his feet for a chance with an Alpha like him.

It's not funny anymore when Ilya's fingers still, not moving a single inch as they stay stuffed inside him.

"Why'd you stop?" Shane whines, pushing himself deeper into Ilya's fingers, desperate for movement as sweat begins to bead against his hairline.

He keeps going for a few more measly thrusts before opening his eyes to look at Ilya inquisitively, doubt creeping through the corners of his mind. The smallest flash of nervousness shines through Ilya's expression, and his jaw clenches before he retracts his fingers and rests them on Shane's thigh.

"I haven't."

"Haven't what?"

"Been with Omega in heat before, I don't bother."

"Wait, really?" Even amongst the fog of his heat, this fact makes the haze clear just a bit.

There's no way. There's no way Ilya just admitted that, and there's no way Shane's going to admit in return how much the warmth in his heart rises rather than the arousal burning in his gut. He sees Ilya blush slightly, and he feels his own cheeks burn as well. Shane can't do this. He can't take this away from Ilya just because he wants it too much. Ilya deserves to experience this with someone else—someone he wants to mate.

"This should be with someone else. Y'know, someone you trust," Shane insists, mourning the marathon of delicious heat sex they were about to have all night. Ilya's probably just feeling weak to his instincts because of Shane's heat anyways and hasn't been in such close proximity to one before.

Obviously, he'd never...

“I trust you.”

“Sure, but...” *This is different, you know that.* Unsaid words hang heavy between them, and Ilya frowns.

“But nothing,” Ilya snaps, and Shane frowns at the uneasiness in his tone.

He feels out of his depth here, like anything he could say might tip the balance and things would all come crashing down. A thousand words well up in his mind but none manage to form a coherent sentence.

“You have been with Alpha like this, then?” Ilya schools his face into a wall of stone, and Shane plunges deeper into uncertainty.

“Uh...No, I haven’t,” he says, averting his gaze to a mole on Ilya’s shoulder.

Shane doesn’t mention it’s something incredibly intimate and special to him rather than a casual occurrence, but Ilya doesn’t need to know that. Ilya doesn’t need to know he can’t stomach the thought of anyone else helping him through his heat. Ilya *especially* doesn’t need to know that every heat since their rookie season Shane’s been fantasizing about their times together whenever he goes on leave and locks himself in his cottage nest.

Ilya sighs deeply, forehead dropping to rest against Shane’s chest. Hot breath fans against Shane’s sensitive nipples, and he shivers as a tongue darts out lick under his pecs.

“You are hypocrite then,” Ilya hums, latching onto the skin of his chest and biting.

“What?”

“You make fun of me but you are the same.”

Shane squirms as Ilya continues to spoil his skin with a hot tongue, nibbling under his pec.

“Jus’ teasing. You have Omega’s begging for a moment of your time every day probably, I’m not wrong for assuming,” Shane huffs, shrugging his shoulders.

“You assume wrong.”

“Yeah, I know that *now*.”

Ilya hums judgementally, mouth moving upwards to suck at his collarbone.

“You can’t blame me,” Shane says, wincing slightly as teeth join against Ilya’s attack on his neck.

“I think I can.”

Shane pouts, but still cranes his neck to make it easier for Ilya to continue unraveling him with his mouth. “My point still stands, don’t force yourself to stay just because I’m... y’know...”

“Needy?” Ilya adds.

His face flames before he lets out a frustrated groan, covering his face with his hands. Did Ilya *have* to say it out loud?

Ilya leans back from his previous position buried in the crook of his neck. “You trust me?”

“Of course.”

“And you...” Ilya purses his lips, looking away for a moment, as if his next words have the potential to alter things that ought not to change. “...you still want this?”

Do you want me?

“Yes,” Shane whispers, smiling softly. He would *never* be so forward if Ilya hadn’t said such words earlier.

Ilya exhales, and a tightness in his expression loosens as he smiles back. “Then there is no problem.”

“I guess not.” Shane smirks, watching the spark return in Ilya’s eyes.

“Good,” Ilya says, letting his fingers breach Shane once more.

