

You Consume Me

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You Consume Me

by [weaselsneasel](#)

Summary

“So you come to me?” Ilya stepped toward Shane, “Did you let yourself into my home because in this city I’m the only tether you have to normalcy? Or because you want my knot?”

Ilya stood in front of Shane, one hand under his shirt on his hip squeezing softly, the other hand against his face, his finger tips gently sliding through his hair. Shane leaned his head into Ilya’s hand.

“I don’t know.” Shane felt the first tear slip down the side of his nose. He didn’t want to cry but his body felt so disconnected.

or; shane starts his heat and boston gets snowed out, at least he knows a guy in the city to crash with

Notes

hiya

lol i had a brain worm and i needed to write it down and then it kept going and then i had this so here it is i hope you enjoy and if you don't, don't tell me I'm fragile

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

Ilya felt his eyes dilate before he registered Shane standing behind him.

“I need your help.”

Ilya turned his body away from his kitchen sink slowly, he knew he was walking a line with Shane; too fast and he'd spook him before he could even get his hands on him. He smelled the spike of hesitation in the air, Shane's nervous system screaming how bad of an idea this was, as his eyes found their target.

Ilya looked at Shane, his eyes moving across his face to the red flush on his neck. He followed it down his throat, over the peek of his collar bone he could see before the fabric of his shirt covered the rest of his body. He watched Shane open his mouth, his tongue wetting his lips before snapping shut before swallowing as he finally noticed how his presence effected Ilya.

“Your eyes. Did I do that?” Shane tucked his hands into his pockets, “They're glowing. That only happens when we...,” he cut himself off. He didn't want to think about all the things that led him to this moment. He was already feeling like he did during his days of being a horny teenager who didn't know how to calm himself down. He'd come a long way from his days of spending his heat with just his fingers and a dream. Now he had someone- *no!* He had resources to help him get through it. He found silicone knots online and had a nice collection he was fond of. His imagination had gotten better too, and if his imaginary partner had a Russian accent, that was no ones business anyways.

“Yes. When your face is in my sheets and my cock is so far in your ass, you're begging for my knot. I know.”

Shane swallowed. He should have expected this. Ilya always liked to run his mouth when he was like this.

“You smell.”

“I know. That’s why I need your help.”

“You came here to what? Game was canceled, why are you here?”

“I think I’m going into heat. I can’t get on a plane right now with all the snow, flights are canceled. And staying at the hotel smelling like this... I just need a place to stay,” Shane looked away from the ring of gold around his pupils, feeling his stomach flip at the memories of the last time Ilya’s eyes had been glowing; away from the memories of how close he’d come to letting Ilya slide his teeth into the back of his throat. “A place that I feel comfortable in.”

If Shane had been calmer he would have heard the near growl Ilya let out in response.

“So you come to me?” Ilya stepped toward Shane, “Did you let yourself into my home because in this city I’m the only tether you have to normalcy? Or because you want my knot?”

Ilya stood in front of Shane, one hand under his shirt on his hip squeezing softly, the other hand against his face, his finger tips gently sliding through his hair. Shane leaned his head into Ilya’s hand.

“I don’t know.” Shane felt the first tear slip down the side of his nose. He didn’t want to cry but his body felt so disconnected. He wanted Ilya’s arms around him. He wanted to crawl under Ilya’s shirt and press his nose into the side of his neck where he knew he’d smell sandalwood and amber the deepest. He wanted to grind his hips against Ilya’s thigh and shake in his hold when his body gave up and let him feel the orgasm he knew Ilya would give him if he asked. But he also wanted Ilya to claim him and it freaked him out. What a terrible idea it was.

He’d felt it in his bones whenever they were close. His blood sang for Ilya and he didn’t know what to do about it. It would never work. Boston wasn’t anywhere near Montreal, let alone having to deal with the world knowing they were a team. It was hard enough being an omega in professional hockey. He didn’t think he could handle more eyes on him when they learned how good he was for a rival team’s captain. It all felt too much.

Ilya's fingers tugged the hair on the back of his head, pulling him back to reality. Ilya always knew when Shane's brain was too loud. That scared him even more, no one else could look at him and see his soul.

"Where did you go?" Ilya wasn't teasing him anymore, his voice had lost the arrogance it had had two minutes ago. His fingers moved from his hip to cup the other side of Shane's head between both of his big, strong hands. He angled Shane's face up to force Shane's eyes to meet his own.

