

These Moments Are Just For Us

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These Moments Are Just For Us

by [oliveo](#)

Summary

Ilya noticed everything about Shane. The way his scent gradually sweetened, until it made Ilya so crazy that he made his own personal home at the base of Shane's neck. There was also the mental fog, stuttering halfway through actions and moving onto something else, like the cookies that Shane had left in the oven yesterday. Yes, the oven was on. Yes, he almost burned down the kitchen, but, frankly, it was endearing. Almost as endearing as the way Shane subconsciously drifted into whatever room Ilya was inhabiting, no matter what task occupied him. Like, for instance, when Ilya had been changing and suddenly Shane had dragged a blanket and pillow into the closet with him and curled up on the floor.

OR

shane doesn't realize hes going into heat but ilya does :P

Notes

this was in high demand! (two ppl asked...) ENJOY FREAKS!

IF YOU SAW THIS WHEN THE TITLE WAS WRONG NO YOU DIDNT

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

Shane was fussing. He was pulling at the bedspread again and again with a crease between his brows, mumbling faint curses under his breath. Ilya leaned back in his chair with a smile, head tipping fondly to the side. He had come to know that this was how it always started for Shane. Just this morning, he had emptied the entirety of their closets onto the ground, saying he “needed to reorganize.” His reorganization had left five of Ilya’s hoodies, two of his sweats, and six of his shirts piled gently next to the bed, alongside Shane’s own three favorite blankets—*my beautiful, neurotic fool*.

There were also the pillows. The stupid, over-fluffed assortment of pillows, which Shane had finally lamented, was functionally useless to keep out. Since then, the pillows had stayed stored away. Except for during Shane’s heats. Then, the horrid things made their reappearance, and Shane shook and squeezed and massaged them into the perfect shapes before rearranging them over and over. It drove Ilya insane in the best way.

It had been developing gradually over the past two days. Shane hadn’t noticed it yet; he typically only realized he was in heat when the cramps started, but Ilya. Ilya noticed everything about Shane. The way his scent gradually sweetened, until it made Ilya so crazy that he made his own personal home at the base of Shane’s neck. There was also the mental fog, stuttering halfway through actions and moving onto something else, like the cookies that Shane had left in the oven yesterday. Yes, the oven was on. Yes, he almost burned down the kitchen, but, frankly, it was endearing. Almost as endearing as the way Shane subconsciously drifted into whatever room Ilya was inhabiting, no matter what task occupied him. Like, for instance, when Ilya had been changing and suddenly Shane had dragged a blanket and pillow into the closet with him and curled up on the floor.

Watching his boyfriend attempt to punch his pillows into submission on the bed, Ilya let out a short laugh and leaned forward. “Did the bed do something to you, moya zhizn’?” Shane was now glaring at one of its corners, his fists clenching and unclenching.

“It just- it’s not fitting right. There’s a bump here, and it won’t go away; it’s driving me insane.” Shane leaned down again and tugged angrily at the comforter.

His smile growing, Ilya stood and walked over, wrapping his arms around Shane’s waist. He looked down at the offending corner and, with a small chuckle, pressed a kiss to Shane’s cheek. “I don’t see a bump, sweetheart.”

“It’s right here,” Shane grouched, stabbing a finger at the perfectly flat blanket, not a crease or rumple to be found.

“I’m sure it is, love.”

Shane twisted in his arms, a scowl on his face. “You’re mocking me. Don’t do that.”

“Ah, but it’s so very easy.” Pressing their foreheads together, Ilya sucked in a mouthful of Shane’s scent. *Fuck*, “You smell so good.”

“Come sit down with me, I miss you.” Shane lifted onto his tiptoes and brushed his lips gently across Ilya’s, “You’ve barely talked to me all day.” It was laughably far from the truth, but Ilya just rolled his eyes and lifted Shane into his arms and carried him over to the couch. He flopped down on his back and felt the tension leaving Shane’s body as he melted into his chest. Shane’s face nuzzled into his neck as his fingers loosely clenched in Ilya’s shirt. “Better.”

Ilya rested his chin on the top of Shane’s head, his fingers gently scratching at his scalp. A flash of triumph sliced through him as Shane almost purred and pushed back into the touch. “I think you should cancel your dinner plans with Rose tonight.”

