wolf like me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/79631766.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Omega Shane Hollander, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Developing Relationship, Fluff and Smut, Fuck Or Die, Scenting, Knotting, Unsafe Sex, Multiple Orgasms, Sexual Overstimulation, Spanking, Dacryphilia, Body Worship, Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink, Dom/sub, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Sub Shane Hollander, Aftercare, Unreasonable Use of Italics, Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of undisclosed desires
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-16 Words: 6,217 Chapters: 1/1

wolf like me

by seeking_amy

Summary

The idea of going into his first heat at the great age of twenty years-old has never been something Shane Hollander has grappled with.

Mostly because, up until the great age of twenty years-old, Shane was completely happy with his identity as a beta.

Or;

Shane's omega presentation is triggered by the one and only Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

I'm coming out as an A/B/O truther with this fic and I am not ashamed of it one bit. hopefully this is a sufficient apology for all the angst lately 💙

fic title inspired by the song *Wolf Like Me* by TV On The Radio

See the end of the work for more notes

The idea of going into his first heat at the great age of twenty years-old has never been something Shane Hollander has grappled with.

Mostly because, up until the great age of twenty years-old, Shane was completely happy with his identity as a beta.

He's never presented the signs of a second gender, omega or Alpha. The signs he and his parents would have looked out for before he even hit puberty, that should have been obvious much, much earlier in his life. Signs that he's pretty certain shouldn't come to full presentation on a random Tuesday afternoon, after he's just finished a winning game against Boston and is trying to work off the energy built up throughout the day in the hotel gym.

He thinks of Rozanov's face when he scored the final goal as his legs pump against the pedals of the stationary bike. Thinks of the way Rozanov had watched him after the handshake line, as he'd slid towards the edge of the rink, as he'd walked triumphantly with his teammates to the locker room. His eyes are always on Shane. Piercing through him. Examining his every move. Sometimes it makes Shane annoyed and vulnerable; sometimes it nearly makes Shane tremble.

He doesn't know how or why he got into this mess. Fucking your arch rival isn't something most people would risk their careers for—definitely not most hockey players. Yet here Shane is: fucking Ilya Rozanov, for almost two years now. He tries to tell himself that because it's only a few times every six months, this makes up for the fucking insanity of it, but, obviously, that's not a very good give-and-take to make up for the fact that he's *fucking his arch rival.*

Worst of all though, it's the fact that he can't stop thinking about said arch rival. The thinking is the worst part.

Shane keeps pushing against the machine resistance with all his might, trying to push the thoughts of Rozanov out of his head with every pump of the pedals, but to no success.

The odd feeling starts small. Explainable.

Suddenly he notices that he's hot. A little hotter than he typically would be after only exercising for an hour, maybe, but nothing that would ever raise alarms. He's been hot before. He's been around the guys most of the day. Maybe he caught something? A little bit of a fever is a much more rational explanation to fall onto when as far as he's aware he's physically incapable of going into heat.

But then, as he slows his pace on the stationary bike to help his now aching muscles, as he thinks more of Rozanov and his stupid accent and his stupid eyes that are always locked onto him and his perfect hands, he gets hotter. A lot hotter.

His face is wet. Not the normal gym sweat that covers his skin in a thin sheen or even the normal fever sweat that makes him feel grimy, but *wet*. When he looks down, his shirt looks like it's been run under a faucet. His body is trembling.

He gets off the bike. His knees come so close to buckling that Shane has to hold onto the handle to keep himself from plummeting to the floor. He's trying to catch his breath. When did he get so out of breath?

Shane slowly makes his way back to his hotel room. Half of the walk to the elevator his hand is helping him along against the wall. He's half-hunched over himself, chest heaving, legs weak. He's hot. So, so fucking hot. He doesn't want to check his forehead, scared his fingers will singe. This doesn't feel like a fever. Came on too quickly, too strong. Fuck, Shane feels like he developed the flu in twenty minutes flat. The elevator ride makes him sick. He's got his hands tight around the bars, cold metal, trying to cool his body down and failing pathetically. He's sweating more. Under his armpits. Underneath his chin. Behind his ears. Between his thighs.

Is he…

There's wetness pooling between his legs.

