Collapse Into Me

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Collapse Into Me

by Shu3

Summary

After a high-pressure game, Shane Hollander is a live wire of anxious perfectionism, desperately insisting he's "fine." Ilya Rozanov knows better. He can smell the oncoming omega crash. When Shane's brittle control finally shatters, Ilya must use every ounce of his firm, grounding alpha presence to guide his omega through the collapse—from frantic resistance, to overwhelming relief, and finally, into the safe, quiet space of total submission and praise. (Or: The one where Shane falls apart, and Ilya is there to catch him.)

Collapse Into Me

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The hotel room door clicked shut behind them, sealing out the roar of the arena, the flash of cameras, the echoing chants of both their names. Shane's name had been chanted louder tonight. He'd been perfect. Flawless. A machine on the ice.

And now, inside the quiet, opulent suite, he was methodically coming apart at the seams.

Ilya watched him from the doorway, his own gear bag dropping to the floor with a soft thud. Shane had already marched across the living room, his movements sharp and economical. He placed his own bag by the closet with military precision, toeing it into a perfect parallel line with the wall. He shrugged out of his tailored dress jacket, folded it once, and laid it over the back of an armchair. His tie came next, the silk whispering as he pulled it loose, but instead of discarding it, he looped it neatly around his knuckles, over and over, a tight, anxious coil .

To anyone else, he looked composed. Collected. The consummate professional finishing his post-game routine.

But Ilya smelled it. Under the sweat and the sharp, chemical scent of the arena ice, Shane's omega scent was thin. Wispy. Like burnt sugar and over-steeped tea, pulled too tight until it was about to snap. It was a scent Ilya knew intimately—the prelude to a crash. It was in the air between them, a frantic, fading sweetness that made the back of Ilya's teeth ache with instinct.

"Shane," Ilya said, his voice deliberately calm. Neutral. He took a single, casual step into the room, not wanting to crowd him yet.

"I'm fine," Shane replied instantly, the words clipped. He didn't turn around. He began to move, not toward the bedroom or the shower, but in a tight, precise line from the sofa to the window and back. Pacing. His dress shoes made a soft, relentless shush-shush on the carpet. "Just need to wind down. The second period, that turnover by the blue line—it was a misread. I saw Tremblay cutting in, but I thought he'd go wide, and if I'd just pivoted half a second sooner, taken the inside lane instead of committing to the boards—"

"It led to a goal," Ilya finished for him, staying where he was, leaning against the wall by the door. He kept his body loose, non-threatening. He unbuttoned his own cuffs, rolling his sleeves up slowly, an attempt to project normalcy. "You won, Shane. 4-1. You had two assists. You were the best player on the ice."

"It was a preventable goal," Shane shot back, his voice tightening, rising a half-octave. The pacing quickened. Six steps to the window, a sharp pivot, six steps back. His hands flexed at his sides, the coiled tie cutting into his palm. "A stupid, careless— I knew their forecheck pattern. I knew it. I told Hayden to watch for it, I diagrammed it in the locker room. And then I fell for it. Like a rookie. They'll see that on film. They'll all see it."

His scent spiked, souring with the acid tang of anxiety. Ilya saw the fine tremor in Shane's trapped hands before he shoved them into the pockets of his suit pants. He was still in the uniform of the public captain, the tie a little too tight, the crisp white shirt straining across shoulders held in rigid, defensive formation. Every line of him was vibrating with a energy that had nowhere to go but inward, turning toxic.

Ilya pushed off the wall. "Come. Shower. The steam will help. We will order food." He kept his tone practical, a lifeline of simple, physical next steps.

"In a minute," Shane dismissed, veering away from Ilya's approach as if burned. He ended up at the minibar, staring at its glossy door as if it contained the answers. "I just need to think it through. Map it out. So it doesn't happen again. If I can see the sequence, where the decision tree branched wrong, I can lock it down."

