The Sweetness

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by dntat

Summary

“I always want to be fucking you,” Ilya continued as he pressed a finger deep into Shane. “It has taken over my brain. My life. When I am not with you, I am thinking of you.” He added another finger easily, pushing deep. “If I could have my way, you would never wear clothes again. You would simply recline on a throne of furs and softness, where I would fuck you at your leisure.”

Or: Pregnant omega Shane is feeling insecure about his expanding body. Ilya will make him feel better.

Notes

Fresiann! Thank you for always being down to chat omegaverse, rewatch episodes and share all the best memes. ❤️

This is for my mpeg square in Heated Rivalry Bingo.

This story takes place a couple years after The Heat.

Readers, I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

(The start of summer)

Shane Hollander stood before the bathroom mirror, his gaze critical as it traced the lines of his body.

The new lines. The soft lines.

He held his towel firmly in his grip. He wasn't ready to see… everything.

For now, his eyes narrowed in on his abdomen. Between his once-sharp hipbones a gentle curve was already swelling. It was early, but his body was already changing. Growing. Expanding.

All at once, Shane felt a wave of despair crash over him. It burned deep in his chest, hot and miserable. He closed his eyes, trying to will it away.

It faded, but slowly. Too slowly to stop the tears from forming in the corners of his eyes. He clenched his fists. He didn't know what he would do when he had to open his eyes again.

"You are hiding."

Ilya's voice came from the doorway. Shane wiped furiously at his face before he turned. Only when the mirror was at his back did he open his eyes and look at his partner. His husband. His mate. Solid and broad-shouldered. Strong and hard and muscular. Shane used to be like that. Now he just felt… soft. Soft and weak and disgusting.

"I'm not hiding," Shane said. A lie.

The look on Ilya's face told Shane that his husband saw right through his deception. Ilya inhaled, perhaps a touch deeply. Scenting the air. Shane knew his misery, his tears, were obvious. He closed his eyes again, desperately trying to will the tears away as he listened to Ilya's footsteps pad across the tile towards him. When he heard them stop directly in front of where he was standing, he opened his eyes, letting them travel over his husband, from his perfect feet, up his perfect legs, across his perfect stomach, over his perfect chest to his perfect face. Fucking perfection, everywhere he looked.

"What do you see, moya lyubov, when you look in the mirror?"

Shane inhaled deeply. "I just see myself," he said. Another lie.

Fingers threaded their way through his long hair, pushing it back from his face. Hazel eyes peered down at his own dark ones. Gentle thumbs ran through the tear tracks on his cheeks.

"Try again."

Shane looked away. Looked down, to the side. Tilted his head and exposed his neck. His mating bite. It was submissive, in a way Shane usually wasn't. In a way Ilya liked, although he didn't always want to admit it.

“You will not distract me,” Ilya said quietly and Shane felt a bolt of sadness, so real and visceral that it made him want to throw up, shoot through him. It was already happening. Ilya was disgusted by him. Disgusted by the changes happening to his body. Ilya was disgusted by him and didn’t want to be with him anymore and Shane was going to have to suffer through the loss of half of his soul. Ilya would go and find some perfect little omega who wasn’t... how Shane was. This was the beginning of the end for him, he knew. He would never recover from Ilya leaving him.

But then Ilya’s lips found Shane’s neck and ghosted over the mark there; the scar around his scent gland. Shane shuddered, and Ilya spoke again, his lips rubbing against the skin so gently. “Tell me what you are really thinking, when you look in the mirror.”

Shane’s breath caught, and he needed a moment before he could speak. “I see… bloat. And softness where I used to be hard. I just… I don’t feel like myself.” He hesitated. “I know how much you like… how I looked. And I’m not going to look that way anymore. Soon. Already.”

Ilya made a soft, wounded sound. His hands found Shane again. One wrapped around his hip and gripped him firmly there. Possessively. Reverently. Shane stared down. Ilya could almost wrap a single hand around the entirety of his hip, and Shane had always loved that. But soon…

Ilya’s other hand came up to cradle Shane’s jaw, tilting his head back so their eyes met once again. He leaned down and kissed Shane deeply, only breaking apart when Shane’s knees felt weak.

“You have no idea what you look like, Shane Hollander,” Ilya murmured. Their breaths mingled. “You have never known. You are blind to their looks, their stares. Perhaps you are so used to it that it is normal for you. But I see it. I see how they want you.”

