Anything

Posted originally on the Omegaverse of Our Own at https://www.omegaverseofourown.org/works/10.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Secondary Category:	Alpha/Omega
Fandom:	Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Relationship:	Will Byers/Mike Wheeler
Alpha Character:	Alpha Mike Wheeler
Omega Character:	Omega Will Byers
Additional Tags:	Paladin Mike Wheeler, Cleric Will Byers, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, Fantasy, Alternate Universe - Dungeons & Dragons, Will Byers Loves Mike Wheeler, Mike Wheeler Loves Will Byers, Mpreg | Male Pregnancy, Mating Press Position, Established Will Byers/Mike Wheeler, Breeding, Breeding Kink, Knotting, Cleradin, Cross-Posted on Ao3 | Archive of Our Own
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-25 Words: 1,560 Chapters: 1/1

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by theotherwolfinsideyou

Summary

“Would you grant me a request, Michael?”

It is a ridiculous question, evidenced by Michael’s laugh. He kisses Will’s earlobe. “Of course.”

Will's paladin would do anything for him, he knows. He'd climb the highest mountain in the lands for him, vanquish the strongest monster, raid the most treacherous dungeon. He proved it when he saved Will from the Sorcerer Vecna’s grasp and then he proved it again and again in the chaos that followed.

The request Will has for him this night is much simpler, and more enjoyable by far.

“I want a baby.”

They’re lying in Will’s nest, atop the newest soft fur his alpha bought for him. Michael’s arms are wrapped tight around him, breath hot on his neck. Will’s robes and Michael’s armour lay forgotten in the corner of the room. The fireplace is dimming, and while Will could easily revive it with a way of his hand, he doesn’t. Instead, he basks in his alpha’s warmth.

It’s so rare they get time to themselves, between the constant quests and battles and everything else their lives have thrown at them. But their coffers are still full of gold from their last mission, Jonathan finally has the realm under control as king, no one is trying to kill El or any other member of their pack, and for the first time in his life Will can relax. He can lounge in his nest and enjoy long nights with his alpha with no other concern but keeping the spell guarding his womb in place.

Will taps his fingers on his stomach. A dangerous thought begins to brew in his mind. Michael is his alpha and his sworn paladin, sealed by the bite on the nape of his neck and an oath sworn long ago. There has been little he has yearned for in their relationship save one desire, made impossible by the chaos of their lives. But the last month has been quiet, and there are no signs of unrest. Maybe the realm could survice his absence, at least for a short while. Besides, there’s one last piece of worship his Goddess has been demanding of him, one last offering to her life-giving powers that necessity has withheld from her. Perhaps it is time he stops denying her.

“What are you thinking about, my love?” Michael asks as he rests his hand above Will’s. His palm is hot against Will’s stomach.

Will leans back into him, letting Michael’s breath cascade down his ear. “Would you grant me a request, Michael?”

It is a ridiculous question, evidenced by Michael’s laugh. He kisses Will’s earlobe. “Of course.”

Will's paladin would do anything for him, he knows. He'd climb the highest mountain in the lands for him, vanquish the strongest monster, raid the most treacherous dungeon. He proved it when he saved Will from the Sorcerer Vecna’s grasp and then he proved it again and again in the chaos that followed. In some ways he’d been proving it since they were pups, when Will was drawn to a power he didn’t yet understand and Michael was drawn to him in turn.

The request Will has for him this night is much simpler, and more enjoyable by far.

“I want a baby.”

There is silence, so thick Michael’s broadsword would struggle to cut through it. Then there is a flurry of movement. Will finds himself on his back, staring up into his paladin’s handsome face. There is a wild look to Michael’s eyes, the same kind that strikes him on the battlefield.

“It is time?” Michael asks, voice thick. “You have lifted the spell?”

Will snaps his fingers. There is a prickling underneath his abdomen, akin to the pins and needles that accompanies plunging cold fingers into hot water. Then a pleasant rush flows through his veins. It is a familiar sensation; it is the feeling his Goddess grants him when she is pleased.

Michael's jaw drops. He looks at Will, then, like he is in disbelief, and drags his thumb over Will's cheek as if he has to remind himself that this is real. Will smiles at him, and then Michael is on him, kissing him so harshly their teeth clash. Will opens his mouth and closes his eyes, allowing Michael to swallow him whole.

