

if you think i'm pretty (lay your hands on me)

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by [bittersweetbumblebee](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander has lived his life as a beta. Ilya Rozanov changes that.

Or-

Shane has no idea he's going into heat before a game

Notes

Like everyone else I've been completely obsessed with these two for the past month. You don't have to waterboard this info out of me I LOVE A/B/O dynamics and so I'm writing one lol. This is my first time doing so, so please leave any feedback and such.

I had the song "if u think im pretty" and "baby give me more" by Artemas on repeat while writing this. Check it out!

As always,
Love M xx

Chapter 1: Chapter One

Large, rough hands roamed across his body, starting at the peaks of his shoulders and slowly making their way down until they pressed hard onto his lower back. His body fluttered and preened under the attention - goosebumps forming under the man's touch. The hands began to inch down ever so slightly, fingertips caressing and stroking in a way that made Shane's nervous system light up with fervor.

Those calloused, yet somehow still soft hands gripped him tightly, pulling their bodies closer together. Shane gasped at the contact, eyes fluttering shut as his head lolled back onto the pillow.

"Ty vyglyadish' tak krasivo." that knee-weakening voice mumbled as the hands began to delve where Shane wanted them the most.

"Please." Shane gasped, gripping the man's shoulders so tight his knuckles began to whiten.

"What do you want, sweetheart?" He murmured, sending chills up Shane's spine like flowers blooming in the springtime.

"I want - I need you-"

Shane woke up with a gasp. His eyes flickering open as he shot up in bed. His hands moved around the bed only to find it cold. Only to find himself alone.

He groaned and squeezed his eyes shut as he threw himself back onto his pillows. His body was covered in a light sheen of sweat, his heart hammering in his chest. He stared at the ceiling and tried to regulate his breathing. His dick was aching and his boxers were soaked with what he assumed was sweat.

"Fuck." Shane grumbled, raising a hand to wipe the wetness from his forehead. Feeling more hot than usual, he haphazardly kicked off the blankets and stretched out in his bed. He willed the fan to do its job and cool him as he laid there, panting slightly.

"What is wrong with me?" Shane whispered into the dark, almost willing it to answer for him.

He figured it wasn't out of the ordinary to have wet dreams about your ... hookup? Fuck buddy? Whatever it is that him and Ilya were. But as he continued to stare off into space, his body refused to relax. His skin felt like it was on fire - buzzing loudly as his blood roared through his ears.

He rolled around trying to get comfortable. He needed his rest as they had a big game against Boston tomorrow. But no matter how much he shifted, he could not seem to settle down.

It was just a dream and nothing more. Maybe he was a bit pent up since he hadn't seen the Russian hockey star in six months. It was completely fine. Nothing to worry about.

Just some pent up aggression.

With that, Shane forced himself to try and go back to sleep. Before doing so, he ripped off his soaked t-shirt and threw it on the ground somewhere. Maybe his A/C unit was malfunctioning. He'd check it in the morning.

~•~

Shane ended up laying awake all night, struggling to find sleep as his body was emitting so much warmth he was sure he could cook an egg right off himself. Maybe it was a cold or some weird 24-hour bug. It didn't matter, he would be on the ice today no matter what.

When his alarm finally went off at 8AM, Shane begrudgingly rolled out of bed and headed to the shower. His head felt light and dizzy and he stepped in the water. His hands were trembling as he turned the knob to cold. He just needed to wake up and he would be fine.

He took his time washing up, hardly noticing how cold the water was. When he stepped out and looked in the mirror, he gazed at his flaming red cheeks and glazed over eyes. He frowned and pinched at his face.

His stomach felt fine other than the slight cramping. But it was easy to shrug off. He's faced worse. Sick or not, he would not miss this game.

When he thought of seeing Ilya in the rink, his stomach twisted in on itself. Shane frowned as his teeth itched - gums sore almost like they wanted to sink into something.