Anxiety fizzles out in seconds as each knuckle sinks inside him, and Shane lets his mind begin floating towards the clouds. His heats are always brief, but something about the heaviness setting in gut and the way his overactive brain gets foggy at the edges makes him think this time might be different. A part of him under lock and key wishes it *would* be longer, if only to have Ilya to himself for a few more minutes.

Ilya’s fingers flex and curl around his walls, letting the tips of his fingers press a little harder inside while his wrist and palm relaxes against the angle of Shane’s thigh. His movements remain slow, mesmerized with each and every twitch in response to his ministrations. Freckled thighs begin to shake, and Shane’s heartrate beats so quickly his chest is practically heaving at every breath. Ilya knows exactly what he’s doing, making Shane quiver in anticipation for so long until he’s practically begging for more.

Shane whines as a finger presses dangerously close to that one spot—that spot deep inside him that makes stars shimmer under his eyelids and electricity ignite under his skin. A broken moan escapes from the caverns of his chest, trying to use his own hips to grind pathetically against Ilya's fingers with an impatience he hasn't resorted to in a long time.

"Y—You tease me too much, Ilya. I—I can't...*Please*," Shane doesn't even know what he's begging for anymore: his lips, his fingers, his cock, his *knot*...

Ilya grunts, hand slipping out in order to grasp Shane's cheek, shoving his long fingers into his mouth and forcing him to taste his own slick. They both moan as Shane chokes on his finger, tension coiling between them. "*Me?! I tease you?*"

"Your very *being* teases me, Hollander," he grits out through clenched teeth, and Shane can't help but whimper pathetically in response to the way Ilya's tone drops the more he talks. Fingers retract from inside his mouth, and before Shane can mourn their loss they're plunged right back into his slick soaked hole.

"I wasn't skating around like little minx on the rink tonight," he continues, curling and thrusting his fingers without mercy.

"Not the one smelling so—so *divine*, it distracted me the whole game." Ilya's thickening accent makes him gush that much harder.

"*In heat*, while there were so many Alphas around that *weren't me*. I even tackled my own teammate! Asshole got too close." He punctuates his scolding with a bite to the ear.

"They didn't notice," Shane gasps. "I—I had patches on, and my gear. And my scent is weak anyways!"

"Not to me," Ilya growls, shoving his fingers even deeper and petting against Shane's walls mercilessly. "Never to me."

“How was I supposed to know that?” Shane suddenly feels a wave of guilt overtake his psyche. He probably ruined Ilya’s game. He would’ve played so well if it wasn’t for Shane’s ignorance. Tears gather in his eyes once more, and his mind splits with the desire to hold Ilya close for comfort and give him space in case he’s legitimately upset with Shane.

“Don’t cry, Sweetheart. I’d lose thousand games if I could see you like this,” Ilya coos, nuzzling Shane’s cheek as his fingers pump in and out, slick dripping into the sheets of the bed.

A tear leaks out of his right eye, and Ilya licks it up before it can trail down to his chin. Lips return to his, and it’s a balm on the searing ache wreaking havoc within his soul.

It’s alright. Ilya’s actions convey the words without speaking. Rather, he uses his tongue in other ways to placate Shane’s nerves, velvety tongue unwinding the tangled roots within Shane’s chest with ease as they kiss.

“No more tears, yes? I want you. I take care of you. So no crying, and stop worrying so much,” Ilya requests softly.

Shane nods, although deep down he knows he might end up crying again. Sue him, his hormones are going crazy right now. Patient eyes analyze his face for a moment longer, before Ilya gives him a curt nod back, massaging the tense muscles in Shane’s neck before speaking once more.

“You can cry when I knot you though, because it will be that good.” Ilya smirks, grinding against him with purpose.

God. Shane groans, keening his neck into the pillow at the mere thought of it. “You’d do that? For me?”

A deep hum reverberates between them. “I’d do a lot of things for you, Hollander.”

If his heart beat any quicker, it might just combust in Shane's chest. He bites his lip before looking up at the man looming above him. Barely any light peeks through the cracks between Shane, Ilya, and the lamp across the room; he wouldn't have it any other way. To be covered like this—*consumed* like this—is everything Shane's ever wanted. He wants *more* even.

“Are you going to get started on some of those *things* any time soon?”

