

trace me onto your skin

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by [keifteef](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander has been keeping his identity a secret for his entire hockey career. How could he be so irresponsible as to lose his suppressants?

Notes

hi guys ! this is my first time writing hollanov so if theyre a little ooc please dont kill me... i hope this lives up to the expectations haha i tried my best :3. talk to me on twt! @keifteefs

A life of suppressants and scent-blockers ruled Shane Hollander's life. He'd started taking them when he presented, at his parents' wishes. They had many long discussions that made Shane want to cut out whatever made him an omega out of his body. They were always about whether he should take anything that might hinder his hockey career, but ultimately, they settled on taking them. To keep anyone from finding out that he was taking suppressants, he and his mom agreed that she would get them and deliver them to him. The NHL didn't like omegas. They didn't outright say that, of course, but omegas were usually overlooked and signed to smaller teams, so for Shane to get his feet off the ground, he had to take them.

He didn't want the other players to find out. He didn't want his teammates to find out. He especially didn't want that annoying Russian from Boston to find out. Ilya Rozanov was irritating to say the least. He was rough on the ice, he had a foul mouth, and he loved to fuck with Shane. He also loved to *fuck* Shane. Rozanov was under the impression that Shane was a beta for the entirety of their... situation. Shane had no desire to reveal his identity to the alpha. Though Shane was convinced that the Russian wouldn't care if he were an omega or even an alpha.

It wasn't terrible to take the pills exactly. He wasn't fond of his omega instincts, like having to nest or craving an alpha's scent. Or worse, their *knot*. That was an annoying side effect. The pills were good. Hell, they were great. They worked in his favor and kept his secret perfectly hidden. He took them everywhere, he never missed a refill, and he wouldn't dare miss his daily dosage. Until he lost his bottle.

Fuck.

He couldn't believe he could be so irresponsible and stupid. There were only a few places he could have possibly left them. The Voyageurs had played in Boston that night, and he had scoured the entire venue before they left, just in case. Captain duties, he explained to his teammates. No luck there. That left one place. And there was no way he would've left them at Rozanov's apartment.

He sat down in his empty hotel room after searching every inch of the room. Nothing. As the panic started to settle in, he shakily pulled out his phone and pulled up Rozanov's contact, "Lily." He hesitated to call or text him since they never talked outside of discussing their rendezvous. But this was a dire situation. Rozanov could not find those pills on his own. He could not discover them and read the label, which clearly said, "Suppressants and Scent-Blocker". He clicked the call button and exhaled the breath he didn't even know he was holding. The call rang a few times, and Shane's mind began to race with worst-case scenarios.

“Hollander?” Rozanov’s voice snapped him out of his spiral. Shane stayed silent for a minute, not really sure what he would say. It wasn’t like he could just say *‘Hey, have you noticed any bottles in your home that aren’t yours?’*

“Hey, have you noticed any pill bottles in your apartment that aren’t yours?” He underestimated himself. His voice shook as he asked, and he knew it made him sound more suspicious than he intended to be.

Rozanov hummed in thought, and Shane could hear his socked feet against his hardwood floors in his apartment. “No,” he simply said after about a minute and a half of walking.

Shane wanted to groan, complain, sigh, or anything to release the exasperation built up in his chest. “Okay. Let me know if you do. You don’t have to move them or bring them to me or anything. I’ll come get them next time we play in Boston.” He said instead.

“Is okay. I can bring them to you. We play in Montreal in two weeks.”

“Wait, did you find them?” Shane asked, the panic starting to bubble up again. It hadn’t even been twenty seconds. Rozanov tended to mess with Shane for his own personal gain. Clearly, he didn’t understand the severity of the situation. Though he had no reason to.

“Yes. Scent-Blocker and Suppressant?” Rozanov elongated the words, and Shane almost mistook Ilya’s sounding out of the letters for anything but teasing him. Somehow, this was worse than what he imagined. Rozanov was not supposed to see them. Shane stayed silent for a bit, not wanting to say the wrong thing and get himself in trouble. No one was supposed to know about him. Especially Rozanov.

“Right. They aren’t mine. I left them in my pocket when someone asked me to hold them. They’re Hayden’s.” Shane knew that he sounded weak in his argument, but he relied on Ilya’s aloof personality and that he wouldn’t push any further. It’s not like the bottle specifically said omega or anything. And Rozanov wouldn’t look at the ingredients.

“I don’t think alpha suppressants have zinc in them. Are you sure?” The pill bottle rattled through the phone, and Shane racked his brain for another way out.

“They’re actually Jackie’s.” He said quickly. “He got them for her but gave them to me to hold. Yeah. Just bring them with you when you come to play in Montreal.” Shane gave a laugh that he had hoped would make him sound more confident in that terrible excuse.

“Pike is stupid. I will bring them in two weeks.” Rozanov said and ended the call. Shane dropped his phone at his side and swallowed the lump in his throat. He had just refilled his prescription, so there was no way he was going to tell his mom, merely a week later, that he ran out. He didn’t know how she would react, and he wasn’t going to find out. He had no idea what to expect from having no pills. If there were any effects at all, this late into taking them. Maybe he had ruined his body forever, and nothing would happen. And in some sick and twisted way, he kind of hoped he had.

In the first week without his pills, Shane didn’t feel any difference. His body felt fine, no signs of heat, and no one was commenting about any new scents in the locker room. He had successfully avoided any trouble with being an omega. Maybe he really had ruined his body. He had started to imagine what a heat really would feel like, though, or what his scent was. He never got to find out since he started the meds so early. But he pushed those thoughts away. He’d much rather be playing on the ice where he was now than have to suffer that routinely.

