

like the moon needs the stars

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by [thepupperino](#)

Summary

Today Shane is Ilya's husband. Tonight he'll be his mate.

Notes

Hi!! I know there are 3740 A/B/O fics about these two BUT imo there are not enough about mating so here, enjoy :)

Title from "supernatural" by Ariana Grande :)

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

Ilya loves Shane. He absolutely loves him, has for 10 years, and they're married.

He got the ring resized before the wedding, but he usually wears it around his neck anyway; it's just more practical with practice and games and working out.

But he wore it today, just like Shane wore his, and he keeps rubbing his thumb over the cool metal, keeps holding Shane's left hand so he can feel his husband's ring against his skin.

The party has long-since died down. He was actually a little sad when Hayden left early—not that his feelings or thoughts about him have particularly changed, but he knows how important he is to Shane, and how much Shane loved having him there.

He felt more relieved when JJ left. Shane was glad he was there too, he told Ilya as much, but Ilya saw the way Shane's shoulders relaxed, the way the tension in his jaw released when his former teammate walked away.

He doesn't have the words to describe how he felt at the end of the night, his husband and his in-laws and him all sitting in the living room, his hand on Shane's knee like it belonged there, Shane's pinky linked over his.

Yuna had been nursing a glass of wine for 20 minutes, like she didn't want the day to end. Ilya can't blame her, it's been the best day of his life too, but Shane's scent has been driving him crazy all day.

And he loves Yuna, and he loves David, and he really fucking loves Shane and really fucking can't wait to take him to bed.

And if the way Shane's stealing glances at him is any indication, he can't wait either.

But as much as he loves Yuna and David, they aren't his parents, so he knows it's not his place to ask them to leave.

Yuna finally finishes her wine, and Ilya springs to his feet before he even thinks about it.

"I will take to kitchen for you," he says, holding his hand out toward her glass. She passes it to him with a grateful smile, and he smiles back before turning and heading to the kitchen.

He would just rinse it and put it in the dishwasher, but he's hoping to give Shane and his parents time to talk, to wrap things up and get them out, so he scrubs it with a sponge until he feels like enough time has passed.

When he returns, David slaps his hands on his knees before turning to Yuna. "I think it's time to head home, don't you?"

She gives him a nod and turns back to Shane, and all three of them stand up at the same time. It would be kind of creepy if Ilya weren't so used to how in-tune the Hollanders are.

“We’re so happy for you two,” Yuna says, wrapping Shane in a tight hug. When she finally releases him, she grabs Ilya just as quickly. He hugs her just as tightly and pushes down the rising feeling in his chest that wishes his mom were here.

David hugs them next, and another surge of emotion swells inside Ilya, making him think of what life would’ve been like if his father hugged him. He thinks if he were alive, even if Ilya had married Svetlana or another beautiful woman, he’d be lucky if his father gave him a handshake.

He pretends not to notice the tears in their eyes, pretends not to notice the pricking feeling in his own.

“And we love you both so much,” Yuna continues. She looks at Ilya, specifically, with more love than he can imagine as she says, “We’re so glad Shane found you.”

He pretends not to notice the way her voice breaks as he gives her a kind, genuine smile.

He and Shane walk them to the door, and the second it closes, Shane’s back hits the wood, Ilya’s hands on his waist and his face buried in his neck.

“Ilya,” Shane mutters, halfway between a laugh and a sigh. “The windows.”

“What, they do not know I’m in love with you?” Ilya asks, his lips pressed under Shane’s jaw.

“No,” Shane responds. “No, I mean, they do, but—“

“But they do not know we have sex?” Ilya pushes.

“Fuck off,” Shane huffs. It’s hard to take him seriously, though, as he exposes more of his neck and something deepens in his scent.

Ilya gives his throat one final nip before pulling away and reaching for his husband’s hand. “I will take you to bed, then. Away from windows.”

He leads the way like he owns the place, because he does. They own this home together, both their names on the deed.

It’s their home, and it’s their bedroom, and it’s their bed that he nudges Shane against, the backs of his thighs hitting the mattress. Ilya doesn’t even know when he started kissing him, but he hopes for Shane’s sake it was after they rounded the corner and disappeared from the potential view of his parents.

