

if I was wanting of any more

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75298851) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75298851>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Established Relationship , Pregnancy , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Reunions , Tooth-Rotting Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Hollanov Omegaverse AU
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-05 Words: 4,336 Chapters: 1/1

if I was wanting of any more

by [quantumoddy](#).

Summary

It's not the first time Ilya has found himself further away from his mate than he wants to be. It's almost nostalgic at this point, walking away from the rest of his team at the hotel bar so he can video call Hollander before bed.

But it's never been harder. Because it's not just Shane he's left behind in Ottawa. It's their pup too.

Notes

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

Ilya wondered if it would ever stop surprising him, how much joy could come from such small things. Especially after the big things had been letting him down his whole life.

He'd won gold for his country as a junior, he'd been first pick in the draft, he'd become captain twice over, he'd held the Stanley Cup high above his head and roared at everyone who'd ever doubted him to fucking look and see what he'd done without a damn thing from any of them. He'd done everything he thought he'd needed to do to make himself worthy, to make himself fulfilled, to make himself happy.

And it had all lasted about as long as a line of coke and left him feeling just as shitty. The next morning, Ilya had always woken to that cold, heavy feeling of sadness, that dull static in the corners of his mind he could only ever drown out temporarily. It always found him again, no matter what he did, no matter who he turned himself into.

For years, Ilya had believed he'd never find that happiness everyone else seemed to feel. A real, solid happiness that would become the foundation of his life, instead of that bleak cold. He'd told himself that those fleeting moments of mania were all he'd ever get and he'd just have to be okay with that. Lasting joy just wasn't meant for people like him and chasing it would only leave his feet bloody and his chest more empty than it already was.

Ilya certainly never thought he'd find it in something as small as standing up, swallowing the rest of his only drink that night, and a single sentence.

"Well, this has been fun, gentleman, but I'm going to go call Shane."

Ilya basked in the round of wolf whistles and good natured groans that erupted around the table, putting up no fight against the smug grin that grew across his face.

"Don't let him keep you up too late, we wanna actually win a game tomorrow," Hayes nudged Ilya as he walked past him, skirting around the large table the Centaurs had commandeered in the hotel bar.

"We do? I thought our plan was get kicked out of playoffs in third round?" Ilya frowned in mock confusion, "No one told me?"

"Just in case I didn't make it clear," Wiebe calmly spoke up from the head of a table where he was sipping on a coke, "Our plan is to win against Colorado tomorrow so you're *all* going to be turning in early."

Any disappointment at that was feigned, every one of them at that table were committed to giving it their all for this game. The finals were creeping closer with every miracle the Centaurs managed to pull off, they were all aware that this was as far as Ottawa had gotten in years. No one was looking to risk that now.

"Relax, coach," Ilya threw his jacket over his shoulder, "These days I am lucky if Shane stays awake for more than five minutes."

Wiebe's expression turned gentle, "Well, you can hardly blame him for that. Give him our best, yeah? Him and the pup."

Another single word that contained more joy than Ilya could ever believe. Hearing it, saying it, even thinking it made the foundations of himself surge, like there was more light inside him than he could hold onto, something fundamental had to shift to make room for it all. Like he was being remade by the love he now had in his life.

He smiled sincerely, nodding, "I will. You know it is killing him, not being here." *Almost as much as it's killing me.*

"Hey, we miss him too," Wiebe chuckled, backed up by a chorus of agreement, "Tell him to text me if he has any insights during the game. Don't know how I'm gonna get by tomorrow without him."

Ilya felt a burst of pride. It was driving his mate crazy, not being able to strap on his skates and pick up a stick with the rest of them, but he'd channelled all that energy into an unofficial position as assistant coach. Every game since they'd known about the pregnancy found him standing behind the player's bench with Wiebe (or sitting on it when his ankles started hurting and Ilya made him) turning his bone deep obsession with hockey into some pretty helpful suggestions for his team. Even without being able to play, he was showing up for the Centaurs and making them better.

At least until he hit the third trimester and their doctor had suggested it was too risky for Shane to be flying, not with his first pup. So now there were hundreds of miles between them and Shane wasn't the only one losing his mind.

