

## Bottom of the River

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# Bottom of the River

by [Kellygirl](#)

## Summary

Shane is kidnapped so he can be a rich man's Omega even though he's already married and mated to Ilya Rozanov.

## Notes

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

## Chapter 1: Long Way Down

Shane opened his eyes. He blinked a few times and the first thought that floated across his mind was ‘this room stinks.’ He sat up on rough sheets and a pillow that smelled nothing like the one he’d brought from home. That pillow smelled like a mix of him and his Alpha, his Ilya. He shivered and felt a shot of dread. He was only wearing the black boxers he’d worn to bed.

The fog in his brain was lifting and panic began to surge in like floodwater. He took a few breaths and counted to ten. The lamp showed a room that held the four poster bed he was on, a wooden nightstand, a love seat and a door to what he expected was the bathroom.

He’d gone to sleep in his hotel room after the brand deal meeting. He woken up somewhere else. He mentally reached out to Ilya but could not feel him, not even a pulse of knowing that all mates had. He tried not to panic because there was no reason he should not feel him.

The door opened and he scooted up on bed, legs curled up, chin resting on his knees as the man in the doorway came in. Dark hair, green eyes, bulky build. His smile did not reach his eyes. His accent was American, southern if Shane was hearing correctly.

”Look at you! I knew you were the one. They said the drugs would keep you out for another two hours, but here you are.” His cheerful demeanor did not fool Shane. He moved closer and Shane looked at the open door.

”Oh darling, you run out of this room and I’ll have to chase you and you don’t want that! I’m a patient Alpha but everyone has their limits. I’ve paid a lot to get you here.” He looked at his watch and then at Shane and smirked.

”Your husband is probably going nuts right about now. No matter. In 24 hours you won’t be thinking about him. I’ll be all you can think of once your heat starts.” Seeing the questioning frown on Shane’s face made the other man laugh.

”Getting your medical records wasn’t that hard. There’s always a nurse or doctor needing cash, or doesn’t want something to come to light. Your heats are like clockwork but I consider that a part of how much of a superior Omega you are.”

Shane felt cold and the dread in his stomach made him thankful it was empty or he’d be throwing up right now. His voice came out low and steady. It was very important to him that he not show weakness to this man.

”What do you want?”

The man smiled again, and ran a hand through his own hair

”My name is James, and well, I’ll just be blunt. It’s time for me to have some kids, pass on my legacy. But what’s a guy to do? Omega women are a better choice than beta women, but all females are weak and whiny. Male Omegas are better, and I deserve the best. I’m filthy

rich, socially connected, and I know you'll give me some pups that will raise my standing even more. Imagine the talk! The best hockey player in the world, only the third Omega allowed in the NHL, filled with my get. Oh, I know you will need some 'conditioning' but I'll introduce you back into society in about a year, once you've had your first pup."

Shane exhaled sharply, all his instincts screaming at him. He could not believe this was happening. He felt panic but something in him pushed it down. He could not fall apart in front of this man. He chose anger instead.

"You're insane. You think I'll just let you do this to me? Force me and then I'll have your babies? Who says pup anymore? Jesus."

James frowned and while he was an okay looking man, Shane would have never given him a glimpse. He tried to poke at Ilya again and had to rub his head as a sharp pain traveled from the top of his head to his neck. His captor laughed and mocked him by rubbing his own head. Something in Shane, deep down, woke up.

Canada and America taught their young Alphas, Betas and Omegas that all Omegas needed an Alpha, that the Alpha was in charge and would take care of them. From cartoons to books to school; Omegas needed an Alpha, wanted one, and craved to be fucked and have lots of babies.

Other places in the world taught their young Omegas a different story.

James kept on talking unaware of the danger that was waking up, one atom at a time. He waved a hand as if anything Shane said would be ignored.

"Yeah, I gave you a shot to block the mate connection. You can't contact that Russian son of a bitch. In 24 hours, you'll be so desperate you'll beg me to fuck you. One shot of Resmed and your bond will dissolve. I'll bite you and you'll have no choice but to accept my knot and my mating bond."

Shane knew he should be scared. Resmed would interact and destroy a bond but the Omega would need another mate within 72 hours or they'd have to keep taking Resmed while it poisoned their body.

