

Bitched

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Bitched

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Summary

Shane wasn't sure if he truly knew what it meant to be an Alpha.

Ilya would make it so he didn't need to be an Alpha at all.

Or, Shane gets bitched.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Shane wasn't sure if he truly knew what it meant to be an Alpha.

His tall stature, his propensity for sport, his natural leadership skills — they were all pieces of the puzzle that made up his subgender, the ‘signs’ that showed who he was and what he was meant to be.

But surely there was more to it than that, no?

The actual presentation had been a menial affair. His first rut at 19 a simple formality, a necessary step in his coming of age, nothing more, nothing less. With no desire to spend it with someone else, he spent the hours alone in his room, fleshlight in hand until it became filled to the point of being unusable and the smell of musk permeated the walls.

His rut would break a mere seven hours later, remarkably short for an Alpha his age, and he would shift his focus back to the things he truly cared about, the experience an unimportant blip in the overall story of his life.

All that to say, presenting as an Alpha wasn't an eye-opening experience. He didn't feel like he understood himself anymore than he previously had, that there was an innate understanding of self or that he finally felt comfortable in his own skin. Not at all, rather, presenting came with an uncomfortability that he struggled to define. A confusion that rested under his skin like an itch, a nagging thought at the back of his mind. Despite knowing it was coming, the inevitability of presenting, he didn't think it would come with the instability — an inescapable feeling that gripped his heart tight and refused to let go.

His parents, on the other hand, had been understandably proud of their only child.

He always walked with the confidence of an Alpha his mother would say.

Shane's a natural born leader, his father would add, *I had no doubt he would be an Alpha*.

At the very least, he was happy to have not disappointed them, to prove that he wasn't a fluke. He lived up to their expectations and that was the least he could ask for.

By all means, he was a normal Alpha, in looks, in personality and in talent. His parents were proud of him, his peers respected him, what more could he ask for?

So why did presenting make him feel so unsettled?

There was one thing however, that brought him back to earth, that provided him the comfort that he so desperately yearned for.

His breath of fresh air in a polluted landscape. His hearty meal after a long fast.

Ilya.

Shane couldn't even begin to list the ways he and the younger Alpha differed.

Every room the Russian entered would become filled with a scent so heady and powerful, and so unmistakably Alpha. Chin held up high, he wore his subgender on his sleeve, carrying himself with an easy confidence of someone who knew who he was and what he was meant to be.

The very thought of him spurs Shane on. The way his broad hands would scruff Shane's neck, grab his hips and flip him a round like he weighed nothing. His overwhelming scent that would permeate Shane's very pores, enveloping him like a comforting blanket. His cock... his knot and the way it would stretch Shane's hole to the point of being painful, a discomfort that he welcomed and took pride in.

Shane could grow drunk on Ilya's powerful presence. The only man who had ever made Shane want to submit, to succumb to pleasure and to *present*.

Would it be different, Shane would think, If I was an Omega?

Maybe it would, maybe it wouldn't. Shane could not ascertain for sure. What he did know was that he needed Ilya almost instinctively. Desire fighting against his Alpha instinct to block the part that wanted him to assert dominance, choosing instead to yield and let himself be overpowered.

Which is how he finds himself again and again, in Ilya's arms.

It's pointless really, to try to rationalise how they end up in this position time and time again. A push and pull of desire somehow always ending with Shane getting fucked within an inch of his life.

His body reacts almost instinctively to Ilya, the person he's ever slept with and the only person he will.

It's been going on for years, Shane justifies, so no sense in stopping now.

There's a surety in Ilya, where Shane's Alpha is finally able to stand down and rest. There's no faking it with the Russian, no need to stand tall and prove to others that he's the best of the best. He can just *be*, and that's all he could ever ask for.

In the first couple years, Shane's alpha would growl, aghast at even the suggestion that Shane would be capable of having sex with another Alpha, let alone being the one *taking* instead of *giving*.

He would snarl and yip when Ilya would scruff him, bare his teeth when his fingers circled his rim. He would push down the feelings of humiliation that bubbled in his chest, forcing himself to relax and enjoy.

It was second nature now however, his Alpha rarely made an appearance around Ilya at all, subtle acceptance that Shane's desire overpowered his sub-genders instinct.

He lets himself be turned around by strong hands on his hips to come chest-to-chest with Ilya. From here, he can feel his heartbeat, slow and steady, and smell his woody musk that so easily takes over his own, tamer scent that seems to dull whenever he's in the younger Alpha's presence.

Shane could feel the tenseness of his muscles melt away. Head leaning back, he exposed his neck in submission, silencing the Alpha in his mind that fought hard to resist.

