

simple thing

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by [kaijuerotica](#)

Summary

“Shit,” Shane said. He grabbed Ilya's arm and lifted it so he could lean in and smell his armpit. The scent was intoxicatingly strong but it was also different than usual. It was subtle, an extra richness on top of the usual familiar notes of almond and tobacco. He would have noticed the change if they'd been around each other more consistently but he was only just getting used to having his alpha's scent all over him again. But now that he knew to look for it, there it was. “Are you in rut?”

Shane and Ilya are looking forward to their second summer spent at the cottage together.

Ilya's rut makes those plans look a bit different.

Notes

This is part of the Hollanov Sunner Gift Exchange, for MMXIII who requested omegaverse PWP and cottage fic, among other things. I hope you like it 🍷

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

The cottage felt quiet.

It was weird that it felt quiet with just Shane there. The housekeeper had been out in the previous days to refresh the linens and get the property open for the summer. Shane had arrived to find the furniture dusted, the shutters opened, and the back deck swept of leaves. It was his usual arrangement, repeated year after year since he'd first built his cottage. His solitary retreat away from the prying eyes and the pressure of the league

The solitude didn't feel nearly so welcoming now. Not that he was afraid to be here alone. But now he knew what it was like for the place to be filled with the sound of another person's laughter, the smell of someone else's scent, the sight of someone he loved sitting by the window and enjoying a cup of coffee in the morning sun.

Shane realized he was staring at that very chair and shook his head. He had errands to run. He was just here to check things over and run to the grocery store. He grabbed his phone and keys as he headed to the door, double checking he had Ilya's grocery list saved in his notes app. His boyfriend was flying in the next day and he couldn't wait.

It felt almost routine to pick Ilya up from the airport. Checking his flight status, texting him what level of the parking structure he was located on, receiving goofy texts as Ilya got bored waiting at baggage claim. This was the third time he'd done this. Once the previous summer when everything had changed for them and once at Christmas, when Ilya had come up to spend the few days of his MLH Christmas break with Shane and his parents. They'd just holed up in Shane's Montreal home but it had been amazing to wake up together two mornings in a row. Now Shane was here again, drumming his hands on the steering wheel as he waited. Ilya had texted a couple minutes before that he was heading out. He was close, so close.

Shane jumped when the trunk popped open, then grinned when he looked back. Ilya still had his hat pulled low, though his sunglasses were hanging off the ripped collar of his tshirt around his neck. His own face spread into a grin when he met Shane's eyes.

"Fancy meeting you here," Ilya said.

"Get up here," Shane said.

Ilya got up there and slid into the passenger seat. Shane leaned over to kiss him immediately, feeling the last of his stress melting out of his muscles. He'd been careful to select this parking spot, on an upper level with less foot traffic, between a couple cars so no one could see them from further down the row. He still kept the kiss brief, but he let himself indulge just a bit.

"How was your flight?" Shane asked as they pulled out of the airport.

"Fine," Ilya said. "A baby cried the whole time." Shane wrinkled his nose and shook his

head. He was always glad for the invention of noise canceling headphones.

Ilya's scent suffused the car as they drove, the city falling away behind them as they headed into cottage country. It was a nice day and Shane might have rolled down the windows if it hadn't meant blowing that wonderful, delicious scent away. It was warm, almond and tobacco. It smelled like home.

It hadn't actually been that long since they'd seen each other. The MLH Awards were less than two weeks before and they'd both mostly been able to wave off invites to parties from various players in favor of sneaking off together. Ilya had been pretty busy for the weeks before that, though. Both teams had been knocked out in the first round but Ilya was off in Boston getting ready to move.

The news of his move to Ottawa was still setting in with the hockey-watching public. A lot of articles and tweets trying to make sense of it. No one could understand why Ilya Rozanov, Rocket Richard winner for the previous season (thanks to a shoulder injury taking Shane out for two games), captain of an Original Six Stanley Cup winning team, future Hall of Famer, Ilya Rozanov would move to fucking Ottawa.

Ilya pulled him back to the present by reaching over to lace their fingers together. Shane pulled him over to kiss the back of his hand and scent the gland at his wrist. Ilya's smile went soft.

"Did you get the-" he started.

"Yes, I got the good pickles this time!" Shane said with a laugh.

It felt like an eternity and also no time at all before they were pulling up in front of the cottage. Shane hopped out while Ilya was still unbuckling and grabbed his suitcase out of the trunk. It was small, far less than he would usually take on a two week trip, but it wasn't uncommon for them to just share clothes whenever they spent longer than about twelve hours together so he wasn't even sure Ilya had packed many clothes anyway. Shane already had everything they needed at the cottage. They had fifteen days until either of them were due for training camp and they weren't going to waste a second of it.

"You know my ribs aren't bruised this year," Ilya said, making a half-hearted attempt to steal the bag from Shane's hands. Shane pivoted to avoid his reach and slapped him on the ass for good measure as he ducked around him.

"Shut up and let me carry your bag, Rozanov." They were both grinning as Shane unlocked the door and they both walked in.

There was a rightness that settled over the space as soon as Ilya set foot in it. Shane built this to be his home, his real home, but somehow he had made a house that felt empty without Ilya there to fill it. His scent had faded since the previous year but he knew it would be refreshed soon enough. Clinging to the drapes and pressed into every couch cushion. Shane wasn't sure if it was the time apart or the warm sun shining through the windows but Ilya's scent seemed stronger than usual. Sweeter.

Shane didn't wait much longer before stepping up and pulling Ilya in for a needy kiss. Having him this close, filling all of his sense, settled any remaining tension within Shane. He hung his arms loosely around his alpha's neck and hummed into the kiss. This was what he'd been missing. This was what he'd needed so desperately. This was what he had all to himself for the next two weeks.

