

Bad Decisions

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Bad Decisions

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane swallowed hard. “This is such a bad idea.”

“It is,” Ilya said.

His hand came up, thumb settling beneath Shane’s jaw and tilting his face upward. The touch alone sent a shiver through him.

“You are too young,” Ilya murmured. “You are going to get me into trouble.”

Shane barely had time to breathe before Ilya leaned in.

Shane Hollander has made a lot of mistakes in his life. Getting pregnant by a married Russian man twice his age is easily the worst one.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

The first time Shane Hollander met Ilya Rozanov was after one of the best games of his career.

He had played out of his mind that night. Two goals, one assist, clean skating with barely any mistakes. The kind of game that followed him into interviews and handshakes and a blur of congratulatory smiles he barely remembered returning. By the time the after-party rolled around, Shane felt wrung out and overstimulated, adrenaline still buzzing under his skin.

That was when someone told him Ilya Rozanov was there.

Shane was certain he had misheard. Rozanov had retired more than ten years ago. He was someone Shane had grown up watching on grainy replays and highlight reels his parents used to rewind over and over. His posters had been on Shane's bedroom wall before Shane had his first heat.

And now he was standing across the room, tall and gorgeous and unmistakable.

Shane stood there for a full minute before forcing himself to move. His palms were damp by the time he reached him.

"Mr. Rozanov?" Shane said, his voice steadier than he felt. "I'm Shane Hollander. I'm a huge fan."

He held out his hand automatically. Rozanov looked at it, not dismissively, but with a slow, measuring pause that made Shane's stomach flip. Then his gaze lifted directly on him. Shane had to resist the urge to step back.

Ilya took his hand.

His grip was firm, confident, like he never doubted his place anywhere.

“I know who you are,” Ilya said.

Shane blinked. “You do?”

“I watched the game,” Ilya continued. His accent was thicker than Shane had expected, rough around the edges. “You read the defense well.”

Shane’s heart kicked. “Thank you. That means a lot.”

“You steal from me.”

Shane let out a small, startled laugh. “I do?”

“The edge work on the boards,” Ilya said. “You fake the pass, pull the defender out of position, then drive straight to the crease. That was mine.”

“Oh,” Shane said, warmth creeping up his neck. “I guess I picked it up watching old footage.”

“Not many omegas play like that,” Ilya added, matter-of-fact.

Shane hesitated, unsure whether to bristle or smile. He did both, just a little. “I didn’t know you were watching me that closely.”

Ilya’s mouth curved, subtle but unmistakable.

“Of course,” he said. “I watch all of your games.”

Something settled in Shane’s chest at that. Pride and awe by being acknowledged from his hero.

He smiled, a little too brightly. “I’m glad I didn’t disappoint.”

Ilya’s gaze lingered on him, unblinking.

“You did not,” Ilya said.

He did not look away after that. His gaze moved slowly, openly, taking in Shane’s broad shoulders, the line of his throat trailing all the way to his scent glands hidden underneath his suit. It was assessing. The kind of attention that made Shane acutely aware of his own body.

Shane’s breath caught. He was suddenly, painfully aware of his suppressants he was on, grateful for them in a way that bordered on relief, he would have been releasing enough pheromones to cover the room if he wasn’t on them.

“I—thanks,” Shane said.

Ilya’s eyes flicked back to his face, something unreadable passing through them.

“I will get you a drink,” he said, already turning away, like the decision had been made without discussion.

“Oh, you don’t have to,” Shane started, but Ilya was already moving, cutting through the crowd with ease.

Shane stood there, heartbeat loud in his ears, watching him go. He told himself he was overreacting. That it was nothing more than admiration from an old hero. That the heat curling low in his stomach was leftover adrenaline from the game.

Still, when Ilya returned and pressed a cold glass into his hand, their fingers brushed.

It was brief and accidental.

It did not feel that way.

“Vodka,” Ilya said. “You look like you need something simple.”

Shane huffed out a quiet laugh. “Do I?”

“Yes,” Ilya replied calmly. “You are holding yourself too tight.”

Shane glanced down at the glass, then back up. Ilya was watching him with open interest now, no pretense of subtlety. It made Shane’s pulse stutter.

“Thank you,” Shane said, mostly because it felt rude not to.

He took a sip.

Immediately, he winced, nose scrunching as the sharp burn hit his tongue.

“Ah,” Ilya said, clearly entertained. “So dramatic. It is Canadian vodka. Weak. Not poison.”

Shane shot him a look but took another sip anyway, smaller this time. The burn settled warmer in his chest now, spreading in a way that made his limbs feel lighter, his thoughts a little slower.

He became aware, belatedly, that Ilya was watching him closely.

People kept approaching. Teammates, sponsors, strangers wanting a piece of Shane's good night, people wanting Ilya's photographs, business ideas, to make connections. Each time, Ilya answered for him or cut the conversation short with polite indifference. When Shane spoke, Ilya's attention never wavered. Not to the speaker. To him.

It was unsettling. And strangely flattering.

After the third interruption, Ilya leaned closer, voice low. "Too many people."

Shane nodded before thinking. "Yeah."

"Come," Ilya said. "We go somewhere quieter."

