

teeth caps

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teeth caps

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Summary

Ilya's rut arrives whilst him and Shane are at the cottage.

They deal with it. Naturally.

Notes

i've never written pwp before pls be nice

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

Crackling filled the air, the comforting smell of smoke and nature curling around them as they gazed into the flames of the fire, its gentle warmth tickling his skin as their conversation settled into Shane's bones. It couldn't have been easy. The weight of Ilya's words had been heavy, the grief in his tone even heavier. To think that such a larger than life man could live with such painful experiences etched into his very being made something in Shane roll, the omega instincts in his mind unconsciously pushing his body to release calming pheromones to ease the alpha resting on his lap, a gentle purr stirring in his chest.

"You sound like a car engine," the blonde murmured, plump lips curling up slightly,

"Oh do I?"

"Mmmmm yes, much better car than yours," he chirped, prompting an indignant huff,

"You're such an asshole," Shane muttered, leaning down to press his lips against Ilya's forehead before the alpha sat up, sighing softly.

"Speaking of asshole," he said with a smirk, "my rut will be tomorrow."

"That soon?"

"Mmmmm, yep."

He knew it was coming. Shortly after the call confirming that Ilya was coming to the cottage the man had send his expected rut dates. It made sense of course, most players would take the off season to experience an unmedicated cycle, a necessity for maintaining health since all players had to be on suppressants during the season, alpha or omega. It was to be expected; yet that didn't stop the gravity of what was going to occur from hitting them both. It was a level of vulnerability that was usually exclusively shown to mates, close family or medical professionals, and would be the first time Shane would get to see the alpha running only on instincts. Ilya had warned what his behaviour would be like, insisting that the other didn't have to be there if he didn't want to, that he could ride it out alone, yet Shane had insisted, promising to take care of the alpha to the best of his ability, spending days researching what an alpha would need for their rut, how to ensure that they both stayed safe, but he still felt woefully under prepared.

"You do not have to," Ilya's voice cut through his thoughts, voice soft as he caressed the omega's cheek, "I understand it will be... Hard on you."

"I want to, I still want to," Shane whispered smiling softly, giving one last forehead bump before moving to stand, "come on, we should sleep early."

The alpha stood, wrapping his arms around the smaller's waist, "yes, must be ready for fucking," he smirked, laughing as Shane smacked him before making their way back inside, knowing that neither of them would be leaving the house for the next few days. Yet with the

alpha plastered over his back and the purr still rumbling in his chest, he didn't think he would mind.

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Shane woke up cold. The comforting walls of his nest were still standing, pressed against his skin in gentle bliss, the beautiful combination of his and Ilya's scents woven into the fabric, perfectly mixed into something purely them. Yet it there was no arm slung around him, no slow rising chest beneath his head, no grumbly snoring filling the air.

"Ilya?" the haze of sleep vanished, his body sitting up alert as his eyes scanned the room, yet the other was nowhere to be found. The tangy scent of an alpha in rut hung in the air, Ilya's usually scent of leather and wood now turned hot and smoky, prompting a low whine from Shane as his body recognised it, his instincts clouding his mind as a louder more petulant whine escaped him, a call for his rutting alpha to come take care of him. A grumbly chuff answered him. Eyes squinted in the low light, he spotted his alpha's imposing form slipping through the door, broad shoulders banging clumsily against the doorframe before it slammed shut, the man quickly returning to the nest, hands grabbing Shane's thighs with palpable desperation.

"Ilya? You ok? Where were you?" a petulant whine laced his tone as Ilya merely rumbled and chuffed in response, hands creeping up towards Shane's leaking cock and hole.

"Звездочка (little star,)" his voice was slurred, a feverish rasp lacing it in a way that sent shivers down his spine.

He had mentioned this may happen. It wasn't uncommon for people to go non-verbal during heats or ruts, the haze of instincts combined with the physical exhaustion during cycles making it difficult for words to properly process and in Ilya's case, translating words from russian to english made communicating even harder.

Shane yelped as fingers began to circle his hole, slick pooling beneath him as the alpha continued his ministrations with single minded focus, pretty blue eyes sharp with focus yet hazy with instincts, a pleased rumble from the man making it hard to think.