"I'll tell him," Ilya promised, turning and leaving his team, his friends, to their evening.

There was only one place he wanted to be right now, only one face he wanted to see.

There was a certain nostalgia to setting the tripod up, putting his phone on it, making sure it was angled towards the bed just so. It reminded Ilya of the old days, their days of sneaking around and letting the world believe they were nothing more than begrudging friends. He supposed there was also a kind of nostalgia in the ache he felt, the longing, the way every mile between them weighed heavily on his shoulders.

It was nostalgic but he still fucking hated it.

Ilya knelt on the hotel bed, hitting the call button and waiting anxiously until the screen filled with his mate's freckled face, his warm brown eyes, his huge relieved smile that had to mirror Ilya's perfectly. Seeing him was like coming in from the cold.

"Hey..." he murmured, a purr already rumbling in his chest, hands aching to reach through the screen and wrap his mate in his arms.

"Hi..." Shane's laugh was soft, his eyes bright, "Fuck, it's good to see you."

“Is good to see you too,” Ilya studied Shane’s face, like he needed to see every inch before he could know he was okay, “Are you okay? You’re sweaty.”

There was some fumbling as Shane was clearly setting his phone on his own tripod, “Thanks. I think the word you’re supposed to use is glowing?”

Ilya snorted, finding himself looking at their bed, perfectly neat of course without him there forgetting to make it in the morning, “That too. Answer the question.”

“I’m fine! I was just doing some yoga before bed, geez,” Shane didn’t sound all that annoyed at his alpha’s protectiveness, finally coming into frame and sitting cross legged on the bed, a little gingerly as he made room for his bump between his knees.

God, he looked incredible. Even in a pair of old shorts and a spare shirt from their hockey camp, three sizes larger than usual and his belly still rounding out the front of it. Even with his hair scraped back from his face in a headband, sticking up every which way because it had grown thick enough in the last few months that no brush in their house could tame it. Even with the bruise like shadows under his eyes and the smattering of hormonal acne that had taken up stubborn residence along his jaw. It all hit Ilya square in the chest, making his heart thud in that giddy way it always did when it saw Shane Hollander.

He knew his mate had struggled with the way his body had changed over the last eight months, the unfamiliar sense of being limited, the loss of control. But Ilya couldn’t look at him and see anything but his mate, the man he loved. As Shane changed, the way Ilya loved him changed too, finding new things to adore every day.

He felt his stomach turn as he wondered how Shane had felt the last few days, without Ilya there to pull him back into bed and kiss him silly whenever he saw that doubt in his eyes.

“You look beautiful,” he said emphatically, trying to soothe that anxious image of Shane in his mind.

The real Shane’s smile turned up a few watts, “Shut up, I know I look like shit.”

“Perhaps you did not understand, with my accent and all. I said you look beautiful. *Ty vyglyadish' prekrasno.*”

Shane caved, a blush spreading across his cheeks, his hand moving to stroke his belly, “Thank you...”

Ilya gave a grunt of satisfaction, slumping back against the pillows, hands flexing instinctively with how badly they wanted to be where Shane’s were.

“By the way, I have a bone to pick with you,” Shane narrowed his eyes, “I think you made a few too many people promise to check in on me while you’re on the road.”

Ilya pursed his lips, aware of how unconvincing he looked, “Uh...I don’t think it’s too many...”

Shane scoffed, counting on his fingers, “Okay so I’ve had calls from Rose, Svetlana, Hayden, Harris called *and* came over and made me apple turnovers, my mom took me to the OB appointment and basically never left, I think she’s moved her stuff in...”

“Ah,” Ilya smiled guiltily, “In my defence, I thought they would space it out more across the week...”

“Well then you put the wrong people on the job,” Shane smirked, “My phone’s been ringing non stop.”

“They care about you. The team does too, they said to give you their best,” Ilya shrugged, hating that he was having to delegate looking after his mate, “Now tell me what Dr Klyne said.”

“I texted you after the appointment and told you everything!”

“Tell me again. I want to hear it.”

That made Shane smile, arms coming around his bump like he was giving their pup a hug, “They’re doing really well. Heartbeat’s strong, they’re moving around like crazy, it took ages before they’d hold still and let her take some measurements. Kind of wish they hadn’t, apparently they’re in the upper size category which, what the fuck, that’s the kind of thing you tell me *after* I’ve given birth...”