That should have stopped him. Shane knew that. The warning flared faintly in the back of his mind, dulled by adrenaline and alcohol and the fact that this man was his hero.

Instead, he followed.

They slipped outside into the cold air, the noise of the party dulling behind them. The chill hit Shane immediately, sobering him just enough to notice how close Ilya stood, how easily his presence filled the space.

Ilya glanced at him sideways, eyes narrowing slightly, like he was recalculating something.

“You are twenty-one, correct?”

Shane nodded. “Yeah.”

Ilya let out a quiet laugh, more breath than sound. “Fuck,” he said. “You are so young.”

He reached into his coat, already pulling out a cigarette. Shane watched him hesitate for half a second before striking the lighter anyway, the flame flaring briefly in the dark.

“I don’t think you’re allowed to smoke here,” Shane said.

Ilya didn’t even look guilty. “I do not give a shit.”

He inhaled, slow and deep, exhaling smoke into the cold night air. It curled between them. Shane should have stepped back. Instead, he stayed where he was, hands tucked into his pockets, heartbeat loud in his ears.

Ilya turned toward him fully now, cigarette balanced between his fingers. “Tell me, Shane Hollander,” he said, voice lower. “You have boyfriend? Girlfriend?”

Shane shook his head. “No.”

Ilya studied his face, like he was looking for something underneath the answer. “Why not?”

Shane hesitated. He did not usually talk about this. He shrugged, eyes dropping to the ground. “Hockey is... it takes everything. There isn’t much room left.”

Ilya snorted softly. “That is what you tell people.”

Shane looked up again. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Ilya said, taking another drag, “that if something matters, you make room. You carve it out. Even when it is inconvenient.”

“And you think I just don’t want it badly enough?”

Ilya’s gaze flicked over him, intentional. “I think you are afraid of wanting wrong thing.”

Shane laughed quietly, more nerves than humor. “You don’t even know me.”

Ilya smiled, knowing. “I know your game. I know your discipline. I know how hard you work not to lose control.”

He leaned in just a little, close enough that Shane could smell smoke and his alpha scent beneath it.

“That kind of restraint,” Ilya continued, “usually means when you finally let go, you fall hard.”

Shane’s throat went dry.

The cigarette burned down between Ilya’s fingers. He flicked it away, crushing it under his boot. When he straightened, his attention was still fixed on Shane.

“You should go inside,” Ilya said lightly. “Before you do something stupid.”

Shane knew that was advice.

He also knew he was not going to take it.

“I don’t want to go inside yet,” Shane said, the defiance surprising even him.

Ilya’s eyebrow lifted, interest sharpening. “Oh?”

He regarded Shane for a moment, then smiled like he had just made up his mind about something. “In that case,” he said lightly, “I have a room upstairs.”

Shane’s stomach dropped.

This was a bad idea and he knew that instantly. The age difference alone should have stopped him and this was Ilya Rozanov. Retired legend. An alpha who carried himself like he had never been told no.

Still, Shane nodded.

Ilya’s grin was pleased. “I go first,” he said. “People see us together, they talk. You come after me. Twenty minutes.”

He leaned forward, whispering his hotel room number in Shane’s ears before walking away.

Shane stood there long after he was gone.

He went back inside the party and got another drink, checking his watch, the time seemed to go by slower now. Conversations slid past him without sticking, someone congratulated him

again. Shane smiled when expected, nodded when appropriate, all the while acutely aware of the time.

He knew what an invitation like that meant. He was young, inexperienced, and painfully aware of it. He had never been with anyone. Had never let himself want anyone enough to cross that line.

And Ilya Rozanov was too old for him, too confident and he seemed like he would be too much.

Still, when twenty minutes passed, Shane finished his drink and headed for the elevator.

The hallway upstairs was quiet, carpet muffling his footsteps. He stopped outside the door, pulse racing, then knocked before he could overthink it.

The door opened almost immediately.

Ilya stood there wearing a white robe, hair damp, skin still faintly flushed like he had just stepped out of the shower. His alpha scent filled the doorway now, warm and rich, it was amazing to Shane's senses, and it hit him all at once.

His mouth went dry.

Ilya looked him over slowly. "You came."

Shane nodded, suddenly unsure what to do with his hands. "Yeah."

Ilya stepped aside to let him in. The room was dim, Shane barely had time to take it in before the door closed behind him.

Ilya moved closer. Just close enough that Shane's back met the wall without him realizing how he had gotten there.

Up close, Ilya was overwhelming. Broad shoulders, solid build, the confidence of someone who knew exactly how he was perceived. Still beautiful, especially now at his age.

Shane swallowed hard. "This is such a bad idea."

"It is," Ilya said.

His hand came up, thumb settling beneath Shane's jaw and tilting his face upward. The touch alone sent a shiver through him.

"You are too young," Ilya murmured, almost to himself. "You are going to get me into trouble."

Shane barely had time to breathe before Ilya leaned in.

The kiss was nothing like Shane expected. It started slow, Ilya's mouth warm and sure, like he knew exactly how to take control without overwhelming him. His thumb brushed along Shane's jaw, grounding him and guiding him closer.

Shane melted into it before he could stop himself.

Ilya deepened the kiss gradually, giving Shane time to follow, to learn the rhythm. When Shane finally did, when he kissed back with clumsy eagerness, Ilya hummed softly against his mouth, pleased.