"Ilya where were you?" the words were forced out, the pleasant aroma wafting off the alpha making his brain fog as his legs fell apart, a hand reaching out to grab the others face before he attempted to eat him, "Ilya." Forcing his voice to harden the other pulled back with a whine, licking over Shane's palm like a dog before biting softly. Yet rather than sharp, extended fangs digging in to him it was plastic. "Your teeth... You went to go put fang caps on?" a throaty croon answered him, an alpha's equivalent of a purr, giving confirmation to

the question. Teeth caps were a common product for alpha's in rut, specially made to fit over their ridiculously large canines to prevent bites if an omega couldn't wear a collar. Not that Shane hadn't offered to of course, but the feeling of something pressing into his throat was deeply uncomfortable, the same way high collared shirts or itchy wollen jumpers made his skin crawl, collars triggered the same effect. Hence the caps.

"Such a good alpha keeping me safe," he purred, voice lilting as the thick scent of rut finally began to override his thoughts, his hole gushing in desperation as the omega in his mind begged to be filled, "is my good alpha going to fuck me?"

The world spun as Shane was spun onto his stomach, blankets quickly discarded as hands yanked up his thighs so his back arched and his ass was high in the air, hole winking obscenely as he presented, a high-pitched moan escaping at the alpha's display of strength, hot breath tickling his bare skin as the only warning before a tongue was curling its way inside of him. Pleasure ran through his body, every nerve sparking as he whined and panted in glee,

"ah ah, fuck," he whimpered, feeling Ilya's tongue desperately licking around his rim, a pleased croon escaping the alpha as more slick continued to pour out only to immediately be lapped up by a thick drooling tongue, the heavy scent of omega desperation now mixing with the rut pheromones in the air,

"мой мой мой (mine mine mine)" the alpha slurred into his skin, bites of plastic where there would be fangs digging into his thighs as drool covered his skin. The alpha was practically latched onto his, sucking hickies into his asscheeks before diving back towards his hole, groaning as he lapped up the slick practically pouring out of the omega, the pleased rumbles sending shivers of pleasure up Shane's spine, the man now panting and drooling, moans escaping when the alpha pushed inside, his tongue invading his body with practiced pleasure. The omega's cock was twitched with every lick, precum leaking onto his stomach as he groaned out a warning that he was only, only to whine when plump lips pulled away from his hole to travel up over his spine to the back of his neck, Ilya's body draped possessively over Shane as he began to try and dig his teeth into the back of his neck, an upset growl escaping him when no blood welled up from the omega's flesh. Need shot through him at the sensation, his body relaxing further into the mattress at the teeth so close to his scent glands, his hole clenching at the emptiness now turning into a void that forced a desperate whine out of him,

"alpha, need you inside of me," he panted, feeling the others weeping cock leaking against his ass as the man mindlessly rutted, growling low in his throat before he finally caught Shane's rim, making them both moan out in ecstasy, desire flaring in the air before the alpha licked down Shane's neck, panting harshly as his mouth hovered over the omega's plump scent glands.

"Omega— Shane," his voice was hoarse, strained like it took every ounce of willpower to speak, "okay? You— Говно (shit)— okay?"

An amused purr escaped the omega before he turned his head to lazily peck the others lips with a smile; even deep in his rut, with nothing but the need to breed running through his brain, Ilya was checking on him, making sure he was ok. The sweet gesture made him relax whilst the omega instincts in his brain began to beg for him to remove the teeth caps and mate him properly, the utter love oozing off the alpha making the need to be bred all consuming.

“Yes, yes I’m ok, now get in me,” he emphasised the words with a wiggle of his hips, pushing himself against the alpha’s cock. A pleased snarl answered him, the alpha kissing his cheek softly before drawing back his hips.

And slamming his cock into Shane’s hole. Both of them moaned in tandem, their scents spiking at the sensation of filling and being filled, yet they were still, both panting as the shock ran through their bodies.