They emerged from the bedroom a while later, Ilya shirtless because Shane had stolen the cut-off muscle shirt he'd worn on the plane. He was wearing it now and enjoying the way Ilya's scent clung to the fabric around him. He could tell from Ilya's eyes that he liked it, too. Shane smelling like him, wearing his clothes. There was a hungry glint to the way his eyes raked over Shane that coiled low in Shane's stomach.

Fuck, he'd been looking forward to these two weeks so bad.

Aware how quickly they could get sidetracked, Shane cleared his throat and walked to the fridge. "You want lunch? I made pasta salad yesterday. The kind you like." It was a recipe Shane's mom had found in a magazine at some point, adjusted just a bit for pro athlete macros. "Oh, and mom wants us to come over for dinner tomorrow. She says she just wants to see you but she's also probably gonna pitch you some sponsorships." He also knew for a fact there was a birthday present waiting for Ilya in his parents' coat closet but he would let that be a surprise.

When Shane pulled out the container of pasta salad, Ilya used his hip to nudge him aside. "I get it. You go sit down."

Shane gave him a confused look, then shrugged and did as instructed. The kitchen island had a row of bar stools and he perched on one while he admired the defined muscles of his alpha's back. Again, he felt a sense of the rightness of Ilya inhabiting this space. Their home, even if Ilya wasn't on the deed yet.

Ilya brought over 2 bowls of pasta salad and some drinks for them both. After sitting down, he kicked his leg out and pulled Shane's stool closer to his own. It scraped loudly against the floor. Shane laughed and hit his knee against Ilya's. "Bit needy today?"

Ilya just grinned and rested one hand on Shane's thigh while he ate a piece of rotini with the other.

Shane knew he wasn't what most alphas were looking for in an omega. He wasn't small and helpless. He didn't need an alpha around to fix everything for him. He'd always been fiercely independent and self-sufficient.

Shane knew he wasn't like most omegas, but most omegas weren't out here winning Stanley fucking Cups.

Ilya never made him feel lesser because he didn't conform to his secondary gender. In fact, he seemed to love it. Shane's broad shoulders, defined chest, thick muscles. Shane was proud of his body and it sent a thrill through him to know his alpha loved it, too. That his alpha wanted

him because of his skills and competence and strength, not in spite of it.

Beyond that, he loved that Ilya could make him forget about all of that. They were pretty similar in size; what Shane lacked in height, he made up for in bulk. It was good. It gave him a low center of gravity that meant it was hard to knock him off his skates. But Ilya had a way of wrapping him in his arms, enveloping him in his scent. It made Shane feel small and protected. The perfect place that smelled like safety and love and pleased alpha.

The rest of that first day passed easily. The two weeks stretched out before them like it would last forever. Shane spent a good part of the afternoon with his head in Ilya's lap while his alpha played a video game on the tv. Ilya kept the volume down low enough that it became a dull background noise, digital violence mixed with the tapping of buttons on the controller. It was good, the warmth of his thigh and the heady scent of him. He could smell himself on Ilya, too. Sweetgrass and ginger mixing with tobacco and almond. He buried his face in Ilya's stomach, reaching up to tug his shirt up so he could rub his nose against the soft hair on his belly.

Ilya chuckled and ran his hand over the short hair at the nape of Shane's neck. "Okay, malysh?" he asked. Shane loved the way his deep voice rumbled through his chest.

"Perfect," he hummed. He stayed right where he was, face cocooned in a bubble of warmth and alpha scent. "You smell good."

Ilya didn't say anything in response but Shane could smell the satisfaction on him as he stayed curled there. Ilya was safe and warm and let him doze. Shane wasn't sure how long they stayed there. He drifted on the edge of sleep, not quite going under entirely while time slipped past him in a hazy stream. He stirred finally when he realized the sound from the tv had stopped.

"Dinner?" Ilya asked. Shane smiled and nodded, then sat up and stretched.

They worked together in the kitchen to prep for dinner. They were throwing skewers on the grill, marinated chicken with thick slices of pepper and onion. It was an easy rhythm as they worked, Ilya slicing everything and sliding it over to Shane to build the skewers.

The sky was just starting to dim as they stepped outside onto the patio, trays of prepped skewers in tow. Shane started on the grill while Ilya lit the citronella candle on the table to keep the bugs away. Shane had told Ilya to sit down while Shane made the food but it wasn't long before Ilya was slotting in behind Shane with his arms around his waist. Shane smiled and leaned his head to the side to give Ilya better access to kiss his neck. He liked it when Ilya was clingy.

It was getting dark as they finished their food. It was a nice night with a bright moon rising on the horizon. Shane looked up as Ilya carried their plates back inside, realizing that didn't seem right. It wasn't supposed to be this dark out here, not after he'd spoken to the groundskeepers about installing some lights. Sure enough, there was a line of bulbs on a wire up above him but it hadn't turned on.

Shane mentally ran through a list of what could be keeping the lights from turning on. He didn't know much about electrical but he knew how to check a fuse box and some basic troubleshooting before calling a professional. He stood up and walked around the side of the house to where he knew the outdoor outlet was located. He could see where the cable was affixed to the wall as it came down from overhead but it got lost in a bush down lower. Grumbling to himself and making a mental note to have his groundskeeper trim back these bushes—or maybe even remove them entirely—he stepped closer and reached down to check the outlet. Sure enough, the cover was down over the outlet while the plug hung loose in the air. The installer had forgotten to plug the lights in. Shane groped around a bit more in the dark, trying to get the lights plugged in.

“Shane?” Ilya’s voice called. It sounded a bit distant. He must have just come back out from the kitchen. He started to call back but the outlet cover slipped out of his hand and he was distracted by trying to get it open again. He was at a weird angle, in the dark, and getting poked by a very annoying bush. Did he have hedge clippers? He might just take the whole thing out right now-

“Shane!” Ilya was closer now and he sounded panicked.