He pressed another kiss, this time feather-light and gentle to Shane’s lips. “And now I see that my husband, already the most beautiful person I have ever seen, is somehow becoming even more gorgeous.”

Ilya’s thumb pressed under the hinge of Shane’s jaw, and Shane’s lips parted slightly. “I see you, Shane Hollander. All sides of you. I see the talent you have, the courage you hold. I see the ferocity of you. I see the omega who has broken all barriers, all records.” His hand was caressing Shane’s stomach now, stroking slow circles on his sensitive skin. “And I see here, where you are creating life. Where you are building our child. Your body,” he growled the word, “is driving me insane. Is sexiest thing I have ever seen. It makes me hard just to look at you.”

He pressed himself against Shane now, pressed his solid erection into the burgeoning softness of Shane’s stomach.

A sob escaped Shane’s lips and he leaned into Ilya’s embrace. Ilya’s hands moved, pulling the towel out of Shane’s loose hold and dropping it carelessly on the floor. Large palms skimmed over Shane’s hips, his ass, cupping the new fullness with a groan of appreciation.

“You have truly never been more magnificent,” Ilya said. “Your scent is richer. Your skin is like silk. You are glowing, Shane. Every part of you is *more*.”

He put a knuckle under Shane’s chin, pushing his face up from where it was buried in Ilya’s shoulder. “Let me show you. Pozhaluysta, moy vozlyublenniy.” *Please, my beloved.*

Shane’s eyes were shining with unshed tears, but his scent was brighter. He nodded, trembling, and Ilya couldn’t wait a moment longer. He picked Shane up as if he weighed nothing at all and carried the shivering omega to their sprawling bed.

Laying him down amongst the pillows and blankets, he stood once more, looming above Shane.

Shane moved to curl up, raising his hands to cover himself.

“No,” Ilya said firmly. “Let me look, Shane. I want to remember you like this, always.”

Then Ilya was on him. His mouth was everywhere. He laved and sucked at the column of Shane’s throat. He bit his collarbones. He took Shane’s nipples into his mouth, making Shane cry out as his teeth and tongue played with the newly sensitive flesh.

“Ilya…” Shane whined. He was wet already. He could feel it between his thighs, the heat spilling out of him in a river of slick.

“Is okay, I have you,” Ilya murmured against his skin, trailing a path of kisses down his sternum. Shane grabbed his hair for a moment, as if to stop him, but when Ilya’s eyes flicked up to look at him, Shane let go. Ilya’s eyes were full of love. Love and lust and want. There was no disgust, no secret revulsion hiding there.

Soon, Ilya was nuzzling the gentle curve of Shane’s belly. Was placing open-mouthed kisses against his soft skin. “My beautiful omega,” Ilya murmured. “You drive me insane.”

He moved lower still, pushing Shane’s thighs apart, then paused there, staring down at him. Shane could only imagine what he looked like. Hair spread wildly, cheeks flushed, nipples wet and peaking. He was leaking, wetting his thighs, the bedspread. Ilya ducked his head.

Shane knew what was coming, but the first swipe of Ilya’s tongue at his entrance still had him arching off the bed. Ilya groaned into him, pressing his face further into Shane.

“You taste so good,” Ilya said as he moved to mouth around Shane’s cock, which was desperately erect and leaking. Ilya teased Shane for a few moments, licking the base and shaft, until he finally licked the head, lapping up the precome there before taking him down his throat, his nose nuzzling into Shane’s neat patch of pubic hair.

Ilya sucked him deeply for a moment before pulling off Shane’s cock. “You are sweeter, everywhere,” he said as he began pressing wet, open-mouthed kisses to Shane’s curved abdomen and thighs, all while running a hand up and down his crease, fingers teasing his hole on every pass.

“I always want to be fucking you,” Ilya continued as he pressed a finger deep into Shane. “It has taken over my brain. My life. When I am not with you, I am thinking of you.” He added another finger easily, pushing deep. “If I could have my way, you would never wear clothes again. You would simply recline on a throne of furs and softness, where I would fuck you at your leisure.”

Shane was crying again now. The tears were sliding down the side of his face, over his angular cheekbones, into his silky hair. Ilya moved up Shane’s body and kissed them away.