Ilya bent his neck down and kissed Shane's top lip. It was just a peck but it was enough to break the dam open in Shane's heart. His eyes flooded, tears rolling down his cheeks one after another.

Ilya pulled Shane against his body, both of his arms wrapping themselves around Shane's waist.

"I can't help if you don't tell me. You come here, smelling so....you. You only smell this way when we fuck. Now you cry. Tell me what is happening. Please."

Shane tucked his head further into the space between Ilya's shoulder and throat and let out fresh tears. The air thickened with Shane's floral scent as his body was flooded with anxiety at what Ilya was asking for him to admit. Ilya's hand moved up the back of Shane's head. "Shh, shh. It's okay."

Shane didn't think it was at all.

"It's not", he mumbled into Ilya's neck. "None of this is. I'm in Boston, about to be in heat and I can't fucking go home." A hiccup cut him off as more tears slid down his face, "The news said a week until its done snowing and if I go to the hotel, every alpha on my team will know I'm horny for a knot. I don't need this, not right now. I don't want to hear people talk about how good I am for an omega and I really don't want them to see me like this. You're the only one I thought of and I don't know how that makes you feel but it terrifies me. You're all I think about and all I want. I want to wrap myself in your scent and never leave your bed and I think you might feel the same. I want to kiss you all the time and call you everynight just to hear your voice. I dream about what it would be like to introduce you to my parents

and wake up in your arms in the morning but I can't. And it's not fair for me to ask that of you."

Ilya held him through his entire rant, rubbing his hand up and down Shane's back, trying to sooth the sour spike in his scent.

Shane took a deep breath, relaxing his shoulders he hadn't realized had tensed, "And I think I'm in love with you and it's driving me crazy." Shane pushed his forehead into Ilya's chest, his fingers desperately gripping Ilya's shirt, "I want you to fuck me so bad right now but I don't want it to just be because my body wants a baby and yours wants to give it to me. I don't want to go through my heat alone and I don't want you to fuck me just because you can smell the slick running out of me. I want everything I can't have and its ruining me."

A fresh wave of tears ran down Shane's face.

"Hey." Ilya dropped his hands from Shane's body. He moved one hand to Shane's arm, the other to his face, tipping git up. He ran his thumb under Shane's eyes, wiping his tears away. "Look at me. Shane. Please."

Shane took a deep breath, finally opening his eyes and meeting Ilya's. "They aren't glowing anymore." Shane looked like he was going to cry again, Ilya didn't let him.

"Hey no. It's not because of what you said. Well, it is. But It's hard to be hard when you smell like this. Like sadness and fear. It's sour. You are in heat yes, but you are scared." Ilya bent his neck and kissed Shane's forehead.

Ilya dropped his hands off of Shane's body, eliciting a whimper as he did. Without another thought, he slid his fingers between Shane's, closing their palms against one another and walked him out of the kitchen and over to the couch. After sitting Shane down, he grabbed the blanket off the back of the couch and wrapped it around his shoulder before sitting across from him.

Shane twisted his hands together, finding the way his fingers interlocked fascinating as he waiting for Ilya to say something, anything.

“I want you here too. I think I might love you back, but you know that.”

Shane’s head snapped up, his tongue caught in his throat not letting him speak.

“I don’t want anyone else to smell you or see you on your heat and I mostly don’t want you scared to come to me. You can stay here until flights start again and we can do whatever you want.” Ilya reached his hand across the couch, placing it over Shane’s. “I’m scared to tell you because you’re like a bird, too much and you’ll fly away. I’ve loved you since we were eighteen and you looked at me like I was more than hockey’s greatest player. I want to see you in my jersey at my games and I want the world to see my bite on your neck.”

Shane heard the gasp he let out, saw the tears well in Ilya’s eyes. It was everything he never thought he’d hear. He sat up, gently pushing Ilya’s hand away. He pulled the blanket tighter around his shoulders and crawled on his knees over to Ilya’s lap before settling in, one knee digging into the couch below them on each side of Ilya’s hips. He rested their foreheads together and held his head between his hands and Ilya’s fingers dug into his hips.

They sat there for a minute breathing each other in. Shane was certain Ilya could smell a fresh bloom of jasmine fill the air around them. He definitely smelled the deep amber wafting through the air from Ilya.

“You never told me.” Shane brushed Ilya’s unshed tears away.