He brushed it off and went to his room to prepare for the day. He wasn't going to let this take away his win. Shane needed to succeed. No minor illness would take that away from him.

After barely getting through his breakfast, Shane glimpsed at the thermostat and furrowed his eyebrows at the number. It was a normal 69 degrees. No reason for him to feel so overheated. Maybe it really was the flu. He tried to shrug it off.

Today they would go against Boston - against Ilya. He tried to ignore the way his hands shook at the thought. There was simply no way he would call out just because he was a little under the weather. And with that, he began to make his way to the arena, ignoring the way his body and mind were screaming to be back in bed - to be back inside his home where it was safe and nobody but Ilya could disturb him.

~•~

"Hey man, you feeling okay?" A hand fell on his shoulder as he stood at his locker. Shane clenched his mouth shut and fought the urge to bare his teeth at the offending hand. It was Hayden. But it felt wrong. It felt dirty and wrong. He tried to subtly shake it off.

"I'm fine. Just a cold." Shane mumbled, trying to put more space in between him and the mated Alpha next to him.

“I don’t know, man. Have you seen a doctor?” Hayden continued to fuss, stepping closer to examine him.

“I’m fine!” Shane snarled, turning to face the man. His eyes were lit up and burning. He couldn’t stand the way Hayden smelled. He couldn’t put his finger on it but it made his stomach churn. The man’s touch and general closeness made him want to run and barricade himself in a corner.

“Jeez, alright. Just checking, you look like shit.” Hayden stepped back, hands raised in a peace offering.

Shane sighed and rested his head on the front of his locker. The cool metal seemed to calm him a bit.

“I’m sorry, I’m just feeling a bit weird.” He replied, glancing at his friend out of the corner of his eye.

“Do you wanna sit this one out? Nobody would blame you.” Hayden spoke softly, almost like he was trying to soothe Shane.

Maybe he should. His body felt like it was connected to a live wire. He’s never felt his way before. Of course there was the adrenaline before a game, but this was different. He was hot and soaking all over - wet in places that he really shouldn’t be and it was alarming.

But the thought of seeing Ilya on the ice, face hardened with determination as he skated around him made him second guess. He *needed* to see Ilya. He wouldn’t accept lounging on the bench. No, he would play. He needed to be close.

“I’ll be fine. Thank you, though.” Shane grit as he suited up in his gear. He felt the side eyes that his team mates casted at him and he tried his best to seem calm and collected.

“Are you sure? You smell a bit ... off.” Hayden whispered like he didn’t want anyone else to hear.

Shane risked a glance at his friend, only to find his face creased with worry. “Like I said, it’s only a cold. I can play. I will play.”

Shane straightened up, eyes narrowing as he looked among his team, daring them to say anything. They stood in silence, watching him with wide eyes.

“I only need one thing right now,” Shane spit, his voice hard and tense.

“I need to win.”

Chapter 2: Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

Here's the update!! Thank you guys so much for the support I actually can't believe it. It means the world to me to see your comments and kudos xxx

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

"I need to win."

His team clamored around him, loud and boisterous as they hyped themselves up for the game that would begin in only moments. Shane tried not to wince at the voices and how they clapped his shoulders roughly. He fought against the urge to brush them all off. He forced a smile on his face as they made their way onto the ice.

If he thought the locker room was bad, he was in no way prepared for what was waiting for him. The stadium erupted into loud cheers that seemed to echo in his eardrums. The overhead lighting bounced off the ice, making him flinch at the brightness.

"Fuck." Shane muttered as he made his way to the center of the rink, taking his position for the face off that would inevitably be against Rozanov. At the thought of that, his heart seemed to slow from its hammering pace in his chest. He pulled in deep breath, squeezing his eyes shut as he tried to pull himself together. The noise from the crowd began to fade into the background, and all he could hear was the blood rushing in his ears.

