meanwhile the world goes on

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Summary

"Does it…does it feel like agony for you too?"

"Agony?"

...

Ilya touched Shane's cheek with the back of his hand. He was burning up. "Shane? Are you alright?"

—

In which omega!Shane goes into heat at the cottage.

Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND WELCOME to my first ever omegaverse fic I hope you don't hate it

"I love you."

Shane's eyes were saucers as he looked up at Ilya, who had finally stopped kissing him long enough to land that bombshell. He felt frozen in time, and couldn't move or speak—he felt like throwing up. His palms itched and he was sweaty. He knew he needed to say something, anything, but couldn't for a moment.

Ilya's face showed his every emotion: hope, fear, excitement, terror.

"Holy shit," Shane finally managed.

"I…"

"I love you too," Shane quickly added, and Ilya's entire body relaxed as the relief washed over him.

"Thank Christ."

"Does it…does it feel like agony for you too?"

"Agony?" Ilya squinted down at the man beneath him, whose eyes were glassy—at first, Ilya thought, from emotion, but now that he got a good look he thought Shane appeared feverish. His cheeks were flushed and he had begun breathing harder, lips parted and breaths coming in short pants.

Ilya touched Shane's cheek with the back of his hand. He was burning up. "Shane? Are you alright?"

Shane made a small noise in the back of his throat and leaned into Ilya's touch, nuzzled into his hand. Whispered, "I didn't want to ruin the moment."

Ilya smiled softly. "You couldn't even if you tried."

"I meant to take my suppressants, but…" Shane bit his lip. "I usually don't, when I'm here, so it was habit. I forgot. I'm so sorry." He buried his face in his hands and tried not to cry. He felt so raw and exposed, and sick, and Ilya was looking at him with such soft concern that Shane began to cry.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he kept repeating, and Ilya sat them up, scooped him into his arms and rocked him.

"Shh, *zhizn moya*, is alright." He kissed Shane's burning forehead. "You're going into heat, yes?"

Shane nodded against Ilya's neck. "Yes."

Ilya breathed in Shane's scent and tried not to get overwhelmed by his pheromones, smells going off-the-charts in their intensity. He clenched his jaw and tightened his grip, forced

himself to calm down.

"And you usually do this at the cottage?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

Shane seemed so small, suddenly, in his arms. His voice sounded timid and scared when he murmured another "Yes."

Ilya's heart broke. He was an alpha, but he could not even begin to imagine what it must have been like for Shane to experience his heats all alone in this isolated house, with no one to care for him, with no one to hold him through the tremors or make him feel as good as he deserved. He was determined to change that.

"Not anymore, okay?" Ilya tilted Shane's chin up, wiped away his tears, and kissed him gently. "You are not alone anymore. Let me take care of you, sweetheart."

"Oh," Shane whispered, and his mouth was on Ilya's, drinking him in like he was a drowning man. Ilya picked Shane up and Shane wrapped his arms and legs around the alpha, clinging desperately to him. He licked into Ilya's mouth and groaned when Ilya tightened his grip on his ass as he carried him to the bedroom. Once he made it to the bed, he placed Shane gently down and brushed his hair out of his face.

"What do you need, Shane?" Ilya said softly. He knew every omega was different, that some felt sick for the first day, some were maddeningly horny, and some didn't want to be touched at all.

Shane *hmm*ed and placed his own hand atop Ilya's. "For me, I feel tired and dizzy at first, before the—you know. I just…Can you hold me again?" He looked sick and desperate.

Ilya immediately climbed into bed behind Shane and wrapped his arms around his middle, pulling him flush against his own body. Shane was hot, and a little sweaty, the clean woody smell he associated with Shane strong and undercut with a smell he knew was *want.*

"Better," Shane whispered. Ilya kissed the back of his neck and Shane went almost boneless.

Ilya began trailing his hands along Shane's side, shushing his omega, who had begun shivering and whimpering softly. Ilya kept kissing Shane's neck and shoulders, and eventually the trembling stopped, the contact bringing Shane comfort. After a few more minutes, Shane turned in his arms and kissed him. His eyes were still glassy but he seemed more level-headed for the moment.

"I love you," Shane said.

Ilya smiled. "I love you."

Ilya kissed him again, tenderly, fingers ghosting against his cheek. Shane returned the kiss and pressed himself closer, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck and sliding a thigh between

his legs. Ilya *mm*ed into the kiss, sliding his tongue against Shane's teeth, biting at his lip. He pulled away from Shane just enough to begin placing gentle kisses all over his face, making Shane laugh weakly and swat at him.

"Quit it," Shane said, but there was no heat behind his words, so Ilya kept going, kissing down Shane's neck, breathing in his scent again. Autumn trees, leaves red and orange and dancing down around him on the crisp air. Home. Safety. Love. Desire.