They meet in a sloppy lip-lock, tongue meeting teeth as they exchange saliva and breath. Ilya pushes the muscle deeper, and Shane swears it kisses the back of his throat. The scent is overpowering now, filling his nose and sending signals to his very brain as he tries his best to keep his mouth open. He lets Ilya ravish him. Really, he thinks he'd let Ilya do whatever he wanted.

Ilya removes his lips from Shane's suddenly, gripping Shane's jaw to open his lips, he tilts head back before gathering his saliva on his tongue and forcefully spitting it straight into Shane's mouth.

"Swallow." Ilya commands. And Shane does.

The taste is intoxicating, so undeniably Ilya. In a desert he would crawl towards an oasis of *him* before ever taking a sip of water.

Shane can't stop the whine that comes out of his throat. High-pitched and fussy, he sounds absolutely pathetic. Not Alpha-like at all.

Ilya swallows his whine and Shane welcomes him, arms reaching up to grip the Russians chest, squeezing at his pecs like a life-line. Their hips undulate, rubbing together in an intoxicating dance as they attempt to do what can only be described as devouring each other.

Ilya was quick to raise his hand and fit it around Shane's throat. Squeezing lightly, not to hurt, but to dominate and show who held the power in this game they so often played.

The hand around Shane's throat tightens ever so slightly, the restriction cutting off that little bit of airflow that left him thinking clearly. The feeling goes straight to his cock, filling it out with a throbbing pressure.

Shane can't talk, so he whimpers against Ilya's lips. His enjoyment is clear, and if something was wrong, he knows exactly what to do to make Ilya stop.

Three taps against my chest Ilya laid out, grabbing Shane's hand and raising it to his pec. *If you need me to stop, tap me three times and I promise I will stop.*

Shane doesn't tap.

Really, he wishes he didn't need to breathe at all.

He's turning ruddy now, eyes rolling to the back of his head as he becomes overcome with pleasure. He could cum from this alone, he can feel it building, akin to a pressure cooker filled with steam, ready to let out an ear-blistering whistle.

It's coming, it's coming, I'm comi—

Ilya lets go.

It's as if the man reached down and squeezed a hand around his cock instead of his neck the way it stops his orgasm.

He's dripping in his sweats now, cock filled out and red as it leaks precum down his leg. He's throbbing, yet he has no desire to touch himself. He meets eyes with Ilya, coming face to face with the intense lust that resides in the look that he gives him.

"You bastard." Shane breathes out, though his words hold no anger.

"You really think I would let you cum from some choking?" He laughs, reaching down to grab at Shane's cheeks, pulling on it slightly before giving it a hard slap, "You cum when I fuck you."

"How do you want it, Hollander" Ilya spoke the word into Shane's mouth, sharing puffs of air yet lips not touching.

Shane can't stop his eyes from closing, breath becoming airy and spluttery as he tries his best to vocalise his thoughts.

"On my back," he lets out, "want to see you."

It was almost embarrassing how badly he wanted it — *yearned* for it.

"Missionary?" Ilya chokes out, "how boring." He leans away from Shane, fingertips tapping his lips to fake an exaggerated yawn. It's funny, and Shane is lucid enough to give out a little giggle.

Ilya pushes Shane back onto the bed, watching as he scoots his way up and leans against the pillows. Shane is out of it at this point, watching Ilya hazily and the Russian begins to undress. Shirt first, then sweats and finally his underwear discarded carelessly on the floor.

Knowing that asking the older man to do it himself would be a fool's errand, Ilya begins to pull off Shane's clothing, keeping his socks on, and receives no resistance.

"So easy like this Hollander, I wish you were always like this" He jokes. He would never admit it, but he enjoys Shane's witty little quips.

Ilya discards Shane's clothes haphazardly on the chair in the corner of the room, knowing very well the shit he'd get if his clothes come anywhere near to the 'dirty' floor.

He returns to the bed, lying on his stomach and leaves kisses and soft bites all over Shane's thighs. He reaches up, cupping Shane's sac and giving it a deep sniff, taking in the wrinkles and the sparse hairs that covered it.

Shane's scent was musky, unmistakably Alpha, yet, there was an underlining sweet quality to it, almost milky, almost —

Omegan.

Ilya reaches up to grip Shane's hips with fervour, manoeuvring his mouth to take in Shane's bright pink cock in one fell swoop.

Shane wasn't small by any means, though he showed more in thickness than in length. Ilya could feel the head hit his palette, hard tip leaking precum down his throat.