"Hollander?" A voice broke through the barrier. Shane knew that voice from anywhere. He opened his eyes.

Ilya was positioned before him, gaze piercing and searching. He looked concerned.

Shane opened his mouth to speak, but before he could get a single word out, he was overcome with a wave of *Ilya*. Bergamot, fresh snow, and cinnamon, filled his senses. Has Ilya always smelled like this? How come he's never noticed it to this extent? Shane's mouth watered.

"What is wrong with you?" Rozanov questioned, head tilting to try and get Shane to meet his eyeline.

"Flu. I think." Shane mumbled. He kept his mouth open slightly so he could keep taking in deep breaths of his rival's scent.

"Really? Is flu, you say." Ilya furrowed his eyebrows and leaned forward to take a deep inhale.

"Fuck off!" Shane spat, flinching back.

And then the puck dropped.

Shane lost the face-off, unsurprisingly. Not only was his mind struggling to keep up with the puck, but his passes were borderline terrible. His team kept shooting worried glances at him every time he failed to make a proper pass. At one point, they collectively decided to keep him in the background of the game, only making passes to him when necessary.

Shane decided he wasn't that heartbroken about it. He couldn't stand to take his eyes off Ilya, who was a force to be reckoned with on the ice. He made plays like his life depended on it, eyes narrowed and sharp as he maneuvered around the rink. Shane felt his whole body dripping in sweat as he watched the other player.

By the second intermission, Shane was a mess. His coach was yelling obscenely, but it stayed in the background as he slumped on the bench. As he grabbed his water bottle, it nearly fell out of his hands due to his shaking. He couldn't take his eyes off Ilya, who met his gaze on the other side of the rink. Ilya narrowed his eyes at him, like Shane was posing the world's biggest unsolved question, and he needed to figure it out.

"Where's your head, Hollander? Goddamn it!" Coach slapped a hand on his shoulder, jumping Shane out of his stupor.

He recoiled at the touch. It was wrong. It felt so wrong.

"Sorry, coach. I'm just not feeling great." Shane mumbled, dejected as he pushed his soaking wet hair off his forehead.

"Well, see it through, boy."

Shane nodded, but his heart was not in it. The score was in Boston's favor, and with one period left and Shane like a baby deer on his skates, the odds were not in their favor.

"Let's get it done." Shane said, trying to rally his team with a spirit he did not feel. They headed back onto the ice.

Towards the end of the third period, Shane felt himself grow more and more foggy. He growled at frustration at himself and took initiative, taking the puck from a pass.

He made his way towards the goal. He felt confident that he could make at least one goal. He could do this.

Then, he was drowning in bergamot and snow. Shane whipped his head to the source before he could stop himself. His teeth itched, and then all he could think about was covering himself in the scent until it became his own.

Ilya was skating next to him, eyes lit with something he couldn't name. Shane wasn't sure if it was just his state of mind, but Rozanov didn't seem too focused on the game either. Shane wished Ilya looked at him like that all the time.

Shane's lips began to curl into a smile as he kept his gaze glued onto the other player. Then, without warning, there's a sharp crack as broad shoulders rammed into him.

His balance goes sideways instantly. His skates scrape as they lose their edge, and his arms flail out on instinct as he tries, and fails, to recover. His stick clatters to the ground. For a split second, Shane is suspended, titled awkwardly in air, breath knocked loose in a short, involuntary grunt.

Then he goes down. Hard.

He falls on his side, the impact cold and unforgiving. The pain jolts up and throughout his entire body, and his vision goes white for a second.

His chest is tight as he forgets how to talk or even breathe. He tries to let out a groan, but it's stalled in his chest.

Shane feels someone ripping off his helmet, then suddenly, there's a warm hand pressing on his cheek.

"Hollander. Can you hear me?"

He manages a groan in response.

"Shane, look at me." Bergamot, cinnamon, and fresh snow. Shane opens his eyes.

