

No One Else

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No One Else

by [ravenpuff1956](#)

Summary

Shane clenches his teeth so hard he feels the pain in the back of his skull.

“You deserve more than a sham mating,” He says thickly.

“Perhaps,” Rose reaches across his kitchen bench top to take his hand, “But you deserve more than a forced mating,”

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

Shane knew it was coming but it doesn't make it easier when his mother announces it to him, her words serious and face wan.

"I'll marry you," Rose says as soon as she finds out.

"Rose," Shane says, frowning.

He knew she would say that. She's too kind. Too forward. The rare Alpha who has never looked down on him for being an Omega in an athletic field, in an athletic field known for injury and strain.

Shane only got approved to play by the league for being so damn good. But now he's 25 and his fertility is considered wasted on hockey.

He has to at least get married- mated- by the end of the month. If he does that he can play hockey for the next couple of years. If his Alpha lets him that is.

And if Shane doesn't... well he'll be sold off to the highest bidder. A rich, famous Omega, a rare male Omega at that, is worth millions. He could end up being a foreign prince, popping up royal pups.

Shane would rather die.

He just wants to play hockey. All he's ever wanted to do is play hockey. And sometimes sleep with a certain Russian.

Now it's all being ripped out from underneath him.

“I’ll marry you,” Rose repeats stubbornly.

They’re at his place sharing a glass of wine. He rarely drinks, but he considers this a special occasion.

“I can’t ask that of you,” Shane says firmly.

“I didn’t see you proposing,” Rose says, raising one of her smooth eyebrows.

Shane clenches his teeth so hard he feels the pain in the back of his skull.

“You deserve more than a sham mating,” He says thickly.

“Perhaps,” Rose reaches across his kitchen bench top to take his hand, “But you deserve more than a forced mating,”

He cannot stop the shudder that rolls through him at the idea. Rose’s fingers clench around his own tightly.

“Besides,” She says with a weak smile, “You’re not the only one being pressured to have a successful relationship,”

He grimaces. He knows being a female Alpha isn’t easy for her. All of her instincts are looked at as being ‘wrong’ just because she’s a woman just as his are looked at as being ‘wrong’ because he’s a man.

“This is fucked,” Shane groans, picking up his wine glass with trembling fingers and downing three-quarters of it in one.

“Yes,” Rose agrees, filling it back up for him.

He knew this was coming. It's not like a surprise. Ever since he presented he knew he was a chess piece, not a chess player. His mother, as much as he loves her, has not helped him in that regard.

Except Shane thought, idiotically clearly, that they'd make an exception for him. That the Metro's would fight it, that his mother would contest it. That perhaps they'd look over his biology and focus on his physical skill.

If only there wasn't a perfectly good player on the Boston team that skated at the exact same level as him. Who could give them what they wanted, a strong, fast, Alpha hockey Captain.

But Shane cannot think about him. Especially now, he cannot.

“Are you sure there's no one else?” Rose asks, hiding her clear desperate curiosity poorly.

“I'm sure,” Shane says a little too quickly.

He cannot say yes. He cannot say he can't stop thinking about Ilya. How his blue eyes sparkled before they kissed. The way he spoke, so fast, so brutal, like he always meant exactly what he had to say. His arm curling around his shoulder after they fucked, the feeling of being so warm and so safe.

The perfect Alpha. The perfect mate. Just thinking about Ilya biting his mating gland has him shivering, a hot flush spreading over his freckled cheeks.

But he would never agree to marry Shane. Furthermore Shane would never ask him to.

Rose tsks in disbelief but to her credit doesn't push any more.

"I love you," Shane says honestly, because that's the one thing he knows for certain right now.

She may not be who he wants, but it is a smart choice. Which probably makes it the right choice. There is no fire or passion, but there is friendship and mutual respect. They'll have it better than most.

Rose will be a good mate. Their pups will certainly be attractive.

Not our Alpha, His Omega is unhappy, curled up inside his chest whining. *Want our Alpha*.

Shane swallows down the wanting deep, deep down until his stomach twists instead of his heart.

"I love you too," Rose says her voice merry with false bravado, "We'll have the most successful lavender marriage in Hollywood, you'll see,"

"Cheers to that," Shane lifts up his glass half-heartedly.

Rose raises hers in return and the small clink they make when they cheer them together echoes hollowly throughout his apartment.

They try to act normal. She orders in food and he heats up something pre-made in his fridge. Rose complains about her latest movie script and he tells her about the new rookie hired to Montreal.