The world narrowed to that point of contact. To the heat of Ilya's body, the way his presence pressed in without crowding, the way he kissed like this was something he had always intended to do.

When Ilya finally pulled back, their foreheads stayed close, breaths mingling.

He helped Shane shrug out of his shirt, his movements unhurried. Ilya's gaze lingered openly now, appreciative, tracing the lines of Shane's body like he was committing them to memory.

"Fuck," Ilya muttered, hands settling briefly at Shane's chest, cupping his chest. "Hollander."

Shane's heart was racing, his skin buzzing everywhere Ilya touched. He had never felt this wanted before.

And when Ilya leaned in again, slower this time, his mouth brushing along Shane's cheek instead of claiming his lips, Shane knew there was no turning back.

The kiss followed again, like Ilya was savoring the moment rather than rushing it. Shane's hands lifted on instinct, uncertain at first, then settling against the warm skin beneath Ilya's open robe. The contact made Ilya inhale sharply, a low sound of approval vibrating against Shane's mouth.

"Mm," Ilya murmured, hands returning to Shane's jaw, steady and possessive without being rough. He held Shane there, guiding him.

Testing, Ilya brushed a finger against Shane's lips.

Shane opened his mouth without thinking.

The acceptance was natural, like his body had decided before his mind could catch up. Ilya stilled for a beat, then hummed softly, pleased.

"Good," he said, voice low.

The word settled deep, sent a shiver straight through Shane's spine. He felt light-headed, overwhelmed in the best and worst way, wanting desperately to do everything right. To be what Ilya wanted. To earn that quiet approval again.

Ilya's fingers fucked slowly into Shane's mouth, like he was testing how far Shane would follow without being asked. Shane did not hesitate. He opened instinctively, sucking at the fingers on instinct, his breath shuddering from the sensation of his mouth being played with. He needed more. He needed it straight from the source. He moaned from the thought, his mouth desperate to be filled.

Ilya froze for half a second, then exhaled, low and pleased. His grip tightened just enough at Shane's jaw to keep him there, eyes dark, watching every reaction.

"So eager," he murmured, like he already knew exactly what Shane's body was doing to itself. The praise hit him deeper than it should have, his every being wanting to please this alpha in front of him. He *wanted* more. Wanted to hear him say it again and any other praise from the alpha.

Before doubt could claw its way up his throat, Shane moved.

He dropped to his knees slowly, every inch of him tuned to Ilya's breathing. His hands shook as they reached for the loose knot of the robe, fingertips brushing the warm skin beneath the fabric. His heart pounded loud enough that he could feel it in his teeth.

He worked at the tie with clumsy urgency, pulling it free.

Ilya's response was immediate. A quiet, guttural sound left him, Shane felt it in his spine. One large hand slid into his hair, fingers spreading against his nape, guiding him with a slow stroke that made Shane's lips part without meaning to.

The robe fell open.

Shane breathed in and almost reeled from it. The alpha scent hit him straight from the source now, making his mouth water before he even understood what was happening.

And then he saw him.

Ilya was huge. Heavy. Uncut. Thick enough that Shane's throat tightened just imagining how it would feel. Nine inches at least, resting against Ilya's thigh, flushed and leaking, like his body had been waiting for Shane to get on his knees.

Shane froze for half a second, overwhelmed. He didn't know how to handle something like that. Didn't know where to start. But he knew he couldn't just sit there staring at it like an idiot.

He leaned in and opened his mouth.

The first press of the tip against his tongue made him gasp softly. He wrapped his lips around it, sucking lightly, instinctively, trying to mimic what *he* would like done to him. His hands came up, unsure at first, then wrapping around the base, thumb sliding along the ridge of warm skin.

Ilya's breath hitched above him, approving.

Shane closed his eyes, letting himself find a rhythm, letting himself enjoy the weight of it on his tongue. The salty taste he couldn't get enough of. The way Ilya's fingers tightened in his hair every time he hollowed his cheeks just a little more.

He felt himself getting light-headed, hungry for it.

Ilya's hand guided him gently, testing him, letting Shane decide how far he wanted to take it. Shane eased forward, taking more of him into his mouth, feeling the stretch against his lips.

He moaned around it, embarrassed by how loud it was, but Ilya's hand tightened again, just holding him there like the sound pleased him.

"Good boy," Ilya breathed above him. "Take your time."

Shane tried. He really did. But his body was ahead of his brain now, greedy and overeager. He pushed forward again, taking another inch, then another, hands working in slow strokes where his mouth couldn't reach.

Ilya exhaled sharply through his nose, a sound so controlled it bordered on restraint.

"That is enough for now," Ilya said, his voice strained.

Shane didn't listen. He was too far gone, too lost in the rhythm and the taste and the way Ilya's body reacted under his tongue. He sucked harder, eager and needy and wanting to make Ilya come just to prove to himself that he could, that he was a good omega.

"Oh—" Ilya choked on the sound, a startled moan ripping out of him. His hand tightened in Shane's hair, *urgent*, trying to pull him back. "Stop. Stop, stop—"

Shane finally let go, breathless and flushed, spit shining on his chin.

