

Mouthful

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Mouthful

by [inexpiate](#)

Summary

Ilya knots Shane's mouth. It's unbearably intimate.

Also, Shane's heat is approaching, and Ilya's softest, comfiest clothes have gone missing.

Shane doesn't *nest*, but he may have built a large, incredibly comforting *pseudo*-nest in his bed. Made entirely of Ilya's clothes.

Ilya : How is throat feeling today? 

Shane: 

Notes

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

Shane moans as he swallows around Ilya's cock. His lips stretch wide around the base of Ilya's swelling knot.

"Fuck," Ilya groans, hot and pulsing down Shane's throat. "Is okay? You are breathing, yes?" His voice is low and strained. His claws scratch Shane's scalp and tug at his hair in the way he likes. "Is good?"

Yes. Holy shit, yes. Shane's eyes are wet. A tear drips down his cheek. He squeezes Ilya's thigh twice and nods. "Mm...mm..." He tongues the underside of Ilya's cock. Swallows.

"You are so good," Ilya rumbles. "Fuck, Hollander." He places his hand at the back of Shane's neck and *squeezes*. Hard.

Shane whimpers, head hazy and hot. It's a claiming gesture. They're in Ilya's bedroom, and no one else can see, but still. His vision blurs. He blinks. More tears slip out and run down his face. He likes this a little too much. Ilya has scooped out his brain and replaced it with warm honey.

It doesn't mean anything, Shane reminds himself for the thousandth time. Ilya is possessive in bed, especially when he's popping a knot. That's all it is. Saliva pools inside Shane's mouth. Some spills out and drips down his chin.

Ilya smells like bergamot, tobacco, and a hint of pepper. His scent is strong in his bed, with Shane's nose pressed against the hair at his pelvis.

Ilya sits with his back against his pillows. His knees are bent, his legs spread wide enough for Shane to fit between them. He lets out a growl as Shane continues to suck. They'll be locked together for a bit. Shane loves having something in his mouth.

"So good for me... taking my knot in your mouth... crying over my cock..." Ilya runs his thumb along the side of Shane's neck, pressing into his scent gland. His claw scrapes against Shane's bonding spot. He does it again. Then, again. And again and again.

Oh. That's... that's... Shane *melts*. He's moaning and slicking up his boxers. It's unbearably intimate. Something your mate does. Not your casual asshole hookup that you like too much for your own good. And see way too often to truly be casual.

But Shane can't think about it for long. Everything is warm and syrupy, and his bones are soft. He's sinking into the mattress, into *Ilya*, and whining deep in his throat. He's still a week away from his heat, but he could go under just from this.

"...so perfect, sweetheart," Ilya says, voice rough.

Shane whimpers again. He can't help it. More slick gushes from his hole and drenches his boxers. He's hard and leaking everywhere, making a mess.

*

Ilya's knot goes down after a while. He eases himself out of Shane's swollen mouth.

A string of spit forms as Shane manages to pull back. He blinks blearily. His jaw is stiff. Slick soaks through his boxers, the fabric growing wet and cold. Earlier, at Ilya's encouragement, he had rutted and rubbed himself against the mattress until he came, his mouth full of Ilya's knot.

"I need to shower." Shane coughs as he pulls himself up and sits beside Ilya. His voice is hoarse.

"Drink," Ilya says. His claws retract. He opens a water bottle and passes it over.

Shane gulps down half the bottle. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Ilya reaches over and dabs Shane's face with a soft towel. "Here," he says. "You are a mess. Beautiful mess, but still mess."

"Fuck off." Shane rolls his eyes, but lets him. It's nice. His heart rate slows, his eyes growing heavy. He will get up in a minute. His boxers squish with cooling slick, and he grimaces. "I feel disgusting."

Ilya pauses and studies him. "Because of what we did?" His thumb sweeps over Shane's jaw, gentle. "You are feeling bad?"

"No, because I'm cold and wet, and..." Shane's cheeks are warm. "...soaked."

"Oh." Ilya's eyes light up as he grins, mischievous. "You got so wet, and I didn't even get to taste."

*

Ilya eats him out in the shower.

Shane gasps as he comes all over the steamy, fogged glass door. His knees wobble. He bares his throat. Ilya fingerfucks him through it, pressing his hot open mouth to the side of Shane's neck, over his bonding spot. After, Ilya kisses him against the wall.

Shane tastes his slick on Ilya's tongue.

*

Ilya rummages through his dresser drawer. "I am missing many clothes," he says, shaking his head. "Shirts, hoodies, sweatpants... jersey from last practice..." His brows furrow. "Even my favourite jockstrap."

"Oh no... that's not good..." Shane tries to will away the blush on his face as he pulls on a pair of Ilya's joggers.

So Shane might have... *borrowed* a few of Ilya's things here and there. And he doesn't *nest*, but he may or may not have meticulously built a large, incredibly comforting *pseudo*-nest in

his bed. Made entirely of Ilya's clothes. His jockstrap rests neatly on Shane's pillow.

