

isn't bite also touch?

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by [liraforyourthoughts](#)

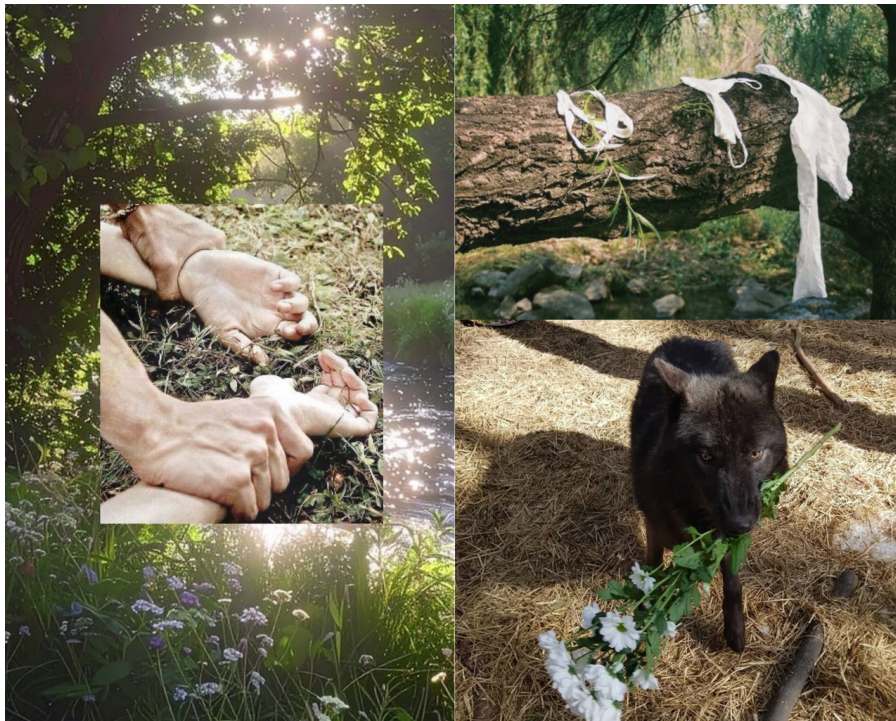
Summary

Ilya proffered his abilities in increments, edging closer and closer to their border with each passing day; a bundle of medicinal roots and herbs, near identical to their poisonous counterparts, to show his discernment. The next, an adult elk, heavy and muscled, its neck snapped cleanly and with minimal disturbance to the rest of the body, so that one may make use of its glossy, healthy pelt. Finally, a stack of firewood piled high, the very top of which rested his flint and steel, no small sacrifice to make in the face of one's survival in the woods. Acceptance came in the form of the same flint and steel, returned to him at the spot which he left it, but this time wrapped around it with twine, was a slip of paper that read; welcome.

*

Or, lone wolf Ilya sets his sights on the pack leader's only son, Shane. A courtship ensues.

Notes



A shiver rippled down Ilya's spine as he flipped open the flap to his tent, radiating out from his center like a placid lake surface disturbed by a skipping rock. The chill of night draped itself over the landscape, a misty fog lingering above the dewy grass, although the light of dawn was quickly gaining ground, chasing away the shadows and coloring the rolling hills in shades of orange and yellow.

It was early morning, and Ilya had the first watch of the day. He much preferred it this way, to be the only one awake, to enjoy nature in solitude before the din of activity inevitably disturbed the peace. For now, the only noise accompanying his measured breaths was the bright chirp of songbirds, staccato notes to the lilting sigh of the rustling tree leaves. Taking his usual route through the village, Ilya mildly scanned his surroundings, counting the tents as he passed them, noting the chicken and sheep milling about, docile within the confines of their pens. The bonfire from last night sat smouldering still in the middle of the village square, the coals crackling ruby red amongst the ashes. Nothing out of the ordinary, all tents accounted for, just what he liked to see. The location of their village was optimal, nestled safely in a valley between two towering mountains, camouflaged by the woods. Molded by hardworking hands, the land was tamed flat, crops nurtured and water diverted, the open prairie now dotted with individual lots of families, the population growing with each passing year. Still, Ilya knew the dangers that existed beyond this haven; *he* was the danger once.

Only a few months prior, Ilya would have sounded the alarm over a trespasser like himself, a lone wolf, one who had no pack to call home. He had hovered along the perimeter for a few days, taking note of the guards who monitored the land, the pattern in which they switched shifts, committing their individual scents to memory. It was the scent that drew him there in the first place. Calm, was the common thread that stitched the pack together. No acrid smell of competition, nor the sourness of tension. The only thing more isolating than being a lone wolf was being a member of a dysfunctional pack. He sure did not miss his old one, although the scarred claw marks on his flank carried the memory of them everywhere he went.

Ilya proffered his abilities in increments, edging closer and closer to their border with each passing day; a bundle of medicinal roots and herbs, near identical to their poisonous counterparts, to show his discernment. The next, an adult elk, heavy and muscled, its neck snapped cleanly and with minimal disturbance to the rest of the body, so that one may make use of its glossy, healthy pelt. Finally, a stack of firewood piled high, the very top of which rested his flint and steel, no small sacrifice to make in the face of one's survival in the woods. Acceptance came in the form of the same flint and steel, returned to him at the spot which he left it, but this time wrapped around it with twine, was a slip of paper that read; *welcome*.

