

and i want to change, i want to change with you

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by [smutdotbegone](#)

Summary

When he first stumbled upon the concept of bitching, Shane thought it was purely a porn thing. A fantasy. Surely there couldn't actually be a way to change him from an alpha to an omega, right?

“It’s definitely not a common practice, but it can be done,” his therapist, Leanna, said during their next appointment. “I’ve seen it used as a means of gender affirming care before– it can be life changing in more ways than the literal sense for a lot of people.”

Once the thought had entered his head, there was no way to stop it from racing around there.

Notes

Howdy howdy!

Okay this is the last omegaverse idea i've had for the time being so the likelihood of my next fic being omegaverse is low. but never 0. I had a lot of fun writing this one- i *love* a consensual bitching fic. I just think they're neat! This one accidentally got my gender spiral all over it so it's. More transcoded than I meant for it to be but that's half the fun isn't it? Sometimes you gotta omegaverse your way through your gender thoughts. Anyway shout out to Leanna, my first ever therapist, who did so much gender talk with me that I have named Shane's therapist after her. Wherever you are, Leanna, I hope you're doing well.

Dedicated to HyperFocusedCloneShipper because come on it's a fic i'm writing for a fandom we share AND it's consensual bitching? I simply had to dedicate it to them.

Title from *Change* by The Altogether

Being an alpha— at least in Shane’s opinion— wasn’t as great as people always made it seem. Sure, there were the sexist ways that society favored alphas— especially male alphas— that benefited Shane, but he hated that the world was built so unfairly to begin with so it wasn’t really a huge plus. Really, in Shane’s mind, being an alpha meant being expected to be things he wasn’t: aggressive, assertive, *dominant*. Shane could hold his own on the ice and could lead a team to victory, but he definitely wasn’t *dominant* about it; he pushed and encouraged and tried to set a good example, that was all. ‘Dominant’ and ‘Shane Hollander’ were very rarely said in the same sentence, and when they were the word ‘isn’t’ was typically between them. When Shane thought about dominance— about that true alpha assertiveness— he thought of people like Scott Hunter, Troy Barrett, and Ryan Price. He thought of people like Dallas Kent (the bastard), Eric Bennett, and Hayden.

He thought of Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya was the textbook definition of alpha— though Shane knew this wasn’t of his own choice. His father had always pushed the alpha stereotypes and Ilya would do anything not to rock the boat that was his relationship with his father. The real Ilya— *Shane’s* Ilya— had a softer edge than the alpha he presented himself as. He was caring and comforting, but still so in control of everything when it came to the two of them. It felt only natural for Shane to follow Ilya’s lead, to defer to the other alpha as if he were the *only* alpha in their relationship.

Shane sometimes wondered what it would like if Ilya *were* the only alpha in their relationship. It didn’t seem like it would change much— Ilya was always the more dominant of the two and Shane *loved* to follow his directions. And sure, Shane could be a little bratty at times— he could admit that, at least in the comfort of his own mind— but at the end of the day, Shane would do anything Ilya asked of him. Shane *wanted* Ilya to be in control, wanted to give himself over to Ilya in mind, body, and soul, but that wasn’t how it was supposed to be with two alphas. It wasn’t physically *possible* with two alphas. Which is why Shane was constantly wondering what it would be like if they *weren’t* two alphas— what it would be like if Shane was a beta like he often got confused for. What it would be like if Shane was an omega like he always secretly wanted.

There was always a rush of something akin to guilt whenever Shane thought about how much he wanted to be an omega. He knew there were omegas out there that would kill to be in his position— male, alpha, hockey player— but Shane would give anything to be an omega. Even when he was younger, Shane often thought about what it would be like to experience a heat— to be so out of control, only to have an alpha that brought him back down to earth. Things were so much easier when they were laid out as instructions for him, and a good alpha would give him that. Ilya actively gave him that. And while Ilya never seemed to mind that Shane was an alpha— Ilya had dated people of all designations, Shane knew this— Shane couldn’t help but wish he wasn’t one anyway.