“You never told me.”

Ilya tilted his head back, brushing his lips against Shane’s.

Ilya’s fingers danced along the waistband of Shane’s pants, teasing what could happen next if allowed.

“Are you sure I can stay here? I know I just showed up and let myself in but I can figure something else out if you have plans, I just...I only thought about you and then I was here.”

Ilya kissed him firmer this time.

“Stay. As long as you need.” Ilya tucked a hand into Shanes waistband, squeezing the skin above his ass, “I can help you.”

Shane felt his stomach flutter, his impending heat had been pushed to the back of his brain but now that he’d been reminded it seemed to be coming at him faster. Within a few hours he’d be well on his way to crying for Ilya to fuck him into his mattress.

“You will?”

“Of course. Can’t let my omega suffer.” Ilya shifted his body into a sitting position before standing from the couch. Shane hooked his ankles together behind Ilya’s back and his arms around his neck and Ilya carried him to his bedroom.

“I’m not going to fuck you yet.” Shane groaned, his eyes close to filling with tears again. “Shh. Not yet. We will wait until you are in heat fully then I’ll give you anything you want.”

Ilya laid Shane on his bed. He got to work undressing him and then himself before crawling up the bed and hovering over him. Ilya tracked his body with his eyes, from the deep blush that thad settled nicely into Shane’s cheeks to the way his cock was already half hard, then finally down to where a thin like of slick was leaking from him ass.

“Do you want me to blow you? Take the edge off?”

Shane just nodded, his throat feeling tight and his cock jumping at the proposition.

“I need to hear you. Know you’re still with me Sweetheart.”

“Yes. Fuck, Ilya. I feel like my body’s on fire. It hasn’t even fully hit and I want your cock already.”

“Is because you always want my cock.” Ilya kissed each of Shane’s cheeks then pressed his lips to his jaw. He slid down his body and rested his chin right where the little patch of hair grew above Shane’s cock. “Watch me Hollander, I know you love a good show.”

Without further waiting, Ilya licked a strip from the base of Shane’s cock to the tip of his head before dipping the tip of his tongue into his slit. He circled the head once, twice, then wrapped his lips around it and lowered his face until the tip of Shane’s cock touched the back of Ilya’s throat. He swallowed around his cock before lowering his head more, feeling the blunt head of Shane’s cock press into his throat.

Shane’s fingers tightened around Ilya’s curls and his hips shifted up into Ilya’s waiting throat without his permission.

“Fuck. Il- Ilya. I’m going to cum. You need to move. Fuck. Fuck.”

Ilya did not move.

Instead, Ilya swallowed one more time and stayed still as Shane painted his throat white. After Ilya pulled off and swallowed one more time, he pressed his nose into the crease where Shane’s hip met his pelvis. He looked at Shane, knowing what he’d find.

Shane’s head was thrown back, his arm over his eyes as his chest rose and fell in quick succession.

“Shane. Wanna see your face.”

“Can’t. Need a minute. Think you sucked my soul out of my dick.”

Ilya smiled into Shane's thigh, giving it a kiss before scrapping his teeth against the thin skin there.

When Shane's breathing slowed, he looked down at Ilya, who's eyes were glowing once again. He reached out, settling his hand in Ilya's hair, gently brushing the curls away from his forehead.

"Come here. Wanna kiss you for real."

Ilya kissed right above his cock one last time and crawled up to Shane. He settled his chest against Shane's, his hard cock slotting between Shane's legs.

"I can blow you."

"No."

Leaving no more room for conversation, Ilya kissed Shane with all he had. His tongue licked into Shane's mouth, searching for the familiar taste of Shane. He swallowed every moan Shane offered and was ruthless as he devoured Shane. When he finally let Shane gasp for breath, he kissed his forehead then behind his ear.

"How do you feel?"

Shane gave a noncommittal grunt, "Hot. My skin is too tight and I want you. I think it's coming fast."

Ilya kissed Shane's throat, testing the waters by scraping his elongated canines against the gland in his neck that could mean so much more if he just bit down. Shane's entire body shivered.

“Don’t. Don’t do that. I. We can’t.”

“Why not?”

Shane wiggled against Ilya’s body as Ilya’s legs moved so one was slotted between his legs and his cock now rested on Shane’s hip. Ilya slowly started to grind against him as he waited for his answer.

“Because. We can’t. Everyone, what would everyone say?”