“I’m here!” he called back as he finally got the plug slotted into place. He stepped out of the bushes triumphantly to see the string of overhead bulbs lit up brightly. “Sorry, the lights weren't plugged in and-” He was cut off as Ilya grabbed him roughly and pulled him into his arms. “Ilya?”

Ilya was breathing hard and up close now, Shane could smell a sour note on his scent. Distress, danger, displeasure. “I-I came back out and could not find you,” Ilya said. His arms were firm around his waist, squeezing tight.

“I was just around the corner,” Shane said, slapping his back lightly. He mostly succeeded at keeping the amused laugh out of his voice. Mostly.

“I didn't know,” Ilya said. “I thought you left.”

Shane kissed his jaw and nuzzled his nose against Ilya's neck. “Left? Baby, you can see my car from the kitchen. Where would I go?” He tried to keep his tone even. Something had clearly agitated Ilya and the persistent sour note in his scent made Shane feel itchy in a weird way. When Ilya didn't say anything, Shane offered, “Do you want to go sit back down? I got the lights on now.”

Ilya nodded. It took another moment for him to loosen his hold around Shane, and then he stayed pressed up against him as they walked back down the stone paver path to the back of the cottage. Shane didn't miss the way Ilya's eyes darted around nervously before looking towards the house. Clearly whatever had spooked him hadn't fully left his mind. “Can we... inside?” Ilya asked. “It's, um. Cold.”

It wasn't, but Shane nodded anyway. “Yeah, we can go back in.” Ilya kept his hand on Shane’s back as they walked inside and locked the door behind them.

Shane woke the next morning with slick gathering between his legs and his face buried in Ilya's armpit. He wasn't even fully aware of himself before he started whining and rolling his hips into Ilya. He smelled so good. His warm, familiar scent was tinged with contentment, happiness. His alpha was happy. Shane took another deep inhale. He missed a lot of things about Ilya when they were apart but this was such a simple thing to crave. He rolled his hips again, searching for any stimulation against his cock.

His soft sounds must have woken Ilya because moments later, Shane was rolled onto his back and his alpha was pressing him down into the mattress. Shane didn't have any words yet, brain still muddled by sleep and the delicious heat spreading between them. He just gasped and keened as Ilya rolled his hips in rhythm with Shane. It was good, so good.

It wasn't enough.

"Alpha," Shane whined, spreading his legs. The word coiled deep in his belly and made his eyes roll back. Shane didn't usually call Ilya that very much. He thought it sounded too much like something whined during a mediocre porno. Yeah, alpha, give me your big knot! It was the only word Shane could find, now. "Alpha..."

"Malysh," Ilya groaned against Shane's neck. His voice was sleep-rough and deep. It rumbled through his chest and made Shane arch his back to press closer. His legs wrapped around Ilya's waist, uncaring for the moment that the blankets were tangled up around them.

Ilya gripped his cock to line it up against Shane's entrance. The blunt head ran through his lips, gathering slick. He was so wet already, loose and dripping. His body responded easily to his alpha. Ilya pressed inside and they both moaned with it. It was so fucking good. The last vestiges of sleep were finally clearing from his consciousness, leaving him bright and warm and alive underneath Ilya.

He set a fast pace, hard and deep with very little technique involved. Shane didn't care. Every nerve ending in his body was singing with it. Ilya's hands were braced on either side of his head and Shane turned his face to scent the gland on his wrist. It was smaller, the scent here weak but still delicious. He could smell the arousal saturating his scent and keened knowing it was because of him that his alpha smelled so good, so pleased.

Shane's eyes rolled back as Ilya continued fucking into him. He was vaguely aware of the sounds falling from his lips, desperate whines and moans and pleas of "More, alpha, please!" Shane's orgasm was ripped out of him without warning. Moments later, he felt Ilya's knot lock inside him and the delicious warmth of his alpha coming deep inside him.

They floated there for a while, Shane's legs splaying out on either side of Ilya and Ilya's mouth against the gland on Shane's neck. Everything about it felt heavenly. Shane slid his hand up Ilya's spine and wound into his messy hair, scratching at his scalp the way he knew Ilya loved. "You should have warned me you were gonna knot," Shane hummed. He wouldn't have said no but he might have asked to switch to a different position first.

"Sorry," Ilya hummed, not sounding especially sincere. "I didn't realize I was going to." Ilya didn't knot him every time they fucked. More often than not over the years, if his knot

inflated then one of them milked it with a tight fist around the base of his cock. The first time Ilya had ever knotted him had been in that hotel room in Tampa. It had been an incredible night, rekindling the fire between them and finding new, very literal ways to connect. Still, as much as he loved it, Ilya usually warned him before tying them together for 15 minutes.

"Caught us both by surprise, huh?" Shane said.

They stayed there for a while after Ilya's knot released, enjoying the close press of warm skin. Eventually, Shane's stomach growling broke the silence. Shane snickered and turned his face into Ilya's hair, expecting a chirp but Ilya suddenly sat up. He looked down at Shane in concern, a deep line forming between his eyebrows.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"What?" Shane asked, needing a moment to catch up with the sudden change. "Oh, I guess? I mean, I figure we'll get breakfast in a bit but I just want to--"

"I make breakfast," Ilya said. Moments later, Shane was alone in bed while he watched Ilya's bare ass walking out the door towards the kitchen. Shane blinked then dropped his head back to the pillow with a groan. He wanted to stay in bed a bit longer, enjoy his first full morning with Ilya for the summer, but apparently his boyfriend had other plans. Shane stepped into some underwear and followed after him.

Ilya popped out of the pantry as Shane rounded the corner into the kitchen, holding two containers of protein powder. The blender had already been pulled out and a handful of berries was inside it already.