It feels stilted and awkward in a way it never does with them. Shane wonders if she's thinking about the last time they had sex and he didn't even get aroused. He can't imagine her ever being satisfied and wonders if he'll feel the rest of his life feeling guilty

They're sitting on the couch watching HBO when it happens.

"Come here," Rose beckons him over to sit closer flush against her with two fingers.

They've gone through a bottle and a half of red at this point and she has a flush to her cheeks. He used to tell himself that he was attracted to her when she blushed but now he knows he just thinks it's cute like a nicely decorated cupcake.

He supposes he's going to have to lie to himself again now.

"What?" Shane asks his brain foggy with alcohol and emotions.

"Let me scent you," Rose says bluntly.

He feels his blood run cold in his veins. It was one thing for her to scent him accidentally. A brief touch that he could cover with a scent patch and would disappear after a few showers.

That is not what she is asking however, he can tell by the look on her face. She wants to scent him for *real*.

"*Rose*," Shane says thickly.

"*Shane*," Rose deadpans.

He doesn't respond and sips on his wine instead. She must be able to smell how uncomfortable he is.

His mouth feels too small to fit his tongue. He didn't expect this sham to happen right away. He thought he would have more time to process. At least a week for him to compartmentalise and accept this would be his future.

"It'll be a good way to start- to get it out there before I buy you a big shiny rock," She continues adamantly.

"I don't want a shiny rock," He states petulantly.

"I do," Rose says, her face breaking out into a playful grin.

"Noted," Shane rolls his eyes fondly.

"Come here," Rose says gently, as if he were a wounded animal.

Because he's looking her in the eye now, because he's already said yes, because she's right and it's going to happen eventually, Shane follows her instructions. He sits beside her, pretending there isn't vomit rising up his throat as she scents both his wrists and the sides of his neck.

Rose smells alright. Like an early morning coffee and freshly printed paper. It's not abrasive, but she certainly doesn't smell like the woods around his cottage and a crackling fireplace.

Not our Alpha. His Omega is clawing at his insides, *begging* for Shane to push Rose off.

But he doesn't.

The Alpha his Omega wants so desperately is someone that Shane cannot have. It is only extremely recently that in the West homosexual Alpha and Omega mating has become legalised and the pair and their pups not shunned. But just because something is legal doesn't mean something is approved of.

“Alright?” She says after.

His fingers are trembling and he clenches his wine glass harder to stop it from being so obvious.

“Yeah,” Shane says, lying, “Yeah I guess,”

“We’re going to be good, you and me,” Rose says with a firm nod.

Her words are all positive but her own face looks pale, her shoulders tense. It’s terrible but it does make Shane feel a little better to be able to see that she is just as uncomfortable as she is. That they are both hurting.

It’s this that makes him reach out to put his arm over her shoulder.

“I know,” Shane says tiredly and Rose rests her head against his chest and sighs.

Hay-hay

I can’t believe you didn’t tell me!

Shay-shay

It happened so fast

You know how it is

Hayden was not very happy with him for finding out about Rose and him becoming official from a BuzzFeed article. Both of their teams had made it clear to the press that their relationship was getting serious and the internet was apparently thrilled with the hints that had been posted online.

Shane greatly underestimated how excited everyone was about this. Hayden is not the only one texting him with outrage that they were the last to know and offering their congratulations.

Only one person in his contacts has been dead silent.

Hayden

I do know that

Pheromones are crazy

Shane

Yes

Hayden

You better not be leaving us soon to start a pack man

Shane may be sitting out in the hot Florida sun by the pool but after reading that text his blood runs ice cold. He doesn't blame Hayden in the slightest- it is a normal statement. Most Omega's waste no time in starting their families and large families at that. Hayden's lovely mate is living proof.

But the idea of him having to give up his career. Having to give up *hockey*, the thing he loves most in the world, makes his heart clench up with fear.

He knows Rose would never force it onto him. But it's everyone else's expectations that has anxiety fluttering in his throat. Shane has never been good at ignoring what is expected of him.

His mother is so, so excited at the idea of him finally having a mate. He could see it all over her face when he and Rose face-timed her about their 'relationship'. The tearful joy. How she turned back to match his father's wide grin. It was only the fact that they were on video that stopped Shane from having a panic attack.

Shane

I won't

You've got a few years left of me yet

Hayden

Good

Can't imagine doing this without you

Before he can reply he smells something- *someone*- that makes his phone slip through his grip.