He's suddenly aware that his hole feels *hot.* Somehow, hotter than the rest of him. He feels an ache growing in his body that he's never felt before in his life.

The halt of the elevator sends a heavier wave of motion sickness through him. Shane finds a groan suddenly pulled hard from his chest. He pinches his knees together.

The trek to his room is embarrassingly slow. He practically waddles to the door. The only thing he's grateful for in this moment is that he's in a single room and isn't sharing with anyone else on the team. Especially when he fumbles with the key card, nearly dropping it. He might die of humiliation if anyone was made aware of this.

As soon as the door shuts behind him, he's peeling off his gym clothes. Dropping them to floor like they weigh thirty pounds each. Strips off his boxers and socks too because he's so fucking hot that it hurts. His skin feels like it needs to be peeled off. He rubs on his now bare chest to try calming his heartbeat, on the side of his prickling neck to calm his pulse. It's thumping against his skin hard and heavy, every pump feeling like a shock through the rest of his body. *What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck.*

Shane almost feels like crying. His muscles are aching. Screaming. His hands are shaking. He realizes, only now that he's naked that his dick is painfully hard. His hole is clenching around itself, just as achy.

And then, suddenly, he's thinking about Rozanov again. Of all the times he could be thinking of Rozanov, it's now? Now, when he's hot all over and hurting and *aching* for something he has no words for.

He finds himself searching frantically for his phone. Grabbing at his gym shorts and shoving his hand into the pockets for it. When he gets it into his grasp, a thought pops into his mind that nearly has him falling onto the floor.

Alpha.

Shane has always known Rozanov is an Alpha. It's obvious. Anyone with a nose, omega or otherwise, would be able to tell Rozanov is an Alpha from a mile away. He smells so strongly of vanilla, mossy wood, and tobacco that it's hard not to understand immediately upon meeting him that he just is. Every note of Rozanov's musk is natural and subtle yet so clear, so alluring. Shane hates that he's always found himself drawn to it. Since the moment it hit him for the first time, nearly twenty feet away from the other man, the scent carried by the winter breeze into Shane's nose, it's been stuck in his mind.

And now, alone in his hotel room with this strange, unfamiliar ache growing in his body, he finds himself desperately wanting it to be littered over him. Covering him up so that every other scent is completely overpowered by Ilya's.

Ilya… Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya.*

Ilya all over him. Biting at his lips and neck. Ilya, huffing him in and grabbing at his hips and fucking his hole until it's sore.

Shane's fingers fumble as he pulls up *Lily's* contact and calls. His hand is still trembling as he pulls his phone up to his ear.

It connects after two rings. Those two rings feel painfully slow.

"Hollander?"

A whine drags out of Shane's mouth. It almost hurts. He doesn't know what to say, and another pitiful sound empties out of him.

"Hollander, what the—"

"Alpha…"

Shane has no idea why he says it. Why it comes so effortlessly from his lips. All he knows is that it sounds warm and gooey coming out of him and that he really wants to say it again.

"You—" Ilya's voice cuts itself off, Shane feels his stomach tighten with something.

"You need something?" Comes after a moment. Shane's thoughts tumble over each other in short bursts of: yes, please, Alpha, come, yes, please, please, please.

"Yes." It comes out sharp and quick. "Can—can you… please?"

Ilya's sharp intake of breath sends a warm wave through Shane that crashes through his nerves even stronger when he asks, *"What is your room number?"*

"1120," he says, though it sounds more like a whimper than anything else for some reason.

"I will knock."

It's then, and only then, that Shane notices the *smell.* It's heady around him, overpowering everything else; sweet, cinnamon-y and maybe almost like lilac flowers, freshly bloomed.

Like nothing Shane has ever smelt before.

That's not him, is it?

That's definitely not coming from between his legs, is it?

He's so locked onto the realization he doesn't realize right away Ilya has hung up on him. When he does, he feels the ache in his chest grow. He's anxious all of the sudden and doesn't have a clue why. Ilya said he was on his way. It'll take him maybe ten minutes to get there—if not less. Why is Shane anxious? And why is he asking himself so many questions?