Ilya hauled him to his feet in one smooth movement. His hands were steady, but his breathing wasn't.

"Was that bad?" Shane asked, mortified, heat rushing to his face.

"No." Ilya's voice was rough but honest. "It was too good."

He leaned in, mouth hovering dangerously close to Shane's neck, close enough that Shane felt the puff of his breath against the glands hidden just under his skin. Ilya inhaled, his jaw clenching.

"Did you like sucking my cock?" he murmured.

Shane nodded instantly. "Yes."

"You want me to lie down on the bed," Ilya said, stepping back just enough to look into his eyes, "and let you do it again?"

"Let me?" Shane repeated, breath hitching.

"Yeah," Ilya said simply. "Let you."

A soft disbelieving sound escaped from him. He felt lighter, relieved that he hadn't been embarrassing himself. He pushed Ilya backward, bolder now, and the older man let himself fall onto the bed, the robe slipping fully open.

He was gorgeous like that. He looked relaxed, and he was hard.

Shane crawled closer, shirtless but still wearing his trousers.

"I want to see you," Ilya said.

Shane swallowed hard, nodding. He stood, unbuttoning his trousers with shaken fingers. He stepped out of them carefully and folded them before setting them aside.

Ilya chuckled, amused.

Shane winced, embarrassed. “I— sorry, I just—”

“No,” Ilya said softly. “It is sweet.”

Shane’s flush deepened. He took off his briefs next, feeling the cling of them against his skin, how wet they were from how worked up he’d been. He folded those too.

Then he climbed onto the bed beside Ilya, suddenly aware of every inch of his own nakedness. Ilya leaned in and kissed him again slowly, and Shane melted into it immediately. He moaned into Ilya’s mouth, craving more contact.

He wanted to go back down on him. Wanted the weight of that cock stretching his lips, wanted to make Ilya lose control again.

Ilya seemed to feel the shift in him. He cupped Shane’s jaw, his thumb brushing Shane’s lip, voice dropping to a murmur.

“You want my cock in your mouth again already?”

Shane nodded, breathless. “Yeah. I liked it.”

Ilya’s eyes darkened with heat.

“Then come here,” he said, settling back against the pillows, legs spreading in invitation, his cock flushed and heavy against his stomach.

Shane’s breath hitched. He moved to kneel between Ilya’s thighs again, leaning down.

Ilya caught his chin gently, stopping him for a moment.

“Slow,” he said. “I want to watch you this time.”

Shane felt the words everywhere in his body.

He lowered himself slowly, eyes locked on Ilya’s the entire time. The older man’s breath hitched visibly when Shane opened his mouth again, tongue grazing his flushed head before taking him in.

Ilya exhaled sharply. His hand slid into Shane’s hair, thumb stroking the sharp line of Shane’s cheek like he couldn’t believe the sight in front of him.

“Fuck,” Ilya muttered. His voice sounded rough and wrecked.

Shane moaned around him, the vibration making Ilya’s thighs tense beneath him. Shane kept going, taking him inch by inch, his lips stretching around the width of him. His hands braced against Ilya’s hips, fingers digging in every time the size overwhelmed him.

Ilya let out a noise, his control slipping. He cupped Shane’s jaw, his other hand sliding to the back of his neck, coaxing him into a steady rhythm.

“Da... like that, Hollander,” he rasped, accent pounding through each syllable. “Take it.”

Shane’s eyes fluttered, the praise encouraging him. He hollowed his cheeks and pushed down farther, desperate to please him.

Ilya’s hips rolled up to meet Shane’s mouth, hitting the back of Shane’s tongue. Shane choked lightly, then relaxed, moaning around him again.

The sound made Ilya swear violently in Russian.

Shane could feel himself getting unbearably close. His cock twitched untouched against his belly, precum smearing across his skin. He was going to come just from this, just from being used like this.

But then suddenly, Ilya pulled him back.

Shane gasped when the thick length slipped out of his mouth, spit dripping down his chin.

A sharp wave of disappointment washed through him. His lips tingled and his throat ached and he wanted *more*.

“I— did I do something wrong?” Shane whispered.

But there was no time for an answer.

Ilya was already stroking himself, eyes devouring Shane’s wrecked face. His breathing turned ragged, hips jerking into his fist.

“Watch,” he growled.

Shane felt hot arousal flowing through him from that, the way the alpha spoke to him made him whimper, he knew he had no choice but to listen and he loved it. He watched Ilya stroke himself faster and faster.

And then Ilya came with a sharp exhale, release striping hot come across Shane’s thigh, the thick ropes spilling over his skin. Shane’s breath stuttered, arousal hitting him so hard he had to grip the sheets, the sight of watching Ilya orgasm almost undoing him.

Ilya's chest rose and fell for a few seconds, recovering, his eyes becoming focused again. Then he turned toward Shane, moving over him with easy confidence.

He grabbed Shane's wrist, guided it above his head, and kissed him deeply and tasting himself on Shane's tongue. Shane moaned into his mouth, his entire body arching, needy and desperate to be touched.

Ilya's mouth trailed to his jaw, then his throat.

"Let me show you how to do this, kid," he murmured against Shane's skin, as he slid downward.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Shane discovers that Ilya is married.