"You can think in the shower." Ilya took another step, his voice layering with a gentle alpha rumble, a coaxing note meant to soothe, to pull him gently back from the edge.

It had the opposite effect. Shane flinched, actually flinched, and took two rapid steps back, putting the bulk of an armchair between them. His eyes, when they finally flicked to Ilya's, were wide and glassy with suppressed panic. The beautiful hazel was almost all pupil. "Don't. Just— don't, Ilya." His voice cracked on the name. "I'm fine. I need space. I need to process. I can't— I can't think when you're…" He gestured vaguely at Ilya's entire presence.

The 'fine' was a brittle lie, shattering even as he said it. Ilya could see the cracks spreading, a web of fine fractures across the perfect ice of Shane's composure. Shane's breathing was all wrong—shallow sips of air that didn't reach his lungs, the rise and fall of his chest too quick and high. His knuckles were white where he gripped the back of the chair. The beautiful, controlled omega who commanded the ice with a whisper was being devoured from the inside by a frantic, scrambling thing, an animal caught in a trap of its own spinning thoughts.

Ilya's own instincts, usually kept on a firm, civilized leash, began to stir and then rise. A low-grade alarm pulsed through him, syncing with his heartbeat. His omega is in distress. He is not safe. He is not grounded. He is hurting himself. The analytical part of his brain, the strategist, concurred coldly: Shane was spiraling, his thoughts looping into a self-flagellating frenzy with no exit. He was seconds from hyperventilating, minutes from a full, shuddering omega crash that would leave him feeling raw, sick, and vulnerable for days.

The time for gentle coaxing was over. The time for patient waiting had passed. Shane was too far gone to reach for the lifeline himself. Ilya would have to go in and get him.

Ilya shifted.

It was subtle, but in the charged, silent room, it was as loud as a thunderclap. He straightened to his full height, rolling his shoulders back, his spine aligning into a posture of pure, unassailable authority. He let his own scent bloom—not an aggressive challenge, but a deep, anchoring, deliberate wave of cedar, old leather, and steady, warm earth. An alpha's scent of stability. Of claim. Of here, and now, and me. He poured it into the space, a tangible force meant to counter the thin, panicked sweetness choking the air.

He saw Shane's nostrils flare, his body registering the seismic change in atmosphere before his conscious mind could. Shane's breath caught, his pacing stuttering to a halt. He looked, for a fleeting second, like prey that had just heard the deep, quiet growl of the predator it hadn't known was there.

"Shane," Ilya said, and his voice was different. It had dropped, stripped of all casual softness, all negotiation. It was a voice of granite. A voice that expected to be obeyed.

Shane shook his head, a tiny, frantic motion of denial. He took a half-step back, hitting the edge of the desk. "No, Ilya, please, I just need— I have to—"

Ilya moved. Not with aggression, but with an implacable, unhurried certainty that was somehow more terrifying. He crossed the space Shane had tried to create, stepping around the armchair, directly into Shane's pacing path. He didn't grab, didn't lunge. He simply planted himself there, a solid, unmovable wall of alpha presence, his broad chest blocking Shane's view of the empty, tempting path of his anxiety.

Shane tried to sidestep, to continue his frantic circuit to nowhere. Ilya mirrored him, blocking the way. Shane tried the other direction, a quick, aborted dart. Ilya shifted again, his body a gentle, inescapable barricade. He was herding him, without a touch, back toward the center of the room, back toward stability.

"Stop," Ilya commanded, the word quiet but absolute, leaving no room for interpretation.

Shane froze, chest heaving against his starched shirt. He looked up at Ilya, eyes wild, trapped. The scent of his panic was now a sharp, clarion bell. "Let me go," he whispered, the plea cracked with humiliation and a dawning, desperate understanding. "I can't— I need to move. I can't think if I'm standing still."

"You are thinking too much," Ilya countered, his gaze holding Shane's, not allowing him to look away into the void of his own fears. "And you are thinking wrong." He lifted a hand, slow and deliberate, giving Shane every microsecond to see it coming, to accept it. He settled it on Shane's shoulder.

