

Ours to love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75890216) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75890216>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Omegaverse Omega Pregnancy , Omega Verse , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Pregnant Shane Hollander , Couch Sex , Knotting , Pregnant Sex , Breeding Kink , Puppy Play , Whiny Shane Hollander , Thighs , Feminization
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-16 Words: 1,707 Chapters: 1/1

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by [goforeddie](#)

Summary

Shane sinks on him and then arches his back, throwing his head behind himself, and he sighs, like he just found refuge after running for his life. He doesn't even move, no longer grinds or searches for any form of pleasure. No, right now, the pleasure is literally in the act of being full.

Ilya looks back down at his belly again. He places a hand over it and smiles. A second later, Shane's hand is covering his own, and he looks up, finding his omega already looking at him. "Proud of yourself, huh?"

He nods, "Da. Very proud. You will look so sexy with your pregnant belly."

A short laugh comes out of Shane's mouth as he shakes his head with a smile.

Notes

i was sad today alright so hopefully you all like Mpreg cause buddies usually are skittish about it but i got a feeling hollanov aren't LOL. writing this took my mind off for a bit

enjoy !

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

Ilya's hands are set around Shane's hips, but he's barely even guiding him. Shane doesn't need much guidance when it comes to this; his ass always seems to know where to go, his hips always know the way to roll, and his strong, big thighs are always strong enough to keep him up for as long as he wants.

Or so they thought.

"Fuck," Shane whines, head falling in the crook of Ilya's neck, and he grabs onto his chest like he might fall some more. It's ridiculous, because they're seated on the couch, Ilya's back is comfortable against the couch, and Shane's knees are straddling *one* of Ilya's thighs while his knees are firmly set on the couch. He's not going anywhere.

But Shane is a mess. He's naked on top of Ilya, he took off the patch on his neck that usually covers his scent glands, and his nose is searching for Ilya's own scent glands like a dog sniffing out something sweet. Shane's grinding, his wet cunt leaving a trail of sweet, *sweet* slick all over Ilya's thigh while his poor cock stands untouched between the two of them. "What happened, sweetheart?" Ilya speaks out, twisting his head so Shane's access to the back of his neck is harder. It only makes the omega whine even more. "You want something?"

"Please," Shane begs, somehow grinding harder and faster on his thigh. "*Please*," he says again, his mouth hot and leaving the saliva he can't keep in his mouth, like a desperate little puppy, all over Ilya's jawline.

"Use your words, Hollander," Ilya says, finally lifting a hand to touch his face. Immediately, kind of like it's beyond Shane's control, he leans into the touch, and a cry leaves his mouth. "You speak English better than me," Ilya teases, "*Speak* it."

Half of Shane's face is hidden in the palm of Ilya's hand. He's got both hands holding on to Ilya's forearm like it's a lifeboat, and he whines, his hole leaving a mess between them even more, and Shane's legs are shaking, properly shaking, and the only thing keeping him up is his alpha's hand held around his neck. "Please," Shane begged for the thousandth time, "C-can I," and the words looked heavy in his mouth, sticking to his tongue or his palate and making it hard to move, "can-"

“Can you what?” Ilya presses, raising both eyebrows like he’s getting bored. Somehow, this only stirs Shane’s fire even more in the pit of his stomach. It’s like his entire body is on fire. Ilya finally smiles and leans forward, mouth ghosting over Shane’s lips. “Can you what, little puppy? Say it.”

Another broken sound escapes Shane’s mouth, “*Cum*,” he says, the word spilling out like he can’t hold it off anymore, “Cum. Can I cum, please, please, please, *please*—” and the next ‘please’ gets stuck in his throat as Ilya’s hand flies to his cock and squeezes around it, the sudden attention so overwhelming that Shane can’t help but jump forward and cry. It doesn’t really hurt – his alpha would never hurt him – but his entire body feels like an open wire right now.

Ilya’s eyes are fixed on Shane’s face like he can’t look away. Slowly, he let go of his omega’s cock one finger at a time and then slid his hand even more slowly under it, the tip of his fingers brushing under his balls and then finding the warmth, slick entrance of his hole. Shane gasps, his own fingers now digging into the muscles of Ilya’s shoulders. He doesn’t go in right away, but rather takes his fingers and gently taps on the entrance, gathering enough slick for his own fingers to be slick too. It’s with wet fingers that he pushes inside of Shane, moaning at the same time, his omega whines with pleasure. “Fuck, Hollander,” he says, looking down at the small space between them. “You are so wet. Making a mess.”

“Mmh,” is Shane’s only answer. Then, unable to stop himself, Shane starts to rock his hips against Ilya’s fingers, and another series of little moans slips out of his mouth again. He’s so loud, louder than usual really – which says a lot – and his entire body is on fire. He’s burning, in and out, and he can’t stop.