Every Omega was terrified of it but a small number were thankful. Something to break a bond to an unwanted Alpha, even at the risk of their own health. Those stories were whispered among Omega's. It was hard to get Resmed but Shane knew that was on purpose of course. Can't have the Omegas thinking they had a choice once an Alpha had claimed them.

This man meant to turn his life into a nightmare. In 24 hours he would be a begging mess, whimpering and wet for Ilya. God, his mate must be going nuts. Shane would like to think he could resist this man, but all Omega's knew how vulnerable they were as their heat raged through them, turning them all into needy messes. Some Alpha's loved this and made their Omega's wait until they were mindless and crying.

Ilya had never made him wait. From the first hint of fever, to the weird food cravings, to keeping him hydrated and fucked like he needed. Ilya was the first Alpha he'd shared a heat with and Shane promised himself this man would not take that from him. Ilya was everything and this weak Alpha thought he had the fucking audacity to kidnap Shane and tell him his future was already decided. All because the man wanted a talk piece, a show horse.

Shane swallowed the bile in his throat. He had to get out of here before his heat. He had no doubt this man would tie him down and watch until his heat made him mindless.

He gave no warning with his body, he was out the bedroom door in seconds, his bare feet slapping hard against the wooden floor. He ignored the yell and jumped down the stairs, skipping most of them as he spotted the front door. Two steps from the door and there was a blur of movement to his right and arms grabbed his waist and pulled him to the floor.

James ran down the stairs and looked at him, angry and out of breath. Shane was disgusted. This is who thought they had a right to him, his body and his womb?

He wanted to snarl and had to bite his lips to stop himself from cursing this man out. Now that he'd tried and failed he let tears pour from his eyes and keened in distress. If he never tried to escape James would be suspicious. Part of this was an act and part was not. He was in so much danger and he had to save himself.

James nodded to the man holding him and he was let go. Shane hated it but he didn't get up, just lay on the floor in front of both of them and tried to make sure he looked pathetic and harmless. He let tears run down and smear over his face.

"Please! Please don't do this! Just take me back and I won't tell anyone!"

The men laughed and Shane wanted to tear their throats out. He flinched as James grabbed his arm and pulled him up. The guard was still laughing as he spoke.

"You want me to get another shot for him?"

James began dragging him back up the stairs. "No, anymore and it might affect his heat. I'll cuff him to the bed." They both laughed again, the tone nasty and cruel. James squeezed his left arm so hard Shane knew he'd leave bruises.

"Poor baby. You'll learn. That Russian should have taught you your place. Too free but that'll be fixed soon enough. Once I knot you, you'll calm down with a baby in your belly."

At the door to his prison, he hissed as James squeezed his arm again, this time even rougher. He struggled not to panic as the cuff locked around his ankle. An attached chain allowed him to reach the bathroom. James watched him measure out how far he could get, a smirk on his face that plainly said he'd won.

"I'll send food and something to drink. Ginger ale, right?"

Shane wanted to throw up as the door was locked. He wiped his face and studied the room. The windows were barred, and there was nothing but woods outside his window. The closet

was empty. The bathroom had towels, soap and other toiletries but nothing he could use to help him.

He washed his face and studied the room some more, wondering if James had put a camera somewhere in here. It didn't matter. His next chance had to be the one. He felt the simmer of a fever spreading across his mind. He took a deep breath and folded himself into a lotus position to meditate.

Shane grew up like most of his Alpha, Beta, and Omega classmates but he had something they did not. His mother. From a young age, she'd taught him not to listen to his teachers about any Omega education, or propaganda, as she called it.

Over the years, out in their garden, between hockey and school and more hockey once everyone saw how good he was Yuna taught him the calm that being an Omega could bring.

And yes, despite his anxiety and nervousness, it helped him function as best he could.

She also taught him about the Omegas in their family. They were not weak and any Alpha that thought they could force them soon learned differently.

He read stories and saw pictures of his family that dated back over five generations. In his family? Omegas choose. Any Alpha that wanted an Omega from his family learned quickly to court instead of bully.

His mom chose his dad, gentle and easygoing and so in love with Yuna that his mom could do nothing else but accept his proposal no matter that he was white. Her soft voice drifted through his mind.