But if it wasn’t, Shane doesn’t seem to be complaining.

He eases Shane back on the bed, letting him shuffle up so his head rests on a pillow before crawling over him and settling between his legs.

They changed out of their suits hours ago because Ilya thought it was strange to sit in their living room in trousers and ties. He’s particularly grateful for that decision now, as he feels

Shane's cock swell against his hip through four thin layers.

"I have been thinking about this all day," Ilya purrs, helping Shane sit up so he can peel off his shirt.

Shane flops back to the bed and Ilya runs his hand up his abs, over his chest, brushes his fingers over his collarbone.

He's seen Shane shirtless countless time, has touched him like this just as many, but they're married now. The man beneath him is his husband, and soon he will be his mate.

"Me too," Shane breathes, the words muddled and distorted as Ilya captures his lips in another kiss.

Part of his mind goes back to 10 years ago, when Shane kissed him in his Nashville hotel room like he was starving, like he would die without Ilya's mouth on his, and he thinks about how this kiss feels so different. He's sure now that he *would* die without Shane's mouth, that though he's just as hungry for him now, he loves him so much more, needs him so much more.

Shane's fingers tug at the hem of his shirt, pushing it up the best he can before Ilya tears himself away long enough to bring it over his head and toss it to the floor.

His tongue slides into Shane's mouth as he palms his cock over his sweats, and he lets out a groan at how hard he is, at the fact he can feel a wet warmth through the fabric.

"Seems you have been thinking of this too," Ilya mumbles against his lips. He grinds his hips down against Shane's, almost involuntarily, and his heart pounds at the beautiful sound Shane makes in response.

His scent is so fucking strong, honeysuckle and sugar so sweet it makes his teeth hurt, and he can't stop himself from licking over Shane's throat, trailing his teeth over his scent gland.

Not that he would stop himself if he could.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane groans, his hips lifting off the bed to press against Ilya's. The pressure against his dick, combined with the overwhelming smell of his husband, makes his head spin and he has to fight back his instincts.

His instincts want him to rush, want him to get inside his omega as soon as possible and bite him as soon as possible and knot him as soon as possible. And he knows Shane's instincts want the same, but he knows that they don't want this to be like that.

They talked about it the night they stopped taking their suppressants, the night they decided they would mate on their wedding day. Ilya said he was worried he couldn't hold back, Shane said he knew he could, and Ilya was so grateful for him that he pushed him back and fucked him on the couch.

So as much as the alpha in him wants to hurry up and claim what's his, the better part of Ilya wants to take care of Shane.

He forces himself away from Shane's neck and kisses down his body until he reaches his waistband, then he pulls his sweats and his underwear down to his knees. He circles his tongue around the perfect pink tip of Shane's cock as he gets his clothes all the way off.

Ilya thinks Shane tries to say his name, but it's lost in this perfect whimper, and all he can make out is, "Oh my god."

It feels impossible, but Shane's scent might be even stronger down here, and all Ilya wants to do is lick up the slick dripping from Shane's hole. Shane would love it, but he knows Shane loses his mind with Ilya's mouth around his dick and his fingers inside him, so he swallows his length down as he slips one finger into his hole.

The worst part about having Shane's dick in his mouth—the only bad part, really—is that he can't tell him how perfect he is. He can't tell him how much he loves his cock, loves him, how good he's being, how beautiful he is.

Ilya is a good lover, he knows he is. He's always cared for the people he's slept with, even if he hasn't necessarily cared about them. He likes making sure his partner is satisfied, and not just because it makes his chest fill with a sense of pride and accomplishment. He likes knowing that he's made someone feel good.

But he can't get enough of it with Shane. Every sound he makes, every word he utters resonates inside his head. Sometimes he thinks his purpose in life is making Shane happy. Getting him off, making him blush, reminding him that he matters and that Ilya loves him.

"Oh god, Ilya," Shane whines above him. Ilya hums around his cock in response and Shane trembles. "More, Ilya. Please, I need more."

Some other night Ilya might drag it out, wait until Shane's actually begging, until tears sting at his eyes and his voice breaks, but he hums again as he presses another finger inside him and curls both pads against his prostate.

