

whisper in the silence

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76665626) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76665626>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Omega Shane Hollander , Pregnant Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Established Relationship , Fluff , No Angst , Praise Kink , Voyeurism , Knotting
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-29 Words: 11,760 Chapters: 1/1

whisper in the silence

by [hollanovgrl](#)

Summary

With the recent news of Shane's pregnancy, Ilya becomes much more territorial and possessive, resulting in a getaway to the cottage where, with a bit of luck, they both can get rid of the tension that has been on their shoulders.

Notes

hello again!

this is a short story that i was really happy to do, once i realized we didn't get a full scene of ilya pressing shane against the window glass. it turned out to be a lot more than that, so i hope you enjoy the ride.

it has some references that you might not understand, they drink mate at some point which is a beverage very common in my country and it's a must when we get together with friends or family. they also sing a bit in spanish just because.

all that being said, see you on the other side.

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

“Do you have everything you need?” the omega asks, watching him cross the threshold with two suitcases.

He walks over to the trunk of the car and reaches for it to put things inside, to which Ilya narrows his eyes, as if it were a crazy idea.

“I’ll do it.” Ilya announces.

“Okay.” Shane says, rolling his eyes.

He stands to the side, appreciating how his husband takes care of everything for him, which makes him feel quite flattered, if he’s honest.

As soon as he started feeling dizzy on the ice, he was worried about his blood pressure. After getting blood tests and finding that everything was fine, he stopped worrying until, in the second week, the vomiting started.

The curly-haired man insisted that he had to see a specialist because they hadn’t been eating anything but healthy food lately. Shane tried to reassure him, saying that it would pass, but the alpha stood firm, giving him an ultimatum.

“Either that, or you’re on the bench for the next game.”

He knew, despite his stern tone, that the alpha wasn’t angry with him. They shared the same routine every day, so he knew Shane wouldn’t eat anything he didn’t normally have, so it was logical for him to be worried.

The omega bit his bottom lip to avoid an argument; internally, he too was starting to worry that something bad was happening to him.

Before going to sleep, he made an appointment with his doctor and proceeded to undress for a shower. He would wait until the alpha finished washing the dishes to let him know.

From the first day he realized Rozanov’s overprotective nature, as he got to know him better, he realized that his behavior had a lot to do with how he was raised.

It was never something that bothered him; in fact, the omega found the idea of relinquishing control to someone else quite appealing.

When he finished showering, he put on one of the t-shirts he'd stolen from his husband for their nest and his underwear.

The moment he crossed the threshold, the alpha turned to look at him, completely stunned. Shane didn't understand his expression, so he walked closer.

"What's wrong?"

"Please don't tell me this is a joke."

"Ilya, what are you talking about? You're going pale, oh."

His words were interrupted because the taller man pressed his nose against his neck, right where his scent gland and mark were located.

When he felt him take a deep breath, followed by a sigh of relief, something inside him clicked.

"I love you so, so much, Shane."

"I'm..."

"You're not sick or anything, zaichik. You smell like strawberries."

He started shaking his head in disbelief when he felt the alpha's left hand rest on his abdomen and looked down.

"I'm pregnant."

Ilya cried, and he cried too, both of them from joy and surprise. The alpha grabbed his hips and spun him around in the air before finally kissing him.

He whispered a lot of things, a mix of English and Russian that was hard to follow, but everything seemed to be full of affection and devotion.

They lay down on the bed, cuddling, the old t-shirt he was wearing now lifted to show his belly.

Shane trusted his husband's instincts, and together they grabbed the computer to make an appointment with the gynecologist. He insisted he smelled much sweeter than before and swore he wasn't lying.

"Ilya, I love you. There's no one else I'd rather be experiencing this with."

"Me neither."

It was clear that forty-eight hours of waiting would exponentially increase his anxiety, so he got up from the kitchen table that next morning and announced to the alpha that he was going to the drugstore to get a pregnancy test.

Instead of questioning him, Ilya stopped what he was doing and walked to his side, showing himself willing to accompany him.

Just to be sure, he bought five from different brands, which meant meeting in the bedroom every time he had the urgent need to use the bathroom.

With those confirmations came more tears, to the point that his lips felt dry. The alpha held him in his arms and enveloped him in his scent, making the omega purr.

Now, three months later, and with a belly that was just beginning to show, the thought of having to tell his parents the news, in addition to thinking about how to announce it to his hockey team, made him incredibly nervous.

On the other hand, Ilya wasn't too keen on sharing this with so many people, his senses telling him it was dangerous for them; the more people who knew, the worse it would be.

Since the season had ended a few days ago, leaving them quite tired, they agreed they needed a few days away from everyone else to clear their heads, so the idea of heading to the cottage made sense.

Ilya ran his hands over his hips, pulling him closer and kissing his lips. "I packed the vitamins, just in case." he said, running his thumb over his clothes. "I plan to cook for you two every night." he smiled at him.

"Thank you." he replied. "Did you grab an extra pair of slippers?" he asked, to which he grimaced.

"Nope." he placed a quick kiss on his lips and headed back to his house.

"Always the same." he said to himself, letting out a sigh.

"I heard you!"



Oktubre plays on the car speakers as Shane drives down the highway, Ilya humming along while absentmindedly stroking his right thigh.

He had offered to drive, but the omega said he enjoyed it, and after a pout, his husband finally agreed.

He admits to being a bad co-pilot, while the alpha knows what he needs before he even has to ask, so the dynamic works and there's no reason to change it.

An involuntary purr escapes his lips, making him turn his head to look at him. His cheeks flush instantly, making him feel like he's eighteen again.

The hand on his thigh moves to the back of his neck, his fingers tracing the skin there. It makes Shane shiver, in the best possible way.

"You look fucking beautiful, sweetheart." he murmurs, leaning over to whisper in his ear. "It makes me want to put another baby in your belly."

After so many years, he's gotten used to his husband's big mouth, so he can't be surprised. Even so, the curly-haired man always finds a way to impress him with the things he says.

“You're such a freak.” he replies, shaking his head. The alpha looks pleased with himself.

“Oh, Yuna and David wish us happy holidays,” he tells him, taking out his phone and unlocking it. “Do you think it's a good time to tell them there's a bun in the oven?”

“Don't even joke about that,” he replies. “Although I was planning to do it the traditional way.”

“What? Should we show them the pregnancy test?”

“No, you idiot.” he mutters through gritted teeth. “We cook something they like, and then for dessert we make a strawberry tart, and we put a picture of the first ultrasound under the plates.”

“That sounds great, I love it.” he agrees.

“I guess we have one thing less to worry about, then?”

“Oh, yeah.” he murmurs. “Now we're focusing on us and the pup that's growing in your womb. I took care of the shopping so we only have to go out when we want to.” he tells him.

“Good.” he nods, drumming on the steering wheel as one of their favorite songs starts playing. They pause their conversation to sing along.