Two days before the Boston game, he began experiencing heat flashes. He chalked it up to the amount of exercise he was doing. Or that he was wearing too many layers. Maybe his comforter was too thick for his heater's setting. He continued to make excuses, not wanting to think it might be a sign of his heat. He didn’t want to know what it felt like. Not now. Not when his career was on the rise. Not when he was becoming a prominent player. Not when he was hooking up with his stupid rival from Boston. He was scared.

He had to come up with a temporary solution. Maybe some over-the-counter pills. But he couldn’t be seen buying them. He couldn’t ask his mom or dad. He wasn’t going to ask Hayden. His stupid identity built a wall between him and anyone else he claimed to be close to. There was no way he would have as many friends if he had come out and said he was an omega. Not even his best friend knew about him. Hayden was a great guy, but Shane didn’t know how he would react to him being an omega or if he’d support his decision to take the pills. Shane didn’t want him to look at him differently. It made him wonder if he would be the same had he been open about being an omega from the start.

“Did someone spray their wife’s perfume on their clothes or something?” J.J. yelled from his corner of the room. Shane flushed as he looked around at everyone. Was it him?

“Pike, it smells like it’s coming from your locker.” A defenseman pointed out.

“Pike! Did you and Jackie get it on before the game?” J.J. shouted. More crude remarks and wolf-whistles came from his teammates, but Shane kept his eyes trained on the floor.

“What? No! Fuck you guys. I have a very certain pre-game ritual. You guys know that!” Hayden stood up in defense. Shane’s breathing quickened. It *was* him.

“Hollander! Is it you? I thought you were celibate or something.” J.J. accused. Shane wasn’t sure if he was supposed to be offended or if he was supposed to come to his own defense about whether or not it was coming from him.

“What? Fuck you, J.J. I am not celibate!” He scoffed with an awkward laugh. He’d hoped his teammates would assume it was his already very awkward tendencies. Maybe they wouldn’t push about the smell anymore.

“Wait, did you actually like—fuck an omega before the game?” Hayden looked down at where Shane was sitting.

“No! I don’t do that stuff before the game. It’s bad luck.” Shane tried to ignore the harsh wording of Hayden’s accusation. It reminded him that most of the players in the league thought the same thing about omegas: just a quick fuck. No one could know about Shane.

“Jeez. It was just a question.” J.J. mumbled. Shane didn’t mean to be so hostile, but he did what had to be done. They put the rest of their gear on in silence before warming up. Despite the weird feeling in his chest, he knew this was good. Shane didn’t want them talking about any of it anymore. He stood up and finished putting on his gear. He tried to ignore the heat flashes coming in shorter waves.

He thought being on the cold ice would help, but by the time the final buzzer went off and Montreal had won the game, Shane had been sweating much more than he usually had. His gear was soaked through, and the sweet perfume scent had become more noticeable, even to the other team. He heard whispers and players pinching their noses when he skated by.

He stood at the boards, giving his teammates fist bumps and rambling off multiple positive affirmations. He watched Rozanov on the other side do the same and glance his way. Shane flushed and looked away again, gulping hard and following his last teammate into the locker room.

He didn't have the energy for a post-game speech. He just nodded along as Montreal's head coach gave his own. The heat was creeping into his stomach and through his veins. He felt more than just hot. He was craving something. He didn't know what, but glimpses of Rozanov's crooked smile and gold chain flashed across his mind. He shook his head as if to physically rid himself of those thoughts. He always told himself it wasn't a good idea to meet him, but his body was telling him, '*Yes, meet him, you need him,*' while his mind pleaded the opposite. But, as the heat crept up to his head and he released more of his pheromones, he knew. He needed Rozanov.

Shane was writhing on the bed as he waited for Rozanov. He panted and dug his face into the mattress where he smelled hints of a new scent that he assumed was Rozanov's. After all the years of hooking up, Shane assumed that he unconsciously spread his pheromones in the room. He tried to muffle his whines and moans into his pillows, but it was futile. The heat was crawling inside of him, and he could practically taste his own scent with how thick it was and how it permeated the entire apartment. His stomach ached, and all he could think about was Rozanov. His big hands, his lips, his tongue, the way he'd pin Shane down and make him take it just like he liked it.

A knock came fifteen minutes later. Shane dragged himself out of bed, his mind hazy as he stumbled to the door. He opened it, and Ilya slipped in quickly, catching Shane as his knees buckled. *He smelled so good.* He smelled like sandalwood and jasmine, and Shane was immediately on him, nuzzling his head into Rozanov's neck where the scent was strongest.

"Hollander, are you okay?" He asked as Shane found his footing and started walking back to the bedroom, dragging Rozanov along by the hand. The apartment was turning into blurry shapes, and he was having trouble catching his breath.

"Yeah. I'm fine, come on, it's late. Hurry up." He floundered through his words and finally made it to the bedroom. He turned around and laid back on the bed. He watched as Rozanov

approached him, looking down at him with hunger in his eyes. He'd never seen him like that. Shane felt like he'd be eaten any moment. Rozanov's natural scent made Shane feel like he was on fire, and he squirmed under the weight of it. His cologne was usually sharper, and Shane found little comfort in it. It made Rozanov seem further than he was. But this aroma was different. It warmed his body more than the creeping heat did, and he craved it. He grabbed Rozanov's collar and pulled him on top of him, burying his nose into his neck where the scent was strongest.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov groaned as their hips collided. Shane felt the friction and whined at the sensation. He wanted to be embarrassed, but as he bucked his hips up into Rozanov's, it felt worthless. "So needy..." Rozanov mumbled into Shane's ear, his lips brushing against the cusp of it. Shane moaned and tilted his head back as Rozanov kissed down his neck. He ran his cool fingertips up Shane's hoodie, making him shiver.