The touch was a brand. Shane jerked under it as if shocked. "Don't—" he gasped, but it was weaker now, the protest of a man who knew the battle was already lost.

Ilya ignored it. His hand was warm, heavy, a deliberate weight. He applied a firm, guiding pressure, pushing Shane backward, one step, then two, until the backs of his knees met the edge of the sofa. Shane had to sit or fall. He sat, stiff as a board, vibrating with a tension that sang through Ilya's palm.

"I'm fine," Shane gasped again, the useless mantra breaking on a ragged inhale. He was looking at Ilya's collarbone, his throat, anywhere but his eyes. "I can handle it. I just need a minute alone, I need to—"

Ilya moved with him, following him down, one knee planting on the cushion beside Shane's hip, caging him in without touching him anywhere else. He brought his other hand up and cupped Shane's jaw, his thumb a firm, warm point against the frantic pulse jumping in

Shane's throat. He forced Shane's face up, turning him until their eyes met, until Shane had nowhere to look but into the calm, certain storm of Ilya's gaze.

The contact was electric. Shane's skin was fever-hot. A small, wounded sound escaped him, the last defense crumbling.

Ilya leaned in, close enough that his stabilizing, alpha scent would be all Shane could breathe, close enough that his voice would be a vibration in the scant, intimate space between them. He let the Russian, the language of his own childhood comfort, the language that lived in his bones, wrap around the command.

"Khvatit, zaychik," he murmured, the words a low, rolling rumble from his chest. Enough, little rabbit. "Settle."

The effect was instantaneous and devastating. Shane's entire body went lax for one terrifying second, his eyes fluttering shut as the direct, dominant command lanced through his resistance and struck the submissive omega core of him. His knees, had he been standing, would have given out. A full-body shudder wracked him, and the first real tear escaped, tracing a hot path over Ilya's thumb.

But the stubborn, proud part of him rallied. He tried to pull his face away, his hands coming up to push weakly at Ilya's chest. "Ilya… stop… I don't want… I can't…"

"You can," Ilya said, his voice softening at the edges but losing none of its bedrock authority. He held Shane's jaw firmly, his thumb stroking once, a slow, deliberate swipe. "Breathe. Look at me."

Shane tried. God, he tried. Ilya could see the struggle in his glazed eyes, the fight between sheer animal panic and the deep, biological need to obey his alpha. His breaths were still stuttering, useless little gasps that hitched in his throat. His scent was a frantic, fading flutter —sweetness gone sharp and desperate.

It was the scent that decided Ilya. The crash was too close. Shane was hanging over the edge, fingers slipping.

Slowly, deliberately, Ilya moved the hand from Shane's jaw. He slid it around to the back of his neck, his fingers finding the sensitive, vulnerable junction where spine met skull. The place where an alpha's grip could mean danger, or the ultimate safety.

He didn't grab. He didn't shake. He simply laid his broad, warm hand over the spot, his fingers curling gently but possessively around the tense cord of muscle. Then he applied the lightest, most deliberate pressure—a controlled scruff.

Shane shattered.

A raw, broken gasp tore from his throat, his eyes flying wide open, seeing nothing. All the fight, all the frantic energy, drained out of him in an instant. His body folded, not away, but forward, seeking the source of the dominance that had finally, mercifully, cut through the

noise. His balance gone, he slid off the sofa and onto his knees on the plush carpet, a graceful, boneless collapse.

His hands, which had been pushing Ilya away, now clutched desperately at Ilya's thighs, anchoring himself. A low, continuous whine started in his chest, the sound of pure, overwhelmed distress.

The resistance was gone. The dam had broken.

"Shhhh, shhhh now," Ilya soothed, "That's it," his own heart clenching at the sight , his voice a soft, breathy exhale against Shane's temple as he followed him down, kneeling in front of him. He filled Shane's space with his body, his scent, his warmth. "That's it. Let it go."