"You will find an Alpha one day and you will want him more than anything. He will submit to you if he wants to mate you. It doesn't have to be for anyone but you two." She'd often put two fingers under his chin to make him look at her in the eyes. Her voice was soft yet firm. "You will make sure he knows how special he is to have been chosen by you."

Shane focused on the here and now. He had no fighting skills. He barely had them on the ice, much less out of skates. In his heart of hearts he knew he'd have to hurt this man to escape. Maybe if he had more time, but he didn't and he'd be damned if this man took him from Ilya.

Two years married and they'd both worked so hard to be together and when he imagined his kids, they looked like Ilya not this Alpha. His chest was sheened in sweat from the anger he let course through his body. He'd need it. He eyed the room, looking over every detail, growing desperate. Treat it like a hockey rink his mind suggested and that made it click.

He couldn't fight well but he could maneuver and get the puck in the goal before anyone around him could blink. He had to be quick. The bed needed to be by the barred windows. He stood and began to drag the bed he was cuffed to out from the wall and toward the love seat. He paused for a moment looking at the floor before continuing. The noise he was making would probably bring someone but he'd blame his oncoming heat.

Sure enough, a few minutes later the door opened and the guard from downstairs stared at him. Shane wiped his forehead and tried to make his eyes look glassy. James peered around the door as well. He pretended to ignore them and dragged the bed towards the window.

“What are you doing? Put the bed back.”

Shane kept pulling and muttered. “Need it over here. It’s in the wrong place.” He wiped his forehead again. “Wrong place. Can’t be there. Over here.”

The pleased look that passed between the two made Shane want to scream then throw up. Most Omegas had to have their beds in certain spots and would arrange the room and the bed until they were satisfied. Using an Omega stereotype against these two made his plan easier. Everyone believed Omegas close to heat could not help it.

Shane never needed his room changed when he had Ilya. The only thing he changed was softer sheets and blankets. The guard disappeared while Shane acted like he had to straighten the covers and adjust the pillows. James had moved closer as if entranced. Shane hummed low with a deep vibration that seemed to calm the Alpha.

He kept humming as the guard brought back a tray with a plate that held a sandwich, chips, and a can of ginger ale. The hum didn’t seem to affect him so he must be a Beta.

Shane smiled and ducked his head while taking the tray. He dumped the glass plate on the floor almost smiling as it shattered. The loud sonorous whack across the guard’s face with the tray made him want to shout in victory.

He heard a crack and the guard dropped unconscious. Shane threw the tray at James, frisbee style while he pulled the cuff from under the bed post. It had come free when he moved the bed and he could only thank God that filthy rich didn’t equal smart.

He grabbed the chain just as James grabbed him and threw him on the bed. Shane yelled and used his legs to push the Alpha off of him. He stank of arousal and anger. He jumped up and managed to wrap the chain around James’ neck twice until James knelt in front of him, Shane behind him holding the chain.

”Key?”

He pulled the chain tighter as James dipped a hand into his pocket and handed him the key. Shane stopped. He had no way to keep James trapped if he tried to use the key. James must have thought the same. He threw his head back and hit Shane in the stomach.

Everything sped up. The man tried to use his bulk against him but Shane was pissed, more angry than he’d ever been in his life. He dodged some hits and tried to make it to the door.

One fist to his face later, Shane was on the floor, rage making him pull himself to the broken plate. He grabbed a shard as James grabbed his hair. Shane swung his arm behind him like he was trying to score a goal.

He smiled when James screamed and let him go. He got up and noticed the guard was still knocked out. Two steps toward the open door and James was pulling him back flinging him onto the bed face down. Shane screamed when a knee in his back pressed down too much. James laughed and the knee went away, replaced by his bulk as he tried to hold Shane down. He roared, spit hitting the back of Shane's neck.

"I'm going to fuck the stubborn out of you, Omega! You will do as I say!"

Shane twisted and eeled his way around, knocking them both off the bed. He reached for another shard and grunted when a hand stopped him, squeezing his fingers until his bones hurt. He kept a hold of the shard now slippery with blood and slammed his head back. The crunch of the Alpha's nose breaking gave Shane a chance to throw him off. He stood up and kicked James in the side again and again, words pouring out because he couldn't help it.