“Hm. Maybe, maybe not. Maybe I want to tease you more,” Ilya goads, licking his lips.

“And if I start crying again?” Shane quips back, raising a brow in defiance.

Ilya scoffs, and an uncharacteristically wide smile breaks through his sly exterior. He kisses Shane again, tongue slipping between them once more, before pulling away while letting his teeth linger on Shane's bottom lip.

“Scoot up,” he says, patting the side of Shane's thigh.

Wiggling upwards, Shane feels sweat trickle down the dimples in his spine before he lays against his nest. He gets a whiff of the underwear he tucked in the folds near the top, and he keens into the pillow while gripping at his weeping cock for release. He's already so close, and Ilya hasn't even started properly fucking him yet.

A warm hand gently pries his own away, gripping him tighter and stroking him roughly. The friction burns, but quickly tapers out into deep pleasure as Ilya drags his hand up to the tip and presses his thumb against the slit.

“Only I touch you,” Ilya grunts, swirling pre around the head of Shane's cock.

A weak scoff escapes his lips, and Shane smirks up at him. “Oh really?”

Ilya hums as he moves closer, the heavy weight of his cock resting against Shane's thigh. A shiver courses through him, and suddenly the lingering humor evaporates into full bodied desire.

"Only I fuck you."

Shane's going to go insane with how much his heat swells within him. He's a ticking time bomb with barely a few minutes on the clock. Such words were never allowed between them, but it's like his heat opened up a dam, letting all the heavy water accumulating for years flow free. Shane doesn't want to put the dam back up, he wants to jump into the river and let it take him downstream.

"Oh, Fuck... Yes," he responds, because Ilya deserves to know he wants this. "Please."

More slick gushes out of him in anticipation, and Ilya's fingers return but only for a moment. He spreads him open, testing the waters before plunging in. Shane pants, heart palpitating in his chest as he squeezes his eyes shut. He can barely contain his moans, biting his lips only for them to taper off into even more embarrassing whimpers. Drool collects in his mouth, wetting his dry throat whenever he manages to swallow in between moans.

The second Shane feels the tip of his cock begin to slide inside, every atom within him screams for more. He stretches without issue, exhaling a shaky breath to make sure he can ease against the length and attune every sense to the feeling of Ilya's cock. If he thought this was overwhelming before, this is an entirely new plane of existence. This is *nothing* like what they've been doing between sheets and after games for the past few years. It's better, it's *so* much better.

Every nerve embedded in the tight rim of his hole tingles around Ilya's cock, head pressing deeper before finally slipping through. It's easy with the amount of slick coating every part of his hole all the way to the inner lining of his thighs, thanks to the messy fingering Ilya gifted him with minutes before.

"Hah—Fuck, Hollander," Ilya gasps, eyes closing and nostrils flaring. "You are so tight."

It only makes Shane's core clench harder, nails digging into the muscle of Ilya's back.

"Mmn...*Fuck*." His moan drawls along his tongue, like thick honey dripping from his mouth and down his chin.

"Relax, baby. You are like vice around me," Ilya groans, massaging a thumb around Shane's hip.

Baby. Shane's breath hitches, heat spiking in his gut. He can't honestly expect Shane to *relax* after saying something like that.

"Feels so...*Fuck*." Dammit, he can't even finish a sentence and Ilya's barely halfway in.

He's not even fully inside and Shane's already lost to reality, squirming mindlessly against the unwavering hardness stretching him taught.

Ilya brushes the damp hair from his forehead, kissing him along his brow before slipping his tongue past his lips. Shane comes alive immediately, goosebumps traveling along his skin while Ilya rubs his tense muscles until Shane becomes pliant beneath him. Shane's tongue lolls lazily as they kiss, spit sliding along his cupid's bow as he sucks on Ilya's tongue like it's covered in sweet nectar.

Ilya pulls away for a second, hushing slightly to quell the restless energy zipping through Shane's bloodstream.

"Are you with me?" Ilya frowns slightly, nudging a freckled cheek with his nose.

Shane nods lazily. "Mm. Alpha..."