Without Ilya's voice in his ear, Shane's brain is spiraling with an uncomfortable absence. He keeps trying to remind himself of the path Ilya is taking to his hotel room between the incessant drone of *Alpha* filling his thoughts.

It's only eight minutes and twenty-three seconds before he hears the knock on his door.

Shane makes a noise he'd really like to not call a whine. Maybe because Ilya is here and that provides his brain a little bit of calm, or maybe because Shane is lying spread out on the wet bedsheets and he thinks his body might hurt too much to get up. But Ilya's here, he tells himself. Ilya's here and he'll know just how to fuck Shane so that all of this goes away. That's what he needs. Just a hard, endless fuck to get his mind off of all of this. To put his brain into that floaty place Ilya seems to effortlessly guide him into where he can't think about anything else but Ilya's hands and his lips and his commands and his cock.

He drags himself out of bed. His vision nearly goes black with the motion.

Stumbles to the door. Holds onto the wall to keep himself up. The cool door handle feels amazing.

The second the door is open, Ilya is pushing his way inside. Shane is hit hard with the vanilla and tobacco of Ilya's musk, brain going mushy. It's never seemed this strong before.

"Hollander, you…"

But Ilya's voice dies out as he looks at Shane. His eyes glide over the likely mess of a man in front of him. Naked, shivering, sweaty, and probably flushed. Shane would be embarrassed if he cared about anything besides having Ilya inside him.

"You stink," is what he finally says, after several moments of just looking at him. "Fuck, Hollander, you smell—"

Shane's face is in Ilya's neck before he can even think to make this body move. Nuzzling against where he thinks Ilya's scent glands are, right where the warm, comforting smell is pulsing from. "Mm, Alpha."

There's hands on his shoulders. They don't pull him away, like Shane was worried for a second they would, just sit there and seem to hold him up against Ilya's body. Warm. So warm. Shane's own body heat seems to calm at this.

“You are not.” A hand moves to his neck. Rubs against the prickling spot Shane has been trying to take his mind off of. The motion makes Shane nearly preen.

“Fuck.” Not rough-sounding, but soft and gentle. It rumbles in Ilya’s chest. He keeps pressing against the spot, and the ache subsides a little.

“Alpha,” again. Shane has no fucking clue what’s wrong with him. The last time he said that word this much had to have been in biology class when he was in high school.

“Okay,” as the hand moves up from his neck to the back of his head, where Ilya’s fingers card through his matted hair. “Okay, okay. Hollander?”

Shane forces himself to look up from Ilya’s neck, humming. The Alpha is already staring at him, eyes fiery, and the heat between Shane’s legs pulses.

“Hollander, you are, eh,” Ilya’s voice falls flat for a moment, probably thinking, “I think you say *presenting?*”

Presenting? Shane can’t wrap his mind around the word. Truthfully, Shane can’t wrap his mind around much right now besides Ilya. But this word in particular is very hard.

“Wha—”

“Omega.”

The word sounds hot and heady from Ilya. His voice wraps around the word so prettily that Shane barely notices the actual word.

Omega.

“No, that’s not,” he tries, clarity slowly coming to him. “That’s not. I’m not.”

“Oh, so this is normal for you, beta?”

Shane’s face squeezes tight. His eyes are prickling again. The spot on his neck, void of attention, screams at him. “Maybe ‘m sick or something.”

“You are heated.” Nonnegotiable, the way Ilya says it. A fact. Shane still tries to fight it.

“M’not—“

“You are.”

“But I can’t—“

“You *are.*”

Shane whines again, dropping his face back into Ilya’s neck. Maybe the scent will help this all disappear.

“Hollander,” trying to get his attention, Shane knows, but he doesn’t want to give it to anything but Ilya’s gland. He rubs his nose into the small spot, huffing in the sweet smell. It’s so strong. Ilya smells so fucking good.

And Ilya is letting him, so it must be alright. Letting Shane nuzzle into his neck and soak him in. Somewhere deep in his mind, Shane thinks that the smell coming off his own body mixes well with it.

“Hollander, you need to calm. Smell is… very strong. Is hard to ignore.”

This makes Shane aware of Ilya’s dick. It’s hard against his stomach, pressing onto Ilya’s pants. His hand absently moves to press against it, and he revels in the sharp sound from Ilya when he does.