Ilya had to take a deep, grounding breath to keep from biting down harshly on Shane's neck, marking him without explicit permission. He knew he needed to wait—but god, he wanted to make him *his.* He knew this was it for him. No one else would do. He settled for licking and sucking at the spot instead, listening to the soft gasps and moans his ministrations elicited. He moved down to Shane's freckled right shoulder, kissing each one.

"Beautiful," Ilya murmured against a particularly dark freckle. Shane squirmed a little but didn't comment as Ilya continued kissing as much of him as he could reach—forearms, elbow, each slender finger. "I cannot believe I am lucky enough to have you all to myself."

He lightly bit at Shane's nipple, and the other man gasped, hands sliding into Ilya's hair to hold him there, where he licked and sucked at the sensitive nub. "Yours, always, Ilya. Always."

Shane's pheromones washed over him, stronger now with Shane's powerful emotions and words, and his dick hardened between them. Ilya scooted down a little, kissing down Shane's stomach and leaving as many marks as he could, the need to *bite* and *mark* and *take* becoming almost too much to bear. He didn't want to overwhelm Shane so early on in his heat, so he took his time, kissing along the inside of Shane's freckled thighs, sucking one deep, dark hickey into the juncture where Shane's thigh met his groin.

"Ilya, please," Shane breathed, eyes desperate and hungry. His chest, red and blotchy, heaved; his hands shook where they rested in Ilya's hair. His cock was leaking and it hadn't even been touched.

Ilya made soft, soothing noises as he took Shane in hand and licked at the head. Shane was so sensitive that he cried out, fingers tightening in Ilya's hair. "Fuck, please, please," he begged. Ilya wasted no time taking him in his mouth and down his throat, eyes stinging, but the burn in his throat was worth the beautiful noises that Shane let fall out of his mouth. He widened his legs so Ilya could get more comfortable and waited for him to move. Ilya slowly—achingly slowly—began pulling back, letting Shane's dick fall out of his mouth with a wet *pop.* Shane *moaned.*

"Ilyaaa," Shane whined, and tears leaked from his eyes. "I need it, please."

Ilya kissed the inside of Shane's left thigh. Reached up and grabbed his hand. "Of course, *moya lyubov*'." He bent his head and took Shane back into his mouth, moving his head up and down. Shane, whose heat-ridden body was deliciously oversensitive, let out little *ah, ah, ah* noises with each bob of Ilya's head. He knew his omega wouldn't last long.

He breathed through his nose and deepthroated Shane again, humming around his cock, allowing the drool and precome leak out of the corners of his mouth and dribble onto the bed beneath them. He let his throat swallow and tried not to smile as Shane cried out.

"Ilya! I'm—oh—" and Shane was coming, shooting down Ilya's throat, grasping at the sheets with one hand and Ilya's hair with the other. His hands spasmed.

Once he'd come down a little, Ilya pulled off and took a few breaths before climbing back up and kissing Shane deeply. Shane licked into his mouth and groaned. "Thank you," he whispered once they separated.

Ilya smiled. "I would do anything for you, Shane. Sucking your dick is easy one."

Shane laughed and nuzzled into Ilya's arms. "Hush, you. I just…we had a serious conversation, and then *this."*

Ilya pursed his lips and nodded. He knew Shane was right—they should have continued their conversation instead of doing what they did—but he had been overcome by pure instinct and a desire to take his mate.

The thought startled him. *My mate.*

He knew he loved Shane, more than anything, but the finality of finding his mate still shocked him into silence. He was so far gone for the man he held tightly in his arms. Shane was his forever. There was never and could never be anyone else, their current circumstances be damned. They would figure the rest out later, after the cottage, after Shane's heat, when they'd had time to talk.

But for the time being he had Shane cradled in his embrace. Shane, whose scent had calmed and whose breaths had slowed into sleep. Ilya stroked Shane's hair for a few minutes before kissing his temple and sliding out of the bed, being extra careful so he didn't wake Shane up. He padded into the kitchen and started gathering things; protein bars and shakes, water bottles, and towels. He carried them into the bedroom and silently placed them on the bedside table before tucking the blankets more securely around Shane, who made a pleased noise in his sleep and snuggled in deeper.

Ilya returned to the kitchen and began preparing some bacon and eggs. He wanted Shane to have some protein before his heat really kicked in, and it was fast and easy to prepare. He hummed to himself, scrambling the eggs, flipping bacon. He decidedly did not think about what would happen now that they'd confessed their true feelings for each other. Now that they were—whatever they were. Boyfriends. Mates. Soulmates.

Okay, maybe he *was* thinking about it. How being with Shane made his soul feel like it was on fire. How each agonizing year was worth it for the few times he was able to see him. How Shane's injury almost killed Ilya, the fear and realization that he could lose the man who was probably the love of his life gutting him to his core.

"Fuck," he whispered, wiping an errant tear. He would not panic. He would take care of his omega.