“I’m sorry,” Shane gasped. “I’m so emotional right now. It’s all the hormones and everything. I’m sorry.”

“Moya lyubov, do not be sorry,” Ilya said, and gave Shane’s freckled cheekbones a long lick. He smiled. “Even your tears are becoming sweet.”

Shane gave a wet sob and Ilya brought his glistening fingers to his lips. “Taste,” he whispered. Shane opened obediently and Ilya slowly pushed into his mouth. Shane immediately closed his eyes and sucked at the intrusion. Ilya groaned, his free hand going to grab the base of his cock. It was rigid and already beginning to swell where the knot would be. He pulled his fingers from the warm heat of Shane’s mouth and kissed the whine from his pretty pink lips.

“I fuck you now, yes?”

Shane nodded, his eyes wide. He moved to roll over, to present himself, but Ilya grabbed his hip.

“I would like to see you,” he said, stroking a hand from the mating mark on Shane’s neck, down past his sensitive nipples, across the swell of his abdomen and all the way to his leaking cock.

He didn’t grab him yet, didn’t engulf Shane’s omega cock in his giant hand, but rather took both of Shane’s hips and hauled the omega towards him. Taking his own cock in hand, he rubbed it along Shane’s wet crease.

“Look at me,” Ilya commanded.

Shane’s eyes, wet with tears and already beginning to become hazy with pleasure, focused on Ilya.

“You are beautiful.” Ilya said. “You are mine. And-” He lined his cock up with Shane’s leaking hole. “-I have never wanted you more than I do at this moment,” he finished with a groan as he pressed forward, sinking into Shane’s wet heat in one long motion.

Shane was lost. Utterly lost. He was so *filled* by Ilya. Completely filled and perfectly stretched. Even after all this time together, Shane wasn’t sure how he managed to take all of Ilya in him. There was just so much length to his alpha husband. So much girth. He wrapped his legs around Ilya’s waist, needing him closer. Ilya allowed it, covering Shane’s body with

his own and pressing kisses to his closed eyes, his cheeks, his lips before rearing back and setting a devastating rhythm.

“You are perfect,” he growled between thrusts. “Absolutely perfect. It is like you were made for me. Made to set my blood on fire. Made to capture my attention. It is you, Shane Hollander. It has always been you.”

He leaned down, kissing Shane roughly, swallowing his cries. Soon all Shane could think about was how their skin pressed together, how their scents filled the room, and the overwhelming rightness of Ilya moving inside him, loving him, worshipping the very body Shane had doubted.

Shane’s first orgasm crashed over him with a force that left him sobbing Ilya’s name. Ilya kept thrusting, scooping up the come that now covered Shane’s stomach and bringing it to his mouth.

“So fucking sweet, Shane,” he groaned when the taste hit his tongue. “I cannot get enough of it.”

Ilya’s own orgasm was coming, and soon he was groaning through the hot flood of his own release. A moment later his knot inflated, stretching Shane impossibly further.

“Shane,” Ilya panted. “You take my cock so well. And with all this come I put in you? You will probably get pregnant again.”

“Yes, Ilya,” Shane groaned, mindlessly blissed out at the new stretch. “I love being full of you. I want you to fuck me again, to breed me again.”

Ilya grinned. He loved when Shane got like this. When he let his barriers down, when he allowed himself to be mindless in his pleasure.

He held Shane close as they lay locked together, laying gentle kisses across his sharp cheekbones, his freckled nose, his long lashes, always careful to keep the full brunt of his weight off his husband. All the while, he couldn’t keep his hand from moving across Shane’s body. He caressed his soft skin before moving to stroke his soft cock and run a gentle finger around the rim of Shane’s stretched hole. It kept Shane in a calm, hazy headspace. Kept his scent calm. Ilya inhaled deeply. There was a new edge of sweetness to Shane’s scent, too. Shane, eyes closed, twitched and whined under Ilya’s attention, but Ilya held him in place, soothing him with whispered affirmations and soft kisses.

Finally, he softened enough to gently pull out of Shane, who whined again at the loss. Ilya kissed him deeply.

“Miss my knot already?” he murmured.

“Yes,” Shane breathed. “I want to be filled with you always. Bred by you always.”

Ilya pulled back, so he was on his knees between Shane’s thighs once more. “I will fuck you as often as you need, Hollander.” he said, running two fingers through the mess on the bed

between Shane's legs and pushing them into Shane's hole. "Breed you as often as you want."

