Heat Waves

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Summary

Shane had always been reserved about his omega nature, keeping secrets that not even Ilya, his devoted alpha boyfriend, managed to uncover over the past year. During a winter trip, the couple decides to take a new step in their relationship; an intimate moment Shane believes he is finally ready to experience. However, what should have been a moment of trust and connection reveals challenges he has not yet fully overcome.

Notes

Hi everyone, I hope you're all well.
I wrote this story a while ago, and I decided to adapt it to the characters of Heated Rivalry. I love the omegaverse category, and I hope it grows a lot within the fandom. Well, here's my contribution for anyone who would like to read an omegaverse fanfic with a very cute and needy Shane :)
I would like to point out that English isn't my native language, so please excuse any possible errors.
To my fellow Brazilians, this story can also be found on Wattpad in Portuguese.

See the end of the work for more notes

The sound of the suitcase zipper echoed through the messy room, as if it were too loud. Shane held his breath for a moment, his fingers clutching the luggage he had just finished packing. He had been avoiding thinking about this moment for weeks, but now there were no more excuses, no more time.

The trip was scheduled, and they were going anyway.

Ilya was excited; of course he was. After all, it was a big step for their relationship. The alpha, innocent amidst all the invisible barriers that Shane struggled to hide throughout their year together. He knew what it meant, a clear demonstration of trust from the younger man, but at the same time, he had no idea how much Shane had to prepare himself for this.

Ilya Ilya knew about Shane's troubled relationship with his parents, knew about the late presentation and how much the abusive expectations of the elders had left deep marks on the omega, knowing how much that still generated aversion and insecurity in the younger man. Shane was always discreet about his condition, too discreet for someone who carried a body that defied the expectation of what an omega should look like. He was tall, with a physique well-worked with muscles, which would make any alpha who looked envious, and to those who saw him from the outside, his silent demeanor would be intimidating. But those who knew him intimately knew how shy and gentle the brunette was. He didn't see himself as the type of omega that Ilya deserved. He wasn't what would be conventionally classified as soft, delicate, and easy to decipher. And even though the alpha had never demanded any of this, quite the opposite, he made a point of complimenting the characteristics the omega hated most about himself, the insecurity was always there.

What Shane didn't understand, couldn't accept, was precisely what made the blonde alpha fall in love from the beginning. The difference. The way he didn't fit into a stereotypical label, as if he were a living contrast of strength and vulnerability. But for Shane it was still a dilemma, seeing flaws where the other saw his world.

And the pre-heat... that remained his biggest challenge. A physical and emotional reminder of everything he had been forced to suppress. That's why he avoided this moment with Ilya. Not out of lack of desire, but out of fear of letting the other see a side of himself that he was still afraid to accept.

The omega closed his eyes, feeling the familiar pressure settle in his chest. A strange chill ran down his spine, even though he was well wrapped up. It was almost ironic to be going to a freezing place when the cold came from within.

His pre-heat was a problem. Late, unstable, and too uncomfortable. In the first months of dating, he avoided the subject. Always medicating himself to delay his heat. And Ilya, always gentle, never insisted. Never demanded. And that, sometimes, hurt more than any demand. But now he wanted to try. Not out of obligation or guilt, but because he loved his alpha very much and, perhaps, it was time to face this side of himself that he feared and was ashamed of.

Shane took the pill bottle from the drawer and carefully placed it inside his backpack. PS he would take it just in case. His doctor said he was progressing well and that his symptoms would disappear by now. Almost two years of treatment. Two years of small victories.

"I can do it" - he whispered to himself like a mantra.

Seu His cell phone vibrated on the bed. A message.

Love: *I'm almost there love* ❤️*, are you ready?*

Shane: *I am* ❤️

He put his cell phone in his pocket and looked around, mentally checking if he had everything. Suitcase packed. Medicines, reinforced coats, and the mask of tranquility on his face. This one was the hardest to maintain.

The horn honked outside a little later, a short, impatient, and familiar sound. Shane went down with the backpack on his shoulders and a hand bag, his heart beating faster than he would like to admit. As he walked out the door, the morning air cut through his skin.

Ilya was already waiting outside the car, leaning against the bodywork with his arms crossed, smiling in that way that seemed to warm the world around him. The red scarf gave color to the street landscape, like a point of life on the gray day.

— You're two minutes late – The alpha joked, opening his arms in reception.