"*Hollander*," Ilya is standing on the other side of the pool, his crystal blue eyes wide, his nostrils flared.

"Rosanov," Shane gasps, his throat tight, his face burning hot.

It was going to happen eventually. He said yes to being Captain of the All Stars squad. He flew to Florida on his own accord.

He thought he was prepared for this. The first time they saw each other now that he is publicly claimed.

Shane was definitely *not*.

“What the *fuck*?” Ilya swears and he can actually see spittle leave the Russian’s mouth and splatter onto the ground.

Shane tries to swallow but there is no moisture in his mouth to do so. It is unfair that everytime he sees the Alpha he gets even more handsome.

Ilya marches around the pool, his face flushed red with anger. It’s so rare for him to see him lose his cool outside the bedroom. He must be a terrible person because Shane cannot deny that he is aroused by his obvious fury, which is stupid because he doesn’t even know if Ilya is jealous. After all, the last time he saw him was in that damn club sucking a hickey onto some beta girl's throat.

Mine. His Omega growls unhappily at the mere memory.

Ilya is close now, only a couple of steps away. Shane struggles out of his deck chair, his phone falling to the tiles beneath with a clatter.

“Back off,” J.J pulls himself out of the pool in order to put himself between the two men.

“It’s alright,” Shane tells his teammate shakily.

From J.J's expression it's clear that he expects the two men to get into a physical fight. He doesn't blame him. Ilya's hackles are obviously raised and he snarls at the Montreal player who growls in return.

Shane swears under his breath, stepping up between them. He's noticed since presenting that an Omega's presence can often affect Alpha's, their scent calming them down which is useful on the ice.

J.J visibly relaxes enough for Ilya to shoulder past him and grab onto Shane's shirt.

He is so close. Close enough to kiss. Close enough to not only hear but *feel* his inhale and exhale.

"*моё cepдye*," Ilya gasps under his breath, the russian thick on his tongue.

And then he's gone, marching past their team and the tourists at the resort and Shane is left reeling in his wake.

"What's stuck up his arse?" J.J asks angrily, frowning in the direction the Russian is escaping to.

"Excuse me," Shane bends down to pick up his phone so he can follow Ilya.

"Shane?" J.J asks as he walks off.

"I'll be back soon," He doesn't even bother looking over his shoulder.

It is not just a bad idea, it is possibly the worst idea. He should not be scrambling to catch up with him. Not pushing through people in a public place no doubt looking haggard and heartbroken.

This was the perfect time for their *arrangement* to end. But if he really believed that then he wouldn't be knocking on the locked bathroom he just caught sight of a blonde curly head disappearing inside moments before.

He knocks hard, so hard his knuckles burn.

“Fuck. *Off*,” Comes the rough Russian reply.

“It's me” Shane calls out desperately.

For a second there is silence. Then the door opens the tiniest crack.

“Ilya,” Shane gapes, shocked and horrified by the bright tears shining in the Alpha's eyes.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hello!

Hope everyone enjoys!

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

“Fuck off Hollander,” Ilya’s accent is thick with emotion.

He doesn’t follow orders. He is capable of not obeying the Russian. Sometimes. It helps that every instinct in his body is telling him to stay, to comfort his Alpha like a good little Omega is supposed to.

“You’re upset,” Shane says, stupidly.

Ilya laughs, a cold sound that sends shivers running up his spine.

“No fucking shit,” He spits, his light blue eyes razor sharp.

If there weren’t clearly tears on his cheeks. If Shane didn’t know him so well, he would have thought the Boston player was about to punch him.

“I’m sorry,” He says softly.

What else can he say?

I wish things were different; useless.

I wish it was you; cruel.

“Sure,” Ilya grunts aggressively.

Shane takes a long deep breath through his nose. He can feel tears catching in his own throat.

He imagines what it would be like if he smelt another Omega marking themselves on Ilya. If the next time they versed each other on the ice he caught a glimpse of a mating mark, red against his throat.

Mine, his Omega growls. *Mine, mine, mine*.

A rush of wild possessiveness hits Shane so hard it makes him dizzy.

“It wasn’t... I needed her, it’s nothing personal,” He attempts to explain, his voice a low hiss as to not be overheard.

“She helped you in heat?” Ilya asks, his nostrils flaring wide.

That is something the pair haven’t dared to do. The risk was far too high. One bite and their secret would be over and their relationship exposed.

Shane looks from side to side. No one is in the hallway, but that doesn’t mean there isn’t about to be. Doesn’t mean there aren’t cameras.

