Ilya's Bitching Service

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Ilya's Bitching Service

by jingucciwrites

Summary

Shane gets bitched at the cottage.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It was inevitable when Shane thought about it, probably from the first time he laid eyes on Ilya trying to light his cigarette. Almost everyone in the league was an alpha with a handful of omegas and betas sprinkled throughout. It wasn't something Shane dwelled on as an alpha himself, his second gender was praised and highly desired as an elite hockey player.

Alpha aggression came out plenty of times on the ice, often it was encouraged not to wear scent patches and pump out your dominant pheromones just to piss off your opponents. Shane did what he needed as an alpha, it was all apart of the strategies and tactics drilled into him since he was a young rookie.

But outside of the rink? His alpha purred a much different, opposite tune when messing around with Ilya. He should be fighting for dominance and proving that he's the top alpha in these cases, but one sentence from Ilya, *'on your knees'* has Shane ready to obey.

His sexual experience was limited… non-existent some may say. Yes he had a few girlfriends and performed his alpha duty when in the bedroom, but he never felt anything quite like this. Ilya's rough hands on him, a few simple words putting Shane in his place, the aroused yearning that came with waiting for every single perverted text from Ilya.

There were expectations as an alpha, sure, but behind closed doors, Ilya gave him all the pleasure that no one else in his life could ever achieve. It was always so easy to submit to the more dominant alpha, to seek out his praise when Shane followed his orders, to let his thoughts take a backseat to Ilya's cock driving into him after months of teasing over texts.

And now that they were together, *officially*, Shane still wanted more. He didn't feel entirely comfortable in own skin and he didn't fully understand until a late night phone call with Rose. She may tease him about his innocent inquiries when it came to sex and his relationship, but he always trusted her opinion as his best friend.

Bitching.

Shane was taught about that way back in sex ed during high school, but it's never really crossed his mind again. Not in a serious fashion. Ilya's mouth would run a little too much in recent weeks and Shane just put it off to heat of the moment dirty talk. It wasn't uncommon for Ilya to call him his omega or moan about fucking a pup into Shane when they were both drunk on sex and pheromones.

However… the idea didn't disgust Shane as it probably should as an alpha, it sounded… perfect actually. It made him squeeze his thighs together and wish he could slick up like a proper omega. He was always the one who cared a little more about making a big nest for them both, he stole Ilya's clothing to obsess over his musky scent, he was so *submissive* when they were alone and the thought of knotting Ilya was horrific.

Voicing these feelings to Rose and… likely being too TMI about their sex life, it all fell into place and had Shane seriously considering this. The act of being bitched and bred into Ilya's omega. It felt like a dramatic step if Shane took in the perceptions of everyone else, his fans, his sponsors, his teammates… how would his future play be affected if he was an omega?

Rose wouldn't let him spiral on about that though, he's already been playing for a decade and is he going to put off his true happiness until retirement? Shane didn't *want* to, now that Ilya was just a couple hours away, he was experiencing levels of greed he'd never experienced before. And really, would being an omega change *that* much about him when it came to the ice?

He had a few months to think about it, waiting until the end of the season to bring up staying at the cottage again as a relaxing vacation. Ilya was obviously all for it since they could fuck nonstop just like the first time they visited, hopefully Shane's dad wouldn't interrupt *this* time. And if he did, Ilya would just keep going— and that earned him a smack on the back of the head as that perverted russian laughed.

Shane's mind hadn't changed, in fact he was only anticipating this conversation as he took the wheel and Ilya flipped through the various radio stations. Rose was right, there was no way in *hell* Shane couldn't waited another five or ten years to become Ilya's omega, his body was screaming for it now. Sometimes he wondered if Ilya noticed, sometimes he *needed* his alpha to knot him instead of pulling away to avoid an 'accidental bitching'.

Shane couldn't get too pouty or whiny about it, he knew it was for the better when they were in the thick of the season, but he still buried his face into the pillow and had to calm himself when Ilya's knot was rubbing right against his stretched hole. Not locking them together. He wanted to beg and scream and cry to be bitched on the spot as time passed, it wasn't *fair* that he couldn't have this right now.

God, he was fucking pathetic, what kind of alpha was he?

Yet, whenever he looked over at his mate, his alpha purred in delight. Ilya's nose twitched from the sweet pheromones in the air and he rested his hand on Shane's thigh, they were so close. Shane wasn't going to back out, not when he spent hours upon hours doing research and needing so *badly* to be his true self.

