

Bigger Than Us

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Bigger Than Us

by [CanOfTuna \(MrRozanovIfYoureNasty\)](#)

Summary

At 35 years old, Alpha Ilya Rozanov moves to NY after his mate dies where he meets a 22 year old omega Shane Hollander.

Chapter 1: Prologue

“At least I get to say goodbye to you properly.” Svetlana smiled, her hand reaching up to cup her husband’s face. She was going to lose consciousness again. Her eyelids were threatening to close; Ilya could see her struggling to stay awake. Her frightened scent was making Ilya’s eyes water.

She was such a strong and beautiful omega. His best friend that saved him from his horrible life in Moscow and helped him start his life in Boston. Best friends, spouses but never lovers, love but not in love. And now she was dying...

“Sveta...” Ilya whispered. “Thank you for always...” He pushed out his comforting pheromones as best as he could, his cedar alpha musk surrounding her, protecting her.

She smiled. “You know I love you. I will always love you, Ilyusha. My best friend.”

“Fuck, Sveta. I love you.” He kissed her wrist.

“Take care of yourself, Ilyusha. Don’t let this be the end for you. Promise me.”

Ilya nodded. “Yes, Sveta. For you I will try.”

“It hurts, Ilyusha.” The tears poured out and down her face. She tried to be so strong for everyone, for Ilya. She was always his rock, his voice of reason. And she was breaking, losing consciousness again.

“I know, Sveta..”

Ilya held her hand until the ambulance finally arrived. But she was already gone.

The bite of Ilya’s neck felt like it was on fire.



Ilya knew that Svetlana was an organ donor. He had teased her at first, saying that her omega liver was shot from how much she drank. He didn’t actually think that he would see the day that her body would actually be severed and distributed to people.

There was an option if Ilya ever wanted to meet the recipients. He knew that another omega got her heart, her big, beautiful heart that gave too much... He thought that maybe one day he would like to meet them but not for a while. He thought he might resent the person even though it wasn’t their fault that Svetlana had died. It was a horrible car accident and the fact that Svetlana had regained enough consciousness to tell Ilya goodbye... it was going to haunt him.

He didn’t want to go back to their condo and see her memory everywhere. Her jacket on the back of the chair, her chapstick on the counter, her silk bonnets next to the bed. He didn’t

think he would be able to live there without her. It would be too much. He had lived in a dead woman's memory before; he couldn't do it again.

He asked his brother to grab the safe from their condo. That had everything in it that he would ever want to keep. Ilya didn't give a shit about anything else. He would sell the unit and everything in it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Two Years Later

Ilya stared at the ceiling of his new home in Nyack, NY. He had taken a researcher position at Sloan Kettering. He tried to stay in Boston, but he couldn't do it anymore. And it wasn't only because of losing Svetlana. It was everything. He needed a change. He needed to feel something. He was a fucking thirty-five year old alpha and was still getting shitfaced and fucking faceless omegas in club bathrooms was *not* what Svetlana meant when said she said for Ilya to take care of himself.

"We're happy to have you!" Cliff Marlow said, slapping Ilya on the shoulder. "What made you leave Boston?"

Ilya shrugged. "There was nothing left for me there." He sipped his beer. "And I am getting paid to focus on my research and not teach." Ilya winked at him.

"Yeah, that'll do it. Still, I am looking forward to working with you. Your RozaDev... how it shows how the secondary gender cells are affected by suppressants and stimulants? In real time! Fucking amazing."

"Thank you." Ilya smiled. "I am very proud. The team I had in Boston was... well, we worked very well together. I hope we can do the same."

"Definitely!" Marlow finished his beer and waived the bartender down for another. "So, let me guess? You are a Raiders fan then?"

"Of course! Best team in the east!"

"I can't disagree with you there. But being born and raised in New York..."

"No, Marlow! I thought you were a smart alpha!"

They laughed. It felt nice having a real laugh and a good beer with someone.

"Did you ever play?" Marlow asked.

"*Da*. In college I played some. Not so much now."

“Well, I’m on a non-contact beer league. Very easy going, no checking and shit. We play about once a week, if you would ever want to join. Our right winger, Pike, is out since he just had his fifth kid.”

“Five kids? What the hell!” Ilya laughed. “Is he starting his own team?”

Marlow laughed. “It’s really his fourth kid, but he pretty much adopted our team’s omega after...” Marlow stopped. “Never mind.”

Ilya cocked his eyebrow but let it go. He hadn’t played in a few years, but he was excited. For the first time in a long time.

The July sun felt good on Ilya’s skin as he grabbed his gear from the trunk. Marlow was also getting his gear out of his truck when he saw Ilya.

“Seriously? This ugly thing?” Marlow said when he cut off the Porsche’s engine. “Could you pick a more annoying color?”

“What is wrong with yellow?”

“It’s not just yellow. It’s Boston Raiders’ yellow.” A new voice said. “I’m Hollzy. You must be Rozanov?” He held his hand out.

Hollzy? That was a different name. Was he German or something?

Ilya turned to look at the omega that stood next to Marlow. He was just a pup, really. Looked barely old enough to drink. Very pretty omega. Straight dark hair hidden under a navy beanie, brown, almond shaped eyes, a splatter of light brown freckles across his straight nose and rose cheeks. He was chewing on his bottom lip, those soft full lips and pouty mouth and...

“Ah, you are a shitty Admirals fan, too? Like our mutual idiot alpha friend here?” Ilya shook his hand. His warm, large hand with a strong grip...

“Ha! No. I am happy they have a team but Metros, all the way.”

Ilya put his hand in his heart and gasped. “No! Blasphemy! Marlow, you need new teammates.”

Marlow smiled and Hollzy blushed. Ilya definitely needed to see that again.

“You could just root for a better team instead..” Hollzy smiled.

And he was a brat? Oh, Ilya was never leaving now.

“It is okay. Not everyone is born with common sense. Greatness can be a problem for most people. Metros fans, mainly.” Ilya grinned as they walked inside the rink.

Hollzy laughed and walked ahead of them, immediately going to the locker room to change. The remaining alphas stayed back to wait until Hollzy was done changing. The pack respected their omega's privacy. Ilya nodded in approval and stayed and looked at the rink. The cold air and sounds of the blades on the ice was taking him back. It was nice.

"Come on, brother." Marlow said when Shane came out. "Let's play some hockey."

They were strict about their no checking people rule. Of course there would be some contact but nothing like elbowing or high sticking or anything else. It was a friendly game and some of the guys had medical conditions that really didn't allow for them to get manhandled like they would in the MHL.

"It's for safety." Marlow explained. "Some of these guys have medial issues and still want to play. We want anyone to be able to play if they want."

And Hollzy was a fucking god on the ice. He was center on Ilya's line and they could predict each other without even knowing each others play style. Ilya had never felt so at home on the ice.

"Fuck, Hollzy. You play professionally?" Ilya said after Shane scored his third goal.

He smiled. "No. I played juniors. I was good."

"I'll fucking say. I have never played with anyone like you before. You are amazing." Ilya said.

Hollzy blushed and muttered a thank you and skated off.

A part of Ilya just wanted to sit and watch the omega skate. Fuck, he was really good.

They went to Monks bar that was down the corner. The group of them walking the block, laughing and chirping each other.

"You're coming out today, Hollzy?" Boodram yelled out. "Your beta letting you out tonight!m?"

"Fuck off!" Hollzy shoved him with his shoulder. "He is not my beta! I just thought it would be nice." Hollzy's flicked his eyes to Ilya then away.

Interesting.

They crowded into a booth, Ilya pressed up against Hollzy. He was disappointed to see that the omega was wearing scent patches. He had to resist the animalistic urge to bury his nose on Holly's neck. Marlow went to grab beers for the table; came back with a beer for everyone and...

"A ginger ale for our omega, Hollzy." Marlow said with smile.

"Thanks man."

“Ginger ale? You are not old enough to drink?” Ilya frowned. Fuck, he was crushing on a *pup*?

Hollzy laughed. “No, I am 22. I can drink. I just don’t.”

Ilya nodded, saying a silent thank you to Hollzy’s parents for having them the year that they did. He was younger than Ilya would normally go for, but he was funny and beautiful, very pretty when he blushed. Probably could suck a mean dick with a mouth like that... Ilya wondered if he was a bottom. God, he hoped so, but fuck, Hollzy was so hot Ilya would bottom for him.

Ilya’s alpha brain had obviously derailed. He couldn’t believe he was thinking about this right now.

“So, your boyfriend let you out, I heard Bood say?” Ilya asked, being the bottle to his lips as seductively as possible.

Hollzy groaned. “Hayden is not my boyfriend. The guys just give me shit because he is protective of me.”

“Hayden?”

Who the fuck was Hayden?

“Oh, sorry. Pike. You took his position?”

“Oh! The one with a hockey team of children. Yes! I know who this is now.”

“Just four kids and yeah, he looks out for me. Like a big brother.” Hollzy sipped his soda and Ilya watched as his fingers traced the label on the can.

“So, your girlfriend lets you out then?” Ilya asked.

“No!” Hollzy shook his head. “It would be a boyfriend... if I had an alpha.” Hollzy rubbed the patch on his scent gland nervously. Ilya wanted to eat him.

“Ah.” Ilya leaned in closer. “I do not have one either. A girlfriend. Or a boyfriend.”

Hollzy’s eyes flicked to Ilya’s mouth, his tongue darted out to lick his bottom lip. Hollzy’s eyes drifted to Ilya’s neck, the obvious bite made his face furrow in confusion. Ilya didn’t break eye contact as he pressed his thigh harder against Hollzy’s under the table.

Hollzy cleared his throat. “Hey Rozanov, look, um. I, uh, I am not good with subtleties.” Ilya watched his Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed. “So, uh, if you are trying to say something I need you to be direct. Are you fucking with me?”

And if Ilya wasn’t crushing on Hollzy before, he sure a fuck was now. Hollzy’s brown eyes were bouncing from Ilya’s mouth back up to his eyes.

“No! I am serious. I want to take very pretty omega, you,” he pointed to him, “to dinner. We can go to a restaurant or I can even cook for you?”

“Oh.” Hollzy said, looking at his can of ginger ale again. “Yeah, that would be cool. You’re new to Nyack. I could show you around, too. It would be nice.”

“*Da*. It could be very nice.” Ilya winked. “You have phone? Give.”