“I don’t care.” Ilya pushed his chest up resting his upper body on one elbow to hover over Shane as his other hand came to hold Shane’s face. “We could. Would be so easy. I can make you feel so good and we can be us. For real.”

Shane held Ilya’s forearm, “I want it so bad. But…” Tears started welling in his eyes again.

“No, no no. Shh, Sweetheart. I didn’t mean to make you cry.” Ilya kissed him softly trying to calm him down.

Shane tucked his head into his chest, trying to look away from Ilya, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’m just… it’s a lot. It’s too much right now.”

Ilya bumped their foreheads together. “Is okay. For now relax.”

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When Ilya awoke, it was to Shane’s hips sliding against his thigh. He could feel the sticky fabric of Shane’s pants dragging down his leg from Shane’s leaking cock. He rolled from his back to his side to face Shane.

His watched Shane's eyebrows furrow as if he was in pain as his hips kept moving looking for any sort of friction. Ilya knew his heat was inches away from fully hitting.

Ilya ran a hand down Shane's face, trying to wake him gently.

"Shane. Sweetheart. Need to get you cleaned up and fed."

Shane let out a groan, his eyes peaking open, his face flushing as his surroundings hit him. He'd fallen asleep in Ilya's bed and his heat was crawling up his spine. "Don't wanna." He scooted closer to Ilya, his crotch pushing into Ilya's hip eliciting a moan as he moved.

"Need to. You're going to be too far gone soon. You're leaking all over me already. Shower then food lets go. Bed after."

Shane tucked his head into Ilya's neck, his nose searching for the pocket of scent he knew he'd find. He licked a stripe up his throat across Ilya's scent gland and up to his mouth.

"Fine. Carry me."

"As you wish."

Ilya rolled Shane onto his back. He held his weight over Shane, leaning on his forearms as he dipped his head to kiss Shane's mouth quickly. He backed away and stood up off the bed, reached down to grab Shanes arms and pulled his body up off the mattress an into his arms.

Ilya carried Shane to the bathroom, his face tucked safely into the crook of his neck as his body flushed from all the movement between his crotch and Ilya's body. Ilya sat him on the counter next to the sink, standing between his spread thighs, his hands resting on his hips.

"You smell like a garden."

Shane groaned, “Feel weird.” He leaned his head against Ilya’s chest. Ilya moved a hand off his hip and rested it on the back of Shane’s head, ‘I know. Shower will help. I’ll make you tuna melt.”

Shane whined, “No. Stay. You smell like my slick, shower too.” And who was Ilya to say no, so instead he pulled Shane’s head up by the back of his neck and kissed him.

“Okay. Lift your arms.”

Shane followed his command, lifting his arms high into the air. Ilya pulled Shane’s shirt off and tossed it into the corner before kissing him again. Ilya held Shane’s hips gently, pulling him off the counter to stand. He dropped to his knees in front of him, pulling Shane’s pants and boxers off as he went. He helped Shane step out of them, tossing them to join his shirt on the floor.

Ilya kissed Shane’s hip, trailed a line of kisses and licks down the V of his stomach right to the base of his cock. Shane’s hand fisted into Ilya’s hair, his head thrown back. Before he could really enjoy the feel of Ilya’s breath on his cock, it was gone. Ilya stood, his hands settling on Shane’s hips before one hand dropped to his ass, squeezing the flesh, as his forehead rested against Shane’s.

“Fuck, Hollander. You smell so good. Wanna eat you. But need to shower.”

Ilya stood back, pulled his shirt over his head and dropped his pants to the floor.

“You’re hard.”

Ilya chuckled, “Yes. You’re naked in my bathroom smelling like you want my knot.” Shane’s stomach flipped, his scent blooming.

“Enough. Shower now.”

Ilya turned to the glass shower, reached in and turned it on. He turned back to Shane, watching as he slid his hand down his smooch, fingers running through the line of hair from his bellybutton to his cock, before wrapping his fingers around the base of his dick.

“Fuck. Couldn’t even wait for me.”

Shane shook his head, his hand squeezing the base of his cock. “You’re beautiful. Ass looks so good bent over. Wanna stare at it all day.”

Ilya tilted his head, watching Shane like he was prey, “Can smell your slick leaking Shane. Come. Let’s shower.”

“But you’re hard too.”

“Mm. Later. Let’s get you clean and fed while you can.”