A tight gasp slips past his lips as Ilya presses deeper, and Shane watches his gorgeous brows furrow and jaw clench. He's not sure if it's in pleasure or not, and the question lingers in his

mind the longer Ilya's bright gaze scattered across his body. Shane blushes at the attention, biting his lip and bending himself back so Ilya's cock can angle better inside him.

"Ilya..." he whispers, grasping Ilya's shoulders and tugging him forward in silent request for more.

Finally, a small smile, canines peeking through wet lips. Moments later, Ilya fully sheaths himself to the hilt, the tender heat of his hips kissing Shane's skin as they meet. Blissfully guttural moans overlay within the quaint hotel room, their scents fully weaving together as they finally intertwine in a way they've never before. Sure, Ilya's been inside him, but this is different.

Shane's not just connected to Ilya, he's a part of him. Every sinew of his being sings as Ilya swirls his hips slightly, grinding inside to get a feel of their position. Shane situates himself as well, not just because it feels good but because he's so overstimulated that he can't help but move to release that tension his muscles feel because of his heat. He didn't think it was possible, but it's almost as if Ilya gets even *harder* the longer he's buried inside Shane. Every second that passes by, it's as if all the blood in Ilya's body pumps into his cock, throbbing against Shane's greedy hole. Dual heartbeats, one pulsing against his rim while the other beats through their chests.

One of Ilya's hands releases its hold on his waist, tracing along his jaw before dragging thick fingers down the slope of Shane's neck to press against his pec, right where the heart beats rapidly beneath Shane's damp skin. He shudders at Ilya's reverent gaze, transfixed at every little twitch Shane's body reacts with as he plays with his skin. Shane lets him for the moment, a saccharine feeling unfurling within his heart at the overt attention, but when a thumb passes over his nipple he decides this teasing has gone on for long enough.

"More," Shane whines quietly, using his heels to nudge him closer and letting his lower back arch upwards.

Ilya blinks for a moment before letting himself fall forward into Shane's embrace, kissing him hard while pulling out in preparation to thrust right back in. He starts like he always does, delving into Shane's wet heat with a slowness that makes each languid thrust even more delectable, like saving the best bite of dessert for last. It keeps Shane wanting, *shaking* for more, and just when he can't take it any longer, Ilya begins to speed up. Descending down the hill with wanton thrusts, fucking like it's the last thing they're allowed to do on Earth.

The movement is quick, in and out with rapid succession, but nonetheless overwhelming. Ilya loves to push Shane past his limit and leave him at the mercy of those big hands and thick cock—impossible to do much other than moan and take it like a good boy. Shane likes it too, even though he'd never say it out loud. He loves it when Ilya's pounding into him so fast that he doesn't get a moment to think about anything other than how they magnetize so easily. Give and take, give and take.

His heat makes it even more immense, and Shane knows he'll feel embarrassed over how needy his moans sound. How they taper off into high pitched whimpers or how tight he grips Ilya's muscled arms, but right now nothing seems more important than keeping him near. Nothing is more important than keeping their bodies locked together in this heated embrace, tumbling towards something wholly new even if the sensations aren't.

Fuck. Who is he kidding? These sensations are new too, even after feeling Ilya sink into him time and time again throughout the years.

Just as Shane's limbs begin to ache where they're bent so intensely, Ilya pulls out and straightens his numb knees, coaxing him onto his front. A surge of affection—desperate and infectious—makes Shane hike up in seconds, presenting on the mattress without delay. One hand tucks itself between the junction of his hip, the other pressing into a dimple at the base of his back, dragging along his damp spine. Shane shivers as fingers ease his face and chest deeper into the mattress, and he gulps on a parched throat. The fabric is saturated in their scent, and he inhales that much deeper. Warm citrus and rich mocha fill Shane's nose, and his breath hitches as Ilya slides back inside him.

He doesn't start slow this time. The angle makes his cock spear deep, nudging against his core and making Shane drool into the mattress. Palms sear against his hips, and the rapid sound of skin slapping against each other reverberates against the hotel walls. Every thrust shoves him deeper in the bed, deeper into his hinge, and deeper into the depths of his heat.

He's falling, or maybe floating? At this point he can't tell. Every sense not involving Ilya is dulled—the stale smell of the hotel, the warm lamp light, the quiet wisp of the wind against the window. None of it matters, not anymore.