Still, it took Ilya until now to fully lower his hackles, no matter that there was no reason for him to be apprehensive about his new pack, who so readily folded him in, and when there was all the reason for them to be suspicious of him. His instinct to bite and ask questions later was not very conducive to cultivating a trusting air about him. It was a habit he was trying to break, for he so desperately wanted to stay. Ilya was strong but not invincible, and lone wolves did not have the highest life expectancy. Finding this new pack was the best possible scenario, and he intended to take full advantage. Fortunately, the novelty of being a new member smoothed over the rough edges of Ilya's personality, the villagers mistaking his awkward silences for a moody reticence, his curtness for a no nonsense, straight shooter. When that inevitable day comes that they finally realize he is just an asshole, Ilya hoped that his usefulness in hunting and protecting would be enough to deem him worthy of remaining within the pack.

Ilya's leather moccasins softened the sound of his tread, muting the crunch of leaves and twigs under his feet as he reached the edge of the village and ventured into the dark woods. Out of habit, his hand hovered over his right hip, where his hatchet laid in its holster. If he was lucky, maybe he would come across some game. One precise throw of the hatchet would mean a feast for tonight's dinner. If he was unlucky, and some antagonizer lurked around the corner, well, he would be ready just the same.

The familiar route of his patrol allowed his body to sink into autopilot, as his mind wandered outside the confines of his skull, thinking about the various duties he had to carry out later on in the day, including the archery lessons for the little ones of the pack, which he was badgered into teaching. Secretly, he didn't mind it, didn't mind it at all actually. The children were cute, if a little too hyper, and his teaching partner was no less endearing. Ilya's lips quirked into a small smile at the mental image of the omega, his cropped black hair ruffling in the breeze, soft doe eyes catching the light every so often, turning warm earthy brown into light amber the color of sap from a maple tree. And that smile, always present, so easily given, a bottomless reserve of friendliness that sprung forth from his open countenance. He was so...unguarded. A different strength that Ilya did not possess, and was fascinated by.

Aside from the few frenzied tussles he had during the height of his early ruts, when he thought he would combust with unbridled lust, Ilya's experience with lovers were few and far between. The older and more mature he became, Ilya knew he could not risk impregnating just anyone, but even before that, he no longer found pleasure in a stranger's arms, or in a hurried mating devoid of passion. A gold chain, an heirloom, rested heavily against Ilya's sternum, a reminder of the first and last emotional connection he had with another person, all the love and loss alloyed with the precious metal. His mother, the last line of defense against his abusive family, extinguished like a puff of smoke, from the illness or the depression, Ilya did not know, although they were really one and the same. And the indifference from his old packmates after, the averted gazes as he walked around with bruises by his brother's hands, the shards of his father's reprimands embedded in his skin that went ignored by all. After all

the literal blood, sweat and tears he poured into his pack, his love went unreciprocated. From then on, Ilya determined that he would not cheapen any act performed by his body by doing them with those he did not care for.

Years of traversing the wilderness alone deadened the effect of Ilya's ruts anyway, too high on alert all the time to fully succumb to it. His body adapted by shortening the span of them; Ilya could usually knock a rut out in two days now, hunched over on his knees at night, brutal fists closed tightly over his knot, tugging mindlessly, arrhythmically, a means to an end. Scrunching his eyes tight, he rarely thought of anything stimulating, pinpricks of black and white exploding beneath his eyelids. Lately though, a hazy mirage started to form, leaking into his subconscious; sinuous body lines, plump lips bitten red, the smattering of *freckles*, strewn across a certain face like fallen petals from a flowering tree. Ilya knew it was bad when he wasn't even in rut, and still, the omega's face came to him in slumber, making his blood race, waking up with a swollen erection hanging heavy between his legs. It was as if his body knew he was safe now, safe to feel *all* his emotions, not just the paranoia and anxiety that kept him alive.

As if navigating these new feelings weren't enough trouble, disturbingly, it seemed that this certain omega was signalling his own interest back. After all, it was not the self assured Ilya that demanded the omega's attention; rather, it was the hesitant but determined way the softhearted omega approached Ilya first, the day he was invited to speak with Yuna, the pack leader. *My name is Shane*, he murmured softly, his fangs just visible as his mouth moved to form the words. *I am Yuna's son. We thank you for the gifts, they are much appreciated.*

Ilya had just nodded then, his blank expression belying his jackrabbit heartbeat, impressed by the steady cadence in which this young man spoke. Ilya was sure that if he himself had replied verbally, his own voice would be a trembling mess. Asking for Yuna's permission to join her pack took nearly all his nerve, and to follow that up with meeting the most beautiful man Ilya had ever laid his eyes on, was too much for him to handle. And yet, it was not enough, every subsequent interaction hoarded into Ilya's heart with greedy glee, when even just the brush of Shane's fingertips against his own as dinner plates were passed around the hearth sent Ilya into near cardiac arrest. He found himself on the backfoot in front of Shane, the omega's soft but sure demeanor a mirror of Yuna's personality, providing an air of authority that gave Ilya direction. After decades of enduring callous jabs and sly maneuvering, it was quite jarring to be met with sincerity and care.

Shane seemed to be everywhere all the time, offering him small snacks throughout the day, teaching him the ways of the village, inviting him to hang out with Shane's friends at the lake. Each offering was a chip against the block of ice that encased Ilya's heart, the heat of Shane's palm as it smoothed over Ilya's back as he walked by, or a friendly shoulder check as they stood side by side over the communal kitchen sink, skinning and gutting a hog for a

village dinner. Ilya knew what Shane was doing, for the other pack members did it too; they were introducing him into their group, imprinting their individual scents into Ilya's skin, and taking his in return, like the shell of a mollusk pressed into mud, eons of familiarity eventually making the image of a fossil. But no one's gaze lingered like Shane's did, afterwards, pointedly holding eye contact for one second too long, or standing just a hair too close than needed whenever they spoke, making Ilya go a bit crosseyed as he struggled to decide which feature of Shane's to focus on; his handsome nose bridge, the dip of his philtrum, or his wispy eyelashes, delicate as a butterfly's wings.