"You are incredible," Michael whispers against his chin, before kissing messily down his neck. His teeth catch on Will's long-healed mating scar, not quite hard enough to reopen the wound, but enough to make Will ache. His hands fly to Michael's hair and tug harshly, dragging Michael up until his lips are right where Will wants them, against his.

Michael's hand trails down, down, down, until his hand slips between Will's parted thighs. The slide in is easy. Will is still wet and open from the night's previous machinations, yet he still pants messily into Michael's mouth as his alpha pumps his fingers inside him.

"I've wanted this for so long," Michael pants into the side of Will's mouth. "Gods, you have no idea how long I've wanted this, my love."

Not as long as me, Will would wager. He presses their foreheads together. "Have often have you thought about it?"

"Every day," Michael groans. "Every morning and every night. Every time I look at you I think about how--fuck--about how you'd look, round with our child."

"Then do it," Will demands. "Give me your baby, Michael."

Michael does not need to be told again. He withdraws his hand from between Will's legs and spreads his thighs apart easily, before lining himself up with Will's entrance. They have done this a hundred times, hundreds, perhaps, and yet Will's mouth still drops open as Michael slides inside him. He will never get tired of this feeling, he thinks, not even if they do it a thousand times. He will never grow weary of feeling Michael like this, close in every way imaginable, reaching places inside him no one else ever had or would. He throws his arms around Michael's neck as he moans, pulling Michael impossibly closer to him.

Michael usually takes his time with him, starting off nice and slow. Now is not one of those times, and Will is glad; he had not wanted it to be. Michael takes him hard and fast, thrusts deep and hurried. His breaths come hard and fast as sweat drips down his brow, eyes wild, his gaze focused in on Will and Will alone.

No one else gets to see his paladin like this, undone and unruly, desire breaking down the long-ingrained properness of his training. No, this Michael is Will's and Will's alone. He is a bit like an animal, Will thinks, but this is the desire all humans share with animals, both in flesh and in purpose. Michael is going to put a pup in him. Michael is *going to put a pup in him.*

The reality truly sinks in, then. Will suddenly feels giddy. He tightens his grasp around Michael's neck, feeling the strong muscles in his back loosen and contract with every hard thrust inside him. He already feels that familiar heat pooling in his gut, and makes no attempt to stem it. He has given his paladin a mission. Already, he knows that he will not leave this nest until it has been fulfilled.

"I'll give you a baby," Michael pants. "I'll give you two pups, my love, Gods, I'll give you ten. As many as you could ever want and *more."*

Michael pushes him deeper into the mattress and hooks Will's knees over his shoulders, until Will is practically bent in half. Michael is breath-takingly deep inside him, now, and each thrust pulls a strangled moan from his throat. Each sound only spurs Michael on more, until the heat in Will's groin burns like a wildfire.

"Micheal—" He gasps.

"I know, love," Michael pants. "I'm right here with you."

Will knows he is, can feel the beginnings of Michael's knot catching on his opening, and he staves off the heat inside him, just until it pops inside. It is always better, when he finds relief on Michael's knot. *It provides a better chance of conception as well,* his brain supplies.

Michael doesn't make him wait for long. He never does, his Michael, never leaves Will wanting for anything. He thrusts once, twice, and once more before his knot pops past Will's rim and Will is locking around him with a shout. Michael groans lowly into his ear as he fills him. Will feels his body rhythmically clenching in the aftershocks of his relief, bringing Michael's seed closer and closer to his now-unguarded womb. He brings his hand to his abdomen, lays it over his sweat-soaked skin.

When he opens his eyes, he is greeted with the sight of Michael, gazing down at him in wonder. His hands are at Will's sides, rubbing comforting circles into his hipbones. There is a desire in his eyes separate from the one that has just been fulfilled.

And oh, Will knows. He's known for years now, how much Michael has wanted this. He's known every time he's seen Michael rescue a child or look after his kid sister. Every time, Michael would look at him, eyes soft, and Will would imagine a little girl or boy with those eyes, that scent, that lanky build that took years to fill out. Michael has wanted this for years and yet he never demanded it of Will. He let him come to him at his own pace, choose his own time.

Will is sure no one has ever loved someone as much as he loves his paladin. No one, perhaps, save his Michael himself.

"Has it caught?" Michael asks, voice rough.

Will laughs. "I will not know for a fortnight."

"So we should try again, then," Michael says, grinning. "To be certain."

”Oh yes,” Will smiles back. “We should make sure many times.”

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