

Scent Drunk With Love

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Scent Drunk With Love

by [Robin_Ur_House](#)

Summary

After getting home from the cottage, Shane (Stressed out of his mf mind) needs a good nest and a cuddle with his alpha, and who is Ilya to deny him?

Spoiler: Your Honor, they're feral for each other.

Notes

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

Ilya watched as Shane moved through the cottage like he was on the ice, tearing off his shoes and cutting through the living room faster than Ilya could blink before disappearing off into the bedroom.

He stood for a few moments in confusion, slowly toeing off his shoes before following after his newly minted boyfriend. His inner alpha preened at the title, one step closer to mates. He smiled at that before he froze in the doorway to their shared room. Shane had torn off his clothes, save for his boxers, and was piling clothes from his dresser onto the bed, alongside blankets, pillows, and even some of Ilya's clothes from the dresser drawer Shane had made for him when he arrived at the cottage.

Watching Shane arrange the pile of clothing on their bed made something click in his brain. Shane was building a nest; the stressed omega pheromones he'd been assaulted with since Shane's father found them making out on the porch finally easing as Shane built up the walls of his nest.

It was surprisingly structured, creating a nice circular pit with high walls. Ilya watched Shane pull out a small fan, clip it onto the headboard of his bed, and bend it down into the nest before he switched it on.

Shane settled on his knees, a large blanket in his hands, before turning his big brown eyes onto Ilya. He thrust the blanket out, whining in the back of his throat to get the Alpha to scent the fabric.

Ilya chuckled, pulling off his shirt and handing it over to Shane before grabbing the blanket and rubbing his wrists against it to spread his woody and amber scent across it.

The omega purred, pleased by the offering as he tucked the new shirt into the still surprisingly structural walls of his nest before turning and waiting for Ilya to finish scenting his blanket.

When the Alpha hands the blanket back, Shane stares at Ilya's basketball shorts, silently telling him to remove them. Ilya chuckles but does as directed before carefully climbing into the nest beside Shane, making sure not to disturb any of Shane's craftsmanship. Once Ilya is settled beside him, Shane drapes the blanket over his nest, effectively making them a nice, dark little cave to lie in.

For a moment, Ilya worried about them overheating, but then he felt the gentle breeze of Shane's fan and chuckled to himself, and Shane curled up beside him, tucking his head into Ilya's neck.

"Such a good nest," Ilya praises, pressing kisses to the top of Shane's head. "So perfect for my brave omega." Shane huffs a little, cuddling closer to Ilya's side.

"Shut up," he mumbles half-heartedly, sticking his nose even further into Ilya's neck. Ilya should pull him away before he gets scent drunk, but they have a week together, and Ilya

wanted nothing more than to bathe in Shane's scent after nearly a decade of only getting it in passing.

"Mmh, no," Ilya rumbles, tilting Shane's face up to kiss him firmly on the lips. "You did brave thing today, braver than anyone I've ever known. You faced your fear, and I am so proud of you." He punctuates his words with a kiss to Shane's forehead before capturing his lips again. "*So proud of my omega*," he croons in Russian, the words rolling off his tongue and making Shane shiver and curl into his scent gland again.

Ilya lets Shane nuzzle into his scent glands, especially when Shane starts to let out pure pleased omega pheromones, the longer he stays curled into the Alpha's side. Soft vanilla and Jasmine fill the enclosed nest, and Ilya can feel his body going hot the more he breathes it in.

The only sound is Shane's content purring and the gentle breeze caused by the small clip-on fan above them. Ilya almost drifts off to sleep, settled in a pleasurable state of in between. Not quite awake, but not fully asleep either.

However, when Shane's soft scent takes on a more honeyed note, Ilya knows the omega is almost definitely scent drunk. "Shane," Ilya coos softly, tugging Shane's face out of the crook of his neck. The omega whines in annoyance before settling back down the moment Ilya presses a soft and reassuring kiss to his lips.

Shane slowly begins to rock his hips against Ilya's side, gasping as Ilya deepens the kiss and the scent of Honey overtakes the softer Jasmine scent he usually carries. Ilya rolls slowly onto his side, tugging Shane closer so they're pressed together completely. He groans a little when Shane's hard-on presses against his own, swallowing Shane's responsive whines before they really have a chance to leave his mouth.

