

give you my wild (give you a child)

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give you my wild (give you a child)

by [ashesofrosess](#)

Summary

The scent of Ilya's Alpha was strong, strong as if—

His eyes snap open. “Wait, why do you smell as if..? Are you taking your Rut suppressants?”

Ilya captures Shane's bottom lip with his own and says out between kisses. “I stopped taking them a month ago.”

Shane pulled away. “What? Why?”

Sighing, Ilya brushes a hand by Shane's flank to palm his lower back while another one comes up to rub at the bottom of Shane's lip where he had just been kissing. “We don't need to be taking it anymore. Irina's going to daycare now. We don't need to keep fighting our natural instincts.”

OR

Shane and Ilya's daughter's first day of daycare. They're finally alone in the house again for the first time in a year, coincidentally, it's also Shane's first time going into heat in a year, but it's taking a bit of trial and error to get back into their sex life

Notes

hi guys, this is a purely self-indulgent omegaverse smut oneshot cuz i needed it after planning out the ending of my other longer hollanov fic 💔

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

The first day of school was always more stressful for the parent than the kid, Shane had been hearing from his mom ever since they had broken the news to them that they were expecting. He didn't quite think much of it until he and Ilya were scrambling to get everyone ready fifteen minutes before they had to leave the house to drop their daughter, Irina Hollander-Rozanova, off for her first day of daycare.

"Shane! Where the fuck are the little rubber hair ties?" Ilya yells from downstairs.

Upstairs, Shane was trying to pack her backpack. Waterbottle, diapers, wipes, an extra change of clothes..why did it feel like Irina was moving out? He had wanted to stay home with their baby for longer, and technically he had one more month of parental leave before he had to return to his coaching job, but Ilya had to go back to managing the Irina Foundation this month, and their pediatrician had insisted that it would be good for Irina to start socializing with other babies at this age. The idea of leaving their one year old for a whole day still shot a pang through his heart even though Rose had insisted on taking him out for lunch today to take his mind off it.

His eyes stung with fresh incoming tears, and he swallowed up the sob threatening to come out and cleared his throat. *Fuck*, had he forgotten to take his Heat suppressants this week? Ever since Irina was born, he and Ilya had been so steeped in new parent duties that they agreed it was probably alright to neglect their Alpha/Omega designations for a while in lieu of keeping their newborn alive, with Shane taking Heat suppressants every week, slathering himself with anti-pheromone body wash and lotion every time he took a shower, and Ilya doing the same to hold off his rut. The prospect of the first day of daycare coupled with their usual workload must have distracted him though and he cursed himself for being so spacey during such an important week.

Now that he had realized though, he was suddenly hyperaware of the symptoms in his body that he knew from past experience were surely indicative of a Heat. He could take the suppressants right now but it would be of little use since the Heat was already starting. His mind was spinning with the awareness of his warming body temperature, brain fog, and the itching under his skin for Ilya to come lick it away. *God this was such bad timing.*

"Shane. What the fuck are you doing," Ilya says, coming up the stairs and into Irina's nursery. "Is ten minutes before we have to go."

Shane wiped at his eyes and turned away from the door before Ilya came in. "Don't curse in front of the baby."

He heard Ilya come up behind him and pick up the backpack he had dropped on the floor. "Sorry. Is this packed? Shane—"

He stopped when he realized that Shane had been crying and intakes a sharp breath. "*Shanychka*. What happened? Is this about *malyshka*?"

Ilya puts a hand to Shane's cheek and turns it so Shane is forced to make eye contact with him. He looks down at Irina squirming in Ilya's arm. He has an arm under her so she's

hoisted up to his chest, and when she turns around to look for Shane, he is met with bright hazel eyes framed by long dark lashes that look just like his own.

“She’s okay, look. She’s happy baby,” Ilya grinned, tickling her belly.

Shane chokes up a laugh when Irina giggles and pushes at Ilya’s chest, letting out a squeal.

“I know, I know! I’m honestly a little more worried about myself than I am for her today,” Shane admits.

“You?” Ilya asks, scrunching his eyebrows. “What happened to you?”

“I forgot to take my suppressants at the start of the week,” he admits, face flushing. “I can feel my Heat coming.”