When he first stumbled upon the concept of bitching, Shane thought it was purely a porn thing. A fantasy. Surely there couldn’t actually be a way to change him from an alpha to an omega, right?

“It’s definitely not a common practice, but it can be done,” his therapist, Leanna, said during their next appointment. “I’ve seen it used as a means of gender affirming care before– it can be life changing in more ways than the literal sense for a lot of people.”

Once the thought had entered his head, there was no way to stop it from racing around there. He didn’t have to be an alpha, he could be an omega, could be *Ilya’s* omega, Ilya could *make him* an omega. Shane mentioned the idea– as casually as he could– to Terry one day, wanting to see if the team doctor had any additional information. Terry had simply shrugged, saying that he had only known one person who went through the process, but they seemed much happier for it. Shane also mentioned it to Coach Wiebe, who was just as encouraging as he had been with everything related to the Centaurs and their personal well-being on and off the ice.

The only person left to talk to about it was Ilya.

Shane knew there was no real reason to be nervous to talk to his husband about this. Ilya had always been supportive in everything Shane did, and Shane had no reason to believe anything would be different with this. But he still found himself scared of bringing it up to Ilya; they had finally settled into their life together, why should he rock the boat? *Because you’ll never truly live until you do*, he thought to himself, trying to psych himself up. *You want this. You’re allowed to ask for it.*

“Is everything alright, Shane?” Ilya asked as he entered the kitchen to find Shane staring intently at the counter top, white knuckle grip on the edge. “You have been... Stressed lately. Quiet. Is everything okay?”

“Everything’s fine!” Shane winced at the too-high, guilty sound of his own voice. He could see Ilya’s eyes narrowing, clearly trying to solve the puzzle that was his husband in this moment, so Shane put them both out of their misery. “I, um. Can we talk about something?”

Ilya’s expression softened, a small bit of nervousness creeping in as he gestured to the table for them to sit. They sat beside each other like they always did, chairs turned so they were half facing each other, knees brushing and hands within easy reach. Shane didn’t even have to ask for Ilya to take his hand, he just did, tapping their feet together like they used to during press conferences. “Are you okay, *moya lyubov*? Please. No lies this time.”

“I’m... I’m not *not* okay.”

“That is double negative, yes? Thing that does not actually make sense?” While Ilya had gotten very good at English over his time living in the United States and in Canada, he still got annoyed with the finer details of the language; Shane could hardly blame him, it was a stupid language, after all. “Can you try explaining?”

“I... I’m happy with how we are, Ilya. I want you to know that and to know that you can say no and things will still be okay, okay?”

“Shane, you are scaring me.”

Shane could feel frustration rising in his chest— not at Ilya, but at himself. Why was this so hard? He knew Ilya wouldn't judge him, he *knew* that even if Ilya didn't agree with the idea that they would still be okay. They had gotten so much better at talking about things since they got outed— so why was this still so hard?

A hand came up to rest against Shane's face, Ilya's thumb stroking his cheek gently. "Talk to me *dorogoy*. Tell me what is going on in that head of yours."

"I want you to bitch me."

The room was silent for a moment, Ilya's hand falling away from Shane's face and Shane screwing his eyes closed so he wouldn't have to see the disgust that was sure to be painting his husband's face. Regret bubbled up in his chest, tears welling up behind still-closed eyes, and all Shane wanted to do was run and hide from the life he surely just blew up for himself.

"Hey, hey, sweetheart, look at me," Ilya's voice broke through the spiraling self-loathing that had taken over Shane's mind, his hand coming back to Shane's face as Shane finally opened his eyes again. "Is okay, you are okay, I have you."

A sob broke free from Shane's chest, his husband's face growing blurry as tears started their free fall down his cheeks. Ilya simply pulled him into a tight hug, whispering soft reassurances in English and in Russian— letting Shane know he was strong and loved and that they were going to be okay. The gentle, soothing scent of his alpha was radiating off of Ilya; if Shane were a normal alpha, this would send his instincts into an aggressive overdrive, but it worked on him as well as if he were already an omega. Eventually his tears ran dry and Ilya's soft reassurances turned to questions. "You know I am not unhappy with how our relationship is, yes? I do not need you to be an omega, Shane. I'm perfectly happy with you being an alpha."