It was flattering, and more than a turn on, that the omega, usually so reserved and shy, was going out of his comfort zone to catch Ilya's attention. It was also reassuring, that it wasn't just in his mind, or wishful thinking: the most desirable omega in the pack desired *him*. But what was he prepared to do about it? Ilya liked to think that he had proven himself so far, to be a suitable alpha, although he never quite knew where he stood exactly with Yuna; she was fiercely protective over her only son, and Ilya figured that that was the reason Shane had no serious suitors so far. Furthermore, he had stumbled into a second chance at life, joining Yuna's pack, receiving more than he ever dared dream of. Was he pushing his luck, wanting more than he should, planning for a future in which he was actually happy? Planning for a future at all?

The forest floor dappled with pale sunlight, the darkness giving way to light as Ilya approached a clearing in the trees. The rush of the burbling brook reached his ears before his vision could see it, a pleasant ambient noise that played alongside the light breeze and the birds. Ilya had walked far enough into the woods to just about reach the lake in which he and Shane had playfully splashed in before. The brook was downstream of it, a scattering of diamonds winking atop the water's surface, a beacon that drew Ilya nearer. *This is a good resting point*, Ilya thought to himself, *maybe get a sip to drink*.

The morning sun finally broke through the clouds, warming Ilya's skin as he ambled to the edge of the brook. Crouching down, he cupped his hands, scooping the water to bring to his lips. It was sweet and cool, and Ilya smiled at this simple pleasure. He stood back up, taking in the scene before him as he stretched his limbs, the tree branches that formed a canopy over the brook, tall, wispy grass swaying in the wind, the harmony of green, blue, brown, a watercolor painting come to life. Finally, Ilya had enough and remembered his yet unfinished duty of patrolling the perimeter, and turned to leave, when a flash of white caught his eye. There, strewn across a low hanging tree branch, lay pieces of clothing. Ilya stepped closer to inspect it. Flax linen, the same material worn by the pack, a tunic and trousers. Ilya swiveled his head around, searching for the clothing's owner. As if on cue, a figure rounded the riverbend and into sight. Ilya's heart stuttered upon recognizing who it was.

A head of black hair, slicked back and shiny as an otter's fur, bobbing closer as he swam in the brook, disturbing the water as he stroked his arms and flapped his legs.

"Shane," Ilya whispered, too soft to be heard by the boy, but it felt good to make the sound with his mouth, a hush that harmonized with the sound of nature around them.

Standing dumbstruck as he did at the shore, Ilya was easy to spot, and Shane slowed to a stop in front of him, just as startled at the unexpected visitor. They stared at each other, both waiting for the other to make the first move. From his vantage point, treading water, Shane had to look up at Ilya, his face tilted towards the sun. The individual droplets of water clinging to his skin shun like pearls. Sunlight brought into relief the planes of his face, light and shadow cooperating to highlight the jut of his browbone, curve of his chin. Where his skin was thinnest was also the most red, his ears and the tip of his nose flushed with color from the exertion. By now, too much time had passed in which neither said a word, but far from it feeling awkward, an electric charge crackled between the two men. As Shane moved to stand, rising from the water to reveal his naked body, his steady gaze pinned the alpha to the spot like a dart. Ilya could not look away if he tried.

The omega was around the same height as Ilya, if not just a smidge taller, and thanks to an active lifestyle, had the type of musculature that was not especially defined, but instead was plump and firm. The omegas of the pack were encouraged to participate in the same physical exercises as the alphas and betas, and thank goodness, for Ilya drank in the suppleness of Shane's skin, and the rolling tendons underneath, evidence of his youthful strength and health. A light dusting of hair covered his forearms and thighs, with a thicker, darker burst of hair covering his pubic bone. Nestled in the center was his cock, flaccid and shrunken tight close to his body from the cold temperature of the water. A thought flit by unbidden across Ilya's mind, that at this size, it would be easy to hold both Shane's cock and testicles in his mouth, massaging them with delicate flicks of his tongue, suckling on them gently, tasting nothing but fresh water and clean skin.

Embarrassingly, Ilya felt his own member start to harden, pressure beginning to gather at his core, the light breeze in the air suddenly too much friction against his sensitive skin. The omega just looked so soft and free of blemishes, a perfect canvas on which to paint Ilya's devotion, one kiss at a time. The animal inside Ilya also wanted to see that canvas ruined, to see Shane's skin flushed and bruised, pliable beneath him and utterly at his mercy. Ilya curled his hands into fists to prevent himself from reaching out and *touching*.

Shane walked out of the stream, stepping closer and closer, until he stood in front of the alpha, dripping onto the forest floor. Up close, Ilya admired the omega's freckles and

goosebumps in equal measure. Nudity was nothing special amongst their species, the body a vehicle for manual labor and procreating, utilitarian. The thump of Ilya's heartbeat, felt in his ears, syncing with the throb of his erection, indicated otherwise. Shane's body was made for pleasure, both given and received. Ilya's gaze trailed down to Shane's ample chest, rounded pectorals capped with two brown nipples, pebbled and perfect. He licked his lips and swallowed, the phantom feeling of those nipples between his teeth making him ache. When Ilya returned his eyes to Shane's, an embarrassed look colored the omega's face, and yet, that determined glint remained, keeping eye contact despite his squirminess. *How brave this omega is*, Ilya thought proudly. *He deserves a reward*.

"Good morning," Ilya drawled, schooling his features into one of nonchalance, even though he was feeling anything but.

An almost imperceptible shiver went through Shane at the sound of Ilya's low timbre, but Ilya caught it anyway. He tamped down a growing smile.