"Jesus Christ, please..." Shane moaned.

"Please, what?" Rozanov pulled away and lifted his hips, leaving Shane uncovered, pulling a shy whimper from his lips.

"I need..." his chest swelled as he attempted to catch his breath. "I need you."

Ilya felt wrong indulging him for some reason. Hollander was lying on the bed, fully clothed but somehow more enticing than ever. Something felt off. Shane was acting needier than usual, and he was much more pliant in Ilya's hands. He had been acting strange since that call about the pill bottle. The same one that was in Ilya's jacket. The scent that filled the air was new to Ilya. It was sweet like vanilla but also clean like fresh linen. He didn't know where it was coming from before, since he had smelled it on the ice briefly. He had assumed someone was scented by their wife before the game, but now he knew that it was coming from Hollander.

"Hollander, there is something wrong?" He asked tentatively. He could tell Hollander wasn't in his right mind, and he didn't want to do anything either of them would regret. As much as he wanted to dive into his body, explore every inch of the heated skin, he couldn't do that to Hollander. To Shane.

“No—No, please—” He whined again, tugging at the waistband of his track pants. Ilya wanted to take mercy on him, to ravish him in the way that he knew Hollander wanted him to.

“These pills... They aren’t Jackie’s.” Ilya pulled the bottle out from his jacket and shook them. He could tell Hollander was lying over the phone but didn’t care enough to push any further. Shane stilled on the bed as if he were knocked from his trance. He huffed and quickly perched himself on his elbows. He reached out for the bottle. Ilya pulled it back. Shane dropped his hand to his side and scoffed.

“Rozanov—”

“Answer.” He didn’t mean for it to come across so aggressively, but it had. He didn’t like being lied to. He thought he and Hollander had made *progress*. He didn’t even know what that meant for them. If it meant they might be friends someday, or something more. He knew he had to end their situation sooner rather than later, but he kept finding himself back in Hollander’s bed.

“No,” Hollander cursed under his breath. “They’re not Jackie’s. They’re mine. Give them to me.” He seemed to be a little more coherent now. “Please.” He sighed as he lifted his hand again to reach for the bottle. Ilya stood for a moment. He knew he should give them back. But now he was curious. They had been hooking up for years. The chance that Ilya would not notice Hollander was an omega was low.

“You are taking...” he glanced at the bottle. “Omega suppressants?” Ilya pushed further. “Why are you, Hollander, a beta, taking *omega* suppressants?” He scoffed.

“Fuck off.” Hollander fully sat up and snatched the bottle from Ilya’s hands. He popped the bottle open and took two pills as he stood up off the bed and walked to the bathroom. Ilya stood there frozen in shock. He heard the water run as he thought back to moments ago when he had Hollander twitching on the bed, begging for him without taking a single item of clothing off. Hollander came back into the room with his shirt soaked through with sweat and his hairline dripping with water. He stared at Ilya with an unreadable expression. Ilya stared back in disbelief.

“Well?” Ilya put his arms out and looked around as if he’d figured out he was being pranked.

“I’m sorry. I think you should just go tonight. Thanks for bringing me the pills.” Hollander avoided eye contact. Ilya was honestly shocked that he wasn’t more panicked. He knew something that, from the looks of it, no one else knew about. But *Ilya* knew. That had to have been eating him up inside.

“You can’t just drop this...” Ilya waved his hands in the air, frustrating himself as he translated in his head. “Secret on me, Hollander.” Ilya scoffed again. He didn’t want to show it on his face, and God, he hoped it didn’t, but he was hurt. He was hurt that he wasn’t trusted. After all this time. After all these years of their own shared secret.

“It’s none of your business. And I expect you not to tell anyone about it either.” Ilya nearly flinched at the words. Hollander’s voice was cool and calm, but his demeanor said otherwise. His chest was heaving, and his scent danced around the two of them. Despite taking the pills, it was obvious that he was still being affected by his heat.

“Of course, I would not tell anyone. But you are still in heat.” He gestured in the air again as if the pheromones were visible to the naked eye. Hollander shook his head and ran his hands over his face.

“Fuck off. I’m serious. I don’t want you here for this.” He said, pointing to the door as if Ilya were a fucking dog.

“I am not your pet, Hollander. What the fuck is going on? Are you an omega?” Ilya felt his chest expand with rage. He didn’t know why he was so angry. Hollander didn’t owe him anything. Ilya still felt hurt; he didn’t understand why Hollander would be so adamant about keeping it from him, even now. After all the time they spent together, the nights tangled in bed, lazily making out, sweet nothings whispered while Ilya was buried deep inside him. Sure, they didn’t mean anything after the night was over. At least that’s what he told himself. He was sure Hollander did the same, so why was the proof of that so hurtful?

“Yes! Jesus Christ, I’m an omega. I’ve been on these pills since I was sixteen. I’ve never had a heat, I’ve never released a pheromone in my life, and I don’t want to start now. So, get the fuck out of my house.” Hollander brought his hands up to his hair and tugged. His voice sounded as if it would break at any second, and Ilya felt the rage dissipate, replaced by an

unfamiliar ache. His eyes searched Hollander's. Even at their distance, Ilya knew that look. That hurt look made him want to stay. Ilya wanted to embrace him and tell him it would be okay. That he would be there for him and help him through this.

"Okay. Goodbye, then." Ilya bitterly said instead. He slowly backed away, his eyes never leaving Hollander's before he turned around. He put his shoes on without a second to tie them and walked out the door, slamming it behind him. He probably wasn't aware of it, but Hollander's pheromones said everything that he couldn't. Ilya shook his head as he felt the cool air rush against his hot cheeks and found himself regretting not going back in to hold him.