Ilya is above him, panic written into the creases of his face. All Shane can do is focus on the way his lips curl and enunciate certain words. He likes the way Ilya's lips look when they say his name. In fact, he thinks he just likes the way Ilya looks.

"Ilya." Shane *whines*. He's never made that kind of noise before, but the way Rozanov's pupils dilate, he's not going to question it. In fact, he's going to do it more often, he thinks.

"You okay?" Ilya urges, only having eyes for him even as medics begin to near them.

"Yes. I think we should leave and go to my apartment." Shane giggles - completely forgets the pain radiating throughout his side as he gazes up at the man before him.

"Shh-" Ilya hushes him and looks around in a panic. He steps back and allows the medics to assess Shane.

"Wait, no, I need to talk to him. Ilya-" Shane groans as they carefully set him on a stretcher.

"Stop, I'm fine, see?" Shane moves to get off the stretcher, but hands push him down gently.

Ilya stands off to the side, hand rubbing his mouth in thought. "I will see you, Hollander." And it sounded like a promise, so Shane goes willingly.

~•~

They take him to the hospital where he is diagnosed with a few bumps and bruises. Nothing too serious. But then,

"The symptoms you are experiencing seem to be pre-heat, Mr. Hollander." The stotic doctor informs him, standing at the end of his bed with a clipboard in hand.

"I'm sorry, could you repeat that?" Yuna Hollander stands up from her chair besides Shane's bed.

"He is in pre-heat." The doctor states again, matter-of-factly.

Shane furrows his eyebrows and shakes his head. "That's just not possible. I'm a beta. Always have been."

Yuna steps forward. "I'll need you to run those tests again. He's 24 for godsake."

The doctor shrugs his shoulders slightly. "Late bloomers are rare, yes, but not unheard of."

"But I'm 24." Shane states again, dumbfounded. Like that would change anything.

"Well, there have been documented cases where a potential strong bond will have the ability to change a dynamic or encourage a late bloomer."

Yuna throws her hands up in exasperation. "What does that even mean?"

Shane doesn't need the clarification. A ball forms in his throat, and he thinks of Ilya.

Yuna turns towards Shane in the bed, who's staring at his hands solemnly. "Shane, do you have any idea what he's talking about?"

His breath catches in his chest, and his cheeks grow hot. "Mom, do you think you could give me a minute? I need to make a phone call."

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, smut is coming !! I'll try to have the third and final chapter out within the next day or two.

Thank you for reading and as always,

All my love,
M xx

Chapter 3: Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

THEY FUCKINNNNN

Chapter Notes

It's finally here!! Sorry about the wait, I picked up some xtra shifts at work and school just started back up. (I also haven't written smut like Ever lol. I was just crossin my fingers and praying to the Hollanov gods while simultaneously drinking a Cutwater for courage)

I changed the title of this fic bc ... idk I can, I guess. Anygay,

I truly hope you all enjoy this final chapter

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

"-I need to make a phone call."

Yuna met his eyes and gazed at him for a few long moments, almost willing him to say more. Shane gave her a pleading look and motioned his head towards the door.

"Mom, please. It's private."

She sighed and nodded. "You're right. Just let me know if you need anything." With that, her and the doctor left.

Shane felt some tension leave his body once he was alone in the room. But the news still left his mind spiraling.

He didn't even know it was possible.

But leave it up to Ilya Rozanov to have the ability to completely uproot his life. Talk about a total 180. He let out an exasperated sigh, and if the half smile on his face was almost fond, well, that's between himself and whatever higher power is out there.

If there is one, anyway.

With that, Shane reached over to the chair that held his belongings and ruffled through to find his phone. Once he found it, he opened it to find a few missed calls and texts from 'Lily' and

his teammates.

He chewed on his lower lip while his thumb hovered over the call button. His mind was running through the hundreds of different scenarios. What if Ilya didn't believe him? Worse - what if Ilya rejected him?