"Morning," Shane replied shyly, finally breaking eye contact, looking down demurely.

In one startling movement, Shane stepped even closer to the other man, invading his personal space, only to sidestep him at the last moment, angling his body away so as to avoid colliding together, and walked past Ilya and towards the tree branch that hung his clothes. Ilya flinched, surprised at Shane's boldness. This time, his smile broke containment. His body turned as if pulled in by the omega's gravity.

"You're up early." Did Shane know about Ilya's morning shifts? Did he rise early on purpose in hopes of meeting him?

"Hmm, yeah." Shane fumbled with his shirt, looking for the correct cutouts for his head and arms, pulling it on finally. "I was scavenging for calendula, we're running low at the apothecary." He gestured to a woven basket sitting near his feet, filled with orange flowers. "And," Shane continued, now pulling on his pants. "The stream just looked so refreshing, so I..."

"Ah." Ilya contented himself with looking at Shane as he straightened himself up, shamelessly eying his bottom as he bent down to retrieve the basket. He looked the perfect picture of domesticity, standing there in his billowy outfit and handful of flowers.

It occurred to the both of them that this was one of the few times they were alone together, no one to intrude or overhear, and the knowledge of that left them grinning giddily at each other like a pair of mischievous children, the air full of promise and excitement. Shane tilted his head towards the trail, prompting Ilya to fall in step with the omega, retracing their steps back home.

They walked in companionable silence for a little while, exchanging furtive glances when each thought the other was not looking. Finally, Ilya broke the silence if only to hear Shane's voice.

"Did you sleep well?" Ilya asked. "Not too cold?"

The dog days of summer were behind them, the world transitioning into fall, bringing with it cooler nights.

Shane shook his head. "No, your - your pelt kept me warm." His cheeks flushed a rosy pink at the admission.

Ilya's chest expanded in pride. The elk that he had taken down as an offering for the pack leader, a few moons ago. He was glad the resulting pelt was being put to good use, even better that the omega was rolling around in it at night, snuggled tight and rubbing his scent all over it. Did Shane ever fondle himself, laid down on the fur? And did he think of Ilya while doing so, wetting his fingers with his mouth, then rubbing gentle circles over his flat nipples until they turned puffy and perky? Ilya's flagging erection came back to attention, making him wince as it rubbed distractingly against his pants with each step. *What is wrong with you, Ilya chastised himself silently. Stop being such a horndog.*

"And you?" Shane's soft voice rang out. "You weren't cold?"

Ilya smiled softly at the omega's concerned expression. "Mm-mm. I run hot," he postured exaggeratingly, playfully letting Shane know not to worry about him.

Shane rolled his eyes goodnaturedly, his mouth settling in a slight smirk as he eyed the alpha up and down. “Yes, you do.”

Ilya raised his eyebrows in mock surprise at Shane’s brazen flirting, giving the omega’s side a light nudge with his elbow. Shane’s laugh was unrestrained this time, the corners of his eyes crinkling with mirth.

“I do worry about the frost settling in though, it’s come a bit early this year.” Shane continued, shifting into a more serious mood. *Like mother, like son*, Ilya thought. Shane had begun apprenticing under their resident healer, which explained his current interest in botany. “Oh well, it just means we’ll have to stockpile more plants, before it’s too late.”

Ilya nodded in understanding. Wintertime was not to be underestimated, and any preparation they did now would see its rewards reaped tenfold when the frozen ground no longer provided food or medicine. Everyone pretty much hibernated with their families during those months, except for Ilya, of course. Lately, his tent had begun to feel too big for just himself. It would be nice to have someone to share it with.

The trail beneath their feet turned from that of fresh grass to a more wellworn path of dirt and rocks, which made Ilya stop. Shane noticed, and mirrored the alpha’s actions.

“Won’t you walk me back to the village?” Shane asked with a confused frown.

Strangely, a whine started to work its way up Ilya’s throat before he cut it off. He hated the trickle of uncertainty laced through Shane’s voice, and more so the possibility that Ilya was the reason for it. *I would follow you to the ends of the earth, you would not even have to ask.*

“I can’t, I have to -”

“Patrol duty, right.” The pair nodded at each other, the air between them growing heavy again, all that was unspoken conveyed instead by their eyes. Ilya’s intensity was matched only by Shane’s soft, yearning gaze. “I’ll see you later then.”

“At archery practice?” Ilya piped up hopefully.

Shane smiled easily, nodding his confirmation.

Ilya stood on the spot, watching as Shane walked away. Only then did he allow a dopy smile to show on his face.

As he continued his walk around the border of their land, Ilya kept his eyes peeled for the usual; predators and prey, but now with the addition of calendula, scanning the forest floor for their bright pops of color.

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Curious eyes followed Ilya as he emerged from the forest, speculations smothered behind cupped hands. The people on the footpath nodded their hellos as Ilya passed, politely parting ways for the alpha, who seemed to be making a beeline for the communal banquet table set up in the middle of town. Normally, that would not raise any eyebrows, if not for the man clutching a bouquet in his hands, jaw set in determination. *Who were those for?*

Shane sat across from his mother, picking at the fruit on his plate. They were the last stragglers at the breakfast table, before the second wave of late risers were due to arrive to finish off any remaining food. He listened dutifully to Yuna as she spoke of the impending harvest, the maintenance needing to be done on the well, and is it too late to start constructing a new timber shed, or should they wait until after winter?