"So eager," Ilya purrs deep in his chest, pressing kisses over Shane's scent gland as the omega trills at the contact. His tongue presses hot and flat across the unscarred skin, and Shane moans high and needy into the air of the enclosed nest, the scent of arousal only growing thicker. "*So good for me.*"

Shane gasps at the Russian words, hands curling into Ilya's hair as his lips wrap around his nipple, dragging it softly between his teeth before sucking a hickey into the skin of his pec. His inner omega chirps at the action, pleased that his deep-seated desire to be marked by the alpha is finally being fulfilled.

"All mine," Ilya rumbles, grinning at the red marks now covering Shane's chest and neck. Shane nods around a whine, fingers digging into the meat of Ilya's triceps as the alpha's tongue continues to drag across his over-heated skin.

"Yours," Shane agrees, gasping when Ilya croons in response, the deep rumbling sound sending shivers through his whole body. "Oh god-" he cuts himself off with a moan when Ilya rolls them over to press Shane's back into the mattress, their bodies pressed together from head to toe.

Ilya ruts his hips down against Shane's, pleased when Shane's head tips back and the nest is swamped with the scent of pure want. The urge to please his omega nearly overtakes him,

love and adoration for Shane swallowing him whole as his fangs yearn to dig into the unmarked flesh of Shane's scent gland.

Shane doesn't help curb his yearning, sliding his hand down and into Ilya's boxers and wrapping his fingers around the alpha's throbbing cock. Ilya grunts, nose digging into Shane's neck, taking in deep lungfuls of his scent while the omega strokes him slowly.

His own scent is beginning to thicken; cedar wood and amber give way to the normally subtle notes of cinnamon whiskey, and Shane moans the moment it hits him.

They're both definitely scent drunk right now, but Ilya doesn't care. If he drowns in Shane's scent, he'll be a happy man.

Eventually, he pulls his head out of Shane's neck, almost mourning the loss of the direct scent contact. But then he gets to lay his eyes on Shane's flushed face and blown out pupils, so the loss means little in the end.

Ilya nips the apple of Shane's cheek before pressing their lips together, pressing his tongue into the omega's mouth, and licking over his teeth.

Shane moans into it, his hand squeezing Ilya's dick lightly. The move makes Ilya moan, pulling away from the kiss with a string of saliva still connecting their lips.

"Fuck me," Shane begs, the blush on his face traveling down his chest. "Please, Ilya, *Alpha!* Fuck me!"

Ilya croons, pulling Shane's hand out of his boxers to pin both of his hands to the bed. "No need to beg, omega," he rumbles against Shane's lips, "I'll give you what you need."

It takes a bit of slow maneuvering to get each other out of their boxers without disturbing Shane's nest, but eventually they're both naked and pressing against each other.

Shane gasps, slick oozing down his thighs, filling the enclosed nest with the heady scent of sticky arousal. Ilya takes in deep lungfuls, hands pulling the omega's thighs apart just to press even closer.

Their cocks rub together, and they both groan. Shane's head tips back as his hand reaches down to wrap around them both, precum making the slide of his hand easier.

Ilya's head drops down to Shane's chest, the scent of spicy cinnamon flooding their nest as he, too, slips into a scent-drunk state. "Shane," he groans into the man's skin, fangs nipping against his pecs before latching onto the man's nipple.

Shane keens, back bowing off the bed as his hand continues to slide over their cocks. Ilya moves around Shane's chest, sucking hickies into the skin and leaving tiny teeth marks in his wake.

It just barely sates his urge to dig into the omega's scent gland, to bury his teeth into the other man's neck and bite.

His inner alpha is raving, clawing at Ilya's already rail-thin control to *bite, claim, mate*. And he wants to- oh god, does he *want* to- but he can't, not yet anyway. So he digs his teeth into Shane's shoulder, not enough to draw blood and certainly not enough to claim, but Shane whimpers all the same, and it soothes Ilya's inner alpha- somewhat anyway.