“I honestly can't believe we made it to the concert.”

“Yeah, and the fact that I didn't get crushed at the pit was the icing on the cake.” Shane recalls, making his husband laugh.

They were able to keep their relationship a secret for four years, until Shane decided to transfer to the team his boyfriend was playing for, having grown uncomfortable with the environment around him.

He had a moment of introspection and panic when he realized how isolated he felt from a part of himself because those who ran the sports business had deemed it relevant to intrude on their players' private lives.

There was always a cloud of suspicion surrounding his sexuality, not in the public eye, but among his teammates. The lack of a girlfriend began to feel strange for a man who was already twenty-four, while most of them were already on their third child, and many others were married.

Normally, he would silence the criticism with hard work and being the best in his position, but at some point along the way, all that effort he had put into fitting in had only made him feel more like crap.

The relationship naturally became strained when the omega began to falter; the distance between them had also been a complication for his performance.

He grew more needy of the alpha's presence, and the thought of having to part ways after spending a weekend together became a nightmare.

His team was no longer a good enough reason to stay, so he began negotiations as a free agent to be transferred.

Naturally, Ilya, being the captain, did his part to keep things possible. They had already confessed their love a few months prior and had discussed the distance.

When it finally happened, it was as if their bodies could finally rest from the pressure of being on guard for everything they did.

So, driven by their shared fanaticism, they didn't even think about planning the trip to the concert; they simply turned on their computers and bought the tickets.

It was a spring night, but the temperature had dropped, so it made sense to wear a sports jacket to avoid catching a cold, especially since he gets cold easily.

All he remembers of that moment is jumping up and down next to his boyfriend and almost losing one of his shoes. He also remembers the euphoria when the singer appeared on the screen and his alpha's smiles before they started playing songs that he loves so much.

They found out what happened on social media the next day, because they got home too late to bother charging their phones, and, to be honest, Shane couldn't care less about saving the world after such an experience.

Unconsciously, they had let their guard down, and it didn't feel like the end of their career, but the beginning of something new, better.

"I'll never forget how happy you were," he tells his husband, whom he would marry at the end of that same year. "I felt lucky."

Ilya leans in again and places a kiss on his neck. "I felt lucky too." he murmurs. "To be able to share it with you."

Shane releases pheromones that let him know how happy he is to hear him say that and turns up the volume, letting the music envelop them both as he drives down the highway.

They only stop once, and that's because the alpha insists it's not good to hold his bladder for so long, they enter a coffee shop, and while he waits his turn to use the restroom, his husband stretches his legs walking in the entrance.

This being his first pregnancy, he finds himself absentmindedly stroking his belly several times, a habit his doctor has pointed out. This is why, when he's in public, he tries to keep his hands busy to avoid resting them there.

"You're Shane Hollander, right?" a girl in her early twenties points at him, frowning. He has to admit that wearing sunglasses and a cap isn't a combination that will guarantee him go unnoticed.

He could easily lie—say she mistook him for someone else—but his genuine curiosity gets the better of him, so he ends up giving her an almost imperceptible nod.

“That's great. My dad and I used to watch your games. He was a big fan.”

“That’s good, I suppose.” he laughs nervously. The girl nods.

“Yeah, thanks for giving the Metros the double championship. I've never seen him so happy.”

There's a hint of sadness in her voice that the omega recognizes instantly, and it has nothing to do with him, but somehow, he's involved. “I'm glad you two enjoyed it.” he replies.

“Yeah.” she shakes her head. “I have a girlfriend now, so, *uhm*, love wins.”

“Yeah, it does.” he says, nodding.

The girl waves goodbye before he has to come up with an excuse. He goes into the restroom and relieves himself, then goes to find his husband, whom he finds talking to the security guard.

He quickly says goodbye and runs his hand down his lower back, while the man places one of his hands on his body. “Are you sure you want to keep driving?” he asks.

“Yes, of course. We only have forty-five minutes left.”

“Okay, honey.” he plants a loud kiss on his cheek and then starts the car. “You’re going to get a foot massage when we get there.”

“Don’t say it twice or I’ll get wet.” he jokes, to which Ilya lets out a scandalized gasp.

“But I *am* the freak, right.” he mutters, to which Shane bursts out laughing.



The moment he parks the truck, Ilya circles the vehicle and opens his door. Shane unbuckles his seatbelt and grabs his phone and water bottle.

He doesn't expect the alpha to sweep him off his feet, newlywed style, and carry him to the couch like that, effortlessly opening the door.

He gently lays him down on the sofa and kisses his forehead, though Shane tries to pull away, feeling a layer of sweat on his body. "Ew." he mutters, feeling gross. The Centaur captain winks at him, heading back to the truck to collect the luggage.

He starts untying his shoes and folds his socks to wash them later, after sunset. He sighs in relief and rests his head on the pillow, enjoying how everything smells different when they're

here.

The cottage used to be their refuge when staying in hotels or sneaking off to each other's houses wasn't enough. The hectic life surrounding an athlete is often overlooked, and that's one of the reasons he felt he lacked social skills.

His friends came late in life, just when he thought it would be impossible, considering he had no friends from school or even the hockey school he attended. Now he's proud to say he's been able to forge meaningful connections, even outside of hockey.

Ilya comes back to him, grabbing his feet to sit beside him. "Do you want a massage here or in bed?"

"I want a shower." he replies. "I need to get rid of these clothes ASAP."

"Hmm, but you smell so good," he murmurs, leaning his head down at the top of his shorts. Shane stops him with a hand on his shoulder.

"There's no way this is turning you on." he says, looking at him in disbelief.

"You smell like chocolate and plum. How could I not like it?" he retorts, frowning. "Oh, and there are the strawberries too, but I'm not focusing on that right now."

"Oh my god, Ilya." He rests his head back on the pillow and bites his lower lip. Instead of stopping, the alpha sniffs at the fabric and presses a kiss there. "I'm sweaty too!"

"Yeah, and that's fucking sexy."

"I can't believe it."

He says and quickly moves his legs aside, grabbing his shoes and socks to leave in the laundry room on the way to the bedroom. The curly-haired man is on his feet in seconds, walking behind him.

"Don't blame me, you know I'm crazy about you."

He won't admit it out loud because he doesn't want to lose what little decorum he has left, but something inside him melts when he hears him say so openly that he likes him in any way, and he blames it on the raging hormones of his first pregnancy.

They take off their clothes in sync, the omega turns on the air conditioning so they don't lose temperature, and the moment Ilya passes by to turn on the shower, naked in all his glory, he gives Shane a slap on the butt that makes him squeal.

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't!"

One of the things he feared most before marrying the alpha was losing that back-and-forth teasing that characterized them. He didn't want things to become solemn and for his marriage

to be devoid of all the stupid competitions that defined them.

He enters the bathroom as soon as he finishes setting the air conditioning to his desired temperature. His husband is already waiting for him under the shower, ruffling his hair as Shane moves him to the side. A sigh of relief escapes him the moment the water touches his body.