Ilya’s free hand lands over Shane’s lower belly and rests there. It’s too early, but soon enough, there will be a small thing growing inside of his omega, and they’ll be a family of three to four, if you count their dog Anya – and ever since they learned the news, they’ve been unable to keep their hands off of each other. It’s not like they were really good at it before, but they would usually make it through breakfast without Shane crawling under the table to take Ilya’s cock in his mouth “just for the taste” or for Ilya to make him ride his thigh just so he could smell the pheromones off him.

“Okay,” Ilya says, taking his fingers out of his omega’s pussy and bringing them to his mouth for a taste. “Okay, baby, come here,” he says, and he grabs Shane by the waist and pulls him in. Shane goes more than willingly, eyes closed, but his body knows exactly where to go and where to position himself. He straddles Ilya’s entire body now, locks his mouth all over his neck and not only leaves kisses but bite marks too. He can’t help it, doesn’t want to stop, and

he grinds into the fucking air as Ilya pulls his cock out of his pants. “Get on it,” he says, the words barely out before the omega is lining up his hole with his dick, “Da, good omega,” Ilya whispers.

Shane sinks on him and then arches his back, throwing his head behind himself, and he sighs, like he just found refuge after running for his life. He doesn’t even move, no longer grinds or searches for any form of pleasure. No, right now, the pleasure is literally in the act of being full.

Ilya looks back down at his belly again. He places a hand over it and smiles. A second later, Shane’s hand is covering his own, and he looks up, finding his omega already looking at him. “Proud of yourself, huh?”

He nods, “Da. Very proud. You will look so sexy with your pregnant belly.”

A short laugh comes out of Shane’s mouth as he shakes his head with a smile. He throws his head back again, starts to slowly roll his hips again, and Ilya’s pretty much speechless after that. He leans back against the couch and watches, like in a trance, as his omega rides his cock and chases one more orgasm off him, Ilya’s paw on his lower belly, where *his* baby, *their* baby, is growing, and he feels a mix of possessiveness and lust that slips from every single pore of his body.

It doesn’t take long for either of their orgasms to come. Shane’s climax is loud and whiny; he falls forward and tells Ilya to fuck him and “get it out of him”, so the alpha listens and sets his feet firmly on the ground before he starts to *fuck* into him, pulling the orgasm out of Shane’s cock without even touching it but constantly hitting the right spot. Shane cums so much and from everywhere. His cum spurts out of his dick and splatters all over their chest, but his cunt also gets so wet it’s no longer simply the lubricating slick of an omega. It’s the squirting of a pussy overstimulated. It’s what gets Ilya over the edge, spilling his own cum inside of Shane’s hole and his knot pushing past the rim without any resistance. He groans, grabbing Shane’s waist and keeping him there. His knot grows, grows, grows, and it keeps all of the cum tightly inside. Ilya’s body doesn’t seem to care. He already took care of breeding his omega, but he’s an alpha, and he must push his knot inside of Shane, or he’ll die. Alright, maybe he won’t *die*, but it sure as hell will feel like it.

“You trying to give him a sibling already?” Shane mumbles against his neck, voice already thick the way it always does after sex. His omega always goes somewhere in his head after an

orgasm, nowhere scary or anything, just a little bit away from Ilya. The alpha doesn't mind, knowing that all he has to do is hold him, kiss him and whisper sweet little things into his ears for him to come back eventually. "You won't stop," he slurs, face going up and down his neck like he's a cat nuzzling at him to smell him.

He's right, of course. Ilya's knot might've popped and settled, his dick, however, still hasn't stopped cumming inside of Shane. It will, in a minute or two, but for now it feels eternal. It would worry him if he cared about such things, but the sight of his Shane covered in his cum is enough to get him hard again, so.

Ilya's hand instinctively goes back to his belly. "I can't wait until you start to show," he says.

"You just want to show off," is Shane's answer.

"Yes," Ilya answers. Shane snorts, a smile forming against the skin of Ilya's neck. He hums and kisses him again.

"Big alpha," he says, and it sounds like a Herculean effort to both speak and lift his head to look at him, "and his precious omega. Wanna show me off for the world to see."

A grin grows on Ilya's mouth. He nods. "*My* precious omega. And *my* precious baby," he says, thumb brushing over the lower part of his belly. "And *your* alpha."

"My alpha," Shane repeats after, eyes loopy but still open. Their mouths crash against each other, and they kiss, getting lost in the feeling, the smell and the warmth of each other. "Mine, mine, mine," Shane whispers.

"Yours, yours, yours," are the words that slip just as gently out of Ilya's lips. Then, when Shane's hand covers his own once again, they whisper the same thing right against each other's lips.

"*Ours*."

End Notes

don't forget to follow me on twitter at goforeddie and don't forget to check out my other work on here! wrote a looooooot of buddie fics so check these out too :) they're my first borns i love them to death

my name's stephanie and my pronouns are she/her don't hesitate to leave kudos or comments and if you want share this fic with your friends or fellow fujoshis :)

see you soon

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