“Alpha.” Sounds so nice, Shane just can’t stop saying it.

The hand is back on his neck. Soothing against his hot skin. Shane’s knees want to buckle.

“Hollander.” Why is Ilya still trying to get his attention? Shane is pretty sure he’s making it obvious he doesn’t want to talk.

“Hollander, this is not good,” he then says.

This makes the smell around him sour. Another thing Shane has never smelt before; flowers wilting, burnt sugar. He doesn’t like it. Ilya doesn’t seem to like it either, stiffening against him.

“No,” he quickly says. “No, not you. You are good.”

The hand calming against his neck slows into circles. Shane finds himself wanting to nip at Ilya’s.

“This is a, uhm…”

“Conundrum?” Shane offers with a stupid smile. He’ll always like providing words when Ilya can’t find the right one.

“Yes, sure. Conundrum.” The word is awkward from Ilya’s mouth. “We need to do something.”

Shane perks. *Yes,* he thinks triumphantly. Yes, that’s what we should do.

He grinds forward on Ilya’s own hard dick. He’s very aware of his own nakedness as it relates to Ilya’s not-nakedness. The first something they need to do is fix that.

“No, Hollander, not this.” His hands wrap around Shane’s hips, stilling them. Shane feels like a child being scolded when he makes a high-pitched noise against Ilya’s skin. “You need to call mother. Or doctor.”

“No. No, no, no, need you. Need you.”

“You do not need me, Hollander.”

Sour again. Shane’s nose wrinkles.

“This is not normal,” Ilya continues, ignoring the bittering smell. Shane wonders how he’s able to do this. “Something I cannot fix.”

“N’you can.” Even more like a whiny child. Asking for a new toy at the store and pouting when their parent says no.

Ilya huffs. His hands squeeze around Shane’s hips. His dick twitches against Shane’s stomach.

“Okay,” sharp and firm. “Okay, you wait on bed. I will be back.”

“No—“

“For moment, Hollander. Just wait. Be good, hm?”

Placates Shane for a moment. He likes when Ilya asks him to be good. That’s something Shane likes to be for Ilya.

“Okay?”

“M’kay.”

“Good,” with a pet to Shane’s hip. “Good, you are good boy.”

Shane’s heat pools. His body goes placid and loopy. Ilya’s hands are the only thing keeping him up, he thinks.

He’s slowly guided to the bed, sat down on the edge. He’s only sitting up for a total of maybe three seconds before he falls back onto the mattress and presses his face into the sweaty sheets. He thinks he hears Ilya shuffling around the room, but he’s more focused on the heavy, sweet smell of him now filling the room. There’s a distant urge in Shane’s hand to reach for his dick.

There’s some odd number of time where Ilya is somewhere else in the room. Shane’s brain tries to figure out exactly where from the sounds; his eyes aren’t much help, being closed. The heat in his body is just barely subsided by Ilya’s scent. The aching in his hole, conversely, is growing stronger.

And then, the musk is right on top of him. Filling his senses intensely. Shane’s eyes peek open as the bed dips beside him, as Ilya comes to hover over him.

“This is possible,” he says softly, a hand coming to rub again on Shane’s neck. “Not common, but possible.”

Shane doesn’t care about what Ilya is saying. He only cares that Ilya is still in all of his clothes and he is not happy about it.

“You will need to go to doctor,” Ilya continues, much to Shane’s dismay. “Check hormones, see what triggered.”

“Please, stop talking.”

“And you will need to tell mother.”

Shane groans. Rolls his head against the sheets.

“Body will be off for some days. Might need to tell coaches before practice.”

“Ilya…”

This, as Shane had suspected, gets the other man to pause. He’s never used Ilya’s first name before. Definitely hasn’t used it so desperately.

It should scare him, probably. The use of their first names has been wordlessly labeled as off-limits, and Shane has always been strict with himself to keep it that way. It’s too much. Them fucking, in itself, is already too much. Keeping things between them as *Hollander* and *Rozanov* is the only way Shane can just barely keep some sort of normalcy.

