don't need to hide what you can't control

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don't need to hide what you can't control

by theoneiam2277

Summary

This deep in the heat he was mostly senseless, less Shane Hollander and more omega. It used to scare him, before he found Ilya, the loss of control. Now, he melted trustingly into the sheets, soothed by Ilya's promise and their mingling scents in the air.

Just a short pwp omegaverse.

Notes

So, uh? Exactly what it says on the tin. Omegaverse filth. Enjoy!

Betaed by the amazing Steen <3

See the end of the work for more notes

don’t need to hide what you can’t control

"You like that, huh?" Ilya asked roughly as he pushed inside Shane for the... Shane wasn't even sure *how* many times he'd been fucked this heat.

It didn't matter, because he was whining and pushing back against his alpha, back arching as his fingers twisted into the sheets below him. The fire in his body, the desperate yearning, was too strong for him to properly articulate words, but it didn't matter.

His alpha always understood.

Ilya's hand stroked up his side and down his back, soothing. "Easy, Hollander. I'll give you what you need. Fuck this pretty little hole," his fingers dipped to circle Shane's rim where it was stretched around his alpha's cock, "until you scream and sob for me."

Shane wasn't far off, even as Ilya started with slow, rolling thrusts.

This deep in the heat – Ilya's matching rut accompanying it – he was mostly senseless, less Shane Hollander and more *omega.* It used to scare him, before he found Ilya, the loss of control. Now, he melted trustingly into the sheets, soothed by Ilya's promise and their mingling scents in the air.

"There you go, good boy." Ilya retained marginally more of himself during Shane's heats, but even his words were affected, accent bleeding through heavily. At times, he deteriorated into Russian, too slurred and fast for Shane's fucked-out mind to understand. "Take my cock like you were born to do it. All mine."

"Yours," Shane managed to gasp, twisting his head to look back at Ilya, but a strong hand grasped the back of his neck, forcing his head down into the pillows. "Please."

The plea was muffled, but Ilya heard it.

"Just stay there and let me fuck you," he commanded. Never harsh, but absolutely *firm,* the kind of authoritative voice he sometimes used on the ice with the Centaurs, sending Shane into a tailspin in the middle of practice.

Ilya was in luck, because Shane was too gone to brat and too overwhelmed by the perfect feel of Ilya's cock sliding in and out of him to even think about moving. Each thrust sent sparks up his spine, his cock twitching between his legs. There was nothing better than this: Ilya above and inside him, Ilya's scent in his nose, Ilya's lovebites on his neck and finger-shaped bruises on his hips throbbing in time with his pulse.

It made him feel *owned.* Taken care of.

Loved.

Ilya drove him higher until Shane was screaming, hoarse and rough, clenching down on Ilya inside him as he came.

"Alpha, alpha–" Breathless, reeling and overwhelmed, he writhed in Ilya's grip. "Please, fuck, so much–"

"You can take more. You *will* take more." It was a promise, and Shane trembled beneath his husband and alpha, enduring the oversensitivity that would soon turn to bliss again. "You like this, yes?" Ilya bent down, breath ghosting over the shell of Shane's ear. "When it's too much. When you are sore and full of come and still, I fuck you."

He'd never let anyone but his alpha fuck him, but Shane craved being filled and taken, over and over again until his hole was sore and puffy and dripping. Ilya absolutely loved giving him that during the heats, when basic biology was set aside for a marathon-like performance. Even now, his words made Shane's cock twitch again, made him whimper breathlessly in answer.

Ilya chuckled and snapped his hips harder. "Yes you do. You love it. Such an eager slut for me, my omega." The words only twisted the pleasure in Shane's abdomen, wrung it tighter, and Ilya snuck a hand around his throat, holding his windpipe securely. "Want to be taken and bred and used until you're limp and too tired to scream. All mine, and all mindless."

The fingers tightened just a tad, not enough to restrict, but enough to sink in like a brand. Shane desperately wished for them to leave a permanent mark so he could carry them for all to see, but that would be too greedy. He *finally* had Ilya's mating bite, given as soon as they put out the statement Farah helped them with and stopped hiding. It and the ring on his finger would have to be enough.

"Ilya," Shane gasped out between mewls, trying to brace his weak arms on the bed as Ilya's thrusts drove him forwards.

He needed something, anything, and he wasn't sure how to ask for it. But like this, in heat, he never *needed* to ask. Ilya would not tease him, would not withhold, not when Shane was so vulnerable, so completely in his hands.

"Shush, Hollander." It was soft and loving, nothing like the brutal, merciless pace Ilya was setting. "Let me take care of you."

That was all Shane wanted, so he moaned in agreement.

In a truly stunning balancing act, Ilya kept his hand on Shane's throat and reached the other to Shane's cock without ever slowing down. The sudden grip made Shane hiss and arch his back, and Ilya corrected his angle to keep hitting the right spot, his thickening knot pulling against Shane's rim. It was all too much, all too wonderful, an overwhelming barrage of sensations and feelings.

"Relax for my knot, *malysh,"* Ilya crooned, and Shane did his very best to please his alpha, to allow him inside. "That's it, so good for me."

The stretch was painful and the feeling of opening so wide for Ilya was always a tad humiliating, but Shane had learned that he *liked* those things. That he liked challenging his body to take Ilya, to please Ilya.

And when it was inside, pressing in all the right places, Shane felt overwhelmingly full and good. He belonged here, in Ilya's arms, with Ilya inside him, the knot tethering them together.

Ilya barely needed to start jerking him off, he was so close, and the alpha let out a pleased murmur when Shane spilled all over the sheets with a shout, triggering Ilya's orgasm.

They floated in bliss for a while, Shane's head empty and quiet in a way it never was. Ilya always soothed his anxiety, and a good fucking usually almost erased all nervous thoughts, but nothing came close to this total wipe-out of his mind.

Slowly, gently, Ilya tipped them to the side, curling around Shane. The shifting of their bodies tugged at where they were still joined, and Ilya was quick to soothe Shane's whimper by tilting his head back and kissing the sound from his lips.

"So gorgeous," Ilya breathed, fingers stroking Shane's neck and up to trace his cheekbones. Those familiar hazel eyes were soft and loving, even though desire still lurked in their depths. "Perfect. My omega."

"Yours," Shane promised again, his voice thin and hoarse. "Never leave me, Ilya."

"I won't," Ilya vowed, wrapping himself tighter around Shane's body. "No more hiding, no more distance. Not ever again."

Those years had taken their toll. The secrecy, the distance. The way they'd had to refrain from scent marking and other things that would have kept Shane feeling calm and Ilya feeling like he was fulfilling his role as a protector. Instead, they'd both been miserable in their own way.

The fights, the fear, the tiptoeing. The heats Shane had spent in pain, trying to sate himself with Ilya helpless on the other end of the phone as Shane cried out for him, begged him to come even if he was half a country away. It was all over now.

There would never be another heat without Ilya again.

It was a comforting thought. Ilya was dropping kisses on the curve of Shane's neck, murmuring sweet and filthy things in Russian, his cock and come filling Shane deliciously. Relaxing fully into Ilya's grip, Shane closed his eyes and just enjoyed the calm, waiting for the next wave of desire to take them.

It would, and Ilya would fuck him into the mattress again until he screamed.

Eventually, there would be no new waves. Eventually, they'd venture out of the bedroom to eat, to play hockey on the same team, and to spend their lives together openly.

Shane smiled droopily, and clasped Ilya's hand – the one now sporting a resized ring – to his heart.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

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