The weather in this part of Canada isn't too stifling, but the two-hour drive, even with the air conditioning on, leaves his body feeling tired. He can feel the knots in his back loosen as the water presses against the area.

When he opens his eyes, Ilya is already looking at him, and he opens his arms to invite him closer. The alpha places one of his hands on his stomach, making them both look down.

"Thank you for giving me all this hope." the blonde alpha murmurs, barely louder than a whisper. It makes the omega's heart leap, and a smile spreads across his lips.

For a long time, he only caught glimpses of the curly-haired man, genuinely relaxed. It was on the day he asked him to spend the night at his house that he noticed genuine happiness on his face. He himself had acknowledged it.

They do nothing but kiss and caress each other's skin while soaping their entire bodies. When the tap turns off, the alpha gets out of the shower first and hands him his robe.

He's too lazy to dry his hair, so he finishes with his body and lies down in the middle of the bed, enjoying the feeling of being clean. His husband watches him, the towel still wrapped around his hips, and winks at him.

"I'm going to make us lunch, but you definitely need to get dressed."

"Why? We're alone here," he says, fluttering his eyelashes. "I could fold my legs and no one else would see me."

"I'm not saying it for that reason, you shameless minx." he moves closer to him and presses his index finger against his cheek, making eye contact. "You're going to get sick like this."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Now who's the boring one?"

The alpha gasps in surprise and buries his head between his shoulder and chin, giving him loud kisses that make him tickle.

When they pull away, he's still laughing and can't help but think that his heartbeat feels more intense when Ilya looks at him like this. As if he's someone worth staying for.

The alpha places his finger on his nose and gets out of bed, stretching his back. His shirt rides up, revealing a bit of skin, and Shane's gaze shifts for a moment.

"It's always you, Hollander. I've said it before." he murmurs, leaving the room to make lunch.

He stays in bed for a while, doing nothing but staring at the ceiling and thinking about how good his life feels right now.

Since embracing his sexuality, the journey hasn't been without its complications, but it's felt like a great weight has been lifted from his shoulders, one he wasn't even aware of.

With the pregnancy, the idea of the world finding out incidentally is something he doesn't like at all. This is why he has to be careful around photographers whenever he leaves his training sessions or meets up with his friends. He forces himself to keep his hands on everything except his stomach.

The last few days in the city, he started wearing looser shirts because, when he stood sideways in front of the mirror, he noticed his stomach was starting to show, which would lead to speculation from the tabloids until it escalated, forcing him to say something.

Shane tries to stay away from social media, except for the information his mother brings to the table when they have a meeting about work. Even so, it's difficult to completely isolate himself from people's comments, especially when they're everywhere.

As soon as he transferred to the Centaurs and they moved in together, it was Ilya's turn to suggest he start therapy, something he agreed to but, for one reason or another, kept putting off.

The excuses were weak even to his own ears, but the alpha didn't pressure him. Of course, a day—a night—came when he couldn't stop thinking about all the things that had gone wrong.

He felt that familiar discomfort again in that locker room whenever there was a slur thrown or a joke made. It was no longer something he could ignore; it started to take its toll on him.

He remembers glancing at the clock, which read 5:15 a.m., and feeling like his life wasn't entirely his own, but rather pieces that had been forced together to make it work.

He remembers Ilya searching for his body in his dreams and beginning to shed the first tears because of how unfair he was being to himself. He remembers sitting on the couch the next morning and looking for the contact information of a professional, the alpha by his side.

He gets up and decides to dress in blue shorts and a mustard-colored t-shirt with a cartoon on the back. In the bathroom, he takes the opportunity to fix his hair and washes his hands before heading to the backyard.

Since the house is full of windows, as soon as he leaves his room he can see his husband in front of the grill and the table with the dishes already set, so he goes to meet him.

He stands beside him and rises on his tiptoes to place a kiss on his cheek before going to pour himself some cold water. He likes being able to sit and watch his husband while he prepares the food; it makes his omega feel well cared for.

While they eat lunch, they chat a little about the latest news Ilya read that morning before leaving for here. Nothing that could stress them out while they eat some burgers, all so they can hurry up and start planning the rest of the day.

Shane sees the gold ring on his left hand sparkle and a smile forms on his face. The alpha notices and uses the same hand to grab a napkin and wipe the corners of his lips.

He raises his eyebrows and the omega rolls his eyes. "Shut up."

"I didn't say a word, baby."

"You did," he insists. "Through the bond," he points out.

The alpha leans forward in his seat, getting closer to him. "Believe me, you have no idea what I'm thinking."

"Could you enlighten me, then?" he says, turning to face him.

Instead of continuing with the teasing, the curly-haired man runs a hand through his hair and leans back against the seat again.

"You need to finish eating," he says instead, pointing to the second hamburger on his plate.

When they finish lunch, he's ready to get up and wash the dishes, but his husband stops him, taking him by the waist. "I'll take them; you go lie down. I still owe you a massage."

"But I can do this; it's not like I'm going to get a cramp," he argues.

"Nobody said the word cramp, so now I'm even less inclined to have you wash anything."

"*Ilya*," he grumbles. "What are you going to do when I'm six months along? Doctors always recommend going for walks instead of staying in bed."

"I know, *zaichik*. We already agreed that you'd drive, these are my conditions," he pouts.

"Come on, don't be mad."

"Okay," he replies, rolling his eyes. "I'm going to lie down on the couch, and we'll listen to that podcast I told you about."

"That's fine with me," he says, shrugging. "As long as I can kiss you if I get bored..."

"No kissing," he says quickly. The alpha tilts his head and narrows his eyes. "Or not so much kissing," he clarifies, instantly regretting his statement.

A playful smile spreads across the Centaur captain's face as he grabs the plates with one hand and the condiments with the other. "Make yourself comfortable, sweetheart."

The flirting tone he uses makes Shane's cheeks flush red as if he was eighteen again.

He still finds it incredible how he can make his heart race with just a few words or by looking at him with that intense gaze of his. Perhaps it has to do with the fact that the intensity of their love hasn't diminished over time.

This doesn't mean they've been free of conflict, even after marriage. While most of their thoughts are aligned, differences exist, linked to their distinct upbringings, and they are also stubborn about certain things.

Therapy and time gave them space to grow as individuals and avoid repeating those cycles where one of them would explode, making the other feel bad until the tension subsided and ended up apologizing.

Ilya learned that there was no need to shout to be heard, while he learned how to react to situations that would leave him speechless, when his mate needed peace and quiet.

Once he finishes washing the dishes, the alpha comes to the living room with a bottle of fresh water and two clean glasses to place on the coffee table. The hot weather makes them hydrate more frequently, and the omega considers suggesting going to the river to watch the sunset.