Shane spent the next week and a half thinking about that night. He had his pills again. He kept taking them, sometimes taking an extra dose here and there. He always made sure he had them on him when he left. He was especially careful now. What happened already could never happen again. Montreal wouldn't play Boston again for a few more weeks, so Shane could successfully avoid Rozanov. He had definitely lashed out that night, and he couldn't say he wasn't worried about the fact that he knew about him now. His emotions got the best of him. He'd apologize properly the next time they met. He could get his thoughts together and say the right things this time. Maybe they could figure out a new arrangement.

"Hey, Shane." Shane looked up from his bench seat in the locker room at Hayden. They were away in Chicago, and the locker room was loud with everyone trying to get excited before the game.

"What's up?" He asked, not certain what he could be bringing up.

"Just—the other night, when we played Boston. I felt a little bad about asking so crudely about your sex life. It was totally uncalled for." He said in a gentle tone, just loud enough for only Shane to hear. He swallowed hard and stood up to match Hayden.

"No worries, Pike." He clapped his shoulders and gave him a small smile. Hayden was his best friend, and this whole conversation was making him feel quite guilty for keeping things from him. "Let's go fuck up Chicago though, yeah?"

Montreal won against Chicago, of course. The Voyageurs were much better. But as Shane had been on the ice, he had started to feel weird again. It wasn't the same as when he was completely off his pills, but he still felt strange. His stomach pooled with heat at random times, and he would sometimes briefly smell that sweet scent again. But only for a moment. No one mentioned anything. Shane thought he was in the clear.

"So, are you seeing someone or something?" Hayden asked as he walked out of their shared hotel bathroom.

"What?" Shane felt his face heat up and hoped his blush wasn't obvious. Rozanov always told him that it was, and deduced that it might be this time too from the way Hayden's eyebrows rose.

"That must be a yes," he laughed and sat down on his bed across from Shane's. "I'm not gonna tell anyone. But I do keep noticing the same scent coming from you." Hayden pulled out his phone as he laid back on the bed casually. Shane didn't know if he was trying to act that way to get more out of him, but that definitely wasn't going to happen.

"What—no. I'm not seeing anyone like that." Shane laughed awkwardly and tried to lie back as casually as Hayden had, but suddenly the pillows on his back were uncomfortable, and the hotel comforter was too tight.

"Oh, 'like that'? So, is it casual then? Like just a fling in certain cities? I know some guys do that," Hayden paused for a moment. "Like Rozanov. I heard he's got someone in every town." Hayden never once looked up from his phone. It was like this conversation wasn't friendship-altering to him. Though Shane guessed it shouldn't be, and that made him feel very ashamed.

"No, he doesn't," Shane quietly said to himself as he fiddled with the hem of the blanket at his hips. As if he were trying to convince himself of that. "I'm not seeing anyone at all. I'm not a slut." Shane glanced over at Hayden's bed again, hoping he didn't see the blush rising on his neck from the thoughts of Rozanov in his bed on late nights—where he really did feel

like a slut. Hayden gave a loud laugh at his last statement. Shane smiled at that, the heavy weight lifting off his chest.

“Are you calling Rozanov a slut, then? You should tell him that next time we play him. I think he’d take it quite well.” He laughed some more before sliding further down in the bed and turning to the lamp. “Alright, I won’t push any further. But if you ever are seeing someone, tell me. I wanna know this stuff about you, man.” He said with a soft smile. Shane’s heart ached a bit.

“Right. For sure.” He smiled as he mimicked Hayden and slid down into bed. “See you in the morning, then.” He said and turned their lamps off. Shane knew he wouldn’t tell Hayden anything anytime soon, but the simple thoughtfulness of his friend made him feel a little better.

Ilya couldn’t stop thinking about that night between him and Hollander. He was in such a vulnerable, unfamiliar position. It seemed trivial at the time, but as he thought more about it, he started to feel achy. He was unaccustomed to it. He would usually smoke it away with a strong cigarette, but suddenly Hollander’s protests about his habits filled his mind. He didn’t mean to push Hollander into defense mode. He thought maybe that’s what he was always meant to do with him. But Hollander just wanted Ilya that night. Or maybe he just needed an alpha. Maybe Ilya wasn’t special, but his secondary gender was.

He decided to watch the Montreal-Chicago game, and Montreal seemed to be playing its best. Everyone except Hollander. He was distracted. Every few minutes, he would look behind him and lose the puck. As if something was trailing him, watching him. Ilya watched the replays on social media afterward, and everyone noticed the same thing. But that wasn’t his business. It’s not like he would text Hollander and ask if he was okay. It wasn’t like he would check up on him when they saw each other next. Hollander was a quick fuck and nothing more. That’s all he was allowed to be.

He watched his phone for a while longer, a video of Hollander’s post-game interview playing on repeat. Ilya cursed in Russian and turned off his phone. He stared at the ceiling and tried to rid his mind of any thoughts that may contain Hollander and his stupid smile, his stupid brown eyes, his stupid freckles. The way he sounded when he spoke French, or the way he moaned under Ilya, the way he was always desperate for him. They couldn’t change their dynamic now. He couldn’t help but think about if it would be different now that Ilya knew about him. Ilya would see him in a few weeks, and they wouldn’t talk about what happened. Hollander would pretend it never happened, and then he’d drop to his knees to get Ilya off. Ilya felt his dick twitch in his boxers at the thought. He sighed and brought an arm to lay over

his eyes. He used his free hand to slowly slide his sweatpants down and free himself from his waistband.