"Fucking weak Alpha. You paid for me?! You are not worthy to touch me! Fuck! Why would you ever think you could have me? You. Did. Not. Earn. Me!"

He stopped and grabbed the tray to hit the twitching guard again before continuing his tirade, unaware of the police headed his way. He kept yelling.

"Ilya Rozanov is the best hockey player in the world! He is arrogant and beautiful and I made him get on his knees and pledge his body and soul to me! We are mated because I chose him. He will do anything to protect me and our children."

He went back to James and his bloody face. He was struggling to breathe and Shane eyed him, the Omega in him cold and calculating. His mind swirled with thoughts that grew darker and darker. He waited head tilted as James struggled to speak through blood and phlegm.

"Whore! You think you'll get away with this? I'm a Billionaire and I won't spend one day in jail. I control cops and politicians and hundreds of others! I will make you suffer before I breed you like a bitch. I'll kill that commie alpha and any kids you have with him. You are mine! I deserve the best and you will not stop me!

James condemned himself as the Omega in Shane subsumed quiet, sweet, shy Shane. In his place was something wild yet somber at the core.

It knew the Alpha was right. He had too much power and one day he would come for Shane and all that he held dear. His body stilled as he stood over his enemy as judge, jury and...

Executioner.

Shane knelt over the Alpha and grimaced at the mess of food, broken glass and blood. His final words to James were quiet but held a tone made of steel.

"I would have never had your 'pups.' He moved closer; James unaware of the hand that picked up another piece of the broken plate.

"Your bloodline is weak. You deserve nothing."

James' eyes widened as something sharp and burning sliced across his throat. He tried to grab for his shredded skin with his one undamaged hand.

Shane stood up and placed a foot on his wrist, preventing him from trying to hold his throat closed. The Alpha gasped and squirmed as his blood soaked the wooden floor. The last thing he saw was Shane battered, bloody and bruised, a smile on his face.

Shane ignored the glassy eyes and scent of the recently dead. He snagged James' phone and called his husband.

“Who is this?”

Tears poured down Shane's face. He whimpered.

“Alpha? Ilya I don't know where I am. There was a man.” He stopped talking as he heard Sirens.

“We are coming sweetheart.”

## Chapter 2: Hold My Hand

### Chapter Summary

#### Ilya meets Feral Shane

The car holding Ilya and Shane's parents pulled up at the house where they were pretty sure Shane was being held. There was a cop car already there but no one had gone in. He jumped out, twelve hours of not knowing where his husband was, had torn his nerves to pieces.

All he could think about was his other half. A refrain that started when he was told his life, his soul had disappeared. A loop of Shane, Shane, Shane' was all his mind could think about as he jumped out of the car. The fact that he couldn't even sense him almost made him have breakdown.

Ilya took a deep breath and the smell of desperation and death hit him. He also smelled the wisps of floral and petrichor from his mate. He met Yuna's eyes and knew they both held terror of what they'd find in the house.

A tall blonde man in a rumpled suit met them in the driveway. He shook Ilya's hand and nodded at Yuna and David.

"There are two heartbeats in the house. We tried to go in and were essentially warned off by your husband, Mr Rozanov."

Ilya's heart was pounding so hard he did not know how the others could not hear it.

The detective pulled Ilya towards the house. "He keeps asking for you. We're not sure what all happened but he seems feral." The man frowned. "I never heard of an Omega going feral."

Ilya accepted the backpack Yuna handed him. "Ilya if I think what happened did happen then he may not recognize you but he should recognize your scent."

Ilya walked into the house, and there stood his husband on the third step. He wore black boxers and he was scuffed up and bloody. There was a bloody piece of something in his hand. Beneath the smell of blood Shane smelled like syrupy honeysuckle. Ilya's mouth watered. He took a step closer.

Shane bared his teeth at him and Ilya froze.

Ilya's voice came out in a growl but not one of demand but of acknowledgment and recognition.

"My mate, my Omega."

Shane dropped the bloody shard and stepped closer. His body and face were bruised and his face was sweaty with fevered heat. The look in his eyes made it doubtful he was in his right mind.

His chin lifted and his voice was all Shane.

“Are you mine? Or just some alpha determined to take what is not yours?”