"Fuck." Shane muttered, slumped his head back onto the pillow. He set his phone down onto his lap.

He sat there quietly for a few moments. Maybe he wouldn't say anything. Maybe he would get on suppressants and pretend like nothing had ever happened. It would be easier this way than be one of the few openly omega players in the NHL.

His eyes pricked with tears as he thought about how fast his life was changing, and just how unprepared he truly was. Could he do this?

Just then, his phone started buzzing in his hands. Shane looked down.

It was Lily.

He swallowed. Answered it.

"Hello?"

"Shane. Are you OK?"

He clenched his jaw as tears welled up in his eyes. The cramp in his stomach loosed at the sound of Ilya's voice. It felt so good to hear him. He only wished he was there in person.

"Yes and no." He replied honestly.

"What does that mean?" Rozanov asked, trying not to sound as concerned, but it leaked through.

"I'm not sure how to say this exactly." Shane rubbed a hand over his face.

"Are you dying?" Ilya deadpanned.

It startled a laugh out of him. "I sort of wish I was."

"Then what? Spit it out, Hollander."

Shane took a deep breath in. Looked around, almost afraid like someone would hear him. "I presented."

"I don't under-"

"As omega."

Silence.

Shane stared at the wall and wished a hole would form and swallow him whole. A couple more beats of silence. He was tempted to hang up, quit hockey forever and live the rest of his days out at cottage-

"But you are old." Ilya finally responded.

"Okay, wow. That hurts."

"Did not mean that way. Too old to present, I mean" Ilya corrected.

"I know." Shane sighed.

Ilya was quiet, waiting for him to explain.

"The doctor, uh, said there was special circumstances sometimes." He didn't clarify.

"OK. Thought you smelled weird today. Different." Ilya finally said at last.

"Thanks." Shane mumbled, rolling his eyes.

They were both quiet for a few moments, soaking in the new revelation.

Finally, "What do you need?" Ilya asked.

"You." Shane didn't hesitate. The clenching in his stomach heightened at the thought.

"Please. I need you."

"Then you have me."

Yes, Shane thought. I can do this.

~•~

Yuna drove him from the hospital, sending very indiscreet, worried glances at him the entire ride. Shane could tell she was biting her tongue and she wanted to ask him a million questions. He knew she wanted a game plan; where they were gonna go from here, what they were gonna tell the team, the press, the whole world, really.

But she was also worried about his mental state. "How are you feeling, honey?" She murmured, gently. She lifted her hand as if she was going to set it on his knee but thought twice about it. As much as Shane was grateful for it, it probably would have felt like needles on his increasingly sensitive skin.

He wiped at his brow and rested his head on the cool window. "Okay, I guess. It's kinda hazy, right now." He admitted.

She nodded. "The doctor said you are very close to your heat. Probably within a couple of hours. Do you. . . Will you be okay, alone?"

Shane swallowed. He wasn't going to be alone. Ilya was on his way to the cottage right now. But does he tell his mom that right now? Does he have the strength to have this conversation?

"I'll be okay, mom." Decidedly not.

"Well, if you need anything, your dad and I are just up the street. Just give us a call, okay?" The driveway to the cottage pulled into view and Shane was taken aback by the sudden need to be freed from the car. He *needed* his home, his bed, where it was safe. Where Ilya would make it safe.

"Yes. I know. Love you, mom." With that, he nearly bolted up the driveway and locked the door behind him. Double checked it was locked. Triple checked.

Shane ran his fingers through his sweaty hair as he paced his living room. A panicked feeling began bubbling up inside of him and he couldn't pinpoint the reason. He loved the cottage. It was incredibly spacious and filled with natural lighting. But as he looked around, he couldn't help but scowl at all the windows. It didn't feel secure enough. No. He couldn't stay in the living room.

Shane entered his bedroom and drew the shades. His chest loosened a bit and he smiled at himself. This was much better. What next? He questioned himself. Shane felt so out of depth.