He let himself imagine Hollander in his room, going down on him as if his life depended on it. Licking his tip, dragging his tongue up and down Ilya's shaft before fully taking him in his mouth. He'd bob his head a few times before attempting to take the entire thing, failing without Ilya's guidance. Hollander loved it when Ilya took control. He loved the way Ilya would push his head all the way down, holding it for a few seconds before coming up for air. He loved to be obedient for him. He needed it. He'd never admit it, but he was always more turned on when Ilya would give him orders—silent or verbal. Ilya sighed as he stroked himself, pretending it was Hollander's mouth on him.

Montreal was finally in Boston. Ilya hadn't seen Hollander in about a month and a half. Normally, he knew if their plans were cemented for the night. It was the same every time. Shane would be with his team for a bit, then come up with an excuse and head to Ilya's penthouse. But this time, Ilya knew his secret. He was completely in the dark about whether or not Shane would still come to his place. If Shane would acknowledge him on the ice tonight. If they would discuss what happened.

The Voyageurs were always a tough team to play. They had a great defense, and of course, Hollander. Ilya loved playing against Hollander. He was the only guy in the league who could keep up with him. So, when Hollander was clearly out of it and very distracted, Ilya couldn't help but be worried—or concerned. Worried was too heavy a word. He couldn't allow himself that.

"Hollander, is my team intimidating you?" Ilya asked when they were fighting for the puck against the boards. He had hoped that it sounded like shit talk to everyone else, but it was laced with *concern* for Hollander.

"Fuck off." Hollander gritted out through his mouthguard.

Shane wasn't feeling that great. He felt the weird heat in his stomach again and couldn't see clearly. With Rozanov on the ice, in his space, whispering in his ears, he felt himself wanting to be closer to him. He couldn't let his instincts get the better of him. He had to stay strong

until the period was over. His knees were weak, his lungs weren't filling with nearly enough air, but he could do it. He had to do it. He ran the puck down the ice before suddenly being unable to move another step. He stopped and bent over at his hips. The ice looked unusually black, and Shane's brain felt confused. Everything was simplifying into shapes and colors, as if the world were becoming two-dimensional. He could barely hear the troubled gasps from the crowd or shouts from his teammates over the rushing of blood in his ears.

He smelled that scent that he had gotten a taste of once—*Ilya's scent*. He looked up again, blinking slowly. Or maybe he was blinking fast. He had no idea; everything was in slow motion. The puck was sliding down the ice, someone picked it up, it might have been his teammate, he couldn't really tell what the colors of the jersey were. He exhaled one more time, his lungs feeling completely empty, and it felt like he couldn't breathe in another breath. He looked around again, watching as what was unmistakably Ilya Rozanov skating down the ice to his side.

"...der? Hollander!" He heard him say. Shane frowned. What was he doing? They weren't alone. He wasn't allowed to do this. Everyone could see them.

"Ilya..." He mumbled out. He tried to tell him to get off, to go away, to get Hayden or someone who *actually* cared about him. But he couldn't. And suddenly, he felt his body hit the ice.

Shane woke up in his hotel room. He opened his eyes slowly, gathering his surroundings. He groaned and adjusted himself to sit up in the bed. He gasped silently as he felt the pool of slick undoubtedly drenching most of his pants. He blushed heavily and looked around, making sure no one else was in the room with him.

"You finally awake?" He heard from Hayden's side of the room. Shane whipped his neck around and looked over at Hayden sitting on his own hotel bed, wearing a dopey smile. He felt confused again, not knowing if he was supposed to be comforted by the fact that his best friend was here, or if he was supposed to be terrified now that Hayden definitely knew about him.

"Hayden..." Shane wasn't sure what else to say. He looked away from him, trying not to let the tears prickling in his eyes fall. He noticed the hoodie and a couple of t-shirts on the other

pillow. His heart warmed at the thought of Hayden giving him clothes with his scent to comfort him.

“Hey man, I get it.” Shane turned to look at him again. “You pretend to be a beta to get into the NHL. No biggie, I was kind of shocked you’d gotten away with it all this time, what, with all the tests we have to take. I don’t really care. Not my business, you’re still you. You’re still my best friend.” Hayden shrugged. “I think the NHL might care, but I don’t.”

“Who all knows?” Shane asked, not really wanting to know the answer, but he knew he had to ask.

“The guys on the team who aren’t stupid figured it out after they wheeled you out. They’re hurt that you didn’t tell them. But, it’ll blow over.” He stood up from his bed and switched to sit at Shane’s side. He folded his hands in his lap, and Shane felt a bit awkward, since he was sporting a very obvious erection under the comforter. He knew his scent was all over the place and that couldn’t have been easy for Hayden.

“Thank you. I really, really appreciate you, Hayden. I’m sorry I kept it from you, but you get it, right? I did what I had to do.” Shane said softly.

“Yeah, I get it. And, I know this is awkward since you’re literally in heat, but I’m always here for you.” Shane raised an eyebrow with a grin, and Hayden choked on his words. “Not like that—fuck, sorry. What I meant was, I may not be an omega, but I’m married to one. I know what you need right now.” He shook his head. “Fuck, still don’t mean it like that, Hollander, fuck off,” he said as Shane laughed at his choice of words. “Is there someone you can meet with?”

Shane thought back to the night he had first gone into heat. Rozanov was ready to take care of him, and he’d pushed him away, creating a new barrier between the two of them. He wanted to feel guilty, but couldn’t bring himself to do so. Yet, he still craved Rozanov’s pheromones, and it was making the heat much worse, which wasn’t the state he wanted to be in in front of Hayden.

“Yeah, there is.” He simply said, an involuntary smile making its way to his face.