He sits down next to him and takes hold of his feet. "I'm ready for anything you want to show me." he tells him, to which he raises an eyebrow, reclining among the cushions.

He begins his massage, slowly stroking him to help him relax. Shane lets out a sigh and starts playing the podcast on the television.

His hands travel from his heel to his toes. He can feel the pressure slowly leaving his body after having been in the same position for two hours straight.

He doesn't apply pressure, letting him get used to the sensation. He closes his eyes for a moment, taking advantage of the fact that the curly-haired man is focused on the screen. Then he runs his thumbs along the sole of his foot and begins to trace circles, reminding him of his presence with the digits.

The alpha moves with the patience of a professional, sometimes seeking his gaze to make sure he's doing it correctly.

It's like a domino effect, causing the rest of his body to relax as well. His shoulders drop, and the rest of his body feels as if he's floating, except for the small refuge where his pup lives.

Neither of them seems to want to talk much, and fortunately, the podcaster's voice is soft enough not to bother him.

When he moves to his heel, alternating with his thumbs to apply pressure, he can't help but let out a purr that makes him close his eyes. The warmth of his hands isn't uncomfortable at all, in fact, it's the polar opposite.

His body seems to remember what life is like without carrying so many worries. When he opens his eyes again, Ilya is still looking at the screen. He thinks he's doing this so as not to intrude on his moment of calm, and for that, he's grateful.

He doesn't feel like a burden. Even in the daylight, he manages to reach that state he sometimes achieves at night, when he prefers to rest in his nest. His scent fills the room; the combination of chocolate and plum lets the other wolf know how he feels, without needing words.

It's a great gift, Ilya's ability to disconnect him from the rest of the world and make him feel that there's no more rush and that his wolf can rest in the shelter, because life will be just as they found it.

Another involuntary moan escapes his lips, this time with a different meaning that makes his husband turn his head to look at him. Shane can't look away, nor does he have the strength to pretend it isn't exactly what he imagines.

The alpha slowly begins to loosen the massage, a sign of what's to come. He stays silent, so he removes his hands from his feet, while keeping his intense gaze on his. Ilya wants him to be attentive to his every move, knowing that his mind has become a little clouded.

Shane doesn't complain, but settles into the spacious armchair so he can climb onto his body. He begins to hear his breathing getting closer until he has him beside him, his back to the television, having found a much more interesting view.

He doesn't want to say a word, afraid of breaking the bubble they have so carefully constructed, so he remains still, contemplating him.

The curly-haired man runs his hands over his hips, a touch that reminds him of his presence, and then leans gently over his neck, causing him to let out a sigh of relief.

The moment his lips touch the area, it's as if a part of his mind has completely shut down; that neuron that keeps him alert to danger and that has been active for several years can finally rest.

Traces of the alpha's scent emerge, pine alongside whiskey, a combination too strong to be mistaken, a declaration in itself. This causes a tremor in his legs that the other man feels, and he lets out a low growl.

Ilya runs his tongue over his neck and then closes his lips; his kisses are wet but seem to have no other intention than to induce a state of greater relaxation. The omega's thoughts become hazy; he's only able to feel what the other is making him feel.

He doesn't leave marks, not with his teeth, at least. Shane feels his neck wet, but it's not disgusting, but rather pleasurable. For him, it's an experience similar to being marked, only in a different way, with a similar urgency.

"Rest." his husband commands softly in his ear, his tone soothing. He lets himself go, letting out a final purr until exhaustion takes him in its arms.

His wolf feels safe enough to follow the command, feeling genuinely cared for.



When he wakes up, the first thing he notices is that he's no longer on the couch, but in the bedroom.

The second is that his head is pressed against his husband's firm chest, while he massages his hair with his fingers. He takes a deep breath to let the combination of pine and whiskey reach his brain, then slowly pulls away from his body to stretch.

Their eyes meet and the corners of his lips lift, despite still being drowsy. He lets out a moan as he throws his arms back and wipes his cheeks.

"What time is it?" he asks. The alpha grabs one of the pillows to change position and turns to look at the clock on his nightstand.

"Four twenty-seven in the afternoon," he replies. Shane looks out the windows that surround them, the sun is about to set. "You slept two and a half hours," he informs him.

"Yeah, I don't know where all this tiredness is coming from."

"Driving and the nerves from last night," he reasons. "How are your feet?"

The omega looks at himself and wiggles his toes. "Good, much better." he turns to look at him. "You really helped me sleep well," he murmurs, to which Ilya puffs out his chest with pride.

"You looked so peaceful, and those brown eyes." he stretches, running his right hand along his cheek. Ilya leans in at the touch as he looks at him. He shakes his head with a smile. "I can't believe my luck."

"That's because you haven't looked yourself in the mirror," he replies, deflecting the compliment. "Or at the number of omegas in the stands wearing your jersey, waiting for a kiss."

"I can't bother looking at them when I'm too busy playing with my husband." he says, moving closer. "I have to concentrate on playing well so he can score the goals."

"*Mhmm.*" He runs his hands over her shoulders, while the alpha places his on his waist. "You better, because you already put your pup inside me, which means no refunds."

"What?" he says, feigning surprise. "But I thought it would last until after the baby turned two." he shakes his head. "I'm going to have to contact the company to file a complaint."

"That's right, big guy. You're stuck with me."

The alpha smiles at him and leans in to kiss him. "Nowhere else I'd rather be."

When they get out of bed, the omega suggests going to the river, and he agrees. While he gets dressed, Shane fills the electric kettle with water and prepares a small box with cookies, also grabbing two towels in case they want to go swimming.

His husband comes out of the room wearing nothing but swim trunks and with sunscreen in his hand. He can't help but scan him with his eyes until he's standing in front of him.

The carefree way he walks, as if the world bends to his will, followed by his large chest and defined abs, distracts him from what he's doing. The distance between them, at that moment, seems absurd. His wolf struts against his chest when he notices his astonished gaze.

Instead of making a joke about the fact that he's clearly drooling over him, the alpha shows him the sunscreen container and asks, "Sweetheart, could you put some of this on my back?"

Shane, whose throat seems to have dried from staring at him with his lips parted, manages a reply.

"Yeah, sure."

The curly-haired man turns around, taking the sunscreen in his hands.

The same back he's scratched with his nails, that's endured blows on the ice, still bearing two small bruises, is now before him in all its glory.

He swallows and begins spraying the sunscreen onto his skin, then runs his hands over it.

Ilya is talking, but he's too lost in thought to pay attention. His voice fades into white noise as he delicately moves the spray over his shoulder blades.

"That idiot Rowan sent me pictures of his Caribbean vacation. Can you believe the son of a bitch is already out of the country? Anyway, he had this big circle in the middle of his chest and I was confused."

He sprays the sunscreen on his lower back again, making sure to cover a few inches below his shorts, in case it runs when he moves. "How come he only burned his midsection? He said it was because of the umbrella, but I don't believe him. I think we have a very freaky defender here." he shakes his head.