Ilya took a breath. This is what Yuna had talked about. The stress had sped Shane’s heat up. He knelt but did not lower his eyes. His voice was quiet but clear.

“Two years ago I knelt in front of you, pledging everything that I am to you. I would do this every night if needed.”

His heart broke at the look on his mate’s face. The uncertainty, the arrogance, and the sheen of sweat that let Ilya know Shane’s heat was here.

He stood up carefully and inhaled.

Shane studied him for a moment before looking around.

“My mate would catch me and take care of me.”

He was gone out the front door and Ilya was right behind him, ignoring the shouting around them. Shane was headed for the woods and Ilya let him get to them, anyplace was better than that house. Nothing mattered right now but his Shane.

Ilya ducked under branches and swerved around tree trunks. He was hard as steel but he had to make sure Shane was good as he was gonna get in this situation. He narrowed his eyes as Shane stopped in a small meadow with a lake in the middle.

Nature was silent as Ilya stepped closer trying to ignore the siren’s call of Shane trying to calm him with that low subvocal hum. His mate was distrustful but needed him as his heat surged through his body.

Ilya slowed his steps and when he stood in front of Shane he dropped to his knees again and looked up at him. He spoke slowly trying to reach the man he loved.

“Tebya Lyublyu. I have fought for you since we met, and I have provided for you. You are my heart and I am yours until I am no more.”

Ilya waited for several heartbeats then shivered in pleasure as Shane placed a hand on his head, and let it glide over his jaw. He put a finger under Ilya’s chin in silent demand that he stand up.

Shane’s kiss was hesitant at first but grew stronger the longer they kissed. Sweat dripped down his chest and Ilya ducked down and licked it up, inhaling more and more of Shane’s scent. He slipped a finger under Shane’s boxers.

“May I bathe you?”

Ilya sighed in relief as Shane nodded and let him wash him off. Even in his heat, his husband did not like to be messy.

The backpack held towels and blankets and other supplies. The water was cold but he let it sweep across Shane's chest and legs. He'd ask about the blood later. Shane's eyes were still suspicious of him but accepting of his attendance.

Ilya went where Shane silently directed him until he lay on the blanket, shivering with arousal and a gratefulness that crossed into worship with barely a notice.

He'd almost lost his mate, his one and only. He pulled Shane closer until the Omega straddled his lap and Ilya buried his face in his chest.

An inhale had Shane brushing a nose across the mate bite nestled in between his neck and shoulder. A tongue lapping across that thin skin made Ilya even harder. Shane's voice was an almost sibilant hiss as he spoke.

"I smell me. I smell you. I smell us." A hand grabbed the back of his head and pulled him closer. Shane's tongue swept over his jaw as if savoring a favorite treat.

"I'm going to ride you now. Don't come."

Ilya shook his head while muttering 'Yes, I mean no, no I will not come. Only when you tell me to, sweetheart. God, I love you so much.'

Shane sank down onto his cock and Ilya threw his head back and groaned. Slick hot tight. He was in heaven. His Omega rode him slow at first but sped up until the sounds of them echoed through the woods.

Ilya wanted to come like he never had in his life. He kept his eyes on the angel in front of him. Shane's eyes seemed to shine with pleasure as he rode him, a bit of tongue licking his own lips over and over. He watched Ilya like he would disappear any moment.

The pleasure that pulsed through his veins made Shane want to scream. This was his mate, his soulmate. He smirked as Ilya made the best noises in between begging in stuttering English and Russian.

He gave his mate mercy. His Alpha would need a break before they continued. His mind, his sense of self was coming back and he was safe. That man could not hurt him or his future children.

Shane smirked and leaned down to kiss and suck on Ilya's neck. He ran a hand over Ilya's sweaty face and pale eyes met his, silently pleading.

"Come. Fill me up."

Shane closed his eyes as Ilya shouted and came. Each pulse of cum made Shane want more. He leaned down and rested his head on Ilya's shoulder, squeezing muscles that made Ilya groan and keep coming in little spurts of pleasure.

“You milk me, dorogoy, so good.”

Deep down, Shane felt like if he wanted, he could become pregnant tonight but he needed time. His body needed to calm down and realize the threat was gone. Besides he wanted them in agreement before they started trying for kids.

