New Family Values

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New Family Values

by newtntommy

Summary

omega shane with fangs in a world where omegas are actually fucking terrifying.

and ilya wants him, blood and fangs and all.

Notes

i didn’t edit this. it’s all written out with no beta. it’s just vicious shane and ilya being in love and winning his trust.

Saskatchewan wasn't interesting in the slightest. Ilya sighs and stares out the plane window. They are about to descend, and he can see Christmas lights down below. It's his first time on this side of the world, and it was a bit overwhelming.

His teammates made a loud, horrified sound, snapping Ilya from the window. They're huddled around a phone watching a video. They all stare at the screen, horrified.

Ilya speaks in Russian. "What?"

One of the men holds the phone up. Ilya looks blankly at the screen he can't see. "Shane Hollander."

Ilya bristles. He's heard that name too many times. He was expected to be the number one draft pick, and Ilya hated it. He was set to take that title by any means necessary. He was determined to destroy Shane Hollander.

"What about him?"

His teammate looks at him like he has two heads. "He's an omega."

Ilya's brows raise. He didn't know that. All he knew about Shane Hollander was what the news said, and they talked on and on about him having the highest hockey IQ and very fast. He was a beast and on the path to first draft.

Shane being an omega explains why his second gender has never been mentioned. The league prides itself on inclusivity, but there are always going to be assholes who view omegas as less than alpha.

It didn't matter in the long run what Shane was, but it certainly changed Ilya's method of attack.

Ilya gestures to see the video.

Omega Attacked By Three Alphas.

An embarrassing and borderline idiotic title for the true story. Shane Hollander must have a really good manager if the publisher chose that way to explain what happened.

The three alphas who attacked Shane appear to have fought a fucking bear. They surrounded Shane in the locker room after a game, trapping him inside alone, expecting an easy fight with one single omega. An omega they believed was weak and didn't deserve his spot in the league. They were planning to put him in the hospital - or kill him. Easy prey.

Ilya stares at the three alphas now.

Two of them have black eyes, two with broken clavicles, one with a broken nose, all three have a broken arm or leg, and one has a nasty bite mark on his cheek.

Oh, god. That's not his cheek. Shane Hollander bit *an ear clean off*. All three were kicked off their team.

There's a short clip of Shane after the fight. He was huddled in the corner facing away from the wall to protect his vulnerable back. He was shaking with barely contained rage, growling and baring his fangs. His gold omega eyes shined like simmering flames and lightning, catching every movement of those who dared to get close. His kill switch was hot and ready.

A woman walks to the scared and deadly omega. She could only be the omega's alpha, judging by the way she calmly gets closer without being attacked. She was speaking, but whatever she's saying doesn't get picked up by the microphone. The omega stares at her, back straight and fists clenched. There is blood on his hands and mouth, dripping down his chin. Ilya's stomach churns at the predatory expression on his face.

The alpha runs a hand through the omega's hair, still speaking calmly. And just like that, the omega submits. The omega tilts his head, exposing his vulnerable neck. Shane closes his eyes, and when he opens them, his eyes are brown again. The video ends the second Shane drops to his knees and rests his cheek on her leg. The ultimate display of submission. Blood still painted his skin. His fangs poke between his red lips.

Those alphas are lucky they're still breathing.

Ilya's fingers dig into the phone. "Fuck."

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Ilya annoyingly flicks at his lighter. The wind is strong and relentless. *Fuck*. He needs a smoke. He hates Canada. Boring, cold country that smells like…cherries?

Someone walks up. "I don't think you smoke here."

Ilya scrunches his nose at the scent of cherries and dark chocolate. Sugary and bitter. He turns around and freezes. He stops breathing entirely.

Shane Hollander stands five feet from him. He's dressed in a Canada fleece and a beanie. He's smiling at Ilya, who catches a peek at his fangs. Omegas always have fangs, unlike alphas who grow them when needed. Omegas have sharp fangs, and they grow longer in a fight. They're needlelike and deadly. Ilya last saw them with blood dripping from them, after tearing a man's ear off.

Shane kindly says hello and tries to make innocent small talk. Ilya stays quiet, still terrified to be this close. He realizes they're alone. Oh, god. Is Shane going to kill him?

Shane holds out a hand to shake, and all Ilya can think about is the way those claws of his ripped through skin and bone.

Shane looks so fucking *excited* to meet him, which is the only reason Ilya risks his hand being torn off. This exchange with his formidable rival is entirely bizarre. Any moment now, Ilya waits to be attacked.