Chapter Notes

5k reads within a week is crazy. thank you for the support!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“Let me show you how to do this, kid,” Ilya murmured against Shane’s skin, his voice vibrating through Shane’s chest. He slid downward slowly, kissing a line along Shane’s collarbone, then down the center of his sternum.

“Open,” he said.

Shane obeyed immediately, spreading his legs wide on instinct, he swallowed hard, nervous and excited as Ilya’s mouth trailed lower, across his ribs, down the soft cut of his stomach, each kiss hotter than the last. Shane could hardly breathe. The tension coiled in his gut felt like it might snap.

Then Ilya reached his cock.

The older man didn’t tease or hesitate. He just wrapped his mouth around Shane’s length in one warm slide.

Shane moaned so loud it startled him. His hand flew up, covering his mouth, muffling the sound.

“Oh my god—” he gasped.

Ilya’s answer was a low hum around his cock, sending a shockwave through him. The alpha’s hand slid up his torso, wide palm covering Shane’s pec, kneading his chest possessively. He squeezed it firmly, his thumb brushing over Shane’s nipple, the sensitive bud tightening instantly.

Shane jerked, back arching. “Fuck.”

Ilya sucked him deep again, hollowing his cheeks, tongue dragging slow and precise under the head. The pressure was perfect, and the heat of his mouth was overwhelming. Shane felt his eyes roll back, felt himself spiraling and losing the ability to think or breathe or do anything but *feel*.

When Ilya squeezed his chest harder, rolling his nipple between rough fingers, Shane let out a broken noise he didn’t recognize.

“Fuck,” he moaned loudly. The hand over his mouth slipped, falling to the sheets. He couldn’t hide the sounds anymore.

Ilya moved his hand to Shane’s other pec, kneading him with both hands now, alternating pressure, tugging gently at his nipples like he knew exactly how to unravel him. Shane writhed from the attention, his body on fire.

He was so fucking close.

“Holy shit, Mr. Rozanov—” Shane gasped. “You better get off, I can’t— I can’t stop it—”

But Ilya didn’t stop.

He didn’t even slow down.

He took Shane deeper, sucking him like he wanted to pull the orgasm out of him forcefully. Shane choked on a moan, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes from how good it felt.

Then he felt it, Ilya's hand sliding lower, fingers tracing along Shane's inner thigh, then brushing lightly over his hole.

"Ah, fuck—" he gasped.

Ilya circled the tight ring of muscle with a slow finger, just rubbing at it, teasing and coaxing it. The sensation was too much layered on top of the wet and slick heat around his cock.

Shane couldn't control it and he came instantly.

His whole body felt like it was lifting off the bed, a moan ripping out of him as pleasure tore through him. It hit so fast he didn't even have time to warn him, not that Ilya would've stopped.

Shane covered his face with both hands, groaning and mortified at how quickly and how loudly he came.

Ilya pulled back slowly, licking him clean with surprising ease. Then he chuckled warmly, clearly enjoying the sight of Shane trying to bury himself in the sheets.

"Don't hide," Ilya said, his voice soft but still dark with desire. "I like to see you fall apart."

Ilya lay down beside him, their shoulders brushing, both of them breathing like they'd run a shift and collapsed on the bench after. Shane stared at the ceiling, not sure what the hell he was supposed to do now.

Was the night over? Were they supposed to keep going? Was he supposed to get dressed and pretend he wasn't still trembling?

He wanted to get fucked, God, he wanted it but everything that had just happened was already more than he'd ever imagined for his first time. His body was still buzzing, oversensitive.

"What are you thinking?" Ilya asked.

Shane stiffened. "Nothing."

"Liar," Ilya said softly, rolling onto his side to look at him. "I am thinking of how good your cum tastes."

Shane made a strangled noise.

"And," Ilya continued like he was discussing game strategy, "how wet your ass was. How you clenched around my finger just from little pressure. How much slick you must have when you are really open."

Shane's whole face went red and his ears burned.

"Jesus Christ," he whispered, burying his face in the pillow for a second. "Why are you so ___"

"Honest?" Ilya smirked.

"Filthy," Shane muttered.

“I am both,” Ilya said. “And I liked tasting what you gave me. I will like it even more when I taste both your cum and your slick at the same time.”

Shane made another quiet, embarrassed noise because the mental image nearly short-circuited him. How was this man forty and still the hottest thing he’d ever seen? How was he this... skilled? This good at every dirty thing he said?

Shane’s thoughts went haywire. Suddenly everything came crashing down, the age difference, his inexperience, the fact that they barely knew each other. The thought of his parents even *hearing* about this made him want to evaporate. And why the hell was he thinking about parents right now? This was a hookup, probably a one-time thing. Someone like Ilya Rozanov wasn’t going to want him.

“I think I need some time,” Shane said quietly, fingers twisting in the sheets. “Like... I’m not saying no. I just— my brain’s kind of going a million directions.”

Ilya didn’t tease him or push, and Shane felt relieved by that.

“That is okay,” he said, voice gentler than it had been all night. He reached over and brushed a thumb across Shane’s cheekbone. “You tell me what you need.”

Shane swallowed. “I... don’t know yet.”

“Then we take our time,” Ilya said. “We can go slow. No rush.”