"But *I'm* not," Shane admitted. He had danced around his own discomfort with being an alpha when talking to his therapist and to Terry and to Wiebe, but he couldn't lie to Ilya. Not about this. "I've never... Being an alpha never really meant anything to me other than discomfort. I hate the expectations that come with it— that I'll be aggressive and dominant and able to take care of everything. I hate having ruts and I hate how they make me feel the need to have something around my knot— I hate having a knot to begin with!" Shane could tell he was getting worked up, getting louder and more frantic as he spoke; Ilya looked confused, but not upset. He grabbed Shane's hand again, squeezing it and encouraging Shane to continue. "Me and my dad always thought I'd be a beta. I never had the alpha disposition, even after presenting. Throughout my entire childhood, I told myself that I was hoping I'd be a beta, but that was never true. I wanted to be an omega— I still do. And when I found out that bitching was *real*— not just a porn fantasy— I... It felt like an answer to everything I wanted. I want to be an omega— to be *your* omega." He paused, suddenly feeling unsure again. "If that's something you want too. If you'd rather be with an alpha—"

Ilya let out a small, broken sound at that. For the first time since Shane started his explanation, he looked at his husband's face rather than his hands— Ilya was crying. Not as hard as Shane had been, but there were still silent tears streaming down his face. "How can you say that?"

Shane felt his heart falling. “I– I know it’s not exactly *normal*–”

“Not that!” Ilya all but shouted, eyes growing wide with something akin to concern. “This is not about– I’m not–” He sighed, clearly frustrated, but Shane was starting to understand that those frustrations didn’t lie with *Shane* as much as they did with *Ilya*. Ilya took a deep breath, roughly wiping his face before taking Shane’s hand again. “I do not understand how you can tell me how much you have been hurting for all of your life and then tell me you are okay remaining in pain if I asked you to. You bare your heart to me, and yet you would try to hide it all away if I said so? That is not what I want for you, *moya lyubov*. You should not have to live in discomfort, especially not for me. If I become the kind of man who would do such a thing to you, you must leave me. You must leave me and never look back if I become the kind of man who could hurt you– who could force *you* to hurt *yourself*– like that.

“I am so thankful and so proud of you for telling me,” Ilya said, pressing a kiss to the back of Shane’s hand. “Thank you for trusting me– with this, with your heart, with everything. The thought of you being *my* omega? Is biggest fantasy come true.”

Shane couldn’t stop the laugh that bubbled up at that. “Is it really?”

“*Da*. I already have the second best hockey player as husband. To have second best hockey player as mate?” Ilya teased. Shane felt all of the tension and fear fading away from him, the warmth and love in Ilya’s eyes forcing it away. “You really want to be mine so badly?”

“You know I do,” Shane couldn’t have been insincere about this if he tried. “If I didn’t have you, I would never have felt comfortable enough with myself to do this. I don’t think I could ever have trusted anyone else to make me an omega.”

Ilya’s expression softened from teasing to adoring. “I will take care of you, *dorogoy*. Always.”

They waited until after the season– which came sooner than either of them truly wanted. The Centaurs were good– and getting better every year– but not quite good enough to win the cup this time; they were out by the second round of the playoffs. Usually this would’ve been devastating to Shane, but this year it worked in his favor. The second they were out, Ilya went to Coach Wiebe and let him know that he and Shane would be taking a bit of medical leave as had been previously discussed, but would be back for pre-season training as usual. Then Ilya packed both of them into the car and drove down to the cottage. Shane had let his husband plan everything– the lack of control and the excitement over the situation making everything all the better. He let his parents know what was happening– couldn’t risk his dad walking in on them like he had all those years ago when his parents originally found out about Ilya. With everything taken care of, Shane was able to focus on his own nervousness. And his own excitement.

This was something he had wanted for the better part of two decades and it was finally coming into fruition. By the end of this week, Shane would be an omega. He would be Ilya’s omega.

Just the thought of that was enough to send arousal coursing through his veins.