Shane will blame it on his pre-heat brain. The stupid "*I'm Just An Omega*" meme pops into his head. Ugh, no. He hates that. And he will return Ilya's clothes! Maybe he got a little carried away.

"Is not important." Ilya shuts the drawer. "I will find them later." He eyes Shane up and down, giving him a sly smile. "I like you in my clothes. Look like mine."

Shane flips him off even as he nestles further into Ilya's soft oversized McGill sweatshirt. His alpha's strong, soothing scent is everywhere. Shane has the horribly embarrassing urge to purr. He represses it—Ilya probably says that to hundreds of omegas each semester.

*

Shane snuggles into his ~~nest~~ *pseudo*-nest and sighs as he circles a bright red F on the top of another student's take-home midterm.

Shane: Are they doing this in your section too?

Shane: *[image attachment]*: typed essay in which the first sentence reads: **Certainly! Here is an updated version using more academic language.**

Ilya ❤️: Yes they are very stupid

Shane and Ilya each teach a discussion section for Professor Wiebe's Exercise Psychology class. Personally, Shane would never choose to do it, but their grad program requires them to TA for at least two semesters.

Ilya ❤️: How is throat feeling today? 🐈

Shane: 🙌

Shane rubs his jaw. It does ache a little, and his throat is sore. But he had expected it. He shivers at the memory of Ilya's knot in his mouth. Pulsing and hot. The wide stretch of his lips. He had practiced with his knotting dildo before, but Ilya is way better. Shane feels flushed and warm, and his hole is damp.

Ilya ❤️: <https://www.dom.alpha.newstoday.com/articles/mouth-knotting-aftercare-essentials-for-your-omega>

Shane: Thanks

He breathes out as a cramp pinches his lower stomach. A wave of prickly heat floods his veins. Like needles under his skin. He shudders. Shit.

Shane: Fuck I think I'm starting my heat earlier than I was supposed to. Probably tomorrow instead of next week. Starting to feel it :(if you can't make it, that's ok

Ilya ❤️: I will make it so good for you sweetheart 😍

Ilya💖: *🐱

Ilya💖: [typing...]

Ilya💖: Are my shirts on your bed behind essay paper?

Ilya💖: *[image attachment]*: zoomed in background: several of Ilya's shirts are stacked and spread across Shane's bed

Shane: no

Ilya💖: I am coming over

Ilya💖: Bringing treats 😊

Ilya💖: *[image attachment]*: a large box of Magnum XL Raw Knotting Condoms™, a new bottle of lube, unscented massage oil, heating pads, a twelve-pack of ginger ale, and a fresh fruit and veggie tray

*

"Don't look at me." Shane's cheeks grow hot, probably blushing bright red. He buries his face in one of Ilya's hoodies. That he stole. For his nest. That Ilya is looking at.

Ilya stands in his bedroom doorway, holding two large grocery bags. "You are nesting!" he coos, delighted. "And with my clothes!"

It's hard to be mortified from the comfort of his nest. It is warm, soft, a little heady. Shane holds a pillow to his chest and rocks back and forth. He's slicking up a bit more now that Ilya is here. "You can come in."

Ilya sets the bags on the floor by the bed. He inhales deeply, nostrils flaring. "We smell so good together," he says, voice gruff. "Can I join?" He gestures to Shane and his nest.

Shane is all but purring. At this rate, he'll be baring his neck and presenting by the end of the night. It's everything he wants, except... "I don't know if I can do this," he says, his scent tinging sour. "It feels like a lot."

"Is fine of course." Ilya bites his lip. "...I thought we were—"

"I know you're seeing other omegas, or whatever, but... sharing my nest, knowing that... I think it's too much."

"Hollander, I am not seeing other omegas. I have not for months."

"Oh. Really?"

"Yes, really. You think that I knot your mouth, give you massage, then hop into other omega's nest?" Ilya's eyes widen, then flash alpha red. "You are seeing other alphas?" His claws come out partway. They quickly retract.

“What? No! No, of course not...” Shane’s face is warm and pink. “Only you.” Now he really is purring, a quiet sound rising from his chest.

“Good,” Ilya says. “I have ruined you for anyone else. Was my plan.”

“Shut up,” Shane says, reaching his arms out. “Come here.”

*

Shane rocks down onto Ilya’s knot. “Fuck, you feel so good,” he groans. “I could come again.” He moans as he squeezes and clenches around him. “So big, holy shit.”

Ilya’s breath is hot on the back of Shane’s neck. He places two fingers to Shane’s lips. Shane eagerly sucks them down as Ilya strokes him fast.

“Perfect,” Ilya says. “And next time for nest, I give you all my jockstraps right after practice, yes?”

End Notes

first hollanov mouth knotting fic?? i couldn't resist.

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