

New Hurt Values

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New Hurt Values

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

shane gets caught off guard. enter rarely feral ilya to lose control. + protective pack

Notes

when i started this series, i didn't at all plan to write a one shot where shane is the one who gets hurt and ilya save him. it's just not something i wanted to do in this non traditional omegaverse but then i thought why not? omega shane is still badass here and it's time for a little feral af ilya to come in and do some damage and show everyone his omega may do all the fighting but that doesn't mean he won't kill when shane can't.

hope u enjoy this short one shot :) read the tags !!

Ilya Rozanov cannot relax.

He was with Jackie, who was the better Pike of the two, watching Disney movies with their children. Nikolai was showing Arthur and Amber how to properly play as dragons conquering cities and wild forests. Arthur is the voice of reason, stating which dragons can fly and which can talk. He creates a certain dance for different things, and whether a dragon was a fire dragon or a water dragon.

Effy is playing with makeup with the twins at the table. Her hair is in funny, messy ponytails, while the twins have their hair in careful, straight braids and bows after studiously watching a video online to replicate. Effy is definitely going to be one in charge of doing her teammates' hair throughout her entire hockey career.

Jackie is talking about something, and Ilya does try earnestly to pay attention. Unfortunately for Hayden, Jackie was one of Ilya's close friends. They hangout a lot while Shane is playing. She is kind to talk to, and she works at home so she's always available to talk or take the kids to the park or zoo. Between her and Shane's parents, Ilya is very lucky.

But Ilya can't calm down. He doesn't know what's wrong with him. His kids are safe and having fun nearby. Jackie cooked a delicious meal, and she made them all hot cocoa. Ilya would normally get in the comfy blankets and listen to Jackie complain about her job or Hayden while they drink some wine. Ilya loves hearing about all Hayden does to make her angry no matter how small. He doesn't put the dishes in the sink. He doesn't throw his dirty clothes in the hamper. He gets home too late and closes the front door too loud.

Shane does silly things like change Ilya's yummy breakfast drinks to something disgusting, or change the white bread to wheat bread. He'll try to change something in the kitchen for a healthier alternative that is tasteless and revolting. He wouldn't be Shane if he didn't do any of that.

"Ilya?" Jackie asks. "Are you alright?"

A small jolt zaps through him like a shockwave, and Ilya cocks his head and straightens his back. The hair on the back of his neck and arms rise, searching for something. A threat. Whatever this abnormality was, it refuses to be ignored anymore. His body was on high-alert, but Ilya can't see or hear anything. Earlier before dinner, he paced the house and even the backyard hunting for something lurking. He didn't find anything, but the sensation of being watched never went down. The feeling surged, like a dial continuously turning, exposing his wired nerves.

Ilya scratches his neck, antsy and heart racing. He places a finger to his mating mark, using the small dents made from Shane's teeth to soothe himself. If he concentrates, he can smell cherries dripped in honey. Shane's scent forever mixed with Ilya's, marking him for life.

"I'm okay," Ilya eventually says. Shane's scent does its job and puts a lid to his overly anxious and spiraling nervous system circulating his blood like a shark.

Jackie doesn't look convinced. Before Ilya can say something to possibly translate this bizarre and complex feeling into actual words, saliva pools in his mouth. A wave of nausea spreads in his stomach, but it's faint and unstable. Not really there, so he shoves down his body's push to throw up.

His center of gravity tilts, and he grabs for the couch. He cocks his head, tilting his head left to right, eyes searching for fucking anything his alpha instincts are trying to warn him about. His ears are perked, his hearing sharpening into knife points.

He winces as pain radiates in his head, like a pounding of a drum. Just like the nausea, it's an echo to the real thing. A tease. A commanding call.

"Papulya?"

Ilya blinks rapidly, and then he sees the blurry vision of his daughter. Her natural scent is soured with worry. Effy stands in front of him, concern etched on her little face. She has a hand on his knee.

"Papa?" she asks again, voice surprisingly steady. Her brown eyes widen, and her lips wobble. "They're red, Auntie Jackie."

"It's okay, honey," Jackie says.

She says something else, but it's unintelligible. Ilya kisses his daughter's forehead, so he doesn't scare her. Her scent normally calms his alpha down, but for some reason it only heightens the alarm holding him hostage. His balance is off, and he feels sick.