"Fuck, Ilya, just like that." Ilya has kept his eyes closed up to this point because he's worried his heart will explode if he sees Shane likes this, but he risks a look up and thinks it may be the best decision he's ever made. Shane's arm is thrown over his eyes, his mouth hanging open, his back arched off the bed, and Ilya gladly takes more of his length into his mouth just to see how he'll react. The head of Shane's dick hits the back of his throat and he swallows around him as he slips in a third finger, stretching him open.

"Ilya, Jesus, you have to stop, I'm so close," Shane says breathlessly, a tinge of panic in his voice. Ilya pulls off him and squeezes the base of his cock to stave off his orgasm as his fingers pause inside him. "Fuck. I need you."

Ilya withdraws his fingers and pretends his heart doesn't tear in half over the way Shane whines, the way his hips buck at the loss of contact. He slips his fingers into his own mouth, his eyes fluttering shut at the sweet taste of Shane's slick over his tongue. He wipes his clean, wet fingers over his sweats and strips out of them, settling back in between Shane's legs before kissing him slowly.

“Can I have you like this?” Ilya asks, one hand on Shane’s waist, the other cradling his face. “Hmm?”

“Yeah, fuck, of course,” Shane responds.

He knew Shane would say yes, it’s easier access to his mating spot, but he breathes a sigh of relief into his mouth anyway. He wants to see his husband fall apart on him, wants his breath and his words and his sounds right against his ear when he claims him.

“You are ready?” Ilya asks, the head of his cock already pressed against Shane’s hole. When Shane nods, his eyes closed tight, Ilya presses inside him.

He doesn’t know how sex with Shane can just keep getting better. He used to live for trouble, for danger, and tried to convince himself their forbidden secret was what kept him coming back.

He knows part of it right now is their hormones. Their off their suppressants for a shared heat and rut, and there’s something extra flowing between them from the meaning of the wedding, but even apart from that—every day he loves Shane more, and every day their sex gets better, makes him crazier.

“Fuck, you are so tight,” he groans as he starts thrusting into him. He forces back his instincts again, the part of him that wants to fuck Shane roughly, and focuses on slowly rolling his hips.

He feels Shane press against him, trying to take him in even deeper, and he kisses him again so he’s not tempted to bite him too soon. He knows it wouldn’t matter, that he could bite him right now and they’d still be mated, but he wants to claim Shane as he comes apart on his knot.

“You are perfect,” Ilya says when he pulls away, when he’s composed himself enough to bury his nose against Shane’s scent gland, to press gentle kisses against his skin. “I love you.”

“I love you,” Shane echoes, his fingertips digging into Ilya’s shoulders. He hopes it leaves marks, that Shane will exist for days with the imprint of Ilya’s teeth on his neck and that he will live just as long with the imprint of Shane’s fingers on his skin.

“My husband,” Ilya groans, letting himself move faster inside him. Shane tosses his head back, the use of his new title tugging on something inside him. Ilya decides to push him further, to take him apart faster. “My beautiful omega.”

Shane doesn’t always like being reminded of his status. Ilya knows he’s had to fight harder in the sport to be taken seriously, to be respected. He also knows Shane keens when Ilya calls him omega during sex, when he reminds him of how they belong together.

“I’m close,” Shane gasps. “Fuck, Ilya, I’m so close.”

Ilya drags his teeth over Shane’s neck as he feels his knot begin to swell. “Me too, моя любовь. мой партнёр.”

He knows Shane's been learning for Russian for years, knows he can translate *my love*. From the way he comes around Ilya's cock, wet heat spraying between them and dripping from his hole, Ilya can only assume he also knows how to translate *my mate*.

Ilya would say it in English anyway, but his orgasm rushes through him, so he uses his mouth to bite down on the curve of Shane's neck, on his mating spot, as his knot swells and locks them together.

"Fuck," Shane breathes as Ilya licks over the wound. He whines against his neck at this taste of his blood, just as sweet as his scent.

He thinks he could stay there forever, lapping at his skin, but Shane takes his face into his hands and pulls him down for a kiss.

Ilya's thoughts are a refrain of *my husband, my love, my mate*.

End Notes

Hi I hope you enjoyed!! If you did please leave a comment and I would be so so grateful and will treasure you forever.

I'm on twitter and tumblr if you want to be friends :)

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