The younger man rolled his eyes, unable to resist the impulse to smile and throw himself into the warm hug of his alpha, who soon pulled his face into a shy kiss of icy lips. Just that touch was enough to momentarily calm the restless thoughts of the anxious omega. That simple kiss was a wordless thank you: thank you for being here, for allowing me into this part of your life.

The kiss was quick, but full of meaning. When they pulled apart, Ilya left a scent mark on his neck and a hand on his cheek, in a simple caress.

— Your eyes are swollen, you look like you didn't sleep at all.

— And you look like you slept too much - Shane replied, looking away as he put the suitcase in the trunk.

— You say that, but it wasn't me who was late - He provoked, giving a little laugh as he got into the car - You can sleep, love. We have a few hours on the road.

Shane sighed and got into the car. When the door closed, he felt a wave of relief, feeling protected by the strong alpha scent in the car: Sandalwood and cherries. Being with Ilya was the easy part. It was the rest that hurt.

As the car left the neighborhood behind, he leaned his head against the window and let the sound of the low music and Ilya's voice fill him slowly until unconsciousness.

The road was quiet, flanked by trees that were slowly becoming bare and covered by frost. The sky was gray, but there was beauty in the melancholy of the weather. It was as if the world was silent for their presence. Ilya drove with one hand on the steering wheel and the other caressing the brunette's thigh, while humming the playlist he had made especially for that trip. Soft, calm songs, just the way his omega liked it. Once in a while, he glanced sideways to make sure his boyfriend was well and comfortable.

Shane had his head resting on the glass, eyes closed and his mouth slightly ajar, letting out small snores.

Ilya smiled.

The dark hair fell over his forehead, making him even cuter in his eyes, delicate in his own way. In the eyes of others he was not a common omega, and that was never a problem. Quite the opposite, what many judged unusual was exactly what Ilya loved most. The way he behaved, shy, willing to hide his vulnerabilities even when clearly affected, was what made the brunette even more beautiful in the alpha's eyes. He was real and unique.

And that scent, God, Ilya felt addicted. The omega was so shy that he rarely allowed himself to release his pheromones, but every time he did, the alpha wanted to grab the pale neck of the younger man and not let go of that delicious scent of vanilla and hazelnut anymore.

Carefully, he lowered the volume of the music. He looked at the seat next to him and stretched out his fingers, lightly touching his partner's hand, which was resting on his lap. The short man moved slightly, his fingers intertwining with the alpha's, in an involuntary gesture, even in his sleep.

— Cute even when sleeping – he murmured to himself.

For a few minutes, the whole world was reduced to Shane's peaceful breathing, the sound of the engine, and the increasing snow outside. But there, at that moment, the car was warm and comfortable.

He knew there were things the younger man was not willing to share with him, pains that words could not express. But he also knew how to wait and protect. He would be there, at the pace Shane needed.

He brought their intertwined hands to his lips and placed a gentle kiss on the intertwined fingers. Before realizing that they were already close to their final destination.

The snow had given a small truce as the car approached the cabin. It was small, cozy, with smoke coming out of the chimney and yellowish lights on inside - it seemed to have come straight out of a Christmas postcard. Untangling their hands, Ilya was the first to get out, deciding to give his boyfriend a few more minutes of sleep.

— So beautiful – he said, seeing his boyfriend snore softly.

He turned off the car carefully and got out slowly, circling to open the trunk. The cold wind cut strongly, but the blonde held firm, picking up one suitcase at a time with unnecessary care. As much as he tried to convince himself, he knew he was taking more time than necessary just to let his partner sleep a little longer.

After settling the luggage in the room and checking if the fireplace was properly lit, he returned to the car. Shane was still sleeping, loose hoodie on his shoulder, face slightly turned towards the window with the curtain of lashes casting a shadow on his cheek.

Ilya opened the passenger door with all possible delicacy, the cold breeze entered making Shane shiver with the sudden cold contact against his warm body.

— Hey, love - he called, giving a kiss on the warm cheek – We're here.

The omega's eyes opened, slowly and blurred with sleep.

— Hmm... how long did I sleep?

— Long enough to snore loudly three times – Ilya provoked, taking a weak slap from the brunette who was still a little lost.

— You should have woken me up, I could have helped you with the bags

— And miss the beautiful sight of you drooling from so much sleep? Never – he gave a kiss on his sweetheart's mouth.

The brunette gave a hoarse laugh from sleep, rubbing his eyes

— Idiot.