"I always need," Shane gasped as he let his legs fall farther apart. Ilya pulled his fingers out and ran them though the mess once more, working the sticky mess back into his omega's channel.

"You are so perfect," Ilya murmured, pulling one of Shane's legs over his shoulder and kissing his ankle. "From the moment I met you, I have known it. Everyone knows it, how perfect you are. But I am the one who gets to have you. Who has claimed you." He presses a third finger into Shane, and Shane shuddered. "But I loved to think of you becoming more. Your belly round and tight, stretched so full of me. Your thighs getting bigger, your chest getting bigger, leaking." He had four fingers in Shane now. "You will always be perfect, Shane."

Ilya tugged gently at Shane's rim, as he played with the slick, overflowing mess. Shane moaned as he pulled his fingers out, and Ilya shushed him with another soft kiss to the ankle as he smeared their mixed fluids all over Shane's thighs, up the curve of his ass, around his cock, painting his skin with the evidence of their joining. He watched with interest as Shane's cock, which had been spent and resting against his thigh, began to fill and harden again.

"See?" Ilya wrapped a slick hand around Shane's burgeoning erection. "Your body knows. It knows you were meant for this. Meant for me. To be filled by me. To be bred by me. To be beautiful and dripping and mine. Do you understand that, Shane?"

Shane shuddered underneath him. "Yes," he whispered, the words feeling like they came from deep inside. "Yes, Ilya. I understand."

"Good," Ilya said, a half-grin spreading across his face. He began moving his hand slowly. "Now, how many more times do you think we can make you come in the next hour?"

(Three weeks earlier)

Ilya had wanted Shane to quit hockey immediately, once they had realized he was pregnant. Shane argued against it.

"I can stay on the ice until the end of the season!" Shane had said.

"What if you are hit, Shane?" Ilya had said loudly. He didn't yell. He never yelled. But Shane had never heard him speak like that before.

"I won't get hit, Ilya!" Shane had reasoned. "I'm faster than anyone else on the ice."

"You have been hit! And it almost killed me," Ilya had said. "I cannot go through that again, not now."

And at that, Shane had acquiesced.

So today was his last practice skate with the team, for now. It hurt, in a lot of ways. But he was also excited for what the future held. And he was confident he would be back.

He felt good on the ice. He always did. He loved the sharp bite of the cold air, the familiar burn of exertion deep in his muscles, the satisfaction of seeing a pass move from tape to tape.

But today, something else was going on.

The team had been told that Shane was not to be hit or physically roughed up in any capacity. Ilya's looming presence behind their coach as the announcement was made prevented any questions, although eyes flickered and met between the team members.

It was early. So early Shane could still almost pretend it wasn't happening. The only people who knew were him, Ilya, their coach and the doctor.

But his body, the traitor that it was, had different plans. It was already beginning to whisper his secret to the world. His scent, usually so clean, so soft and inoffensive, had deepened. Sweetened. It was subtle, still. Hard to catch onto, under the haze of sweat and ice and chemicals that permeated the rink. But from how things were going in practice, the alphas on the team were starting to notice.

They didn't mean anything by it, Shane knew. They probably didn't even notice they were doing it. But he was sweaty and giving out a sweeter scent than they were used to, and biology was a constant current under the surface of their friendship.

He could feel their eyes on him, even more than usual. Evan's glances lingered. Nick spent a bit too much time in his personal space. And Troy… Troy couldn't seem to stay away.

His gaze was always on Shane, his face filled with a dazed fascination. After practice, as they changed in the locker room, Shane twisted oddly and Troy's hands had shot out to steady him, then lingered on his waist. Shane stared at Troy's broad fingers as they pressed into the softness that was just beginning to present itself there.

"You okay, Shane?" Troy asked. His voice had taken on an odd cadence. Something far more intimate than was appropriate.

And suddenly Ilya was there, jerking Troy's hand off of Shane. "He is *fine*," Ilya snarled.

Troy stared at Ilya. The team knew Ilya generally enjoyed when other alphas – when anyone, really – noticed his omega. They knew Ilya thrived on the admiration Shane seemed oblivious to. That he enjoyed the unspoken envy.

But he was not preening now. His posture was rigid and he was staring at Troy with an incredible amount of aggression.