Shane Hollander never attacks. His infectious smile makes Ilya's mouth twitch. Shane's hand is warm and sturdy. Powerful and demanding, but Shane shows no sign of intimidation. He's not trying to scare Ilya, but he certainly is.

Ilya smiles hesitantly at Shane. He watches the omega's cheek tint pink and avert his eyes. The only sign of submission he makes. He walks off, leaving Ilya confused and a little in awe.

When he beats Hollander and gets first draft, all Ilya hears from his alpha and beta friends is how the omega was going to kill him. The omega's scent went bitter and angry, fuming as he held up two fingers for the cameras.

"He's going to rip out your throat, man," Ilya's new teammate warns.

He's not wrong. Shane's eyes flash gold, quick as a flash, and every facial muscle is constricted painfully. They make eye contact for a short moment, and Shane's eyes turn gold again. His lips part, and his fangs poke out.

Then his fangs disappear and Shane goes to speak to his new coach.

Ilya grins. "He is, isn't he?"

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Ilya has spent quite a bit of time with omegas. As an alpha, he's naturally drawn to omegas, but he's not picky. He honestly prefers betas. He's fucked more betas than other second genders, including a handful of alphas. He's open for anything.

Omegas are not the submissive beings the world is trying to make them out to be. They don't hide their strengths or hide in the corners. They take up space. They are the protectors of their pack. They'll fight tooth and nail, and then bathe in your blood.

They don't submit easily anymore - no, that's something earned. It takes work and more work to get an omega to submit. It's an art form; a dance. There are no shortcuts. Being lazy or arrogant is the worst mistake you can make getting an omega to trust you. Get too greedy, and your throat is slashed.

Ilya calculates the risks before entering the gym. Shane is alone, and it's the middle of the night. Shane sought out privacy, but if he truly wanted privacy, he wouldn't be here in a public hotel gym. There are other hockey players here, and it's not outrageous for two to show up at once.

Ilya gets on the treadmill on Shane's left. Shane is tense, carrying his wariness in his shoulders. His body is buzzing, ready for a fight, but he won't find one here. Shane is too rattled with tight alertness, practically scheming how to break the most bones in Ilya's body.

That won't do.

Ilya starts the treadmill and increases the speed. He's going faster than Shane by one interval. Shane is watching him like a predator eyes their prey. All he needs is for Ilya to look at him.

Ilya smartly does not.

A painstakingly long minute passes, and then Shane increases his speed. Ilya follows it by doing the same. Shane does it again.

Ilya dares a smile.

They're drenched in sweat by the time they're done. Shane sits on the floor with a sigh. Ilya joins him, strategically sitting right in front of him. He extends his legs, so their shoes are inches apart. Shane's legs are bent at the knee. He doesn't pull away completely.

A win.

Ilya wants to do another test. Another push. He wants Shane used to him being in his space. Omegas don't like touch with anyone outside of their pack. They're sensitive to smells and safety, and they're incredibly territorial. Ilya has heard horror stories of alphas getting too close to an omega's nest. They think since the omega is in heat and vulnerable, that the omega will let them in.

So the alpha gets too close and gets mauled. Throat ripped out by teeth. Blood coating the floor and nest.

Ilya teases Shane, and Shane laughs. He stopped glaring now, and his eyes wandered over Ilya's legs. Ilya rubs his hands on his legs, letting Shane see his hands and get used to the general size of them. They watch each other. One patient alpha and a stubborn, terrifying omega. Shane's eyes narrow, trying to be intimidating. Ilya meets it, imperturbably unbothered.

Shane blinks slowly and looks away.

There we go. Ilya drinks from his water bottle. Shane forgot his. He has to be thirsty, based on the way he's openly staring. Ilya drinks again, sitting relaxed and careless. Shane swallows.

Ilya offers the bottle. Shane declines. Not surprising. Ilya shakes the bottle, asserting his ability to provide. *I can help you. Here. Take it. I want you to have some water.*

Get used to my touch, omega. I'm not going anywhere.

Shane finally relents. He submits and takes the bottle. He even lets Ilya glide their fingers together.

Good omega.

Shane drinks some water. He looks at Ilya again, clinging onto his tight hold over this display. He's locked in on Ilya's neck. Ilya tilts his chin up, showing more of the vulnerable area. He wonders if Shane's fangs throb in his mouth.

Ilya smiles. He nods and mouths, "More."