— Your idiot – he said, offering his hands to help him out of the car — Come on, let's go inside. It's too cold out here. I made sure the fireplace is very warm.

Shane accepted willingly, getting up slowly, eyes heavy but a comfortable warmth in his chest. It was subtle, but it was there - the nice feeling of being cared for.

And even with an internal fever starting to creep along the edges of his body, for a moment, he allowed himself to forget.

Because his alpha was good at that: making even the most difficult moments feel light.

The cabin, even small, was full of charm — exactly how Ilya imagined Shane would feel there.
The interior was lined with dark wood panels, which gave the environment a rustic, but cozy charm. To the right of the entrance, a living room with a large, soft burgundy fabric sofa, with thick blankets thrown carelessly over the backrest. A fuzzy brown rug covered the floor and in front, a brick fireplace lit, radiating heat and a luminescence throughout the room.

The American kitchen was integrated into the living room, with light wooden cabinets, a gray marble countertop, and a small round table leaning next to a window, where they could observe the heavy snow accumulating on the trees. Near the refrigerator, Ilya had left two wolf mugs - one with apple tea and the other with chocolate powder, just waiting for the addition of milk.

— Wow – Shane murmured in wonder, with a sleepy smile on his lips, standing at the door admiring everything — It looks like a movie set.

Ilya took off his coat, hanging both coats on a wooden rack behind the door.

— I knew you would like it — he approached the boyfriend from behind, taking his hand — I'm going to show you the room.

The short hallway led to two rooms: a bathroom with beige tiles, with a large whirlpool tub in the center, and the main bedroom which was, without a doubt, the heart of that place.

The room had a large double bed, covered with an ice-white duvet, several fluffy pillows, and a thick blanket at the foot of the bed. Perfect for snuggling, the thought came involuntarily. There was a window overlooking the frozen forest and small fairy lights that made the environment even cozier. In the corner, an armchair with suitcases, a blanket thrown over it, a shelf with some classic stories, and a small dresser to store their clothes.

The omega's eyes studied the place, memorizing every detail. There was a mixed feeling in his chest of welcoming, care, fear, and relief. He didn't know if he deserved all that.

As if reading his thoughts, Ilya squeezed his hand.

— Hey, it's okay. Nothing needs to happen, okay? — his voice was firm, but sweet as always — We're here to rest and enjoy our time together. The rest, if it happens, will come with time — he assured, kissing the neck of the short man.

Shane nodded slowly, his eyes discreetly managing.
And even though there was a lump in his throat, at that moment he knew he was safe.

Later, with the cabin enveloped in a comfortable calm, Ilya stirred in the small kitchen, with the sleeves of his sweater rolled up to his elbows and a wooden spoon in his hand. The smell of garlic and seasoning spread through the environment, and the pan bubbled lazily on the stove.

Shane was sitting on the counter, hair messy, watching in silence. He was wearing a loose, soft hoodie that Ilya loved and had chosen on purpose, just because he loved to leave love bites on the exposed skin. Shane looked softer, more domestic that way. And he loved it.

— I could help you, you know? — he grumbled, even though he made no contrary movement to his complaint.

Ilya turned his face, with a smile.

— And let you kill us with high blood pressure? No thanks, I prefer to stay alive.

— That was once — he rolled his eyes, but the corner of his mouth betrayed his contained laughter

— Once was enough to traumatize me – he retorted without stopping stirring the pasta sauce.

Shane crossed his arms over his chest with the hot chocolate mug in his hands, like a bored child. It was comfortable just watching. The way Ilya moved in the kitchen was familiar, so "him" that he felt his heart fill with such great admiration and passion that it was almost suffocating. How was it possible that he, of all people, had gotten the most perfect alpha of all time?

— What's wrong, love, why are you looking at me so quietly? — he lowered the heat to look at his boyfriend.

— You make funny faces when you cook — He provoked.
Ilya laughed.

— It's concentration. Cooking is an art, I am an underrated artist.

— Uh-huh.

— Why don't you go take a shower while I finish here? — He suggested, while separating the ingredients to finish the pasta, stopping halfway to stand between his boyfriend's legs, squeezing both thighs provocatively — Your hair is all messy, and after dinner I want to snuggle up feeling my baby's scent — he kissed his boyfriend's rosy mouth.