Shane smiled before easing off Ilya to lay beside him. He curled closer as Ilya pulled a blanket over them. They lay there knowing Shane’s heat would come roaring back in a few minutes. Shane’s voice was quiet.

”He um wanted to break our bond and mate me. Said he paid a lot to get me and...”

Ilya rubbed a thumb across the delicate skin underneath Shane’s eyes. Even in the light of the moon he could still see his freckles.

His eyes were wet. “I don’t remember. I tried to escape but I knew it wouldn’t work. Then I was so angry and scared. He acted like it was already a done deal.”

Ilya pulled him closer and kissed his forehead. Shane shivered and pulled at Ilya until his body covered Shane’s. When he started to squirm and rub on Ilya’s body, Ilya was right there.

“Alpha. Please. I need you.”

Ilya shushed him as he spread Shane’s legs and tilted his hips. He did not need the lube and grew harder as he pushed two fingers into his husband’s greedy hole.

Shane’s body begged for more as Ilya stretched him on three fingers. He was soaked and started to sob.

Ilya could only keep stretching while Shane squirmed and looked like temptation. The Alpha cursed and it sounded like a blessing as he pushed into his Omega.

Ilya groaned and pumped in and out of Shane’s eager body and god he wanted to knot him right now but there’d been no previous conversation like they’d had with Shanes’ other quarterly heats.

”Can I knot you, darling?”

Ilya groaned and relaxed as Shane nodded eagerly. Suddenly Ilya could do nothing but keep fucking his mate as his knot swelled. It caught on Shane’s rim and the next push into him had Ilya praying for stamina as his knot popped. Shane’s arms and legs wrapped around him demanding more, moaning loudly and needy as hell. He loved every minute.

Ilya worshipped Shane’s nipples and his husband mewled til Ilya rubbed his knot up against his prostrate. He kept squeezing his chest and could only moan.

“You will kill me!”

He didn’t notice the brief flicker in Shane’s eyes.

Ilya blinked at the stars in the sky. It was that dark blue right before it got brighter. Scratches and bite marks littered his body and he lost count how many times he'd come. He'd fucked Shane in the lake earlier when he complained of being dirty. Hopefully they would not get sick.

Shane lay beside him, eyes blinking sleepily as his heat gave him a break.

"I want room service."

Ilya snorted and carded a hand through Shane's sweaty hair.

"Then I will get you room service. But in order to do that we must get dressed and find your parents." He paused as Shane's eyes widened.

"You do not think they would be here?" His voice was soft. "Your mother kept me from screaming and beating up cops. They were so slow."

Tears he did not want to form ignored his mental instructions and he was crying and hugging Shane. He squeezed him too hard but Shane did not ask him to stop. He could only mutter in rough Russian and gasping English.

Shane held him while all the fear, horror and helplessness Ilya had experienced came pouring out.

The hum was back but as comfort this time, not distraction.

Ilya wanted to bury himself in Shanes' arms, just get so deep they could never be parted. The sun was almost up when he stopped. He smiled as Shane wiped his face before he kissed him.

Shane's voice was tired and matter of fact.

"I think I hurt that man. I didn't want to but he wanted me to live this life as some brood mare, pumping out kids for his legacy. He had it all planned and my opinion was not needed or wanted, only my body. He was insane. He had to be."

He suspected Shane did more than 'hurt' that asshole but they'd handle that later. They would get the best lawyers if needed. Some that were very expensive and very good.

Ilya slowly got up and started to gather the blankets, water bottles and snacks they'd eaten between trying to fuck each others' brains out.

"We will find a hotel and finish your heat. Afterwards, you still have to speak to police but I will be there and your parents will be there."

Shane helped him clean and grabbed his hand as they slowly walked back. Ilya relaxed as Shane relaxed when they met a car waiting on them before they got to the house. Yuna and David opened the doors and rushed to hug their son.

Ilya did not let go but let them hug and cry and if anyone noticed him crying as well they just pulled him closer. He thought he'd just crumble up and die earlier but he had his world back. Anything else they would deal with together.

End

## End Notes

Yeah got a little dark but once that man said he was a billionaire I knew he had to go. LOL.

Part two will be out in a day or two.

Shane's still feral. Can Ilya bring him out of it? Will he remember he killed someone?

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