"No, stay in bed," Ilya said. He opened the fridge to grab the jug of almond milk as he said it.

"I would but someone else got up," Shane grumbled. He walked up behind Ilya as he continued adding things to the blender. He wrapped his arms around his middle and buried his face in his shoulder. "I wanted to cuddle."

"You were hungry," Ilya said.

Shane scrunched his nose at the acidic note on the edge of Ilya's scent. It was faint but his nose was right against his scent gland. "Barely." He pressed a kiss to his shoulder, hoping to soothe whatever agitation he was feeling.

"You should go back to bed," Ilya said. "I bring it in when it's ready."

Shane shook his head, face pressed against his skin. "Wanna stay."

Ilya turned sharply. "Bed. Go." There was an edge to his voice that curled around Shane's brain, making him want to bare his neck in submission or roll over and show his soft belly. Part of him wanted to protest, tell Ilya to fuck off and stop ordering him around. It ran directly counter to his instincts telling him to obey, to go curl up in bed until his alpha came to take care of him.

He obeyed and curled up in bed until his alpha came to take care of him. Ilya wasn't much longer. Shane heard the blender run and the microwave beep, the gentle clattering of dishes being rinsed and loaded into the washer.

Most of Shane's annoyance faded as soon as Ilya appeared with a tray laden with two large glasses with a smoothie and a plate with the fancy breakfast sandwiches that Shane's nutritionist had approved for him. He sat up a bit and held the blankets up for Ilya to slide in next to him.

"Thank you for breakfast," he hummed, leaning against him. He felt so warm and his scent was even stronger now after their morning sex. It was soothing to him, making him want to press close and purr.

The smoothie was sweeter than Shane usually preferred but Ilya had made a double batch so he could have some too so Shane didn't complain. When he reached for his sandwich, Ilya knocked his hand away.

"Let me." The same authoritative tone that made Shane feel dizzy. His brain only caught up after Ilya picked up the sandwich and held it out for Shane to take a bite.

"I can feed myself, you know," he said after swallowing it. Ilya just made a face and held the sandwich out for him to take another bite. Shane reached for it, trying to take it in his own hands. "Ilya, I'm serious." Ilya acted like he didn't hear him. He pulled his hand out of Shane's reach, then tried to hold out the sandwich for him again. Shane was officially annoyed. "What's your problem?"

"Just let me!" Ilya practically yelled it, stunning Shane. They stared at each other for a long moment, the only sounds birds chirping outside and their own breathing. Shane finally really looked at him, taking in the flush of his cheeks and the slightly dazed look in his eyes. This wasn't Ilya when he was teasing or trying to be sweet. There was something desperate in them, something primal.

"Shit," Shane said. He grabbed Ilya's arm and lifted it so he could lean in and smell his armpit again. The scent was intoxicatingly strong but it was also different than usual. It was subtle, an extra richness on top of the usual familiar notes of almond and tobacco. He would have noticed the change if they'd been around each other more consistently but he was only just getting used to having his alpha's scent all over him again. But now that he knew to look for it, there it was. "Are you in rut?"

Ilya blinked a few times, still clutching the sandwich, then flopped back against the pillows with a groan. "Fuck!"

Shane snickered and used the distraction to steal the sandwich from Ilya's hands. He curled up against him and kissed his shoulder. "Baby, it's okay." The way Ilya's nose twitched told Shane he probably shouldn't call him that for the duration.

He'd never been around Ilya during rut before. It wasn't like a heat. Unmedicated, omegas

went into heat twice a year on a fairly regular cycle. Shane himself hadn't had a heat in a few years. Standard player contracts in the MLH required omegas to take heat suppressants during the regular season and training camps and Shane usually kept taking them during his summer break.

Ruts didn't happen on the same cycle. They were more of a response to the environment. Safety, abundance, proximity to a mate. Shane should probably be flattered that his cottage filled all of those needs well enough to trigger Ilya's rut almost as soon as they arrived. He'd bask in that later but right that moment, he had an alpha with a brain clouded by hormones and likely to pounce on him if he stopped paying attention to him for a moment too long.

Ilya was hiding his face in the crook of his arm. He mumbled something Shane couldn't make out.

"What was that?" Shane asked. He kissed his shoulder again.

"I was looking forward to this time," Ilya said, louder this time. "I did not want my rut to ruin it."

Shane smiled. "You're not ruining it. It's just a change of plans." He understood what he meant. Rut wasn't an especially relaxing time. An alpha's instincts were driven to their limits. Shane's own instincts to submit were there to placate an agitated alpha in rut. They got overprotective, anxious, impulsive. "Hey," Shane said, reaching up to nudge Ilya's arm until he pulled it away from his face. Ilya looked at him and smiled, still looking agitated, though that might just be his default state for the next week or so. "I love you. And I'll let you feed me the damn sandwich if it makes you feel better."

They wound up with Shane leaning back against Ilya's chest while Ilya hand fed him his breakfast. Shane felt silly the whole time but it seemed to sooth Ilya and the sweet curling scent note of a pleased alpha made Shane feel relaxed and happy. They stayed there a while longer and Shane eventually pulled out his phone to text his mom a rain check on dinner that evening. She asked if everything was alright and he assured her as best he could without giving details and they rescheduled for the middle of the following week. Ilya's rut would be out of his system by then. And as long as it was just them there, hopefully nothing would trigger his more territorial instincts.