Shane shook his head, pulling the shorter alpha for another kiss, before obeying, receiving a spank on the butt and a warning not to delay. He went down the hallway, grabbing only his towel and soap before entering the bathroom.

He decided that, despite his boyfriend's request, he would take advantage of that large bathtub, using the time to undress slowly.

The water was warm, and the whirlpool seemed to work a miracle on his tense muscles, a strange sensation in his chest. It wasn't the heat of the water - it was internal. A diffuse pressure, as if his body was trying to warn him of something. His heart accelerated for no apparent reason, and his breathing became heavy, wrong. His hands touched his own arms, trying to anchor himself.

"Not now..."

His own familiar scent intensified, even with the soap lathering between his fingers. A strange heat began to grow at the base of his spine, like an annoying electricity spreading too slowly. It was still early. He had done the treatment correctly. It couldn't be the pre-heat.

But it was.

He knew that discomfort. That mixture of fever, sensitivity, and the worst part: fear.

Desperate, he got out of the whirlpool quickly, not even bothering to let the water drain and as soon as he stood up, he felt a wave of hot lubrication leaking from his inside, burning his thighs, making his eyes well up with tears.

He wrapped himself in the towel as quickly as possible, improvising a "diaper" so as not to soil the floor with his release, but it was useless and the pain unbearable. He was grateful that Ilya was too involved in the kitchen to notice the strong vanilla scent and the anguished crying. If he noticed now, it would be too late. He would see that he was a broken omega and would leave.

He tried to stay quiet as possible when going to the room, trying not to give away his position to his boyfriend, and went to his bag to get his medicine.

Suppressors. They would inhibit the symptoms of heat.
Taking four pills at once, the omega lay naked on the bed in a fetal position, covered by a thin sheet as he tried to control his body from releasing the hot fluids that burned his skin, hoping it would pass as soon as possible so he could enjoy his days with his boyfriend in peace.
He wanted to be a normal omega.

The sound of the bubbling pan had ceased, and the smell of tomato sauce made the kitchen cozy. But even so, Ilya couldn't relax.

The silence in the small cabin was dense and strange.
Looking at the clock one more time: 7:20 PM. Almost an hour since Shane had left the kitchen and since then, no sound other than the banging of pans was heard. No sound of running water, no footsteps, not even the sound of the omega humming whenever he showered could be heard. It was, at the very least, unusual.

— Shay? — he called from the kitchen, trying to be casual, even with the tightness emerging in his chest — Dinner is ready, love...

Silence

Ilya stopped what he was doing, eyes fixed on the hallway, waiting for an answer that didn't come. He swallowed hard, with the growing unease.

— Shane?
Nothing.

His alpha instinct immediately screamed. A chill ran down his spine as he quickly turned off the stove, covered the pans, and walked quickly down the hallway.
It was then that he smelled it.

The scent.

A sweet and very familiar aroma permeated the air, making his mouth water. Vanilla, strong, thick, and hot.

His heart started.

He stopped in front of the bathroom door and pushed it open carefully, but what he saw only increased his panic: the bathtub was still full with now cold water, there were towels thrown on the floor, trying to cover the trail of a sticky substance that Ilya knew very well what it was.

Slick.

His brain screamed for answers, as his mind worked to put the pieces together too quickly.

— Damn — he murmured, already turning to the room in quick steps.

The door creaked slightly when he pushed it, and everything inside him froze. Instead of an omega desperate for a knot, he found his boy curled up in bed, his skin so hot that steam seemed to rise in contact with the slightly cold room, crying softly. His muscles trembled, trying to hold back. The smell of vanilla and hazelnut was even stronger inside the room. It smelled of despair and need.

Ignoring his instincts, Ilya approached the bed carefully. What mattered now was Shane, and with that in mind, he sat down next to his brunette.

—Baby? - he approached slowly, startled by how hot the brunette was.

No answer.

Approaching the same more, he ended up kicking the almost empty bottle of pills on the floor. Suppressors. They were scattered with the younger man's desperation.

— Shane. Look at me, please, baby — he asked still delicately, reaching out to touch his boyfriend's damp skin.

The omega curled up even more, and when he finally turned his face, his eyes were red and swollen, with his chubby cheeks stained with dried tears.

— I-I tried, I swear I did my treatment correctly, Ilya — his voice failed weakly — I thought it was controlled, I didn't want to ruin everything.

The alpha's chest ached in anguish seeing his partner so hurt without even knowing why. It was as if something was tearing inside as he heard the words coming out of the brunette's mouth.