"Ilya," Shane whines, hands moving away from their cocks and up to Ilya's shoulders, fingers digging into the muscles. "Ilya- *Alpha!*" He continues, face flushed as he tries to pull Ilya closer. Ilya growls, nipping at Shane's chin before claiming his lips in a heated kiss.

Shane gasps into it, giving Ilya the ability to shove his tongue inside and hook behind his teeth. He tugs Shane's lower lip between his teeth, grinning into the kiss when the omega rocks his hips up. "My omega," Ilya croons, pulling back just to see Shane's flushed face and blown-out pupils. "Tell me, *Lyubimyy*, tell me what you want."

The omega tries to rock his hips up again, but Ilya pins him down, nipping at the apple of Shane's cheek when he whines.

"Behave, little minx," Ilya rumbles, fingers digging into Shane's hips so tightly he's certain there will be bruises left behind.

Good, the dark, snarling part of his brain whispers. *Let the world know he's yours, let them see.*

"Alpha," Shane chants, giving up on rocking his hips up and instead trying to pull Ilya down. Ilya growls, fangs dropping as Shane goes limp, the scent of submission wafting off of him.

"*Tell me*," he demands, moving one hand up to hold Shane's chin, forcing him to look him in the eyes.

"Need you," Shane whimpers, eyes going misty with need. "Need your cock, your knot-" his lips are red as he bites into them, gaze flickering all over Ilya's face. "Need you to fuck me, Alpha. *Breed me.*"

Ilya's whole body goes hot at the words. They *can't*, he knows they can't. Figuratively and literally. They were both too set in their careers to have kids, and Shane was on at least a million different contraceptives- but *god*, just the idea itself sets Ilya on fire with sheer *want*. Shane round with his child, their pup. It lights up a part of Ilya's brain that never got to see the light of day. The yearning for a family, to have Shane and their own little gaggle of pups with Ilya's curls and Shane's freckles. Honestly, Ilya just needed the freckles.

"Yeah?" He purrs, licking possessively over Shane's scent gland. "You want to be full of me? Round with my pups?" Shane nods drunkenly, arms wrapping around Ilya's shoulders just so their lips can brush against each other.

"Need it," he begs, lips brushing Ilya's as he speaks, "need to be full of you."

Ilya knows they can't, but right now, right now, he can pretend. For the next week and a half, he can pretend that he and Shane are allowed to have everything they've ever wanted.

His hand trails down from Shane's jaw, gliding over flushed skin to slide between his legs. Shane's thighs are coated with slick, and Ilya can't help but drag his fingers through it and bring it up to his lips.

Shane didn't usually produce slick outside of heat- and Ilya had only ever experienced that once all those years ago after that terrible hookup in Vegas- but right now it was practically gushing out of him.

Ilya's eyes rolled back when he pressed his slick covered fingers against his tongue, honey and Jasmine flooding his senses completely. If he were a less desperate man, he'd bury his face between Shane's thighs just to lap up his slick from the source. He'd drown in it if he could.

However, Shane is just as desperate as Ilya, so he doesn't get to indulge himself for long before the omega is pawing at his chest.

"So desperate," Ilya teases, fingers pressing against Shane's hole, watching as two of his fingers just slide right in. Shane nods, too far gone to feel anything other than need. He keens high in his throat, and it sets Ilya's teeth on edge as his inner alpha raves at him to take care of Shane. Give him everything, anything he could ever ask for, give it to him.

Ilya doesn't even try to fight it, adding a third finger before Shane has a chance to beg for it. Scissoring his fingers in and out as Shane's slick begins to slide down his palm.

"So good for me," Ilya praises, grinning widely when the scent of pleased omega fills the air. Shane always was a slut for praise.

"Only for you," Shane whispers back, starry gaze locked onto Ilya. "So good to me," he purrs. The alpha can't help but croon, his own scent going sweet at the omega's declaration.

Maybe he was a bit of a slut for praise, too.

He simply nods, burying his face into Shane's scent gland, inhaling sticky sweet honey and soothing jasmine.

"Fuck me, Ilya," Shane begs, hands digging into the alpha's sweaty curls. "Fuck me till it takes."

It takes everything in Ilya not to dig his teeth into Shane's scent gland and mate at those words, but he tears his head back and crashes their lips together before his inner alpha really takes control.