Shane does as he's told, showing Ilya that beautiful submission. His fangs are short, and deadly hands he used to tear into alphas wrap around Ilya's water bottle. An alpha showing he can provide to their omega.

Fuck.

Shane hands the water bottle back, and Ilya runs his fingers over his again. Marking him with his scent. Subtle, but there.

Ilya drinks from the bottle again. Shane watches him. He leans back. Shoulders falling. His guard falls away, along with every trace of deadly omega.

Oh, you're mine.

+++++++

"Good lord."

Ilya agrees with the sentiment.

Shane Hollander was getting targeted. All the alphas on the opposite team was ruthlessly fucking with him. They worked as a unit, spending precious time chasing Shane and slamming him into the boards. They were taking turns running Shane out of the play, ruining his assists and goals. They were being total knotheads trying to intimidate an omega.

Ilya spots the moment Shane locks in. The second his play goes from regular hockey strategy to attacking back. He's smart and quick, dodging and evading them. He was dancing around them, pissing the alphas off to be so easily mocked by an omega.

One alpha eventually gets too embarrassed to allow an omega to mess with him like this. He skates right to Shane and gets far too close. Ilya tenses, growling under his breath at the way the alpha's nose gets within an inch from Shane's neck.

Shane strikes, whipping his elbow straight into the alpha's nose. The crack is loud and obscene, and the alpha collapses on the ice with a raged shout and clutches his nose. Blood pours over his jersey.

Another alpha grabs Shane's arm with an ungloved hand, intending to do something stupid. Hayden, one of Shane's alpha teammates, catches the threatening movement and races over to help Shane.

Shane is too fast. He ungloves his hand and grabs the alpha. He rips the offending hand off him and bites his wrist *hard*. His long fangs sink straight through.

Referees rush over. Two people try to pry Shane off the alpha to no avail. Shane is not letting go. His hands dig into his arm. The crowd is a mix of cheer and horror. Shane's team is staring, lost at what to do. All they can do is keep the other team away from their feral captain.

It's Hayden that ends it. He gets close and somehow convinces Shane to look at him. It's a test on their friendship and trust. He's talking to Shane, slow and patient, asking him to let go instead of demanding.

Good choice. Every person who tried to use their alpha voice on Shane found their throat missing.

Hayden doesn't touch Shane. That would only worsen his bite. If an omega feels threatened enough, their bite can become venomous. Ilya read several articles about it.

Finally the omega retracts his fangs. Blood gushes out of the wound and down his chin. The alpha instantly pulls away, skating like mad to the team's bench.

Hayden doesn't immediately touch Shane. Another sign he's not completely stupid. Shane won't submit to him. He'll only submit to his alpha, and Yuna isn't here. If Hayden pushes too hard, he might be Shane's next target before he can calm down.

Hayden does manage to talk Shane off the ice and into the penalty box. Obviously bites are against the rules, and it's treated like an alpha bite. Shane lost points for that, but he'll have time to breathe.

"Fuck, dude," Marlow grunts. "That's the most feral omega I've ever seen. He was going to kill that guy!"

Ilya grins. "He was."

"Don't fuck with omegas," Marlow huffs.

"I'll fuck with him," Ilya says.

Marlow chuckles and shakes his head. "You're insane. He's going to kill you if you're not careful."

Marlow leaves the room. Ilya sighs.

"He'll look beautiful doing it."

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The first time Shane invites Ilya over, Ilya was terrified. He stood in front of the door, pacing back and forth, wondering if this was a trap. Maybe this was one huge plan to trick Ilya to come over for Shane to kill.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

Ilya actually does jump. He makes a startled noise. Shane is staring at him incredulously with furrowed brows and an adorable pout.

“You will murder me?” Ilya asks, checking Shane for weapons. Not like he needs any.

“Maybe,” Shane hisses. “Get in here.”

Ilya obediently goes inside Shane’s condo. It’s a nice place. Very boring as he expected. The place smells like him. Cherries and dark chocolate. Intoxicating. Ilya touches the table and chairs, idly spreading his scent, claiming the space.

Shane is standing at the stairs. He’s watching Ilya scent his home. He does nothing to stop him, and Ilya smiles at him. “You like how I smell?”

Shane blushes. “Yes.”

“Sweet omega,” Ilya coos.

Shane frowns, and his nose crinkles. “I’m not sweet.”

Ilya slowly crosses the open gap. Shane tenses but doesn’t move. Ilya walks at a glacial pace, until he can carefully prod Shane’s bottom lip. “You are very sweet. Sweet omega.”