However, Shane's thoughts couldn't help but wonder back to his morning swim, or rather who he had met during it. The mental image of the alpha standing on the bank, sturdy and strong as an oak tree, made Shane's breath quicken. He was just so...manly. Ilya was raw in a way that none of the other alphas of the pack were, as if his years of solitude stripped all but his most elemental traits in efforts to lighten the load. While other alphas might be bigger, with the brute strength of a bear, Ilya was as agile as a jaguar slinking through the fronds, possessing an artfulness that attracted prey to their demise rather than having to chase after them. It was his eyes, silently tracking Shane anytime they met, that triggered the omega's fight or flight instinct. Shane confessed that Ilya's innate darkness both scared and excited him equally, and as much as the newness of his own feelings - infatuation, love, *lust* - thrust

him into unfamiliar territory, the fright of walking into it was worth it if Ilya would be there to meet him halfway.

Shane barely noticed that his mother had stopped talking, until he looked up from his plate to see Yuna's surprised expression, her eyes focused on something behind him. Shane twisted in his seat to find Ilya standing there, face as stoic as ever, although his eyes carried a hopefulness that seemed reserved only for the omega before him.

"Ilya! I was hoping you'd come, I saved you some food..." Shane's words petered out as his gaze shifted to the flowers clutched in Ilya's hand. Among the array of colors, Shane identified the orange bloom of calendulas, used to make topical salves, as well as the flat pink petals of echinacea, to cure the common flu, and finally the fuzzy, bunny tail-like florets of valerian, to be boiled in water and drunk to fall into a dreamless sleep. The healer in him appreciated the practicality of the bouquet, but Shane's romantic side preened at the alpha's show of old fashioned courtship. "For me?"

Ilya nodded, not trusting himself to not blurt out a premature love confession. He didn't want to come on too strong and scare the omega away.

Shane accepted the gift, ducking his head and hiding his smile into the flowers. "Thank you, they're lovely."

Yuna scrutinized the interaction, her eyes shifting back and forth between her son and Ilya. While she usually trusted Shane's judgement in others, Yuna would not be a very good mother if she wasn't a bit apprehensive about this new pack member; after all, he was a stranger only a few months ago, with no one to vouch for his character but him. Still, she took a chance on Ilya, sensing in him a loyalty, an eagerness to please, rather like a masterless knight whose energies would self consume him if not given a direction to put them towards. Yuna just never expected that her son Shane, so docile and sweet, would be the one to tame this alpha. Ilya's entrance into their lives arrived with the spring, a cautious bud unfurling little by little, and under Shane's patient hands, had bloomed into an respected, integral part of their pack. He was a good hunter, precise and cool under pressure, and a good leader, if a bit gruff. And it was clear the effect Ilya had on her son; there was a before and an after in the way Shane acted now, more...carefree. They seemed to coax each other out of their respective shells.

As if Ilya could feel Yuna's eyes on him, the two alphas met each other's gazes over Shane's head. Yuna's eyes were narrowed slightly in suspicion, while Ilya's stayed nonconfrontational but steady. *I'm serious about Shane*, Ilya hoped Yuna would somehow telepathically understand. *And I'm here to stay*. Finally, an impressed look settled across her features. *This young alpha is not so easily intimidated*. Yuna thought. *Good*.

"Yes, they are." Yuna said, her face softening as she directed her attention to her son. Ever astute, she knew it was time to leave the two young lovers alone. Standing up, she jutted her chin out at Ilya, then to a plate of scones sitting on the table. "Eat, before they get cold."

Shane and Ilya shared shy smiles as the latter settled down to eat, straddling the bench. As Ilya reached for a scone, Shane moved to stop him, laying a soft hand over Ilya's roughened one, pulling him back. The omega looked at Ilya pointedly, then took a scone himself, breaking it horizontally and laying the two halves face up on a plate.

"So," Shane started, taking a knife to a small jar of jam before them, scooping some out with a deft flick of his wrist. "Did you fight any mean baddies out there in the woods today?"

Ilya watched as Shane finished spreading jam over one of the scones, moving onto the butter next. He couldn't remember the last time someone had prepared food especially for him, this small gesture touching him unexpectedly. Warmth bloomed in his chest.

"Mm-mm," Ilya shook his head. "Just some...surprisingly aggressive squirrels."

They shared a laugh, bumping shoulders as they had become accustomed to doing.

"Well, if you ever need any backup." Shane replied playfully, pushing the plate of prepared scones towards Ilya.

Ilya returned Shane's affectionate gaze. "I'll let you know." he said softly, breakfast all but forgotten in the face of the omega's attention.

They continued staring at each other for a beat, lost in the soft haze of their own making. Finally, Shane remembered where they were, and broke it off, making the same gesture as his mother did earlier. *Eat*.

Ilya had never been so glad to follow an order, picking up the pastry and taking a big bite. The tart burst of raspberry jam was soothed by the milkiness of the butter, the flavors opposite but complimentary. It was the best thing he had ever put in his mouth. *Well, so far*, Ilya thought, entranced by the way Shane ate his fruit now, the purse of his pink lips around a grape, the movement of his adam's apple as he swallowed. *All in due time*, the alpha reminded himself. Ilya had waited his whole life for something he never knew was missing, and now that he had found it in Shane, it would not do to ruin it at the last stretch by being impatient. His omega deserved gentleness, to be handled with care. Yet, the traitorous baser wolf in him snapped its jaws at his self restraint; isn't bite also touch?

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Red, orange, yellow, and white hot ribbons of flame twisted and danced together, reaching up to the night sky, and licked at the skin of those sitting around it. The low constant buzz of cicadas melded with the varied voices of the pack; young pups draped over their parents, the elders shared a smoking pipe, and teenagers, separated by their secondary genders, giggled and gossiped and threw flirtatious glances at their objects of affection. Ilya surveyed the scene before him in contentment, shimmying his shoulders and settling deeper into his spot on the ground, leaning back on the log propping him up. His belly was full, the warmth of the bonfire made him pleasantly drowsy, and the knowledge that his soft feather down duvet would be waiting for him at the end of the night put on a smile on his face. Ilya tipped his head in thanks as he accepted a rolled clove cigarette from Cliff, another alpha whom he'd grown close to over time.