He pulls his fingers out of Shane's hole with great effort, sticky spiderweb strings of slick cover his fingers, and he uses them to rub over his cock. He hisses at the first touch, his dick pulsing and red as he strokes himself slowly.

Shane whines, the scent of arousal and want nearly choking Ilya before he finally rests the tip of his cock against Shane's hole. "Gonna give it to you, *Lyubimyy*," Ilya rumbles, pressing in slowly. "Everything you ask for, anything you want," Shane claws at his back before gasping in relief when Ilya is finally fully inside. "Anything and everything is yours."

Ilya fights to keep his claws from digging into the sheets beside Shane's head, not wanting to ruin the omegas' carefully crafted nest. It takes effort, though. Shane is tight and hotter than normal, and it sets every nerve ending in Ilya's body alight with pleasure.

He curses in Russian as Shane clenches around him, "Oh, *Ilya*," Shane sighs, like Ilya fucking him is the greatest relief. "I love you," he whispers, pressing kisses to the crown of the alpha's head, rubbing his wrist over Ilya's scent gland. "*Je t'aime, je t'aime, je t'aime tellement.*"

Ilya is almost surprised by the French, but all cognitive thought is wiped away as Shane scent marks him. It's the closest thing they can get to mating without actually mating, dousing each other in their scents till no one can tell which scent is Shane's and which one is Ilya's.

Cinnamon whiskey, sweet honey, jasmine, and subtle fern mix together, and Ilya is addicted the moment it hits his nose.

His hips slam forward, teeth digging into Shane's collarbone as he lifts his wrist up to finish what Shane started. The omega gasps as every brush of Ilya's wrist is punctuated by a harsh thrust. Their hips slap together; the amount of slick Shane is producing makes it an easy but wet slide.

"Mine," Ilya snarls against Shane's lips, one hand pressing into Shane's neck, and the other pressed against Shane's spine, holding him up to get a better angle.

Shane almost screams when Ilya reorients himself and somehow thrusts even deeper, hitting his prostate every time his cock bullies its way back inside.

It's so much, making every nerve and joint in the omega's body sing. It's so much- *too much*- it's fucking *perfect*.

His hand slides down to his stomach and presses down, grinning like a madman when he feels Ilya's cock pressing inside him.

Ilya gasps, his hips stuttering when he feels Shane press against his cock from the outside. Shane's needle-sharp fangs nip at the Apple of his cheek, and Ilya bats the omega's hand away, pressing his palm where Shane's had been.

He picks up with thrusting again and gasps when he not only feels his cock sliding into Shane's womb, but sees it as well. It's not much, but Ilya swears he can see it, and that's all that matters to him.

"Feel how deep inside you I am?" He questions, fucking into Shane faster than before. "*YA trakhnu tvoyu utrobu, malen'kaya omega, ya napolnyu tebya svoimi shchenkami*-" he cuts himself with a snarl, Russian flowing faster than English ever could. "*YA budu trakhat' tebya, poka ty ne zaberemeneyesh'*, knot you full till you're round, is what you want, yes?"

Shane nods despite only understanding half the question. All he cared about was *knot* and *pups*.

“Fuck me full,” he begs, gasping and clawing at Ilya’s back when the Alpha dives down to wrap his lips around Shane’s nipple. “Keep me on your knot till it takes, want it so bad, need it.”

Ilya nods, pulling away from Shane’s chest once it’s covered in his marks. “They’ll have your freckles,” he says, and Shane laughs before it tapers off into a moan.

“And your curls,” he adds, and Ilya nods, really, the only thing he cared about was the freckles. “Your pretty blue eyes,” Shane continues, and Ilya groans into his neck, imagining Shane with their little brood of blue eyes freckle covered pups with curly dark hair and crooked smiles.

“Mh, your eyes, like chocolate,” Ilya argues, thrusts slowing in tempo but remaining firm in intensity. “And your dark hair.”

Shane shakes his head just to argue, a love-sick smile plastered on his face. “Your golden curls,” he says, tugging on Ilya’s hair to punctuate his statement.

“They are wild,” Ilya argues, tone equally as love-sick.