His last rut only further confirmed his thoughts… he didn't want this anymore… and Ilya could give him exactly what he needed. Plus it was the ultimate way to submit to his alpha and that alone drove Shane wild. When he ignored everyone else and what he was supposed to be as an alpha, none of that mattered because he loved Ilya and honestly, he was really the only person who mattered.

"I have something to ask you… A proposal of the sort, but it's more like a request." Shane said as they completely disregarded unpacking in favor of immediately making out on the couch. Ilya was stretched out on top of him, curious eyebrow raised because *why aren't you taking off your clothes, Shane?*

"What do you need?"

"I would like for you to bitch me, it's something I've been contemplating for… a few months now and I'm certain it'll make me quite happy as I'm starting to resent being an alpha…" Shane said, "I've done the research and there's multiple ways to go about it, but I think inducing your rut may be the best method. You could knot and dominate as much as you wanted without any other thoughts on your head."

"I can already do that without the rut." Ilya plainly responded, "you want me to act like a wild animal when I fuck you? Is that what you've been dreaming of when you space out?"

"I know you can, it's just…" Shane felt the hot warmth blooming on his cheeks, "I've always wanted to see you on your rut and we couldn't do that before because of the risk of bitching, but now you won't have to hold back at all and I… I want that."

Ilya's silence worried Shane just a little bit, maybe he took all that dirty talk too literally? What if he only loved Shane because he was an alpha? He could take all of this back and pretend like this conversation never happened.

"… Okay, I was only careful because I wasn't sure if you wanted to be my omega." Ilya ran his thumb over Shane's bottom lip with those blue eyes locked on him, "I would've been willing to do it the first time I fucked you since you are a terrible, boring alpha. Hell, I was hoping to see a cunt between your legs when you were busy folding your clothes."

"You could have said something…" Shane murmured as that same thumb went to slip between his plush lips, his tongue automatically going to lick the underside.

"Was calling you my omega and saying *I'm going to bitch you* not enough? I try to be so honest with you and all this open communication shit." Ilya chided as Shane couldn't answer if he tried, there were more fingers pushing onto his tongue, "You've always been my pretty omega bitch, just took you some years to catch up on that, my love."

Shane's cock was *immediately* filling up at being called omega now, especially since his mate so eagerly agreed. In a way. Well, waiting on Shane to realize what he's meant to be. Very obvious given that Shane never cared to take much control and was happy to let Ilya run everything for him.

"Is there a pill I need to take? A shot? Some shit I have to drink, what is it?" Ilya withdrew his fingers as Shane softly whined, he wanted alpha inside of him…

"Um… it's a pill, it'll induce your rut for up to three days… but we don't have to if you're uncomfortable with it." Shane said as Ilya scoffed in return, "I'm serious, this is about the both of us and I'd like your thoughts on it too."

"It's taking all my fucking *strength*, not to simply turn you over and shove my cock into your asshole and bitch you right here and now," Ilya said, Shane felt a shiver run down his spine when he smelled Ilya's scent thickening in their space, "You must know by now what you do to me, Shane, I'll fuck you however you want as long as the end result is you being my omega… and a sopping wet pussy to play with."

"Okay, okay… I just expected more…" Shane said as he looked over his alpha, still straddling him, Ilya was never one to judge him or talk down his choices. He just went with it.

"I'm your alpha, I'm here to make you happy," Ilya said, his hands sliding down to squeeze Shane's tits, "did you expect me to ask you a dozen questions like some sort of therapist? Because at least eight of them can be answered with my knot fucking you open."

"You don't think it's a bad idea, at all? Given how almost everyone else in the league is an—"

"Shane, do you want me to bitch you or not?" Ilya clamped his hand over Shane's mouth so the other alpha could only nod in response, "the moment that rut pill takes effect, I won't be able to stop myself, so you're *absolutely* sure?"

There was a delayed pause as Shane could see the serious look in Ilya's eyes from above, but there was no other answer. No other path that Shane wanted to take. His own happiness hinged on this and he didn't want to be an alpha for the rest of his life. Not when he was still old enough to possibly give Ilya a pup or two.

Shane nodded once again and Ilya smiled down at him.

"Good, let's take this up to the bedroom so you can drug me and I'll split your asshole open."