Shane let out a whine but dropped his hand, instead taking the hand Ilya offered and followed him into the shower.

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Ilya took his time washing every crevice of Shane’s body and if he stopped a time or two to swallow Shane down his throat, well that was between him and Shane.

They’d finally finished their shower, leaving Shane warm and content as he sat on the couch in Ilya’s sweatshirt and sweats. He knew he’d be stripping it off when his body overheated, but for now he loved being wrapped in Ilya’s strong scent.

Ilya had giving him a ginger ale as he waited for dinner to be finished. His body was aching and his heart pounding in his chest. As the minutes ticked by, Shane could feel his pants becoming damp as slick started slipping from his body; another urgent reminder that he didn't have long before he'd no longer be himself.

Ilya turned away from the kitchen carrying two plates, one for Shane one for himself. He settled on the couch next to Shane, handing his plate over before setting the plates on the table in front of them.

“You feeling okay? Is coming isn't it. Like now?”

Shane poked at his sandwich, “Yeah. I'm starting to”, his voice quieted as he whispered, “leak.”

Ilya choked on his bite.

“Sorry.” He tried to reassure Shane, “Is okay. Eat. We will go to bed next. I'll give you my clothes. Make you feel good.”

Shane looked from his eyes to his lips, “Okay. I just, I'm not very hungry. My stomach kinda hurts and I don't wanna deal with it later.”

Ilya frowned at that, “Three bites. You need something or you'll feel worse later.”

Shane thought it over for a second, then decided three bites was easier than Ilya lecturing him right before his heat fully hit. He picked up the sandwich, ate the three bites as fast as he could without choking, set it back on the plate and pushed the rest away from him.

“Happy?”

Ilya smiled as he chewed the bite in his mouth. Before he swallowed he leaned into Shane's space and planted his lips onto his cheek obnoxiously, adding a soft *mwha*. Shane's wiped his cheek, a smile gracing his lips, "Gross!"

"Mmm. But you love it." Ilya smiled at him, teeth on display as he held the last two bites of tuna melt in his hand.

Shane's eyes sparkled and his scent flared, "Yeah. I do."

Ilya set his food on the plate and rolled over Shane. He held himself up by his forearms and let his leg slip over Shane's lap, "Kiss me."

Shane smiled, moved a hand into Ilya's hair and kissed him. He felt like he was finally taking a deep breath and Ilya's weight settled on his lap. He didn't want to ever stop.

Ilya pulled back too soon, "Come. Lets make you a nest."

Shane's heart floated out of his chest, he'd never made a true nest before. He'd tried to place clothes and blankets he felt comfort from in his bed during previous heats but they'd done little to sooth his aching body and now he had Ilya Rozanov standing in front of top him offering his scent. He thought he might cry if he thought too much about what that could mean.

Ilya bent down and grabbed Shane under the arms, lifting him up and onto his chest as if he was carrying a child. Shane's legs found themselves hooked around Ilya's waist as he was carried up to the stairs to Ilya's bed.

Ilya dropped him on his bed then turned and left for his closet. Shane took a minutes to lean his back against the pillows and stretched his legs out. He was starting to feel uncomfortable with how wet his underwear was feeling. His heat was starting and his body was feeling too warm so he kicked his pants off, opening his legs to try to cool down.

When Ilya returned, his arms were full of clothes. As soon as he saw Shane spread out on the bed in just his underwear and t-shirt, Ilya growled, his arms dropping the clothes on the bed.

“Fuck.” Ilya crawled up onto his bed, kneeling in front of Shane’s legs, “You smell like slick. Is it starting?”

Shane nodded his head, “Yeah. I feel like my body is on fire.” Shane pushed himself up, his weight resting on his arms behind him and buried his nose into Ilya’s chest, “You smell good. Want you to fuck me.”

Ilya tilted Shane’s head to get a better look at his eyes. They were already starting to glaze over, he knew Shane wasn’t going to be coherent for much longer.

“What do you want me to do? I can just be here if you want or I can do more...”

“More. I want more Ilya. I want all of it. Want you to fuck me into your mattress and give me your knot. I...I’m taking medicine. I can’t get, I can’t have babies so...” Shane felt his cheeks burn. He wasn’t sure he’d ever recover from basically telling Ilya he’d been thinking about taking his knot and being bred for a while now, but he guessed his impending heat would distract Ilya from thinking about it too much.