They exchanged numbers and the group walked back to the rink, saying their goodbyes and their see you next weeks. Ilya watched Hollzy climb into the driver’s seat of Marlow’s truck. He had obviously planned on being the designated driver for a clearly drunk Marlow. He felt a wave of jealousy wash over him as he watched the truck drive off before climbing in his car. He put his head on the steering wheel and sighed. What the fuck was he doing?

“So...” Ilya said from behind the computer screen. “Tell me about Hollzy.”

“Huh?” Marlow asked. “He is the teams’s omega. He owns a gift shop over off of main. He doesn’t go out with us a lot. Fucking kills it at hockey. Why? You in love with him or something?”

“Fuck you, Marley. He makes me curious, is all.” Ilya shrugged.

“Yeah, he’s a handsome pup.” Marlow said, typing into the computer.

“Please, do not say pup. I am going to dinner with him on Friday.”

“No shit?” Marlow smiled. “That’s great man. I know a couple of alphas that we have played against tried to talk to him, but he never said yes to anyone.” Marlow narrowed his eyes. “Don’t break his heart. Seriously. He is a good omega.”

Ilya nodded. “Yes, yes. I understand.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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

That Friday started like any other Friday. Morning latte and blueberry muffin from Gigi's Café, banana nut the only acceptable replacement. Twenty-two minute bike ride to the his parent's gift shop. Well, it was once their gift shop when they were alive, now it was his.

He frowned. The *Hollzy's Gifts & Flowers* sign needed to be replaced. It was starting to rust; maybe an LED type of sign? He would look into that a little later.

He flipped on the lights and the "open" sign and took a deep breath. He loved the smell of the flowers. The different fragrances filling his nostrils, reminding him of when he was a child and his omega mother, Yuna, would get floral arrangements ready. He would sit at the counter, legs swinging watching her snip and trim. His alpha father, David, would be in the back office, taking any orders or going through inventory. It was a simple life. Easy.

David played hockey for Montreal and retired at 34 when Shane was born. Shane was anxious, different. He has difficulty making friends and holding conversations. He tended to bombard people with his topics of interests. When he presented as an omega at 13, things made more sense. Male omegas were rare. So rare that some people went their entire lives without ever seeing one.

Shane was 22 now. His parents had been dead for seven years. It still hurt. He hadn't had the courage to sell their house, and he really didn't need all the space that the house provided. His mother called it a cottage but it was more of a mansion than anything. He stayed there though, nights lonely with just Shane and his many movies. His one-person meals and endless supply of ginger ale. He would see his teammates on Saturdays to play. He would talk to Rose or Hayden but that was pretty much it.

Shane was David and Yuna's only child, so he inherited everything. Their "cottage" a few miles outside of Nyack, NY, their Montreal condo and the rental properties scattered around the area as well, the gift and flower shop, their investment portfolios, banking accounts, and Shane had a trust fund. He also received a large settlement from BWX Freight after their driver was drunk and slammed the semi into the side of the Jeep.

Shane walked across the stage at 21 for his bachelors with the guys from the beer league cheering for him. He liked play with them. He never wanted to go professional, but the rec league made him feel connected to his parents just the same. They were his pack.

That was Shane's routine. That was Shane's life and how things worked for him. He was happy and content with how things were going. Hayden had told him that he was allowed to be happy. The last seven years were not easy on him. Losing his parents at 15 and then two years ago when Shane had been diagnosed with severe Omega Cardiomyopathy, received an omega donor heart, and...

The door chimed about five minutes before he was going to lock up and get ready for his dinner with Ilya, breaking Shane's thought process. Shane was hunched over the counter; he had just started reading the *Unwritten* series and had to keep pushing his glasses up. He needed new ones. Shane hated going to the eye doctor and having an anxiety over the fucking air puff test.

"Welcome to Hollzy's!" Shane yelled from his book. "Let me know if you need any help."

There was no answer.

Well, fuck you, too.

No, this was not customer service. His mother would have scolded him. His father would have laughed.

Shane looked up to see the back of a tall alpha with a familiar mop of light brown curls. Ilya was wearing a leather jacket and relaxed light colored jeans that sat low on his hips. Shane's eyes trailed down; he had a fantastic ass. It filled out his pants very nicely. He looked big, muscular, his arms were crossed in front of him. He was staring at all of the fresh arrangements against the wall, stretching his neck from side to side. Shane was relieved when he noticed Ilya had his scent patches on. He frowned when he remembered the bite again.

"Da, can I get this one?" Ilya's thick Russian accent filled the air. He was pointing at the arrangement of peach roses, white lilies, mini peach carnations accented with pitta negra, dusty miller, and a green echeveria succulent.

"Of course." Shane hurried around the counter and opened the glass door. "Will you need a card or anything? They are free."

"Ah, no. Is for a dinner tonight. I have a hot date." Ilya turned towards Shane and winked. Then his mouth dropped open. "You wear glasses?"

Shane was horrible with maintaining eye contact, but the alpha's eyes were a shade of blue that Shane had never seen before. With little golden flecks scattered throughout. His soft pink lips were plump and curled up at the edges with a devilish grin. His chiseled jawline had evidence of scratchy hairs from not shaving for a day or two. Shane's eyes drifted to the black t-shirt was tight across his chest, golden necklace laying at an angle.

Shane cleared his throat. "They are for reading." Shane took the arrangement and went to the counter. Ilya looked around the shop.

"Is only you here?" He asked.

"Yeah, well, it's mine now yeah." Shane stumbled over his words.

"Is nice. You do all of these?" He gestured at all of the flowers.

"Yep." Shane blushed. Ilya's eyes widened just slightly.

“Your name is seriously Hollzy?” Ilya asked.

Shane laughed. “No, it’s Shane. My last name is Hollander, so it’s kind of a play on that.”

“Shane Hollander.” Ilya repeated. “Hollander? Like the hockey player?”

Shane nodded. “Yeah. He’s, uh, my dad.”

Ilya’s smile was wide on his face but suddenly turned into a frown.

“I am sorry about your parents.”

“Thank you. It’s alright. It was a long time ago.”

“Is still tough, yes?” Ilya’s face softened. “I lost my mother when I was very young also. My father has dementia, so I lose him quite often. He does not remember me, but is okay. He was an asshole.” He sighed. “I lost my wife a few years ago. We married for my US citizenship.” Ilya added. “Is still hard some days. I will see something my mother or Sveta would have loved and then remember I cannot share it with them.”

He’s a widow. That explains the bite.

“Yes. I understand this all too well.” Shane’s eyes swelled with tears. “It’s been pretty rough some days.”

“You never wanted to play hockey professionally?”

“No. I didn’t love it enough to try go pro.” He paused. “Nyack is a good town.” Shane changed the subject. “You’ll like it here.”

“Maybe. We will see.” Ilya grinned. “I did hear that one of the florists was very pretty.”

“Oh. You talking about the beta over off of 12th Street? She owns a few stores.”

“What? Shut up. No. I am talking about you. You are pretty, Shane Hollander.”

Shane’s cheeks burned.

“You blush so easily. I like this. Your face gets red like *pomidor*, ah, tomato.” He leaned forward with his elbows the counter. “I would like to call you ‘Shane’, not Hollzy. Would you be okay with that?”

“Yeah, that would be okay. And I can call you Ilya?”

“Yes, Ilya.”

“And you seriously want to buy this?” Shane pointed the the arrangement of flowers.

“*Da!* I told you I have a date tonight.”

Shane frowned. Did Ilya seriously forget that they were going out? Ilya must have noticed Shane's face because he said, "I have a date with you, Shane."

Shane blushed. Of course, Ilya was teasing him.

Ilya thanked him for selling him flowers, which Shane found odd, but maybe it was a Russian thing. Ilya offered to take Shane home and he would wait while Shane got ready. Ilya said he didn't mind waiting in Shane's living room for him to get dressed.

Shane: Are you busy? Can you help me pick an outfit for my date.

Rose: OMG Shane!! Yes!

Shane: I'm nervous.

Shane: Help. 🤔

"Shane, your clothes are a disaster!" She scowled over the FaceTime. "This is all athletic stuff!"

"Well, you know I work out a lot."

"Shane. This is bad. Okay. Where are you going for dinner?"

"He said he would cook for me, but that made me uncomfortable, so we are going to Mandolans? The Italian place?"

Rose nodded. "That place is pretty casual. Okay, move the camera to the other side.

They went through so many different options until Rose settled on a wine red button up, the sleeves rolled up to his elbow. Shane made sure it was buttoned to his throat. . The black slacks sit perfectly on his waist and made his butt look amazing. His horn rimmed glasses made the look perfect.

"Shane! You look hot!" Rose exclaimed.

"Yeah? It's not too much?"

"No! It's perfect. Your not going to mess with your hair, are you?" Rose asked. "I like the heart throb thing you have going on. You look like that one guy from that hockey show, Hudson Williams."

"Why? Because we are both asian? Or half?"

"No! Because you legit look like him!" Rose laughed. "How have you never heard that before?"

“Fuck off!” Shane laughed. “Okay, what do you think?” Shane back away to show his whole outfit.

“Hot! Shane, you look great!” Rose exclaimed.

“Okay. I am hanging up now.”

Shane inhaled and counted five. He gave himself another look over. He shook his hands out to calm his nerves then walked towards the living room.

Ilya was standing with his back towards Shane, looking at all of the books he had lined up on a bookcase. He had one hand shoved in his pocket and the other was holding the arrangement of flowers from earlier.

Ilya slowly turned around when he heard Shane’s footsteps coming down the hall.

Shane thought, Jesus, he is fucking gorgeous.

“Wow.” Ilya when Shane got closer. “You look good enough to eat.” He licked his fangs. Shane blushed. “Ooh, you keep blushing and we will never make it out of this house. Oh, these are for you.” Ilya handed him the arrangement. “Fuck, was that a stupid thing to do? I feel like it was stupid.”

Shane blushed. “I thought it was sweet.”

Ilya nodded and watched Shane go to the kitchen.

“This is a very nice place. Not what I was thinking of when you said cottage.” Ilya mused.

”Oh, I know. My mother used to call it a cottage, so—.” Shane wiped his hands on a dish towel. “Ready?”

Ilya filled Shane out the house and held the passenger door open while he waited for Shane to check the lock three times.

“All good?” Ilya asked.

“Yeah, it’s just this thing I do.” Shane climbed in. “Thank you.”