Ilya’s nostrils flare and Shane could see his pupils dilate a fraction. “Heat? *Today?*”

Shane nods. Not wanting to make a big deal out of what was supposed to be Irina’s day, he says, “It’s okay though. I know you have to get back to the foundation, and I have that lunch with Rose later. We’ll figure out what to do later this evening I guess.”

He picks up the discarded backpack and starts to look around the room for Irina’s indoor shoes when Ilya comes up behind him and stops. His intoxicating Alpha scent, strengthened by Shane’s heightened senses on the brink of a Heat, fills the air around Shane’s face and he bathes it in while Ilya rubs his nose up and down the scent glands in his neck.

“Okay, later,” he says before pulling away, leaving Shane unsure if he was a bit more assured or significantly more on edge from being teased. He slowly breathes out of his nose to settle the heat thrumming through his veins.

“The hair elastics are in the drawer under the mirror,” he responds to Ilya’s initial question, taking a deep breath and gathering himself. “Her bag’s packed. I’m going to go start the car.”

He pops a suppressant before heading outside just to hold off the Heat symptoms for a while even though he knows it’ll probably only last long enough for them to drop Irina off at daycare, but that’ll be a problem for later.

Embarrassingly, Shane and Ilya both cried when Ilya handed Irina off to the smiling daycare teacher. She had started crying immediately as well upon seeing the devastated looks on their faces, loud sobs echoing through the daycare as she tried to lunge out of the teacher’s arms and reach for her dads. Ilya held Shane's hand and they both gave her a chaste kiss on the forehead before forcing themselves to turn around and walk out of the daycare, knowing that if they stayed even a second longer, they would take her back from the teacher and ruin the first day of school.

They sat in silence on the drive back. Shane rolled down a window to let in the cool air breezing by; he could already feel the effect of the suppressant slipping as his vision started to blur at the edges and a pulsing ache started up deep inside him. He feels trapped,

suffocated, *feverish* in his own body. The urge to jump out of the car just to get a moment's relief from the confinement of his seatbelt is so strong he digs his nails into his palms to ease the tightness pulling at his skin and throws his head back into the car seat. Heat brain was always a worthy opponent for his usually logical and sensible forebrain.

He jolts when Ilya puts a hand on his thigh and starts rubbing up and down. "We're almost there," he croons soothingly.

"I'm fine," Shane grits out through clenched teeth. "I'll just take another suppressant. You need to go to work."

"I work at nine. We have an hour before I have to leave," Ilya responds. "Let me take care of you."

Shane doesn't argue. It was exactly what his Omega wanted to hear and he preens at the reassurance. When they finally pull into the driveway, they waste no time getting back into the safe confines of their home, and the front door barely closes before Ilya spins Shane around and presses his back to the door. The suppressant has fully worn off at this point and Shane's eyes roll back in his head, and he takes a deep inhale of Ilya's soothing Alpha pheromones while he licks a trail up Shane's neck and nips gently at his skin there. The scent of Ilya's Alpha was strong, *strong as if*—

His eyes snap open. "Wait, why do you smell as if..? Are you taking your Rut suppressants?"

Ilya captures Shane's bottom lip with his own and says out between kisses. "I stopped taking them a month ago."

Shane pulled away. "What? Why?"

Sighing, Ilya brushes a hand by Shane's flank to palm his lower back while another one comes up to rub at the bottom of Shane's lip where he had just been kissing. "We don't need to be taking it anymore. Irina's going to daycare now. We don't need to keep fighting our natural instincts."

"Then why haven't you gone into Rut yet?" Shane accuses.

"Because of *you*. A Rut is most commonly triggered by a mate's Heat. You know this. You were still taking the suppressants. But now.." he trails off by taking Shane's belt off with skill and lowering himself down onto his knees in front of his Omega.

Shane could feel his dick hardening with need as Ilya balms him through his jeans. A rumble of pleasure working its way up his throat as Ilya nudges his legs apart and continues stroking him. All retorts fall off the tip of his tongue as Ilya unbuttons his pants and frees his swelling dick. His eyes intense as he looks up at Shane and trails kisses down the smooth planes of his stomach before taking Shane in his mouth.

His whole body twitches, and he yanks at Ilya's curls to steady himself. He could feel his slick pooling between the globes of his ass, creating a sticky mess, and a drop of precum leaks out as Ilya swirls his tongue around him and sucks at him gently, licking up the precum.

