

It's Not a Farewell Fuck

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It's Not a Farewell Fuck

by [Mumble_Bee](#)

Summary

“Hollander,” he scolds, going to collect Shane’s jeans and underwear to fold them so that the world doesn’t break or something. “What are you doing?”

“Giving you a new pack, idiot. Take your pants off.”

--OR--

Ilya is being sent back to Russia to take over as Rozanov pack alpha. Unless he can find a new pack first.

Notes

I started writing a fic in which it was Ilya's turn to get bitched. And then this happened instead. Many thanks to Hermit and troubleseeker who gently steered me true. Trust your pervert friends, folks.

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

They tell him his father has died, and then they only give him half an hour to pack his whole life up, which would be ridiculous except that he's not even at home right now, so his "whole life" amounts to a Boston jersey and some skates which he doesn't think he even technically owns. He puts them in the big duffel bag they've brought for him anyway, and that eats into about sixty seconds of his allotted time. He figures he might as well spend the next twenty-nine minutes cursing his brother or something, but he can't quite muster the vitriol, even though he can feel it bubbling away inside him. Damn him. Damn him! What was the point of having an older alpha sibling if Alexei isn't even going to take Grigori's place in the pack? What's been the point of any of this? Of America, hockey, Shane fucking Hollander?

He's going back to Russia. They're taking him back to Russia and he's never going to be allowed to leave again.

He pulls one of the skates out of the bag and slips the guard off, fingering the metal edge. It's not that sharp, but maybe he could cause some damage, if he swings hard enough. Ilya's not exactly a trained fighter but there are only three officers, and they probably spend most of their time signing documents and hiding behind their scent-anonomisers. Maybe he can fight them and make a run for it. Marly would probably hide him for a bit. Or he could ask Shane. No one would suspect him of hiding out with his arch rival. He could be Shane's live-in cocksucker or something. He'd just stay in Shane's bedroom and kiss him every day and never go near any windows for the rest of his life except to fuck Shane against them maybe. There are worse ways to live.

Shane would let him, too. Ilya thinks Shane would let him do a lot of things. They're dangerously close to being too much for each other. Maybe that's why his father died. The universe knew that Ilya Rozanov had his fingertips on happiness, so fate had to intervene, in the form of three government officials giving him thirty minutes to pack his skates and his jersey before they take him somewhere to put his passport in a blender or something and declare him the Rozanov pack alpha.

"Ilya," Shane hisses, and for a brief shining moment Ilya thinks that his own wretched brain has finally cracked right open so that he can hallucinate Shane's face one last time before he goes. Except the hallucination is peering down at him from the window, and Ilya's pretty sure that if he was going to go crazy his imagination would at least give him a Shane somewhat less... external.

"Hollander?"

"Let me in, asshole!"

Ilya is currently in one of the stadium's many offices, which is usually set aside for executives to sit around in and say big numbers at each other or whatever it is executives do. The offices aren't near the locker rooms, which are underground. The offices are actually a few floors up.

"You are flying?" Ilya says, and his hallucination strings together a few swear words and demands entry again. Ilya goes to crank the window open and his hallucination scrambles

into the room, panting and smelling of familiar summer sunshine. Ilya pokes his head out, but there are no magic carpets outside, just a two-storey drop and, right below the window, a tiny little artistic ledge running the length of the building, which a very enterprising hallucination might be able to use to climb from one room to the next room if he were *fucking insane*.

"Hollander," Ilya reprimands, but he turns around to find that Shane is stripping, right there in the middle of the room where anyone could see him, which puts him firmly back in the hallucination category. Ah, yes. This is much better. Thank you, brain.

"Quick," Shane hisses. "We haven't got much time."

Ilya silently promises his brain a whole packet of cigarettes if it gives the hallucination red lacy underwear, but alas, imagining Shane in anything other than the most boring plain black boxers is asking too much of his cracked psyche. Shane kicks them off without looking at where they land, which is so preposterous that Ilya immediately realigns what's happening with reality again. He might be getting hallucinatory whiplash. That'd serve Shane right.

"Hollander," he scolds, going to collect Shane's jeans and underwear to fold them so that the world doesn't break or something. "What are you doing?"

"Giving you a new pack, idiot. Take your pants off."

"Shane—"

"Don't. Fucking—Just don't, Ilya. The security guy says they've only given you an hour."

"Thirty minutes," Ilya corrects, and Shane swears.

"We'll have to rush it. I didn't have any lube with me, but I found something that might work."

Ilya's heart does something fluttery and extremely un-Russian. "Hollander," he says again, aiming for reproachful but landing somewhere in the vicinity of lovestruck teenager. "You Spider-Man into my room for goodbye fuck?"