He looked down at himself and frowned. He was in clothes from way earlier in the day. He brought his shirt to his nose and sniffed it. He snarled at the smell. There were copious different scents on him. He smelled like so many people. How had he just noticed? Maybe that's why he felt weird. A shower was definitely in order.

Before he stepped in, he made sure to text Ilya the location of the spare key so the man would be able to enter the house if he arrived before Shane got out the shower.

At the thought of Rozanov, Shane felt something *wet* gush out of him and his stomach clenched hot and tight. He flushed in embarrassment and looked around the room as if someone would point and laugh. He grumbled at himself and stepped under the steaming spray of the shower.

As the water beat down on him, Shane felt his mind begin to wander. He and Ilya had known each other for many years - had explored each others' bodies intensely and extensively. Would this time be any different? Sure, Ilya would be able to knot him. It couldn't be that much different, though. Could it?

He chewed on his lips as he quickly grew excited about the thought of Ilya's knot. He'd always been curious of it, but his beta status had inhibited them from exploring that facet of Ilya. Shane felt his face grow heated and flushed from his thoughts. His head was dizzy and he bit his lip as he brought two exploratory fingers behind him.

Shane choked on a surprised gasp as he felt just how wet he was down there. Sure, they had used lube before but this was all him. He slipped two fingers in and bit back a whimper and how easy they fit in. It was like just overnight his body had changed to be made for this. And it felt so good.

"Hollander?" His head snapped up at the muffled voice that came from the other side of the bathroom door. Shane pulled out his fingers quickly, as if he had been caught doing something terribly wrong.

"I'll be out in a sec." Shane's voice got caught in his throat as he hurriedly got out of the shower and dried off. He risked a glance at himself in the mirror and his eyes widened. He looked like he had already gone through numerous rounds of sex. His eyes were glassy and pupils blown. His cheeks were flushed and skin shiny. He let out an exasperated sigh. Nothing Rozanov hasn't seen before.

He dutifully wrapped a towel around his waist and opened the bathroom door. Ilya was facing the bathroom door, sitting patiently on the bed with his hands folded in his lap. He looked beautiful.

"Hello." Ilya murmured, gazing at him intently.

Shane fumbled with his hands momentarily before resting them at his side. "Hello."

They both stared at each other for a few more moments. Shane felt his heart begin to race in his chest, the blood was roaring in his ears. He dropped his eyes down to Ilya's delicious cupid's bow. It was so beautifully and perfectly shaped. He wanted to lick the bead of sweat that had started to form. Ilya tracked the movement. He stood slowly.

Shane felt his hands start to shake. He knew it was excitement. He swallowed roughly.

"How are you?" Ilya asked as he made baby steps towards Shane, eyes tracking for any signs of discomfort.

Shane took a small step forward. "Hot. Dizzy, uh, a little scared, I think."

Ilya stopped in his tracks. "Scared? Why scared?"

Shane closed the gap between them. He rested his hands on his chest and his eyes fluttered shut at the feeling. "No. Not scared of you. Just, something doesn't feel right. I don't know what it is."

Ilya set a hand under his chin and raised it softly so they made eye contact. "You need to nest, yes?"

"I don't know." Shane stammered.

"We will try."

Ilya stepped away and Shane couldn't help the small whine that ripped from his throat. It made the other man stop dead in his tracks. He turned around slowly. "Baby, I am not leaving. Need my bag. For your nest."

Shane felt his cheeks heat and it was definitely embarrassment this time. He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly and cleared his throat. "Right. Yeah. I knew that."

Ilya's lips rose in a crooked, fond smile and the corners of his eyes crinkled. Shane's heart stuttered. He couldn't believe that look was being directed at him. He wanted to take a picture and frame it beside his bed so he could look upon it every morning.