He leaned in, kissed Shane’s shoulder, soft enough to make Shane’s stomach flip.

“You are not going anywhere,” Ilya murmured against his skin. “Unless you want to.”

Shane didn’t. God, he didn’t. But his brain wouldn’t stop overthinking.

He swallowed hard. “Can we— not have sex?” he blurted. “Like... today? Maybe another time.”

The words stumbled out of him in a frantic rush. “That’s if you’d even want to see me again. I don’t know. If this was just— a one-time thing, that’s fine. I mean, you probably—”

“Kid.”

The word landed soft but it was firm, cutting straight through the spiral and overthinking in his head.

Ilya shifted onto his elbow so he could look at him properly, eyebrows raised just enough to make Shane feel seen and ridiculous and oddly safe all at once.

“We did have sex today,” he said. “Oral sex is sex. And you were very, very good.”

Shane’s face burned and he let out a shaky laugh that sounded embarrassed and flattered and overwhelmed.

“But,” Ilya continued, thumb brushing a slow line across Shane’s sternum, “if you want again another time? If you want take things slow? Then yes. Of course.”

Shane blinked. “You... you would actually want to meet again?”

“Why would I not?” He leaned closer, mouth brushing the corner of Shane’s jaw. “You think I make sounds like that for just anyone?”

Shane’s stomach flipped so violently he had to exhale to steady himself.

Ilya kissed the line of his throat. “One step at a time,” he murmured. “When you’re ready, I will show you how good sex with me can be.”

Shane’s breath stuttered. “Okay.”

“Okay,” Ilya echoed, softer.

He lay back down beside him, pulling Shane close to him. Shane let himself relax into the warmth, settling against Ilya’s shoulder. The older man’s hand rested low on his stomach.

After a quiet moment, Shane whispered, “I really wasn’t expecting you to... want more.”

Ilya huffed a laugh, amused. “You think too little of yourself.”

Shane muttered, “You think too highly.”

“I think accurately,” Ilya said, brushing his fingers along Shane’s hipbone. “You taste good. And you made me come so fast I nearly bruised your thigh.”

Shane groaned and covered his face with his hand. “Please stop talking.”

“No,” Ilya said, pulling his hand away playfully. “You need to hear it.”

Shane looked at him and his panic eased. Something warm replaced it, it was terrifying in its own way, but still good.

“And what are you thinking now?” Ilya asked.

Shane hesitated, then said the truth: “That I’m... glad I came upstairs.”

Ilya’s expression softened in a way Shane hadn’t seen yet. “Good,” he murmured. “I am glad you did.”

He tucked Shane in closer, nose brushing his temple.

“Now come here. I want to hold you.”

Shane felt butterflies erupting from the request, but he moved willingly, settling into the heat of the older man’s body. He fell asleep like that.

He woke up a few hours later.

For a moment he didn’t remember where he was, only the heavy arm across his waist, the heat of a body pressed behind him, the soft feeling of someone breathing against the back of his neck.

Then he turned his head.

Ilya Rozanov was dead asleep beside him, snoring lightly. In sleep his face looked softer, he was beautiful.

He wanted to wake him just to kiss him again, just to feel that mouth on his again.

He could’ve spent the entire day kissing Ilya Rozanov and not get tired of it.

He lay there for a minute, watching the rise and fall of the older man's chest. He had never expected to feel this safe next to someone he barely knew and someone he admired.

Then a phone alert notification chimed.

Shane blinked, pulled out of whatever dreamy haze he'd slipped into. He reached around for his own phone on instinct, but it wasn't on the nightstand. The sound had come from the dresser.

He slipped out of bed carefully, trying not to disturb Ilya. When he found the phone, he picked it up automatically, thumb brushing the side to wake the screen, but it didn't unlock.

It wasn't his phone.

And before he could look away, he saw the notifications.

Svetlana

Ilya don't forget to pick up my pistachio ice cream when you come home.

Shane frowned. Another message came in immediately, the phone buzzing in his hand.

Svetlana

Where are you, darling? Should I wait up?

Shane froze. "*Darling*", "*Wait up*", "*When you come home*".

He stared at the screen, his pulse thudding in his ears. He didn't want to assume anything or jump to the worst conclusions. But the way she phrased it, the casual intimacy and expectation, it didn't sound like a family member or a roommate.

He glanced back at the bed.

Ilya lay there, half-covered in the sheets, his hair mussed from sleep and looking impossibly peaceful. He was so stunning and so kissable, Shane could spend all day just kissing him. He was the kind of man Shane could lose himself in far too easily.

And he had someone waiting for him at home?

He told himself not to jump to conclusions, not to read too much into a couple of texts from a woman with a nice name.

But still. He had to make sure. He searched for his phone and found it on the pocket of his crumpled pants a few feet away, his hands shaking as he typed.

Ilya Rozanov partner.

He didn't know what he expected, he hoped it would be a rumor, or something vague he could ignore.

But it wasn't vague.

It was the first headline.

“Veteran athlete Ilya Rozanov marries childhood sweetheart Svetlana Vetrova in private ceremony.”

It was dated last year.