Troy backed away from Shane, putting his hands up in a calming fashion.

"Roz, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it."

Ilya glared for a second longer, then stormed back to his stall.

In hindsight, Shane should have known better than to head to the showers after that little incident.

Stream rose around Shane as he stood under a spray. He kept his head down and focused on washing himself as quickly as possible, but he could feel the eyes of his teammates on him. They were scattered around the line of showers but they weren't laughing and shoving like they usually did. Instead, their attention was all centered on him.

He was still fit. Still all hockey-player muscles and angles, but here, without the sweat and pads and game to distract them, the difference was less easy to hide. His scent was sweeter. His hair more luscious. His eyes brighter. And his skin, already always so smooth, seemed to take on an ethereal glow.

His teammates could not get enough. They stared at the curve of his lower back. The delicate line of his throat. The subtle swell of his stomach.

He saw Bood's gaze drift down his body, his own hand pausing on his belly. He saw Tanner just watching, his shower forgotten, his eyes dark.

And then there was Troy. He had moved, almost unconsciously, to the showerhead next to Shane's. He wasn't looking directly at him, but Shane could feel the way Troy's eyes kept flicking over, tracing the path of water droplets as they slid over Shane's shoulders, down the line of his spine.

"You're looking… really good, Shane," Troy murmured, his voice barely audible over the water. His hand twitched at his side, as if he were restraining himself from reaching out. "Healthy."

Shane froze. Troy's voice held the tone an alpha used when something precious and beautiful captivated him. He could practically feel the desire radiating off the huge forward. Not to take. Shane wasn't worried about that. But there was a desire within Troy, so fierce that it was almost palpable. This alpha wanted to touch him, Shane realized. To stroke his impossibly smooth skin, to feel his warmth, to nuzzle into his sweet scent and just… breathe.

Shane was torn. He felt a confusing mix of violation and a strange thrill at the sheer, raw appeal he was exerting. He opened his mouth to say something, to deflect, to avert, to dissuade, but before he could say anything at all, a low growl cut through the room.

Ilya stood at the shower entrance. He was half undressed, his chest bare and his shorts sling low around his hips. His eyes were blazing with an anger that made every other person in the room freeze.

"What," Ilya snarled into the room, "the *fuck* do you think you are looking at?"

His gaze swept over Bood, to Tanner and finally landed on Troy, pinning him in place.

Troy, to his credit, looked immediately ashamed, his cheeks flushing. "Ilya, we weren't–"

“Do not,” Ilya bit out, stepping closer to Troy. His huge frame made his teammate look small, “lie to me. I see you. I see all of you.” He turned his head glaring at their teammates before his eyes locked with Shane’s. The fire in them retreated immediately.

“Shane,” he said softly.

Ilya’s voice jolted Shane into motion. He turned off the water and grabbed his towel, wrapping it tightly around himself.

With one last glare, Ilya herded Shane out of the showers. In the empty locker room, Ilya didn’t stop. He marched Shane over to his stall, grabbed his clothes, and began passing them to Shane to put on.

“Ilya–” Shane started.

“Shane,” Ilya said loudly, whirling on him. But there was no anger on his face. No, it was something else. Fear, Shane realized. Fear and worry and concern. “Shane,” he said again, quieter this time. “This… this is too much. I see how they look at you. They want to put their hands on you. On my… on you.”

Shane found himself surrounded by strong arms. “You are mine,” Ilya whispered, tightening his grip around his mate. “You and… this. You are everything. I will not share. I will not let them… know you like that.”

Shane leaned into the touch. “They just wanted to look,” he whispered back. He instinctively knew his words were true, as he said them. This team… they were his pack. They were looking out for him, their omega. “You know they’re all thinking about it. That I might be… you know. They just want to know if it’s true.”

“I do not care,” Ilya said, his voice firm. “You did not want to say yet, so they will not know.”

Shane smiled, despite himself, as he began to dress. “They’re definitely making guesses about it in the showers right now, though.”

“I know,” Ilya said. He grabbed Shane’s bag and slung it over his shoulder, then took Shane’s hand. “But we only have to tell them when you are ready, yes?”

“Yes,” agreed Shane as they headed out the locker room doors. “But we might as well make it at dinner tonight, when we tell them I’m out for the rest of the season.”