But in this moment, the filter is nonexistent. Shane doesn’t care one bit right now about their off-limits policy. Especially because Ilya’s eyes go soft when he says it and his lips twitch and the scent of smokey, mossy wood goes even sweeter around Shane, throwing any lingering bits of hesitation right out the window.

“Such an omega,” Ilya then coos. His finger presses hard into Shane’s neck. “So very needy.”

“Yes, need you.” Doesn’t think to care about the weight of the other man’s comment. “Need you, Alpha.”

Ilya smiles, leaning down to brush his nose along the lines of Shane’s neck. “Only because you ask so prettily.”

A burst of sweetness into the air. Fresh spring blossoms. Shane keens and reaches for Ilya, who lets him drag his body onto his own.

“Smell so pretty, too,” as he licks at Shane’s neck. “Smell like you need my help.”

Grasping at Ilya’s curls, tugging on them hard, like it might mold their bodies together permanently. Shane really likes that idea.

“Mm, you want my cock?” A brush, just barely a brush, of Ilya’s fangs along the hollow of Shane’s throat. “Want me to knot in your pretty, wet hole?”

“Fuck, yes.” Shane pulls again on Ilya’s hair, making the Alpha groan into his neck. The vibration goes straight down to the space between his legs.

“Need it so badly, yes?” His hands are roaming all over him. Thumbs pressing hard against his stiff nipples. Fingers ghosting along the lines of his abdomen, down until their brushing

right above Shane's leaking dick. His hips buck up into it, searching for the friction Ilya isn't giving him. "Need to be knotted and fucked into. Need to feel my come mixing up inside you."

Why is he still *talking?* Fuck, Shane is right there wiggling underneath Ilya and he won't stop fucking talking.

"You want to feel it?" Ilya pulls away, looking down at Shane, whose eyes are glossy and blurred. He still manages to notice the look of welling desire in Ilya's own.

"Yes," Shane gasps, clawing. "Yes, Alpha. Yes, please. Ilya, please."

He wonders if Ilya thinks he sounds pathetic, but doesn't, really, because Ilya's scent is building stronger by the second and his hands are roaming with growing neediness that Shane feels in his own grip on Ilya's hair.

"Fuck, Hollander." Finally, finally touching Shane's hard dick, just barely but still enough to have his body going tight and his chest to punch out a soft noise. His fingers tap the wet tip, slide along his slit and down along the length to the base. Wrap around it tightly, making Shane almost cry out.

"You are beautiful." A kiss to Shane's hot cheek. Another to the tip of his nose. "So perfect and beautiful."

His mind is racing with pleas. "Ilya, please."

"Do not think," Ilya commands, gentle and firm. "No thinking now, only feel."

And, well, Shane can't argue with that. His thoughts hurt, and the idea of not having to form any more of them makes him relax a bit against the bed with a sigh.

"Good boy. Very good boy." Drawn out like syrup, dripping into the crease beneath Shane's ear. "You are so good for me."

Humming, Shane tries to lick at Ilya's lips. His tongue searches for the line between them, but Ilya pulls back just far enough to make it futile. He whines then, and judging on his musk, Ilya likes the sound.

Shane does it again.

Ilya growls.

"You make it so hard," he whispers, swiping against a thick vein in Shane's dick. "Hard to control."

Shane has no idea why Ilya is trying to have control. He really, really doesn't want him to. Wants Ilya to shove hard into Shane's wet hole and fuck him within an inch of his life until his muscles are useless and he's dripping with Ilya's come.

"Don't," he tries to voice. "Want you."

“Yes, very hard.”

Ilya’s hand drifts. The grip around the base of Shane’s dick is replaced by a tapping against his hole. He clenches around nothing, shoving his hips down against Ilya’s touch. *More, more. Please, want more.*

“Hard to control when your body is begging,” he hisses. Teeth scrap against Shane’s jaw. “So wet. So open. Just begging me to fuck.”

He’s suddenly aware of tears streaking down his cheeks. When did he let them spill over?

“You want so much, hm? Crying like sad, little omega because you want so badly.”

Shane would be annoyed if he wasn’t hurting so bad. If his hole wasn’t nearly weeping against Ilya’s fingers. All he can do is whimper in his throat and hope that Ilya shows him mercy. Hates that he’s glad for it.