"Uhhn... fffuck!" Shane slurs, yes rolling to the back of his head.

Invigorated by knowing he was doing something right, he increased his suction on Shane's cock, bobbing his head in even movements, tongue lathering the underside in the way he knows drives Shane crazy.

He could feel Shane everywhere, in his mouth, under his skin, the very image of shame undone in pleasure was imprinted on the back of his eyelids.

A deep guttural moan takes in out of his reverie. Ilya looks up to see Shane panting, a lone tear falling down his cheek as his mouth hangs open.

The older Alpha looks absolutely debauched, Ilya has half a mind to think if this is how worked up Shane gets from a little cock sucking, just wait until he fucks him for real.

Ilya continues to suck on Shane harshly, throat tightly working his cock. A hand reaches up to bury itself in the older man's right breast, squeezing the muscle and procuring a moan.

The sounds turn loud and sloppy, increasing in wetness as spit and phlegm dripped from Ilya's mouth and made its way down Shane's taint.

"Ilya, ah fuck — 'm gonna," Shane forced out. He was in so deep that it almost hurt.

Ilya took the opportunity to lift his head off of Shane's cock, collecting the spit and precum that had gathered and moving to focus on his own cock that had been sitting red and pulsing the entire time.

He sits up, gripping himself hard and uses the slickness to glide up and down. Rough gasps escaping his lips as he hurriedly jerks his cock in front of Shane, bringing the spongy tip to caress the dark hair of the older man's pubes.

"Ah — Ilya!" Shane gasps out, his voice a shaky whimper, "More, please, I need you inside me"

Ilya doesn't need to be asked twice.

He gets back on his stomach, pulling the cheeks taut to suck at his hole.

His tongue shoves in deep, lathering the rim with his spit and caressing his spongy walls with the tip of the muscle.

A single finger begins to circle his rim before slowly making its way inside, joining Ilya's tongue as they ravish his insides, the passage slick with Ilya's spit.

There is a certain pride that rears its head at the ease of its entry. Its so easy for Ilya to fuck him, he takes it so well.

"You take it so easy," Ilya remarks, as if he had peered into Shane's very mind and read his thoughts, "It's as if you were meant for this."

Shane can do nothing to stop the heat that rises to his cheeks at the compliment. He agrees with the statement, he *was* meant for this, as ridiculous as that sounds. It was already unconventional for an Alpha to be in his position in the first place, so comfortable with being on the receiving end, to be the one taking instead of giving.

In the end, it's the compliment that tips him over the edge.

Shane's orgasm washes over him like the tide, the pleasure exploding and then slowly fading away, leaving him in a delicious daze of satiation.

The spend shoots far, covering his chest and neck and even his bottom lip as he catches his breath.

Seeing Shane overcome with pleasure is all Ilya needs to cum himself. He lets the milky white substance collect into his hand, spurts and spurts of hot liquid beginning to pool in his palm.

Ilya takes his spend and raises it in front of Shane's face before letting it fall onto Shane's chest. He rubs at the dark haired man's breast, letting it smear across his nipple, down to his stomach and onto his abs. He rubs the cum into Shane's skin, letting the strong heady scent permeate his skin, as if to enter his very bloodstream.

Shane, for his part, is fucked out — eyes closed, and mouth hanging wide open, his face is a flushed red as he lets Ilya take control, rubbing up and down his body as he lets himself be cum marked.

"Shane," Ilya rasps out, "Shane, look at me."

It takes him a second, but Shane slowly opens his eyes, looking everywhere but Ilya's face as he catches his breath. His hand hover over his stomach, as if he doesn't know what to do with them.

Ilya takes his clean left hand, grabbing Shane's face between his thumb and pointer. "I'm going to fuck you now."

To Shane's credit, he does let out a whine to show he hears what Ilya has said. His brain is a fog, sound buzzing in his ear and he feels so warm, the smell of Ilya enveloping him like a blanket. He doesn't want to wash it off, he wants to keep it on him, let it grow sticky and crusty, let it settle onto him like a second skin and —

"Look at me Shane," Ilya's voice commands, and that is final.

He feels his head turn as his eyes come in contact with Ilya's. It's as if he's out of his body, looking down at the scene from above, not in control of his own movements. He wants to listen, though, to show that he can take instruction, that he can be Ilya's good boy.

"There we go," Ilya praises, softly tapping his cheek twice, "Lift your legs up and put your hands under your thighs."

Shane obeys slowly, feet planted firmly on the bed as he grips the underside of his thighs with fervour. He's rock hard again, despite cumming only a couple of minutes ago, and his cock bounces helplessly against his stomach, leaving a trail of precum that collects in his navel, mixing with drying spunk that Ilya had rubbed all over him.