Ilya touches his neck, fingering the marks of Shane's teeth again. Shane is out with the team at a bar not far from here. He missed him, but he hadn't realized how much. He felt propelled to go to him, bring him back to their nest and kiss all over.

For some reason, his alpha roars, pissed off and loud, and the resulting vertigo is stifling. His head is killing him in short jolts of debilitating pain. The pain doesn't belong to him, though, and neither did the nausea.

Shane.

Ilya shoots to his feet, and he has a moment of recollection to make sure he doesn't knock Effy to the floor by accident. His heart races, reverberating off his bones. His vision narrows, and the mystery magnet pull was suddenly becoming excruciatingly clear.

He looks at the blurry shape of Jackie. He thinks he says something along the lines of *Shane* and *need to go*. Is he talking?

"Ilya, is everything alright?"

Ilya is already racing to the front door, and he grabs his keys. He shouldn't drive in this state, but all he can think about is getting to where Shane is now. He can't get there quickly on foot, and he might attack someone who tries to stop him.

He remembers getting in the car and grabbing the wheel with clawed hands. He turns on the car, and he follows his screaming instincts. He slams on the accelerator and drives.

It's not a good sign he has no memory of driving. The bar wasn't far, and it's sort of hard to get to. He's been there many times before, and he knows where the parking lot is. However his animal brain has completely taken over, and he parks directly in front of the front door. He almost hits two cars and three people. He hears loud shouting, but he runs inside.

He's openly snarling, and his fangs are out. He's breathing hard, as he shoves through the crowd. There's so many people around, but none of them is his mate. *None of them is Shane. Shane. Shane.*

Where the fuck is Shane.

He recognizes the scent of pack, and he follows it like a bloodhound. More shouting as he runs into someone, more imbalanced by his tight skin and raw need to kill if he doesn't find his mate.

"Ilya?"

It's Hayden. Ilya's eyes burn. "Shane," he growls the only word he knows through his fangs.

"He said he was going to the bathroom," Hayden says. "Is he okay?"

Ilya is already gone. He storms to the hallway with the bathrooms. He slams the door wide open, scaring someone at the sinks. Ilya bares his fangs and growls in frustration. He sees nothing but red as he runs into every room, every table, the kitchen, all bathrooms.

Fucking nothing. He can't fucking breathe.

Ilya catches a hint of cherries. It's faint but there, rotting and bitter, and Ilya goes after it. He's not a man - he's an alpha willing to rip through people and metal doors to get to his omega.

His omega who didn't smell right.

He reaches the back alley, and the door hits the wall from his strength. Immediately he smells the strong scent of his mate. It's sickly and wrong.

Ilya finds him to his left.

Shane is laying flat on the gravel ground on his belly. His arm covers his face, shoulders to his ears and curled into himself. His claws are out, lengthening and shortening against his control. They slice into his own skin from where he's hiding his face. He moves very little, sluggish and weak.

There's a man on top of him, pulling on Shane's clothes and hair with one hand. His other hand pinches the back of the omega's neck, scruffing him into a forced submission in his already drugged state.

Ilya sees red.

He grabs his prey by the throat, sinking his claws under his jaw and throws him into the wall. He grabs him by the collar and rams his fist into his face. Over and over. Bones crack and blood spurts on the ground and Ilya's shirt.

He grabs the man's right hand, the same hand that made his omega submit against his will. The hand that made him vulnerable and unable to fight. Shane would've broken every bone in his body and bathed in his blood.

Ilya will do it for him. He may not have Shane's incredibly sharp claws or his very long, poisonous fangs, but Ilya can make his prey suffer just the same.

He bites the other alpha's hand, and blood fills his mouth. The man tries to scream, and Ilya bites and punches his throat until it's black and blue. His voice is crushed by powerful hits, scratchy and painful. His cheekbones and jaw are broken. Ilya grins at him with blood on his fangs and lips. He looks demented with fire red alpha eyes.

"Shane!"

Ilya freezes at the sound of his mate's name. His ears stop roaring, and it's then he hears a heart wrenching sob. It's Shane, and he races over to where his pack was making a barrier around the barely conscious omega. Hayden was trying to talk to him while he rubs his back.

Shane flinches. Ilya snarls, and his fiery red eyes land on Hayden.

Hayden rushes out of the way when Ilya stalks over to his mate, oozing tension and revenge. "He drugged my omega," Ilya says to Hayden. "You either finish where I left off or you get him to prison forever. If you do not, I will snap your neck for letting Shane get hurt."