At that, Shane pulled back, looking down at Ilya, a small pout tugging his lips down, and Ilya let his eyes follow their curve, *fuck, he's so cute*. “What? Why? I got us the nice reservations, and we were going to watch a movie after. She just got back in town. I haven’t seen her in weeks- you know she’s been working on that stupid set out in the middle of the woods.”

“I know, yes, but invite her over to dinner next week or something. I just... think we might be a little busy tonight, sweetheart. And I don’t want you to leave with your beautiful nest unfinished.” He let his hands slide down Shane’s back at this, tucking his fingertips gently into Shane’s waistband. He felt Shane still above him, and he looked up into his eyes, a guilty smile tipping his lips.

“How long have you known, hmm?”

“Lyubov’, let’s just go to bed. I’ll get your heated blanket, and we can watch a movie—” He cut off as Shane grabbed his chin.

“Ilya. How long?”

He shrank down slightly, the guilty smile growing a little bigger, “Just since yesterday, when you asked me to make that stupid soup you only eat when you’re sad or in heat, but I had just fucked you, so sad wasn’t *really* an option, yes?”

“Asshole.”

“But you love me.”

“Still an asshole.”

Ilya groaned as Shane rolled off him and began to stalk across the bedroom, “I have been taking care of you, yes? How long did I listen to you explain that thing about the wall paneling last night? Three hours? Four?”

“It was like 30 minutes,” Shane grumbled, and he began to fuss with the blankets again. Squatting down and furiously tucking and then untucking and then retucking the sheet.

“Mmhh, felt like 4 hours. But I do love your voice, so it was okay.” He swung his legs to the side and stood, walking over to where Shane stood, “Let me get you a hoodie,” he rubbed his hands up and down Shane’s arms, “Just sit down, I will get you food too.”

Shane thumped his forehead against Ilya's chest with a groan, "I was supposed to go on a hike with my parents this weekend."

"I will make sure you still get plenty of exercise, lots of cardio sounds good, yes?" He smiled as Shane poked his ribs, "Sit down. Let me take care of you."

Ilya stood back and examined the items he had collected. He could hear Shane muttering softly in the other room, probably canceling his plans with Rose. His eyes narrowed slightly. The idea of Shane talking to someone else now, while he was in heat, while he was *vulnerable*, was not pleasing. At all. He snatched up the water bottles and bars he had amassed and stormed back into the bedroom, a spare hoodie flapping on his shoulder. He deposited the collection on his bedside table before tugging Shane's phone gently from his grip. He held it up and let out a curt, "Yes, Rose, he will call you. Sends his love. Other stuff," before hanging up and dropping the phone back to the bed.

"Aren't I supposed to be the grouchy protective one right now?" Shane mused, a small smile ghosting his lips.

"You are, I was just helping you to... get more comfortable. Now there is less for you to focus on. So, less to worry about."

"Ah, so that was for me?" Shane was tipping up towards him, his smile turning dopey, fingers locking in Ilya's belt loops before he reached up to grab the hoodie and tug it over his own head.

The sight restored a calm in Ilya, and he let out a small huff, "I am warming up your bland chicken and broccoli bowl," he mumbled, running a hand through Shane's hair, "And I will get you some ice, the flashes will probably start tonight, yes?"

"Hey- that bowl has 75 grams of protein, chicken breast is one of the best lean meats you could eat-" Ilya cut him off with an eyebrow raise, earning a sigh from Shane. "Yeah, the flashes will probably start later this evening, but they haven't been that bad the last couple of times. It's been better since you."

Smirking, Ilya tugged away as the microwave dinged, "Of course they are better since me, my dick is like magic." He pulled the bowl of Shane's frankly atrociously healthy meal prep from the microwave, blowing on it softly before grabbing a fork and placing it on the bedside table.

"Sure," Shane muttered, side eyeing Ilya as he flopped down beside Shane, wrapping an arm around him and tugging him loosely into his side.

Ilya grinned and pressed a kiss into the top of Shane's head, "What do you want to watch tonight, sweetheart?"

"Well, I was actually thinking I need to review game tape from my last match against New York-"

Ilya cut him off with a groan, tipping his head back, “You boring, boring man. Why do I even bother asking?” he groped around the bed for the remote, “We will watch Too Hot To Handle.”

“Oh, but they’re all so *stupid*, it’s so annoying.”