There were photos of them laughing together, dancing, holding hands. It was a winter wedding and she was gorgeous and she wore a fur-lined cape and he couldn't stop looking at her the entire ceremony. It was the kind of love story sports reporters fawned over. They looked like they were in love, the way he looked at her with so much fondness.

Shane stared at the screen, his hands shaking as he felt his throat closing.

He had never cared about other players' personal lives. He avoided gossip, he didn't follow tabloids, didn't read the comments under articles. He focused on hockey and nothing else. He always thought it didn't matter.

Now it mattered because this wasn't just gossip.

This was the man who'd kissed him until Shane couldn't think straight.

The man sleeping peacefully behind him in the same bed.

Ilya Rozanov was married.

Married, and he'd still taken Shane upstairs.

Married, and he'd touched him like that.

Married, and he'd made Shane... what?

A side piece. A fucking mistress.

Heat flushed Shane's face. He felt stupid. So unbelievably naive. How had he not put this together? How had he been so eager, so trusting?

Of course he'd be married.

The man was forty, established, gorgeous, why had Shane even let himself imagine otherwise? Why had he let himself believe any of this was special? That Ilya actually wanted *him*, not just someone young and eager and stupid enough to say yes?

It all clicked together and it felt humiliatingly obvious.

He was glad they hadn't gone all the way. He would've hated himself forever if his first time had been with a married man. A man sneaking around behind his wife's back, whispering sweet bullshit into Shane's mouth while someone at home waited for him to get them ice cream.

He swallowed hard, angry. The alpha was out cold, snoring softly, looking peaceful and—and undeservedly beautiful. And asleep like nothing in the world could touch him. Like he hadn't just made Shane feel something and torn it apart in the same night.

Fine. Let him sleep.

Shane refused to be the idiot staying in his bed.

He stood up so fast the sheets slipped off his legs. He yanked on his clothes with stiff, jerky movements, shirt inside out at first, then corrected with shaking hands, breath coming too fast. His pants got stuck on his heel and he nearly cursed out loud.

He didn't look back because he didn't want to see that handsome, sleeping face again, and remember how good it felt to be held by him. He opened the door, stepped into the empty hallway and left.

At Shane's next game, he wasn't thinking about Ilya at all. He'd made it three whole weeks pretending everything was normal.

Then, midway through warmups, the jumbotron lit up with a quick audience scan, the usual crowd shots, and suddenly the announcer's voice said:

“And in attendance tonight: retired player Ilya Rozanov.”

Shane's head snapped up before he could stop himself.

There he was in the lower bowl sitting casually, his arms crossed and expression neutral.

Just... there. Watching.

Shane's stomach did a weird uncomfortable flip. Why was he here?

Retired players showed up to games sometimes, sure, but Ilya had *never* come to one of Shane's before. There was no reason for Ilya to be here.

They won the game. Nothing spectacular, just a clean, steady win. Shane played well enough that the coach clapped him on the shoulder afterward with a rare, “Good work out there.”

Shane showered quickly, eager to go home and pretend Ilya never showed up to his game and the last few weeks of emotional chaos belonged to someone else.

He was half-wrestling his clothes back on when Coach called across the locker room: “Shane. Quick minute.”

Shane blinked. “Uh— sure, Coach.”

He followed him into the hallway, expecting some talk about his game. Instead, Coach seemed unusually pleased with himself.

“I want you to meet someone,” he said, already walking toward a side corridor.

Shane froze the moment he turned the corner.

Ilya Rozanov stood there, hands in his coat pockets. He looked different to Shane now, maybe because Shane knew he was married or maybe it was because he knew what Ilya's cock felt like in his mouth.

“Rozanov's helping us with some of the player development this month,” Coach said, oblivious to the tension brewing under Shane's skin. “I figured I'd introduce you two properly. He's watched your footage for years.”

Shane's brain short-circuited. He stared at Coach, then at Ilya, who gave the smallest nod.

Coach continued, “Ilya mentioned he's particularly interested in the way you play. Thought it'd be good for you to pick his brain if he's around.”

Shane swallowed. “Right. Yeah. Sure.”

Coach smiled. “Great. I'll leave you two to it.”

And then he walked off, completely oblivious.

Shane stared at the floor, his heart thudding too fast. He didn't trust himself to look up. Didn't trust what his face might betray.

Ilya broke the silence first.

"Why did you leave?" he asked quietly.

Shane inhaled through his nose. "You're married."

"And?" Ilya said.

Shane's head snapped up. "That— what do you mean 'and?'"

Ilya's expression didn't change. "It was not a problem for you when you came to my hotel room."

Shane felt his brain almost short-circuit. "What? You think I wanted to sleep with a married man?"

"Then why did you come?" Ilya asked.

"Because I didn't know," Shane said, disbelieving in Ilya's audacity. "You didn't have a ring."

"Is that why you left?"

"I have morals," Shane muttered, even though it felt stupid and small the second it left his mouth.

Something softened in Ilya's face, it was close to fondness. He stepped closer slowly, giving Shane space to move if he wanted to.

But Shane didn't move.

Ilya lifted his hand, fingers brushing under Shane's chin, tilting his face up just enough to make him meet his eyes. Shane shouldn't have let him. He shouldn't have let someone married touch him like that.

But he did.

"It is not what you think," Ilya said.