With all of the tough and heartfelt conversations, Shane almost forgot that this was a sexual activity. Almost. Ilya *loved* to remind him— at the most inopportune times— that in order to bitch Shane he would need to fuck and knot him over and over and over again. They had never actually been knotted before— there had been some close calls, but Ilya always managed to stop before the knot locked them together. Knowing that he was finally going to get to experience his husband's knot had Shane near salivating; he had wanted that for almost as long as they had been together.

“Okay, *solnyshko*, this is going to be very intense, so I need you to be good and listen to me. You can do that for me, yes?” Shane nodded, but Ilya shook his heads. “Words, omega.”

A pleased shudder raced down Shane's spine. “I can do that.”

Ilya pressed a kiss to his forehead. “Very good. We are going to start by building nest together and then I will open you up for me.”

He had forgotten about the nest aspect— a new wave of excitement shot through him at the thought of getting to build a nest for Ilya. For his alpha. He had always loved being in his parents' nest when he was a child; loved the warmth and safety that it provided. Getting to build something like that for him and Ilya? That was something he hadn't thought about when he brought up bitching and now that it was presented to him, he was so excited for the opportunity Ilya brought every pillow, blanket, and sheet in the cottage into their bedroom, setting them on the chair and letting Shane get to work. He could see Ilya scenting the occasional item before passing it over to Shane, making sure his alpha scent was deeply infused with the fabric. Shane couldn't currently purr, but if he *could*, he would've been. Seeing the level of care that Ilya was putting into everything made him melt inside; he couldn't wait for Ilya to officially be his alpha.

“Is beautiful nest,” Ilya said as Shane put the last pillows at the top of the nest. “I cannot wait to dirty it with your slick.”

Shane could feel his cheeks heating, all the blood in his body rushing straight to his cock. “Are you finally going to fuck me then?”

“You are lucky you are cute when you are being brat,” Ilya said with a smug smile. “If you were not so cute, I would spank you until you cried.”

Part of Shane wanted to push his luck, see if Ilya would actually make good on that promise, but the larger part of Shane desperately wanted to get on with things ; he was so close to what he had wanted for so long, he wasn't going to delay it any further by being a brat. “I'll be good.”

“I know you will, *dorogoy*,” Ilya pet Shane as he said this. “Always such a good boy for me. Now, I want you to get undressed and lay down on your stomach in the nest. I will go grab the last of the things we will need.”

Shane did as he was told, surveying the room as he folded his clothes; they already had water, gatorade, protein bars, and a massive bottle of lube set up within arms reach of the nest. What more could Ilya possibly be grabbing? He would have to wait until Ilya returned to find out, he supposed, doing as he was told and laying down on his stomach, hard dick pressed into the fabric beneath him; it took everything in Shane not to start grinding into the nest, but he refrained.

“Look at you,” Ilya cooed as he returned to their room. “So pretty for me. So obedient.” Shane heard the sound of the lube bottle opening, the only warning he had before he felt a cool, slick finger start to prod at his hole. “You will take four for me. Would make you take whole fist, but I would rather your first experience with that kind of fullness come from my cock.” A whine— high and needy— escaped Shane’s throat at that, making Ilya chuckle. “You are so desperate for me, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

“Want you so bad,” Shane moaned. “Want your knot, want you to make me yours.”

“You are already mine,” Ilya said as he finally— blessedly— pushed a finger into Shane. “This will just be another way you are mine and I am yours.”

Whether the tears starting to prick at his eyes were from desire or from the gentleness in Ilya’s voice, Shane couldn’t tell you. It felt like every single sensation and emotion was heightened— all because Shane knew he was going to be bitched. One finger turned to two turned to three— the most they typically would prep with— and Shane could feel himself growing more and more needy with each passing moment. When Ilya finally slid his pinky in with the rest of his fingers, Shane had to fight off the knot that was threatening to pop into the nest below him.

“You take me so beautifully, Shane. So beautiful stretched out on my fingers, wishing it was my cock. You are ready for me to knot you?”