Ilya sat in his bed, mindlessly watching TV. Boston had won the game. Of course they did. Montreal's captain had been wheeled off in the second period. It didn't feel as good as it usually did. He bit at his lip, and the painful sensation of his sharp canines on thin skin kept him grounded. The vision of Hollander bent over and heaving, clearly about to collapse, never left his mind. The panic that ran through his body in the moment was still coursing through his body somewhere. He had stupidly rushed to his side, silently hoping that he might need Ilya. And then he heard Hollander's voice softly utter Ilya's name. Not Rozanov—Ilya. Ilya wanted to see him. But Hollander was probably in his hotel room by now, being tended to by Pike. *Fucking Pike*. He groaned as he turned the TV off and leaned back, closing his eyes. He couldn't think about anyone else. He didn't want to think about anyone else. He wanted Hollander.

He could hear the drunkards of the night stumbling through the hall, panting and huffing as if they'd taken the stairs to the top floor. He was envious of them. He wanted to be so out of his mind with alcohol that he couldn't think about the omega running circles in his mind. He wanted to blackout and forget everything that happened in the last two months. He wanted it to be over. It was agony.

Then came the knock at the door.

Ilya frowned as he sat up. He wasn't expecting anyone. He slowly got out of bed and tugged a t-shirt on. He made his way to the front door. He told Svetlana he was busy tonight. It couldn't have been her. He was hoping it was Hollander. He had wanted to say so many things. He wanted to beg for forgiveness. He wanted to say he wouldn't tell anyone. He wanted to tell him that he was always on his side. Ilya creaked open the door, not bothering to check the peephole.

"Ilya," Hollander stumbled into his apartment and wrapped himself around Ilya. He mouthed at his neck and rutted his hard cock against Ilya's leg. Ilya didn't react at first, unsure of what was going on. He placed his hands on Hollander's waist. His skin was hot to the touch, burning at Ilya's fingertips.

"Hollander, what are you doing here?" He said, panic in his voice as he shut the door and tried to push Hollander off of him.

"I need you. I'm sorry, I need you so bad right now. *Please*." Hollander leaned back to catch Ilya's gaze. He looked from eye to eye and then down to his lips, licking his own and catching Ilya's mouth in a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss.

“Fuck Hollander...” Ilya moaned into his mouth. He wanted to ask how he even got there, but instead picked him up and carried him to the bed. He gently laid him down, watching Hollander writhe and squirm out of his hoodie and sweatpants. He peeled off his underwear, leaving a slick trail connecting to his skin and pouring out of his hole. Nothing would ever beat this view, Ilya thought. He basked in the beautiful sight that was Hollander lying naked, every inch of his body on display for Ilya. For Ilya’s eyes only.

“Rozanov—Ilya. Take your clothes off. Please.” Hollander reached up and tugged at the hem of Ilya’s t-shirt. Ilya felt his heart beat hard against his ribs. *Ilya*. He took a moment to stare again, wanting to embed this sight in his eyes forever.

“Hollander...” Ilya leaned down and caught Hollander’s lips in another kiss. This time was a bit softer, a little more intentional. He swiped his tongue over Hollander’s lips, as if he were asking for permission to have him.

“Shane...” He purred against Ilya’s lips. Ilya hummed and nodded against his mouth.

“Shane,” Ilya whispered like his name was a secret. Like he wasn’t allowed to do this. “Are you sure? You are in heat, no?” He nuzzled into Shane’s neck to inhale the scent he didn’t know he had missed so much.

“Yes, I am so sure about this. Please, I need you. So bad.” Shane whined as he began to tug at Ilya’s waistband. Ilya’s heart sank to his stomach. He had dreamed of being wanted by Shane—*needed* by Shane. How could he allow himself this pleasure? This was so much more than just a fling. Just a fuck when they were in the same city. They both knew that. Ilya pulled his shirt off, tugged off his sweatpants, and laid between Shane’s legs. He wanted their skin to be flush. He needed there to be no space between them. Shane moaned as their pelvises ground against each other. Ilya brought their lips together again and ran his fingers down Shane’s side as Shane tangled his fingers into Ilya’s curls.

Shane flipped them over and straddled Ilya’s hips. He kept their lips connected, their tongues sliding against each other. He leaned up, placing his hands on Ilya’s chest for leverage. He positioned himself on top of Ilya’s cock, using the slick leaking from his hole as lube. He didn’t quite put it in, just slid the hard length against his hole, which made Ilya groan with anticipation. He’d been with omegas in the past, but this was different. This wasn’t just any omega. This was Shane. He moaned again as Shane moved his hips back and forth, rutting his aching dick against Ilya’s stomach.

“Ilya, I want to suck you off.” Shane somehow whined out in between moans and groans.

“Whatever you want.” Ilya sat up as Shane slid off his lap onto the floor. He kneeled in front of Ilya between his legs. “Is the carpet okay?” Ilya asked as he motioned his head to the carpet-clad floor. Shane eagerly nodded, already staring at Ilya’s bobbing erection. He licked a stripe up his shaft, up to the tip, suckling it a bit. Just the way Ilya liked it. How Shane knew Ilya liked it. Ilya cursed in Russian, complimenting his beautiful boy, who was on his knees. His pretty doll. Perfect for him.

“Fuck, keep talking like that,” Shane briefly paused to say, then took the whole length in his mouth, all the way to his balls. Ilya groaned loudly. Did the heat make it easier for him to suck dick? Ilya kept going, speaking in Russian praises.