“Is okay. I can only have the volume of my tv set to even number. We all have a thing, I think.” He smiled and shut the car door after Shane was settled in.

Shane watched him walk around the front of the car. He had never met anyone that accepted him for who he was so quickly.

They were sat in a quiet corner of the restaurant. Ilya was being a gentlemen and pulled the chair out for him to sit.

“Thank you.” Shane said when Ilya sat down. “I’ve never been here. It’s nice.”

“As long as they have chicken parmesan then I am happy.” Ilya ordered cab wine. Shane ordered sparkling water with lemon.

They chatted mainly about Ilya’s move from Boston. About how he ran a lab at Sloan Kettering and worked with Marlow there. How he developed something called the RozaDev that made a huge impact when it came to secondary genders. Shane listened with fascination as Ilya spoke about how he always wanting to make a positive difference in people’s lives.

“It was very hard for me, after Svetlana died. We weren’t in love, but we were best friends since we were children. I needed to leave Boston; I was heading down a dangerous path.”

Shane didn’t ask anymore about Svetlana.

Ilya was a charming charming. He flirted. A part of Shane wondered if Ilya realized that he flirted with everybody. The waitress, the bread boy, some random server that refilled their water glasses. It wasn’t likely was trying to make Shane jealous, it was his personality. He had charisma, a sexual aura that oozed old of him.

Shane talked about college, meeting his best friend Rose. How they dated for a month and Rose figured out Shane was into guys before Shane did.

“Rose Landry? The actress?” Ilya asked.

“Yeah, she is great.”

“And she was good about you? Being gay and dating her?” Ilya asked.

“Yeah. She said a lot of her boyfriends were gay being a theater kid and all.” Shane blushed. “And, it wasn’t like we did anything. Since, well...”

“Well what?” Ilya asked.

“It’s embarrassing.” Shane blushed.

“Now I am curious.” Ilya’s smile grew wide. “You make me curious, Shane.”

“I’m a virgin. In like, every sense?”

Shane heard low growl rumble in the alpha’s chest; Ilya’s eyes flashed gold. Shane couldn’t smell the alpha, but he could feel the arousal seeking out of him. Ilya’s body heat was radiating off of him; he wanted Shane. That thought made slick trickle down Shane’s thighs.

Shane continued. “But men turn me on. Especially alphas. Or some alphas. Not all alphas. Just one alpha really.”

Ilya’s face was full of amusement. “Do I know this one alpha?”

“Yes.” Shane’s face was so hot an egg could get fried on it.

Ilya raised his eyebrows. “Who? Tell me.”

“Marlow. You know, the other winger on our line?”

Ilya’s eyes flashed red as he scoffed and threw a piece of bread at him. “No! Not Marlow! He is so hairy!”

Shane laughed. “You’re ridiculous!”

“You are teasing me. You say you don’t understand jokes.” Ilya’s mouth was pouting. “Then you make a horrible mean joke about Marlow being your lover.”

Shane laughed. “No! I was kidding! It’s you! Of course it’s you! Have you seen yourself?” Shane lightly touch his hand on Ilya’s bicep. He felt Ilya flex beneath the fabric. “Are you flexing, Ilya?”

Ilya tried to suppress a smile. “Nope. Must be your imagination. You want me to flex for you, Shane? I will take my clothes off and will flex for you.”

“Right here?” Shane looked around. “I don’t think that is a good idea.”

Ilya laughed. “You are funny, Shane Hollander.”

“Yeah?” Shane smiled. “Most people think I am just an awkward omega.”

“That too, a little, but who isn’t at times?” Ilya shrugged. “If we all were the same then life would be pretty boring, Shane.”

Shane stared with wonder. The fork being brought to his lips, the way he lightly circled his wine glass, the way he mopped his the extra sauce with the bread sticks. The flirtatious look over the top of this drink. The way he pressed his foot against Shane’s as a signal of comfort. The words, the understanding, the sincerity of it all. Shane had never met a person like Ilya and he was curious to see how things played out.



Ilya dreaded the drive home. He wanted this night to go on forever.

“You want to go the park? We can sit on the bench by the lake..” Shane asked.

“You live on a lake, Shane.” Ilya chuckled. “I will take you home. I will have a glass of wine out on the dock, and you will drink ginger ale. When it is time for me to leave, I will give you a kiss goodbye, okay?”

Shane gulped and then nodded. “Yes, yeah, okay.”

Ilya pulled into the circle driveway and hurried to open Shane’s door. Shane whispered a thank you and punched the code for the door. Ilya didn’t follow him inside. He stood waiting.

“You want to come in?” Shane asked.

Ilya smiled. “Yes, thank you.” He followed Shane to the kitchen as he opened the only bottle he had.

“This is Shiraz? I don’t know if it’s any good. I don’t drink wine.”

Ilya nodded in approval. “Will be fine, thank you, Shane.”

“Did you want to go outside? Sit by the lake for a bit. There isn’t much light pollution out here. You can see the stars.” Shane’s face was pure excitement. “I’ll bring a blanket and we can snuggle.”

Ilya smiled, trailing behind Shane as he walked towards the water. Ilya’s brain drifted to imagining Shane stripping his clothes off and skinny dipping in the lake, wrapping his legs around Ilya’s waist. Ilya had to adjust his crotch. Shane had kicked off his socks and shoes, rolling his pant legs up to put his feet in the water. Ilya did the same.

Ilya tilted his head back to look at the stars. “Your face reminds me of these.” Ilya pointed up. “Your freckles are like stars. Each one so beautiful but a mystery to me.”

Shane blushed. Ilya wanted to bite his cheeks. He wanted to inhale Shane’s scent and have Shane scent him and...

“I had a nice time tonight.” Shane said.

“Me too.” Ilya put his arm around Shane’s waist. “I am happy I met you. It will make living here not so bad.”

They watched the water in silence while Ilya slowly finished his glasses. He stood and offered his hand to Shane, pulling him up gently. Ilya shoved his hands in his pockets, closely following behind Shane as they headed back to the house. Ilya hung back a little to watch the way Shane’s ass looked and how it would look much better sitting on Ilya’s face as Ilya tasted the sweet slick sliding down his throat...

“Well.” Shane turned around at the door.

“Well.” Ilya rocked back on his heels.

“You’re okay to drive?” Shane asked.

“Yes, I would tell you. I promise. Especially after, you know...”

Both your parents and my wife died by getting hit from drunk drivers.

“Okay.” Shane nodded. “I had a good time. Really.”

“Me, too. I would like to see you again. I mean, other than our game on Sunday. Another date?”

“I would like that.”

Shane looked up at him with his lips slightly parted. He was waiting for Ilya to kiss him goodnight. It took everything for Ilya to not slam him against the door and drop to his knees.

Ilya leaned in, Shane’s breath quickening as their lips gently touched. Ilya lost it when Shane whimpered into his mouth. He pressed harder, walking Shane back to the door and caging him in, hands hands going to the back of Shane’s head, pulling his head back to deepen the kiss. Ilya groaned when Shane tugged at his curls. Ilya could pop his knot right then and there. Fuck, Shane tasted so good and so right, like home. He could feel Shane’s erection pressing against him, Ilya’s hands traced down to Shane’s chest and...

Shane pushed Ilya away.

What the fuck just happened?

“I’m sorry.” Shane said, his hands shaking.

“Are- are you okay? Did I do something wrong?” Ilya asked.

Shane shook his head. “No, you were great. It was great. I just, uh, get weird about my chest.”

Huh, okay.

Maybe he is overly sensitive?

“Okay.” Ilya nodded. “I will avoid touching there. Just my hands bother you? Can I hug you close?”

“Yeah, that’s fine. Maybe, maybe one day but... it is a me thing I have to work on. My chest... it’s ugly. It is one of the reasons why I am first to the locker room and last to leave. The guys get it, but...”

Maybe he is a hairy omega?

Fuck, he shouldn’t have made a joke about Marlow being hairy. Ilya didn’t see any chest hair peaking out the top of his shirt though.

Maybe he has big, puffy nipples?

That thought went straight to Ilya’s knot.

“It is okay. I have an outie belly button. And my right nipple is half inverted. I got them pierced when I was 17 and it helped a little.” Ilya lifted his shirt up. “See?”

Shane blinked, slick was pooling in his underwear.

Ilya smiled and lowered his shirt. “We all have things we are self conscious about. It is okay. I will not touch your chest.”

“Thank you for understanding.” Shane leaned up and kissed him quickly.

“Well, I will head home now.”

“Okay. Thank you for dinner.”

“Good bye, Shane. “

“See you, Ilya.”

Ilya waited for the door to lock before he headed down to his car. It wasn't until he got home and jerked himself off on the shower that he allowed himself to accept that he was absolutely fucked.

Chapter End Notes

I combined an old story of mine that didn't belong anywhere with this chapter. I think it works better . :)

Chapter 4

Ilya offered to pick Shane up for their game the next afternoon . He wasn't expecting the wolf whistles from the guys when they showed up together. Shane's was blushing to the tips of his ears.

"It's not what you think, guys." Shane said annoyed. "He was just giving me a ride."

"I bet he was." Bood laughed.

"Okay, okay. That is enough. If you make Shane any more flushed, he will spontaneously combust. And I want to take him on a other date." Ilya shot them a look.

Shane rolled his eyes and hurried to the locker room.

"You had a good time?" Marlow asked. "You were nice to him?"

"I was the perfect gentleman, Marley." Ilya said. "We went to dinner and I gave him a kiss goodnight."

"That's all?" Bood didn't believe him.

"*Da!* I like him, okay? I want to do this properly."

"That's good to hear." Hayes spoke up. "We like you. Would be a shame if we had to kill you."

The other guys nodded.

"I understand this!" Ilya said. "Can we go change now?"

"Not yet. We wait for Hollzy to come out first. Since, you know." Hayes said.

"Ah, the chest thing." Ilya nodded.

"I guess that's one way to put it." Bood said.

Before Ilya could ask, Shane was out and skating laps and chirping. "Hurry up old timers! You all move so slow!"

"Fuck off, Hollzy!" Marlow laughed as they all headed for the locker room.

Maybe he has an ugly bear tattoo on his chest?

Maybe acne scars?

Keloids?

Well whatever it was, Ilya wouldn't care.