Shane nodded desperately into the pillow beneath him. “Yes,” he moaned. “Yes, yes I’m ready, please, alpha, please!”

Ilya lifted Shane’s hips, getting him onto all fours, before lining his cock up with Shane’s hole, pushing in slowly, carefully, checking in to make sure Shane wasn’t experiencing any (unwanted) pain. All Shane could do was thrust back wantonly, begging for Ilya to fuck him.

So Ilya did.

A punishing pace was immediately set, the sounds of their bodies clapping against each other almost loud enough to drown out Shane’s moans and Ilya’s grunted praise. *So beautiful, so good for me, my good boy, my good omega*— Shane felt more than heard the words his husband was saying; felt the warmth and love and devotion in every groan, every thrust, every nip at the back of his neck. Words stopped mattering, everything stopped mattering except for Ilya and his knot, which was starting to swell enough to lock them together.

“I’m going to knot you,” Ilya panted out. “Fill you with my seed like the good little omega you are.”

“Please!” Shane begged, canting his hips back as Ilya thrust, finally forcing the knot into him. It felt even better than Shane could’ve imagined— large and unyielding, leaving him feeling full and *owned* in a way he never had before. His arms gave out on him, leaving him face first in the nest below him as he came, untouched, ass clenching around the relentless pressure of Ilya’s knot.

Ilya manhandled Shane onto his side, spooning him while his knot kept them joined. Shane’s own knot was pulsing, desperate to be squeezed, but Shane ignored it; it would be gone soon enough if everything went accordingly. And it *would* go accordingly— Shane was certain of it. He knew that Ilya wouldn’t rest until Shane was the omega he had always wanted to be.

Shane must’ve dozed off, as the next thing he knew, he was feeling Ilya gently pulling out from his ass, cum starting to leak out of Shane’s well-used hole. He whimpered a bit at that, upset at the thought of losing any of his alpha’s cum right now, when he felt something smooth and cold being pushed into him. “Plug will keep everything inside,” Ilya said, casual as anything else. “Is supposed to help with the transition.”

“I love you,” Shane said— he sounded stupidly fucked out, even to his own ears.

“I love you too, *dorogoy*,” Ilya said, rolling Shane onto his back so he could kiss him. “Now I want you to eat protein bar and drink at least one bottle of water. We have some time before next round and I want you prepared.”

It was easy enough to follow Ilya’s orders— especially when he was insisting upon feeding Shane the protein bar bite by bite. By the time he was done and they had both had water, Shane was starting to get antsy for another round. Ilya seemed to sense this, pushing Shane back into the nest, back supported by the pillows smelling of his alpha. “I want to see you this time,” Ilya said, making Shane’s heart melt. “Will you ride me?”

“Of course.” Shane *loved* riding Ilya— loved being able to see the pleasure he was giving to his husband on every level. Ilya removed the plug, cum starting to drip slowly out of Shane as he straddled his husband’s lap, carefully lowering himself onto Ilya’s cock. Shane was still stretched enough from the last round thanks to the plug that he was able to set a fast pace rather quickly, feeling his husband’s knot starting to form even faster than the last time.

Unlike last time, Shane’s own knot hadn’t joined them. In fact, it seemed to have gone away entirely.

“Not even knotting anymore,” Shane gasped out as Ilya hit his prostate. “One round and I don’t even have a knot.”

“Is because you were meant for this,” Ilya groaned as he thrust up into Shane, knot threatening to enter, but not doing so yet. “Meant to be pretty little omega for me. No need for knot— barely need for dick. All you need is *my* knot in your slutty little cunt.”

Shane’s orgasm raced through him at that, splattering him and Ilya in cum— less than Shane had produced last time. He could feel the change starting to work, could feel the tenderness behind his balls that would— sooner rather than later, it seemed— open into a cunt for Ilya to

fuck. Ilya's knot forced its way inside him, even more cum painting Shane's insides as they laid there, panting and well spent.

