

Feral Hours: Vol III

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Feral Hours: Vol III

by [polaris_x](#)

Summary

A short excerpt from a time that is deemed the "feral hours" by Ilya Rosanov.

Notes

Just a few quick notes:

- #1 and it might be obvious, but this is omegaverse - in that, I used masculine terms for Shane's body but left it sort of ambiguous for the reader to decide exactly what he's got going on omega wise.
- #2 although not featured, the pair have two kids already, Nikolai and Alina, Anya is also probably there but not referenced - this is during pregnancy 3.
- #3 time is irrelevant, careers are irrelevant, schedules are irrelevant, just feral Shane hours

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

Shane found it nearly impossible to sit still, which was likely the first red flag that he should have recognized well before he started to feel that steady thrum beneath his skin. This wasn't the typical instincts, oh no, this wasn't just those nesting moods or clingy moods, this was an entirely different beast to manage. He was currently in the second trimester, his stomach starting to round out, far quicker than it had with his first pregnancy. It was warm outside, meaning that he was even more desperate now for some breathable and loose fabrics that didn't bother him too deeply. Ilya had always encouraged the more minimal clothing options, had even bought him a whole collection of new soft knit sets, but sometimes they seemed like too much. Too revealing or too close to spilling some secret, though the whole world was now well aware that he was an omega. That didn't seem to matter the night before though, he had slipped into one of the sets, one with buttons up the top and shorts that sat nicely against his upper-thigh without any unnecessary chafing. It was certainly nothing too far out of his comfort zone, in a reasonable color, and not some like some of the questionable prints and colors that were hidden further back in his closet, such as the leopard print ones. All of that was to say, he should have known. It was like this was Nikolai, it was like this with Alina, and baby number three was absolutely no exception. He knew that Ilya wouldn't mind, would be over the moon about it, eager to satisfy any of the pregnancy cravings that came along, especially this one.

This time felt different than the past ones though. Now there were more little humans running around, which meant that the "Feral Month" as had been coined by Ilya, might look a lot different this go around. This month usually hit around mid-to-late second trimester and was a perilous month for Shane. Though he admittedly was already quite eager anyway, this month meant he was on a hair trigger, sensitive to anything and everything. It always started with restlessness, soon followed by the inability to concentrate at times when Ilya was in the room. Then came the next wave, the sleepless nights and the unbearable emptiness that clawed away at him. Most nights he'd wake up squirming uncomfortably in bed, slick soaking through his clothes. He managed to keep it together in public and other locations, but there was still that flaring heat anywhere and anytime, on the couch, standing in the kitchen, laying outside, even that one far too embarrassing time in the grocery store that he never wanted to speak of again. It had all become typical for him, but that didn't make it easier. It was already difficult enough for him to accept being an omega someday, and this seemed to fully put that designation in bold font and underlined. It was a process, something they had to adapt to, and they had managed before. Shane was sure they'd make it through again, with their own flare of course.

The real and final signal that brought Shane to a screeching halt was on a random Tuesday in the middle of the night. The rain pounded methodically against the siding and Shane jolted out of sleep with a gasp. His brain felt fuzzy, his stomach felt warm, and there was a pooling of heat that was drawing his legs tightly together. He bit his lip, a whine nearly escaping into the room. The shorts he had pulled on the night before felt so irritating against his sensitive skin, but even more so as they stuck to his skin. He sucked his lip into his mouth, realizing just how desperate he was feeling. Ilya always joked that he had an oral fixation, always needing something to occupy his mouth, and now it was all that Shane could think about. He

grunted as he realized the suffering he was experiencing at the expense of throwing on the pair of shorts without anything beneath. A rash decision to avoid being naked against the sheets last night. He could feel just how wet he was, the scent was starting to spill into the air as well. A sweetness that might be suffocating to some, but one that mirrored just how fuzzy Shane felt. He clenched the sheets in his fist as the emptiness appeared, a tingling, a need that burned through his veins. A low noise finally escaped as he reached for the bedside lamp, eagerly slapping the button. A soft, warm light filled the room which thankfully was the ticket to waking up Ilya from his sound sleep. Ilya's hand appeared first, resting against Shane's waist in question. Shane squirmed under the touch, the scent of slick thick in the air. Ilya's eyes immediately popped open.

Shane was quick to push Ilya's hand off him, needing something more that wasn't that. He needed something now, in a way that he couldn't even articulate. His tongue felt heavy in his mouth, skin flushed, a sheen of sweat beginning to glisten against his skin.

"What is it, *kotenok*?" Ilya's voice was rough and sleep-laced. Shane tried to keep it together, but his legs seemed to tighten as he tried to get any friction to quell the ache.