“You’re so beautiful. You’re so good for me,” Ilya muttered in Russian. He let him suck for some time. Ilya guided his head up and down, the lewd noises turning him on more and putting him close to the edge. “Enough, get up here.” He said, this time in English. Shane rose from the ground, quickly trying to straddle Ilya. But in his eagerness, he missed the other leg and only ended up on one thigh. Shane whimpered into Ilya’s ear, rutting against the rigid muscle beneath him. Ilya felt himself get harder at that. His thigh was covered in Shane’s slick, and he couldn’t think of a situation he’d rather be in.

“Fuck. *Fuck*, Ilya—” Shane stuttered as he rode Ilya’s thigh. He moaned loudly, not caring who could hear them. Ilya was sure that even if they were in a hotel, Shane was too far gone to care. Shane buried his head into Ilya’s neck, inhaling the scent that he was releasing. Ilya felt his erection, still slick with Shane’s spit, twitch against his stomach. He wanted to fuck him so bad. He needed to be inside him.

“Shane, I want to fuck you. Please.” He breathed into Shane’s ear. He grabbed Shane’s chin with enough force to guide him, but still gentle enough so it wouldn’t hurt. He lifted his head and forced him to stare into Ilya’s eyes. Shane’s eyes were glossed over and fucked out, and Ilya hadn’t even touched him yet. It was so fucking hot. Shane was his perfect omega. Ilya suppressed a groan and flipped them over, pushing Shane up by his hips up to the headboard. “I am going to fuck you. Just like you want it.”

Shane wanted it raw. The heat made him crave Ilya's knot inside him, spilling his seed and giving him a family. Maybe it wasn't just the heat. Maybe he wanted it too. But Ilya refused.

"No. You do not want that. I will use condom." Ilya said, disregarding Shane's whines and protests. He pulled a strip of condoms from his bedside table. He ripped the top one off and then the wrapper's top with his teeth, spitting the trash onto the floor. He rolled the condom down, and Shane gulped down the urge to moan. Seeing Ilya like this made him hot and bothered, even more so with his heat. He was so sensitive, his body was on fire, and the mere thought of being fucked by Ilya while he was in heat was turning him on as he'd never been before.

"Inside...please..." Shane sobbed out, his eyes filling up with tears. He felt so needy, and he couldn't stop it. He moved his hips closer to Ilya's, as if it would magically make Ilya put it in any faster.

Ilya shushed him, stuffing his fingers into Shane's mouth. Shane took them fervently, gripping Ilya's wrist and sucking as if it were his cock again. He loved the taste of Ilya's skin. He heard Ilya groan, and he felt the blunt head of Ilya's length push against his rim. Shane bit down on his fingers and relished in the burn that accompanied Ilya's cock. He pushed all the way in, and Shane whined, his hips moving involuntarily against Ilya's hips.

"Be patient. I will fuck you like you want." Ilya said in a deep voice, the one he used when he wanted Shane to obey. And *God*, how Shane loved to obey. He wanted to be good for Ilya. He wanted to be praised. "Good...good, so good for me, my beautiful boy," Ilya muttered as he started to move his hips, thrusting in and out of Shane. Shane somehow felt himself blush over the heat. Ilya wasn't snapping his hips like he usually did after Boston won, making Shane feel like he was being punished for losing. He was gentle, like their first time together, when they were no more than rookies in a new stage of life.

"Harder—Harder Rozanov, please," Shane whined as his hips stuttered against the lack of sensation.

"I told you. Patience," Ilya punctuated with a particularly rough thrust, making Shane arch off the bed with a loud moan, gripping Ilya's shoulder. He dug his nails into his back, trying to ground himself. He wanted to feel everything. He wanted to stay in this position forever and be fucked like this all the time. He babbled out curses and pleas, but nothing was going to stop Ilya from doing what he wanted. Shane knew that. He liked it. He wanted it like that. Ilya started to thrust in a harsh rhythm, and their skin, wet from Shane's slick, slapped against each other, making everything echo throughout Ilya's apartment. It was hotter than anything

Shane had ever experienced, even with Ilya. He moaned louder and louder. He wanted Ilya to know he was feeling it—that he was truly enjoying it.

“Fuck, Hollander. I’m getting close,” Ilya groaned into Shane’s ear. He turned to look into Shane’s eyes and brought their lips together. Their teeth clashed, and it was messy. But Shane felt loved. He wondered if Ilya felt it too. Shane wanted to curl into Ilya’s skin and live there, if only it meant this would last forever. He ran his fingers up Ilya’s arms, reaching into his hair and tugging at the curls to remind himself that he was exactly where he wanted to be.

“Me too, I’m close too. I want it—don’t stop, please don’t stop—*knot me, Ilya.*” Shane pleaded as Ilya’s thrusts went faster and faster, bringing Shane closer and closer to the edge. Ilya kissed Shane’s neck, and even though he knew he wouldn’t, he wanted Ilya to mark him. To bite him and let the world know he belonged to him. Even if it meant coming out with this secret—both secrets. He would do it for Ilya. But he wasn’t going to say that.

“Are you sure? It might hurt.” Ilya started to slow down, and Shane whined.

“No—No, don’t stop, please just do it.” Shane gripped Ilya’s golden curls, pulling him down for another kiss. Ilya sped up again, and Shane could feel the beginning of his knot start to catch on his rim. Shane let his mouth drop open, silent moans falling out as Ilya’s knot grew, finally fully inside of him, and spilling inside the condom. Ilya huffed in Shane’s ear as Shane’s own orgasm hit him. He shook with pleasure as his cum hit him on his chest and up to his chin.

Shane panted as he came down from his high, the heat melting away in his stomach and his head. He felt Ilya slowly drop next to him on the bed, the sting of his knot moving inside eliciting a soft whimper from Shane. He sighed and closed his eyes, letting Ilya’s scent fill his senses, and the cool A/C find its way to his overheated body. His head felt clearer, and he could think straight. He felt Ilya’s strong arms wrap around him and pull him closer. Shane buried his nose into Ilya’s skin.