“Yes, beautiful, will give you what you need.” Another kiss, this one to the cupid’s bow of Shane’s lip. “Make you happy.”

Shane takes this opportunity to lap at Ilya’s mouth, relishing in the taste of his spit, sweet and spicy on his tongue. Moans as it mixes with his own, dripping down over his chin.

Ilya’s fingers start pressing into him. They search around his heat, rubbing along his soft insides until they find the right spot to have Shane’s toes curling and his chest heaving. For some moments—far too many—he just massages his fingers into it. Turns Shane into a blubbering, teary mess grasping at Ilya’s neck and hair like an animal.

“So messy,” he coos, scissoring his fingers, stretching. “Soaking bedsheets, dripping over my fingers.”

He makes a quick show of shoving into the spot, drawing out a sharp cry from Shane’s throat. He’s practically sobbing now. His body is screaming at him. He’s so hot he feels like he might melt.

“Hole is begging, isn’t it? Wanting my knot so badly.”

Nothing has ever been truer. Shane is certain of it. In all the times they’ve fucked, Shane has never, never wanted Ilya’s knot this much. Never felt like he might die if he doesn’t get it.

Then, Ilya’s fingers are disappearing. Shane would have whined if not for Ilya instantly having him pressed into the bed on his stomach, hands around his hips, lifting his ass into the air and putting him on display. Shane, on instinct, arches his back in a bow.

Ilya hums at the sight, running a soft hand over the curve of Shane’s ass, thumb gliding along the crease between his cheeks. Shane keeps arching, pressing back, wiggling. Ilya is going too *slow.* Shane feels like he’s dying and Ilya is just taking his time with him.

“Beautiful.” Swipes between his cheeks and against his hole. Taps against the fluttering rim. “My beautiful boy.”

“Fuck, Ilya…”

“Need you to be patient,” he says, leaning down to kiss between Shane’s shoulders. “Be good boy for me.”

“No—”

“Yes, малыш.” Firmly, with a tap against his flank, teasing. “You will be good boy for me.”

Again, Shane protests. Hips jump away from Ilya’s hand despite how desperate he is to feel the touch, whine pushes from his lips. “No, need you now.”

Then, it’s there. A hard, firm clap against his flank. Shane curses, tears fall from his eyes.

“No.” Ilya bites gently into his shoulder blade. “No whining. You will listen.”

“Ilya—”

Another hit, this one centered on his right cheek. Shane shudders with the wave it sends to his dick.

“Listen.”

Fuck, Shane is dripping over himself. There’s a sticky mess building between his legs. His dick is aching and twitching and begging. Shane wants to reach for it, but he knows Ilya wouldn’t appreciate the effort.

“Be a good boy,” against his back, trailing down as Ilya’s lips lower themselves along his spine. “Be good, and I will give you what you need.”

Shane whines. Ilya’s musk flares, mixing nicely with Shane’s own sweetness floating in the air. His tongue starts tapping against his skin, into the small dimples in his lower back, then slides between his ass and then—

Fuck.

Ilya’s tongue pierces past his rim and into his hole, and *fuck.* Fuck, he’s lapping at Shane’s slick (because, well, Shane has now finally come to terms with that being what it is pooling between his legs) and sucking on his hole and swallowing up the taste of him. Moaning against Shane’s rim, sending the vibrations through his whole body.

“Hollander,” he groans, nipping his teeth into Shane’s skin. “Fuck, Hollander, so sweet. So good. Taste so good.”

Shane can’t say a thing. Can only chirp noises into the sheets and tremble under Ilya’s tongue.

“Taste like *mine.*”

With no warning, Shane's body goes tight and then he's spilling come into the sheets with a whine. It hurts. Doesn't even feel like an orgasm and yet also feels like it's the first orgasm Shane has ever had in his life.

And Ilya doesn't stop for it. Keeps fucking going. He's spreading out Shane's cheeks. Opening him up. Giving himself more room to suckle and lave at his weeping heat. There's a growing mixture of smells and sweetness; Ilya's spit and Shane's slick blending together into a scent that's making Shane lightheaded. He's crying. Really, truly crying. Sobbing into the sheets clumped up underneath him as Ilya eats out his hole like he's been starving for days.