— You didn't ruin anything. Nothing, heard? — his hand slid carefully to the younger man's face, his thumbs wiping away the fresh tears. — You're here. That's what matters.

Shane closed his eyes tightly, as if that hurt more than the heat itself.

— I wanted to be different, Ilya... I wanted to be the type of omega you deserve. Who knows how to deal with this. Who doesn't get all dirty whenever the heat comes. I wanted to give

you everything, but look at me... I'm just a problem.

Ilya lowered himself until his forehead touched the other's, breathing deeply, fighting against his own desire to cry.

— You are what I want. Whole, broken, in heat, out of it. The Shane who doesn't try to please me all the time. The one who is still learning. I love all of you, love. And I don't want you to hide the part that needs the most care from me — he said, distributing kisses on his boyfriend's face — I need to know what you're feeling, so I can help you.

— I-I'm scared, it's going to hurt a lot.

Ilya sat the brunette up with him on the bed, pulling the bangs off his forehead to clean his face, wondering what could be so bad to leave his boy so embarrassed.

— Shay, tell me what's going on, huh? So I can help you — He asked again patiently, ignoring the dampness of the sheet when the brunette moved.

— B-because of m-my late presentation, my body still rejects my omega, causing me to get very hot in my pre-heat — he confessed with shame — I did the treatment with suppressors since my first heat... but it didn't work. It hurts a lot, Ily. I tried to stop but now it's too late.

Everything Ilya could imagine, he would never have thought that this would be the problem. He initially thought it was some insecurity with his characteristics, but he never thought that his insecurity was due to his pre-heat being painful and sexual. Usually omegas become needier until the first signs of heat appear, without any kind of lubrication, but his Shane, his Shane was different.

— I'm going to help you, okay? But first, I need you to show me where it hurts — he said, removing the sheets from the brunette, finding the towel wrapped between his legs strange.

With his cheeks flushed, the younger man agreed, lying face down for his boyfriend, timidly spreading his chubby butt cheeks, trying to hold back his slick as much as possible.

Adjusting himself on his knees on top of his boyfriend, Ilya felt dizzy with the smell of vanilla, as much as the sight of paradise in front of him. The little red hole holding back from releasing the thick lubrication, failing miserably as a large sticky amount began to run down the pale cheeks, leaving a hot trail, so succulent that it was capable of making the older man's mouth water and his fangs begin to show. Nothing in the world would be more attractive than the red and wet little ass, all swollen as if it had spent hours being abused by the alpha's cock.

The boyfriend's whiny crying was enough to bring Ilya back to reality and he couldn't resist running his fingers there, feeling the warmth of the region.

— I-Ily, it hurts. Don't touch — he asked tearfully, letting go of his butt to cover his face.

— Shh, love. I'll help — He kissed his boyfriend's nape, before lying face down between his boyfriend's legs, his hands taking the place where the brunette's hands had been earlier, almost purring as he saw the little ass contract, releasing another streak of lubricant — Your

alpha will give you what you need, huh? — And without resisting, he licked the line of lubricant that had run down, sucking from the balls to the swollen little ass — Alpha will take such good care of you, love.

The alpha's big tongue licked from the scrotum to the place he really desired, slowly circling the swollen edge, licking the brunette's little ass from top to bottom, smearing his whole face in that delicious butt.

— I'm going to make you comfortable, ready to receive my cock.

No answer came, the omega too impacted with the relief and pleasure that his alpha was giving were enough that no words could come out of his mouth. His eyes were closed and his mouth open, letting out whiny moans, his legs trembling in his boyfriend's grip, while feeling his alpha's tongue refreshing and exciting him to the point that unconsciously the brunette rubbed the blonde's face on his little hole, leaving the alpha's lips to his chin all wet.

— I-Ilya, so good — he said unconsciously, rubbing himself even more, feeling that infernal heat being replaced by a pleasure he had never felt before, a pleasure so great that it made the brunette cum in both places, wetting his boyfriend's face even more - M-My God, sorry!

The omega tried to turn over out of shame, but was reprimanded by his boyfriend with a spank, who held him even tighter, shoving his tongue even deeper into the tight little ass of the younger man, who cried from the sensitivity of the recent orgasm and the touch that was now synchronized with the tip of Ilya's index finger stimulating his sweet spot of pleasure, making the omega howl and release even more goo onto his boyfriend who accepted everything willingly. He could stay hours sucking that little ass, he would never get tired. It was such a sweet, warm taste that Ilya felt his legs and feet shake with satisfaction and pleasure in sucking his boyfriend.