Rozanov then continued to dump out the contents of one of his bags onto Shane's bed while Shane watched him move around the room - eyes tracking him like a hawk. Once he was finished, Ilya motioned to the bed with his hands in a 'go ahead' motion.

Shane furrowed his eyebrows as he contemplated the scene before him. He's never had to do this before. Where should he even begin? He's literally only been an omega for - on second thought, that sweater looked like it was the perfect material to go by his pillow.

Shane turned off his brain and let his hands guide him. He saw out of the corner of his eye as Ilya stepped back and watched approvingly. As he maneuvered the clothing around, his mouth began to water at the scent. *Bergamot, fresh snow, cinnamon*. Ilya made sure to bring clothes he'd worn. While that should have grossed him out, a quiet rumbling emitted from his chest. The gesture was so thoughtful, it sent a spark of heat down his spine and he felt himself grow wet.

Ilya froze as his scent carried over to him. Shane swallowed and peeked at the man over his shoulder. His eyes had darkened and his jaw was clenched. His fists were balled up by his sides. His nostrils flared as if he was trying to take in more of Shane's scent.

"I'm done. Thank you." Shane whispered.

"Feel better?" Ilya finally responded after a moment. The man looked as if he was fighting to stay on his side of the room.

Shane cocked his head and a playful smile spread on his face as he realized he wasn't the only one affected here. He made a show of looking at Ilya through his lashes. "Not exactly."

Ilya took a deep breath in. "What else do you need, Hollander?"

Maybe his heat was finally setting in, or maybe he was just head over heels, but Shane slowly moved off the bed and sank to his hands and knees.

"yebat," Ilya muttered and wiped his face with a shaking hand.

Shane began crawling towards Ilya, hips moving slowly and methodically. He knows Ilya's eyes were glued to the movements.

He finally reached Ilya and peered up at him through his eyelashes before rubbing his face on Ilya's clothed bulge, scenting him. "You know what I need."

"Fuck, Shane." Ilya's eyes were wide and his cheeks pink.

In one, quick motion, Ilya reached down and picked Shane up under his armpits. Shane wrapped his legs tightly around him and moaned as their lower regions came in contact with one another. He grinded down shamelessly, whining helplessly as it was so good, but not nearly enough.

Shane's back made contact with the bed and he peered up to find Ilya looming over him, looking majestic and so hungry, just as hungry as Shane felt.

"You are so beautiful." Ilya whispered.

Shane kissed him, fevered and starving as he fought to consume every inch of the man before him. The fire in his stomach grew to a loud roar, licking up his bones as he gripped Ilya's biceps.

Ilya pulled back and Shane whimpered at the loss, but it was quickly lost in his throat as he saw the reason why. He was pulling of his shirt and reveling inches upon inches of beautifully toned skin. Why hadn't they done this sooner?

Shane fumbled with the towel that was tightly knotted around his waist and he cursed his earlier self for his apparent modesty. Ilya chuckled lowly and brushed his shaking hands away so he could help. Shane fell back onto the pillow, safe inside his nest and let him do the work.

Once the towel had been lost, Shane gasped at the feeling of the cool air on his heated skin. Ilya had stepped aside so he could kick off his joggers. Shane's mouth instantly watered once his cock was freed from his pants. He made a low, keening noise and reached his hands out.

"Don't worry, moya lyubov, I will take care of you." Ilya promised in a hushed, heated voice. He moved back onto the bed and in an instant they were all over each other.

Ilya's hands felt like a cool, trickling stream against his overheated body. He gasped at the feeling as Ilya tweaked his sensitive nipples and lightly ran his fingernails down his thighs.

Shane pressed his lips anywhere they could make contact. He left little bites and marks even though they had never done that before. He couldn't bring himself to care. Rozanov felt like his in his moment, anyway. Was his.

"Please, Ilya. I need you." Shane cried against his mouth.