"It's *not* goodbye," Shane snarls, scent dropping. He shoves Ilya backward until he's sitting on the executive's desk. He puts a familiar little plastic squirty bottle next to Ilya's hip.

"I'm not farewell fucking you with skate oil, Hollander."

"It's not a farewell—You know what? Call it what you want. Just put your fucking knot in me."

Ilya can't help but laugh at that. "You'll break."

Shane goes pink, and then a deep, mortified red. The kind of red that usually precedes only the filthiest requests—Ilya's favourite kind. But Shane doesn't break eye contact. "No I won't," he says. Steadily.

Ilya laughs again, and then abruptly stops as he realises what Shane's offering; what he's been offering this whole time.

"No," he says. He tries to push Shane back but Shane just swaps their positions, so his bare ass is against the executive's desk and his knees are outside Ilya's and his nose is against Ilya's cheek, then his ear, then pressed right against his scent gland.

"I want you to," he whispers.

"Hollander—"

"Don't go to Russia," Shane interrupts. Each word sends fingers of sensation over Ilya's neck. "Come to my cottage. We could make this work."

"Hollander."

"Ilya." Shane's voice goes low, barely a breath. His scent is so potent right against Ilya's nose. Sunshine shouldn't have a smell, and yet all the best summer days are now irrevocably linked to Shane, who ghosts his lips over Ilya's neck to whisper, "Come be my alpha."

"Shane, I... I would never be allowed back."

Shane ducks his head down until he's under Ilya's chin. "I know," he whispers, and he sounds so sad. "I wish you didn't have to choose. But I'm asking you to choose me anyway."

Ilya stares blindly at the opposite wall, Shane tucked under his chin. "You'd be an omega," he says.

"I'd be *your* omega."

That hits Ilya at centre mass, like a slapshot at point blank range. His gums suddenly ache, his fangs itching to claim. He tries to be reasonable—with both Shane and his own alpha hindbrain. "You might... regret. Later." You might regret *me*, he doesn't add.

"Never," Shane swears, and he presses his lips to Ilya's collarbone through his shirt. He smells tender and determined, which is not a scent combination that Ilya usually gets when Shane's naked from the waist down with his bare legs around Ilya's hips. God, he loves this man. It scares him how much, sometimes. He doesn't want to leave. He doesn't want to be dragged out of this room without getting his teeth in Shane, or without finding out if they're compatible enough for Ilya's knot to take.

"You are sure?" he checks.

"I've never been more sure. It scares me, how sure I am. Aren't you sure, too? Doesn't it kill you?"

"It might not take."

Shane only snorts at that, which is rather gratifying. Ilya wishes he could be as confident. Bondings are rare. Only for the most compatible of mates. Ilya knows how he feels, but what

if Shane doesn't really feel the same?

"I would like to try," he says, because he's no chicken and because even if it doesn't work he wants to fuck Shane one last time before he's dragged out of here.

"Me, too," Shane agrees, in that entirely-too-sincere Shane way. Some days Ilya wants to unhinge his jaw and swallow Shane whole.

There's a sharp knock on the door. "Fifteen minutes," the gruff voice warns. Like they've choreographed it, Ilya and Shane look at the skate oil in tandem, and grimace.

Fortunately, hockey executives are generally fairly dirty. They're probably all having affairs with their receptionists or their leather couches or something. Ilya leaves the siren call cradle of Shane's thighs to scout through the desk drawers, emerging victorious like a knight from a quest with a whole bottle of lube, the expensive kind that smells like cucumber, and feeling like he's bringing his liege lord the head of a dragon. Shane makes grabby hands at it. There's also a whole string of condoms in the same drawer, but Ilya leaves them behind. If they're really doing this he needs to be in Shane with nothing in between them. The thought alone is enough to make him hard in his pants.

Shane's already fingering himself when Ilya returns from his hunt. He's turned around, bent over with one hand planted on the desk, still with his shirt on and looking like sin incarnate. Probably this is why people become poets and sculptors or whatever. Ilya should learn. Shane's working a second finger into his ass, which is wonderful to watch, but the clock's ticking and there's no way he's relaxed enough to take Ilya's cock, let alone his knot. Ilya wishes he had time to write sonnets or something but he'll settle for making Shane come.

"I will get you off," he murmurs.

"There's no time."

Ilya thinks that there's always time to get Shane off. It's one of the laws of the universe or something. No matter how small their window is, Ilya can always get a hand or a mouth where it needs to go, and his Shane always rewards him with an orgasm.

"I will manytask."