Shane’s pupils are blown. His lips part under Ilya’s touch, and his tongue flicks out to taste his thumb. Ilya presses farther in, testing the waters. He carefully - *so fucking carefully* - touches the sharp point of Shane’s fang.

“Adorable, deadly thing,” he purrs.

Shane whimpers, and he drops to his knees. He nuzzles Ilya’s clothed cock, kissing and scenting him. Ilya’s alpha loves the sight of his omega on his knees, falling deeper, loving his smell. Such a dangerous beautiful omega with claws and fangs submitting for him.

Ilya grasps Shane’s chin and tilts his head. He brushes Shane’s hair. “Are you going to show me your bed, omega?”

Ilya knows better than to ask to see Shane’s nest. He enjoys living, and an alpha has to be invited to an omega’s nest. This is the first time Ilya has been to Shane’s home, and that already was terrifying.

“Yes,” Shane moans. “It’s upstairs.”

Shane stands, hands touching Ilya everywhere. He kisses him, and he jumps into Ilya’s arms. His legs wrap around the alpha’s waist. He nips at Ilya’s lips, and he soothes the sting with little kitten licks. Ilya holds him securely by his thighs and walks up the stairs. He’s lucky he’s been focusing on his arms lately in the gym because Shane certainly isn’t making this easy on him. Ilya has to keep stopping because Shane is persistent on kissing him. He gets annoyed when Ilya pulls away, even though he does it so he doesn’t run into anything or trip.

Shane bites him on the neck. Ilya stops walking. Ilya spanks his ass in response. Shane hitches his breath.

“*Please*,” Shane begs, crossing his ankles behind Ilya’s back. “I’m sorry, alpha.”

“That’s better,” Ilya says. He goes straight to Shane’s bed and places him on the covers. Shane pulls him closer, dragging him down with grabby hands. He yanks on Ilya’s clothes with a desperate need, pulling hazardly on the stitches.

A better idea comes to mind. Ilya gets off the bed. Shane glares up at him in disbelief, breathing heavy. “Ilya.”

“You want me, sweetheart?” Ilya asks. Shane’s eyes are pools of black, and he nods. “Take off my clothes. Show me how badly you want your alpha.”

Your alpha. He’s never said that before. It was another push. Another test to see how badly Shane wants him. It’s oddly erotic to see how far he can get without the omega in Shane getting defensive and attack. Pushing an omega’s buttons just to see what happens should not be as fucking hot as it is.

Shane crawls off the bed and yanks Ilya’s shirt off. Once it’s off, he gets on his knees. He kisses Ilya’s leg, over his thighs, and presses his lips and nose to his cock. His trembling hands work the button and zipper. His claws tear a hole through the waistband, and Shane gets the idea to rip the fabric. His pants are in pieces by the time they fall to his ankles.

Ilya curses. “Holy fuck, Shane.”

Shane meets his eye. He runs the flat of his tongue over Ilya’s inner thigh, and his cheek skims his rigid cock. His hot breath makes Ilya’s cock twitch, and he presses his tongue to his slit and moans at the taste of him. He sucks on the head, and Ilya groans and caresses his cheek. This gorgeous omega has the softest skin.

Shane pulls off. The light from the lamp makes his fangs glisten when he smiles. He kisses the head of his cock, and his nails trail over the alpha’s thighs. Right over vital veins and heated skin. Ilya plays with the hair around his ear. Shane leans into his hand and purrs. “Have I shown you, alpha? Will you fuck your omega?”

“Get on the bed.”

Shane hurries to comply. Ilya kisses him as he strips out of his clothes. Shane struggles with his shirt while Ilya removes his pants and underwear. Shane's cock is hard and leaking, and Ilya grabs him by his hips and swallows him down.

"Ilya," Shane gasps. He clutches the bedsheets, arching his back, eyes fluttering shut. Ilya deepthroats him, taking him all the way to the back of his throat. Shane lets out a sob, hips jutting forward for more.

Ilya pulls off and licks his lips. He crawls up Shane's body, layering him with wet kisses and small bites. He gives special attention to Shane's favorite places that make him shiver. His thighs, his bellybutton, and where his ribs begin. He runs his tongue over Shane's right nipple, and the omega cups the back of his head and cries out. Ilya kisses his other nipple, kissing and sucking at the bud, and smiling when Shane moans and begs for more.