Ilya swallowed the cry and pressed reassuring kisses on his face. "Yes. You are so wet, aren't you, sweetheart?" Fingers danced around his soaking entrance and Shane could have sobbed from the feeling. *Finally*.

"Yes. Yes. Please." Shane babbled, uncaring as he tried to force his hips down.

Ilya grinned and continued to tease him for a few more moments as he continued to pepper kisses all over him. Shane felt like he was going to burn up.

Fingers entered him without a warning and Shane's back arched as he gasped. Pleasure shot up his spine and he squeezed his eyes shut.

Two became three and Shane could've died right then and there. Happy as could be.

"Ilya," he cried.

“So good for me, Shane. All mine.” Ilya murmured, gazing at him through his curls, eyes sharp.

“I need - “ Shane gasped, opening his eyes and looking pleadingly at the man before him.

“I know, baby.” He pulled the fingers out and Shane covered his face in overwhelmed exasperation.

Ilya spread his thighs and settled between them. Shane instantly locked his legs around him, curling his feet together behind the man’s back. Ilya reached an arm down and searched Shane’s eyes wantonly as he slowly began inserting himself.

Shane knew his body was meant for this now, but Ilya was so big. The stretch burned. He whimpered and arched his back to try and get more in.

“Ugh- so good.” Shane cried, eyes rolling in the back of his head. He dug his fingernails into the man’s back and held on for dear life.

Ilya swore and his head fell onto Shane’s shoulder. His chest was heaving and his forehead was glistening with perspiration. “Such a good omega. You feel so good.” He growled.

“So wet for me. So good. You’re all mine.”

Shane choked on a moan as Ilya began to thrust without abandon. *yes*. This is what he needed. This is what he was made for.

Ilya pulled back and curled his hands around Shane’s hips so he could thrust deeper. Shane knew he would be embarrassed later on by the noises he was making. But he couldn’t care less about that right now. He’s never felt this good in his entire life.

“Fuck, Alpha - Ilya.” Shane whimpered as he felt heat pooling in his stomach. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer.

“You gonna come for me?” Ilya groaned, biting at his neck. He reached a hand up as tweaked one of his nipples and that was it.

Shane cried out as he came, completely untouched. His vision whitened and pleasure exploded throughout his body.

He felt Ilya pause as he waited for Shane to come down. He opened his eyes as his body trembled from the after shocks.

“No, want your knot.” He pleaded, completely wore out still craving it.

“Fuck. Good boy.” Ilya captured his lips in a kiss and began a punishing pace that had Shane’s body twitching from over sensitive pleasure.

“Oh, fuck, Shane. I’m gonna - “ Ilya groaned. Shane felt his rim widen almost impossibly more as his knot grew, he felt his own spent dick twitch with interest.

“Please.” Shane begged. Immediately, Ilya came, knotting them together. Shane swore he could feel the hot pulses inside of him. The omega inside of him purred contently.

Ilya collapsed onto his chest with a groan and Shane giggled and threaded a hand through his sticky hair. Ilya responded with a kiss to his throat.

“Was good, yes?” Ilya looked up at him, grinning cheekily.

Shane rolled his eyes but he did contemplate. His body was humming with pure satisfaction. He felt safe and warm within his nest. He was locked together with Ilya. He wouldn’t want to be anywhere else. He wanted to keep doing this and never stop.

“Yeah, it was alright.” Shane couldn’t hide his smile.

“Oh, just alright?” Ilya rolled them over so Shane was on top of him, careful not to disturb where they were locked together.

“That’s not what you were saying only minutes ago.” Ilya huffed but looked up at him, incredibly fond.

Shane gazed down at the love of his life and thought about waited for him after this. Before the wave of panic could hit him, he thought, as long as I can keep this, I’ll be alright.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading yall! And thank you all so much for the support. It’s been so beautiful to experience your kudos, comments, bookmarks, etc.

Please let me know your thoughts.

All my love,

M xx

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