They haven't said much for a while, content to let the heady air swirl between them and dissolve into delicious moans and whines every time Ilya sheathes himself inside of Shane.

However, between the music of sex, Ilya begins to mumble in Russian. Nothing but short phrases, and sometimes it's just a single word. His voice is softer than Shane's ever heard—a silky whisper that he's never been privy to after all these years. Shane inhales at another indecipherable phrase, hiccuping on the breath as Ilya somehow begins to thrust even quicker. The longer he mumbles, the more Shane's able to recognize that he's repeating some words. They're infused with something as well, emotion painting his tongue and Shane has no way to know what color.

Russian always sounds rough to Shane, so unlike the romantic French or blocky English. Even on Ilya, the tone was always laced with gravel. Now though...

It's so soft, like the quiet beat of a butterfly's wing emerging from its cocoon.

Begging. He's begging for something. Shane wants to give it to him, and the longer he listens to Ilya's fragmented Russian, the translation almost doesn't seem needed. Ilya wants to be closer. He wants more of Shane. He wants to bury inside deeper than anyone has before or ever will, and Shane is more than willing to let him.

"Ilya. W-what are you saying?" he pleads breathlessly, fingers gripping the sheets like a lifeline.

"What are you thinking about?" he asks again, risking a glance behind him. Ilya's expression twists as his thumbs press into Shane's lower abdomen where they're wrapped around his waist.

Ilya whines, and it shoots through his heart like a bullet. "Shane, I—"

"Tell me."

He curses in Russian, and Shane clenches around him in response. *Fuck*, he *knows* what Ilya's thinking, because he's thinking about it too. Their bodies are so in tune that it dissolves the latent miscommunication that's become innate to their relationship throughout the years.

For so long, everything about the two of them has tried to tear them apart: different country, different language, different upbringing, different teams, different *everything*. They're not different here though, not in any way that makes it harder to be together. Words might not be necessary, but selfishly Shane wants to hear it nonetheless.

Ilya's cock slips out after a particularly distracted thrust, the head slides against the divot of his thigh, poking at Shane's balls and brushing up against the base of his own neglected cock. Russian and English swear words gasp out between them, both at their messy movements and the heightened stimulation. Ilya growls, manhandling him onto his back once more, pushing Shane's knees back and knocking the wind out of him with how forcefully he thrusts back in.

Ilya's quite the vision. Cheeks flushed beyond measure, veins thrumming with exertion, curls mussed while Shane clenches them between his fingers. A spark flares in blue irises.

"Tell me," he whispers, hoarse words barely escaping as Ilya continues to fuck him relentlessly.

"*Babies*, Shane. I'm thinking about...*Fuck*, I need—"

"Yea?" he gasps, massaging at Ilya's tense muscles, coaxing the words from his mouth.

"Won't stop until one has your freckles. Fill you up so we make one, I—I want—" He dissolves back into Russian, mumbling phrases that send electricity down Shane's spine as goosebumps litter his body.

Ilya looks oddly devastated by what he's just said, and hides in the crook of Shane's neck, nibbling at the already bruised skin. Shane recognizes immediately he's trying to distract them both with the heat of sex, but Shane wants nothing more than to erase that expression from Ilya's beautiful face. He plunges a hand into damp curls, clenching them in his fist and tugging their lips back together.

"Your curls too," he whispers, and Ilya's hips stutter before fucking into Shane even harder.

Moaning in rhythmic tandem, the air sparks between them with arousal and Shane's instincts sing in satisfaction. Their lips latch back to each other with so much force Shane thinks they'll get stuck like this. His consciousness turns fuzzy after a bit, and he has to detach his lips from the kiss, gulping the hot air like he's awakened from a hundred year slumber. He feels Ilya's knot begin to swell, and it taps that spot over and over without mercy.

"They need your curls," he mumbles numbly, the filter between his heart and mouth dissolving into dust.

Tears gather at the corner of his eyes, pleasure from overstimulation mixing with pleasure from imagining little pups with freckles speckled over their cheeks. Pups with light curls bouncing atop their heads scurrying around his cottage while Ilya cooks them all breakfast. Teaching them how to skate on the frozen lake. Watching Ilya teach them Russian. Playing soccer with them in his backyard like he did with his parents.