They got out of bed eventually, Ilya staying plastered to Shane's side as they made it outside. Shane insisted on slathering them both with sunscreen beforehand and Ilya insisted on groping Shane about it the whole time. It was a beautiful day, sunny aside from the occasional cloud with a nice breeze coming off the water. Shane almost wanted to race down to the water but he was sure Ilya would protest that Shane could slip and fall on the sloped grown leading down to the dock. Instead they both walked down at an easy pace, bringing towels, snacks, and bottles of water down to the dock. Shane was proven right when Ilya grabbed his elbow to steady him unnecessarily as they walked over some uneven rocks. Shane gave him a knowing smirk and Ilya just rolled his eyes.

The water felt cool as they swam around. They took turns jumping off the dock and rating each other's tricks, then devolved into splashing each other when they disagreed with the

assessment. They let the sun dry them on the dock while they snacked on protein bars around lunchtime. Ilya had fucked up a flip off the dock and wound up with his entire back red and stinging from the way the water slapped him and Shane teased him about it.

When Shane leaned back against Ilya, the alpha passed him a water bottle. "Drink," he said. Shane noticed that it was Ilya's bottle but he didn't say anything, just took a drink and passed it back. It felt almost nostalgic, pulling him back to a hotel gym when they were both young and so, so clueless. Ilya drained the rest of the bottle and then rolled on top of Shane to kiss him. His lips tasted slightly salty from the lake. Shane pressed back up against him and slid his arms around Ilya's waist. As much as Ilya's rut was going to change how these two weeks went, Shane definitely didn't mind his alpha being extra demanding.

There was no buildup, no foreplay. Ilya's hands were already shoving his trunks down his hips. Shane had to wriggle and squirm to help get them down and then kicked them off. He ignored the splash that came from the trunks dropping off the edge of the dock and reached down to help push Ilya's trunks down as well. They only got to his thighs before Ilya was grabbing Shane's legs and pulling them up around him. His movements were firm, putting Shane exactly where he wanted him. Shane was in heaven.

"Alpha," Shane whined as Ilya slid home. He was slick and open for him. He fucked into him hard and fast. He had the same desperation as earlier that morning. His alpha instincts were telling him to claim, fuck, breed.

Ilya bent to press his teeth against Shane's neck as his hips kept pistoning into him. He felt like an animal pinned by a predator. It made his toes curl.

Shane wasn't surprised this time when Ilya's knot locked into place. He clenched around it, welcoming his alpha inside and moaning happily when he felt the beat of his come pumping deep inside him. Ilya's hips kept twitching, like he was trying to fuck it in deeper. Somewhere in his brain, Shane regretted the birth control implant that would keep it from taking.

They slipped naked back into the water after, letting the lake wash away the mess. Shane found his swim trunks floating nearby and threw them onto the dock with a wet slap. Somehow, Ilya seemed even clingier now than before. He wouldn't let Shane get more than an arm's reach away before he was pulling him back close, wrapping his arms around him. Shane certainly didn't mind this, just wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist and kissed him when Ilya leaned in for it.

The first couple days were surprisingly easy. Ilya seemed a bit manic at times, jumping at the first sign that Shane needed something and fetching him blankets, bug spray, a napkin.

And they fucked. A lot. Shane was expecting to fuck Ilya a lot during their time here, making up for lost time after hockey season, but this was more than he'd expected. It was once again different from when he was in heat, though. In heat, the arousal came in waves that left him crying until he got something inside of him. It was a biological need, the emptiness bordering on painful.

In rut, it was entirely about staking a claim. Shane was Ilya's, so Ilya fucked him. Sometimes it was just to prove he could. He brought Shane a blanket on the couch and fucked him about it. He curled around Shane in bed and fucked him about it. He spotted Shane doing reps in the gym and made him suck him right there on the bench.

Luckily, his body responded well to the pheromones Ilya was producing. There was a bit of soreness from the repeated knots but nothing terrible. Shane kind of liked it, feeling how well he was taking his alpha. A good little omega. He fell asleep feeling content.

It was still dark when Shane woke up and realized he had to pee.

He didn't want to get up. He was warm and comfortable, head pillowed on Ilya's chest with the steady thump of his heart in his ear. He stayed there for a while, trying to will himself back to sleep despite the pressure in his bladder.

Eventually, he couldn't ignore his body any longer. He slipped out of bed, careful not to wake Ilya, and headed out into the hall. He could use the ensuite but he didn't want to wake Ilya. Rut could be exhausting for an alpha and he wanted to let him get all the rest he could. He made his way to the other bathroom off the living room instead.

He was washing his hands when the pounding started on the door.

“Shane!”

He nearly jumped out of his skin. “Shit!” His feet twisted in the bath mat when he scrambled to open the door. He reached out to catch himself, knocking over a few bottles of soap and air freshener with a clatter.

“Shane!” Ilya called, sounding desperate now. The pounding was loud, frantic. Shane yanked the door open and Ilya practically fell through the opening. He grabbed Shane roughly.

“Sorry, sorry,” Shane said. “I had to pee and didn't want to wake you and-” He was cut off as Ilya kissed him roughly, shoving him back against the wall. His back hit the towel rack hard enough that he was sure he'd have a bruise the next day.

“Where were you?” Ilya demanded. His pupils were dilated, making his hazel eyes seem almost black. His fingers dug into Shane's shoulders where he held him.

“I just had to pee,” Shane repeated. “The ensuite would wake you and-”

“I woke up and couldn't find you,” Ilya said. His voice broke halfway through, coming out half like a sob.

“I'm sorry, alpha,” Shane said, hoping the word would help placate him. Alphas in rut could be dangerous if their territorial instincts were triggered. It was rare for those instincts to be turned violently against an omega they had already claimed as a mate, but Shane was keenly aware of the fact that Ilya hadn't claimed him yet. There was no mating bite at his neck.

Wanting to soothe him further, Shane pressed against him and wound his arms around Ilya's waist. He buried his face in Ilya's neck. His scent was acrid, nearly stinging Shane's nose with notes of acidic panic. "I'm okay," Shane hummed. His lips brushed Ilya's scent gland as he spoke. "You found me and I'm safe."