The omega shrugs, tilting his head to lick a broad stripe over Ilya’s scent gland. “I like wild,” he whispers into the skin before sucking a hickey right below the alpha’s glands, making him groan.

“*Shane*,” he sighs, thrusting deeper, their hips slapping together louder than before. “My Shane,” he continued, wrapping his arms around the omega completely. He can feel his knot growing, and based on Shane’s enthusiastic purring, the omega knows it too.

“Gimme your knot, Alpha,” Shane purrs into Ilya’s ear, panting hotly against the skin of Ilya’s neck. “I’m so close, give it to me,” and Ilya nods, hard-wired to give Shane everything he could ever ask for.

Nearly 10 years of only having each other in pieces, of only giving Shane a quarter of what he deserved. Never again, Ilya would tear himself from skin to sinew just to give Shane whatever he wanted.

“Is all yours, *Moya lyubov*’, everything, *Vsegda*,” his knot continues to flare, and Shane gasps as it presses against his hole.

“Please,” he begs, “please please please, I want it, I need it!” He gasps, legs crossed behind Ilya’s back, tugging him forward. Ilya nods, pressing his forehead against Shane’s as his knot fucks in and out of the omega’s hole. “Oh god- oh fuck- Ilya!” Shane gasps, back arching off the bed as he cums, his release painting both their stomachs.

Ilya grits his teeth as Shane goes impossibly tight around him, forcing him to fight to draw his cock out and slam it back in. He can only thrust two more times before his knot locks and his eyes roll back in his head as Shane mills him for all he’s got.

Their lips meet in a messy kiss as they gasp into each other's mouths, simply breathing each other in. Ilya lets his head rest against Shane's shoulder, palms rubbing up and down the omega's sides as the little clip-on fan does its best to cool them down.

"Takoy khoroshiy mal'chik," he murmurs, and Shane trills happily despite not understanding what he's saying. "My good little omega," he says, in English this time. He presses kisses over the marks he'd left on Shane's chest while the omega purrs beneath him, too blissed out to form words.

They lay like that for a while, with Ilya whispering assurances into Shane's flushed skin, and Shane purring like a small motor.

Shane didn't purr often; in fact, Ilya had only ever heard it twice before. Once, the first time Ilya ever fucked him, and again in Tampa when Shane crawled onto his lap and let him cry for the first time in well over a decade.

It was a nice sound, quieter than other omegas, but Ilya loved it. Maybe Shane would purr more now that they were an actual couple; if not, maybe he'd let Ilya record it. Shane's purrs would be perfect for his pregame warmup.

"I love you," Shane whispers, voice hoarse after all his moaning and whining. Ilya hides his smirk into Shane's shoulder before rising to press a soft kiss to the tip of the other man's nose.

"YA tebya lyublyu," he whispers back, and Shane smiles, eyes slightly less hazy but no less full of love.

They settle into silence, letting their hands trail softly over the other before Shane finally speaks again. "I want you to teach me Russian," he declares, petting through Ilya's curls. "For real! not just sex phrases!" He adds when he sees the smirk growing on Ilya's face.

"Mh, but the sexy phrases are so much more fun to teach you," he teases, and Shane rolls his eyes with a smile, flicking Ilya's shoulder.

"You're such an asshole," he grumbles before dragging Ilya back down for a kiss. Ilya chuckles into it, nipping at Shane's lips before finally pressing their lips together for a real soft kiss.

It takes a while for Ilya's knot to go down, but it does eventually, and Ilya pulls out with a small hiss. Shane whimpers at the empty feeling, but Ilya kisses him quiet before peeling the blanket over their nest back.

The room is illuminated only by their bedside lamp, considering it's now pitch black outside. "Thank god your parents decided to come to dinner tomorrow," Ilya jokes, and Shane snorts, kneeing him in the side before sitting up.

He grimaces at the drying cum and slick coating his inner thighs before very carefully dismantling one of the walls of his nest so they could slide out of bed instead of scaling over the wall of blankets and pillows.

Once he's made an exit, Ilya slides out of bed before turning and hoisting Shane into his arms. "I can walk," Shane bitches, though makes no move to stand on his own.