"Multi-task," Shane corrects, then gasps as Ilya drops to his knees, nipping at one firm ass cheek and reaching round to take him in hand. Shane is hard, because of course he is, and Ilya presses a quick kiss to the spot he just bit before replacing Shane's fingers with his own, pressing two in at once, because that's what Shane had been doing, even though Shane feels too tight to be ready for even that much. Ilya presses deep, then leans forward to lick firmly at the rim where Shane stretches around his knuckles. The lube doesn't really taste of anything, so mostly it's just skin and Shane and the deep alpha musk that Ilya won't ever get again, regardless of how this goes. He gives one strong stroke with his other hand, fingertips trailing over familiar flesh, slick with lube. He palms up the shaft, twisting his grip slightly as he goes, and then thumbing over the leaking slit when he reaches the tip. Shane yelps and curses, jerking forward hard enough that the desk screeches across the floor a bit.

"Mr Rozanov?" the same gruff voice calls.

Ilya pulls away long enough to holler back. "Fuck off! I have still fifteen minutes!"

"Eleven," Asshole Door Guy mutters, which prompts Ilya to release Shane's cock and reach blindly for his own belt. He unhooks it one-handed and yanks it free, then hands it to Shane.

"Bite," he directs, and doesn't wait for Shane to comply before diving back in to tongue at him. He's focused more on function rather than pleasure, but it's often one and the same when it comes to the walking libido known as Shane Hollander. He cups Shane's balls through the vee of his legs, thumbing one and then the other as he fits a third finger in beside the first two. Even with the prep it's a hell of a stretch. Alphas aren't built for this, but they've gotten practiced at making it happen regardless. He hates rushing this part, even when Shane begs him to. (And Shane knows how to beg so pretty. It's very hard to say no.) Shane muffles a sound into Ilya's belt and strokes himself frantically. He's always so responsive for Ilya. Perfect sunshine man. Ilya twists his three fingers, feeling stubborn muscle relax incrementally, and he unerringly finds the spot that has Shane groaning into the makeshift gag. There will be teeth marks in the leather, later, for Ilya to reverently touch. He'll wear the belt inside out, so no one else can see what Ilya can do to Shane.

He rubs insistently at Shane's prostate with the tips of three fingers, and twists his hand a bit so he can thumb over his slick, tight entrance from the outside. Shane makes a whimpering sound and his arm gives out. He thumps flat onto the desk with a muffled cry, lifting up onto his toes so he's got enough room to keep stroking his cock even as he goes boneless everywhere else.

"You will come soon," Ilya tells him, not bothering to phrase it as a question. Shane spits out the belt.

"This isn't supposed to—ah, *god*—be about me."

"You'll come for me," Ilya demands anyway, and licks a broad stripe from the base of Shane's cock, over his balls where they're tucked tight and desperate against his body, and then over his perineum. Shane's scent twists at the very last second, like it always does, going sharp, almost luminescent, like a thunderclap before a downpour. They haven't tried to drag the pleasure out at all, so the spill into orgasm happens quick. Not as all-consuming as things sometimes get between them, but enough to have Shane crying out as he comes across the expensive desktop, lifting his hips even higher and tipping his head back so he forms a sinful arch, shirt rucked up where his chest is pressed to the table. Ilya takes his mouth from Shane's skin, but doesn't remove his fingers. As Shane shudders through the tail end of his orgasm, Ilya spreads his fingers out, testing. Shane's whole body, on the cusp of bonelessness, instead clenches up and he groans. But he doesn't demand Ilya get the hell out, so at least the orgasm hasn't knocked him senseless. Clenching is hardly the outcome Ilya needs right now, but he knows Shane's body—and more importantly, Shane's pleasure—like he knows his hockey stick. An extension of himself. Familiar as breathing. And he knows that a quick orgasm now will help for this next part.

Ilya keeps his fingers spread and turns his wrist, slowly. The lube makes a soft, slick sound, like a girl. Or, more accurately, like an omega. With a start, Ilya realises this might be the last

time they'll ever need lube. He wonders what Shane will taste like, when he changes. *If* he changes. If he becomes Ilya's omega.

The thought makes his own hips jerk, rutting against air. With his free hand he shoves at his pants, pushing them to mid thigh so he can palm at his cock. He shuffles forward on his knees to rut against the back of Shane's left calf. It's a bit pathetic. If his knot takes he'll retell this story maybe without the part where he humped Shane's leg like an animal. If his knot doesn't take, then. Well. It won't matter either way.

"I'm ready," Shane says over his shoulder, only a little bleary. "That's enough. Come on, your turn."

Shane isn't stretched enough for a knot. He's barely stretched enough for a cock. "I don't want to hurt you, *malysh*."

"It'll hurt more if you get taken away," Shane says, entirely too honest. Ilya kisses the inside of his thigh.

How did they end up here? How did he end up with a lover who would give up his fangs just to be Ilya's? Shane tugs his shirt off so he's naked except for, somehow, a single sock. Ilya feels hopeless and fond.

"My heart," he whispers, and is both relieved and disappointed in himself when the words come out in Russian, instinctively hiding behind a tongue Shane can't interpret.