When he reaches the nape of his neck, he applies a little pressure with his thumbs before spreading the liquid. His husband lets out a sigh of satisfaction. "Fuck, baby." he runs his hands behind his back and places them on his hips. He smiles. "You have nice hands."

His firm skin beneath his hands makes him feel things in his lower body. He has to fight the urge to lean down and place a kiss. He tries to concentrate on his task, instead of lingering over the taller man's body, something difficult to do when he has a man sculpted by the gods just inches away.

It's not the first time he's felt this way, something he wouldn't call simply being aroused. There's a longing that arises to be beneath his skin, to feel this man taking complete control and moving as he pleases.

Years ago, that thought would have been followed by the irritation of knowing it wasn't possible, or that he was exposing himself too much without knowing if there was even water in the pool.

Even so, Ilya was always able to sense it, that desire masked by the tension of a game, the way his pheromones demanded attention and his hands twitched nervously, seeking to be held.

"All done," he announces, his voice lower than before, so he repeats himself. "I've finished."

The alpha turns around and he hands the spray back, a smile forming on his face.

"I have to do it to you, zaichik."

"Oh, *uhm*," he swallows. "I still have to finish this and..."

The sound of the kettle automatically turning off is heard. "Let me finish preparing it, I'm ready, you go change," he says. Shane nods dumbly and heads to his room.

He chooses a pair of green shorts and takes off his t-shirt to avoid getting it wet. The breeze from the air conditioner makes his hair stand on end, so he grabs the remote control and takes the opportunity to cover the windows with the curtains to prevent the room from being sweltering when they return.

When he comes out, Ilya already has the mate and box with cookies ready on the kitchen table. His gaze is intense, which makes him stop in his tracks as soon as he crosses the threshold.

His wolf, confused, suggests he start running, not because he feels threatened, but because he understands that the alpha wants to chase him.

It's a biological reaction that only exists between bonded mates and in certain contexts, which is why Shane ignores the suggestion and stays where he is.

"Give me a twirl," he says. He would roll his eyes if it weren't for the fact that his tone is devoid of any humor. His voice is deep and makes him want to obey.

He slowly turns around, bringing one hand to his stomach, and hears him mutter something under his breath that's unintelligible.

Then, he starts walking toward him, his steps firm but slow, causing Shane to freeze, savoring the way his husband's pheromones reach him and permeate his body.

"I could stay here watching you for the rest of the day," he says, letting out a sigh. "But my omega wants to see the sunset, and I love serving him."

He bites his lower lip and shakes his head. "I love you so much."

After applying sunscreen to his back and stomach, avoiding lubrication while doing so, they head toward the river.

Once they lay their stuff on the ground next to a tree, the alpha places a chaste kiss on his lips and quickly moves into the water. He lets out a laugh and follows behind, taking a seat on one of the large rocks nearby and carefully sliding his legs into the water.

Shivers run down his spine when he notices the temperature, yet he forces himself to keep his feet underwater, moving them in circles. The alpha swims, acclimating his body to the temperature.

The scenery never fails to take his breath away; the sound of birds singing and a gentle breeze moving the branches of the surrounding trees makes him let out a content sigh.

When Ilya surfaces again, he swims to him and positions himself between his legs to lean down and kiss his belly. Shane runs his right hand through his hair in a tender gesture.

His husband's happiness is contagious; from the moment they arrived, it's as if he had become the eighteen-year-old again, with the physique of his twenty-nine. He can't help but feel lucky to see him so relaxed; just looking into his eyes makes his heart swell.

"With everything going on with Rowan, I was thinking we could travel after the holidays," the curly-haired man murmurs, and he raises his eyebrows.

"What place did you have in mind?"

"Iceland," he answers without hesitation. "I want to see the Northern Lights with you," he adds, his smile widening.

"I've never been there," he says, caressing his left cheek. His eyes, brighter than ever, invite him to lose himself in them.

"I know, me neither," he presses another kiss to his belly. "We'd have to be careful with the temperature, ask your doctor about precautions, but I feel like we can do it."

"What if we go for the holidays?" he suggests. "We can visit Santa's house."

He blinks in surprise. "Wouldn't you rather spend it with your parents?" he asks.

"It's not that I wouldn't, but after we tell them the news, I think they'd understand that we want to spend it alone."

"Hm, I don't know. I think they'll be a little hesitant about the idea," he murmurs.

"Well, it's a good thing I'm a functioning adult," he says, to which he bursts into laughter.

"Okay, let's plan in a few days. It doesn't have to be now."

"The answer is yes, anyway," he says, cupping his cheeks. "We deserve more time without having visits from all the country."

Ilya turns his head and places a kiss on his left palm. "*Moy*," he whispers. Mine.

"Tvoy." he replies. "*Tvoi.*" he corrects himself, pressing a hand to his belly. The alpha gives him an even bigger smile.

After so many years, having learned to speak complete sentences in Russian and still being able to use them is something he's proud of. He definitely wants his pup to keep the language his father lived with for so many years.

"Can you imagine them?" he asks, when they're outside the river, the curly-haired one is in charge of preparing the mate, while he takes a bite of the cookies.

"He's definitely going to have my curls," Ilya replies, to which he playfully pushes his shoulder. "The beauty will be all yours, baby. Don't worry."

"Oh, so you're saying he's going to steal my beauty?"

"That's impossible," he replies, passing him the mate. "But even if they were, you'd still have a very sexy husband by your side."

He rolls his eyes and proceeds to sip from the mate he offers, his back against the tree. "I think the same."

"See?" he snorts.

"No, you fool. I think he's going to have your curls, your eyes too."

"I want him to have yours."

"And why is that?" he asks, tilting his head.

"Because...they're the most fascinating I've ever seen. When I look at them, I feel like my heart grows tenfold, and when you flutter your eyelashes, he definitely has to take that from you. I think I could walk through fire for you." Shane's cheeks flush.

He's used to hearing things like this, but this hormonal surge makes it impossible to hide the effect it has on him. Sometimes he wants to, so his ego doesn't grow to the size of a building in Qatar.

"Still, I have a feeling they'll be similar to you, maybe with my freckles."

"Oh, your freckles are mandatory, otherwise they're going to complain."

He chuckles. "They can't go against their mother like that." He passes him the mate.

"They're going to love you," he murmurs, looking directly into his eyes.

"You too." he assures, reaching out to run his hand along Ilya's left arm. "It's impossible not to."

"Thank you." the alpha says, Shane releases comforting pheromones, not wanting to intrude on his husband's thoughts but also showing him that he's there, present and steadfast by his

side.

"It doesn't matter what they look like, because they're going to receive all our love either way." he says, placing both hands on his stomach. Ilya watches him with a smile.

"Being pregnant makes you look fucking radiant," he murmurs. "I never thought I could want you more than I already do, but this is a sight."