The Russian presses close, planting small kisses around Shane's face before pressing their lips together, letting his tongue dominate deep into the older man's mouth. Ilya inhales every breath Shane lets out, swallowing it and letting it become a part of him.

The kiss is almost violent, sloppy and messy sucking sounds fill the room and their cocks rub together below. Ilya rolls his hips experimentally, taking in the meek sounds that escape Shane's mouth as a result.

Ilya breaks the kiss then, reaching down to grab his cock with one hand, the other gripping Shane's hip. He slowly presses himself in, letting the intense heat of Shane's tight, wet hole overtake him. The spongy walls of his hole massage him, almost sucking him in with a practiced ease. They've done it so often at this point, Ilya wouldn't be surprised if his cock had completely rearranged Shane's anatomy, allowing him to easily take nobody else's but his own.

The very thought of that is enough to get him going. The reality that Shane has never had anybody but him, no one else has ever come close to his sweet hole and nobody else ever will.

Shane is openly crying now, tears running down his face as he tries to collect his bearings. Gasps are punched out of him with every thrust, body arching in pleasure, as he takes the pounding he so desperately needed.

It's so loud, it's so hot, it's so... wet?

Ilya doesn't notice Shane's confusion of course, focused only on the steady thrust of his hips and the slapping of skin that echoes through the room. He closes his eyes, barring his teeth and lets out a deep and guttural growl. The pleasure is almost overwhelming at this point, and he would have it no other way.

"F-fuck, Ilya," Shane voice is desperate, drool escaping the side of his mouth and running down his chin to the apple of his throat. His cheeks are ruddy, covered in tear stains, as Shane can do nothing but lay back and take it.

Ilya's hips are stuttering now, and the harsh pounding becomes a slow drumming as he slows down his movements. He can feel his knot begin to swell at the base of his cock, red and throbbing. He can't help but take a look.

It's quite a sight, really. Shane's hole is fucked out, puffy and gaping slightly. Ilya's precum has painted his hole and taint in white, the liquid thick and frothy from the repeated back and forth of his cock. Ilya can't help but touch it.

"I wish you could see Hollander," Ilya comments, pulling one of Shane's cheeks taut to the side so he can see more of his cock in the hole, "You're so wet and loose, if I didn't know better I would have thought you were an Omega."

Shane supposes it's meant to be a compliment and if he wasn't so disoriented he might have humoured a response.

Ilya lets out a faux gasp. "Ah, I'm sorry," he begins, resuming his deep thrusts into Shane's willing hole, "I forget that I fuck Shane so good he forgets how to talk."

It's in that moment that Ilya hits his prostate dead-on, sending a ripple of pleasure up his body, a needy moan escaping his lips. Shane mulls over the feeling overtaking his body, the strange warmth that seems to radiate from his chest and spread all over his body. It's an uncomfortable feeling, and he can feel himself becoming more and more disoriented with every trust of Ilya's cock into his gaping hole.

He tries to think if he's ever experienced such a feeling before, something this intense and pulsating. He draws a blank.

Ilya is impossibly deep now, his knot swollen to almost its limit as it catches on Shane's rim with every thrust.

"I-Ilya, wait— something's wrong," Shane gasps out, raising his hand and softly hitting the younger Alpha's chest in three quick pats.

Ilya halts immediately, a look of worry washing over his face. It's understandable, Shane had never tapped, never safe worded, they had simply never gotten to that point.

"What's wrong? Did I do something?" Ilya's voice is shaky with anxiety, if he had hurt Shane... he doesn't even want to think about it.

"Of course not! I just feel —" Shane struggles to vocalise his thoughts, "I feel *weird*, I don't know! Something's wrong."

Ilya pulls out completely at that, sitting back on his haunches and regarding Shane concernedly.

"I'm —," Shane begins, taking in a deep breath before letting the next sentence fall out of his lips in rapid fire, "*I feel wet down there.*"

Ilya's face morphs from concerned to confused as he tries to parse the jumble of words.

"Say slowly, please"

Shane's voice is a soft whisper, "I feel *wet* down there."

Understanding washes over Ilya's face as he immediately goes to take a look at the 'down there' in question. He runs his fingers over the rim of Shane's hole slowly, wiping away the spunk that's accumulated. He sticks a lone finger and feels around, caressing the spongy walls.

He has a pensive look on his face, as if he's looking for something specific.

Fingers retreat then, and Ilya, in a stunning display, lifts the clearly wet fingers to his mouth and sucks off fluids that had accumulated.