Speaking of tongues... He licks again at the place where his fingers are crammed into Shane's tight ass. Already he can feel that Shane is losing tension as he goes from overstimulation into the post-orgasm-pre-orgasm grey area where he'll be soft and receptive without being desperate. A beautiful area for him to be.

"Come on," Shane urges. "Come on, come on."

Well. Maybe still a little desperate.

Ilya reluctantly pulls free. He wipes the excess lube on his cock and grips Shane's hips as Shane's scent dips and rises, equal parts excited and anxious.

He pauses there. Right against Shane's ass. His cock always looks impossibly large when he's holding Shane's trim waist and lined up against his wet, clenching hole. Like there's no possible way that he'll fit. There's no condom in the way, and though realistically he knows it shouldn't feel that different he swears the heat radiating from Shane's body is already too much. What will it feel like to be in him? God, maybe he shouldn't let himself have this. Shane could have his pick of men. Better men. Someone who won't make him bend over a stranger's office furniture just for a chance to stay on the same continent.

"I can hear you thinking," Shane hisses. "You smell like you're being an idiot. You're thinking idiot thoughts. If you don't fuck your knot into me this fucking instant, Rozanov, I swear to god I will hunt you for sport and peel you with a spoon."

"Ah. But I will be in Russia."

"They have spoons in Russia too, asshole. Get *in*."

"So bloodthirsty," Ilya croons. "*Moy malysh*. Roll over. Let me do this thing while looking at your freckles."

Shane scrambles forward and then over. So biddable when he's begging for cock. He ends up on his back on the desk. Ilya gets a good view of the splash of come Shane's left on the wood. Shane notably doesn't seem to care about it staining if it's someone else's furniture getting ruined. Important information to file away for a later date. Hayden Pike probably has a really expensive dining table. Hmm.

Shane brings his knees up to his chest without being prompted, leaving his ass hanging over the edge of the dirtied desktop. Oh, yes. Very nice. Ilya tries to develop a photographic memory through sheer force of will.

He dips a thumb into Shane's wet hole and pulls it down slightly, pleased at the stretch. It's not nearly enough for a knot but it's a start. He presses his cock forward, again amazed at the heat of Shane's body, and then groaning as he sinks into it, Shane's scent going soft and warm like it does every time Ilya fucks him, with the hint of petrichor that Ilya only ever smells when they're like this. Rain-warmed stone is reserved solely for the moment Ilya first breaches him. It could be his imagination, but Ilya thinks the scent is stronger today, too, like Shane's body can feel that this time is different.

"Five minutes," comes the gruff voice from outside, knocking unnecessarily loudly, like Ilya is maybe going to spend his last minutes in North America having a nap or something. Ilya shares a wide-eyed look with Shane, and then the smell of petrichor is overwhelmed by the rainstorm scent of Shane's determination. Ilya loves him like this. He loves him maybe always, but like this—with a time limit and a challenge—he loves him especially.

"You heard the man," Shane says. "Five minutes to knot me."

"You lost your gag, you can be quiet without it? It would be very bad to be disturbed, no?"

And just as Ilya knew he would, Shane only grins in challenge and says, "Better find another way to occupy my mouth then, asshole."

Ilya grabs Shane's ankles and holds them out of the way so he can descend to kiss Shane, beginning to rock his hips as Shane is practically bent in half. He slings an ankle over each shoulder and silently pledges a Porsche to whoever invented yoga as he sinks impossibly deep, groaning into Shane's mouth. Shane grips his biceps and Ilya shifts his own grip to the backs of Shane's shoulders as he starts to fuck him properly, hauling him into every thrust. Shane's cock is stuck in between them, but the friction from their moving bodies seems to be enough because Shane's making desperate sounds into Ilya's mouth already, like he didn't just come a second ago.

Ilya lets go of one of Shane's shoulders to cover his mouth instead, leaving him free to kiss over Shane's freckles, across his nose, then down to the bolt of his jaw. Shane doesn't make a

noise of complaint about being folded in half for so long. He makes a lot of other noises against Ilya's palm, though. Ilya thinks he might be locking his ankles behind Ilya's neck or something, and he silently promises the yoga person a Mercedes, too.

He lets go of Shane's other shoulder to slip a hand down to Shane's ass. Without the bracing grip, Shane slides a bit on the desk with the force of Ilya's thrusts. But a moment later he firms his hold on Ilya's arms and Ilya takes the opportunity to brush a fingertip over Shane's slick, heated entrance, stretched so wide already around Ilya's cock.