For Ilya, seeing his boyfriend so surrendered to pleasure, uninhibited, was a gift. He felt like he was at a banquet, eating his favorite dessert. Shane was always very contained in the bedroom, this whole situation was showing a new face of the younger man that the alpha was loving. If God decided that this was his time to leave, he would die happily with his face buried in his boyfriend's delicious butt.

Wanting to enjoy more of the younger man's body, he forced him to turn onto his back on the bed, admiring his boyfriend's pleasure-destroyed little face, the little face red from crying and moans of pleasure, his red mouth from biting his lips so much was wet from drool. Shane looked completely fucked, and everything was just beginning.

Kneeling between the brunette's legs, Ilya showered various kisses on his boyfriend's thick thighs, filling them with red marks that hours later would turn purple, making a trail of bites, kisses, and saliva up to the younger man's mouth, where he made a point of kissing, making the omega taste the sweet taste of his own lubrication. It was filthy, their mouths dirty with lubricant and drool, a fight for dominance of a space that both belonged to. Separating from the kiss, Ilya took the opportunity to admire the view a little more, as he decided to strip off his sweater and pants to give more physical contact to the needy boyfriend, who already felt another wave of hot lubrication running from his mistreated little hole.

Back between his boyfriend's legs, Ilya took the thick thighs he loved so much and, with a kiss on each one, placed them over his shoulder, using his free hands to lift the lower part of his boyfriend onto a pillow, leaving the younger man in a comfortable position for what was to come. He sucked two fingers, using them to penetrate the greedy little entrance that spewed even more lubricant as his mouth began special attention to his boyfriend's chubby penis, making the younger man scream and close his thighs on his boyfriend's head, almost suffocating him.

— M-more, more Ily — he said, squirming on the bed. That was like music to Ilya's ears, who increased the rhythm of the blowjob.

His head went up and down on his boyfriend's member, the small length fitting entirely in his mouth, making it easier to swallow as he simultaneously stimulated the boyfriend's g-spot, who now moved in an almost violent way over his boyfriend's fingers, desperate for relief.

— Love, hey — he stopped what he was doing to hold the younger man's body that seemed to be on fire — Slowly, baby, or you'll hurt yourself.

— B-but it hurts, alpha — he said with tears in his eyes and a cute pout that he resisted kissing.

— I know, love, but hasn't the alpha helped already? Be good for Alpha, I don't want you to hurt yourself — he said, sealing the delicious skin near the younger man's groin, making him whimper and agree.

The alpha ran his tongue from the perineum to the omega's entrance, sucking and shoving two fingers, as his right hand stimulated the perineum, making his boyfriend scream and hold the boyfriend's head in that position. Shane's little entrance was so wet that it expelled his boyfriend's fingers, who, insistent, continued to stimulate the omega who scratched his nape very close to the mating gland, making Ilya groan in his beloved's little ass, feeling that he could cum at any moment.

The brunette's body was showing signs that he would reach climax at any moment, his legs trembled and the grip on the older man's blonde hair had increased, causing Ilya to increase the rhythm until his mouth was again filled with his boyfriend's sweet cum and his stomach became a pool of sperm. He had extracted the second orgasm of the night from the brunette, and despite being exhausted, the pleasure of seeing his boyfriend tremble with so much lust and relief was priceless.

Evaluating his boyfriend's temperature, to see if it was adequate, the blonde got up from the bed, looking for the towel his boyfriend had used to clean him, who was staring blankly, overwhelmed by so many stimuli and sensations at once.

He cleaned everything very carefully, so as not to bring even more sensitivity to his boyfriend who was already overstimulated. Admiring the younger man's sculpted body and his little angel personality who looked at the older man as if he had just hung the moon in the sky. When he finished, he threw the towel in a random corner of the room - he would deal with that mess later - now the priority was the omega. With that in mind, he covered the younger

man's naked body with the heavy blanket and placed a peck on his mouth, who held his hand, grumbling as the older man moved away.

— Just a minute, love. I'm going to put away the food — with another kiss the brunette let him go reluctantly.
In the kitchen, the blonde opened the refrigerator with automatic movements, still feeling the heat of the brunette's skin and the rich taste of vanilla and hazelnut in his mouth. He put away the pans from the meal he had planned before everything happened, a silly smile escaping as he remembered what happened just now, it had been a pleasure he had never felt in any previous relationship, seeing his boy so surrendered to pleasure was delicious.