Ilya chuckled, watching Shane get comfortable on his side, moving to mirror him so it was as if they were lying in bed together, nose to nose instead of miles away from each other, “You’ve got this, Hollander. No one is stronger than you.”

“Oh yeah, easy for you to say when you don’t have to shove a 90th percentile pup out of his body.”

Ilya did his best to look sympathetic, not that it was difficult, “And I am sorry but it does not make it untrue! What else have they been doing? I want to hear everything I’ve missed.”

“Let’s make a deal,” Shane smiled at him from his nest of pillows, eyes warm and adoring, “I tell you every little adorable thing they’ve done, you tell me every single second of last night’s game in detail.”

Ilya grinned, “Ah, we are both having withdrawal symptoms...you have a deal, *moi miluyi*.”

They stayed like that for a few hours that were still, somehow, not long enough. Shane told him about their pup, about how Anya spent most of her time curled around his belly like she was already on babysitting duty, about how he kept murmuring the names they’d been kicking around, trying them on. Ilya walked him through not just last night’s game but every one of their road trip so far, trying to make Shane feel like he’d been there on the ice the way he pressed Shane’s words to his heart and tried to imagine he was there with his mate and his pup and his dog.

As much as Ilya tried to pretend he didn't see it, he was watching Shane's eyes grow heavy, he saw his shoulders slumping down and his jaw tighten as he fought off yawn after yawn. Growing their pup was exhausting him, the team group chat had become a little art gallery devoted to pictures of him sleeping around Bood's firepit, on Ilya's shoulder on the team bus, in the locker room, at several restaurants. It was a minor miracle he'd lasted this long, probably through sheer force of will. Which was a kinder way of saying he was stubborn as fuck.

"*Moi miluyi*, you need to sleep," Ilya made himself say it because Shane never would and it wasn't going to stop being true.

Shane opened his mouth like he was going to argue but he was just too tired. Instead he shrunk down, his expression turning sad, "I forgot how much I hate this part..."

Ilya knew he should be brave for his omega but he couldn't muster much sincerity in his voice, "We have survived longer apart than this, Shane, I will be home before you know it. You will be wishing I was gone again after five minutes..."

"Never," Shane swallowed hard, unable to even joke about it, "I miss you so fucking much, Ilya."

Another place Ilya never expected to find so much joy. Because it hurt, it hurt like hell, but it didn't dent the surge of warmth he felt at being missed, at having someone to miss, at the ache in his chest that came from giving half his heart away and leaving it behind in Ottawa. But at least it was where it belonged.

"I miss you too, Shane," Ilya didn't try to stop the slight tremor in his voice, "I hate this too, I promise. But I will be home in two days."

"Basically three days," Shane muttered sourly, "You get in so late."

"And you will be asleep when I get there," Ilya said firmly, knowing Shane would try and stay awake and end up sleeping on the sofa, making his back pain even worse in the process, "But I will run home from the airport if I have to. I will not even stop to take my shoes off, I will take the stairs two at a time and I will be there kissing you as soon as I possibly can, I promise you."

"Gross, take your shoes off, you animal..." Shane smiled, eyes now half lidded like Ilya's words had been a lullaby, soothing him enough to loosen his grip, "Two days."

"Two days," Ilya repeated, hoping if he said it so dismissively, he could shrink that time down as small as possible, into something bearable, "Sleep, *moya milaya*. I will stay right here."

Shane gave a soft sigh of relief at that, letting the last of the tension ebb from his muscles, sinking into the pillows. Though he left his eyes open until the last possible second, fighting his exhaustion so he could keep looking at Ilya for a few extra stolen moments.

"I love you," Shane breathed.

“I love you too,” Ilya watched devotedly as the lights went out behind his omega’s eyes, his soft purr becoming gentle snores, hand still resting lightly on his belly like he knew to protect their pup even without being awake.

Ilya kept his promise and then some, just watching his mate sleep for long enough that he was in danger of breaking Wiebe’s rule. He finally made himself get up and end the call, wishing he hadn’t the moment his finger pressed the button and he was left in a silent, dark hotel room, suddenly feeling every inch between him and Shane.