Shane mumbles something behind Ilya's hand, and Ilya doesn't need to hear the words to know that Shane is promising that he can take Ilya's knot. But "I don't care if I need stitches in my perineum" is hardly the ringing endorsement Shane probably thinks it is. He licks over Shane's scent gland as he edges a thumb in alongside his cock. Shane grunts and jerks, though he can't go very far all pinned and folded like this. Ilya likes it when he tries, though today Shane looks like he's right where he wants to be.

"Will you come again when I knot you?" Ilya whispers into the wet spot he leaves on Shane's neck. He ducks under Shane's chin to lick at the other side too, trying to decide where he wants his bite to go. Shane just makes grunty affirmative noises and slaps at Ilya's sides like he's spurring a horse. Neither of them mention the fact that Ilya's knot might not take at all. Most alpha-alpha pairs aren't bond compatible. They could go through all of this only to discover they're not meant to mate anyway, and then Ilya will get dragged off and Shane will have an unbonded bite mark forever and they'll never see each other again.

Shane sinks his teeth into the heel of Ilya's hand and glares at him.

"Ah," Ilya says, still kissing his neck. "I am smelling of goodbye again?"

Shane bites harder and shakes his head a bit, worrying at the meat like a dog with a catch. He only lets go when Ilya hisses and pulls his hand back, and then he hisses back at Ilya like a pissed off snake.

"It's *not* goodbye," he says. "I know you're my mate. I know you feel it too. We could've taken years to get there but we don't need years. Just five minutes. Come *on*."

"Do you know what will happen? If I knot?"

"*When* you knot."

"Ah. Yes, when."

"I don't know the specifics of what happens. I don't care. I want it anyway. You're fucking *mine*, asshole, you just need to *fucking knot*."

"Such boy scout language," Ilya scolds. "Who is teaching you these words?"

"You wanna shut me up?" Shane tilts his head so he's speaking right into Ilya's ear. "Make me, Rozanov. Fucking *claim me*, alpha."

Ilya groans above him. How much longer do they have? A minute? Maybe less? He thumbs insistently at Shane's hole, trying to coax the belligerent muscles into relaxing further, even though he's still not convinced his knot is even going to take. Not because he doesn't want to be Shane's mate, but because the universe probably won't let him. Something is going to take this one bright thing away from him. He rumbles a possessive sound into Shane's skin and fucks him harder, thinks about all the things he hasn't gotten to do to him yet. Thinks about Shane wearing his mating bite. Thinks about moving to Canada permanently to be his, to be Shane Hollander's, to be his alpha. He angles his hips so the head of his cock jams against the favourite spot that has Shane shaking in his arms, cock jerking and leaking in the space between them. He's so hot on the inside, so slick and tight, even relaxed after orgasm and Ilya's efforts at stretching him. Ilya grabs blindly for his ankles again, unhooking them and then holding his hands out wide so Shane's bent and spread and stuck, groaning, all Ilya's. He makes punched-out sounds bordering on pained as Ilya pushes his body right to the limit of where it can go and then holds him there, so he can't jerk or rock at all as Ilya hammers into him. All he can do is cling to Ilya's shoulders, then his hair, yanking him desperately closer to kiss open-mouthed and uncoordinated and *his*, all his, all his, *all his*.

And then the office door opens.

"Alright, Mr Rozanov, time to go."

Shane snaps to attention. Without pausing for breath he wrenches his head to the side and chomps down on Ilya's neck, breaking the skin over his scent glands. The response is immediate. Ilya's core lurches upward, like he's about to heave, as his hindbrain reacts to an unexpected alpha bite. His fangs punch out of his gums, flooding his mouth with venom and blood. He snaps into place over Shane's neck to lay a counter bite, his alpha hormones howling. Except his fangs don't sink into a rival alpha's flesh, they sink into *Shane*, and Ilya realises Shane hadn't even used his fangs, only his regular teeth, but the timing—right as Ilya had been about to come—had clearly been deliberate. Alphas aren't sensible even on the best of days and biting is a sure-fire way to get bitten in turn. Shane probably planned it and everything. Ilya bellows into Shane's neck, overwhelmed by the scent of him, crushing bruising-tight as his gums, his jaw, his fucking *tongue* seem to ache with the release of venom. The ducts behind his sinuses empty into the bite. On a rival alpha it would hurt like all hell and stop any fight in its tracks. On a compatible omega it would kick-start a heat. And on a mate? Well. Here's hoping.

Shane howls like a wild thing and thrashes in Ilya's arms. Some instinct has Ilya tightening his hold, keeping his fangs buried until the bite takes. He doesn't know how he knows when to sink his fangs deeper, but he figures instinct has gotten him this far so he doesn't question the need to bite harder still, gums almost cramping as his fangs slide an extra millimetre deeper, breaking past some layer of tissue or muscle or meat and piercing so perfectly he immediately knows he's got it right.