Closing the refrigerator door, he grabbed a bottle of cold water. He knew his boyfriend needed it. His heart beat peacefully, because besides the intimacy that had been shared, it was the care and affection that flowed between the two that left him numb. The feeling of being able to protect and provide for his omega was incredible.

He took a deep breath before returning to the room, light steps so as not to break the comfortable atmosphere that had been created. When he pushed the door with his shoulder, he saw his boyfriend still curled up under the heavy blanket, his eyes shining towards him as if he were the sun returning to illuminate everything.

— You came back fast — the brunette murmured, opening space in the bed when he saw him approach, accepting the bottle of water that his boyfriend had offered.

The older man sat on the edge of the bed, holding back the hand that the other never wanted to let go of.

— Of course. I said it was just a minute, remember?
The omega smiled, lazy, his fingers playing with his.

— Love... — he began, his voice in a hesitant whisper, handing the bottle to his boyfriend — Seriously, are you sure you don't want me to reciprocate?

The older man smiled sideways, adjusting a lock of the other's hair behind his ear.

— Yes, I am.

— But... what about you? — the brunette insisted, squeezing his hand between his fingers — I felt so good, it was so intense, and you were here the whole time taking care of me. I want to make you feel that too. I want to be useful to you.

Ilya sighed lovingly, leaning in to touch foreheads.

— Hey — he said softly, fixing his gaze on the other's restless eyes — You don't have to "reciprocate" to be useful. Love, it's not a bargaining chip.

The omega bit his lip, looking away for a second.

— It's just that sometimes I feel like you do so much for me, and I'm just here, only receiving. It seems unfair.

Ilya held Shane's chin carefully, guiding his face back to him.

— You already do so much for me, just by existing and being here with me. By trusting me, by surrendering yourself to me like this — he said with a smile, placing a delicate peck on the younger man's piercing — What happened just now wasn't a favor, giving you pleasure gave me a lot of pleasure too, but this moment was about you and your well-being in this whole situation. I wanted to make you feel good.

Shane swallowed hard, visibly touched.

— But I also want to take care of you.

— I have the cutest omega in this world, tsk — he brought his boyfriend's hand to his own chest — you take care of me by letting me take care of you. Let me love you my way, the way you deserve, without fear that it makes you less. You are not, and never will be.

The omega's doe eyes well up again, and he snuggled into the alpha's chest, who by now had already laid down in bed with his bare chest inviting the younger man to lie down.

— You make me sappy talking like that.

— That's good, I love seeing you sappy just for me — he said in a naughty tone, making the younger man laugh and slap the older man's chest.

And there, in that comfortable atmosphere in each other's arms, the omega understood that: allowing himself to be loved was also a way of loving. And with that thought, he allowed himself to have the first decent night's sleep in a week.

—

Ilya woke up slowly, still rocked by the warmth of the blanket and slightly confused by the soft and sudden light coming from the sunrise. The comforting scent from yesterday still lingered in the room. His scent. He blinked a few times, heavy lashes until he noticed a strange dampness on his chest and an unknown weight.

Opening his eyes, Ilya thought he would die right there. Shane was on all fours on top of him, his thick thighs and meaty butt were only 5 cm away from his face, the omega's natural lubrication ran freely down his thighs and his boyfriend's chest, the pungent, mouth-watering scent. The brunette's mouth was sucking his penis masterfully, as if it were the best candy in the world, masturbating what didn't fit in his mouth with both hands, the position leaving the brunette perfectly arched.

Still half-groggy with sleep, the alpha grabbed his boyfriend's hips, feeling him jump in surprise as if he had been caught in the act and, before he could pull away and start a limbo of paranoia, Ilya started working on that beautiful little entrance with his fingers, penetrating only the tip just to provoke the brunette who whined sweetly around his cock.

The brunette sucked his cock so well, choking delightfully on his boyfriend's dick, each gag, making the blowjob even wetter and messier, just the way he knew drove his boyfriend crazy, small vibrations on his cock indicated how much the brunette was affected by all the attention from Ilya on his little ass.

Despite being very good, the angle made it difficult for the blonde to suck the younger man's little entrance. With a push, Ilya pulled the younger man up, causing his mouth to release his cock with a wet and confused "plop" sound.