(Six months later)

The heady scent of sweet, fertile omega never seemed to leave their bedroom, these days. It clung to the sheets, the walls, to Ilya himself.

(His teammates hadn’t *complained* exactly, but they had been driven to distraction by the scent lingering on Ilya so many times that it had been strongly suggested that he shower

before coming to the arena.)

It didn't bother Ilya, though. Shane was insatiable and he was more than happy to provide.

Like he was now, as Shane stood on his knees over him, his hands braced against the headboard.

The swell of his abdomen had grown, a beautiful curve to contrast the rest of his muscular frame. Ilya couldn't resist running his broad hands across it now, feeling the heat of Shane's silky soft skin. The proof of their connection. Of the life they were growing together.

"Ilya," Shane whined. His head was thrown back. His eyes were squeezed shut. A sheen of sweat was making his skin glow in the low light. "Please."

Ilya grinned from underneath him. "Did you know how beautiful you are like this? You are dripping for me."

He was. Shane was so wet, his slick a steady, hot flow that coated the inside of his thighs and Ilya's chest. The sweet omega scent was dizzying, and for all his teasing, Ilya knew he couldn't hold off for much longer. His need to claim, to absolutely devour and please his mate was nearly overwhelming.

"Ilya," Shane whined again, jerking his hips. "If you don't give me your fucking tongue in the next ten seconds–"

Ilya didn't let him finish his sentence. He tightened his grip on Shane's hips and pulled him forward.

He licked Shane with long strokes, lapping up the flood of slick. He could feel more of it coating his neck, his face. He loved it. He nipped at the inside of Shane's thighs, thicker than they'd ever been before. He stroked reverent fingers over the stretchmarks on his ass. Ilya loved how hard, how muscular Shane had been, but he loved his new softness, too.

"Ilya," Shane whined again. His hips had started gyrating slowly, and Ilya grabbed his ass, encouraging the motion as he began focusing on the most intimate part of Shane's body, the tight furl at the very centre of him. He licked and sucked at Shane's hole, pulling another cry from the omega above him.

"Oh my fucking god, Ilya! Yes! Like that, please."

Ilya renewed his efforts, eager to please his mate, eager to wring more gasps and pleading sounds from him. His own cock was hard, almost painfully so, but he wanted to feel Shane come on his face, wanted to experience the sensation of it crash over him, before he fucked him.

Soon Shane's thighs were trembling and his pleads had dissolved into weak, mewling whines. Ilya knew Shane was close and redoubled his efforts, sucking and licking, pushing him, pushing him, pushing him–

Shane came with a moan, long and loud, as his body seized. A fresh gush of slick coated Ilya's mouth, oozing down his neck and onto his chest.

A moment later Shane collapsed, boneless, at Ilya's side. He buried his face into the pillow beside Ilya's head. He was pliant, soft, a shuddering, oversensitive mess, his scent sweet and his eyes hazy.

Ilya nuzzled into him, placing soft kisses to his hair while he rubbed the curve of his stomach. "Good?" he asked quietly.

All Shane could manage was a wet, muffled sound of assent. Tears traced matching paths through the sweat on his temples.

"Are you ready for more?" Ilya whispered.

"I don't know if I can," Shane whispered back. "I'm so sensitive."

"You can," Ilya said. "Will you let me make you feel good?"

Shane looked at him for a moment longer before he closed his eyes and bared his neck. It was all the invitation Ilya needed. He swooped down, laving his tongue over Shane's neck, making the omega gasp and twitch before he rolled Shane onto his hands and knees. His stomach hung heavy beneath him, making his back arch and presenting his incredible ass.

Ilya's hands were on him immediately, digging into the soft flesh of Shane's hips before sliding across the meat of his love handles and over his thick thighs.

(There had been several moments where Ilya had found Shane struggling with the changes he was going through. Ilya knew Shane loved their baby, loved that they were growing their family, but he did not love his expanding body. Just last week, Ilya had walked into the bedroom to find Shane staring silently into the full-length mirror, his hands resting on the pronounced curve of his stomach and a frown on his face. He had also seen the way Shane had started wearing Ilya's old sweaters to cover his growing body.

So Ilya made a point to notice everything. His admiration was constant. His touch worshipful. He kissed and stroked and felt and loved his omega at every opportunity.