Fireworks erupt behind his eyes. It's almost shocking. It's like literal fireworks. Huge bursts of colour and sound. He's pretty sure someone's playing orchestral music or something because it feels very fucking holy having his fangs in Shane Hollander. Damn near divine. He can taste him, closer than he's ever tasted Shane before. Straight from the source. Like

summer sunshine spilling directly into his veins. Shane *screams* in his ear, coming instantly without either of them touching his cock.

"Stop!" one of the officials yells, and reaches out for them. Maybe she's only trying to distract Ilya out of an impending alpha haze but Ilya will laugh about her attempt later: an alpha thinking to forestall another alpha from knotting by trying to separate him from his mate. Ha! What happens instead is Ilya, fangs buried in Shane's neck, mating bite only seconds old, feels the impending threat of separation and reacts exactly as appropriate: he roars into Shane's skin and, with no further warning, knots. His knot expands so suddenly he actually doesn't even recognise the feeling at first. It happens without bothering to inform the rest of his over-sensitised body of the event, so his pistoning hips almost pull out at the exact wrong moment. But Shane—either waiting for Ilya's knot or else such a good cock-hungry slut for Ilya that he reacts instinctively—tightens on his cock, clenching hard around him so Ilya knots on the inside, not the outside, thank god, and Ilya must release Shane's ankles because then Shane's legs are wrapped around Ilya's waist and they're both yelling, or else everyone else is yelling around them, there certainly appears to be a lot of noise, except it's hard to concentrate on anything that isn't the feel of Shane's warm slick body going impossibly tight around him. Except it's not Shane who's changing, it's Ilya. Swelling and sticking and knotting, claiming him, *claiming him*. His mate, his omega, his Shane, oh god, oh *god*.

Ilya instinctively tips his head further forward, baring the back of his own neck to better protect Shane's scent glands. It somehow presses his fangs further in and there's a twisting sensation at the back of his head, and Ilya has just enough brain power left to think *this doesn't feel like the movies say it feels* before he goes fucking inside out. His spine splinters. Gravity comes out his eyeballs, maybe, or else he's got so full of Shane—impossible, impossible—that sunshine is leaking from his pores or something. A full on radiant blast. He's screaming through gritted teeth. His veins are imploding. Or the other kind of ploding. Exploding? Something is definitely exploding. He can hear roaring. It might be Shane. God, Shane, *Shane*. My love. *Malysh. Malysh*. Shane. He can feel every point of contact between them like they're melting together. Is this what mating is supposed to feel like? He thinks he might be coming apart at the seams. He thinks he might be going mad.

"Mr Rozanov, this is quite unorthodox, I'm afraid I must insist—"

Blind with something akin to divinity, Ilya grabs for the paperweight on the office desk and flings it behind him. He doesn't need to look to know he has pinpoint accuracy right now. He's got fangs and knot in his other half, and there are rival alphas here who want to take him away. He could shoot a puck through the eye of a needle while blindfolded right now. Just try, motherfuckers. Just try.

"Rozanov!" someone gasps. Not Shane, who is still screaming, jackknifing between Ilya's knot and his fangs and saying maybe only one syllable of Ilya's name at a time, which is still too coherent by far. Ilya wants him incapable of speech. Ilya wants to render him insensate. His mate, god, it worked, it fucking worked, Shane is his, his, his. Is it supposed to feel like this? Is mating supposed to feel like someone's replaced his blood with fat copper circuits and they're hot wiring him straight into the mains?

"Mr Rozanov," someone says again, and Ilya bellows righteous fury without moving his fangs even one inch. He uses the grip on Shane's neck to haul him upright, wrapping arms around him as Shane yelps and curses. And then he hefts Shane off the desk entirely, and this time it's Shane's turn to scream as he sinks further onto Ilya's knot, his feet scrabbling at Ilya's lower back as he tries to hold himself up. His fingers are so tight in Ilya's hair and he's yelling... something. Ilya can't translate anything except his own name. He only knows that there are other alphas here and Shane smells like sunshine and tastes even better and he's *Ilya's*, they're mated, they're *mated*, and he needs to get them situated somewhere slightly more defensible.

Ilya ferries Shane to the nearest corner, the one opposite the window, and throws a vase and some framed photos out of the way to press Shane into the little alcove set in the wall, where Ilya can stand between him and the rest of the world. He moves his hands to grip Shane's thighs instead of his waist. Shane tries to wriggle up the wall with the backs of his shoulders, but he's stuck tight on Ilya's knot and he only succeeds in fucking himself on it, yelling. His dick is still twitching. Has it been doing that this whole time? Ilya makes a sound he doesn't think he's ever made before. Something rumble and pleased. Hadn't he been thinking about Shane taking his knot just a second ago? Hadn't he been worried about it? He can't fathom being worried about it right now. Shane's locked tight, as he should be. He's exactly as stretched as he needs to be. Ilya lets go of one of Shane's thighs to slip a hand behind him and ghost fingertips over the place he's stuffed so unfathomably full. He thumbs at the impossible stretch.