"Ilya?" Shane's voice called from the bedroom. His voice was high and distressed, so Ilya rushed into the room to see what was wrong. He found Shane sitting up, blankets pooled around his waist, a panic-stricken look on his face. When he saw Ilya his face immediately softened and relaxed into a relieved smile. "Oh."

"What is wrong?" Ilya asked, eyes roving over Shane's body, assessing for any problems. He looked fine, albeit pale and tired.

Shane blushed, looking guilty and awkward. "Oh, nothing. I just woke up and you weren't there."

"Sorry," Ilya replied, patting Shane's hand. "I was making some food."

"God, I feel so stupid," Shane whined, leaning his face into Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya kissed his forehead. "No, you are not."

Shane leaned back and made rare eye contact with Ilya, "I've never felt like this before."

"During a heat?"

Shane shook his head. "No. Well. Yes? I've never spent a heat with someone before, so yeah it's definitely different. But I meant… I meant I've never felt like this for anyone. Ever. You're so—" he reached out a hand to touch Ilya's cheek—"it's like I found something I was missing. I think I really am ruined for anyone else."

Ilya felt the sob rising in his throat but couldn't stop it from bubbling over. He let it happen. "Fuck, I think I am ruined too."

Their lips crashed together, all lips and teeth and tongue, and Ilya couldn't have been happier. Shane groaned into the kiss and pulled Ilya back on top of him. They kissed, and kissed, and kissed, until Shane was a whimpering mess beneath him.

Ilya reached behind Shane to press a single finger to his hole, which was slick and wet and ready. He prepped the omega quickly, and Shane encouraged him, spreading his legs so Ilya had a better angle. He was three fingers deep, and Shane's cock was red and leaking between them. "Ilya, I'm ready, I'm ready Ilya please—"

"Yes, I've got you," Ilya whispered against Shane's ear. He removed his fingers, slicked up his cock, and slid easily into Shane. Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist and clung to his shoulders, begging, "Hard."

Ilya nodded. He pulled out, grabbed Shane's hips, and slammed back in, almost making Shane's head hit the headboard. Shane yelled a loud "Oh!" and threw his head back against the pillows. Ilya set a brutal pace, using one hand to grip Shane's hip and the other to hold himself up against the headboard. He was on his knees, and Shane was using his core strength to arch his back and hold his hips up so Ilya could hit his prostate with each brutal thrust.

Shane had begun to sob each time Ilya entered him, tears freely flowing, nails scratching at Ilya's shoulders. Ilya lowered himself onto his elbows and slowed his pace, grinding deep into Shane, leaving kisses on the side of his face. It had never felt like this, any of the times they'd fucked, not even after Ilya realized he was in love with Shane. He felt alive.

He huffed out hot, shaky breaths against Shane's neck, right where his scent gland was, crisp autumn air and clean ice overwhelming his senses. Everything was Shane, Shane, Shane, and nothing else mattered. He didn't realize he was speaking aloud, English mixing with Russian, telling him everything. How he wanted him, needed him, how there would never be another lover again because Shane was everything, everything, everything.

Shane, crying and moaning, panted against the side of Ilya's face and said, "You're everything to me too—Ilya, god, I think you're my—please—bite me, claim me, Ilya—"

Ilya bit down hard, Shane's blood filling his mouth, Shane crying out hoarsely and coming so hard he looked like he was about to faint. "Mine, all mine," was all Ilya could think before he stilled inside of him, spilled into him, moaned against him, and then everything went quiet.

They laid there, panting, for a time. Ilya's knot swelled inside of Shane, and Shane winced. "I'm sorry," Ilya murmured against his cheek after pressing his lips to Shane's freckled cheekbone. "It might hurt a little."

Shane shook his head, taking one deep breath before settling. "It's alright. I feel…good."

"Really?" Ilya was dubious—Shane looked happy, fucked-out and blissful, but he knew that he could pass out if they weren't careful. His neck wasn't bleeding, but the bite mark was deep and looked painful. "I should be sorry. Your poor neck."

Shane smiled serenely. "I don't mind. I'm yours now."

Ilya shivered, his knot pulsing inside of Shane who made a soft noise somewhere between pain and pleasure. He knew Shane wasn't thinking clearly, because the Shane *he* knew would be panicking about the fact that if they didn't play their cards right, everyone would find out about them. That he was claimed, now, and people might find out.

Ilya shook his head to clear his thoughts, cuddling into Shane and stroking his hair. "Mine. For at least two weeks, you are mine."

He felt Shane shake his head. "No, Ilya. Not just for two weeks. Forever, if you'd like." He leaned back and glanced up at Ilya. "If I think about it too hard right now I'll freak out, but I meant what I said. You're it for me. I want forever. I'm so fucking scared of what this means for us, for our careers, but I love you and I want to be with you no matter what. We could… we could be a family? Maybe?"

Ilya could have cried all over again. "I have not had that," he said, "in a very long time."

Shane's eyes were shiny when he replied "Let's get started."

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