Moving his hands down from where he was holding onto Shane's sides, Ilya gently cups his balls while he licks a stripe up his fully hard dick. Shane whimpers as Ilya continues sucking and lapping at the moisture gathering at his tip. *God, his husband had an amazing mouth.* His hormones are going haywire as they always do after a long period of not going into Heat. He feels for Ilya's scent glands at his neck and rubs at them to release more of his contented, domineering Alpha scent.

"*God, Ilya,*" Shane groans, a hiss escaping his lips when Ilya swirls his tongue at the tip of his shaft. "Just like that."

Ilya lets out a moan of his own while he continues licking eagerly. "*Ty idealen, Shanychka,*" he pants out between fucking Shane with his mouth and pulling back to look at him with a burning intensity.

But as fast as it had started, the moment ends when a shudder runs through him and he suddenly empties himself into Ilya's mouth. Not expecting Shane to finish this quickly, he does a pretty good job at hiding his surprise though, by swallowing as best as he could and only letting a trickle of cum drip down his chin.

Shane's Adam's apple bobs as he looks down at Ilya in a sex-drunk haze before the brainfog lifts and he realizes he just came in less than five minutes, without Ilya even being inside him. A hot flush creeps up his neck, and he hurriedly tucks himself back into his pants.

Ilya didn't seem to quite know what to say either, still on his knees and looking up at Shane in a daze, his cum drying and getting tacky around Ilya's mouth where he had leaked out.

"Shane, I-" he starts.

"No, no, that's on me," Shane quickly says, zipping up his pants. "I..I don't know what happened."

"Hey, no, is okay," Ilya assures, standing up to meet Shane's eyes.

He leans in to kiss him, but Shane turns his head and gives Ilya his cheek. Pulling back, Ilya gives him a confused and slightly hurt look.

"That was so embarrassing—"

"No, is your first Heat in *a year*. That happens," Ilya tried, bringing his hands up to Shane's face.

He steps out of Ilya's grasp though, face still red. "You didn't even enter me. I—I came in two strokes like a teenager!"

"Is no big deal!" Ilya tries, but Shane cuts him off.

"It's eight thirty. You should get going. I'm..going to go clean up," he says before rushing upstairs, leaving Ilya standing alone in their foyer.

Ilya groans and brushes a hand through his hair, quickly cleaning up himself before going to work.

“So did you and Ilya both cry?” Rose asks with a smirk.

They had met up at a cute French-inspired bistro downtown at noon. Shane had busied himself all morning with cleaning the house and getting some final administrative work done to prepare for returning to his coaching job next month, but it was no use, he was still thinking of the incident this morning. He had taken another suppressant before heading out even though he had already started feeling better after his orgasm this morning.

Returning her smile, he said, “Guilty.”

Rose bursted out laughing and slapped a hand over her mouth when Shane glared at her. “Do you have a picture?”

“Of us crying? Or of Irina?”

“Of my godbaby, obviously! I don’t want to see you two hunks balling your eyes out,” she says.

Shane pulls up the photo the daycare teacher took of the three of them standing in front of the front door of the daycare before they had handed her to the teacher and all three of them had started to tear up.

“Aww, adorable,” Rose cooed, putting her hands to her heart. “How are you feeling now?”

Shane shrugs. “I’m sure she’s doing okay. We vetted the daycare very carefully.”

Rose rolls her eyes. “Not the PR answer. How are you *feeling*?”

Sighing, Shane’s relieved when their food arrives, momentarily distracting Rose from her line of questioning. She’s still waiting an answer though, looking at Shane expectantly while she cuts into her waffle.

“A little sad. I don’t go back to coaching until next month, so I feel like I can stay home with her right now,” he finally says.

Rose nods. “Yeah, I get that, but the doctor said it’d be good for her to be around other babies, right? And plus..” She wiggles her eyebrows at him. “Now you and Ilya can be home alone when she’s at daycare.”

The memory of that morning comes flooding back to Shane, and he blushes, causing Rose to look at him weirdly.

“We already did..this morning actually,” he concedes.

“Ayyy,” Rose starts before Shane starts shaking his head.

“No, no it wasn’t—” he sighs, leaning in closer to her to avoid getting overheard by passerbys. “I went into Heat.”