“The stupidity is what makes it good. They make me feel better about my cognitive function.”

“Okay, Mr. Big Words, who the hell says cognitive function?”

“I have been watching Grey’s Anatomy. Very good, lots of drama.”

Shane nuzzled into Ilya’s side with a sigh, “Why do I even bother with you?” he muttered.

Ilya pulled Shane’s arm around his waist, smile turning soft, “Because you love me, i ya tebya lyublyu.” He felt like his heart was bursting as Shane melted into him, *I love you more than I have words for.*

—

Ilya woke up painfully hard, something he barely had time to register before he noticed Shane rutting against him, pressing small wimpers into his bicep, “Ah, ah, ah, come here, love.” He lifted Shane’s face, “Oh, I’m sorry, baby, you could have woke me.”

Tears were streaming down Shane’s face, and his voice was small when he replied, “I didn’t wanna... You need your sleep, and I didn’t wanna upset you.”

“Shane, baby, don’t you know how happy it makes me to help you? To see you break apart on top of me? You cry so pretty, baby. I want it to be because of my cock.” he slid a hand down Shane’s side, glistening with sweat. Slipping it between his legs, he groaned at the state of Shane’s underwear. *Wet, he’s always so wet, fuck,* “And when you’re this needy for me? How could this ever upset me?”

“I don’t-,” Shane rocked pitifully against Ilya’s hand, “I just- I didn’t-” He started crying harder, shoulders bowing in, “Please, can you just- it hurts. Hurtshurtshutshurts I need-”

“I know what you need, moya lyubov', come here.” Ilya pulled his hand out from between Shane’s legs and grabbed him gently by the waist, tugging him up until he was straddling him, “You know I always take care of you, yes?”

Shane pouted up at him, hips still twitching, and nodded slowly.

Shit, Ilya had never loved anything more than this. Than him. He flipped them, Shane squirming on his back beneath him, and slid his hand down Shane’s stomach, swirling his fingers gently around his cock before pressing them into his entrance, “I take the best care of you, yes?”

Shane nodded rapidly, arching up beneath him, “The best, yes, you’re so good. The only one who can take care of me, the only one who can,” his head fell back against the sheets, and he

let out a groan, "Please, please can you put it in, I need it, please." He pressed his leg up against Ilya's cock, and Ilya let out a curse, hips jerking against the friction. He could already feel the slight swell of his knot at the base of his cock, *fuck*.

"Ah, ah, ah, be patient, you look so pretty when you beg. Tell me more." He crooked his fingers slightly, and Shane spasmed with a cry, tears leaking from the corner of his eyes.

"The only one I want, you- you're built for me and I'm built for you, no one else, *fuck*, no one else will ever be this perfect," Shane was a babbling mess at this point, his hair sticking in all different directions, his eyes big and round and beautiful, "You're so good for me. So so good only for me. My good boy-"

And that's when Ilya snapped. He pressed his nose into Shane's neck with a slight snarl, tongue running over the ridges of his healed mating bite. *Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to leave another.* He pulled his fingers out and brought them up to his mouth, sucking them clean with a groan before wrapping his hands around Shane's waist, "Only for you." It came out gravely, raw. And with that, he positioned himself at Shane's entrance and thrust inside.

The first push against his prostate had Shane crumpling around him, pulsing with an orgasm, his cock jumping on his stomach, "Yes, god, so good. Only for me. Only ever for me."

The headboard crashed against the wall, and distantly, Ilya heard the sound of the bedside table falling over. He would have to go to the kitchen now. Get more food. He would have to bring Shane with him, scoop him up like a puppy. He couldn't leave him. Not like this, not ever, "Say it again," he rasped. He could feel Shane starting to tighten around him again, could feel himself pulling taut, his thrusts rougher, less even.

Shane scraped his nails down Ilya's back, pulling himself up to whisper in Ilya's ear, "You always take care of me, my good boy."

Ilya felt like he blacked out. It was too much, too good. Shane was clenching on him and screaming through his orgasm, his hips jacking into Shane until he couldn't move anymore, and then it was over. And he was on his back, Shane slumped against his chest, asleep already. And he had never felt more at peace.

End Notes

guys im just balling atp, who knows maybe there will be a pt 3 tmrw... the make him pregnant movement is strong lowk

twi is oliievo

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