He didn't try to stop the tears. He pulled Shane into him, one hand still a steady, grounding pressure on the back of his neck, the other arm wrapping around his shuddering back, drawing him in until Shane's face was buried against his throat. Shane came willingly, his body curling into Ilya's as if trying to disappear inside him. The sobs were silent at first, just violent tremors, then they broke into heaving, messy waves that soaked the collar of Ilya's shirt.

"I'm sorry," Shane choked out between gasps, the words muffled against Ilya's skin. "I'm sorry, please , I don't— I don't mean to be like this— I just— I can't—"

"Tikho, tikho, solnyshko," Ilya murmured, rocking him slightly. Hush, hush, little sun. He nuzzled into Shane's sweat-damp hair, flooding the space between them with his calm, steady scent. "You have nothing to be sorry for."

"I fell apart," Shane wept, the admission one of profound shame. "On the ice, after, and now… I'm so…"

"You held together long enough to win. Long enough to get home. To me." Ilya's voice was a firm, quiet anchor in the storm of Shane's崩溃. His hand on Shane's neck gentled, stroking the short hairs there. "You are done thinking. You are done carrying this alone. Your job is finished. My job is to take care of you. Do you understand?"

Shane nodded, a jerky, helpless motion against Ilya's collarbone. The fight was gone, completely. In its place was a hollowed-out exhaustion, and a pliancy that was both heartbreaking and beautiful.

"Let me take care of you now," Ilya said, not a question, but a declaration.

This time, Shane didn't protest. He went utterly limp in Ilya's arms, his sobs quieting to hiccupping shudders. The shift was profound. The anxious, spiky energy melted away, replaced by a deep, weary submission. He nuzzled weakly into Ilya's throat, seeking scent, seeking comfort, his fingers uncurling from their desperate clutch on Ilya's pants to rest limply on his knees.

Ilya took a moment just to hold him, to let the new, fragile stillness settle. He could feel the change in Shane's scent as the panic bled away, leaving behind the pure, sweet omega

essence—vulnerable, open, and laced with a trust so absolute it made Ilya's chest ache.

"Good," Ilya whispered into his hair, his voice a velvet rumble. "So good for me, zaychik. So perfect." He cooed the last word, a tender, alpha sound of pure approval that vibrated through Shane's skin. Shane shivered in response, a fresh, softer sigh escaping him, his body sinking even deeper into Ilya's hold. "Can you stand, sweetheart?"

Shane made a small, uncertain noise. Ilya didn't wait for more. He shifted his grip, one arm under Shane's knees, the other around his back, and lifted him as if he weighed nothing. Shane's head lolled against his shoulder, his eyes closed, fresh tears beading on his lashes. He was deep in the first, floaty layers of subspace, his mind finally quiet, his body yielding completely to Ilya's direction.

Ilya carried him to the spacious bedroom and laid him gently in the center of the duvet. Shane immediately curled onto his side, making himself small. Ilya worked with efficient, gentle movements. He loosened the stupid, constricting tie and slipped it off. He unbuttoned the dress shirt, easing it from Shane's shoulders, followed by the undershirt. Shane lifted his arms when prompted, like a sleepy child, his skin pebbling in the cool air.

When Ilya's hands went to his belt, Shane's eyes fluttered open, a faint blush rising on his cheeks. "I can…"

"I know," Ilya said, his tone leaving no room for argument. He undid the buckle and the button, sliding the pants and briefs down in one smooth motion. He left Shane bare, not with any sexual intent, but to remove every last barrier, every stitch of the performance he'd been trapped in all night. He pulled a soft, clean t-shirt from his own bag—it would drown Shane in his scent—and guided it over his head. It was all Shane wore.

Shane was trembling again, but this was a different tremor—the fine, buzzing shake of an omega deep in submission, sensitive and exposed. His eyes were heavy-lidded, watching Ilya's every move with a dazed, unwavering focus.