“Okay?” Ilya rasped, his cock twitching as he forced his hips to be still whilst Shane continued to pant, his body clenching and unclenching as he adjusted to the sensation. They’d fucked many times before of course, but Ilya was just so damn big that it felt like the man had pierced his fucking lungs, yet it was so good; being so completely consumed by his alpha, being taken care of so well even when the man was barely present, it made his hole leak obscenely.

“Ok, ‘m okay, you can move alpha,” he breathed, voice slurred with pleasure. Hands came to settle beside his head, the only warning he had before the cock inside of him drew back and began to slam into him. Breathy desperate whines escaped him with every thrust, the alpha snarling in his ear as he somehow hit deeper every single time, the constant stimulation making Shane’s cock leak constantly with euphoria. The slamming of skin reverberated through the air, the rhythm constant and brutal - as if the man were trying to merge their bodies into one with every jackhammer thrust, yet the omega could only moan with glee, the slickness of his hole increasing as pure pleasure clouded his mind into a single sensation. He slammed himself back against his alpha’s cock, eyes rolling into his skull as a hand grabbed the back of his neck, forcing more brain melting endorphins into his blood stream, drool dripping down his chin whilst his mouth hung open to moan desperately, the heights of pleasure threatening to release as the alpha began to catch on his rim.

“In in in,” Shane moaned, pushing himself as close to the other as possible, “knot inside of me please—“ his begging was cut off Ilya ground his hips into him, growling low in his throat,

“gonna fill you,” the man rasped, “now.” His hips slammed one final mind melting thrust before he humped against the omega’s ass, balls tightening as hot cum began to fill Shane’s insides, yet none of it escaped as Ilya’s knot flared, locking the two together as he continued to rut into him, the overwhelming satisfaction of being full making the omega moan whorishly as he came, cock spurting out ropes of cum across the bed so hard his vision blacked out, mind singularly focussed on the cum continuing to be pumped into his ass, causing his stomach to flare slightly at the sheer amount.

Harsh panting filled the air as sanity began to return to each of their minds, the harsh scent of rut in the air easing into a softer scent of satisfaction, the all consuming need to breed temporarily dampened now he'd finally knotted.

"Ok? Omera (omega) okay?" the alpha grabbed Shane's face, turning the omega to face him to search for discomfort or upset, letting out a pleased croon when all he found was fucked out bliss and drool, "we lay down now ok?" With gentle movements, Ilya adjusted them, flattening himself against Shane before gently tipping to the side, rumbling low in his chest as the movement caused a slight tug where they were still linked, a pleased groan escaping as more cum was spurted into Shane's ass.

"Ok?"

"Mmmmm, ok," Shane replied, voice hoarse and body limp, the heat of the alpha on his back easing his muscles where they ached, "you feeling better now? Able to talk?"

Ilya crooned, low and happy before kissing up Shane's neck, pausing to dig his teeth into swollen scent glands before lapping at them, the scent of omega satisfaction now coating his tongue and easing the alpha in his chest, "yes Маленькая газонокосилка (little lawnmower), can talk, but you sleep."

"I hate when you call me that," a hand snaked around Shane's chest, fingers splayed across his chest where a gentle purr reverberated, the sound increasing in frequency the alpha's pheromones began to overwhelm his mind, but not with the sharp desire to be fucked full, no no, that had already been completed, with his ass knotted and stomach comfortably warm, the haze of exhaustion hit him, Ilya's words already having effect as his eyes began to slip closed, no matter how much he wanted to fight it. He wanted to exist in this bliss, to relish the feeling of fullness consuming both his body and soul, the feeling of his alpha curled around his spine in possessive glee.

"Sleep Shane, I will be here."

And he would be. This wasn't a dark hotel room, hooking up in secret with fear perpetually lacing their scents behind pleasure, this wasn't Ilya's apartment, warm and comfortable until Shane inevitably fled when everything became too real. No. It was their sanctuary, the agreed upon place for Ilya to ride out his rut with a partner he truly loved. The place where they had mutually agreed to live without restraint and fuck without fear. So Shane could sleep; with a purr vibrating through his chest and his alpha crooning against his chest, he could sleep knowing he was safe, comfortable and ready to be fucked to oblivion.

End Notes

i prefer low quality, grammatically incorrect, poorly written smut MADE BY MAN.

fuck ai (:

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