He changed for bed as quickly as he could, drawing the blankets and screwing his eyes shut, telling himself that the faster he fell asleep, the sooner he’d be back in Ottawa, back with Shane and their pup.

It was nice to have someone to miss, it was its own kind of joy. But it did really fucking suck, sometimes.

-

Ilya found it hard to relax on planes these days. He was pretty sure all the Centaurs did, not that anyone could blame them for that. At least it was easier when they were all together and it sure as hell hadn’t affected their game, they were officially through to the next round of the playoffs. That helped keep the smiles on his team’s faces and kept the tapping fingers and bouncing legs to a minimum.

For everyone apart from Ilya, anyway.

He couldn’t settle at all, barely hearing Haas’ breathless, ecstatic recounting of every goal, Troy reading aloud the funny tweets Harris texted him, Bood shouting that if they didn’t all shut up and let the old farts get some sleep he was going to hit them with a rolled up newspaper. He just sat in his seat, off on his own, reading the same paragraph of What to Expect When You’re Expecting over and over again because he kept getting distracted, staring out of the window and wondering why they were crawling through the air.

It was more than just wanting to get his feet on solid ground again. He wanted to be moving, able to slam his foot down on the accelerator and go faster than he was legally allowed to, not caring as long as the miles were disappearing under his wheels and he was home as soon as humanly possible.

Ilya would never understand why the last few hours were so painful. It had always been that way, whenever he and Shane had to be apart, somehow knowing they’d be together again soon stretched every second out into something agonising, like he had to pay double for every step forward.

At least now he didn’t have to hide how much it was pissing him off, probably why everyone was content leaving him to sulk in his window seat, knowing better than to try and pull him into their cramped little after party. He kept getting sympathetic glances from the other fathers on the team, like he was part of a club now.

He wanted to shake them and make them promise it didn't always hurt like this, that he would somehow get used to having his soul outside of his body and in another state, let alone the other room. But he knew what they'd say. This was the cost of loving someone so hard that the very seams of you burst and it all ran out to make its own brand new person, you didn't get a miracle like that without giving up something. And Ilya would give up whatever he had to.

He repeated that to himself enough times that he was able to refocus on his book, reading enough that he was certain Shane would never speak to him again, until the plane finally began to tilt downwards. Ottawa was out there somewhere in the darkness beyond the window, one of those steadily growing points of light might be their house. Ilya blew out a breath, jumping onto his feet the moment he was allowed. Just one more hour.

"I'm gonna take a wild guess that you won't be at the voluntary practice tomorrow?" Troy Barrett was fighting a losing battle against a bemused smile as he watched Ilya vibrate next to him, muttering in impatient Russian while they waited for their bags in the little lounge.

"Fuck no," Ilya snorted, bouncing his heel on the ground in agitation, "I will be wherever Shane is."

Barrett inclined his head, considering that, "Honestly? Shane will probably be at the practice."

"Believe me, I will give him many reasons to stay in bed," Ilya waggled his eyebrows in an exaggerated manner before he actually stopped and thought about it too, "...but you're absolutely right. Guess I will see you tomorrow."

Barrett laughed at that before something caught his eye over Ilya's shoulder, his expression softening, "I don't know. Maybe he'll surprise you."

Ilya gave him a flat look as he shouldered his bag, "Oh, you have not met my mate? Short, dark hair, adorable freckles, scrunches his nose up whenever I say something very funny and has followed the same routine every day he has been alive on this Earth. And his name is Shane."

"I'll have to keep an eye out for him," Barrett snorted, his smile oddly knowing, "Night, Roz."

"Goodnight," Ilya wasn't going to hang around to figure out why Troy Barratt was being so weird, he had somewhere to be.

Ilya had it all planned out in his head, a list he was just going to go down and tick off until he had Shane in his arms. Everything was finally in his control, he just had to find his car, get himself on the road and speed home. He'd open the door quietly and, yes, alright, fine, he'd take his shoes off, then he'd-

The entire plan, the one he'd been carefully constructing since the moment he kissed Shane goodbye, turned to smoke in his mind. Because Shane Hollander was standing right there.