He bites his lower lip and tilts his head slightly, showing him his mark.

"The good thing is you already claimed me," he says, his tone changing. "Both ways."

A growl escapes the alpha's lips as his gaze focuses on the bite. His body begins to heat up until he says, "Not here."

He blinks twice, his mouth pouting. "But..."

"At home, later," he says, his pupils returning to normal as he hands him the mate. "I have an idea."

"What?" he asks, taking a sip. The curly-haired man narrows his eyes; even though he knows the question is pointless, he wants to ask it.

"Later." he insists, and that's final.

They change the subject to something more relaxed, remembering the teams left for the playoffs and placing their bets on who will win.

As the sun disappears over the horizon, revealing a beautiful orange sky, the alpha extends a hand, and together they stand to contemplate it in the river.

He finally wets the rest of his body and puts his head underwater to avoid heatstroke. The alpha swims as if he's in a race and then swims back to him, running his hands along his thighs so he can wrap his legs around him.

He runs his hand through his hair and the golden headband lights up, making him smile.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

He nods, Ilya maneuvers them so they're facing the horizon and places a loud kiss on his right cheek. Shane runs his hand through his hair and strokes it.

"I feel safe with you," he whispers. "It's like the world makes more sense."

"I feel the same way," he says. "I wake up every day feeling grateful I found you."

His lower lip trembles at the mere mention of it; this level of honesty would have been unthinkable for either of them at the beginning. Expressing desire was the only thing they were allowed to do, because there was too much at stake.

As time passed and they began to share more moments together, what used to narrow to good chemistry in bed and a practical solution turned into so much more than that. Shane turns his head to look into his eyes. "I love you, Ilya. Every fiber of my being belongs to you."

Their mouths meet in a kiss that sends a tingle down his skin. It's not passionate, but a gentle caress, a way of conveying what they can't put into words.

The scenery ceases to matter when the alpha slips his tongue inside his mouth, delicately caressing his own and making him sigh into the kiss.

His hands rest on his shoulders to keep from drowning, while his husband's move along his sides.

Shane feels adored; he's finally building his own family, something that seemed so far removed from his reality just a few years ago, but Ilya has made it possible.

When they part, smiles spread across their faces, and they stay in the water for a few more minutes before the temperature begins to drop.



Back at the cabin, the couple decides to shower separately. Since Ilya was in charge of preparing lunch, this time they decide to cook something together, opting to make pizzas from scratch.

He goes into the shower first to start with the dough, something that always makes the alpha impatient, while he enjoys it.

He takes the opportunity to connect his phone to the television and put on some music to play through the speakers while his husband showers.

The voice of a cumbia singer comes on, which makes him take a little longer cooking because he stops to dance.

The dim lighting of the place and the air that comes in through the door to the backyard gives him a homey vibe that makes his wolf happier.

He doesn't rush to remove the flour that sticks to his fingers, but rather sways his hips with it. This place has gone from being a refuge from intrusive eyes to a space that invites him in when the outside world has stopped applying pressure to him.

He barely notices the shower turning off, too relaxed to experience the urgency he usually feels to have everything ready before his husband arrives. Not because he demands it, but because his own brain tells him to keep things in order.

Inside this place, his thoughts move at a different pace, perhaps it's the fresh air or the fact that the small sounds he hears are all related to nature.

He's certain that his body and his pup are thanking him for it. After spending these three months focused on a single goal, training for it, he wanted to prove to himself that he was capable of doing both because, who the hell would dare to think otherwise?

Now, it's undeniable that the concentration before each match comes with a lot of trying to hide the tension inside to stay focused, and the first time his skates glided on the ice rink to play, he was hyper-aware of his belly.

Ilya also knew that what he needed wasn't to be cooed over or for him to suggest the bench, no. What he needed was for him to instill confidence, to remind him that he is Shane Hollander, first and foremost.

"I love this song." that deep voice makes its presence known, making him turn his head to look at him and then at the television.

"Of course you do."

Amores como el nuestro is playing in the room, the alpha grabs the remote and turns up the volume before running his hands over his hips. "Dance with me."

"Okay."

He puts his arms on his shoulders to avoid getting flour on them. The curly-haired man sets the rhythm and sings to him, looking him in the eyes. "Un amor como el nuestro, no debe morir jamás."

Contrary to what anyone might think of a hockey player, the alpha is a good dancer, moving his shoulders provocatively and making him laugh.

"Lo nuestro es algo eterno." Shane sings, twirling around. His husband starts whistling, encouraging him. The dough rests on the table, awaiting the final massages of his fingers, but there's no rush.

They create their own party, with only their pup as witness. Ilya runs his thumb along his bare belly and continues dancing with him.

"I'm so happy." Ilya tells him, their foreheads pressed together. "I've never been happier."

One foot forward and then back again, they move in sync, as if they've been doing this their whole lives. He leans in, leaving a quick kiss on his lips before the song ends.

Me too, goes unsaid.

When the song finishes, Shane jokes that he's going to need another shower after that, returning to the kitchen table to finish the dough for the two pizzas he wants to make.

Ilya presses a kiss to his hair and starts taking out what he needs to prepare the sauce. Once the dough is smooth, he takes a clean cloth to place on top and let it rest.

Meanwhile, he takes the opportunity to move the clothesline from the laundry room to the backyard and hang the swimsuits to dry next to the towels, freeing up space in the kitchen.

Once the pizzas are in the oven, the omega announces that he's going to change clothes to match his alpha, who is wearing a black shirt and shorts.

Since the curly-haired man unpacked his suitcases, he doesn't have to sit on the floor rummaging through his clothes, so he opens the closet and finds his clothes, ready to wear.

He tries on a striped dress, but decides it doesn't accentuate her figure the way he wants, so he proceeds to try on a shirt he bought thinking the vacation would be a good opportunity to wear it for the first time. But when he sees himself in the mirror, he realizes it doesn't look as good as it did when he first tried it on.

His husband's words, suggesting he wouldn't wear it more than twice, replay in his mind. He hates that he's right, but he won't admit it and, hopefully, will forget he exists.

He chooses a white shirt with silver embroidery and cream-colored denim shorts. Then fixes his hair in front of the bathroom mirror and applies lip balm before returning to meet him.

The backyard table is already set, with a black tablecloth and two small candle-shaped lamps. The weather is ideal for eating outside, but they have to spray themselves with mosquito repellent to avoid being bothered.

Ilya places the pizzas on a wooden board, and Shane arranges the olives, taking the juice he prepared from the refrigerator. "Tomorrow we can go collect pine needles and stuff."

The alpha nods enthusiastically; he loves that activity, which is why he suggested it.

With dinner ready, the couple goes out to the patio and sits facing each other.

"I should have lit the fire," his husband says to himself, shaking his head.

"It's okay, it's nice like this," he assures him. "It's not cold either."

It may be that having worked on dinner together is what makes the first bite so different from the pizzas he's used to eating, causing him to let out a sound of satisfaction.