Shane walked ahead of Ilya on the way to Monks. He was walking close with Luca Haas, their shoulders bumping as Shane laughed at something Haas said. Ilya felt a surge of jealousy and then quickly dismissed it. This was getting ridiculous. They went on one date. Shane wasn't Ilya's omega or anything. And he was just laughing with a teammate. Ilya needed to chill the fuck out.

"I can't believe you don't separate your laundry!" Shane laughed.

"I will now. All the whites are pink!"

Shane laughed. "What did Stella say when she found out you ruined her clothes?"

Haas blushed and said something low enough that Ilya couldn't hear. Whatever it was made Shane laugh harder.

"She's gonna dump your beta ass if you keep being an idiot." Shane shook his head.

"Yes, this is why I need the flowers today."

"We're closed on the weekends."

"Please Hollzy!"

Ilya laughed and felt his shoulders relaxing knowing that Haas had a girlfriend and he was an idiot, apparently.

Ilya noticed that Shane kept checking his phone and then staring at the door.

"Holy shit! Is that Rose Landry?" Ilya heard someone say.

Sure enough, walking through the door or the rundown bar was actress Rose Landry and she was making a beeline towards Shane, her voice in a high squeal.

"Shaney!" She wrapped him in a hug and kissed him in the cheek. "I tried to make the game. I am so sorry! The shoot ran over and –"

"It's okay." Shane was blushing. Ilya didn't like that he wasn't the one making him blush. "I am just glad you made it."

Ilya was aware that the entire bar was staring at Rose Landry, but Ilya's entire focus was on Shane.

"So," Rose's voice dropped in a loud whisper. "Which one is he?"

"Fuck off!" Shane laughed.

"No, you fuck off! I need to know which one of these alphas caught your eye."

Shane groaned.

“Wait! Don’t tell me. Let me guess.” Ilya saw Rose take a calculated look around the bar.

Haas and Bood were at the pool table, Hayes was texting someone one. Marlow was being Marlow. The rest of the guys had already left after the game. Rose’s eyes landed on Ilya and she smiled.

“That one. The hot blonde that is trying to kill me with his eyes.”

That made Ilya laugh. “*Da*, you are not very subtle, Rose Landry.” Ilya walked closer.

“Neither are you. It looks like you want to eat Shaney here.” She smiled.

“You are not wrong with that assessment.” Ilya’s eyes flicked to Shane and he turned such a sexy shade of red. “*Moy pomidor*.” Ilya winked at Shane.

Ilya liked Rose immediately. Especially when he found out that Shane refused to kiss her saying that it was unsanitary to swap germs with someone he had only dated a few weeks. It was funny to see Shane embarrassed as Rose told stories of how obvious it was that Shane was gay, and he would chime in and try to contradict her but he would end up conceding.

“So, I am in town for one night only. What are we going to Shane? You taking me out?” Rose asked, her gaze shifting to Ilya to read his expressions.

“We could go to the city? Maybe to a club?” Ilya suggested, proving Rose’s excited smile and Shane’s scowl.

“I didn’t know that scientists went to clubs.” Shane said sourly.

“We’re smart, not boring!” Cliff chimed in. “Where are we going?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “I’m not even dressed for the club.

“You look hot.” Ilya leaned it close to him. “Come on. It will be fun.”

“Fine.” Shane sighed and Rose cheered.

Shane did go to his store and grabbed Haas an arrangement that he made the night before. Ilya followed them and in and watched Shane try to not take Haas’s money, so Haas just threw it at him and ran.

Shane put the cash in the register and took a deep breath.

“Let’s do this then.”

Shane letting go on a dance floor was something else. He was one with the beat; his hips moving. Ilya was staring at his ass. It was a fucking fantastic ass. Plump like a bubble, his jeans stretching across the back. Ilya had to resist the urge to drop to his knees and bury his face in it.

Shane ended up sandwiched between Ilya and Rose. Ilya was pressed hard against him, his chest against Shane's as he looked down at him. He brought his head down to Shane's neck, ghosting his breath along Shane's throat. He hated the scent patches. He felt Shane's breath hitch as Ilya gripped his hips and pull him closer.

Fuck, Ilya was so hard.

So was Shane.

Ilya could see Rose's hands on Shane's shoulders.

"I think I want to fuck that Marlow alpha." She said loud enough for Ilya to hear.

"I think he wants to fuck you, too." Shane laughed and pointed at Marlow who was staring at Rose with his mouth dropped open.

"I think I will do whatever I want with him." She motioned for Marlow to come to her and he did. "Walk him like a damn dog." She giggled. "You boys have fun tonight." She kissed Shane's cheek and let Marlow take her away.

"Now you are all mine."

Ilya grinned down at him. He brought his mouth to Shane's, kissing him hungrily, all tongue and teeth. Sloppy. Ilya thought he could cum right there with Shane practically dry humping him as the way Ilya's mouth was devouring Shane's moans...

"Ilya..." Shane's voice trailed off.

"I got you, Shane. Just dance with me tonight, *da?*"

They danced, grinding and kissing. Ilya's stubble rubbing Shane's raw from their non stop make out session. Shane ran his hands down Ilya's muscular back and squeezed his ass, swallowing Ilya's desperate moans.

It was about an hour drive back to their town, but Ilya made it on 40 minutes. He kept one hand in the steering wheel and the other on Shane's thigh. Shane fell asleep and woke when Ilya gently touched his shoulder.

"You are home, *moy pomidor.*" Ilya said softly.

"M' sleepy."

Ilya chuckled and come around to his side of the car. He scooped Shane out of the passenger seat and carried his exhausted body into the house. Ilya opened the wrong door a few times

before he found Shane's room and sat him on the edge of the bed. He untied Shane's shoes and pulled them off along with his socks.

"Let me help you get some pajamas on. You will hate me if I let you sleep in club sweaty clothes." Ilya said as Shane lifted his hips for Ilya to pull his pants down.

Shane's slick was dripping down his thighs. Ilya could smell it. Fuck, Ilya needed to calm down.

"My chest." Shane held his hands across his front.

"It is fine, Shane. I will not judge you." Ilya said, stroking Shane's hair.

Shane nodded, reaching for the hem of his shirt and lifting it off. At first, Ilya was mesmerized from Shane's abs and his beautiful golden skin. But his eyes trailed up to the long, dark red scar that ran along the center of his sternum. Ilya reached his hand out, his fingertips gently touching the scar. He leaned in and pressed his lips down, softly kissing along the line of Shane's scar.

"You don't think it's ugly?" Shane asked.

Ilya shook his head. "It is beautiful. Just like the rest of you."

He heard Shane snuffle, but he continued lick and press open-mouthed kisses all down Shane's sternum, traveling further down to his belly button and the waist band of his boxer briefs. Ilya looked up at Shane. He had pushed himself up on his elbows and was watching Ilya with those half-lidded eyes and parted lips.

"May I?" Ilya asked.

Shane nodded. "Please."

The please went straight to Ilya's cock and he swallowed Shane down. Shane's hips jerked up as Ilya bobbed his head up and down Shane's length, his tongue swirling at the tip, tasting Shane's delicious precum. His mouth traveling down and tasting Shane's slick. Fuck, so sweet and thick and Shane was so responsive. His hips thrusting so much Ilya pinned them down and growled out a stay still before sucking him down again. Shane's hand pulled at Ilya curls, causing a soft moan and Ilya's hand fumbled his own pants down and started stroke himself.

Ilya loved to give oral. Whether it was a blowjob or eating pussy or licking someone's ass. But sucking Shane's cock and eating his ass, hearing his whimpers and *please please yes yes* until Ilya felt the warm burst of cum in his throat, fuck, Ilya knew that this was it for him. Ilya would never want anyone else.

He swallowed Shane's cum and got up on his knees, looking down at Shane's trembling body as he jerked himself off (*popping a fucking knot outside of his rut*, something Ilya would need to think about later), cumming all over Shane's chest with a roar, his fangs snapping. Then

watched as Shane used two of his fingers and scooped Ilya's cum up and sucked them into his mouth.

"Fuuuuuck." Ilya said, watching in awe as Shane moaned around his fingers. His cock was softening but it gave a little twitch.

"That was the hottest thing I have ever seen." Shane turned his body to snuggle against Ilya, his hands immediately moving to cradle him and pull him closer.

"Yes, it was very hot."

"I need to shower." Shane said.

"Mmm, I will watch."

"You will join." Shane said in a horrible attempt at a Russian accent, making Ilya bark out a laugh.

Shane walked to the bathroom, throwing a look over his shoulder. Ilya walked silently behind him, watching him, his eyes trailing over Shane's firm back, muscular thighs, thick ass. Ilya licked his lips.

Shane stepped under the warm water and Ilya followed close, pressing up against Shane and crowding him against the tile wall, slowly circling his hips. Ilya was breathing heavy, staring down at Shane, not breaking eye contact. Ilya's hands gripped the back of Shane's hair and he pulled his head back, forcing Shane's mouth open. Ilya opened his mouth, a string of spit fell from his mouth into Shane's, causing a noise to escape Shane's throat. Ilya leaned in and pressed hip lips hard against Shane, spit passing between their mouths, sucking on Shane's tongue, biting his lower lip. Shane thrust his hips, his cock rubbing against Ilya's, both of their cocks extremely hard again, as he lightly trailed his hands down Ilya's naked torso, grasping their cocks together in one hand and slowly stroking.

"Yes, Shane." Ilya's accent was thick. His nose was pressed into Shane neck. Trying to find his scent. He fucking needed to scent Shane. His hands were gripping Shane's hips, pressing his thumbs against the bone.

Shane slowly stroked their cocks, the soft smooth skin pressing together. Ilya's mouth open, breathing into Shane's, desperately trying to hold himself together, allowing himself to press soft kisses on Shane's lips.

"It feels so good, Shane." Ilya moaned. "Let me fuck you. I need to fuck you, Shane." Ilya's kisses were hungrier, pressing against Shane's mouth, his cheeks, lightly nibbling his neck and his jaw. Ilya started thrusting his hips into Shane's fist.

"You going to cum for me, Ilya?" Shane strikes faster. "Cum all over my cock?"

"Fuck, Shane!" Ilya cried out, his fat knot swollen, his cum pulsing out warm cum all over Shane's fist and his cock, sending Shane over the edge and his orgasm shooting through him, all over Ilya's rock hard abs.

They gently kissed some more, their heavy breathing finally slowing. Ilya nuzzled at Shane's neck, eventually pulling away to properly shower.