Ilya gives him an unimpressed look, nipping at his ear as he carries him to the bathroom. "No, no, you cannot," he says, entirely too pleased with himself. Shane rolls his eyes but doesn't argue further. Ilya was right, his legs were fucking Jello at the moment. "I will hold you up," Ilya informs him before very carefully setting Shane on his feet so he can turn the shower on.

He would just draw them a bath, but he knew Shane preferred to shower and *then* get into the bath- because Shane was a germaphobe and Ilya loved him more than life itself.

Shane attempts (key word: *attempts*) to hold himself up in the shower, but Ilya is the only thing keeping him standing, and the alpha smirks about it the whole time, no matter how many times Shane tells him to "wipe that shit-eating grin off your face, Rozanov."

Ilya's hands are firm as he cleans the mess off Shane's stomach and thighs, takes great care in between his legs, even when Shane whines at him to take him again in the shower. He would if Shane's legs weren't shaking like a newborn deer, but there was always tomorrow.

"Perfect," Ilya whispers into Shane's wet hair as he presses him into the cool tile of the shower wall, "*Moya ideal'naya omega, vsya moya.*"

"What does that mean?" Shane questions, tilting his head to the side as Ilya peppers kisses all over his scent gland. Ilya hums, leaning back to look Shane in the eye.

"*Moya*, you are mine, Shane. My perfect omega," Shane purrs, leaning forward to nose at Ilya's scent gland. Ilya croons at the act, letting Shane lick and kiss his scent gland before pulling him back. If they got scent drunk again, he was positive Shane's suppressants would fail, and his heat would come off schedule. And if Shane's heat started, Ilya knew his rut would soon follow, and there was no way Ilya's rut-addled mind would be able to resist digging his fangs into Shane's perfect neck and marking him for all to see.

Shane whines about it but relents, knowing just as well as Ilya what would happen if they got scent drunk twice in one night.

Eventually, they crawl out of the shower with Shane on slightly steadier legs and dry each other off. Shane pulls on a pair of boxers and one of Ilya's shorts before setting about pulling the slick-stained items out of his nest. He was smart enough to put a blanket down at the bottom of the nest, meaning he only has to peel that and a random shirt out of the nest and toss them into the wash before he's settling back into the center.

Ilya chuckles, following after the omega after pulling on some sweatpants. "Think smarter, not harder," Shane tells him with a smile as Ilya crawls on top of him, pressing him into the sheets. The alpha continues to laugh, pressing kisses all over Shane's face before relaxing and pulling him into his side.

"Very smart," Ilya teases, but Shane preens either way, kissing Ilya's jaw with a smile. "Do you need anything? Water? Food?" He frets, but Shane shoves Ilya back down, lying across

him like a blanket.

“Just need you,” he whispers, a purr settling in his chest. Ilya smiles, winding his fingers into Shane’s hair at his nape and kissing his forehead.

“Okei,” he whispers back, drawing an actual blanket over the two of them. “*YA tebya lyublyu*,” he says, words slightly muffled by Shane’s hair.

“YA-tee-baa loo-blue,” Shane mumbles sleepily into Ilya’s chest before he keeps on purring. Ilya snorts, fighting back a full laugh as he pets through Shane’s hair.

“Close enough, *lyubimyy*.”

End Notes

Translations:

YA trakhnu tvoyu utrobu, malen'kaya omega, ya napolnyu tebya svoimi shchenkami- I fuck your womb, little omega, I will fill you with my pups.

YA budu trakhat' tebya, poka ty ne zaberemeneyesh'- I will fuck you until you get pregnant.

Vsegda- Always

Takoy khoroshiy mal'chik,- Such a good boy

Moya ideal'naya omega, vsya moya.- My perfect omega, all mine

This is pure filth, and I cannot be bothered to apologise for it. My manager is a bitch, and I decided to write smut on company time (as is my right as an overworked, underpaid, and underfucked individual.) Hope you enjoyed this pure degeneracy, because it got me through my god-awful shift at work, and the 6-hour AO3 shutdown. Yes, I wrote in omegaverse again because I yearn for freckle-covered Hollanov babies, Ilya Rozanov did in fact possess me himself. Your comments and Kudos are always greatly appreciated. Hope you liked it! LOVE YA! MWAH!

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