One pizza has fresh tomatoes and garlic cut into small pieces, while the other has enough arugula to feed a horse and parmesan cheese.

They eat with their backs against the seat, enjoying the ritual, instead of seeing it as an obstacle to doing something else. The alpha pours the juice into the glasses and they make a toast because they can.

"To our family," he says, and Ilya nods.

“To us.”

The breeze rustling the leaves of the trees is perfect, giving their bodies the temperature they need. The taste of the cheese mixed with the sauce melting in their mouths makes each bite a delight.

They have a pleasant conversation, the kind that will be remembered not for what they said, but for the place they are in.

The loon makes a sound in the distance, causing the alpha to turn his head suddenly. He rolls his eyes and takes another bite of pizza.

Ilya sets the glass down on the table and sighs. “Damn, I really love this.”

“The pizza is really good,” he tells him. “It has just the right crispiness to eat right down to the edges.”

“Yeah, I didn’t mean that,” he points out. “I love being like this with you, being able to breathe fresh air and not having to remind myself that other responsibilities exist.”

“Do you ever wonder what it will be like when we retire?” he asks.

“Yeah, I can see us giving more attention to the hockey school. I imagine you teaching.”

“Me? But I’m so embarrassed whenever we’re around kids.”

“Only at first, then you get used to it. It’s not easy to read their energy.”

“Yeah, but you make it look natural.”

“That’s because of my natural charm, honey,” he says, winking at him.

“Fuck off.”

“No, but seriously,” he leans across the table, holding out his left hand for him to take. Shane doesn’t give him the satisfaction. Not yet. “Whatever we do after this, I know we’re going to be really good at it. Believe me.”

He runs his right hand over his palm. “I think you can be a great coach.”

“Me?” He nods. “So in this hypothetical future, you imagine me in a locker room ordering everyone around?”

“Just the way you like it,” he murmurs, nodding. “Besides, the coaching course doesn’t take too long; you’ll finish it in no time. What matters is that the message gets across, and you do that in every game. Being credible is what helps you last, and I think you have plenty of that.”

Ilya blinks, his expression shifting to surprise, then softening. “I’m glad you see me that way.”

“It’s just the truth. I’m sure everyone who knows you agrees.”

The alpha stands up to place a kiss on his knuckles and says, “I am who I am now because you helped me become better. You changed my life, omega.” his honest tone and that look devoid of any game make him want to get up and kiss him.

“I don’t know what to say.” he murmurs. “I’ll always be there for you, whatever your fears or worries may be. I’ll be the husband you deserve. Cause you deserve to be loved.”

Ilya’s smile falters, his eyes glaze over, and Shane doesn’t want to push him toward an emotion he doesn’t want to express right now. So he squeezes his hand, letting him know he’s there for him, and takes his glass to drink the juice.

After dinner, they both clear the plates and utensils to wash them, putting the tablecloth back in a drawer and the juice in the refrigerator.

With the last plate in his hand, Shane can feel the wave of anticipation coursing through his veins. He can feel his husband’s intense gaze on him, and it makes his body feel warm.

The moment he turns off the tap and has no excuse not to turn his head, he grabs the dish towel to dry his hands. Ilya surprises him by resting two knuckles on his chin and leaning in to kiss him.

Quickly, the omega turns his entire body toward him, leaving the dish towel with his eyes closed on the handle of one of the kitchen drawers. His husband makes a sound of approval as he presses himself against him and runs his hands down his hips, guiding him toward the bedroom.

His tongue slips inside him, making him moan, his eyes still closed. They move slowly, as if the distance to their destination were part of the moment.

The kiss is passionate, made to leave its mark, and their pheromones begin to shift.

They pull away, panting. The curly-haired man takes one of his hands and they cross the threshold. The room is dim, but the starlight is enough to see his face.

"Do you want to continue?" he asks softly. The omega nods, smiling. "Tell me."

"Yes, so much," he replies. "I need you."

At his words, the alpha's gaze darkens and the corners of his lips lift.

The next time he kisses him, he becomes much more demanding, while his hands seem to have interpreted what he said perfectly, sliding down to cup his ass and squeeze, then caressing his nipples through his clothes.

Shane lets out his first gasp, which brings an arrogant smile to Shane's face. "Please, Ilya."

"Please what?" he says. "I'm touching you, Shane."

"Undress me, please." he begs.

The alpha nods once and moves them further into the room, in front of the bed.

He starts with his shirt, going button by button as if it were a ritual that cannot be rushed, despite the heat radiating from their bodies. He can feel traces of saliva on his lips and secretly runs his tongue over them; while his husband is focused on the task.

When he reveals his chest, Ilya lets out a sound of satisfaction and leans down to press two kisses to his stomach, before running his hands over the nubs. Shane lets out a sigh of relief and closes his eyes.

"Look at me," he orders, so he forces himself to open them again, his caresses make him feel dizzy. "Is that what you wanted? For me to play with your tits for a bit?"

"Fuck." he mutters, his nipples hardening too quickly, his cheeks burning.

The excitement begins to take hold, his hole producing slick that oozes onto his underwear, making him feel dirty.

When he takes a step closer to him, his fingers still stimulating his nipples, he tilts his head slightly to the side, a silent invitation he doesn't even hesitate to accept.

The captain of the Centaurs is a man who knows about stamina, so teasing comes naturally to him. Over the years, he has been able to improve it, but only to a certain point. Ilya doesn't mind; in fact, the idea of making him come multiple times excites him.

A moan escapes his lips as he sucks on his skin and applies gentle pressure to her breasts. His underwear grows increasingly wet. "Yes, alpha."

The taller man makes a sound of approval and trails kisses up his neck until he takes his chin in his hand and kisses his lips. "Moya zhizn'," he whispers. *My life*. "I'm going to fuck you right here in front of this window, okay?"

He nods, lost in pleasure but still able to understand what he's being told. "I want the world to see how good I fuck you," he whispers in his ear, his body trembling and producing more wetness, preparing for his cock.

The alpha's hands pause at the top of his shorts, his lips parting from his to watch what he's doing, and Shane runs his hands along his arms.

"You're so beautiful." he can't help but say, which makes his husband wink at him.

Once he's down to his underwear, the alpha orders him to spread his legs and proceeds to kneel. He begins a trail of kisses between his thighs, alternating with licks that make him throw his head back and clutch one hand in his hair for balance.

Ilya's gaze as he does this makes everything even more lascivious. The omega becomes even more aroused when he presses his nose to the fabric of his underwear, inhaling his scent.

“You're perfect,” he says, his breath coming in short gasps. “You smell so good, *zaichik*. I'll never get tired of saying it.”

The omega lets out a trembling breath and locks eyes with his, his compliments causing the fireball he feels inside to grow.

When he sees him part his lips and begin a happy trail over his underwear, he throws his head back and lets out a sigh of relief. “Yes, like that.”