Ilya kisses higher, reaching Shane's clavicle. He stays there, carefully listening to Shane's body. The speed of his heart beat. The hitch of his breath. The very subtle tilt of his head. Ilya's own heart is beating rapidly, as he slowly kisses to Shane's shoulder. Shane shifts, and his jaw clenches. His nails dig into Ilya's back. Ilya waits.

Shane tilts his head a tiny inch more. His volatile body flips back and forth from on edge to calm, fighting the instinct to snap at the alpha sniffing and kissing his vulnerable neck.

The first time Ilya tried his luck, Shane grabbed Ilya by his neck and flipped them around. Ilya hadn't even made it to his upper chest before Shane's protective instinct shot out and decided Ilya's alpha was getting too comfortable and needed a reminder he's not in charge here. He bit Ilya on the shoulder hard and squeezed his throat. Ilya forced himself not to react. Some for his safety with a feral Shane on top of him, but mostly because he was used to this omega. It's been tough since the beginning and after so long, Ilya is intimately aware of how to placate this particular omega.

Ilya began by grazing the pads of his fingers along Shane's leg, harmless and nonthreatening. Shane tensed, but he didn't fight back which was a very good sign that this can be fixed. He just needed to be patient. Ilya continued, brushing his fingertips over soft muscular skin. Places he's kissed before time and again, often guided there because Shane loved the attention. He loved the heightened sensitivity and how Ilya was acutely aware of how he liked to be treated. He lavished him with fleeting touches to his waist and legs, teasing Shane, ignoring the way Shane unconsciously chased him.

He's rewarded when Shane's hands go slack around his throat. His legs parted, silently begging for more. His eyes closed, too overwhelmed by the sensation. Ilya doubted Shane was aware he was doing any of this, giving into him. Doing what Ilya wanted. Submitting so beautifully.

An aroma filled the room, captivatingly sweet.

Fuck.

Ilya pushed Shane's hands off him and flipped them. Shane was hard and blissfully docile. He arched into Ilya, eyes dazed and yearning. Ilya cupped his face and kissed him, and he

pinned him to the bed with his body. He lined his cock to Shane's hole and pressed in, fucking right in from how wet and loose Shane was. His slick leaked onto the bed and made the room smell like bitter sugar.

"Such a good omega," Ilya whispered then, and he says again now. He doesn't quite reach Shane's neck. That'll be for another day.

Ilya gives Shane kisses where he wants him most. His lips and cheek, and he swipes his tongue across a short fang. He kisses Shane's freckles, softly chuckling when Shane impatiently glares and chases his lips. He doesn't understand why Ilya adores his freckles so much, but Ilya makes sure to trace them with his lips every time. Shane bites at his jaw and chin in retaliation. Ilya chuckles and teases him more by taking his time.

Shane pulls him deeper into the v of his legs, trying to entice him when the bites don't persuade Ilya to move on. Ilya ignores him, intentionally dodging his seeking thrusts. Shane huffs and gives up, and Ilya rewards him with a kiss.

Satisfied, he slides his tongue into his gasping mouth, at the same time he parts Shane's legs and thrusts inside. "*Fuck*, you're soaking, omega. You'll have to change the sheets."

Shane whimpers and his head rolls back on the pillow. He looks delectably undone, cheeks tinted pink and bitten lips. His black hair a mess on the pillow. The roll of his body every time Ilya thrusts into him, giving them what they both crave. He gasps as Ilya snaps his hips faster, falling deeper in the heated daze the omega's mouthwatering scent drags him in. He lets his alpha instincts kick in and pins Shane's arms on either side of his head.

Shane whines, tilting his head to the side again in a total display of trust. He has to be so far gone. "Alpha."

"Fuck, omega," Ilya curses. His teeth throb, wanting to bite that neck and mark him forever. Shane Hollander was his. He's been his since they met, whether or not Shane knew. The omega was his since that violent display in the video.

Mine.

Knotting an omega without asking is an actual death sentence. If the omega doesn't kill you, the omega's friends and family will. Ilya feels his knot start to inflate, and he makes short, precise thrusts. Shane mewls and tilts his chin with wide, adamant eyes. They look golden brown in this light. Ilya kisses him, fucking him harder.

Ilya grinds down, enjoying for a moment how it'll go once he does claim Shane. How pissed would Shane's parents be? How will Montreal react? That Hayden Pike. Learning Shane let an alpha on their rival team have him so intimately and thoroughly. Omegas are born terrifying with exceptional defense and offense instincts. Their teeth and claws are sharper than alphas. They'll wonder how Ilya Rozanov got his hands on him.

I'm patient and I know what I want.

