

sweet dreams are made of this

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya had some pretty wild dreams. Especially when his husband was laying right there next to him. Speaking of Shane, he was the main player in his sexually explicit dreams — ones where the alpha would wake up incredibly hard the next morning. It was getting to the point that his scent was turning mouth watering and affecting his omega within such a close proximity.

Or Ilya dreams about Shane being wet and wakes up to a surprise.

Notes

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

Ilya had some pretty wild dreams. Especially when his husband was laying right there next to him. Speaking of Shane, he was the main player in his sexually explicit dreams — ones where the alpha would wake up incredibly hard the next morning. It was getting to the point that his scent was turning mouth watering and affecting his omega within such a close proximity.

It was almost like getting high off of Ilya's scent, Shane couldn't resist himself most mornings. He would wait until the alpha woke up and then disappear under the blankets.

That is until Shane started getting impatient for Ilya to wake up.

"If you need anything while I am sleeping please take it, *moya lyubov*." Ilya had told Shane this once before when he woke up to a poor pregnant pitiful Shane with his hand between his thick thighs rocking on his fingers.

Shane *needed* this. After waking up in a cold sweat, clothes sticking to his skin, and a warmth pooling in the bottom of his gut the omega knew one thing — he *needed* his alpha's mouth on him or he was going to melt into a puddle in the middle of their nest.

Ilya wasn't making it any easier to ignore. All he did was toss and turn *all* night long rock hard between his legs — Shane had felt it brush against his ass more than once taunting him.

It was slowly wearing on his sanity.

It was wearing on Ilya's too. It came to him in dreams, an extremely horny Shane with his pussy dripping slick so strong he could smell it — the pheromones had him in a chokehold making his cock hard between his legs.

Shane was awake somehow, he had been asleep the last time he had checked but he was awake now with his hand between his legs moaning softly as he pushed his own panties to the side and slipped a finger into himself. There's was just so much slick there that Ilya wondered if the bed would somehow flood.

Ilya could feel himself drooling, he wanted to bite those thick thighs that seemed to invite him in.

But for whatever reason he couldn't move his arms, he could just feel his knot throbbing painfully against the thin fabric of his sleep shorts and fuck he wanted to taste his omega.

"Shane..."

And then the straw that broke the insanely horny camel's back was Ilya letting out a low, "Shane..."

He had to be kidding. Ilya had to be awake. There was no way that he wasn't especially with the way his hand kept brushing between the omega's thighs in search of something.

So, doing what any hormone driven omega would do, Shane eased himself up throwing one thick thigh over Ilya's waist dragging himself upwards being careful not to wake him.

The alpha of course felt the weight on his body. Even if he was only half awake himself, it was definitely welcomed.

Ilya remained asleep somehow by some miracle, his eyes still closed dreaming away about something *really* good apparently.

Something so good that he kept grunting about softly in his sleep, still incredibly hard — Shane's core throbbed just thinking about Ilya's thick cock seated inside him and his eyelids fluttered closed when his husband shifted ever so slightly causing Shane to lose his footing for a second. He felt his slit brush against Ilya, slick dampened panties brushing against his aching pussy drawing a soft moan from his own mouth.

What would it hurt to just rub himself against Ilya's cock? It was already hard, it was there and-

"Fuck Shane...I want a taste."

Shane froze, almost certain that his alpha was awake now. Especially since he was saying that and yet...his eyes were still very much closed.

Proceeding with caution, Shane eased himself down again taking one hand to pull his panties to the side. The head of Ilya's cock slipping through his slick, pussy seeming like it was trying to draw him in, the way it fluttered and pulsed against him had his head going all static. The only thoughts he had left bouncing around like the menu of a DVD screen were *'Just sit on it, Ilya wants it he told you to take what you needed even if he was asleep'* and fuck was he losing himself.

Shane couldn't even think straight right now if his life depended on it. How easy would it be just to ease himself down, his hips were already aching from hovering. His thighs were quivering begging to rest and so he listened to his body.

The omega rolled his hips, pussy pulsing and leaking even more slick dripping like honey down his thighs — the promise of his alpha's thick cock sliding home more than enough to coax him into *finally* allowing himself to drop an inch, Ilya's cock head catching on his entrance when he startled causing them both to let out a low moan.

Ilya began stirring, hands trying to find Shane, settling on resting one hand on his lower back just above his ass cheek and the other on the curve of his belly.

"You're awake...shit— I didn't mean to wake you up..." Shane didn't mean it. Not really. His alpha had made him all big, pregnant, and constantly horny and it was all his fault.