“Woah!” Rose says loudly before Shane shushes her. “That’s why you kinda smelled different.”

“Shh, keep your voice down!” he scolds.

“Haven’t you not gone into Heat since..well since you were pregnant with Irina?” Rose inquires.

“We agreed to both take suppressants!” Shane exclaims. “I just forgot this week and Ilya..well he apparently stopped taking them a month ago?”

Rose chuckles and puts a hand over Shane’s on the table. “Sounds like it was a good time then.”

Shane shakes his head. “No, well yeah at first, but then.” A breath. “I came in like two seconds. It was kind of embarrassing.”

A beat passes. Rose just looks at him, fork frozen halfway to her mouth. Shane squirms uncomfortably, unable to shake the feeling of shame creeping into him.

Suddenly, Rose starts cracking up and covers her mouth with her hands and starts laughing into her hands. “I’m sorry! It’s not funny..I just,” she lets out another cackle and looks away while Shane scowls at her.

“Rose! It’s not...stop laughing!” he demands, face reddening.

“No! No, but that’s the reason you’ve been brooding all morning?” she asks incredulously. “Shane! How long have you and Ilya been together? Almost two decades? There’s genuinely nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Slumping his shoulders, Shane lets out a deep breath and steadies himself before responding, “I know! I don’t know why it feels so embarrassing.”

Rose gives him an understanding look and softens her voice. “I get it, but it is pretty normal for your hormones to act strangely when you’ve been holding them off for so long,” she says. “And I don’t even think what happened was *that* weird if I’m being honest. I mean how did Ilya feel?”

Shane thinks back to the caring way Ilya had looked at him that morning, the way his gaze had held nothing but understanding and love even though Shane had pushed him away.

“Okay, I think. I guess I was the one who freaked out,” he admits.

“I’m sure he’ll understand,” Rose says. “You should speak to him about it though, and maybe get some hormones from the Heat specialist to re-regulate your cycles.”

Considering this, the doubt and humiliation that had been clouding his brain for the entire morning subsides a bit, and he returns Rose's reassuring look with a reluctant grin of his own.

Returning back to their house after the lunch, feeling more reassured than he had when he left to go meet Rose, Shane does a bit more work before going to pick Irina up from daycare later that afternoon. She smiles and calls out to him when she sees him, jumping out of the teacher's lap and stumbling a bit as she runs over, the daycare teacher following.

"Dada!" Irina cries as Shane beams down at her and picks her up as soon as she's close enough.

"She had a great day!" the daycare teacher exclaims, bringing Irina's backpack and water bottle over to them and handing them to Shane. "We were a little upset in the morning, but she was totally fine by the time we got to snack time."

Shane laughs. "She's like her papa in that way."

He takes Irina to the park to watch the ducks in the pond before heading home, getting a text from Ilya on the drive back. *They need me to stay a bit later. I'm going to miss dinner. See you tonight. I love you.* Shane shoots back a text saying he'll leave dinner in the fridge, and they text back and forth a bit more about Irina and her first day before Ilya is pulled away by another obligation. Solo parenting for the rest of the evening, he puts Irina to bed at seven, and goes back to he and Ilya's room, perching their baby monitor on his nightstand, to wait for him to get back.

Ilya gets back around eight, and he immediately goes to Irina's nursery to kiss her goodnight and whisper an apology about missing her first day of daycare before going to their bedroom.

"Hey," he says, leaning on the doorframe.

"Hey yourself," Shane says with a small smile, putting his laptop down and walking over from their bed to Ilya at the door. "How was work?"

"It was work," Ilya responds, eyeing him cautiously. "How are you?"

Shane brings his hands up to Ilya's face and pulls him in for a kiss. "Better now that you're back."

Raising an eyebrow, Ilya starts to push Shane back towards the bed and says, "Feeling better about...this morning?"

Shane nods as the back of his knees hit the edge of their bed. "Yeah. I took another suppressant earlier, but it's wearing off again."

"Well, what should we do about that?" Ilya teases.

"I have an idea," Shane responds, before feeling for the hem of Ilya's t-shirt and pulling it up over his head.