"Don't you dare," Shane gasps. "Don't put that in me, Rozanov. Holy fucking shit. I'm gonna —" He makes a cut-off choking sound and it takes long moments for Ilya to recognise the sound as Shane coming. He tries to lean back to watch it happen but his fangs are still lodged deep and he can't find even a morsel of desire to remove them, and so he only feels Shane's cock jerking between their bodies. After a moment he realises that his own cock is jerking, too. Maybe this whole time. He's coming in Shane, hard, his whole knot flexing and flexing like there's a hand in there pumping the come out of him by force. Now that he's noticed it happening he can't notice anything else. His cock jerks and spills again, and then again. He didn't even know he was physically capable of coming this much. Shane must be stuffed so so full. Ilya's come is going to get so deep Shane will have Ilya up inside him forever. If Shane were an omega there's no way he wouldn't catch.

And then Ilya remembers that Shane *is* an omega. That's what this means. That's what all of this means. Maybe not quite capable of pupping just yet, but soon. Ilya's knot and his fangs and his hot alpha come filling him up up up is all combining to turn Shane into Ilya's, so that Ilya can be Shane's in turn.

With his face stuffed into Shane's neck there's no way to avoid scenting him on every inhale. Which is certainly one of the better ways to inhale, but right now Shane smells so golden he must be physically glowing. His normal alpha summer scent is laced with the unmistakable sweetness of omega. It's really happening. It's really happened. Not only are they bond-compatible but they're mated. Mated! He's Shane Hollander's mate!

His jaw tightens instinctively, even though there's nothing bar death that can take Shane from Ilya now. Shane cries out and arches, the heels of his feet jammed into Ilya's back.

"Ilya," Shane is saying. He might have been saying it for some time. "Ilya, *Ilya*. For god's sake. I can't, I can't—oh god, I—Ilya!"

He comes again, almost sobbing into Ilya's shoulder. His body starts shaking as it empties itself of alpha seed. Ilya wishes he'd counted Shane's orgasms. Just so he has a number to aim for in future. It's good to set goals.

"Enough!" Shane yells, voice wet. "Rozanov, please, I can't—"

Oh yes you can, Ilya thinks, and Shane's body seems to agree because Ilya's cock gives another near-painful lurch and Shane says, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, Ilya, I," and he must've had more alpha seed to give after all because his cock shoots one final time, almost dry, only the barest dribble of come joining the mess between their bellies. Some instinctive wire gets uncrossed somewhere in Ilya's hindbrain and he finally finds himself capable of unclamping his jaws from Shane's poor neck. He licks at the scent gland, which is swollen and punctured but fortunately not a wounded, gory mess. Without Ilya's fangs in his neck Shane is left virtually hanging off Ilya's knot, panting like he's run a marathon.

"Omega," Ilya murmurs against Shane's skin. It comes out terribly slurred around the fangs, and a second later they slip back into his gums, somehow feeling overworked and sore which he's pretty sure is impossible. "Omega," he says again. "It worked, it worked."

"Are you awake? Jesus Christ, Ilya, *move*, I can't—my *dick*, oh my god."

It physically hurts to pull even a little bit away from Shane's neck but Ilya manages it just to stare between their bodies at Shane's cock. Objectively one of the best views in the world. Eighth wonder probably. Made even hotter by the mess of come smeared over Shane's cock and stuck in the hair of Ilya's belly. Shane's probably going to be grossed out about it in a second but for now he's too busy swearing and clinging to Ilya's shoulders. "Don't, don't don't!" he says when Ilya leans back even further, and makes a sound bordering on agony as his cock is jostled. He almost reaches for it but doesn't seem to want to touch, so one hand hovers between them while the other stays gripped in Ilya's hair. He seems completely oblivious to the fact that they're knotted at all. Which means he's *really* past the point of overstimulated. It must've been fucking spectacular.

Ilya thinks there's some important information they need to sort out, so he starts with the most pressing question. "Hollander," he says. "How many times did you come?"

"Fuck off, holy shit."

"Ten?"

"Fuck *off*, Rozanov."

"Mh. If you insist." He moves his hips as though to step away from the alcove. Shane shrieks and grabs onto him.

"Don't move, Ilya! Don't, don't!"

Ilya scents him unashamedly. "I think you have one more in you, no?"

"I'm not coming for a *year*. Stop *moving*, why are you still moving?"