The alpha slowly moves up until he finds his belly and hooks his thumbs into the elastic to slowly remove it, leaving him completely naked.

“Turn around,” he says, and the omega does so once his brain processes the command, somewhat clumsily.

Knowing what's coming the moment he feels him place a kiss on the curve of his ass, Shane closes his eyes and reminds himself to breathe through his nose. When he parts his cheeks and licks a line over his hole, he thinks his knees will buckle.

“Fucking hell.” He mutters under his breath, the alpha doesn't stop, repeating the action until he decides to stop teasing him and slide his tongue into his hole.

“God, you're so wet.” he says, his voice husky, and he lets out a silent gasp. “You needed it bad, didn't you?”

He nods, even though he can't see him, and gives a weak verbal confirmation. “Yes, please.”

Ilya slides his tongue inside, determined to take his arousal into his mouth, making obscene sounds that only ignite him more.

A few minutes later, he begins to feel his legs about to give way, but he's also too close to the edge; his mind is confused. Luckily, it's his alpha who makes the decision for him. He decides to stand up again and turns him around to join his lips with his own.

Shane grabs him wherever he can, forgetting about the oxygen his lungs require to breathe, as well as the fact that an orgasm was just around the corner. The alpha savors the taste in his mouth, gladly offering the remnants of his arousal.

“Take off your clothes and fuck me.” he says. The alpha nods, equally enthusiastic, and removes his shirt in one swift motion.

Then he pulls down his pants, pushing them aside with his feet, and grips himself, beginning to stroke his shaft while the omega stares, mouth agape.

His hard cock is already dripping precum. He can't help but glance down at his own length, so small in comparison that it makes his cheeks flush.

Despite all the countless times they've found themselves in the same situation, each opportunity feels special for different reasons. This will be the first time they fuck in the

cabin knowing Shane is pregnant, and the alpha wants to display him in front of the windows, like a trophy.

The thought makes him even wetter; his mind is already clouded, giving way to desire mixed with need.

“Hands on your sides.” He tells him, pointing with his chin. The omega turns, finding his reflection in the glass, and places them where he told him. “If it gets too much, you stop me, okay?”

He nods but realizes he can't see him, so he speaks. "Yes."

"Good, a very polite boy," he says, running his free hand through his hair and down his neck, making him close his eyes, enjoying the caress. "I'm going to give you what you want now, make you mine again."

He aligns his cock with his entrance and penetrates him. Shane sighs in relief as he feels the now familiar warmth filling him, and while his husband remains still to allow him to adjust, he finds himself eager, wanting to move against his body.

"No." he says, in an authoritative tone. "Good boys wait," he reminds him, as he wraps one hand around his neck and rests the other one on his stomach.

Warming his cock while waiting for him to deem it appropriate to start thrusting wouldn't be a bad plan if he wasn't so desperate for his knot. He can't help but let out a huff, which the taller man catches.

"You're a desperate whore, you don't even care that I'm taking care of you." he says in his ear, pressing the sides of his neck and starting to move his hips. A broken moan escapes his lips, tilting his head to the side. "All you want is my cock, you fucking shameless minx."

The rocking is slow; he knows he wants to build a rhythm, make him feel every inch.

"You're so big, *fuck*," he gasps, his eyes fluttering. "It feels so good."

"I know, zaichik. Just what you need. Isn't it?" he nods eagerly as he feels the hand on his neck slide down to his left nipple, stroking it again.

He stares in amazement through the window as it becomes erect again, letting out a squeal the moment he gently tugs on it. "*Alpha!*"

"Yeah, that's it," he growls, finding the perfect rhythm, making him tremble. "Look at you," he says, panting. "Anyone could walk in and see you like this, begging for my cock like a cheap slut."

His knuckles turn white from gripping so tightly, so he decides to let go, letting his husband do all the work. He's already docile under his touch.

"My perfect boy, the mother of my pups." he whispers in his ear, tugging at his earlobe. "You love it when I fuck you like this, don't you? Because you belong to me."

Shane nods again and again, trying to keep his eyes open to commit to memory the image of their bodies moving together.

His skin never touches the glass, but that doesn't make the thrusts any less precise. After so long together, Ilya knows his weak spots by heart, and he has no problem using them to his advantage when it comes to sex.

Unexpected tears begin to stream down his cheeks from the emotion of being held like this, while he makes sure to hit his sweet spot repeatedly. It's only a matter of seconds before the wave of orgasm sweeps him away.

"I can feel you close, *fuck*. I love you so much, you always hold me so tight," he whispers in his ear, looking at him through the window. "Are you crying because you love this so much?" he asks, and he replies with a moan. "Shit, are you going to take my knot like you always do? Let me fill yo—"

His words are cut off by a growl that rises from deep within his chest as the omega tightens around him. He raises his right hand back to his neck and leaves it there, a still lifeline, anchoring him to reality.

"Come for me, omega," he commands. "Show me how beautiful you look."

A long series of high-pitched moans accompanies the euphoric orgasm that washes over him, feeling the fire within him finally spread through every vein of his body, and Ilya comes a few seconds later. His knot is swelling inside him, even though his seed has already formed the most precious thing in their world.

The sound of their bodies colliding and their panting moans are like music forming a symphony, his brain can't form any coherent thoughts, only him and how much he enjoys being filled.

"Shh, you did so well," he coos, moving his left hand to wipe his wet cheeks. "My perfect boy, the best husband." He kisses his left shoulder blade and then moves up his shoulders. "I can't ask for anything more, I already have everything."

He lets out a purr at the sound of it, trying to convey that he feels safe with him.

When they catch their breath, he has him wrap his legs around him so he can sit on the bed with him on top of him. There, the alpha runs his hands over his body, feeling his heartbeat as he nuzzles his neck with his nose.

"I love you so much. Are you okay? Is there anything I can do for you?"

He shakes his head and turns to look at him as best he can. "That was amazing."

The curly-haired man laughs and runs his knuckles along his left cheek; he closes his eyes. "It was," he agrees. "You took me so well."

"Oh my God," he says, scandalized, bringing his hands to his face. Ilya bursts out laughing. "You got a mouth, eh?"

“Only with you, darling.”

“In a few minutes, I want you to hold me for a little while, if that’s alright,” he adds in a whisper.

A smile forms on Ilya’s face. “That’s more than alright, omega,” he says, caressing his cheek.

He takes him in his arms, inhaling his whiskey and pine scent, exhaling contentedly.

“Thank you,” he whispers into the silence.

“Always, Shane.”

End Notes

this is the original [post](#) to the fic, in case you want to rt it.

zaichik means bunny, for those wondering.

i am thankful for every kudos and comments i get, they truly warm my heart.

we'll be reading each other soon, was thinking about a forced marriage au or maybe a fake dating au. still not sure which one will win, though! but i made a [poll](#), in case you want to leave your opinion.

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