"Please, Ilya. I need it." The knot tugs against his hole, locked within the warmth of his body as Ilya is forced to grind with shorter thrusts. That doesn't mean the arousal lessens though. In fact, it's quite the opposite. Anticipation overloads his senses past a state he never thought possible as the thickening knot presses deeper inside him, stars burning up behind his eyelids every time he keens into the bed.

Why didn't they do this sooner?

"Take it." Ilya's words punish and comfort Shane at the same time. "*Take it*, Sweetheart."

Things really can't go back to the way they were.

"More," he pleads, and Ilya does what he always does: give Shane everything.

Ilya hikes his legs up higher, angling his hips so he presses against his prostate over and over. He's post verbal now, wildly moving his body in a way Shane's never experienced. He's always so composed, an animated suit of impenetrable armor, but not right now. This new element to him leaves Shane wanting—*needing*—to see it more, to see how deep the caverns of Ilya's heart lead. He wants to know Ilya, inside and out.

“*Oh God, Ilya,*” he pants, raising an arm back to hold onto the headboard for stability as he continues to be pounded into the mattress. “Ilya, I—”

I might be in love with you. His instincts scream to say words he’s never even conceived of before tonight, neck itching to angle itself like a forbidden fruit begging to be bitten. Begging to be marked. Begging to be *mated*.

Slick gushes at the connecting nodes between the two of them, making the friction even more luscious. Shane comes with a silent cry, tears leaking out of his eyes and sliding down his temples to wet the pillow below. Ilya lets out a deep croon, kissing his cheek before grabbing Shane’s chin to slam their lips together once again. He could stay like this forever, riding that high while latching to Ilya’s soft lips.

The second Shane’s core tightens with his orgasm, Ilya spills inside as they lock into each other like a key opening the doors to heaven. Each pulse of Ilya’s cock feels euphoric; Shane can do nothing but let the waves crash against him and pull him under. His hole flutters with every pump of cum painting his walls, and Ilya crowds on top of him to gather Shane in his arms. He lets out a quiet squeak as the knot taps that spot, overstimulation zipping through every nerve, from the base of his skull down to the tips of his toes.

Their breaths remain ragged as seconds turn into minutes. Ilya remains still above Shane, except for ragged breaths and the periodic squeeze at his side. On the other hand, Shane resides to trace his fingertips along the planes of Ilya’s back, massaging the tired muscles with practiced movements. It’s quite meditating, and he thinks if they stayed like this forever, Shane wouldn’t mind one bit.

Eventually, Ilya turns his head, resting his ear against Shane’s chest. They’re still locked together, and as Ilya puts a little less pressure on his lungs, Shane winces again as his cock tugs against his hole.

“Sorry,” Ilya murmurs.

“S’okay. I like it.” Shane pats him on the head, before letting fingers sift through his curls.

“Doesn't hurt?”

Shane hums, shaking his head. “Feels good. Thank you, y’know...for the uh—”

Ilya snorts, and the movements cause Shane to laugh a bit too in response even though his face is flaming. He just *had* to make it weird and say something stupid like *thank you*. Consequently, this also makes him squeeze around the cock lodged inside him as well.

“Hollander. S—Stop laughing, too much,” he manages between chuckles, gritting his teeth and groaning every time Shane clenches around him.

“Sorry, sorry, hah—” Shane breathes deep, calming himself down as Ilya tries to keep from dissolving into giggles as well.

It’s quiet for a few beats more, and Shane closes his eyes, squeezing slightly as he feels the knot deflate and limp cock slip from his tender hole. They both groan at the slight discomfort, slick and cum dripping into the sheets as their aching muscles become much more obvious now that they’re not submerged in the heat of sex.

Ilya starts to back up, but Shane grunts in annoyance, yanking him back into the bed—a bit too forcefully if he’s being honest. Ilya yelps as he’s shoved against the pillows.

“Wha—”

“Don’t go.” Shane levels a menacing glare with enough petulance to make Ilya smirk.

“I was getting towel for clean up,” Ilya explains, raising a brow.