Ilya hadn't even been moving that much. He'd just wanted to scent Shane some more. He feels like he's drowning in sunshine, though logically he knows it just feels like that because the venom glands behind his nasal cavity have been emptied for the first time and his sinuses are expanding to fill the space. He just might develop a seasonal allergy or two after today, in case Shane feels bad for him and lets him envenom his mating bite again. The thought alone makes his gums ache, but his fangs are maybe a bit overworked because they don't even threaten re-emergence. No matter. They have time. For the first time ever they have all the time in the world. The rest of their lives, in fact.

With that thought he remembers exactly where he is right now. He looks over his shoulder. One of the officials is standing in the corner furthest from where Ilya has Shane pressed to a wall. She's lost three shades since Ilya last saw her and she's clutching a clipboard like a shield in one hand and a scent mask across her nose with the other. She looks about as miserable as a deportation officer can look, which honestly isn't quite miserable enough for Ilya. When she catches his eye she quickly averts her gaze, clears her throat, and says, "Congratulations, Mr Rozanov. Will you be bringing your mate to Russia or seeking bond citizenship in Canada?"

"Canada," Ilya says immediately. Shane doesn't say anything but he's clearly listening because his scent goes almost flowery, which is very embarrassing for him and Ilya is going to try and make him do it again at the first opportunity. The official only nods, like she'd been expecting his answer, but knew she had to ask anyway. She scarpers a second later. There's probably going to be paperwork to fill out about this. Bonds are rare enough that no country will dare separate them now. They have international immunity. Yuna Hollander will probably have ten interviews lined up by the end of the week to use this opportunity to denounce deportation laws in general.

Oh, wow. Shane's mother is part of his extended pack, now. He's going to have to meet Yuna Hollander.

As though the mating bond conveys thoughts as well as pack status, Shane groans and says, "I need to call my parents."

"Yes, put them on the face time. Is perfect occasion to meet me."

"Asshole. We're meant to have a game today. Mom's my manager."

"Hockey, hockey, hockey," Ilya scoffs. "The game is hours away. Is mating bond, not broken legs. We will still play."

"Ilya. I'm becoming an omega."

Doesn't Ilya know it. "Mmh," he hums. "You are smelling so good already. All gooey." He kisses the mating bite. "My omega."

Shane swats him away. "I'm going into heat, asshole. You're taking me to my apartment and we're not leaving for a week."

"A week!" Ilya says, feigning horror. "My mate, he is so empty! He is needing me ten times a day! Ah, I shall wither and die. Like husk."

"You can wither into a husk after you've gotten me through heat, Rozanov."

That sounds like heaven to Ilya, but he makes a pathetic sound just so Shane will kiss him. Which he does. Ilya's cock gives a final, feeble twitch where it's buried in Shane's body.

"Oh. Is your knot going down?"

"I think so, yes."

"Okay. Shit. Okay. I'll get my phone."

"Do I have time to ask question?"

Shane blushes up at him, incongruously shy given they're literally knotted right now. "A question?"

Ilya leans in and scents up Shane's neck to reach his ear. "Shane Hollander," he whispers. "Omega. *Malysh*. My love."

"Yeah?"

Ilya presses his lips to the soft shell of Shane's ear. "Important question," he says. He kisses again. "Most important question."

"Mh?"

"How many times did you come?"

"Fucking *asshole*!"

"Fifteen?"

"I thought you were going to ask me to marry you!"

"If I do will you tell me number?"

"Fuck off! No!"

"*Twenty*, Hollander?"

"Go to hell."

"Twenty... husband?"

Shane gives him a glare with the kind of outrage only Shane Hollander can produce, but he smells like sunshine and he's wearing Ilya's mark and they're *bonded*. Ilya thinks Shane's glares are a small price to pay.

Twenty, he decides. Twenty is a good number to aim for. Omegas are known to be insatiable. And Shane's starting with a baseline level of insatiable that Ilya thinks is probably higher than most. Always aiming for the top score. He kisses his mate's freckles one last time as his knot finally goes down. Shane's outraged flush goes a darker red at the wet sound Ilya's cock makes as he pulls out. Delicious. Goopy sunshine mate. Ilya wonders what he'll smell like as a full omega.

He can't wait to find out.

End Notes

For your Read More I highhhly suggest everything by silversurfer, who just writes them so GOOD. If you enjoyed this fic you might particularly enjoy [You'll go to heaven and I'll go to hell in the meantime](#) in which circumstances bring their relationship forward by years. (*He would make a study of kissing Shane. A hobby. A lifestyle. Aaaaaaah*)

Sorry that this is not the Ilya bitching fic I promised. That fic is not off the cards completely but I can't figure out how to fix it so it's languishing in WIP purgatory at the moment. I'll go poke it with a stick in a bit to see if it's playing dead or if it's actually carked it. No promises.

Fic unbetad so please point out any bugs so i can squash them (put them in a cup and ferry them outside) cheers

Give kiss 

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] It's Not a Farewell Fuck by Mumble_Bee](#) by Anonymous

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