Hayden pales. "I didn't think--"

"Yes, you didn't fucking think!" Ilya yells. He gets in Hayden's face. "Shane protects you, and you can't protect him! What good are you besides waste of space?"

Hayden's eyes flash red, and he bares his teeth. "I didn't mean for him to get hurt! I never believed someone would roffie him. I want to kill that son of a bitch just as much as you do, Rozanov. Fuck you!"

"Neither of you are helping Shane."

Ilya turns to Harris, who's crouched in front of Shane and talking quietly to him. Ilya takes the other omega's place, and instantly Shane crawls into his lap to breathe in his scent gland.

Ilya coos at Shane, heart hurting to hear his omega cry and panic in his arms. He caresses his hair and cheek. Shane whimpers and leans into him, eyes gold and lashes wet with tears.

Ilya kisses his forehead, cupping his jaw and brushing his cheek with his thumb to scent him. "You're okay, omega. I'm here. You were calling for me, weren't you, sweetheart? You did so well."

Shane's eyes are filled with rage and sadness, overflowing with tears dipped in gold. He's shaking fiercely, and his fangs are short. Ilya wants to kill that man for taking his omega's choices and his control over his own body. That worthless asshole forced his omega to submit, and now Boodram is dragging his limp form to the police.

Ilya lifts Shane in his arms and stands. "Let's get you out of here, lyubimyy. To our nice nest. You'll live in my arms until you beg me to let you go."

Shane tucks his face in his neck, greedy for his comforting scent. He's still shaking slightly and breathing hard. His fingers dig into Ilya's hair, and he wraps his legs tighter around his alpha's waist. "Did you kill him?" he croaks.

"No," Ilya says. "But I did break his face, he won't be able to talk for weeks, and I bit off a finger. Pretty sure Bood broke his arm."

Ilya has to ask Hayden to call Jackie to drive them. He won't ask Shane to let him go, and his alpha doesn't want to let go of his hurt omega either to drive home. Shane was still affected by the drug, and he says nothing until they get home. Effy and Nikolai will stay with Jackie, and their baby will stay with Yuna and David.

The first thing they do when they get home is take a bath because the stench of that alpha was still on Shane's clothes. Shane clings to his arm and side, whining when Ilya steps away for a second to grab Shane's favorite soap. Ilya undresses them, and he helps them both into the bath. Shane sits between his legs with Ilya caging him with his whole body. A safe place and protector from the whole world.

Ilya kisses Shane's lips, nose, and eyebrows. "My big, strong omega of mine."

He thumbs Shane's freckles, falling into his habit of counting them. He continues kissing him as he washes Shane's body, taking great pleasure and meticulous care to wash his hair and massage his scalp.

Ilya nips Shane's throat. Shane rests his head on his chest and looks at him through his eyelashes. His eyes are back to an almond brown. The way Shane looks at him steals his breath away. "You keep looking at me like that, I will become overbearing alpha and never let you out of my sight."

"Is that a threat?" Shane asks, frowning.

Ilya's heart is going to explode in his chest. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," Shane says with a small smile. The points of his fangs poke out. "Take me to our nest. Please."

"My vicious omega's wish is my command."

Ilya dresses Shane in his bigger clothes. Shane stuffs his face in the sleeves and goes to the kitchen to watch Ilya make him something to eat. He sticks close to his side, smiling when he's given a ginger ale. Once they're done, they go upstairs, and Shane waits for Ilya to get

comfortable before he crawls into their nest. He lays directly on top of him with his face in his alpha's neck.

Ilya caresses his hair and rubs his back. Shane clutches Ilya's shirt, claws scratching the fabric. He wraps himself like a vise around Ilya. His scent is less sour and miserable, returning to his bitter cherry and dark chocolate aroma.

Ilya tilts Shane's head to look at him. Shane sleepily blinks at him. "You protect me. I protect you. You're not the only killer here."

Ilya bares his fangs, and Shane lets out a sound between a giggle and a snort. He puts his cheek back on his alpha's chest.

"You rest," Ilya soothes. "I watch over you. Gives me time to count your beautiful freckles again."

"Again?"

"Yes. I got to 62, but I must make sure that is right."

Shane's tension bleeds out as he falls asleep in the safety of his alpha's arms. Ilya doesn't sleep at all.

He counts 64. Which means he has to count again.

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