Ilya threw on a pair of Shane's gym shorts and climbed into the bed holding his arm out, inviting Shane to lay on him. Shane accepted the invitation, his body sliding perfectly against Ilya, their curves and angles aligning perfectly together. Shane's head pressed into Ilya's chest, fingers tracing the hard lines of his abdomen, bringing up his leg to gently rest on Ilya's thigh.

"Will you still be in the morning?" Shane asked nervously.

"You want me to be?" Ilya lightly stroked the nape of Shane's neck.

"Yes. I would like that."

"Then I will be." Ilya kissed him gently. "Good night, Shane."

"Good night, Ilya."

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Conversations in italics are Russian.

Shane would be lying if he said that he didn't care when he watched Ilya's hideous yellow Porsche drive away, the engine loud as he rolled down the gravel driveway in first gear, one hand out the window, cigarette in between his fingers. Shane normally hated cigarettes but he loved the smell on Ilya. He loved the way Ilya's pink lips curved around the filter, sucking down the smoke. His lips moist as he licked the taste off of them.

Shane was falling for him. He felt like he was sinking into a warm pool, the feeling surrounding him, a comfort that felt so familiar but something Shane had never experienced. It was like he had known Ilya; they clicked together. Like Ilya was a missing piece of a puzzle that Shane didn't know he was missing. And he wanted more, more time with Ilya. He wanted Ilya to stay and cuddle and watch movies and eat unhealthy foods and kiss and hug and... He wanted them to not wear patches and scent one another and... Shane wanted Ilya to take his virginity and fall in love and make dumb decisions and argue and make up and.... He wanted to hear Ilya's ideas and fears and wants and needs and his whys...He wanted to hear more about Ilya's life in Russia, why he moved to America, about his late omega wife...

Shane knew Ilya was smart, but he wasn't an asshole about it. He didn't talk down to Shane or make fun of him when he didn't understand something. He had several publications in scientific journals and Shane was honestly overwhelmed with the amount of knowledge that Ilya has in his brain. And all Shane did was run his late parent's flower shop that he didn't necessarily need to have since he had inherited so much when his parent's passed away.

"Can I see you again?" Ilya had asked as he pressed Shane against the passenger side of the car. "I would like to cook dinner for you, maybe on Tuesday?"

"Yeah, I close the shop at 5, so..."

"I get home around 6:30." Ilya kissed him. "I can pick you up on my way home from work."

They made out a while, Ilya groaning in frustration when he had to pull back, adjusting the bulge in his pants with a grin.

"I'll see you on Tuesday."

“I look forward to it.” Another quick kiss and Ilya drove off.

Shane called Rose and they talked for hours about Ilya and how much Shane liked him and how Rose thought Ilya really liked him.

“I hope so. I like him a lot.” Shane said. “I just don’t think I have a lot to offer and I am so much younger and –”

“Okay, you can stop that shit right now. You are a great guy with a big heart and lots of love to give.” Rose smiled at him. “If he doesn’t see that then he doesn’t deserve you.”

“No, it’s not that. It’s just me and my dumb brain. It can be mean.”

“Ah,” She paused. “Do you have an appointment with the cardiothoracic surgeon soon?”

“Next week, actually .” Shane sighed. “I think I am ready to meet the donor’s family. I hope they want to meet me. I know it would be tough.”

“I would go with you. So would Hayden.”

“Yeah, I would like that. I hope the family would agree, you know.”

Shane felt his chest get warm thinking about it. His heart donor’s family hearing their loved one’s heart beating in his chest. Shane knew it would have to be so overwhelming and emotional. He was getting emotional thinking about it. He gently rubbed his scar. Shane was very lucky that Hayden found him when he did. It was one of the reasons that Hayden was so protective of him and constantly worried. There was even a group chat with Hayden, Hayden’s wife Jackie, and Rose that Hayden would constantly text if Shane took too long to respond.

“You fucking scared me!” Hayden had been standing next to him when he woke up, still groggy from the drugs. His hands were holding his, Hayden’s eyes were red and puffy from tears and worry. Rose had been standing next to him, her arms crossed across her chest.

He would need a heart transplant. Severe Omega Cardiomyopathy, his heart walls were thick and was not filling with blood properly, it was a disease only omegas could get. Shane shouldn’t need another transplant as long as he didn’t do stupid shit and kept himself healthy; one of the rare benefits of being an exact match with another omega, the doctor had said. Shane knew his heart was flown in by helicopter from Boston New York. That was all he knew.

The guys from the beer league were great. They visited him and really enforced the no contact rule one Shane was allowed to play again. Everyone knew what happened and they were all great about it.

Shane missed his parents so much. He had been in therapy after they passed away and went back once all of the heart issues started happening. He missed his mom and how she would

have had a plan for everything the minute he was diagnosed. He missed his dad's warm smile and homemade pasta. He wanted them to meet Ilya and see how happy Shane was.

Shane honestly didn't care that the alpha was older than him. He thought that he was sexy and distinguished with his faint laugh lines. And his body was fucking incredible and his dick was fucking huge and thick and...

Shane had to hang up the phone. He couldn't talk Rose when his mind was taking a trip to dirty fantasy land. Ilya had texted him that he had made it home okay and thanked him for joining him for dinner and letting him stay.

Shane: I had a great time.

Ilya: I did, too. It was nice to relax with you.

Shane: 😊

Shane: I am going to the shop to work on some arrangements. I will call you later.

Shane got dressed, drank a protein shake, and decided he was going to drive to the shop rather than ride his bike. He started working on some online orders to be ready for early morning pick up, placing them in the refrigerator behind the counter. Shane picked up his phone and opened his email. He emailed his Donate Life advocate, Farah, and her know that he was ready to meet with the donor family. They could refuse and reach out at a different time, but Shane was ready.

Shane had an email from Farah the next morning. The donor family agreed to meet. Shane set up a time when he would be in Boston the next week for his appointment. He immediately texted the group chat.

Rose: Of course I will be there!

Hayden: So will I.

Shane: Hayd, Jackie just had a baby!

Hayden: She is already packing me an overnight bag.

Jackie: It's happening!

Shane: Fuck, I'm scared.

Shane: Rose and I are taking an overnight trip next week. Hayden is inviting himself along. lol

Ilya: I do not like this Hayden.

Shane: It's one night! And he will be sleeping in a different room anyways. He says Rose and I are too loud.

Ilya: 🙄🙄🙄🙄🙄

Shane: Not like that!

Ilya: I bet I could make you louder 😈

Shane: I would have to suck your dick to keep quiet, I guess.

Incoming FaceTime call

Call ended 46:09



Ilya stared at the email from Galina. Svetlana's heart recipient wanted to meet him. Ilya read it and reread it. A calm settled in his chest, it was time. He would finally hear Svetlana's heart keeping another omega alive, saving them the way she had saved Ilya from where his life... getting him away from Russia and everything that it represented.

He flipped through the few photographs he had of Svetlana. He missed her friendship. They had never been in love; their marriage only being for Ilya to get a citizenship.

He didn't allow himself to look at the photos often. It normally hurt too bad. The memory of their wedding; Ilya was 18, pretty much a pup and wanting to get away from Russia and his asshole father that was still stuck in the old ways where omegas were property. (It was an escape for Svetlana, too. Her father had originally wanted her to marry one of his older alpha teammates.) Ilya's father didn't come to the wedding, but his brother, Alexei, did.

Ilya was surprised that Alexei attended. They had stopped being close after their mother died when Ilya was 12. He presented as an alpha shortly after and his father was so proud that both of his sons were alphas.

"At least your mother did something right." His father had said.

Like that made any sense at all.

Alexei had acted like their father. Rowdy, refusing to wear patches so his alpha musk was thick and overbearing, cornering omegas and snapping his fangs at them. But when Alexei became a father, his attitude changed. He knew the odds of his daughter being an omega was high, and he couldn't imagine her being treated the way that Alexei had been treating them.

"I am ashamed of how I have been acting." Alexei was drunk. *"Mama would be ashamed of me."*

"Just continue to do better." Ilya poured them some more vodka. *"We all make mistakes, brother."*

They both got wasted that night. Sloppy drunk, laughing and passing a joint between them, reminiscing about when they were young and stupid, trying to out alpha each other and getting themselves hurt in the process.

"You are ready for your wedding?" Alexei was sprawled out next to Ilya on the bed.

"No, but I need to get away from Russia. From Papa. And Sveta needs an alpha to keep her safe. We will make it work." Ilya sighed. *"I wish Mama was still alive."*

"Me too, brother. Me too."

It wasn't a huge ceremony. Svetlana's parents and Ilya's brother, and a lot of Svetlana's American friends. Her father has insisted the bite happen at the ceremony. It wasn't a marriage of love but necessity. Ilya tried to love her; he tried to be the alpha that he knew Svetlana deserved, but he failed. Often.

Ilya slept with other people; Ilya's appetite for sex was always ravenous after he first had a taste for it at 14. Svetlana never acknowledged the countless affairs that Ilya had. The nights he would come home and reek of another omega's scent, love marks on his neck that she knew she didn't leave. Nights he would stay late in the library studying and come home hours after she knew the library closed. When he graduated with his doctorate and was out celebrating with women who weren't his wife, when he traveled out of town for his conferences and passed out in another omega's bed... His body was always searching for something more and he had never felt satiated, until he met Shane.

Now the pretty omega was on his brain all of the time. His alpha was constantly searching for him and begging for him. He could feel the alpha pacing in his chest, ordering Ilya to drop everything and go to Shane and scent him and claim him and mate him and...

Ilya called his brother and asked if he could fly to Boston.

"It would mean a lot to have you there." Ilya said.

"Of course, Ilya. I will bring Tatiana and Anya. Anya had been wanting to see her uncle." Alexei said. *"But I will go with you to the visit. You can see my girls afterwards."*

"Thank you, brother. I know the flight from Russia is long and –"

“I will be there, Ilya.”

“Marlow?” Ilya sounded hesitant. “Have you even had a knot outside of a rut?”

Marlow looked up from his computer. “You serious?”

Ilya nodded. “We did not have sex, just, hand and mouth stuff.” Ilya face suddenly felt warm. Who the hell turned the heater on in July?

“That’s serious, Roz.”

“Da! I know!”

“You know that doesn’t just happen, man. You have a doctorate in secondary gender studies.” Marlow gave him a pointed look.