Shane comes with a breathless cry. Ilya comes shortly after, as far inside as he dares. He doesn't stop kissing Shane, whispering praise as he squeezes around him. Shane falls back on the bed, and Ilya kisses his chest and shoulders. Shane watches him, exhausted. His fangs poke out, and Ilya kisses his slack mouth.

Mine.

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Ilya pulls out an ice bag from his freezer. It's finally cold again after using it all morning. He holds it to his side. His ribs fucking hurt. He got slammed into the boards at a bad angle, getting him right in the ribs. Fucking Chicago. Some Miles guy. New guy who got switched, and he hated Rozanov. He specifically went for him, and it was beyond annoying.

Montreal is playing Chicago today. Ilya told Shane to win for him. Shane scowled at him. He thought Ilya was being dramatic. Whatever. Ilya pouted.

Ilya sits on his couch, grumbling at his aching ribs. He stuffs pillows into his good side to move the pressure off his chest. He puts his feet on the table because Shane isn't here to yell at him.

The game was just starting. It starts out normal, and Ilya immediately spots Shane in all the blue. He is moving with an intensity that's a little odd. He's always intense when he plays, but his movements are not as put together and fluent. He's gripping his stick with a furious sneer. His face is hard, and he's biting into his gear so hard he might snap right through.

Chicago has the puck, but while most of the Montreal team naturally chases down that player, Shane is on the other side. Where Miles is. He's charging right at him, and by the time Miles has the puck, Shane already has him.

Ilya grimaces physically from the loud slam of Miles' body in the boards. Shane's fist landed in his stomach, and Miles went down hard. He hits his head on the ice, and he doesn't move a muscle. Shane is hovering over him with a steel like glare. He says something to Miles, who Ilya is pretty sure is knocked out cold. Medics are called, referees come over, and some of the Chicago players realize what happened. They go after Shane, but he's backed up by Hayden and the other players.

A brawl starts, and the whole room erupts. Ilya pays no mind except for the omega. His omega who took down the player who hurt Ilya. Ilya is trained on Shane, who was yelling and cursing. His eyes shine with golden fire at Miles' limp form.

Ilya is hard as a fucking rock.

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Ilya has faced a lot of terrifying situations. He's been swarmed by a whole team once for talking shit about their coach. He got a little too loud at the table with his father and his fellow police officers. He almost got caught with another man, Sasha, in his bed in Russia. He almost got arrested in Russia, and he had to deal with his father's wrath and his brother's harassment. He hates planes, and he gets scared every time the ride has too much turbulence. Those times he will pray to his mother to help him get to the ground safely. Traveling internationally was intimidating at the beginning, but he's gotten over that fear.

The most terrified he's ever been is right here. Standing in Shane's bedroom. Shane is sitting in his nest, his back on a mountain of pillows. One hand is caressing his chest, playing with his nipple, and his other hand is pumping fingers into his hole with a certain wild desperation. His chest is flushed, sweaty and pink. There are tears in his eyes, intensifying the omega gold. His cock is oozing precome over his belly. By the pool of cum drying on his chest, Ilya could guess Shane has gotten off multiple times already.

The scent of omega in heat is something Ilya has been trained to run far away from. Omegas in heat are when they're the most brutally vicious. Some alphas believe just because the omega is in heat and vulnerable, that they are unable to defend themselves. The truth is, omegas are never more deadly.

Shane's scent is completely overwhelming, filtering in every breath Ilya takes. Cherries and dark chocolate. Ilya's mouth waters at the thick scent, enchanted to stay where he is. His head is turning hazy, as his alpha rumbles and watches the beautiful omega holding him hostage. His teeth throb, pounding in his head, and the urge to bite and claim Shane forever takes front and center in his list of priorities.

The speed of which Shane is fucking himself with his fingers looks painful. It's an odd angle and will never be enough. No, he was showing off. He was holding the alpha captive, hooking his claws into him.

"I want your knot," Shane states. Ilya almost laughs at the stern of his voice.

"Do you?" Ilya asks.

Shane whimpers at the sound of his voice, moving his fingers faster and scissoring them. Slick was pouring out of him, covering his glistening thighs and dirty sheets. Ilya studies the nest, and the many pillows and blankets are carefully arranged. He knew Shane would make the best nests. Very scientific and precise.

Ilya has never been in a nest before. He didn't think he ever would. They are dangerous, and an alpha only gets invited in if the omega trusts them explicitly. Ilya has always wondered how comfortable they are. He's sure Shane's nest was the most satisfying and warm place to be.

