

feel the rush

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by [thepupperino](#)

Summary

Shane goes into a planned heat at the cottage.

Notes

For my wonderful friend Karen :)

I promise sometimes I write things that aren't A/B/O

Title from "Rush" by Troye Sivan

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

It's embarrassing to admit, but Shane's nervous.

He's nervous about Ilya coming to the cottage in general. They've never had this much time together. Hell, the only time they had more than a few hours, Shane freaked out and ran out and almost ruined whatever's happening between them.

He's nervous about the sex too, which is a crazy thing to say. He loves sex with Ilya, he loves *Ilya*, but he knows it'll be different this time.

Every heat before has been spent at the cottage, alone, suffering through cramps and sweat.

He was almost embarrassed to ask him. Not about coming to the cottage—he'd planned out how to ask him for weeks and was high enough on morphine when he did actually ask that he couldn't have been less worried.

But weeks later, when he texted Ilya and said he could stop his suppressants a little earlier if Ilya wanted...he sent the message, put his phone on the table face down, and walked to his gym to work out for two hours so he wouldn't check for Ilya's reply every two minutes.

Which was maybe a bit of an overreaction, because Ilya replied with a simple, "Yes" almost immediately.

Which only made Shane more embarrassed. His cheeks flushed so red he was worried he might be going into heat then.

It's night three when it happens. One minute he's plotting in bed, waking Ilya up to tell him about his plan, the next Ilya's telling him he loves him, and something inside Shane breaks and he needs him.

It feels like the worst possible time. Ilya is crying into his chest, Shane's about to join him, and he feels a wave of heat roll through his body. His muscles tighten in response, and Ilya tilts his head up and kisses his neck.

"Is time?" Ilya asks. Hearing his voice makes it even worse. He's worried he's about to start shaking with the heat racking his body and Ilya's lips on his neck.

"No," Shane answers. "No, I'm good. Tomorrow."

Ilya keeps kissing him, his lips pressed under Shane's jaw. Shane tries to fight it, but his head tips to the side without his permission. "You are burning," Ilya says, lips brushing against his skin.

Shane lets out this pathetic-sounding laugh. "I'll be fine. It's like 2:00 in the morning."

"You do not sound fine," Ilya argues. His hand trails down Shane's thigh. "Do not feel fine."

When Shane opens his mouth to argue back, Ilya continues. "Was your idea to be honest."

And fuck, he's got a point. He told Ilya they would say what they're thinking, how they feel, and he already broke that rule once by not saying he loved him right then and there. He can't do it again.

"I need you," Shane finally says.

Ilya finally kisses him. It starts slow and gentle, and Shane still feels bad for ruining what was supposed to be a special moment.

"Relax," Ilya says against his lips, his thumb brushing over his jaw.

Shane tries, he really does, and he must succeed because his mouth drops open and Ilya's tongue slips inside.

And it's still slow and gentle and Shane feels selfish that he needs more. He moans in response, rocking his hips up against Ilya's, desperately seeking some kind of friction.

It's embarrassing that he's hard already, because there's no way Ilya is, but he's surprised to find he's wrong when his own cock presses against his.

"Ilya," Shane breathes into his mouth. His hand finds the back of Ilya's head, his fingers tangled in his hair like Ilya's going to run away, like this is some dream or figment of his imagination, like he'll open his eyes and he'll be alone and needy.

He feels Ilya smile against his lips as the alpha tugs at his underwear. Wearing it was a stupid idea anyway, Ilya wearing his is a *really* fucking stupid idea, and he scrambles to get out of his own while Ilya removes his.

He knew he was wet but it's horribly obvious now. He knows he's soaking the sheets, but he doesn't even think about the laundry he'll have to do at the end of this because Ilya's hand is sliding between his legs and his fingers are brushing over his hole.

"You are so wet for me," Ilya murmurs. Shane's head tips back, his hands grasping at Ilya's shoulders, and Ilya presses another kiss to his neck.

He slides one finger inside him and Shane lets out a gasp as he presses the tip of it against his prostate. It's the best he's ever felt during his heat and it's not enough. His hips move desperately, pressing up to drag his cock over Ilya's, pressing back to take his finger deeper as Ilya's teeth tug at his lower lip.

He loves the way Ilya knows him, knows his body, because he adds a second finger without even being asked. He kisses his way down Shane's chest until his lips wrap around his cock. Shane can't help the way he thrusts up into his mouth; normally he would feel bad, but he rolls his eyes shut as the head of his dick hits the back of his throat.

Ilya moans around him, and it drives him crazy. "Ilya, please," he begs. "Fuck, please, I need you."

Ilya takes him deeper. When Shane opens his eyes and looks down at him, he's met by Ilya staring back at him. He's beautiful and perfect and Shane thinks he might die if Ilya doesn't

fuck him soon.

He's just about to plead again when Ilya presses a third finger inside him. He swallows around his cock and Shane clutches at his hair. "Ilya, fuck, I'm gonna come." He wants Ilya to pull off, needs him to fuck him, but Ilya just bobs his head faster, sucks him harder, and presses all three fingers against his prostate over and over again.