“You want me to breed you? You sure? I don’t have to, I can just blow you or whatever.” Ilya pushed Shane’s hair out of his eyes and ran his hand down his face to hold his chin before resting their foreheads together, “I’ll do whatever you need.”

“I want it”. Shane held Ilya’s hand against his face, “Want your knot tonight and want this fucking shirt off. I’m so hot.”

Ilya laughed as he leaned back on his knees, then helped Shane pull the shirt over his head. He sat and watched as Shane pulled his boxers down and off his legs, kicking them somewhere onto the floor.

“Your turn. Want to touch you.”

Ilya ran his hand down Shane’s neck and onto his chest before slapping him lightly, “So needy tonight.” Ilya stood and undressed completely. He bent, setting his clothes onto the pile of others he’d gotten from his closet. Shane swallowed at what that meant.

“Smells like me the most. Make your nest I gotta pee.”

While Ilya was in the bathroom Shane made quick work of arranging Ilya’s clothes on the bed. He’d surrounded himself with the strongest smelling items by his head and the rest on the perimeter, leaving an empty space for Ilya to join him.

Ilya was hit with a need to protect what was his when he walked back into his room and found Shane in a sea of his pheromones already looking fucked out with glassy eyes and slick running from his hole onto his sheets. He never wanted to look away.

Ilya settled himself next to Shane, his body already curled towards Shane as he waited for Shane to tell him what he wanted. Within seconds, Shane’s head was tucked into Ilya’s throat and his tongue was running over his scent gland. His hips started their own movement against Ilya’s thigh as they intertwined and his hands grabbed onto any skin they could reach.

“Slow down, we have all night.”

“Can’t. Feel like I need to crawl out of my skin. I’m so wet. Need you to fuck me.”

Shane rolled Ilya on to his back and straddle his waist, his ass settling onto Ilya’s half hard cock. He bent down, kissing a line from the base of Ilya’s throat to his nipple. He took Ilya’s hand from where it was resting on Shane’s hip and moved it down between his legs where slick had pooled. He held Ilya’s hand against him, hoping he’d get the message.

Ilya did. His fingers gently circled Shane’s hole as he brought Shane’s head up to meet his and kissed him. There was nothing soft about the way he licked into Shane’s mouth, like he

was searching for every last drop of the taste of Shane's mouth.

Ilya slowly pushed a finger into Shane, barley getting a grunt in response, so he added another one easily. Shane's back arched up and away from Ilya's chest as the fingers in him moved. Ilya set a nice rhythm letting Shane slide his ass back and down onto his fingers.

"You're so hungry for me. Is two not enough?"

Shane bit at Ilya's throat. He wanted to feel the beat of his heart through his teeth. His hand found it's way to Ilya's cock as he answered, "No. Need your cock."

Ilya growled in response. He pulled his fingers from Shane's ass and flipped him onto his back, spread him wide on his bed and lowered his body so his head was in line with Shane's cock.

"Gunna make you cum with my mouth then I'll give you what you want."

Ilya licked from the base of Shane's cock to the tip, his eyes never leaving Shane's face. He wouldn't miss a second of seeing how good he made him feel. Shane pulled hard on Ilya's hair, not knowing if he wanted to push his cock further down Ilya's throat or if he wanted to rip Ilya off of him, roll over and present himself.

Ilya swallowed once, twice around his cock then pulled off. He barley gave Shane time to whine before he'd pulled Shane down the bed by his hips and bent him in half, his ass up in the air and his knees to his chest. Ilya stared at him as he kissed his balls, licking each one into his mouth then licked down his skin until his tongue ran over Shane's hole.

"Fuck. Fuck, Ilya." Shanes chest was moving rapidly, up and down. He mewled when Ilya closed his mouth over his hole and sucked.

Ilya spent several minutes working his tongue deeper and deeper into Shane's ass, swallowing mouthfuls of sugary sweet slick. His body hummed along to Shane's heartbeat,

like his would stop if he upset Shane.

Shane gripped his hair and pulled hard, “I can’t...I’m going to...”

Shane cut himself off as he came, his load splashing onto his chest as Ilya’s tongue continued to lick and suck as his hole.

“Off, off. It’s too much!”

Ilya pulled back with one last swipe of his tongue, a grin plastered on his face, “Told you I’d make you cum with my mouth.”