“Can I come in?” He asks the Alpha desperately.

Ilya looks like he would like nothing more than to spit into his eyes.

It is an awful fact that his Omega likes that idea. If he was more needy, in a heat addled state, Shane knows he would be rubbing that spit all over his glands. To ensure he smells like his Alpha. Not quite as good as Ilya digging his teeth into his skin- preferably into his throbbing mating gland- but it would be damn close.

It would be something to tide the want clawing in his gut.

“Whatever you want,” Ilya says sarcastically.

But he opens the door wide enough for him to squeeze into.

Shane shuts the door firmly behind them and almost immediately wishes that he hadn't. The stench of upset Alpha is overpowering.

Ilya has backed himself up against the sink, as if wanting to be as far away from him as possible. All Shane wants to do is to snuggle up against him, to feel his warm comforting arms, his possessive hands cupping his jaw, Russian whispered in his ear.

He forces himself to give Ilya the space he clearly wants.

Alpha hates us, his Omega helpfully provides.

Shane has one hand clenched round the toilet doorknob so tightly that it feels like the metal is twisting under the pressure.

“So? Let me guess?” Ilya says with a sharp smile, “You run into the hot famous Alpha actress? You have sex, yes?”

“No,” Shane replies tremendously, “Well, *yes*,”

He and Rose slept together twice. The final time he didn’t even cum.

Ilya’s eyebrows furrow harshly and his scent explodes in the enclosed space so strong Shane can taste it on his tongue.

“You *stink* of her,” The Alpha swears, his quick fire words like bullets to the Omega’s heart, “You let her touch you, she all over your skin”

He sounds so wounded, as if Shane was pouring salt into his bleeding chest cavity.

They always showered after they hooked up to prevent such a thing from happening. To stop their secret from being loudly on display.

Shane always hated the moment when he had to scrub his neck and wrists raw. There was often times he stood in the shower until his skin pruned until he knew it wouldn’t be obvious that he had been crying.

“Ilya.” He whispers miserably.

“You are going to mate?” Ilya asks roughly, leaning back against the sink, his shoulder muscles so tense that the fabric of his Hawaiian shirt looks dangerously tightly, “Soon?”

“I don’t know,” Shane says helplessly, throwing up his hands.

Rose had wanted to set a date but he'd been unable to give her a proper reply.

His brain was still struggling with the idea of belonging to someone else for the rest of his life.

Someone he didn't really choose.

Someone he didn't really love.

It made his head throb just thinking about it. It hurt even more so now that he's standing in front of the Alpha he would choose.

But he knows Ilya would never agree- that he would not want forever with him.

And if he's really honest, Shane wants to save himself the humiliation of asking. At least this way he doesn't have to suffer through the word 'no'.

"You don't *know*?" Ilya repeats incredulously.

"I *need* her to mate me," Shane answers fiercely.

"You need to," The Russian sneers and his pale face is blotchy red.

The sting of hurt morphs into anger for the first time. Anger that the Alpha will never have to make this choice - that his biology automatically makes him a leader in the eyes of society instead of a breeder.

“They were going to force me to mate someone Ilya!” Shane exclaims, no longer bothering to stop the hot tears that have been threatening to brim at his lashes for the last two minutes, “Without Rose I would have been waddling round the rink instead of on it,”

Ilya’s eyes visibly flicker down to his flat stomach and for the first time the air around them blossoms with the scent of the Alpha’s arousal. It’s such a familiar smell to Shane now; burning firewood and fresh summer wind.

He struggles to breathe in through his nose and out through his mouth.

Will this be the last time he smells Ilya like this? The last time he’ll be able to want him and at the same time being close enough to touch?

“They don’t do that here,” Ilya scoffs, waving a dramatic hand in the air.

“Yes they *do*,” Shane insists loudly, stepping up and into his personal space.

Ilya visibly flinches as he gets close but he is too determined to back off. Even if the Alpha’s reaction cut him bone deep, Shane needs him to understand that he didn’t have a choice.

That he didn’t choose Rose for lust or attraction, but for survival.

“They do when you’re old and available,” Shane states bitterly.

Ilya blinks at him, his expression flickering with different emotions.

Shane stares at the ground and a single tear runs down his cheek. He lets it fall.

“Rose offered to mate me, as a friend, to *save* me,” He says stiffly, “There is no one else I could have asked- no one else that would want me-,” He cuts himself off before he says something really fucking stupid.