"Never imagined you'd taste so good."

Does that mean Ilya has imagined this at all? The question somehow makes Shane want to roll over and display his belly and wait for Ilya to take him over. *Like a good omega.*

Ilya's fingers are back inside him beside his tongue. Pressing again into his bundle of nerves and making Shane's thighs weaken. He doesn't know how he's even holding himself up.

But then, after way, way too much effort put into undoing Shane beneath him, Ilya pulls back. His hands stay on his ass, keeping him spread. Shane is nearly about to ignore Ilya's command and start begging again, and then the sound of a zipper is easing the need.

"Now, you get what you need," Ilya whispers against his ribs. His knees shift on the bed behind Shane and then he's there. His cock—hard, dripping, so big and perfect—pressing against Shane's rim slowly. Testing the give.

"You will get my knot, yes?" Pushing into him at an aching pace, barely slipping past the ring of muscle. "You will get filled up with come and then fucked again."

"Yes," Shane mumbles through the sheets, turning his head. His tears have soaked the bedding underneath his face. When he looks up at Ilya, there's a strange, deep longing in the Alpha's gaze.

"Again."

"Yes, Alpha. Please."

"Please, what?" A stroke to Shane's neck. The scent of lilacs strengthens.

"Please," Shane whimpers, "fill me up with your knot. Come in me, Ilya. Please. Fill me up with your come."

The sensation of Ilya's thick cock stretching him out makes Shane think he might be reaching some form of divine crescendo.

"Yes, Hollander, so good." Slides perfectly to the hilt, stuffing Shane until he feels like it's reaching his heart. "So good at asking for what you want."

Starts moving in slow, measured thrusts. In and out, digging out the space for himself in Shane's heat. Shane is clenching, fluttering, dripping past the fill of Ilya's cock. His thighs

are a mess of slick. His face, just as messy with tears. Ilya leans down over his back and starts kissing them away.

The thrusts quicken. Ilya's grip on Shane's hip goes so tight he's sure that there'll be small, ovular bruises on them in the morning. But that thought, in itself, makes Shane buck back into Ilya's hips and swallow up more of his length. Moan into the sheets. Ilya's musk is overpowering his senses, turning and twisting with his own in a sweet concoction of hot desire.

"You are so beautiful," with one particularly firm jut of his hips. Shane tries to grind his dick into the sheets to no avail.

"Such a beautiful body," as Ilya seems to sense Shane's desperation, reaching around him to gently stroke his dick. "My beautiful body."

"Yes, Ilya. M'yours."

"I know so," Ilya says. Shane can feel the smile against his cheek. "Know only I can make you turn into mess like this."

He jerks at Shane's dick. Shane, somehow, thinks he might come again with no warning.

But he doesn't. The feeling keeps building in his stomach and his dick as Ilya keeps fucking into him. He wants to come. His body want to come. But Ilya's hand is wrapped firmly around the base of his cock and it's keeping him *right there* and placid for Ilya to use and play with. Shane wishes he didn't fucking love it.

Definitely wishes his heart didn't soar at the feeling of Ilya's growing knot catching on his rim as the thrusts continue, ever-quickening. His brain is mushy with the thoughts of: Alpha. Knot. Knot in me, Alpha. Fill my hole up with your knot.

"Is soon," Ilya mumbles into his cheek like he can read Shane's thoughts. Maybe he can. "Will get it soon, малыш, be patient."

But being patient is not something on Shane's mind right now. Not at all. He wants to feel Ilya's hot come shooting deep into his body and sticking there as his knot fills out and locks it there to settle and mix with Shane's slick.

"You are good boy," he keeps rambling, kissing, licking at Shane's tears. "My good boy, take my cock so nicely. So good. Perfect body to take me."

"Yes, fuck. Yes, yes, Alpha. Perfect for you."

"Yes," Ilya confirms with a hard thrust. Shane's fuzzy brain soaks in the praise. He loves when Ilya praises him like this. When it seems like Ilya has nothing but good to say about Shane, his body, and his obedience.

Shane has never understood why he wants to be so obedient for Ilya, but in moments like these he doesn't think it matters. Ilya makes him want to obey. Makes him want to be ordered

into any position and into saying anything Ilya wants him to. He'd happily let Ilya tell him what clothes to wear, if Ilya so wanted to.