Of course Ilya knew shit like that didn’t happen. He knew what it meant when it did though.

“And my bite, from my, my wife.” Ilya touched his neck. “It feels like there is a soothing balm covering it now? When she first died, it felt like someone put an iron to it and then there was nothing. The bond was severed. When I am with Shane...” Ilya inhaled, digging his palms into his eyes. “I can feel a pull towards him. It is like he is my...”

“Fated mate.” Marlow finished the thought. “Holy shit.”

“Da. Okhrenet’.” Ilya whispered. “And we haven’t even scented each other.”

“Holy shit.” Marlow said again. “You gotta talk to him.”

“I will. Not yet. We have only known each other a short time. I do not want to frighten him.”

Ilya went back to his computer. Marlow stared at him in disbelief.

Shane was waiting outside for him when Ilya pulled up in front of his house that Tuesday evening. Shane looked adorable as he waved at him with a grin on his face. Ilya honked his horn and rolled his window down.

“Hey baby! Do you have any Russian in you?” He grinned at Shane shaking his head. “Do you want some?” He waggled his eyebrows.

“Oh my god!” Shane threw his head back and laughed. “That was so dumb!” He climbed in the passenger seat.

“You like it.” Ilya leaned over and kissed Shane’s cheek.

There were those red cheeks again. They made his beautiful freckles so much more prominent.

“You gonna drive or...?”

“You are very beautiful.” Ilya ran a thumb over Shane’s cheeks and started the car.

Ilya made *Kotlety* with a white mushroom sauce, mashed potatoes with dill, and cucumber and dill salad.

“Russians like their dill.” Ilya said with a smile.

Shane moaned in delight when he first tried it. “This is fantastic!”

“It was my mother’s recipe.”

“Would you ever tell me about her?” Shane asked.

Ilya started with his home in Moscow. How it was more of a fortress than a house. His father was cold and unmoving and old, much older than his omega wife. She had two boys, too close together, and suffered from postpartum depression after both of them. He told Shane that she was beautiful and that she loved to sing. She was funny and kind. Ilya resembled her so much that it made his father hate him after she had committed suicide.

“I found her and I was not allowed to cry.” Ilya’s voice was shaken and his throat felt thick. “Papa hated anything that showed weakness. So obviously he hated my mother the most.”

“That’s awful.” Shane reached for his hand and squeezed it.

Ilya could feel his face getting wet with tears. “Well, now he does not remember me. I am thankful for that. He would call me and ask when me and my mother would be home.”

“Did your father like Svetlana?”

That question made Ilya turn and look at him. “My father and Svetlana’s father were good friends. He did not approve of *her* marrying *me*. He thought I was unworthy of her.” Ilya smiled. “That part was true.”

“Ilya –”

Ilya shook his head. “No, I was not a good alpha to her. I did not love her; she was my best friend and a means to escape Russia. And I kept her from having to marry an old alpha; I was the better option for her. We only exchanged mating bites because her father insisted on it at the ceremony. He did not want either of us to try to escape it.”

Ilya looked at Shane with an intensity that caused the omega to hold his breath.

“And I know we have not known each other for very long,” Ilya continued. “But it feels like we were meant to find each other. And I realize that I am much older than you, and you probably have so numerous alphas that want to date you and...” Ilya couldn’t believe how

nervous he was and the way Shane was staring at him wasn't calming his nerves any. "But if, if you would have me, I would like to be your alpha."

Shane didn't say anything for a minute. Ilya didn't know where that conversation was going until the words poured out of his mouth. Ilya felt lighter, like he was sitting in a confessional and admitting his sins.

"I feel that way, too." Shane finally said after too many agonizing minutes of silence. "And I want to be your omega." Shane stopped talking and Ilya waited for the dreadful 'but.'

But Shane was climbing into Ilya's lap and pushing his tongue into Ilya's mouth and twirling his fingers in Ilya's curls and grinding his hips along Ilya's already hard cock. And Ilya was lost in the sensation of the familiarity and the comfort of Shane and his perfect body slotting against Ilya's letting his hands roam all over the alpha's chest. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, pulling him closer.

Then, Ilya felt the omega's soft purr vibrating against his chest. The alpha's chest rumbled, answering the omega's satisfaction and comfort. Shane rested his head on Ilya's shoulder, relaxing under Ilya's constant touch, his fingertips traveling up and down Shane's spine.

Ilya never wanted to let Shane go.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Conversations in italics are Russian.

“Okay, so we are not sitting here and letting your anxiety take over.” Rose stood in front of Shane’s bed.

“Rose – ”

“We are going to go out and have fun! Get nice and tired from dancing and then we are going to wake up and have some brunch and then go to the appointment feeling refreshed!”

“You make it sound simple.”

“It is!” Rose said as she started to go through Shane’s suitcase for decent clothes. “Please! We never go out!”

“We just did! Like two weeks ago!”

“Yeah, and before that was *months!*” She was tossing clothes his way and before he knew it they were dancing at a club with Hayden sitting at a nearby table keeping an eye on them.

Shane snapped a quick picture and sent it to a Ilya.

Shane: Wish you were here ♥

Ilya: Have fun. Be safe.

Ilya: Where is Pike?

Shane: Sulking.

Shane: [click to view picture](#)

Ilya: 🤔🤔🤔

Ilya: I miss you. Text me when you get back to the hotel.

Hayden spent the majority of the night acting like a body guard, so Shane and Rose could dance and not have to worry about sweaty alphas coming into their space. They got kicked out a little after midnight when Hayden in a fight after some alpha grabbed Shane's ass and wouldn't get off of him. Shane took a picture of Hayden with an ice pack on his eye and sent for to Ilya.

Shane: He's not so bad. He defended my honor.

Shane: [click to view picture](#)

Ilya: Okay, maybe he is not that bad.

Shane: ♥

"Shane, your shaking the entire table." Hayden said.

"I'm sorry. I am nervous." Shane tried to still his bouncing leg, but he started back up a few seconds later.

"It will be fine." Rose soothed. "It will bring closure to you and them."

Shane nodded. Rose was right, of course. It was a wonderful thing that he was about to experience. Full of tears and hugs, but it was something that Shane needed to do. He needed to make peace.

He ate his avocado toast and stared at his phone, counting the minutes until they had to leave.

Farah greeted them with a smile. "The family isn't here yet, but I can get you settled in the room."

They followed her down the hall to a smaller room. The light was dim, walls an eggshell white. The seat were plush and comfortable. There was a doppler that would allow the family to hear the heartbeat as well as a stethoscope. Boxes of tissues. Shane held his breath.

"I can stay if you would like?" Farah asked but Shane shook his head.

He had his family with him.

There was a soft tap on the door and an older woman came in. Her silver hair was pulled back into a bun.

"I am Galina." She said in a thick Russian. "The family is here if you are ready for them?"

Shane nodded, his voice was shaking. “Yes.”

Rose and Hayden stood on either side of him and wrapped their arms around him.

“*You can come in now.*” Galina said in Russian.

“*Come on, brother.*” A man’s voice said.

Shane looked up and saw a tall, dark haired alpha. He stood in the doorway and turned to talk to someone that was still in the hall.

“*The omega is here waiting. Be strong. You can do it. I am here with you, brother.*” The man held his hand out and someone grabbed it hard, causing the dark hand man to groan. “*Jesus, Ilyusha. He is a very pretty omega, he is not scary at all!*” The man laughed and Shane heard the person in the hallway take a steady breath. Then he stepped through the door.

“Ilya?” Shane’s voice was loud, a confused look was on his face “What are you doing here?”



Alexei was standing in the doorway, reaching his arm out. Ilya couldn’t move. It felt like he was stuck and his legs refused to work.

“*Jesus, Ilyusha. He is a very pretty omega, he is not scary at all!*” Alexei chuckled.

Ilya immediately thought of Shane and he immediately wished he was holding him and staring at his doe eyes and his freckled cheeks. Ilya breathed in heavy and came into the room.

“Ilya?” Shane’s voice rang out. “What are you doing here?”

Ilya stopped, his eyes grew wide as he brain hurried to catch up to what was happening. Shane was sitting there, sandwiched between Rose and a man he knew was Pike. Shane’s hand was on his chest as he stared at Ilya in disbelief and wonder.

“Why are you here?” Shane asked again.

“*Ilya, do know this omega?*” Alexei asked.

Ilya nodded, his mouth opening and closing, trying to form the words. “He is my omega.”

“Wait? This is Rozanov?” Hayden scoffed. “Shane, buddy, no way. He is way too old for you.” He turned to Ilya. “How did you know he was here?” He stepped closer. “Why would an old alpha like you be interested in Shane, huh? You a fucking pervert after his money?”

“What, fuck no, Hayden, it’s not —”

Shane was interrupted by the growl that ripped from Ilya’s chest. His fist connected with Hayden’s face three times before Alexei was able to wrap his arms around his waist and pull him off.

“Fuck you!” Ilya roared. “Shane is *my* omega! He means more to me than you will ever understand.” Ilya could feel the tears on his face. “And Svetlana was my *wife*! And you disrespect her *gift* with this bullshit.” Ilya sobbed, crashing to his knees. “Do you understand? His heart is her heart.” He hit his fist on the center on his chest.

“*Jesus Christ, Ilya.*” He heard Alexei say from behind him.

Ilya head hung low, Alexei pulling him into a tighter hug.

“*Fuck, brother. It is okay to cry. You are allowed to...*”

“That explains so much.” Shane said softly as he dropped to his knees in front of Ilya.

“Shane, no, don’t —”

“Stop it, Hayden.”

“No! This old ass alpha is just — ”

“Get out.”

“Shane, buddy — ”

“I SAID GET THE FUCK OUT!” Shane hissed.

The room went still. Rose led Hayden out of the room, brushing the back of Shane’s head as she left.

“*Please give us a moment, Alexei.*”

Alexei hesitated but eventually stood up and looked between the alpha and the omega before he shut the door behind him.

They sat in silence on the floor. The room suddenly felt too small. Shane was too far away. The truth was too much and Ilya felt like his soul was being crushed.

Shane unbuttoned his shirt and shrugged it off. His red scar was so obvious now that Ilya had put the pieces together. He reached to his neck and pulled his scent patches off. His pheromones permeated throughout the room, the mixture of sandalwood and cinnamon, with a touch of omega citrus. Shane smelled like home and comfort. Shane smelled like peace and happiness. Shane smelled like the broken piece of Ilya’s heart was sewn back together.