Noticing the younger man's confusion, Ilya firmly held his boyfriend's firm waist, encouraging him to ride his face.

— A-ah, no! I-I'm heavy — He tried to get off his boyfriend, but Ilya's grip was iron on his body, Shane's affirmation further increasing Ilya's strength on his hips, rubbing his butt even harder on his boyfriend's handsome face, who groaned with satisfaction at every drop of slick that ran from his beloved's ass, who, clouded with pleasure, continued to touch his cock in a delicious masturbation.

Shane's body seemed to have a life of its own, and he knew that if he continued like this he would cum quickly.

Realizing that his boyfriend wouldn't stop until he came, Shane slipped out of the alpha's iron grip, receiving a growl of dissatisfaction from the other, who hated the lack of contact, but before he could open his mouth to complain, the omega was sitting on his lap, facing him, pulling the alpha's hand to sit with him for a heated kiss.

Ilya's lips were even wetter and tastier than usual, making the brunette close his eyes even tighter due to the sensations that invaded his body, even more breathless than before. The kiss was long, his hips had a life of their own as he rubbed against his boyfriend's cock, which by now was slippery enough to enter without much difficulty. Thinking about this, Shane used his free hand to maneuver his boyfriend's hard member to his little entrance.

— That's it, love, sit nicely for me — he encouraged with one hand on the brunette's waist — Such a good omega — He gave little kisses on the omega's already marked neck — So wet for the alpha — he bit on the younger man's gland, making him groan loudly and sink all at once onto the alpha's lap — That's it, love, like that — he groaned.

The omega moaned, the sound of skin echoed through the room, the scent of both mixed with the sex made the situation even more explicit, as both groaned uninhibitedly with so much pleasure.

— I-I'm going to cum — The omega announced, increasing the rhythm of the ride even more. The heavy bed beat insistently against the wall.

— Cum, love, cum for me — He gave two taps on the brunette's face, which was enough for him to reach his orgasm.

A few more thrusts and Ilya felt his knot swell inside the omega, filling his boyfriend with cum.
Knowing they would stay in that position for a while, Ilya moved slightly to the side of the bed, grabbing the bottle of water he had left there the night before, offering it to the sleepy omega who was now sniffing his neck like a koala.

— Drink, love — he gave it to the omega's mouth, who seemed to have no strength even to drink water — What a good omega, taking good care of himself — he couldn't resist giving a little kiss on the boy's mouth, who smiled sleepily.

— Thank you for taking care of me, alpha — Shane murmured against Ilya's neck, spreading small, slow kisses, as if he didn't want to detach for a second -

— I love you so much.

Ilya smiled, his fingers slowly stroking the younger man's messy hair, feeling his body glued to his with a need that went beyond the physical. It was the way Shane surrendered when he was vulnerable. When he just wanted to be comforted.

— I love you too, Shayne. Very much — he replied in a low voice, burying his face in the top of the omega's head.

Shane snuggled even closer, almost molding himself to the alpha's body. The muscles that were once tense were now completely relaxed, his breathing deep and steady. But his fingers... ah, his fingers held the hem of Ilya's shirt as if letting go was unthinkable.

— You saved me, you know? I was so overwhelmed, feeling lost in this damn pre-heat and you stayed here. With me. You endured me, you guided me.

— It's not about enduring - Ilya murmured, kissing his boyfriend's forehead - It's about loving. Love is this, Shayne. Staying when it gets difficult. And I can say that it wasn't any difficulty, you were wonderful.

A warm silence settled between them, only rocked by the sound of the birds outside and the cold air that was beginning to take over the room.

— Stay like this with me just a little longer? — Shane asked, his voice already sleepy, but still whiny.

— Until you get tired of me — Ilya replied, with a smile.

— impossible . — Shane mumbled, already surrendering to sleep with his hand grasping his shirt — You are my safe place.

And so, in the middle of the room brightened by the last hours of dawn, between soft kisses and whispered confessions, Shane fell asleep. In the arms of the one who would never let go.

Meanwhile, before falling asleep again, Ilya found himself imagining how lucky he was to spend Shane's heat, feeling a good shiver run through his body.

Ah, how he was looking forward to that moment.

End Notes

That's it, folks. I hope you enjoyed it :)
Just a reminder that English isn't my first language, so I apologize in advance for any mistakes.
Kisses to everyone and until the next story hehe <3

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