The trek upstairs is marked by a trail of clothing, the soft noises that Shane is already letting out from Ilya groping him, and his back hitting the sheets as his horny alpha climbs over him. The packaging said something about the pill taking fifteen to thirty minutes to take effect, but this was Ilya and he'd been ready to fuck his mate since he woke up this morning.

Shane's never experienced Ilya's rut in person, only over the phone or video chat when his alpha was needy to hear his voice and see his mate. It was when Ilya was at his most vulnerable… and aggressive given how he's destroyed multiple fleshlights and clawed the blankets and pillows in his den into ribbons. Shane had a decent idea of what he'd be up against, if he could duke it out during a hockey game, then surely handling Ilya on his rut wouldn't be a problem.

Probably.

The low growl that fanned Ilya's hot breath against his neck had Shane arching into his touch, their hard cocks were sliding together in Ilya's tight fist. There was an abrupt shift in the air, Ilya pulling back with his eyes dilated and his alpha canines clearly extended, Shane *should* be fearful. Fight against the submission that was clouding his brain. Prove that he was the top alpha on his own territory.

The following kiss was bruising, Shane completely melting into the sheets as Ilya pushed him down by the chest and fucked against his cock. His tongue licked along one of his longer fangs, aching to have Ilya claim him all over again, leave dozens of bites on his freckled skin.

"I'll fuck you into being my omega, you worthless alpha." Ilya's words only made Shane whine for it, his hole aching to be stuffed full, "you know your place, don't you?"

"Yes, alpha, I want it…" Shane's cock was dripping on his abs, his skin was on fire everywhere Ilya was touching him and staring back at him.

"Then why aren't you presenting for me already? Hurry the fuck up." Ilya ordered as he slapped Shane's thigh and watched as the other alpha scrambled to get on his hands and knees. Shane read about the *many* ways bitching would happen throughout history, a common one was strapping an alpha down and fucking them until they were an omega. And while that

did sound… favorable, he loved the idea of Ilya holding him down by the nape of his neck and thrusting his fat cock into him.

He was strong enough, Shane was excited for him to throw his weight around. The added bonus of the rut meant Ilya was more primal this state, brutal as he quickly fingered Shane open and pushed his cock inside of him. Not the first time Ilya was a little careless when stretching Shane's hole, but Shane was anticipating the pain that came with being somewhat under prepared.

He felt the iron grip on his waist as Ilya set at quick pace, those sharpened point of his nails pricking at Shane's soft skin. He yelped when teeth were piercing into his shoulder, making sure alpha stayed put as he was being dominated and fucked. He couldn't move if he wanted to, even if his alpha was meekly attempting to whine at him, Ilya was pumping his scent all around them and he was latched to Shane's back.

The alpha could only arch his back higher, rock his hips backwards, and moan into the pillow when Ilya was hitting the right spot, over and over. Shane was already so cock drunk with the submissive haze in his head, the *need* to obey his mate and be used, that overshadowed the burning pain that came with Ilya forcing his knot into his slick asshole. Alpha's weren't built to take a knot and Shane's begging enough times for Ilya to knot him over the years, but it could never be a consistent reward.

The fear of accidentally bitching Shane was a cloud that loomed over them… but now, Ilya could take him however he wanted, wherever he wanted. Shane's cock hung useless and untouched between his legs, his own knot was expanding from Ilya knowing how to fuck his mate and the arousal that came from Ilya finally nudging his swollen, heavy knot inside of him. In entirety.

Ilya licked the bloody bite he left behind on Shane's shoulder, but he was still so heavy on top of the alpha, his chest flush against his back and thighs slapping on his ass. Shane can only imagine how he'd look to anyone seeing inside of these giant glass windows, bent over in true submission to his boyfriend. His lover. His lifelong mate. This would be the first knot of many.

Ilya refused to leave Shane empty for barely any amount of time, his hole was constantly full and dripping with Ilya's come. He wouldn't let Shane leave their nest, he hissed and growled about other alphas taking him away, he bent his mate in several positions when they fucked too. And all the biting, the scratching, the possessive hickeys.

Ilya's ruts were violent, but in the way that Shane was happy to accept his aggressive affection, he was lovesick for his alpha and this was all he'd ever dreamed about. He could feel his body changing as well… surrendering to the most dominant alpha in the room, the loads of hot semen that were flooded into him. Shane was already at the brink, he just needed an extra push. Or knot.