Ilya stripped down to his own boxers and climbed onto the bed behind him. He didn't ask. He arranged Shane's body against his own, spooning around him, chest to back. He draped one heavy arm across Shane's waist, pinning him gently to the mattress and to Ilya's body. His other hand went back to the nape of Shane's neck, not gripping, just resting there, a constant, claiming weight.

Shane melted into the hold with a sigh that seemed to come from the soles of his feet. He pushed back infinitesimally, seeking more contact, more pressure, more Ilya.

"There," Ilya murmured, his lips against the shell of Shane's ear. He began to speak, low and steady, the words less important than the tone, the vibration, the affirmation. "You are safe. You did well . You played a hard game. You gave everything. It is enough. You are enough."

Shane whimpered, a soft, broken sound of relief.

"My good omega," Ilya continued, his voice a hypnotic rumble. "My strong, brilliant omega. You carry the weight of the world, and you do it so well. But you do not have to carry it here.

Here, you let it go. Here, you let me carry you."

He felt Shane's breathing deepen, syncopating with his own. The tension that had been etched into every muscle and tendon was slowly leaching away, replaced by a profound, trusting limpness. Ilya kept talking, a stream of praise and reassurance in both English and Russian, his hand occasionally stroking from Shane's neck down the line of his spine.

After a long while, when Shane was pliant and boneless, his scent sweet and calm, Ilya shifted his touch. He slid his hand from Shane's waist, up over his ribs, coming to rest over his heart. He could feel the steady, slow beat under his palm.

"This is mine to guard," Ilya whispered. "This, and all the rest of you. You let the world see the captain. You let me see this. That is your courage, Shane. Not the blocked shots. This."

A fresh, silent spill of tears wet Ilya's arm where Shane's face was tucked against it. But these were not tears of panic or shame. They were tears of release. Of being truly seen, and held, and kept.

Ilya tightened his arm, squeezing gently. He scented him again, deliberately, rubbing his jaw against Shane's hair, marking him with comfort. "Sleep, solnyshko. I have you. I am not going anywhere."

The last of the tremors finally ceased. Shane's body grew heavy against Ilya's, his breaths evening out into the deep, slow rhythm of sleep. His fingers, which had been loosely curled, went slack. The buzzing energy of subspace deepened into the restorative quiet of true rest.

Ilya lay awake for a long time, just feeling the rise and fall of Shane's chest under his hand. The frantic, sharp scent of distress was gone, replaced by the sleepy, contented omega sweetness, perfectly entwined with Ilya's own cedar-and-earth scent. They smelled like one thing. Like home.

He watched as the moonlight through the window traced a path across the floor, eventually grazing the edge of the bed, illuminating Shane's relaxed hand. Ilya laced his fingers through it, bringing their joined hands back to rest over Shane's heart.

Then he heard it. Or rather, he felt it first—a low, steady vibration beginning to thrum through Shane's body where they were pressed together. It was subtle, a faint, rhythmic resonance deep in his chest. Then it grew, strengthening into a soft, unmistakable purr of pure, uncomplicated comfort. The sound was barely audible, more a tactile rumble than a noise, the profound, physiological sigh of an omega who felt utterly safe and cherished in his alpha's arms.

The sound seeped into Ilya's own bones, a direct feedback loop of contentment. It was the ultimate surrender, the final seal on the night's emotional arc. Resistance, overwhelm, collapse, submission... and now, this. A biological song of safety so profound it could not be faked or forced.

Ilya's lips curved against Shane's hair in a tired, triumphant smile. He pressed a kiss there, a silent answer to the wordless lullaby. He tightened his hold, just a fraction, and felt the purr

deepen in response, a sleepy, satisfied engine idling in the dark, a sound that said home more clearly than any word ever could.