Shane cries out Ilya's name as he comes inside his mouth. Such a beautiful person, such a beautiful name; he hates that he spent years calling him Rozanov when he should have just called him Ilya the whole time.

"I love you," he pants as Ilya presses kisses to the inside of his thighs. Shane feels his cock start to stir again and turns over onto his hands and knees as Ilya says he loves him too.

He drops to his elbows, arches his back, and shoves down the feeling that he absolutely looks like the worst kind of needy omega even though he is.

Ilya grabs his cheeks and pulls them apart, licking a stripe up his crease and over his hole. "You taste good, omega," Ilya hums, and Shane feels more slick rush out of him. He feels Ilya's tongue back against him, feels him lapping at the wetness dripping from him, and he buries his face against the pillow.

"Ilya, please," he whines, his voice muffled with his mouth pressed against the fabric.

He expects Ilya to taunt him, expects a heavy accent asking him what he wants—Ilya's accent always gets heavier during sex. Instead he feels Ilya's chest against his back as he leans over him, his lips pressed behind his ear. "You want condom?"

Shane almost comes again, just from that. *No*, he doesn't want condom. He loves Ilya, and Ilya loves him, and Ilya hasn't been with anyone else in months. They're probably mates. Ilya will probably claim him one day, maybe tonight if Shane begs hard enough. He shakes his head eagerly. "No," he answers. "Just you."

He hadn't even realized the head of Ilya's cock was already pressed against him, too distracted by his insane, beautiful question, but he definitely notices when Ilya pushes inside him.

He's so wet that Ilya slides right in, fully buried inside him. Shane worries that it won't even be good for him, that there's not enough friction, but Ilya groans and says, "Fuck, you are so tight."

Shane turns his head to the side, and Ilya crashes their mouths together, licking over Shane's tongue and teeth as he begins to move.

"Oh my god," Shane breathes. "Fuck, Ilya, like that."

He doesn't even know what he's asking for, doesn't know if it's the speed or the depth or the roughness that he needs, but it's perfect. It's all perfect, and he's so full, and Ilya loves him.

For this brief fleeting moment he wishes he didn't have the implant, that Ilya could come inside him and knock him up and Shane could carry his pups. It's a crazy thought because he's not ready to retire, doesn't even want to take a single season off to be barefoot and pregnant. But Ilya's so fucking good with kids and it would be *their* kid and Ilya would be a perfect dad.

"Ilya, please," Shane whines.

"Yes, omega?" Ilya asks, his voice rough. Shane's always amazed by his ability to talk while he thrusts inside him. "What do you need?"

"Bite me," Shane answers. "Please bite me. Wanna be yours."

"*Ty ub'yesh' menya*," Ilya says. "*Ty moya*."

Shane doesn't even know what it means, but it doesn't matter. The way Ilya says it feels like ownership, feels like care and love. "Ilya, please," Shane cries, literally cries, tears spilling from his eyes. "Please, I need it. I need you."

"Later," Ilya says before pressing a kiss to his shoulder. "I promise."

Shane gasps as Ilya's cock presses against his prostate. Sex with Ilya has always been mindblowing, but this is like nothing he's ever felt before. Part of him wonders if sharing a heat with someone, anyone, always feels like this, but a bigger part of him knows it's Ilya. He regrets that it's taken them this long to do this. He knows Ilya would have said yes before.

He wonders if it's better because Ilya loves him.

"Knot me," Shane gasps. He's terrified of how Ilya will respond. He can take not being bred, he can take not being claimed, but he thinks his heart will break if Ilya doesn't knot him. "Ilya, knot me."

Ilya's thrusts don't stop, but they do become erratic, sharper. "You are sure?"

"Please," Shane begs. "Please, I need it."

"*Yebat, ya tebya lyublyu*," Ilya says. He reaches around Shane and takes his cock in hand. He swipes his finger across his slit, gathering the wetness there and slicking his length with it. "Want you to come on my knot, omega."

He's so fucking close. Ilya's cock inside him, his hand around him, being called omega by his alpha—it's all too much. He squeezes his eyes shut in an attempt to stave off his orgasm so he can be good and do what Ilya wants.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya huffs, his thrusts speeding up, fucking into him harder. He feels Ilya's knot swell, feels it stretch him open and lock them together. Feels Ilya's come inside him.

"Ilya," Shane gasps, spilling onto the sheet and Ilya's fist as he comes.

Ilya wraps his arms around his waist and rolls them over onto their sides. He presses a kiss to the back of Shane's neck and asks, "Does it hurt?"

Shane lets out a happy, sated hum. "No," he answers. "Feels good." He's places his hand over Ilya's and laces their fingers together. "I love you."

Ilya smiles against his neck as he says, "I love you too."

End Notes

Ty ub'yesh' menya = You will kill me

Ty moya = You are mine

Yebat, ya tebya lyublyu = Fuck, I love you

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