Shane smiled at him, pulled his head down by his neck and kissed him. He rolled over, putting Ilya under himself and rubbed his ass against Ilya’s cock, starting a ruthless rhythm.

“Said you’d fuck me. Need you to do it. Now.”

Shane kept his hips moving but reached behind himself, grabbed Ilya’s cock and lined himself up. As he dropped his hips, a moan broke from his throat, “Forgot how full you make me feel.”

“Fuck Hollander. Yes. Just like that.”

Ilya held Shanes hips, helping him rock back and forth in a quick pace. His own pants and growls mixing with Shanes. He didn’t last long before he flipped them again, pinning Shane under him so he could fuck him into the mattress.

“Ilya. Ilya. Feels so good. Want your knot. Give it to me. You said you’d do whatever I needed. I need it. I need it so bad.” Shane buried his face into Ilya’s neck, teething at the scent gland there, inhaling lungfuls of his warm amber scent. “Want to give you babies.”

Ilya's cock jumped at his ramblings. He pressed his face in Shane's neck inhaling deeply while his hips continued to piston down into Shane. He felt his teeth sharpen as his body told him to claim what was his. He sank his teeth into to his own lip to keep himself from making a fatal mistake.

Shane continued to whine against his throat as his ass clenched around Ilya. He wouldn't last much longer.

"Close. Gunna...fuck. I'm gunna cum Ilya."

Ilya could feel his knot start to inflate, he was closer than he'd like to admit this fast.

"Me too. Gunna give you my knot, gunna give you my cum. Give you what you want."

Ilya pulled his face out of Shanes throat and brushed the hair off of his face, "You're so beautiful Shane. My omega."

That's what finally did it.

Shane's legs clenched closed as much as he could around Ilya's body, his eyes squeezed shut and the orgasm Ilya had given him shot down his spine and fanned out into his limbs. He'd never felt so relaxed in his life, he didn't want to surface.

Ilya pushed his hips into Shane one last time before his knot popped, locking them together. He felt pulse after pulse of his semen rush out of his body and into Shanes. He thought he might go crazy with how hot Shane's body was around his cock.

"Fuck Hollander. You're made for me."

Ilya pushed Shane's hips up higher folding him in half just to reach his mouth and kiss him. Shane kissed back with just as much passion, trying to show Ilya exactly how he was feeling.

"Stay. Want to give you a baby. Wanna live inside your arms forever."

Ilya felt his cock twitch with interest as he settled them onto their sides, knot still pulsing inside Shane, and tucked Shane's head in between his shoulder and his neck. He ran his hand through Shane's hair, soothing whines as they slipped out of his mouth.

"I'm not leaving. Right here with you." Ilya kissed his head one last time before wrapping his arms around Shane and rocking him softly in his arms until his breathing evened out and he fell asleep.

-

When Shane woke up his body ached all over but he loved it. He felt Ilya's arms still firmly around his waist and his soft tufts of breath hitting this forehead where Ilya's lips rested. He pulled his head back slowly seeing Ilya asleep. He brushed his thumb across his eyebrow and down to his jaw, not trying to wake him just simply wanting to touch. He wasn't sure how long he'd slept or how long his body would let him feel normal before he'd be asking to be knotted again so he laid his head back down against Ilya's chest and rubbed his fingers gently along Ilya's arm.

Ilya let out a soft groan, his eyes opening and meeting Shane's.

He traced Shane's face with his fingers, "Morning. How do you feel?"

"Okay." Shane smiled, reaching his hand out to pull Ilya's fingers to his mouth, kissing them softly, "Your cock is still in me. Feels kinda weird."

Ilya's chuckled, "Couldn't pull out till my knot when down. You fell asleep before it did and so did I." Ilya slowly pulled his hips back trying to ease out of Shane gently. Shane couldn't

stop the groan as Ilya slipped out. “I need to shower, I think you’re dripping out of me.”

“Hmm. Yes. You told me you wanted babies so I tried to give them to you.”

Shane blushed. He rolled out of Ilya’s arms and bolted to the bathroom as to not drip across the floor. When Ilya heard the shower turn on, he got up and followed Shane.

“Get in. I’ll help you clean up.”

“You just want to play with my ass, Rozanov. I see right through you.”

Ilya followed Shane into the spray, pushed his back into the wall and kissed him.

“Yes. And you’ll let me.”

End Notes

maybe i'll do a pt. 2? i want ilya to bite him lol tell me ur thoughts pls

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