"I told you to take what you needed even if I was sleeping, lyubimyy. I want you to feel good, I was already dreaming about this." Ilya admitted, voice deep with sleep encouraging the omega to inch down further and further until the alpha was fully inside him.

Shane wanted him to know just what it was like to wake up *needing*. He had been waking up absolutely drenched in his own slick, thighs glued together and it wasn't like Ilya didn't help. That was all he ever did was help him.

But Shane felt like it was consuming him from the inside out, that feeling of needing his alpha's knot never quite going away, sticking around like a dull hum deep within. It was a thirst that couldn't be quenched no matter how much he drank.

He blamed it on pregnancy. Blamed it on Ilya partly for making him even needier than he already had been. It was probably all part of his alpha's plan to make him drunk off his knot — not that he was complaining.

Ilya's hands moved lower still half asleep, cupping his ass cheeks guiding him along as he began to roll his hips upward into Shane, watching the latter's eyes roll back.

"Just relax, *moya lyubov*. You need to take a rest." The alpha encouraged through his thrusts, making sure his heavily pregnant omega didn't teeter over thanks to his center of gravity being off.

Shane was just *so* big it was hard to keep himself upright by himself anymore. He let out desperate little whines, high and urgent in nature. "Need it so bad, *alpha*. Need you to fill me up again— I need to be full." His head lolled to the side, eyes parted as he lifted himself up and then sank back down onto the fullness of Ilya's cock causing them both to let out a moan in unison.

Ilya's fingers dug into the plush of Shane's ass, memorizing the stretch marks under his fingertips.

The push and pull of his omega's swollen belly against his own stomach feeling proof of what they had made together almost sending the alpha over the edge.

A quiet rumble built in Ilya's throat as his hands moved up to cradle Shane's belly in his hands, letting his husband take and take what he needs as he rode him harder and faster putting his all into it. Every last bit of energy that had been built up within Shane buzzing like an angry swarm of bees.

It was now being released as Shane felt that feeling building in the pit of his stomach, that tingling sensation that lit his body on fire from head to toe. Ilya's knot was steadily swelling, had been from the time that he had woken up to his omega on top of him.

"Need it, fill me up again— make me bigger." Shane whined, leaning forward (as much as he possibly could) drawing out his own orgasm as he moved his hips in desperate semi-circles.

Ilya couldn't even speak, he swallowed hard and nodded feeling his knot becoming painfully hard — needing to be squeezed by something. It needed to be inside of Shane, to feel his slit clamp down on it and keep it nestled deep within him. The breeding already having been done *clearly* but the thought of breeding him again had the alpha dangerously close.

And with his beautiful omega on top of him looking like a dream. Ilya was almost certain he was still dreaming because this had definitely been in his dreams before. Many, many times.

"Ilya, *please*. I need it." Shane managed to pant out between high pitched whines, his eyes half lidded now — he was so far gone that he would be knot drunk in no time.

So Ilya, being the good alpha he was gave it to him as he thrust his hips up with one deep thrust to pop his knot into Shane's cunt fully locking them together. "Come for me, *kotik*."

And so Shane did. He wasn't sure when his brain came back fully online still stuck riding the high of his orgasm as he milked Ilya's knot for everything it was worth and then some, the feeling of being so impossibly full with his baby *and* his release *finally* satisfying his thirst.

Shane felt his body slowly turning into jello, the tension melting away from his bones as he slumped forward. He was completely knot drunk and wasn't coming down anytime soon.

They stayed like that for what felt like hours, Shane had actually been the one to doze back off leaving a very awake Ilya tied to his needy omega.

It was right where he wanted to be.

When Shane finally woke up, he was laying in the middle of the nest cleaned up and was wearing one of Ilya's hoodies. There was a fresh plate of strawberry pancakes and a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice waiting for him.

"It is the afternoon but you were talking about pancakes yesterday so I made a run to the diner." Ilya admitted, his inner alpha making sure his omega had everything he needed. He needed to provide for him and this was his way of doing so.

Shane was thoroughly surprised, a smile slipping onto his lips as he eyed the offering. "Hmm, I'll eat them if you share with me." He patted a spot next to him which of course they both knew Shane was *not* sharing them and that Ilya would just watch him eat but hey, that was fine he would gladly watch his husband down an entire stack of pancakes.

Dreams really did come true.

End Notes

💌 the whole mood of this fic is [insert keanu everyday i wake up meme] like that man wakes up everyday /so/ turned on and pregnant and he's like oh my god what am i gonna do about this? which of course ilya is right there dreaming about it too LMAO but anyways so yeah here's this also he's currently pregnant with sofia in this one 💕 hope you guys enjoy!

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