He was leaning against the wall, bundled in a hoodie that was definitely Ilya's, eyes soft and sleepy and watching his alpha like it had been killing him to keep quiet. He was actually there, not on the other side of the screen, not standing behind an invisible wall of what they were and were not allowed to do, not in some imagined future that might as well be fantasy for all Ilya thought he'd actually have it. He was *here*.

And the moment Ilya saw him, he knew he was home.

Shane looked like he had a smart comment ready to go, something he'd planned out on the drive over and probably rehearsed in the overhead mirror, knowing his omega. Whatever it was, he abandoned it the moment he saw Ilya, only able to make a soft sound that was half a sob and half a laugh, a sound of pure relief.

"Hey," was all he said, all he had time to say really, before he threw his arms out to catch Ilya hurtling into him, the two of them grasping each other tightly.

The other Centaurs were wolf whistling and hollering behind them but Ilya couldn't even hear them. The only thing in his world right now was Shane, his soft purring, his warm, firewood scent, his heart pounding against Ilya's own like he'd been waiting for this too, he'd been unravelling just like Ilya until this moment reminded them both that they were two halves of the same whole.

"Are you mad at me?" Shane mumbled, Ilya could hear his soft smile in his voice, "I know I'm supposed to be sleeping."

"I am furious," Ilya turned, pressing kisses to every part of Shane he could reach without having to slacken his grip on him, "Absolutely furious. I may never forgive you."

Shane laughed, squirming as his alpha's playoff beard tickled his neck, "I figured...I just couldn't wait."

Ilya found himself blinking very quickly, scarcely able to believe those words but there they were, "I needed to see you. You have no idea how much I needed it, Shane."

"I could guess," he drew back a little, just enough to rest his hand on Ilya's cheek, "I figured you needed it just as much as I did."

Ilya melted, kissing his mate's fingers, still cold from outside. His hands slid downwards, searching for that little sun that had been the centre of their universe for the past six months. Though it wasn't as little as he remembered.

"Holy shit, Shane!" Ilya stepped back, having to see it to believe it, confirming that his mate's belly really did extend that far, that even Ilya's broad hands couldn't contain it all, "You are huge!"

"Fuck off!" Shane flushed bright pink, shoving Ilya's shoulder. His anger would have felt a lot more real if Ilya's delight hadn't been so plainly written on his face, "You saw both of us on video chat last night!"

“Is not the same!” Ilya insisted and, fuck, it really wasn’t.

Nothing was the same as this, as stroking his mate’s tight skin, feeling his warmth even through the fabric. Nothing was the same as holding their future in his own two hands and knowing they’d made this happen together.

Shane gave up on looking annoyed pretty quickly, squeezing Ilya’s shoulder, “Come on. I’m taking you home.”

Ilya knew he was smiling so wide his eyes were crinkling at the corners, something he didn’t even know he did until Shane told him it was one of his favourite things. Something he probably wasn’t capable of doing, not until he found that joy he’d always been missing, hiding in such simple words as those.

Their team had scattered by that point, instinctively knowing to let them have this moment and saving the jokes for when Shane inevitably dragged Ilya to that practice in the morning. The two of them felt like the only people in the whole world as they walked through the quiet of an airport at two in the morning, hands tangled together, the two of them taking turns to squeeze gently with the giddy thrill that they actually could for the first time in a week.

As he slid down into the passenger seat, Shane gave a soft noise of surprise. He grabbed Ilya’s hand from the gear stick, bringing it to his stomach so he could feel the surging and rolling inside him as their pup suddenly woke up.

“Guess they couldn’t wait for you to get home either,” Shane smiled mistily, stroking Ilya’s knuckles.

Ilya opened his mouth, as if there were even words for this, as if this could fit inside something so small. He pulled Shane close, kissing him with everything he had, his hand stroking over the little hand reaching out for them both. All he could do was hold all that love in his hands and pray it would never slip through his fingers.

It would never stop surprising Ilya, how so much joy could be contained in such small words.

And sometimes, it didn’t take any words at all.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this! Please leave a comment if you do and I'm always happy to talk omegaverse hollanov over on my Tumblr, @mollymauk-teafleak <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!