"It's here," Shane replied, steadying his voice enough but conveying the sweet danger behind his words. His eyes, pupils likely overtaking the deep brown, tracked over to Ilya. Ilya's top half was completely bare, the sheets resting cruelly against the cut of his hips. Shane was sure that he was bare beneath the sheets, a thought that seared its way into Shane's brain. Once again he squirmed, slick continually to dirty his shorts. Ilya's gaze took in every inch of Shane's body. It was only a few moments before everything seemed to click, a mischievous gleam appearing in Ilya's insufferable blue eyes, lips quirking into a smirk. A smirk that Shane wanted to condemn or deem absolutely illegal, but his brain was just looping over how hot Ilya looked. His bare skin illuminated by the moonlight, sculpted torso, moles, scattered hair and all, perfectly laid out for Shane. That wasn't even beginning to touch on his scent, something that Shane seemed to be even more addicted to during pregnancy. Likely a biological thing, keep the omega and alpha together, but Shane found it impossible to stop himself.

"Feral Omega Month?" Ilya questioned, the words dripping from his lips like honey. Eyes that conveyed every little dirty thing he wanted to do to Shane right here right now. It wouldn't take much at this point to send Shane over the edge, but he didn't have time for any ounce of teasing. He was sure he already looked wrecked, hooded eyes, clenched thighs, swollen lips, and dangerous and desperate gleam.

"Ilya Rosanov, if you don't get over here and do something, I'm using the glass dildo from the bottom drawer and you are going to have to watch," he threatened, which was enough to send Ilya spiraling and moving as Shane was very serious in his threats. Ilya sat up, the blanket pooling lower to reveal more and more of his freckled and deliciously bare skin. Ilya cupped Shane's face, drawing him in for sweet kisses. The sweetness was soon replaced with pure, unabashed filthy and all-consuming. It wasn't long into the kissing before Shane had somehow made his way into Ilya's lap, now completely nude. Shane dragged his slick core against Ilya's hard cock. There was no lead, no preamble, just pure feral hormones. His shorts were now somewhere across the room, unceremoniously removed from his body. Shane would likely flush beet red if he could see the gleam of the moonlight against the wetness on the inseam. It was going to most definitely be an Ilya issue later.

“Fuck, kotenok, you look glorious, the most gorgeous creature to ever walk the earth,” Ilya’s hands held onto his hips, helping guide his movements so Shane wouldn’t tire out too quickly. His thumbs skimmed the soft surface of his hips, tanned skin from the summer days and stretch marks from the many stages of his life.

Shane pressed himself against Ilya in desperation, as though his body thought fusing with him would be necessary. Ilya pulled back just a bit to raise a brow in question, which Shane nodded quickly for, allowing Ilya to carefully shift so Shane was pressed against the warm sheets. His legs tightened on Ilya’s bare hips, needing some friction against his aching core that he wasn’t getting. “Please,” he whined, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s neck and tugging him closer.

“Careful, kotenok, I need to get you ready,” Ilya barely managed to get that out before Shane was pressing their lips together, as though he was desperate for the air right from Ilya’s lungs.

“”M all ready,” Shane ensured, not even giving it too much thought as he reached out for Ilya’s hard cock, pressing it up against his glistening hole. “Just need you,” he felt like he was going to burn a hole in the mattress while also fearful that if he didn’t fix the emptiness he might die right here on this way to damn big mattress.

“No no, kotenok, you need some prep, promise you’ll thank me for it later,” Ilya chided, but he was quick to rub a calloused thumb against Shane’s throbbing cock, collecting some of the wetness to press his middle finger into Shane’s hole without much more preamble. Shane collapsed against the mattress with a desperate groan, feeling like he was finally getting what he needed, but just scratching the surface. He tried to ride the digit, desperate for the touch, but Ilya pressed his hip into the mattress with a clicking of his tongue. Shane’s head was swimming, but he grabbed at Ilya’s hand, prompting him to push in another finger beside the first. Shane’s hands clenched the sheets in desperation, moans tumbling out from his puffy pink lips as he clawed at Ilya, whining anything that he could to get the blonde to just shove his cock in next.

“Pretty, pretty, kotenok, we have returned to a glorious time,” Ilya’s voice showcased the reverence he had, pressed up against Shane’s hip as his fingers moved to quickly get Shane stretched out and prepared. It was likely very unnecessary, just a viscous and cruel act on Ilya’s part. Or at least that was how Shane was feeling as the desperation clawed at him. Insides feeling like mush, hormones, and an endless loop of Ilya’s name and Alpha.

“Hurry it up down there,” Shane pleaded, his own hand reaching down to roll his cock between his thumb and forefinger. He dropped his head back again, Ilya clearly struggling with continuing with prep, but desperately shoving one last finger into Shane to complete the task at hand. Shane felt a searing feeling rip through his body, so close to the edge he knew it wouldn’t take much else. He continued to rub at his cock. Ilya crooked his fingers just right and that was that. Shane clenched tightly on Ilya’s digits, riding them desperately as his first orgasm ripped through his body. It wasn’t enough, but he did drop his hand away from his cock due to the initial tingling of oversensitivity.

“Yes, kotenok, nothing has ever been more beautiful, you are more gorgeous creature on planet for sure— unearthly being,” Ilya babbled as he pulled his fingers out. Shane reached down for him, tugging him up with a pout to get more kisses as he started to feel more clingy

in his sensitivity. Ilya pressed about a dozen pecks against Shane's lips as Shane ran his hair through Ilya's sleep-mussed curls.