"Fuck, Ilya, m'gonna—"

"Yes, come for me." Ilya's hand squeezes and strokes a line over Shane's dick. "Come on my cock."

And he does. Spills more of a mess into the sheets and Ilya's hand. He cries out with it. His dick is sore, his hole is sore, yet all he can think about is wanting more. He needs more. Might die without it.

Ilya doesn't pause for even a second. If anything, his movements become more crazed. Animalistic. He's pumping into Shane's aching hole, chasing his own orgasm with the heat around him. His teeth are grazing over the back of Shane's neck now, and Shane nearly wants to ask him to bite down and make him bleed.

"Mm, Hollander, so tight. So wet." Licking now, teeth retracted. Shane is almost disappointed.

Then, it settles. Finally, fucking *finally* Ilya's knot is filled out enough to refuse to leave Shane's hole. It's tight, hot, nearly unbearable. It's also the greatest sensation Shane has ever felt.

Ilya keeps pressing, rutting deeper despite there being little give. He's twitching inside of Shane, panting against his neck. Shane tries to reach behind him to pull on Ilya's messy curls.

For a few moments, Shane doesn't think it'll happen. That time will stop right before he gets the satisfaction of Ilya's come filling him to the brim.

And then he feels the spill. The shooting of Ilya's come pressing deep into him, warm and sticky. Musky wood and tobacco surges in Shane's nose, soaking into his skin as Ilya's orgasm fills him up with the evidence that *he* did this. He made Ilya come. He made Ilya's knot fill.

"My Alpha," he finds himself whimpering into the mattress. "Alpha, all mine. Mine, mine. My knot."

If Ilya is taken aback by this, he doesn't show it. His scent definitely doesn't protest to Shane's claim, softening into an even sweeter aroma that goes straight to Shane's trembling legs.

He's still buried in Shane as he carefully flips them onto their sides. Shane nuzzles into the sheets, now smelling of their mixed musks. Ilya is petting his hair, kissing gently at his neck, running his other hand up and down his side, and Shane feels like melting.

The knot doesn't empty for a long time. Longer than any other time they've fucked. Shane doesn't mind. He thinks his body would very heavily protest if Ilya tried to leave yet.

"Such a good boy," Ilya then says into his neck with a tender kiss. "Did so well."

“Mm,” Shane leans back into the touch. His body still feels hot, but it’s a calm, cozy kind of heat that makes him feel safe.

“Will stay with you for some time, yes? Let body adjust.”

“M’kay. Sounds good.”

There’s a soft laugh behind him, then Ilya’s hand is pulling his hair from his forehead, slicking it back with the rest of his messy tangles. “Do not know how I did not notice.”

Shane thinks he should say something to this. Probably. But the thoughts circling through his head are still mostly variations of: Ilya, Alpha, and full. That makes it hard to speak.

“Will take care of you for now.” Ilya kisses him again, closer to the spot in his neck that’s now warm and soothed. “Should not go through heat like this alone.”

Shane likes that idea very much. Even if he’s still just barely understanding that he is, in fact, going through his first heat as a twenty-year-old and has no idea how he’s supposed to deal with this newfound change in his body, the idea of having Ilya here to help him through it makes it much easier to come to terms with.

Only when Ilya’s knot has fully emptied does he pull out. Shane whines at the absence, and Ilya tries to calm the sudden loss with a hand on Shane’s cheek stroking away his lingering tears. He’s quick at getting a towel from the bathroom and some water from the kitchen. Comes back to Shane nearly instantly to hold his neck up as he helps him take the water down. It cools his hot throat.

In the back of his mind, Shane is aware that he’d really, really like to have Ilya inside him again. Hell, he thinks he’d like to have Ilya full and hot inside him for hours, days, weeks.

Ilya, seeming to understand this, has Shane spread out in his dick just thirty minutes later, sated and come-drunk with several of his and Ilya’s orgasms pumping through his nerves.

Maybe—just maybe—the idea of this happening again isn’t so bad.

End Notes

I hope y’all enjoyed this very self-indulgent smut and have a wonderful day/night!!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!