Shane crawled closer to Ilya and placed his hand on his scent gland.

“May I?” Shane asked.

Ilya nodded.

His cedar and amber musk filled the room. Their aromas mixing together in the air. Ilya took a deep breath. Shane’s face was streaked with tears and he held his arms open, inviting him into his embrace. Ilya leaned forward, pressing his cheek against Shane’s chest, the *thump thump thump* of *his* heart, *her* heart, pounding against his ribcage.

“Shane.” Ilya cried. “I never thought... I didn’t know...”

They held each other off the floor. Shane’s gentle touch twirling Ilya’s hair as the familiar heart beat in his ears.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Conversations in italics are in Russian

Shane: I am not going back to the hotel. I will be staying with Ilya. Probably going to change my flight to stay a few more days. Can you meet me and bring me my things?

Rose: Of course. I'm sorry that Hayden acted that way.

Shane: Me too. He really ruined what should have been a beautiful moment.

Rose: I tried to talk to him, but you know how he is.

Shane: He is wrong.

Rose: I know. I'm sorry.

Shane: I'll see you later. Thanks for coming with me.

Rose: Of course. Love you

Shane: ♥

Hayden: We need to talk about Rozanov.

Hayden: He is definitely too old for you.

Shane: Fuck you.

Hayden: All he sees a young, rich omega. You are too vulnerable.

Hayden: He is crazy. His brother is crazy. Just come back to the hotel.

Hayden: Shane.

Hayden: Shane.

Shane: Google him. See for yourself.

Shane: And fuck off.

Thankfully, Alexei had physically thrown Hayden out of the Donate Life building. Judging by his scraped up knuckles, there was probably a fight of some sort. He was waiting for them on the steps, smoking a cigarette. Looking at the amount of discarded butts around him, he had been smoking nonstop.

Ilya stopped when saw his brother sitting on the steps, staring at the cars as they passed by.

“Alyosha?” Ilya asked in English when he saw his brother. “You did not go back to the hotel?”

“No. I did not want that *ublyudok* to try and come back.” He looked at Shane. “That man wants to be your boyfriend.”

“Ew no.” Shane shook his head. “Ilya is my alpha. And Hayden is married...”

“Hm.” Alexei didn’t look convinced. “He loves you, even if you do not think this. And plenty of people have affairs. He was probably waiting—”

“Alexei.” Ilya interrupted. “No more, okay? It has been an emotional day for everyone.” He pulled Shane in closer to him. “I want to see my niece and your wife. It had been too long.”

Anya ran up to Ilya as soon as she saw him, her arms held out for an embrace. “*Uncle Ilya!*”

“*Anya, I missed you!*” Ilya scooped her up and twirled her in his arms. “*You have gotten so big! What is your Papa feeding you?*”

“*I’m not that much bigger!*” She giggled.

“*You are almost as big as me!*”

Anya laughed, gripping Ilya’s neck.

“*Hello Tatiana. Thank your for coming.*” Ilya gave her a side hug. “*It is good to see you.*”

“*You too, Ilya.*” Her eyes moved to Shane. “*He smells like you. Your omega?*”

Ilya stood straight, puffing his chest out in pride. “*Yes, he is my omega.*” Then he made the introductions in English.

“You don’t have to speak in English if you are not comfortable.” Shane said with a smile. “I ‘m happy just being here.”

That meant more to Ilya than Shane realized. He missed speaking in his mother tongue, the beauty of the words, the memory of his youth before it all got taken away and shoved down

into the black hole that was his father.

They went to the children's museum. Alexei and Ilya holding Anya's hands as she chattered and asked questions and pointed out everything. Shane walked next to Tatiana, taking their time with everything, pointing things out, barely speaking but enjoying each other's company just the same.

They went to dinner. Laughing loudly and sharing dishes. Shane was pressed close against Ilya the entire time, a hand on Shane's thigh or on the back of his neck, a brush of his lips against his forehead or along his knuckles. Shane was content with listening to them speak, his scent was calm and accepting. Ilya knew he was happy to not have to converse. He was probably overwhelmed with the entire day. They still needed to pick up Shane's suitcase from Rose and head back to the hotel.

Rose was waiting outside with Shane bag. Shane quickly got out and was wrapped in Rose's arms.

"I'm so sorry."

"Not your fault."

"I know but he was still an asshole."

Shane nodded. Ilya stepped behind him and grabbed the bag from Rose.

"Has he spoken to you about it at all?" Ilya asked.

The look on Rose's face answered so many unasked questions.

"No, but I can hear him in the other room." Rose sighed. "He will have to pay a damage fee."

Ilya felt Shane tense up. "Why is he so angry? I don't understand."

"Oh Shane." Rose's voice was gentle. "You have never had anyone serious before. Hayden has never had to share you. He would hate whoever you dated."

They turned to the sound of footsteps running towards them.

"Shane! Thank god!" Hayden was out of breath from running. "Are you okay? You haven't answered my texts."

Ilya put his body between Hayden and Shane.

"I have nothing to say to you Hayden. It was supposed to be a beautiful experience and you fucking fucked it up. So no, I didn't answer your boring texts!" Shane yelled.

Hayden stepped closer but Ilya's growl made him freeze. "Stop."

"Move, Rozanov!"

“Unless you want me to rip your throat out, you will back away. Right. Now.”

Ilya saw the change in Pike’s face first. His face transformed from angry to scared, his mouth opening and closing, like he was looking for the words.

“Shane, please.” Ilya saw tears on his face. “Just listen.” Ilya felt Shane tense up behind him. “I, fuck Shane, I want to be with you. Jackie and I want you to be with us.”

“What?” Shane’s voice was full of disbelief. “Like a throuple?”

“Exactly!” Pike smiled like Shane was agreeing with him. “Haven’t we always taken care of you? Do you honestly feel nothing?”

Ilya stayed where he was, separating them.

“Hayden, you can’t be serious.” Shane sighed. “That is insane.” Ilya felt Shane grip his bicep. “You need to leave.”

Hayden’s eyes shifted from Shane to Ilya and then back to Shane. They were full of hurt and embarrassment. He nodded in acceptance and turned to head back into the hotel.

They said their goodbyes to Rose and went to back to Ilya’s hotel room. The ride was quiet, awkward. Shane stared out the window; Ilya white knuckles the steering wheel.

“I can’t believe that just happened.” Shane’s voice was so soft Ilya almost didn’t hear him.

“Everything about today was...” Ilya couldn’t find the perfect word to describe the roller coaster of emotions and unbelievable truths that were discovered.

They sat next to each other on the edge of the bed.

“Well...” Ilya leaned forward, his forearms resting on his knees.

“Yeah.”

“Do you want to talk about it?” Ilya turned to him, Shane’s eyes remained fixed on the floor.

“It explains a lot, you know?” Shane said. “Like I found a part of myself that I didn’t know I was missing.”

“Mmm, yes. You feel so familiar to me... like home.” Ilya’s eyes drifted to Shane’s chest. “Can I- Can I... again?”

Shane’s eyes softened as he grabbed Ilya’s hand and brought it to his chest. The steady thumping of his heart was hypnotic. Ilya closed his eyes, feeling the pull of Svetlana’s heart, her memory.

“She didn’t want her death to be the end of me.” Ilya throat was thick with emotion. “She made me promise that I would take care of myself. She was always worried about me, fussing over me like a mother hen.” Ilya smiled at the memory.

“She loved you.” Shane brought a hand to Ilya’s face and forced his eyes to look at him. “Like I love you.”

A choked sob escaped Ilya’s throat; he allowed himself to be pulled into Shane’s embrace.

“Say it again, *moy pomidor*.” Ilya asked.

“I love you.”

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*. I love you.” Ilya said in Russian and then in English.

Ilya squeezed the front of Shane’s shirt, kissing him, swallowing the air from his lungs, wanting to crawl inside of him and bury himself behind Shane’s ribcage and just *be*. He slowly unbuttoned Shane’s shirt, pressing soft kisses along his neck and collar bone, stopping at his chest. The red scar, so prominent against his golden skin, meaning so much more now than when he first saw it. He kissed it gently, licking the length of the scar, stopping and checking with Shane that it was okay to do.

“Is it fate? Are we soulmates?” Shane asked, tangling his fingers in the soft curls.

“Yes. I think we are fated mates.” Ilya admitted. “I feel you in the depths of my soul. I have spent my entire 35 years convinced that I would never find someone that I would want to give myself to entirely. Even with Sveta...” Ilya looked up at those big brown eyes. “And then I meet you and all of that, *poof*, disappears. I do not think about anyone but you. Of all the places I could have ended up, it is in Nyack and playing on a beer league with the most precious omega that I have ever met.”

They were both crying. And kissing. And hugging. Pulling each others clothes off until they were naked, limbs tangled, pressed chest to chest.

“Ilya, can we... I mean... I am ready if...”

“Shane, I did not bring any condoms. I did not expect any of this.”

“I don’t care.” Shane was a fucking minx, writhing underneath Ilya, his hard cock rubbing against him, the smell of Shane’s arousal making Ilya forget about everything but his primal need.

“Shane.” Ilya warned. “You cannot say things like that to me and expect me to behave.”

“Please, Alpha. Take care of your omega.”

A deep groan came from Ilya’s chest as he teased his way down Shane’s body, taking his dick in his mouth in one swallow. Shane was already sopping wet with slick, Ilya pushing one finger in slowly, looked up at Shane’s fucked face and thinking *this is where I am supposed to be*.

Ilya worked Shane open, sucking him and fucking his tongue inside of him. Swallowing his cum and his delicious slick. Shane's heady scent making Ilya's alpha whine and beg like the fucking puppy that it was.

And when Ilya positioned himself over Shane, lining himself up and checking *you are okay?* and pressing in slowly *is still okay?* and feeling for the first time that *yes, I belong inside of you. I can die right now and my whole existence will be condensed to this feeling. I never want to let go. I never want to stop. Let me drown inside of you and die over and over again because I will never be able to give this up. You are my omega. My sweet, beautiful omega with the heart of my best friend. How can I be so lucky? What did I do to deserve this...? I would die for you. I would kill for you. I love you. I love love love you.*

Shane's warmth engulfed him. Every inch of himself was set ablaze with this feeling. Shane's body lifting off the mattress and moaning and scratching and kissing and Ilya was falling so fast, being dragged away from any sense of reason; his composure broken down as he was set adrift and he was set free from his past and his mother and his wife and his father and all that mattered was Shane Shane Shane.