The crash had come. But Ilya had been there to catch him. To guide the fall into a place of safety, to hold the pieces together until Shane could find his shape again. And now, cradled in that safety, Shane's very soul was singing about it.

Outside, the city glittered, uncaring. The reviews of the game would be written, the highlights played. But here, in this quiet room, the only victory that mattered was this: Shane's slow, even breaths, the profound peace on his sleeping face, and the soft, steady purr that Ilya listened to until his own eyes grew heavy—the proof that his omega was calm and happy.

He woke to warmth. To the solid weight of an arm around his waist and the scent of cedar and home filling his lungs. Consciousness returned not with a jolt, but as a slow, gentle tide, lapping at the edges of a profoundly quiet mind.

He was still there. Floating. The brittle, frantic self of last night was a distant memory, packed away in a drawer he couldn't currently reach. In its place was a soft, pliant awareness, centered entirely on the alpha wrapped around him. On the possessive hand splayed over his stomach, the steady breath against the back of his neck.

He shifted, a tiny, languid stretch, and a low sound of contentment escaped him—a quiet, omega sigh. The arm around him tightened instantly, pulling him back more firmly against the hard, warm body behind him.

"Solnyshko," Ilya's voice was a sleep-rough murmur against his skin, a vibration that went straight to his core. "You are awake."

Shane couldn't form words. He simply pressed back, arching his spine in a silent plea, letting his body speak the need his mind was too blissfully foggy to articulate. More. Closer.

Ilya understood. He always did. A soft kiss was pressed to the knob of his spine. The hand on his stomach slid lower, beneath the hem of the borrowed shirt, finding him already half-hard and sensitive. Shane gasped, a soft, broken sound, as Ilya's fingers wrapped around him with a knowing, leisurely stroke.

"So responsive," Ilya praised, his voice a dark, honeyed rumble. "So sweet for me." His touch was achingly slow, a maddening, perfect friction that built a low heat in Shane's belly. He was already teetering on the edge, his nerves singing, every cell attuned to the alpha behind him. He pushed back against Ilya, feeling the hard evidence of his arousal, and whimpered.

"Shhh, I have you," Ilya soothed, his other hand coming up to cradle Shane's jaw, tilting his head back for a deep, claiming kiss. It was all Shane needed. The last thread of coherence

snapped. Pleasure crested, sharp and bright, wracking through him with silent intensity as he spilled over Ilya's fingers.

In the aftershocks, trembling and utterly spent, he felt Ilya shift. A moment of pressure, a sigh against his throat, and then his alpha found his own release, hips stuttering against him, marking him inside and out.

Ilya held him through it, through the slow return to stillness, whispering Russian endearments against his sweat-damp skin. Shane drifted, purring again, not into sleep, but into a deeper, more peaceful harbor within the safety of Ilya's arms.

As the last pleasant tremors subsided and the quiet of the room settled back around them, a clear, warm thought finally surfaced through the soft fog of his mind. He turned in Ilya's arms, a slow, deliberate movement, until he could press his face into the hollow of Ilya's throat. He nuzzled there, breathing him in, the scent of their shared pleasure mingling with the deep cedar and safety.

"Thank you," Shane whispered, the words muffled but clear, spoken directly into Ilya's skin as if planting them there. He didn't specify for what. For taking over. For knowing. For the firm hand and the soft praise. For catching him every single time he fell. For the relentless, unwavering care that never made him feel weak, only profoundly, unconditionally loved.

Ilya's arms tightened around him. He didn't offer a flippant 'it's nothing' or a questioning 'for what?'. He heard the depth in the simple words. He pressed his lips to the top of Shane's head and held them there for a long moment.

"Vsegda," Ilya murmured back, the Russian word a solemn vow in the dark. Always.

A fresh, quiet wave of peace washed through Shane, warmer than the afterglow. He was held. He was seen. He was thanked and answered in the same breath. He curled closer, his purr restarting, a soft, continuous rumble of contentment against Ilya's chest.

He was home.

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