It was at some point between rounds five and six that the pain started to kick in. Shane could feel his body rearranging itself, could feel the way his cock shrank, could feel the opening of his cunt. They had to take a break at that point– the pain almost too much to bear. But Shane would bear it and bear it gladly; the change was almost complete. They showered together and slept in their nest, Shane still plugged through it all, his body desperate for his alpha the entire time.

When he woke up the next morning, it was like someone had set his skin on fire.

"Ilya," Shane gasped, shaking his husband awake. Everything felt intense and new and *burning*– an aching sensation between his legs unlike anything he had ever experienced before. He reached down with a nervous hand, immediately meeting a new wetness and warmth as he felt behind his balls; he had a cunt now. A pussy for Ilya to fuck– for Ilya to *breed*– "Ilya, wake up!"

Ilya shot up at that, confusion on his face for a single moment before his eyes went wide, darkening with lust. "It worked."

"It worked," Shane repeated, still barely believing it himself. He was an omega. An omega that was experiencing his first heat. "It worked!"

He tackled Ilya into the nest, kissing him as he went, excitement and contentedness flowing through him in equal measure. His body felt *right*, for the first time since he presented. And Ilya had made that happen. "Will you fuck me?"

"Of course, omega," Ilya replied, causing an actual *purr* to reverberate through Shane's throat. "Oh, *kotenok*, you are going to be a noisy little omega, aren't you?" Shane couldn't even be bothered to pretend to be angered by the words, too caught up in how good, how *right*, it felt to purr. "Before I fuck you, there is one thing I need to do."

That was all the warning Shane got before Ilya was diving between his legs, tongue immediately finding its way into Shane's newly formed cunt.

A noise somewhere between a whimper and a scream burst from Shane's throat as a gush of wetness spilled onto the nest– and onto his husband's face. Ilya seemingly didn't care, however, as he kept licking at Shane's cunt, tongue probing at his new hole, leaving Shane mewling and writhing above him.

"You taste better than I could have imagined," Ilya said as he finally resurfaced, kissing Shane with his still-wet lips; the taste of himself on Ilya's tongue– the honey-like omeganess of it all– was enough to make Shane cry. It had really worked– he was really an omega. "Oh, *moya lyubov*, is okay," Ilya said, wiping Shane's tears away. "Happy tears, yes?"

"Happy tears," Shane confirmed. "Very happy tears."

After so many years of feeling wrong in himself— only feeling *right* when Ilya was around— Shane finally felt whole in a way that he never thought he'd get to experience. He was an omega— an omega with the best alpha in the world laying on top of him, ready to do whatever it was Shane asked. "Fuck me, alpha? Please?"

Ilya kissed Shane again, guiding his cock into Shane's newly formed cunt. "Tell me if anything hurts, okay?"

Hurt was the farthest thing from what Shane felt as Ilya pushed in. This was what his body had been waiting for since he woke up— his alpha, fucking him senseless, in their nest. His alpha, teeth gently grazing at his scent gland, hips slapping against Shane's. His alpha, in him, on him, *with* him. Mind, body, and soul.

It could've been seconds or hours, Shane couldn't tell you. His throat was raw from all the sounds he had been making, all the pleading he had been doing; his body was sore from round after round after round they had gone. Everything was finally culminating in the moment he had been waiting for his whole life.

Ilya's knot thrust in, locking them together. Ilya's teeth, biting into the scent gland on Shane's neck, mating them. Shane's teeth biting into Ilya's scent gland, completing the bond.

"My omega," Ilya whispered after they finally came down from it all. He was staring down at Shane with such fondness, such reverence, like he couldn't believe this was real. Shane could hardly believe it either. Ilya rolled them onto their sides— carefully, so as not to pull too hard on the knot in Shane's newly formed cunt. "Mine."

"Yours," Shane agreed, nuzzling into Ilya's scent gland, the smell of happy alpha flooding the space between them. Shane's own smell— new, omega, *happy*— answered in return, their scents mingling perfectly in the air. He cuddled closer to his husband, kissing directly over his heart; Ilya kissed him on the forehead in response, a content sigh falling from his lips. Shane could feel himself starting to purr again as the tiredness overtook him, mind drifting off to sleep, content and sated, in his alpha's arms. "All yours."

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