Shane frowns even more. “Well, don’t.”

“Shane Hollander...are you saying you want messy bed?”

“Don’t get used to it,” Shane snarks back, repositioning some pillows in the nest before tugging Ilya back into his arms.

“Okay,” Ilya relents, arm wrapping around Shane’s back and intertwining their ankles together.

Silence envelops them like a heated blanket, and every breath lets Shane taste Ilya’s scent on his tongue. Latent arousal fades for a moment, and he recounts the events that have led them to this moment. The game, the texts, the nesting, the fact that this is both their first times with something like this...the absolutely mind-blowing heat sex. Shane had been utterly shameless, whining and moaning like he would’ve died if he didn’t get fucked then and there—it sure as hell felt like it though.

He bites his lip, heart-rate skyrocketing above the clouds as he feels blood flood his cheeks.

Won’t stop until one has your freckles. A pang stabs through his heart. He wonders if Ilya truly meant what he said. A part of him hopes so. Maybe not now, but...

Shane clenches his jaw. He really should not be entertaining thoughts like this, but he can’t ignore how easy it was minutes ago. It felt so *good* too, succumbing to that urge—felt even better given that Ilya started it.

Everything cycles through his mind, rising and falling like waves of the sea. He’s getting restless again, and suddenly the sight of Ilya becomes too much. He detaches slightly, moving to turn away for a breather. Ilya’s having none of that though, and takes it as a sign that Shane wants to spoon instead. A hot chest rests against his back, and a new wave of calming citrus calms his racing heart. He knows Ilya can feel it through their skin, and his scent keeps Shane more grounded than expected. Shane closes his eyes, focuses on Ilya’s warm skin, his scent, and the clothes tucked between the nest’s pillows.

Clothes which he brought for Shane after he came to his room...

Hold on...

Shane never told him his room number, did he?

“How did you find my room?” he asks quietly, hunching his shoulders.

“Scent,” Ilya mumbles, tightening his hold around Shane’s waist.

“Really? But—”

“Good nose, remember? Everyone else has shitty nose.”

Shane huffs, disbelief obvious in his tone.

“That...and I wanted to see you.”

“Oh—” Shane inhales, heart fluttering against his chest like a caged bird. “I um...needed you too.”

“Mm. I know.”

“Asshole,” he grumbles, but he can’t help the small smile from appearing on his lips

Ilya squeezes him again, nosing at the nape of Shane’s neck and taking a deep breath. Normally he retorts back, but as time progresses Shane notices that he’s thinking his next

words carefully.

“I can’t read you sometimes, but right now...your scent helps me. Makes it obvious what you want even if your face and words don't. I knew you would let me stay,” Ilya says finally, thumb caressing the skin of his stomach.

Shane pouts at this, conflicted between being angry over how easy it was for Ilya to read him or relieved that he didn’t need to try and struggle to use his words when he was so vulnerable. It’s an odd type of relief though, and something about it makes him a little less scared about the future. It makes him want to meet Ilya at his level. It makes him want to admit things he’d never dream of doing before tonight.

“I like your scent too,” he murmurs, leaning closer into their embrace. He wishes he didn’t turn away earlier to spoon so he could look into Ilya’s eyes.

“You do?” Ilya asks, surprisingly breathless.

“Yes. Probably too much.”

Ilya pinches Shane affectionately, before expanding his fingers and kneading at his skin. “Mm. No such thing as too much.”

Gritty words cause Shane to ignite, heat roaring to life in the depths of his stomach. Arousal fogs his mind, and he can’t help but give the slightest arch to his back. He’s exhausted, overstimulated, and numb, but the smoldering ember flickering in his core begins to rise once again. Groaning in frustration, he grinds back against Ilya’s hips. His cock twitches in interest, and before long Shane’s being stuffed once more.

“Need more,” he gasps, and the way Ilya’s cock presses into him damn near *hurts* but it also feels *so good*.

Ilya gracefully swirls them around, smirking as he presses his thumbs into Shane's hip bones.
"I will give more."

End Notes

shane: *pumping out thick waves of mating pheromones on the ice without realizing*

ilya: well dis is new

—

thank you for reading:)))

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