He traces the sharp lines of his pecs, and trails a finger down the V that dips into his pants to undo those as well. They waste no time undressing each other, fingers fumbling around with zippers and buckles before they're both standing naked in front of the bed. This close to Ilya, and without the barrier of clothes, he could fully smell him. Strong, sharp Alpha pheromones fill his lungs as he breathes in and his entire body shivers at the visceral reaction it induces inside of him.

The heat that had radiated through his body earlier in the day washes back over him in a rush ten times stronger, and he whimpers at the heat pooling in his core.

"Fuck," he says as Ilya scrapes his teeth across the scent glands in his neck.

He pushes Shane down on the bed and climbs over him, his gold chain swaying above Shane's face. A fog of sex induced delirium washes over him as Ilya's gaze strips him completely bare. Flipping Shane over, he palms the globes of Shane's ass, dipping a thumb between the cheeks to brush at the slick leaking out of him as he whispers in Shane's ear, "I'm going to knot in your ass so hard, you're going to be sore for the next week."

Arousal explodes inside of him at these words, and Ilya continues working a finger, then two, inside of Shane's ass, spreading the flowing slick all over while another hand pressed between Shane's shoulder blades. His cock was rock-hard when he guided it to the entrance of Shane's asshole, probing at it before he spreads Shane's slick over it with two strokes. A muffled whimper leaves him when Ilya inserts the leaking head of his cock inside of Shane and starts moving in and out slowly.

"Fuck. Your ass was made to swallow my cock," he grunts, thrusting into him with increasing speed. "To take my knot."

Ragged breaths escape him with every thrust, and the noise of wet, sloppy skin slapping against each other filled the room.

"Harder," Shane keens, raising his ass to take Ilya deeper, and Ilya digs his fingernails into Shane with both hands to plunge his cock harder into him.

Shane gasps when he feels the base of his shaft slowly start to swell. The knot bulges as Ilya starts to slow the rocking of his hips as the seal starts to restrict his movement.

"Relax," Ilya coos. "You're taking me so well."

"Please," Shane moans into the pillow. "Give me your knot Alpha."

Ilya comes inside him with a grunt, and his bulbous knot traps them together. Shane feels the spurts of come up his ass and shudders as Ilya empties his seed inside of him, biting into his lip to not cry out in pleasure. His whole body shakes as the combination of their releases soaks the sheets and makes a mess of the bed. A beautiful, earth-shattering mess. A tiny whimper leaves him when Ilya feels up his muscled back to kiss and nip at his shoulder blades and neck, still inside him.

“You took me so well,” he says, licking the lobe of Shane’s ear. “Next time don't scream into the bed. I want to hear you.”

A dull ache settled in Shane’s ass where the knot was still swollen. It still felt like mostly pleasure, maybe laced with a bit of pain, but knowing it would take a few hours to go down, Ilya lies down next to Shane, pulling his flush against his chest.

“It was okay?” he asks when Shane doesn’t say anything.

“More than,” he replies, settling himself against Ilya’s rippling muscles. “You’re incredible. I was worried it was not going to be...the same...after. But I clearly had nothing to worry about.”

Ilya leans up to kiss Shane’s cheek before wrapping an arm around his chest. “You worry too much. Maybe I need to fuck the worry out of you.”

Putting his hand over Ilya’s, he says. “Later.”

They wake up in the middle of the night a few hours later, and Ilya carefully pulls his now soft cock out of Shane’s ass. Shane stretches in bed as Ilya head into their ensuite to wash up, feeling adequate fucked and filled as Ilya’s cum drips out of him. He joins Ilya in the bathroom a second later and they clean each other before swapping the sheets on the bed. It’s sweet and gentle and domestic in a way that makes Shane blush despite how many times they’ve done this. They switch positions when they lay down again, with Shane curling his body around Ilya’s and strokes his hair while their legs sandwich each other in a tangle.

This morning’s incident completely replaced in his memory of his first time going into heat again after having Irina by this most recent, mind-blowing one. The warmth under his skin from his heat was still not gone, but he decided to let both of them rest a bit before going at it again in the morning. Here, with his Alpha’s scent surrounding him and the smell of their releases combined, his Omega calms and the hormones that were causing a stir earlier in the day settle into a dreamless sleep.

End Notes

this was lowkey posted at 11pm at night and is NOT beta read so im sorry for that TT
as always, thx for reading <3

title is from peace by taylor swift :)

-ash

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