Inhaling deep, Ilya held his breath, feeling the smoke seep down the back of his throat and into his lungs, a slight dizziness descending upon him, making his whole body feel fuzzy. Only then did he exhale through his nose, and through the plume of smoke, across the bonfire, Ilya's gaze connected with Shane's. It was a testament to how far their courtship had gotten these past few weeks that instead of hastily looking away, the omega blinked back slowly in a seductive manner, a knowing smile lifting the corners of his mouth once he knew he had Ilya's attention. Sitting there in the darkness, nursing a cup of wine, Shane's face was a garnet gem reflecting the flames, his eyes catching the light, making them seem glittery with unshed tears. With the same slow deliberateness, Shane brought the cup to his mouth, taking a long draw, his gaze unwavering over the brim of the chalice. His lips came away wet, and that tongue, soft and pink as a kitten's, darted out to catch any errant drops, making a slow lave across his plump bottom lip. He was devastatingly beautiful.

Ilya felt himself becoming aroused, his cock filling out in his pants, heavy and thick, and a familiar pressure building under it, at his perineum. The effect of the nicotine finally hit him, colliding with the already present looselimbed lightness of drowsiness to make it feel as if he were floating in a pool of gloopy honey, limbs slow and reactions even slower, where rather than the presence of a sharp and frantic need, Ilya felt instead a near constant simmer of desire, coming to him in waves, as if this pleasure could go on and on and take him under. Shane had that effect on him, made him sluggish and out of his mind drunk on it. Weak. Since the day that Ilya decided to court the omega, he had effectively given up all his power, pathetically accepting whatever crumbs Shane threw his way.

Not that Ilya minded; Shane's bashful hesitance was as insanely sexy as it was endearing, the knowledge that Ilya was the recipient of all of the omega's first dating experiences. Shane had started to join Ilya on his morning walks, trading stories about his childhood and hopes for the future. Shane was touched by how patient Ilya was with him, never rushing him or minding the small silences that came with Shane's shy, less talkative nature, that conversely, made him open up. What touched him even more was Ilya's continued courting by servicing the omega's family; building the shed that Yuna had wanted, inviting Shane's dad on hunting trips, and helping Shane's best friend Rose shear her herd of sheep.

Their newfound emotional closeness ushered in physical exploration, the omega once again surprising Ilya when he made the first move, planting a small peck on Ilya's cheek after one such walk, before they separated for the day. It left a blush on Ilya's face that lasted till the evening, when Cliff called him out on it.

"Never in life have I blushed, alphas do not do this," Ilya scowled, which only made his friend smile wider.

Their kisses soon escalated, from cheek to chin to nose, until one day Ilya lay a firm hand on Shane's jugular, shook the omega lightly to still him, and melded their lips together, syrupy slow. Taking the lead, Ilya alternated between massaging Shane's upper and bottom lips between his own, sucking gently and tilting his head to the side to deepen the angle of their kiss. He pressed the tips of his fingers more forcibly against the hinges of Shane's jawbone, directing him to open his mouth for Ilya's tongue to explore, swiping his warm, soft insides, running it over the hard ridge of his top palate, briefly sliding his own tongue over Shane's until the omega, gagging slightly from the unfamiliar sensation, pulled back, his dark pupils blown wide.

Since then, the pair had ample opportunity to practice, plastered close, hands running up and down each other's bodies, Ilya's bold hands often ending up groping Shane's bum, moving him in a way to encourage the omega's cute, miniscule humping. After one particular heady make out session, their matching erections rubbing exquisitely against each other, Shane tilted his head back, ending their kiss, smiling lazily when Ilya tried and failed to recapture his lips. Shane lay a hand on the alpha's hard chest, putting him in his place.

"You really want me, huh?" he teased.

Ilya nodded solemnly. "Yes," he replied. He pawed at Shane's waist, gripping the flesh that spilled slightly over the waistband of his pants. "But not just this," Ilya lightly jiggled the flesh. "I want this," he lifted his right hand, pressing it first to his own chest, then to the center of Shane's. *I want us. Together.*

Shane's expression softened, an impossibly tender look clouding his eyes. The omega smiled and gave a small nod, as if to say, *me too*, and Ilya's heart broke. *This love thing is no joke*, he thought. *It's killing me.*

A firecracker pop brought Ilya back to the present; an acorn must have exploded in the bonfire. He watched as Shane turned to Rose, murmuring something into her ear, then stood up. As he did, the man shot another meaningful look Ilya's way before turning around and walking off in the direction of the village. Ilya swallowed, his heart rate ticking up in anticipation. He couldn't help but shake his foot as he allowed a few minutes to pass so it wouldn't be obvious that he was following Shane. Finally, Ilya stubbed out his cigarette and moved to stand, gritting out a short, "Gotta take a leak," towards Cliff, who was barely listening, half asleep curled up in his mate, Svetlana's arms.

Muscle memory guided him through the dark forest, Ilya's eyes adjusting to the shadows, his previous drowsiness fading as his senses sharpened. Up ahead, he made out a clearing where the moonlight shone down easily, illuminating a familiar figure walking a few steps ahead. Ilya lengthened his stride to catch up to Shane, surprising him by glomping onto his back and hugging him from behind.

"Hey you," Ilya said huskily. At the sound of the alpha's voice, Shane's tense muscles relaxed, and they waddled together a few paces before Shane twisted around, frowning in mock offense.

“Excuse me sir, do I know you?” Shane said as he attempted to wiggle free.