That what he wants most of all is him. Ilya. He wants his annoying jokes and inappropriate texts and his knot.

“You aren’t,” Ilya says so softly that he has to strain to hear it.

“Aren’t what?” Shane asks wetly, sniffing loudly.

“Available,” Ilya says, his voice thick with emotion.

Shane rips his eyes away from the floor. Ilya’s eyes are dark as he leans towards him. He recognises his demeanor from the ice, anger and determination all wrapped up in one messy package.

“Yes,” Shane says, his dark eyebrows furrowed with confusion, “I am,”

“No,” Ilya shakes his head before reaching out to catch his jaw with one hand, “мой,”

Blood is pounding in his ears. The gesture is so gentle and yet so utterly possessive it leaves Shane speechless.

“ты мой,” Ilya’s thumb gently strokes his cheek.

“Ilya,” Shane gasps, melting into his touch.

It feels so good. It always does. Like stepping into a hot shower after spending the whole day in the cold.

It feels ever better when Ilya presses a feather light kiss to the corner of his mouth.

“You’re mine, Shane,” His voice is a dark rumble, “*Omega*,”

Shane’s breath hitches. They’ve never called each other by their designations before. Not like this anyway. Intimately. Like they mean it. It was always; Hollander and Rozanov. Except for those few times Shane moaned his actual name into the safety of his pillow.

“*Alpha*.” He whispers tremendously back.

Then they’re kissing. A deep desperate kiss that has Shane’s head emptying of all thoughts that don’t have to do with him.

He loves that about Ilya. How when he’s with him the rest of the world seems to disappear. All of his worries, the insults his brain likes to throw at him, fade away with his clever lips and tongue.

Shane responds in kind, fisting the Alpha’s soft curls. He’s flush against him, wanting to share the Russian’s skin.

He whines when Ilya breaks their kiss. He expects a quick comment, a sarcastic jab about being ‘needy’ and ‘wanting him so much’.

Instead Ilya growls as he sucks a hickey onto his jaw- another thing they have never done before.

He’s never left a mark. Never left any sign that Shane might be his.

“I could do it, I can do it,” Ilya mouths the words against his throat, “I want you,” His words seem slurred, as if he has suddenly become drunk.

He grazes his teeth against Shane’s mating gland and it throbs in response.

Alpha. His Omega is exhilarated. *Alpha. Alpha. Alpha.*

Shane is wet. With one mere touch of his gland Ilya has caused slick to pool in his underwear like he’s a teenager presenting for the first time. So much that it’s probably marking his pants.

He should care that he’s somehow got to walk out of here wet and smelling like a needy Omega, but all he cares about is ensuring the Alpha fucks him as soon as possible.

“You would have everything you could ever want дорогой,” Ilya continues running his mouth, gripping his waist so hard with his fingers that he’s sure to leave marks, “Hockey and my pups in your belly,”

“Ilya,” Shane whines pathetically.

He feels himself nod his head up and down, squirming in desperation.

Pups. Ilya’s beautiful golden haired pups rolling around in the grass outside his cottage as their father chases them, laughing.

He wants that. He wants so badly that his legs go wobbly underneath him.

Love and a future in the sport he adores. He didn’t think such a life would be possible for him.

His Alpha catches him easily, growling in satisfaction at his immediate acceptance.

“You will let me?” Ilya asks roughly.

“Yes,” Shane says dreamily.

It is like he is offering him the moon on a silver platter. A moon that he didn’t realise was in the same solar system to him until right now.

Ilya is kissing him so fiercely that his lips burn, his lips tracing the top of his mouth as if he is trying to cover every place that Rose might have touched with his own mark.

“Are you sure?” Shane pants when they part for air.

He still cannot believe it. He has a feeling he’s not going to believe what Ilya is saying for days and days to come.

“I want you,” Ilya responds viciously, his own blue eyes wet with want, “More than I have wanted *anything*,”

Shane moves his hands from his curls to cup his cheeks.

“You’d be mine,” Shane murmurs, stroking his warm skin, “My Alpha,”

“*Da*,” Ilya croaks, looking absolutely destroyed by the thought, “My Omega,”

The Russian brushes his nose with Shane’s. He takes a long breath in and makes a disgusted noise that is expelled from the back of his throat.

He must still smell like Rose. His hypothesis is proven correct when Ilya bends his neck down to attack Shane's scent glands with his tongue.

The Omega rolls his throat to one side, allowing him better access.

Presenting.

That's what he's really doing. That's why he can feel his heartbeat in his ears. If Ilya bites down now, not one will be able to separate them.