The sour note faded a bit as the tension started to melt from Ilya's muscles. Shane nuzzled his neck sweetly. Ilya's arms finally wrapped around him and one hand slid into Shane's hair. Ilya's large hand on his head, scratching his scalp, had Shane's eyes drifting closed. He was surrounded by Ilya, enveloped by his arms and his scent. He wanted to please his alpha, to be a good omega for him. Shane pressed his hips to Ilya's and whined when he felt the bulge in his boxers.

"On your knees," Ilya growled.

Shane dropped to the hard tile fast enough to bruise. He immediately leaned in to nuzzle at the bulge. His mouth was watering but he waited for Ilya to give him permission. It was his alpha's to give him as he saw fit.

Ilya didn't make him wait long. He pulled his cock out and slid it into Shane's mouth without a word. He didn't give him any time to adjust, just started fucking in while the hand in Shane's hair balled into a fist to keep him still. Shane's eyes watered at the rough treatment but he did his best to keep them focused on his alpha up above. Ilya had started speaking, a jumbled mixture of English and Russian falling from his lips as he took and took and took. Shane couldn't keep track of what he was saying, didn't even try.

Every one of his senses was dominated by Ilya. The musky taste of him, the delicious smell of an alpha claiming what's his, the sound of moans bordering on growls. He gave himself over to it, sucking greedily at Ilya's cock and trying to be the best fuckhole he could. He wanted to be good, so so good.

Ilya's knot inflated and Shane sucked hard on him as he came. Shane's mouth was flooded with it, threatening to choke him but he refused to let the knot slip out of his lips. He'd been so good, he deserved it. He closed his eyes and allowed himself to float in that warm feeling of being used like he was made for. Saliva mixed with Ilya's come dripped down his chin and onto his chest, his thighs. It mixed with Shane's own slick puddling on the floor. Ilya's hand loosened in his hair but kept cradling the back of his head. He was right where he was meant to be.

Eventually, Ilya's knot deflated and his cock slid out of Shane's mouth. His eyes blinked open and he smiled up at his alpha looming up above him. Without a word, Ilya hauled Shane to his feet and then hoisted his legs up so he was carrying him with large hands digging into Shane's thighs. Shane was so fucking hard already and he rolled his hips to seek any stimulation. His slick smeared in the fuzzy hair over Ilya's belly and Shane whined into his mouth.

Ilya was walking now but Shane didn't pay attention, just kept rolling his hips. It wasn't nearly enough. As mean as his alpha could be, he knew Ilya wouldn't leave him this desperate and needy. Not when his own instincts were being driven wild by his rut. He whined again,

right in his ear to encourage him.

Shane was dropped unceremoniously on the edge of the bed. He bounced once and laid back, spreading his legs and reaching down to press two fingers into himself. He was wet and loose and sloppy. So fucking ready to be fucked. He almost regretted the taste of come in his mouth when he remembered Ilya would need time before he could get hard again. Shane let out a pathetic whine anyway. "Alpha, please..."

Ilya dropped to his knees by the bed. Shane was confused and opened his mouth to ask what he was doing when he felt two large hands on his thighs, spreading them further and arranging him just so. He felt the ghost of a breath over his slick folds and then Ilya's mouth was on him, lapping up every bit of slick Shane produced.

"Fuck," Shane moaned. He laid back and closed his eyes, focusing on the sensation. Ilya lapping at him, Ilya's tongue teasing at his rim. The sounds were obscene, wet and messy. As Ilya drank down more of him, Shane just got wetter in response. It was good, so good. Like he was being devoured.

Ilya's tongue was replaced with his fingers at the same moment that he swallowed Shane's cock down to the root. Shane yelped at the unexpected stimulation. Ilya's fingers were curling inside him just right and his mouth was tight and warm around him. Ilya approached this with the same desperate abandon he'd brought to fucking Shane's throat. His head bobbed up and down and he moaned greedily around Shane's cock. Shane wasn't even sure how many fingers were inside him but the stretch was just verging on too much, a burn on the edge of the pleasure that made his eyes roll back and his brain go fuzzy.

Ilya had no mercy, driving him to the edge again and again before backing off. He kept Shane desperate, out of his mind with need. Tears pricked at the corners of his eyes and he sobbed out nonsensical moans. Time ceased to mean anything, narrowing down to the blinding pleasure and need.

Without warning, Ilya stopped. His hand slid out of Shane's hole and his mouth released his cock. "No, no, no," Shane sobbed, the only word he could find. "More. Please. Alpha."

Ilya rose back to his feet and Shane could immediately see why he'd left him empty and needy. His alpha's cock was hard and heavy between his legs, ready to go again. "Alpha," Shane whined again, reaching a hand towards him. He rolled his hips and clenched around nothing. "Need your knot."

He slid into him easily and immediately set a brutal pace. Ilya's hips slapped against Shane's ass again and again, punctuating in time with his sobs and hiccups. It was a struggle to remember to breathe, to do anything but lay back and moan and writhe. This was what he was meant for. Being used, fucked, bred by his alpha. Spreading his legs and welcoming him home.

"Yes, yes, yes," he moaned as he felt Ilya's knot starting to inflate. He needed it, needed his seed poured deep inside him and locked in to make sure it took. He could be so good for him, could give him a whole litter of pups. Could be his perfect omega.

Ilya stilled as his knot locked in place and his hot, thick come poured deep into Shane. He bent over Shane and pressed messy kisses to his face, his neck, his collarbones. Teeth pressed against Shane's mating gland, not enough to break skin but enough to make him keen and clench around his knot. Lips sealed around it and sucked hard enough to bruise. His vision went white.