"Give me your knot," Shane says roughly.

“Hm.” Ilya removes his shirt and tosses it on the floor, taking advantage of Shane being too far gone into his heat to admonish him. He undoes his pants and pulls out his cock. He's hard already, ever since he first smelled the omega. Ever since he followed Shane’s instructions and drove to the middle of nowhere to his cottage. It’s where Shane spends his heats, and he can tell by smell and knowing Shane that he was the first person who’s ever been invited here.

His alpha is snapping his jaws, ready to claim. He lazily strokes himself. “You want this?”

Shane’s intimidation crumples. He squirms and whines, pupils blown. A tear breaks free and falls over his cheek and to his lips. His eyes are so open, needy and pained. He nods and cries.

“Ask me nicely.”

Shane comes as soon as the order is said. His hand flies over his cock. He sobs and looks absolutely miserable. “Please, alpha. Please give me your knot. Knot me. Breed me. I don’t fucking care - just please give me your knot. I hurt so bad, alpha.”

Shane is completely gone. He’s trembling and crying, and he’s stroking his poor cock. He has four fingers in his hole, and the angle has to be hard on his wrist.

“My sweet omega.” Ilya’s heart hurts for him. “Stop touching yourself and present for your alpha. Show me how good you are.”

Shane removes his hand, looking absolutely broken and miserable, and gets on his hands and knees. He sticks his ass in the air and presses his cheek to the bed. There is slick everywhere. It’s pouring out of Shane, and his scent is heightening, yelling at the alpha to come and take.

“Fuck,” Ilya curses. He strokes his cock more firmly. “Invite me into your nest.”

Shane stretches his hips, getting more comfortable. His skin is on fire, and his hole produces more slick. “Will you please get in my nest? Please, Ilya.”

Ilya carefully moves into the nest, doing his best not to ruin the setup in any way. Shane worked on it, he is sure the omega wouldn’t want the alpha to make a dent in his hard work. He can tell it's perfectly constructed and sturdy. It’s as comfortable and put together as he expected. Shane has probably done research on how to make the most efficient and satisfactory nest. Used different styles and tactics for the most comfort. He probably made multiple nests until he found the right one for him that made his omega happiest.

Ilya’s heart is racing. Shane doesn’t move when he parts his cheeks, not even when Ilya presses his thumb to his rim and coaxes more slick to drip free. His scent is strongest here, making Ilya dizzy with need. He kisses his left cheek, and then dives in to lick over his hole.

Holy fuck he tastes good.

He puts his lips over his entrance and *sucks*. Shane shouts, sobbing and shaking as Ilya properly eats him out. Ilya gets his slick all over his lips, tongue, and chin, covering himself

with the omega's smell. He watches his omega with eyes that are alpha red. He can taste how badly Shane needs him, hears his shattered begging, and he's crying into his pillow. He doesn't sound like he's in pain anymore, which is an improvement.

"I could drink you for hours," Ilya purrs, licking his lips. He probably could. Slick was gushing out of the omega's hole. He could slip right in, bottoming out with no resistance. The boiling heat snugly around his cock and knot.

Shane must be getting impatient. He moans and arches his back some more, bringing his ass higher on display. Ilya stares in awe, reaching out to touch the omega's back dimples and gorgeous skin. His lovely spine and curves. The perfect image of submission, enticing his dazed alpha to knot him.

"Such a good fucking omega," Ilya praises. He hovers over Shane's back, caressing and kissing anywhere he can reach. He rubs his cockhead over the omega's hole and thrusts in and doesn't stop until he bottoms out.

They both groan. Shane trembles underneath him, taking deep breaths. Ilya kisses his shoulder blade and back, slowly making his way to the omega's neck. Shane tilts his head with a loud moan, and Ilya finally brings his mouth to his long neck. He's sweaty and burning up from his heat. Ilya pulls out and thrusts back in, and the sound of skin slapping echoes in the room. He does it again, stirring more whiny moans and whimpers from Shane.

Ilya pounds into Shane, hips snapping forward fast and brutal. His mind is slowly becoming not his own. His alpha is taking over, digging his fingers into Shane's hips to prevent him from leaving. Hold him down and never let go. Ilya opens his jaw wide and mouths at Shane's neck, scraping his fangs over the delicate skin and pulse.

"Alpha, oh my god," Shane cries. He shifts to meet his thrusts. His hand finds Ilya's thigh and squeezes.

Ilya intertwines their fingers and kisses behind Shane's ear. "I love you."