The thrill of knowledge that that's what Ilya wants as well is as addicting as any drug.

"Please," Shane begs breathlessly when the Alpha's teeth graze against his mating gland causing a rush of arousal, another rush of slick to gather.

"Turn around," Ilya says with a jerk of his head.

It's not a request but Shane is more than happy to follow his orders.

Both of their hands fight over who gets to pull down his pants. The moment they drop to the floor Shane feels the trapped slick slide obscenely down his thighs. He doesn't think he's ever been this wet before outside of his heats.

He should be embarrassed.

He would be embarrassed if he couldn't see Ilya's expression in the bathroom mirror. The animalistic smile, the hungry glint in his blue eyes.

“Look at you,” He grips Shane’s hips possessively, “So wet for me,”

“Only for you,” Shane whines as the Alpha presses his cock, hard and yet still encased in his trousers, up against him.

“Yes, *me*,” Ilya says viciously, his teeth nipping at his shoulder, “Not Rose fucking Landry,”

Jealous. His Omega preens happily. *Alpha is Jealous.*

Shane stares at him in their reflection, stunned. It is ridiculous to be so thrilled about such a thing. But it’s also ridiculous of them to be about to fuck in a bathroom with the highest paid MLH players partying together outside.

“I am the only one allowed to see you like this Shane,” Ilya says darkly as he pulls down his own trousers.

“Yes.” He agrees instantly.

It feels good not to lie anymore. Like letting out a breath he’s been holding for far too long. No. More than that. It’s like being released from being strangled all his life. It’s not just fresh air, it’s desperate relief.

Ilya is the only person who he wants to fuck. The only person he wants to hold. The only Alpha he wants to have teasing him, making him laugh, bending him over.

“I am your Alpha, I’ll take care of you,” Ilya continues hotly, pressing hot open mouth kisses along his cheek, his jaw.

“Yes,” Shane rasps, writhing in his grasp, not understanding why he’s still not in him.

He must be able to read minds, or perhaps Ilya can smell his need, because at last Shane feels the head of his cock brush his entrance.

His hole is so slick with slick that he doesn't even need prepping, Ilya slides right in. The Alpha is equally affected; Shane can already feel his knot sitting ready at the curve of his arse.

He groans. It feels so damn good to be full. More importantly it feels so damn good to be full of Ilya Rozanov.

"I missed you," Shane tilts his chin up and to one side so he can meet Ilya's eyes properly.

"Missed you too," The Russian's face is soft and red.

His eyes are glazed over as if he's not entirely with it. Shane knows how he feels. His brain is struggling to focus on reality.

Bite me. Mate me. Breed me. His Omega's needs are big and bright inside of him, almost bursting at the seams.

"Fuck me," Shane begs, because he knows that's the start of what he wants anyway.

"Always," Ilya swears before beginning to thrust.

The last time they did this, months ago, when Shane ran away with his tail between his legs, it had felt different. Not as intense. Not like his heart was cracking.

Now instead his heart feels swollen, like it's doubled in size.

They don't last very long. Neither of them do. Shane feels seventeen again, that very first time they were together. The first and only time he's felt sparks with another person.

Now that spark has turned into a blazing inferno.

"Bite me," Shane slurs, turning his neck to the side once more, "Ilya, Alpha, *please*,"

"You sure?" Ilya asks quietly.

He can smell the want radiating off him like a fever. Can feel his lips ghosting over his skin. He doesn't make a move however.

Shane hums in agreement, twisting his throat even further giving him even better access.

"Shane," Ilya smacks him gently on the thigh, "Words,"

"Yes," Shane rasps.

Ilya growls, a sound he barely hears over the snap of his jaw.

"Do you reckon All Stars will go ahead?" Shane asks nervously as he rearranges his clothes to the best of his ability.

Ilya isn't bothering, but Shane doesn't want to make it look too obvious that they just hooked up in the bathroom.

More obvious than their intermingling scents anyway.

"I hope so," Ilya wraps his arms around him.

"Really?" Shane asks curiously.

"I want the world to see that you're mine," The Alpha mutters against his throat, protectively lapping his tongue against his bite.

Shane can't help but smile.

Rose

I fucking knew it

Rose

I'm so happy for you xx

Shane

Stop texting me

Shane

My Alpha doesn't like it

Shane

He very possessive

Rose

Hello Ilya 🙄

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to tell me what you think!

End Notes

Feel free to tell me what you think!

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