It was the following morning after a night of Ilya pulling Shane onto his lap and fucking up into him like was a mere sex toy, the alpha was crying his name and that only drove Ilya harder. There were fresh bite marks on his tits, scratches that went down his sides, and his

hair was sticking out all over, Shane is pretty sure Ilya pulled out once just to push Shane on his back and piss on him too. It was… a lot… and never enough.

His eyes fluttered open, his body was so fucking *sore* and he felt Ilya tracing a finger down his back from behind him. It went lower, past the dimples on his lower back and between the clef of his ass, that also had a prominent bite mark in it. Shane was too exhausted and drowsy to really move away, his cock twitched for any stimulation, and you know he could probably do this for the rest of his life.

Being used and lovingly abused by his Ilya.

"Oh…" Ilya murmured as his finger slipped into something new, something *wet* and virginal, "I knew you smelled sweeter, omega."

Oh shit, Shane was about to sit up, but a firm hand was on his waist keeping him still as those fingers explored his pussy. The exact… biology that went into bitching was dense and made Shane's head spin, but once enough semen was fucked into an alpha's hole, they'd eventually wake with a pussy and a much smaller cock.

… And that second part was true as Shane went to wrap a loose hand around himself.

"I take it back, I'm much happier than you have a pussy now, since *I* made it happen and I'm going to be the only person who will fuck it, isn't that right?" Ilya's hot breath was on the shell of his ear, his long fingers eagerly thrusting into him as Shane whined in response.

"You're the only one… I'd never want anyone else, Ilya." Shane sighed as he rocked back on Ilya's wrist, he was already slicking up and ready to be fucked.

"Mmm… I think I have a couple more waves in me… that shit was strong…" Ilya grumbled, "I need to taste you though."

Ilya shifted them so he was right between Shane's legs, one of them hooked over his shoulder as Ilya marveled at the glistening, omega virgin cunt waiting for him. Shane's chest bloomed with warmth, he loved seeing —and smelling— how excited Ilya was, he loved that his cock was so much tinier now, and his pussy…

Ilya spread his folds with two fingers and didn't hesitate to lick inside of his pink hole, slurping up all the slick he could get. Shane felt terribly sensitive now, probably a side effect of having *just* become an omega, but this was also his lover. He was already well experienced with pussy and getting to work on having Shane come his tongue, it definitely wouldn't take too long.

Shane's fingers wrapped into blond curls, he rolled his hips down to fuck his pretty cunt against Ilya's tongue and his mate only moaned in sheer delight. Getting his cock sucked was one thing, but Ilya dipping his fingers into his pink pussy and licking over his sensitive clit? *Fuck*. That had his eyes rolling back as he groaned Ilya's name, never wanting his boyfriend to stop.

It wasn't long before Ilya's hand was soaked with his sweet slick, his cunt clenching down around those talented fingers that wrecked him in such a short about of time. He kinda wanted alpha to stay down there for another hour or so. Next time, he was already biting his lip from Ilya sitting up on his knees and stroking the cock that'd been controlling Shane's life for the past three or four days.

"Going to knock you up, very first try." Ilya so confidently declared.

Again, Shane had done *so much research* and knew the possibility of impregnating a bitched alpha was on the lower side, but fuck it. He welcomed Ilya's cock sliding into his cunt, he kissed his man as he leaned over Shane and pinned his wrists down to the bed. This is what they'd both been waiting for, Shane's *tight* sopping wet pussy for Ilya to own and use as he damn well pleased.

Ilya's stamina was ridiculous, he was going fast and hard and holding his omega down so he wouldn't consider squirming away. They shared messy, mostly tongue kisses, Shane's legs wrapped around Ilya's waist and all they knew was the dizzying smell of sex they'd been entrenched in. And they still had… two more weeks to stay here? Uninterrupted.

"Knot… give me your knot, alpha…" Shane moaned, he could feel that familiar swell rocking against his folds now, "please, I'll be good."

"You've already been so good for me, love, the perfect omega for me now." Ilya moved his hands up so their fingers were laced as he picked up the speed. Shane's cries echoed off the windows, the sheets were messy as fuck, and his pussy was gushing with so much slick. He would never regret letting Ilya Rozanov bitch him into his omega.

End Notes

thank you for the love on the fic! 💖 comments are off cuz ppl kept begging for more lmao i dont write mpreg sorry...

hnv discovering omegaverse fic

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