And his knot was swollen and they were held together, hearts beating in sync as alpha and omega, once best friends and now fated mates. The final fragment of themselves stitched back together.

Ilya rested on his forearms, the gentle caress of Shane's lips against his. The deep rumble from Ilya's satisfied alpha, the sweet purr of Shane's content omega, their music filling the room.

Shane fell asleep. Ilya just wanted to stare and watch as his nostrils flared with each breath. The way his eyes fluttered or how his mouth was slightly open, tiny puffs of air escaping.

Ilya was happy. And for the first time in a long time, he allowed himself to enjoy the feeling.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

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

The flower arrangement that Shane made was gorgeous, a mix dark purple and dusty pink roses, pincushion flowers and a few delphiniums. Shane held the golden vase close. This was important to him. He felt Ilya squeeze his thigh.

“You okay?” He asked, not taking his eyes off the road.

“I’m a little nervous.” Shane admitted.

He saw Ilya’s mouth twitch, suppressing a smile. Shane loved his alpha so much it scared him sometimes. He looked at the diamond on his finger, the promise that Ilya had made with tears in his eyes as he got on one knee and asked Shane for forever. How Shane had lost his voice for a moment and then the room went quiet and Ilya’s eyes grew wide in terror that Shane was going to reject him.

But Shane choked back his tears and said yes. Yes yes Alpha I will marry you.

He sensed Ilya trying to soothe him. His cedar alpha musk filling Shane’s lungs and the steady pressure on his thigh made his muscles start to relax. Shane pushed the air out of his lungs and held the vase tighter as they drove on.

It was a beautiful area. Lots of trees and shade. A few people were there, Shane could see them off in the distance huddled close together in quiet conversation. Shane looked over at Ilya and wondered what it was like for him when he was first here. Could he have ever imagined that he would end up here with Shane? That any of this could be possible?

Ilya pulled Shane in closer and turned to look at him with a small smile.

“Over here.” He led them through the grass to a secluded area that overlooked the Boston Harbor.

Ilya stood silently behind Shane with his head bowed.

Светлана Ветрова-Розанова

Любимая жена и омега

“...И ты никогда не узнаешь, что было в моём сердце.”

“What does it say, exactly?” Shane asked.

“Svetlana Vetrova Rozanova. Beloved Wife and Omega. ‘...and you can never know what was in my heart.’”

Ilya voice was thick with emotion as he said the words, first in Russian and then in English.

Shane stepped forward and gently kneeled, placing the arrange in front of the gravestone. He brushed off a few leaves that had fallen on the top of it and stared at the letters.

“Hi Svetlana. I am Shane Hollander.” Shane blushed with embarrassment. “I wanted to thank you for giving me your heart. You saved my life and I... thank you.” Shane gently touched the marble stone. “You mean so much to him... our Ilya. Ilyusha.” Shane felt Ilya as he kneeled beside him and grabbed Shane’s hand. “I promise I will love and take care of him. He is a good man, a good alpha.” Shane touched the scar on his chest. “Thank you.”

Ilya cleared his throat; his voice strained as he spoke slowly. *“Привет, Света. Надеюсь, вам с мамой хорошо вместе. Шейн — замечательный человек. Я его очень люблю и знаю, что ты бы тоже его полюбила. Жаль, что вы не встретились. Он разбирается в хоккее лучше тебя. Я скучаю по тебе. Пожалуйста, скажи маме, что я её люблю. Я тебя люблю. (Hello Sveta. I hope you and Mama are having fun together. Shane is such a wonderful person. I love him so much and I know you would have, too. I wish you could have met him. I am doing okay, though. I miss you. Please tell Mama that I love her. I love you.)”*

Shane rested his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

“Thank you.” Shane kissed Ilya on the cheek. “For letting me meet her properly.”

“Da. Of course, moy pomidor.” Ilya pressed his nose in Shane’s neck and breathed. “Come, let’s go eat. You get cranky when you are hungry.”

Why did Ilya even mention food when the first this he did when they entered the hotel room was to push Shane against the wall and attack his neck?

“I cannot wait to bite you.” Ilya sucked as Shane’s gland, gently teasing it with his fangs.

“Just a few more weeks”” Shane was already breathless and trying to tear Ilya’s clothes off.

“I should make you wait.” Ilya teased. “No more sex until we are married.”

“You asshole!” Shane playfully pushed his chest, his fingertips pushing into the muscle. “That is so not funny.”

“My Shane can’t live without his alpha’s cock, hm?” Ilya’s tongue was tracing Shane’s jaw, his mouth leaving a trail of wet kisses as he worked his way to Shane’s lips and devoured him.

Gone.

Shane was gone. Floating as Ilya took him apart, piece by piece. Each touch tearing him open, each kiss sewing him shut. Their breathing, their heart beating in sync, their bodies moving without thinking.

Shane was naked on the bed with Ilya buried between his thighs before he even knew what was happening to him. The tenderness of Ilya's lips, the way his tongue pushed past the tight rim of Shane's entrance, lapping up the sweet slick that was dribbling down his thighs.

"Ilya..." Shane moaned out. "Feels so good."

Shane felt Ilya's fingers sliding in and out, expanding and opening him, the warmth of his mouth sucking his cock down.

"You ready for me?" Ilya teased the tip of Shane's cock with his tongue.

"Yes, please, yes." Shane pulled at Ilya's hair.

"So needy." Ilya crawled between Shane's thighs.

"Fuck off." Shane tried to say, but his words ending up just mumbled.

The fat head of Ilya's cock was bumping against him. Shane needed to feel full of Ilya's thickness, he needed to feel the weight of Ilya's body moving on top of him, taking him, fucking him. A embarrassing whine came from the back of Shane's throat.

"My desperate omega." Ilya lined his cock up. "You need it?"

"Fuck, yes, I need you." Shane was squirming, pushing his hips up.

"Stay still, Shane. You move too much and I cannot stick my dick in you." Ilya grinned, holding Shane's hands above his head.

"You're too fucking slow."

"*YA slishkom medlennyy? Tebe nuzhno, chtoby tebya segodnya trakhnuli zhestko i bystro? (I am too slow? You need to be fucked hard and fast tonight?)*" Ilya was rubbing his leaking cock head all over Shane's hole.

Shane was shaking as Ilya teased his head in and out. Shane as babbling and begging and pleading please please please. But Ilya wouldn't fuck him.

Fuck this.

Shane bucked his hips up, pulling his hands from Ilya's grasp and flipping them over. He pinned Ilya shoulders down and leaned close to his face. "I'm through fucking around, Rozanov."

The look on Ilya's face was worth it; his eyes were wide, the black of his pupils swallowed his iris. Shane ran two fingers between his thighs and brought them to Ilya's mouth, pressing them between his lips.

“Suck, Alpha.”

Ilya gasped; his mouth closing around Shane’s fingers as he sucked and licked Shane’s fingers. He rocked back, Ilya’s fat cock finally sliding inside of him as he rolled his hips, finding the perfect angle for Ilya to hit his prostate with every slap of his hips against Ilya’s thighs.

Shane kept his fingers inside of Ilya’s mouth as he bounced. Ilya’s hands went to Shane’s ass, squeezing his cheeks and spreading them open. He pushed his hips up with each slam of Shane’s ass, his cock going impossible deep, his knot fully swollen and slipping in and out.

“Fuck, Shane! Yes!” He mumbled around Shane’s fingers.

Ilya wrapped both of his hands around Shane’s waist, holding him steady as he fucked up into him.

“M’close. So close. Don’t stop. Please.” Shane begged, tears streaming down his face with every stroke against his prostate.

And fuck, Ilya was so fucking beautiful sucking on Shane’s fingers, a strong arm wrapped around Shane, beads of sweat on his forehead, the veins in his neck straining as he gave Shane everything he needed. The sight alone made Shane lose control as he came all over Ilya’s stomach. That as all Ilya needed for his knot to finally lock them together, filling Shane with his cum.

“So good, pomidor.” Ilya kissed him. “You take care of me so well, my beautiful omega.”

Shane collapsed, his energy completely drained. He could feel his eyes already starting to get heavy, the steady feeling of Ilya’s hand trailing up and down his spine, lulling him to sleep.

Rose fussed over him like a mother hen.

“I don’t wear make up, Rose.” Shane complained. “I’m not wearing it at my wedding!”

“Fine!” Rose conceded and teased Shane’s hair, making sure each piece was perfect and in the right spot. “Now don’t mess up my masterpiece!”

She motioned for Shane to stand up, making him do a spin. The silk ivory shirt was unbuttoned to the middle of his chest showing his scar, high waisted trousers, tailored to fit his body perfectly, his ass looked fantastic, white cummerbund around tapered waist. Rose stood behind him, clasping the diamond blocker around his neck.

“You look gorgeous! Ilya is going to lose his mind!” Rose squealed as Shane looked himself over in the mirror with approval.

“I’ll be surprised if he lets me make it past our vows.” Shane checked to make sure every piece of his outfit was perfect. “Fuck, let’s go.”

Rose took his arm and they leaned into each other.

“I wish my parents were here to see this.” Shane whispered to Rose when they reached the heavy double doors. “They always worried about me growing up, about not having many friends. Now here I am with my best friend and I am getting married.”

Rose stayed silent, not knowing the words to say. She gripped Shane’s bicep and helped Shane steady as the oak doors opened.

All that remained was Ilya Rozanov, waiting for Shane in his burgundy suit with black lapels, his curls soft and pushed off of his face, spine straight and shoulders rolled back, hands clasped in front of him. He brought one hand to his face to cover his smile, tears of joy on his face as he watched Shane walk towards him.

Alexei stood next to him, with a hand on his shoulder and leaned in, teasing. “*Ogo. On ochen’ krasivyy. (Wow. He is very pretty.)*”

“*Da. Ne vzdumay nichego takogo udumat’, brat. (Yes. Don’t get any ideas, brother.)*” Ilya shot back as he stepped forward and offered Shane his hand.

Shane grabbed Ilya’s hand and slowly moved his palm to the center of his chest, holding it in place. Shane felt Ilya’s fingers moving, gently tracing the line of his scar, their eyes not leaving each other, everything else in the world fell away as the steady heartbeat held them together.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! ❤️

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