Shane woke feeling relaxed and used and sore in the way that meant his body had been pushed to its limits and just a bit more. He was buried under blankets and felt so warm and happy. He reached his arm out for Ilya and furrowed his brow when he only found cold sheets next to him.

He squinted when he opened his eyes and looked around. The morning sun was bright and warm as it streamed in through the windows. He found Ilya quickly, laying at the foot of the bed. His back was to Shane, face towards the door. He was naked and Shane took a moment to appreciate the strong lines of his body, the way the sunlight turned his skin gold, the smattering of moles he'd plotted out across his back more times than he could count. Ilya's head was pillowed on something blue, a folded up shirt or something. The set of his shoulders told Shane he was awake.

"Ilya?" Shane asked. His voice was hoarse from the rough treatment the night before and he saw the alpha's shoulders tense. He didn't turn or say anything. Wanting to touch him, Shane slid out from under the blankets and moved down the bed to slot in behind him. It felt good, pressing close to feel his warm skin. His broad chest against Ilya's strong back. He crooked his chin over Ilya's shoulder and kissed the column of his neck while his hand slid around to rest over his sternum. "Baby?"

"Are you okay?" Ilya asked. His voice was quiet.

"Yeah?" Shane kissed his neck again, then his shoulder. "I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be?" He smiled as he replayed the previous night.

Ilya turned his head to look back at him and Shane blinked. He looked exhausted. His eyes were red, with dark shadows underneath them. Shane sat up more, reaching to stroke his cheek. "What's wrong?"

"Last night, I..." Ilya squeezed his eyes shut and turned away from Shane's touch. "I hurt you."

"Ilya," Shane said, leaning in to nose at his scent gland. He could smell it now, the bone-deep scent of fear and loathing. It smelled terrible on his alpha, acrid and rotten. "I'm fine. You didn't hurt me."

"I lost control," Ilya insisted. "I could not think. I just...took."

Shane sighed. "Can you look at me?" Ilya didn't move. "Please?"

Ilya took a breath, two. He rolled onto his back and looked up at Shane. His eyes looked so scared. "You didn't hurt me," Shane said again. "I loved everything we did last night." Shane rested his hand on Ilya's chest, over his heart. He glanced towards the door. "Were you guarding me all night?"

"Yes," Ilya said, voice barely above a whisper. "I..." He took a shuddering breath. "I wanted you to have space but I couldn't... I couldn't..."

Shane leaned down to kiss his jaw, then his cheek. "I'm fine," he repeated, hoping the words would sink in for him. "My alpha took good care of me. You guarded me all night like a good puppy." Using the word was calculated but it paid off when Ilya took another shuddering breath.

"Shane," Ilya whined.

Shane hummed against his neck. "Shh. Such a good puppy, taking care of me." Shane sucked against his pulse point, feeling the tempo jump. "Fucking me so good. Breeding me right. Keeping me safe." Ilya groaned as Shane threw a leg over him and shifted so he was straddling Ilya. He sat upright and looked down at him, then pulled Ilya's hands up to grab his thighs. "Do you want a reward, puppy?"

Ilya hesitated, then nodded. The movement was small, mouth hanging open as he looked up at him. "Please." His scent was sweeter now, the arousal matching the way his cock was stirring against Shane's ass. He rolled his hips and moaned.

"I'm gonna take care of you now," Shane said. He kept rolling his hips, eyes half-lidded. "You took such good care of me and now it's my turn." He reached down and ran his fingers through his folds, collecting the slick gathering there. There was definitely still some of Ilya's come mixed in from the previous night. He thrust his own fingers a few times but he was loose enough that he didn't need any preparation. Ilya watched him with rapt attention, eyes darting from Shane's face down to where his fingers disappeared inside him. The rosy head of his cock was just peaking out of his foreskin, making Shane's mouth water. He almost got sidetracked there, overcome by the urge to suck it down to the root.

Later. He had a different plan just then.

He rolled his hips and leaned down to kiss Ilya. He pulled his fingers out of his hole and wrapped his slick-coated fingers around Ilya's cock, giving it a slow stroke up and down. Ilya whined into his mouth, trying to thrust his hips up.

"None of that," Shane chided. He kept stroking his cock but his tone was scolding. "Be a good puppy. Stay." Ilya whined again but his hips stilled aside from the twitches showing just how hard he was trying to be good. He continued like that, stroking slowly and watching every expression, listening to every gasp greedily. He kept it up as long as he could stand it, as long as he could resist the temptation to slide forward and press his alpha's cock into himself.

Shane moaned when Ilya filled him, taking just a moment to savor the feeling. Ilya's hands

came up to squeeze either side of his ass and his eyes were full of adoration as he looked up at Shane. "This what you need, puppy?" Shane asked. Ilya nodded, mouth open and looking half-drunk with it. "You want me to move? Want me to ride you?" He gave a slow roll of his hips to punctuate his words.

"Shane," Ilya moaned.

He grinned and did it again, then adjusted and started riding him. It was fast and desperate, hands braced on Ilya's chest for leverage. His breaths were punctuated by gasps every time he dropped down around him. Ilya kept his hands on Shane's hips but he let him keep control. Shane was happy he let him do this, take the lead and take care of him. He kept up a constant stream of praise as he fucked himself on Ilya's cock, telling him what a good puppy he was, how much he loved him, how well he fucked him and how much Shane loved his cock. Ilya could barely form any words in response, just whined and moaned as his eyes traveled over Shane's rolling body.

Ilya bared his teeth with the effort it took not to take over. He was straining with it.

"Need something to chew on?" Shane asked. At Ilya's small, frantic nod, Shane slid two fingers into Ilya's mouth. Ilya's eyes immediately slipped closed as he sucked on Shane's fingers. His hips were rolling up to meet Shane now, just enough to encourage Shane faster.