Ilya just lifted the man in response, spinning them around and making Shane laugh, free and clear. Ilya crowded his space, walking him backwards until the omega’s back met the scratchy wood of a pine tree, caging him in with arms on either side of his head. Ilya’s eyes roamed over Shane’s smiling visage, which was all flushed red from drink, blotting out the freckles that Ilya loved so much, although it was a small consolation to find that the omega was wearing the sweater that Ilya had lent him, after one of their morning swims in the creek. The wool fibers still held the remnants of his own slightly metallic musk, now mixed with Shane’s smoother vegetal scent, like the watery flesh of a cucumber. Ilya hummed contently, resting his forehead against Shane’s, breathing in deep.

They met in the middle, their mouths sealing together like two oppositely polarized magnets, with Ilya immediately deepening the kiss by languidly lapping at the seam of Shane’s lips until he yielded, swirling his tongue inside and relishing the feel of his soft and wet cavern. Shane made a little cooing sound, high in his throat, Ilya’s ministrations making him weak in the knees so that he sagged into the firm alpha instead, arms wrapping around his shoulders and hands gripping his curly hair.

Ilya’s own arms immediately drew Shane closer by his waist, pressing their bodies impossibly close. Ilya was smiling too much to kiss properly, and broke the kiss collect himself. When he drew away, Shane’s eyes were still closed, eyebrows knitted and lips puckered in a desperate way.

“You’re so easy,” Ilya teased, conveniently ignoring the fact that he got an erection just from watching Shane drink some wine.

Shane blinked his eyes open, a bit dazed, but quickly pouted at Ilya’s chirp. He halfheartedly shoved at Ilya’s shoulder. “Shut up,” and in an effort to stop Ilya’s silent laughter, said, “You have cigarette breath.”

“Ugh, I had one!”

“You shouldn’t be smoking.”

“And you shouldn’t be talking.”

In retaliation, Ilya opened his mouth wide and practically smushed his face to Shane’s, not caring about the excess saliva that landed on Shane’s chin. He licked his way into the omega’s mouth again, which underneath the bitter wine, tasted like the raw honeycomb he had for dessert, a slightly savory flavor, bordering on balsamic. *Of course*, Ilya thought somewhat exasperatedly, *of course he would taste sweet too. How can someone be this perfect?* Moaning low, Ilya slotted a knee between Shane’s legs, pressing it up against the omega’s growing member for him to bear down against, splaying a guiding hand on Shane’s lower back to pull him back and forth onto Ilya’s muscled thigh, encouraging him to rock on it. Out of habit, Ilya’s other hand wrapped possessively around the omega’s throat, much like the first time they kissed, keeping him in position for Ilya to suck and nip how he pleased, testing how hard he could bite down on Shane’s bottom lip before he made a wounded sound.

The hand eventually trailed down, fitting just right over one of Shane’s plump pecs, squeezing the flesh and teasing the nipple, rolling it around with his thumb until it jutted out hard against the fabric of Shane’s sweater. The resulting stutter in Shane’s hips was filed into Ilya’s brain as a move to be repeated in the future. They had never gone this far before, but apparently Shane’s wine-drunk mind made him less inhibited, letting his arousal take over. The omega was making sounds that Ilya was hearing for the first time, little whines and groans, and when Ilya’s hand snaked under Shane’s sweater to gently graze his fingertips across the skin of his soft lower belly, just barely dipping into his pants, Shane tore his mouth away from Ilya, letting out a sweet little cry.

Undeterred, Ilya just moved on to Shane’s neck, nosing into where his scent was strongest, peppery and herbaceous, recalling a scent memory of weak sunlight streaming into a dark kitchen, a young, curly haired boy sitting on a stool, watching his mother muddle basil and ginger into a pot of hot water to soothe his sore throat. Ilya laved at the skin there, then sealed his lips over it, sucking the flesh into his mouth, and despite the absence of any taste, he swore he could draw out the feeling of comfort, of home, from Shane’s pores. The sudden wave of tenderness surprised Ilya, the ache of it not dissimilar to the ache of arousal, like the soreness of pressing down on a bruise, the pleasure-pain of it running through his nerves. The weird dissonance of wanting to coddle Shane like a child and also of wanting to hold him down and fuck into his supple body until he was sweaty and sloppy and used, didn’t stop Ilya’s erection from growing, tenting inside his pants, foreskin pulling back and tightening around his cockhead, and he canted his hips forward until sweet pressure found him, his cock caught between his stomach and Shane’s hipbone.

By now, the two men were breathing too heavily to keep kissing, sharing the hot air in the sliver of space between their faces. Ilya shoved a hand down Shane's pants, seeking out the prize.

His fingertips found the sensitive tip of the man's cock, and was surprised again. The omega was circumcised, spongy and smooth to the touch, as smooth as the skin on the inside of Shane's cheek. It slipped through Ilya's fingertips with Shane's every rocking movement, precum dribbling out to smooth the friction, the man clearly frustrated with the little pressure that Ilya was applying.

Ilya would feel smug, if he weren't feeling the same frustration; dry humping was not enough to sate the immense tension in his body, the heavy weight of his swollen erection. He wanted suction, the drag of his shaft against a tight grip as he pushed in and out, the rhythmic squeeze of Shane's wet center, keeping him buried inside.

"It's - oh, Shane, it's not enough." He said desperately, humping harder against the man's hip.

Shane looked at Ilya through lidded eyes, dazed. "What?"

"Just, just -" How could he explain his desire to climb into the omega's ribcage, press against him tight until they shared the same body? In one swift movement, Ilya cupped both hands over Shane's plump bottom, lifting him so that only his shoulderblades leaned against the tree trunk, and crudely slammed their clothed centers together once, twice, in an imitation of coupling, grinding them together more roughly than he intended, a hoarse grunt escaping his throat.