“Are you okay?” Ilya asked softly. He ran his fingers over Shane’s freckles and placed gentle kisses on his forehead. Shane nodded slowly, taking a deep breath.

“Yeah, I’m okay.” He said quietly. Ilya placed a kiss on his nose, then his cheek, the corner of his mouth, and finally fully on his lips. They were gentle, light as if they weren’t there, a

prayer to Shane. They laid there for a while, in comfortable silence. The only sounds that could be heard were their soft breaths and the occasional kiss to Shane's head. Eventually, Ilya's knot had deflated, and he slowly pulled out. Shane groaned a bit at the loss and squeezed his eyes.

"I will clean up. You stay here. I will bring you towels." Ilya said as he stood off the bed. He placed one more kiss on Shane's lips. Shane hummed with acknowledgment and listened for the pads of Ilya's feet to retreat into the bathroom. He heard the water running, acting as some kind of white noise for him. He felt drowsy, falling into sleep. Then he smelled Ilya's thick scent coming from the closet. He wanted more of it. He opened his eyes, checked if Ilya was actually in the shower, and slowly rose off the bed. He walked to Ilya's walk-in closet full of expensive clothing that Shane didn't understand the appeal of. He picked out a few items that his senses led him to. A pair of sweatpants, a hoodie, a few t-shirts, and—though Shane was embarrassed to admit—a couple of pairs of underwear.

He trudged back to the bed, a large pile of clothes in his hand, and placed them in the center of the bed. He created a semi-circle with the clothes, the ones with the heaviest scent in the center, where he would lay his head. He messed with it a few times before deciding that it was acceptable. He had never wanted to nest, nor did he really know how to. But this felt good. He got into the bed and laid in the center of it. He adjusted himself a few times before grabbing the pillow he knew Ilya slept on and wrapping himself around it. He loved this scent. He wanted as much of it as he could get. He inhaled until his lungs were overfilled with air, letting the pheromones saturate every sense he had.

Ilya wrapped a towel around his waist and quickly towel-dried his hair. He grabbed two more towels, one wet, one dry, and walked back out to his bedroom. He expected Shane to be passed out on the bed, maybe just tired from his long day and overexertion. He didn't expect Shane to be nested into his clothes. Or for him to be hugging his pillow. His heartbeat went just a bit faster and harder against his chest.

"Shane..." He said softly, not wanting to stir the omega too much. Shane hummed and opened his eyes. Once he saw him, he moved to the side a bit, creating a space for Ilya to lie with him. Ilya smiled at the gesture but shook his head. "We need to clean you," he said, holding the towels up to show him. Shane closed his eyes as he whined and flipped onto his back. Ilya smiled softly, wiping his body with the wet towel, then patting him dry with the other. He glanced at the nest, these were his clothes, this nest was made by his omega. *His omega*. Ilya thought. Shane opened his eyes again and patted the bed next to him. Ilya removed his towel and discarded the other two on the floor. He climbed into the bed, deliberately trying not to mess up Shane's nest.

“Are you feeling alright?” Ilya asked once he was in the nest with him. He lightly brushed his fingers through Shane’s hair. Shane hummed as he nodded, this time a small smile creeping over his lips. He scooted closer to Ilya, throwing the pillow to the headboard, and wrapped his arms around Ilya’s chest. He placed a small kiss on his lips and nuzzled his head into Ilya’s neck. Ilya could feel him inhaling his scent. Shane’s skin was still heated, burning Ilya to be so close to him. Ilya couldn’t find it in him to pull away.

A familiar feeling gnawed at Ilya. He wanted Shane to stay. He wanted him to be here forever. He imagined a life where neither of them played hockey and found each other under normal circumstances, where they could just be them. Omega and alpha. Shane and Ilya. But without hockey, Ilya wouldn’t be here. No matter how the league treated him, he had to be grateful for it. It brought him Shane. Even though Shane would never know that Ilya had fallen for him, he allowed himself this moment.

Ilya placed a few kisses on the top of Shane’s head. “Will you stay?” He asked. Shane lifted his head and looked into Ilya’s eyes. They were clearer now. He was in his right mind, so Ilya expected him to shake his head, say that he had an early flight, or that Hayden was waiting for him.

“Can I?” He whispered instead. Ilya felt a lump grow in his throat. He swallowed it down and nodded.

‘You could stay forever. Please.’ Was what he really wanted to say.

“Okay.” Shane moved his head back to Ilya’s neck, leaving open-mouthed kisses across his skin. The cool air against the spit tracks he left made Ilya shiver, but he wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Are you still feeling... in heat?” Ilya wasn’t sure how to phrase it in English. Shane stilled in thought. Then he shook his head.

“Not right now.” He continued leaving kisses across Ilya’s neck, then slightly pushed him away so he could kiss his collarbones. Ilya exhaled softly. As much as it felt like a segue into sex, he didn’t want that. He wanted to be here with Shane, softly exchanging kisses with each other like they had been doing this all along. He wanted to lie with Shane and keep him here forever. He never wanted to leave his room. He wanted to quit the league so that they could stay here in Ilya’s high-rise apartment for eternity. He wanted to be returned to nature with

Shane so that their souls could find each other in the next life. He wanted a never-ending cycle with Shane. He wanted to live one thousand lives with him.

He couldn't allow himself that.

But he could allow himself this one night. With Shane in his arms, pretending as if it were forever. He knew Shane would be gone in the morning. There was no waking up together. There was no cooking breakfast together. There were no lazy mornings over coffee. There was no light conversation about their day. There was no forever.

And that was okay for now.

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