"I love you too," Shane gasps. "I'll love you even more if you knot me."

Ilya chuckles and kisses Shane's nape. He grinds into Shane's hole, gripping Shane's hair to pull him to his knees. His chest to his back, and he rolls his hips. "Have you earned my knot, omega?"

Shane sobs with tear stained cheeks, and Ilya's alpha physically can't handle his omega in pain anymore. Especially not with his fevered body milking his cock for all it's worth. He was squeezing him, and Ilya groans as his knot begins to form, tugging on Shane's hole.

Of course Shane would take what he said as a challenge.

"Give me your knot," Shane begs. "I-I need it, please. Please, alpha. I need it so bad. It *hurts*."

Ilya shushes him and guides him on his stomach. He kisses his slack mouth and cheek. He tastes salt from his tears. He is still kissing him when he knots him. He kisses his freckles and nose and temple. Shane cries out when he comes again, stuffed with Ilya's knot. He's trembling and gasping for air. Ilya pets his hair and back. He doesn't envy an omega in heat.

"Alpha," Shane whimpers, chasing his comfort.

"You're okay, sweetheart. You did so good. Sweet omega," Ilya soothes. He moves them to their sides and plants another kiss to his nape. "I love you so much. You're safe."

Shane brings Ilya's arms around his middle and snuggles back into his chest. He finally stopped crying, and he's no longer burning up. Ilya awkwardly reaches for a water bottle on the nightstand and brings it to his lips. "Drink, Shane. You need water."

Shane tiredly groans, more exhausted than Ilya has ever seen him. Ilya has to hold the bottle as he drinks. Once he's done, Ilya places it back and wraps his whole body around Shane. He kisses his cheek and neck, and Shane tilts his head, submitting to him completely. There wasn't a drop of tension or fight in him.

Ilya's eyes burn with his own tears. His alpha couldn't be happier. Shane and his omega trusts him entirely, letting him into his nest and helping him through his heat. Ilya never thought he'd ever get this. He's been alone for so long, and he finally has someone who means so much to him. Who loves him back.

Shane sleeps while Ilya cries and covers him in kisses and small bites. Claiming the omega back with his scent. His heart hurts in the best way.

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Ilya left Shane alone for three minutes. *Three minutes*. Shortest time. He ran coming back. Stupid people in grocery store.

He finds Shane where he left him in the dairy aisle shopping for his special yogurt. He's no longer looking at the options. No, he's too busy staring at the knothead bothering him.

Unfortunately, the alpha probably did recognize the Shane Hollander and wanted simply to say hi. He was smiling innocently and failing to register the very dangerous way the omega was watching him. Eyes narrowed and lips twitching. Shane's hand is on the slight curve of his midsection, protective and displaying all the signs for the alpha to go away. The alpha is not catching it, or stupid enough to disregard Shane's very clear stiff stance.

Then the damn idiot holds out his hand to shake. Shane bares his fangs. Ilya makes it over in time to stop any mutilation. He steps between them and shoves the shocked alpha away. "Get away. Are you fucking stupid? You are alpha and you cannot recognize angry omega? Does he smell good to you?"

“Oh.” The stupid alpha pales. He looks at Shane, who’s thankfully staying behind Ilya. He smells bitter, and Ilya wrinkles his nose. He would comfort and make Shane smell nice again, but he needs to handle this first. “I didn’t know-“

“Stop looking at him,” Ilya growls. “You don’t approach pregnant omega in public unless you want to die. Avert your eyes and get the fuck out.”

Finally the alpha rushes away, muttering dumb apologies. Ilya sighs and turns to Shane, who’s still glaring where the alpha disappeared.

Ilya cups his face and gently gets him to look at him. He kisses his mouth and cheek. He pets his hair and neck. “My vicious omega. So scary. Come back to me?”

Shane blinks, relenting to his alpha. His alpha. Ilya’s heart flutters, knowing Shane only submits to him now. He smiles shyly, and Ilya kisses him harder, nipping at his bottom lip. Shane chuckles and tries to fight him off. “Stop!”

“But my omega is so scary,” Ilya groans. He pouts and places his hands on Shane’s round stomach. “You know it turns me on to see you make alpha pee his pants.”

Shane blushes and covers his hands with his. He smiles, showing off his fangs. He does it so innocently and adorably, and Ilya’s heart squeezes. He has to kiss him again.

“If our baby is omega, I can’t promise I will say no to anything she says.”

Shane sighs and takes his hand to go back to shopping. “I know.”

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