"You are my world, Shane" he whispered one night, against Shane's lips. "And here-" His hand moved to grab possessively at Shane's stomach. "-here is where our future grows." He kissed Shane again, and again. "You are so beautiful, moya lyubov, with me inside of you."

Shane had let out a shuddering breath and melted into Ilya's arms that night, and allowed Ilya to take him apart, piece by piece, before he slowly put him back together again.)

Now Ilya had Shane beneath him once more. "Look at you," he breathed, pressing his thumbs to the dimples at the base of Shane's spine. His cock sliding across Shane's ass and Ilya pressed harder, driving his length into that warm, wet crevice.

Shane's head dropped, his forehead resting on his forearms. His whole body shaking with the force of Ilya's thrusts.

“Ilya… please,” Shane sobbed, overwhelmed. Ilya pulled back and watched as Shane’s hole clenched rhythmically around nothing, desperate to be filled.

Ilya lost the last of his tenuous grip on his control. The sight of his pregnant omega, presenting for him, begging for him, and the feel of that hot, perfect ass against his cock… he notched himself at Shane’s entrance, wet and open and utterly welcoming, and slid home.

Soon he was slamming into Shane, his fingers digging into his hips while each thrust drove Shane forward into the mattress. The air was thick with the slick, wet sound of their bodies moving together. Ilya was surrounded by Shane, immersed in Shane, breathing in Shane. Everything, all at once, was Shane. It was perfect. Ilya was enraptured by his sweet scent, his silky skin, his mewls and cries, and the absolutely addictive clench of his body, a perfect, tight heat.

With a groan Ilya pulled out, and then he was coming, a hot, pulsing rush that painted Shane’s lower back and the twitching, puffy rim of his hole with thick streaks of his release.

For a moment, the only sound was their breathing. Ilya’s knot throbbed at the base of his cock. He looked down at his handiwork: his come glistening all over Shane. Marking him. Claiming him again.

It was too gorgeous, too beautiful to pass up. Ilya bent his head.

“What are you–” Shane started, but the words trailed off into another groan.

Ilya buried his face in Shane’s ass, licking at his own come and the sensitive, fluttering hole beneath.

“So sweet,” Ilya growled against his skin, his voice muffled. “So good. You taste like me. Like us.”

He lapped at the ring of muscle, intent on capturing their mixed essences. He pushed his tongue inside, making Shane cry out and arch even further, arch until he was trembling and begging for more, until his own release was shooting all over the bed. Only then did Ilya gently push his shivering omega onto his back to rest.

Crawling up Shane’s body, he pressed a trail of wet, possessive kisses over his soft cock, up the taut swell of his belly, across his sternum, to his neck before he finally, finally kissed Shane’s soft lips. So pink. So pretty. Ilya had always been obsessed with them.

Shane opened willingly for Ilya. He always opened so perfectly, so beautifully, so gorgeously for Ilya.

Ilya kissed him deeply, pressing his salty-sweet tongue against Shane, who moaned in response.

“You do taste like us,” Shane gasped when they finally broke apart.

“Is how we should always be,” Ilya whispered back, tracing a loving hand over Shane’s sweat-damp brow. “Me and you, connected always.”

(Two weeks later)

Shane Hollander stood in front of the bathroom mirror, his gaze soft as it traced across his body.

He had grown. Expanded.

He dropped his towel.

The once flat lines of his stomach were gone. In their place was the graceful expanse of his belly. His skin was stretched taunt over it. Silvery stretchmarks traveled up his thighs, his sides. He traced one with a finger.

He looked big. He looked huge.

He looked beautiful.

“What do you see, moya lyubov?”

It was Ilya’s voice, of course. He stood in the bathroom doorway, watching. Shane met his eyes in the mirror. He was staring at Shane with a reverence that still, sometimes, stole Shane’s breath away.

“I see…” Shane trailed off, and Ilya stepped up behind him, wrapping a large hand around the swell of his waist. Shane leaned back against his husband, covering his larger hand with his own and lacing their fingers together over the life they’re created. “I see us,” Shane finally said. “I see the start of everything.”

End Notes

Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated, if you feel so inclined.

In my headcanon for this little universe, Shane has their kid and Ilya retires to take care of them while Shane has three more excellent, probably Stanley Cup winning seasons of hockey until he retires as well as one of the most decorated players of all time.

You can shout about Hollanov with me on tumblr or Instagram.

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