The sound of Ilya sucking his fingers was obscene, wet and wanton. He ran his fingers over Ilya's teeth, imagining how they'd feel biting into his flesh, how the scar would look over his mating gland. Straight upper teeth, crowded lower. Recognizable. Undeniable.

"You gonna give me your knot?" Shane asked breathlessly. His thighs were burning but he pushed through it. His own dick bounced between them, leaving smears of fluid on Ilya's stomach. He pulled his fingers out of Ilya's mouth to get more leverage.

"All yours," Ilya said. "Always."

Shane's orgasm hit him unexpectedly, dick spurting weakly between them as he whined. His rhythm barely faltered. He needed his knot, needed to feel him fill him up to bursting. "Give it to me. Please, puppy, need your knot."

Shane's dick twitched valiantly when Ilya's knot locked inside, pouring hot come deep inside him. He collapsed down on top of Ilya, nuzzling into his neck and kissing softly wherever he could reach. His hips were still twitching, milking every drop from his alpha. Ilya's hands slid up around him and one was stroking up and down his spine.

"I love you," Shane hummed. "Love you when you're my puppy. Love you when you're mean to me. Love you when you're giving me exactly what I need. You're so good at giving me exactly what I need."

He felt Ilya's smile against his temple as Ilya pressed his lips there. "That is the orgasm talking." His accent was thicker than usual, his voice deep and rumbling.

“Maybe,” Shane hummed. He clenched around his knot and smiled. He wanted this to last forever.

Ilya's knot eventually slipped out and Shane moved sideways onto the bed. Ilya kissed him once before getting up to get a washcloth to clean up the mess. Shane shivered at the loss of his warmth and reached for the dark fabric Ilya had been pillowing his head on. Unfolding it, he realized it was a hoodie. His hoodie, actually. Dark blue, gone soft with age. One of the strings was frayed towards the end where Shane liked to chew on it. It made him smile to realize what it was. Shane wore this hoodie often and it definitely smelled like him. Laying at the foot of the bed all night, Ilya had still needed his scent nearby.

Shane pulled the hoodie on and settled back against the pillows, loving the feeling of the soft fabric and the way their combined scents swirled around him. Exactly as it should be.

After Ilya returned and cleaned them both up, Shane stretched out his arms towards him. “You need sleep,” he said. “You were up all night.”

Ilya looked at him skeptically and glanced towards the clock. “Don't you need to keep up your training?”

Shane shrugged. “Later, maybe. Now I want to nap with my puppy.” Ilya grinned and Shane decided not to mention the warm pink tint that came to his cheeks at the word. Instead, he just stuck his hands out further, beckoning to him. Finally Ilya gave in, crawling up the bed towards him. At the last second, he ducked down and crawled up underneath the hem of Shane's hoodie. He laughed at that, looking down at the large bulge of alpha sticking up under his clothes. Ilya adjusted a bit before settling down, a kiss pressed to Shane's pec just above his heart. Shane brought his hand up to cradle the back of Ilya's head, scratching lightly through the fabric. “I love you, puppy.”

“Love you,” came a tired, muffled reply.

Shane woke on the sixth day and could immediately tell something was different. Ilya's scent was back to normal, the rich scent of rut fading from his skin even while it clung to the pillows and blankets. When Ilya woke, he seemed more clear-headed, too.

“Welcome back, baby,” Shane said.

Ilya smiled and snuggled closer.

They were both determined to catch up for lost time now that Ilya's rut had broken. As much as spending time at the cottage meant fucking like crazy, it also usually meant spending time outside on the lake or hiking. Shane wanted to take the kayaks out but Ilya insisted on getting the jet skis out of storage and splashing each other after lunch.

Shane was relieved to have things back to normal. Even aside from the night Ilya had freaked out, it had still been stressful for them both. Ilya had been so anxious all the time and Shane hadn't been able to make it totally go away. They grilled burgers for dinner and Shane curled

up next to Ilya next to the fire while they looked up at the stars. A perfect day at the cottage.

Shane woke the next morning feeling flushed and overheated. He'd kicked the blankets off overnight but he was still sweating. Ilya was plastered against his back and he considered pulled away to cool off, but the thought seemed unimaginable just then. He needed his alpha, obviously. Shane shifted and became aware of a mess of slick between his legs and his cock already painfully hard. He moaned and rolled his hips back against Ilya while sliding a hand down between his legs. The stimulation felt good but he knew it wouldn't be enough.

"Ilya," he gasped. "Alpha."

Ilya's arms tightened around him and he hummed. "Shane." He sounded still half asleep. He nuzzled his neck and pressed a kiss to his scent gland. It felt like an electric jolt through his body and Shane moaned loudly.

"Alpha," he said, almost a sob. His entire body felt over-sensitive.

Ilya made a concerned sound. "Shane?" He pulled away to get a better look at him and Shane whined, clutching at him. Why was Ilya pulling away? He needed his alpha to keep touching him. He was so warm.

"Need you," Shane moaned. "Please. Fuck, Ilya it hurts."

Ilya's eyes widened at the desperation in his voice. "Are you okay, *malysh*?"

"Need you," Shane said again. Why wasn't he getting it?

Something seemed to occur to Ilya and he leaned in to scent his neck. Shane keened at the closeness, the proximity of his alpha's mouth to his scent gland. And then he was pulling away again, why was he pulling away again? "Shane, are you in heat?"

Shane blinked up at him in confusion. No, there was no way. He took heat suppressants even during the off-season. Though, he supposed maybe he hadn't kept up with them very well with all the stress of Ilya's rut. He mentally counted back, trying to remember the last time he'd taken his meds. His eyes widened when he realized it had been almost a week.

Shane threw his head back against the pillows and groaned. "Fuck!"

End Notes

Comments and kudos are always appreciated!

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