"Ilya!" Shane gasped, scandalized.

"Tell me you want this too." *Tell me I'm not alone in feeling this way, tell me you want me.*

Shane keened, frantically reaching for Ilya's face and pulling him into a kiss that was really just them breathing into each other's mouths. "Yes, I want. I want you."

“Yeah?” Ilya bent his knees to brace against Shane’s weight, hitching the man up higher in his arms, bouncing him lightly, Ilya’s erect cock nestled in the cleft of Shane’s firm ass, a delicious lick of heat travelling up Ilya’s spine at the sensation.

“And I want...”

“What, baby?”

“I want your knot.”

Ilya groaned loudly, hips bucking involuntarily, his cock growing even harder, if that was even possible. He could picture it clear in his mind, no longer having to spend his rut alone, but with *Shane*, his perfect Shane, laying supine and naked on his fur pelt on the floor, hole slick and ready, his cock and balls darkened a dusty, rosy brown, plump and ripe for him to hold in his mouth. And Shane wanted his knot, which encompassed what came after; a baby, a family, to tie them together forever. There it was again, a dream too good to be true, a desire so intense that it scared him. So instead, Ilya said, “You think you can take it?”

Shane’s face was flushed tomato red, embarrassed at having to participate in the dirty talk. He shrugged, averting his gaze to somewhere around Ilya’s collarbone, his next words exhaled into their shared space in a mumbled mess. “I don’t know, you’d make me take it, wouldn’t you?”

“Mmm yes,” Ilya slowed their pace in exchange for upping the intensity, holding Shane still and fully thrusting his own hips up into the omega, harsh and dirty. “I’d pin you down, so there’d be no escaping.”

“Good.” Shane sighed, running gentle hands through Ilya’s hair and pulling him in until his head rested in the crook of Shane’s neck.

“And you *would* be so good for me, yeah? You’d turn around, on all fours...and present your pretty self to me?”

As if to emphasize the unspoken, Ilya squeezed one of the asscheeks he was holding, inching one hand closer to the omega's center, where it was hottest, and used two fingers to apply gentle pressure over Shane's hole. Ilya swore he could feel Shane clench through the fabric of his pants, feeling the dampness of the cloth. Shane must be leaking slick. Ilya moved his fingers in a circular rubbing motion, this time pressing a little harder, just to feel the omega clench again.

"Yes, yes," Shane simpered, breathing hot air right up against Ilya's ear. "Whatever you want...you can do whatever you want with me."

Those words, uttered so prettily, triggered Ilya's wolfish instincts, try as he might to beat them back. His gums throbbed, barring his teeth and setting his blunt incisors on Shane's skin, so close to biting down. But he wouldn't. He *shouldn't*.

"Ilya..." A vein popped out from Shane's neck as he spoke, and Ilya *burned*. "Please don't make me wait."

It took all of Ilya's willpower to remove his mouth from Shane. He thumped his forehead against the omega's, taking a steadying breath.

"Are you sure?" he asked, searching in the omega's eyes for any doubt, praying he wouldn't find any.

Shane nodded, his vision clearing in seriousness. "Yes...are you?"

Ilya closed his eyes in relief. *Yes, yes, yes. I don't want anything if I can't have you.* His mouth ran faster than his brain though, opening his eyes and saying on instinct, "Tomorrow. We will talk to your parents tomorrow. Okay?"

A slow smile turned into a beaming one as Shane registered the meaning behind Ilya's words. "Okay!"

They grinned like idiots at each other, high off the thought of tomorrow, and the days after that. Shane wanted to continue making out, but this short cool off period reminded him of the bonfire, and of what he told Rose.

“We’ve been gone too long. They’ll wonder where we are,” Shane murmured reluctantly, shifting around so that Ilya dropped his legs back down to the ground.

Ilya protested, whining like a spoiled pup, but acquiesced to his omega. Still, he couldn’t help sneaking in one final smooch, his lips landing on Shane’s cheek instead as the omega deflected it.

They walked slowly back through the woods, giving their bodies time to calm down, holding hands up until the very last second, letting go as they approached the flames.

Rose smirked knowingly as Shane settled down to sit beside her, noting his empty hands. “I thought you said you were going to get more wine?”

Shane froze, mind blanking. His face colored as an excuse failed to materialize. “Whatever,” he muttered, to Rose’s shaking laughter.

By now, the whole village knew about their courtship, treating their coupling like a foregone conclusion. Shane was grateful that the pack saw and accepted what he knew in his bones; that Ilya was a lone wolf no longer, but Shane’s alpha, and his to keep. He didn’t know if it was desire or instinct or his own personal brand of perversion, but Shane wanted to be bitten, to be eaten whole, to hold Ilya’s bleeding heart in his hands and pump it to keep the man alive. As he locked eyes with Ilya again over the bonfire, warm lava swept through Shane’s body like a long dormant volcano finally erupting, altering the face of the earth forever. He would have the rest of his life with that man, and tomorrow couldn’t come soon enough.

End Notes

1. a sequel (Ilya's RUT EXTRAVAGANZA, WHO'S READY TO RUMBLEEEEEEE) will be uploaded soon, I am in the process of writing it now. please drop a comment below or just a donut 🍩 emoji to let me know you liked this, feed me! also let me know your favorite flavor of donut.
2. i was inspired by [this tweet](#) to write this fic. the title of this fic is taken from [this quote](#). my pinterest inspo board is [here](#).
3. feel free to follow my twitter [@girlieeusername](#) for writing updates.
4. in the meantime, check out my other hollanav fic, tell me where to land. thanks for reading :)

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