Shane pulled away to rest his forehead against Ilya's, a small but devious smile growing across his face. His hand slid down to where Ilya's cock was pressed between them. "Ilya Rosanov, if this cock isn't in me in the next minute, the glass dildo is going to see the light of the day and you'll be a sorry spectator," Shane bit his lip after that, grinding up toward Ilya. He had said it as though he was asking for a lunch order, not threatening to derail the entire night with his feral antics.

"Jesus, Hollander, you might do your poor husband in with threats like that," Ilya grabbed his face in his, pressing a few more searing kisses before he shifted so he could line his dick up properly. "No condom, da?" he questioned, though it was often dangerous to ask during feral hours if he delayed the satisfaction of Shane's cravings.

"Ilya, cock inside now," Shane's voice had a slightly intimidating intensity, cheeks pinkened, pupils blown out, body glistening with sweat and his own wetness.

Ilya didn't wait for greater preamble, but did earn a smack on the shoulder when he teased Shane by grinding the tip of his cock roughly against Shane's own. He did it one or two times more than intended, teeth clenching at the pleasure before he pushed into Shane's soaking wet, stretched hole. Shane didn't like waiting, so he continued to press, a huge grin stretching across Shane's face when their hips met. It was almost as though he was enjoying a warm bath at the end of the day, not being stretched out by Ilya's cock in the middle of the night. Ilya didn't initially thrust, giving Shane a few moments of satisfaction before he began a slow roll of his hips. Ilya's hands stroked against his growing stomach, movements indicating his adoration of the man splayed out in front of him.

Shane looked like the cat who got the cream, grinding down toward Ilya's cock, lip between his teeth and hands now reaching out to grip Ilya's shoulders. Ilya took the hint and started to increase the pace of his thrusts, always careful of his state, but also knowing just how much Shane needed it in these moment. Even just the smallest droplet of water seemed to help cool the flames that seemed to overtake his body. He seemed to content in this moment sprawled out against the mattress, Ilya lifting his legs over his hips to get a more comfortable angle as he rearranged the pillows for the umpteenth time.

"See, Omega, no need for the dildo, just your attention Alpha ready to save the day," Ilya spoke, pressing Shane even further into the bed as he found another otherworldly angle.

"Just fuck me, less words," Shane grunted, hands tangling into Ilya's hair as a wave of pure desperation ran through him. He was starting to squirm, trying to meet Ilya's thrusts, trying just about anything to make him feel an ounce better. Ilya seemed to get the point though, hand drifting to rub against his cock, fingers brushing against it in a way that was unfairly and stupidly skilled, and pulling Shane further and further from lucidity. Shane in a few hours would absolutely cringe at the amount of slick that had grown between the two of them, the sounds utterly filthy as Ilya's movements continued.

"Close?" Ilya asked, though Shane knew he already knew that was the case. Shane's hole fluttered around Ilya's cock, clenching as he was brought closer and closer to climax.

“Hurry up already,” Shane barked, once again biting his lips as he let the pleasure overtake his body. Ilya looked ethereal in the lamp-light, sweat and slick glistening against his sun-kissed skin. There was something so delicious that was fogging Shane’s brain about Ilya in the summertime. Ilya reached one hand up to Shane’s face, probably the one that had once been used to painstakingly open him up, but Shane didn’t care. Ilya certainly didn’t as he pressed those fingers into Shane’s mouth, letting him suck on the digits eagerly as Shane felt that familiar build-up. He moaned around the digits, but Ilya didn’t stop. An alpha level feat as he continued to fuck Shane deeper into the mattress, Shane’s body finally giving way as he felt the slick spurt from his body. Shane cried out against the fingers, Ilya pulling them free before he started to thrust even that much faster for a few seconds before he too gave way.

“Kotenok, Omega, Shane— fuck,” Ilya rambled, pressed completely to the hilt before releasing inside of Shane. Shane’s omega seemed to purr with that, settling just for a moment to allow Shane to relax back against the mattress. “I think you have killed me yet again, I do not believe I will survive this feral month,” Ilya huffed, dropping down onto the sheets that would probably need to be stripped and changed out pronto.

“You did alright,” Shane spoke, eyes closed but the small smile on his face indicating that he was just being an ass for the fun of it.

“You are a dangerous, dangerous man— asshole too— but dangerous asshole,” Ilya now had an arm thrown over his head, chest rising and falling with a little more effort than was normally required.

This month might be the death of them this time around. Far more tired than they would have been in the past, less time, less space, and less ability to just drop everything— but they would make it, they always did. Admittedly this might be more enjoyable than other growing pains in their relationship, but Shane was just excited for the days ahead and whatever was lurking, he was sure they’d figure it out eventually.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! If you would like to drop a kudos or a comment, I would greatly appreciate that! I might have more in the pipeline for them or something to satisfy the brain-worm I have regarding the two of them having their kids and trying to navigate mentoring a rookie added to Ottawa, a fresh new face who has the perfect amount of nerd and skill for Shane but the beautiful car collection and love for men and women to let Ilya to continue growing his Thanos gauntlet of LGBTQ+ players.

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