"You're not a serious person, Ilya." He'd be lying if he said he didn't find it kinda hot, though.

"You're definitely wet 'down there'," he mocks, before turning slightly serious, "Do you feel warm? Does your body feel like it is fuzzy?"

"I do feel 'fuzzy'... I feel out of my mind, like my body isn't my own."

Ilya reaches up, hand snaking behind Shane's neck to scruff him lightly. Shane calms down instantly, tension leaving his body like smoke and he finally feels himself settle, a small smile gracing his face.

"Don't get mad at me," Ilya starts, "but I think you're in heat"

Shane tenses back up immediately, his breath quickening and he tries to understand what the younger man has just told him. Him, Shane, in *heat*. Surely that's not possible. I mean, did we miss the part where Shane was obviously an Alpha, one with posture and status and *ruts*.

He ignores the wet patch under his ass, the uncomfortable heat brewing under his skin, the way that Ilya scruffing him immediately calmed him down.

No this can't be right.

"This — this isn't possible Ilya!" Shane cries out, "I'm an ALPHA."

Ilya's look is almost pitying as he goes to scruff Shane harder. He leans forward, lips touching the outside of his ear.

"I bitched you, Shane."

Dread fills him instantaneously, heart beat quickening as he tries to rationalise the situation. Bitching isn't impossible by any means, but it's *rare*, something that takes dedicated work to implement. People don't get bitched at random, they get bitched because they want to be, because they have an innate desire to change their sub-gender, to reject their Alpha instinct and accept a submissive role.

To some, an Alpha knotting another Alpha would be seen as *gauche*, a clear sign of disrespect from an Alpha who asserted his dominance and took through force.

This wasn't forced, though, and Ilya did what he did *because* he respected Shane, because he knew what he wanted. Shane wanted to be docile and submissive, he wanted to be the

receiver not the giver, he wanted to be **dominated**.

The fact of the matter was that Ilya was right.

He's in heat.

Ultimately, he can't lie to himself and pretend he's never thought of it, what it would be like to be bitched, to let go of his Alpha completely and become an Omega. No typical Alpha would let themselves be scruffed, let themselves be cum marked. Those were Omegan behaviours.

It's then a thick wave of heat rolls over him, taking him out of his rumination. It's deep and nasty and all-encompassing. All thoughts in his mind dissipate except for one.

He *needs* Ilya, **now**.

"Fuck, Ilya, I need you!" Shane wails. He knows how to fix his 'issue' and it involves Ilya putting his cock in his ass right. fucking. now.

"I know, I know, don't worry, I will fuck you like my poor Omega needs, okay" Ilya lines up his cock, thrusting into Shanes wet hole with fervour as the new-found Omega sucks him in. He immediately pummels his prostate with intense precision.

Shane chokes on a moan, feeling the swift relief that comes with having Ilya carve out a space for himself inside him. The heat starts to dissipate slowly, mellowing out into a satisfying warmth.

Ilya is ludicrously deep now, plunging in and out with fervour as if his cock could reach Shane's throat if he tried hard enough. He holds onto his hips tightly, his face is the portrait of pleasure, eyes closed and mouth hanging open as if he was exactly where he needed to be, inside this sweet, sweet, hole.

The sex is different now somehow, as if this was the way it was meant to be. Shane has accepted his role as the submissive, the Omega, because that's what he is now.

He finally knows who he is and what he was meant to be.

"Alpha, please" Shane moans out, his words muffled by Shane shoving his face into the pillow.

Ilya pounds into his body over and over with loud grunts, taking in the disgusting squelch that radiates from below.

Shane is wailing now, on the verge of screaming as he takes and takes and takes.

He's intensely wet now, overcome with pleasure as he can do nothing but cry and gasp. He reaches up, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck and pulling him close. Their lips touch then, connecting them above and below and they ride to completion.

With one final thrust, Ilya lets his knot pop, connecting him with Shane for the foreseeable future.

They linger in it for a moment, until Ilya feels the unmistakable itch beneath his teeth. The itch to claim to capture to *bite*. He holds back a snarl as he tries to get his emotions to stabilise

They've never bitten, it simply felt like a step too far despite how much they wanted to.

"Do it, Ilya,"

Ilya's head whips up to come face to face with Shane. It's the most lucid the other man has looked in hours.

"You've changed me irreversibly, I'm yours in every sense of the word," Shane rubs a hand down Ilya's neck in comfort, "Bite me."

And Ilya does.

End Notes

Comments and critics welcome!

Thank you for reading :-)

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