"Oh yeah?" Shane's voice cracked around the edge of his anger. "Because the pictures online looked pretty clear."

Ilya didn't flinch or deny it.

"I am married," he said.

Shane scoffed, disappointed and upset. "Right. So that's it, then. I'm not doing this. I'm not ____"

He turned to go, but Ilya reached out and caught his wrist, firm enough to stop him.

"Hollander," he said, stepping closer, just enough that Shane could feel the warmth of him.

“Let me explain.” He paused. “Please.”

The word *please* threw Shane off more than anything else.

“Okay,” Shane said quietly. “Explain.”

Ilya took a slow breath. “Yes. I am married. Svetlana is my wife. That part is true.”

Shane’s chest tightened. He almost wished Ilya would stop there, his fear had basically been confirmed.

“But we have an... arrangement,” Ilya continued. “We grew up together. We made pact when we were twenty — if we reached forty and neither of us had met someone, we would marry each other. For companionship.”

Shane blinked. “So it’s not... romantic?”

“It is, but not the way you think. I love her and she is family to me. We respect each other. We care for each other.”

“Oh,” Shane said before he could catch himself.

Ilya stepped a little closer. “But we are not monogamous, Shane. That was part of the agreement from the beginning. I did not cheat. You are not a secret. You are not something I have to hide from her.”

Shane swallowed hard. The knot in his stomach loosened, but not completely. It wasn’t that he wanted Ilya to be single. He just hated that he cared.

“I see,” he murmured.

“So you understand,” Ilya said gently, “you did not need to run away. You could have woken me. I still want to see you again.”

Shane looked away. “I don’t know if that’s a good idea.”

“Why not?” Ilya asked softly. “Tell me.”

Shane shook his head. “It’s complicated.”

Ilya huffed a quiet, amused breath. “Is it? Because from where I was kneeling, it seemed very simple.”

Shane’s breath hitched. “Don’t start.”

But Ilya’s voice dropped, smooth and sinful. “I liked it when you called me *Mr. Rozanov* with my mouth around your cock.”

Shane shivered violently. Heat surged through him. He inhaled sharply, mortified at how easily his body betrayed him.

Ilya’s eyes dropped to Shane’s thighs, then back to his face. He leaned close enough that his breath brushed Shane’s ear. “Do you not want to know,” he whispered, “what it feels like to be filled completely by me?”

Shane’s knees nearly buckled. Of course he wanted that.

“Mr. Rozanov...” Shane whispered, his breath uneven. He hated how much this man he barely knew affected him this much. He was tempted, so fucking tempted to get on his knees for him in the middle of this hallway where anyone could walk in. But then reality slapped him back.

“Not here,” he said, forcing himself to take half a step back.

Ilya studied him for a long moment, eyes dark with want but steady with control. Then he extended his hand.

“Give me your phone.”

Shane hesitated only a second before obeying. He unlocked his phone and placed the phone into Ilya’s hand.

Ilya typed something quick, then Shane heard Ilya’s own phone buzz in his coat pocket.

“Now,” Ilya said, handing the phone back, “you have my number.”

Shane stared at the screen, at the new contact, the simple message Ilya had sent to himself:
When you want my mouth again, text me.

“We *will* meet again, Shane Hollander,” Ilya murmured.

Shane swallowed hard, unable to look away.

Then Ilya turned and walked down the corridor without another word.

Shane looked at the message again.

When you want my mouth again, text me.

God. He wanted that mouth. He wanted it so badly his thighs pressed together on instinct. He wanted Ilya's fingers on him, inside him, wanted the weight of him, the way he held Shane's jaw, the way he *looked* at him like he already knew how Shane would fall apart.

And yeah, he wanted his cock. He wanted all of it.

There was no point lying to himself. He knew that he could fight it for a day, maybe two. But eventually he was going to text him.

Chapter End Notes

shane girl. omg stand up.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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

Shane, all things considered, actually held out longer than anyone would've guessed.

He told himself he was being smart and he had to be responsible, that Ilya was just another dirty old alpha with a talented mouth and he was fucking married. He repeated it like a mantra whenever his brain drifted, whenever the memory of that night crept in.

He's married. You don't need this. You're not that guy.

And it worked for a little while.

He'd think of texting and stop himself. He'd find himself going through his contacts, seeing Ilya's name and locking his phone. He'd get to the edge of craving and force himself back with one angry thought: *You're not going to be someone's side piece.*

Except...

What he didn't account for or what he didn't *expect* was how fucking horny he was going to be.

This wasn't normal horny.

Every morning he woke up hard enough to ache, slick smeared warm between his thighs, making a mess of his sheets. He'd squeeze his legs together, panting, remembering exactly how Mr. Rozanov's hands had felt on him.

Remembering the way Ilya had touched his chest, the way his voice had dropped, the way his fingers had just barely rubbed his hole like he owned the right.

Every time Shane closed his eyes he saw it: Ilya's hand holding his jaw. Ilya telling him to open his legs. Ilya talking to him in that filthy tone, like he enjoyed hearing it as much as Shane enjoyed saying it.

And God, he was imagining what it would've felt like if Ilya had actually fingered him, really touched him, really pushed inside—

Shane groaned into his pillow, thighs trembling. His body didn't care about logic or morals or Ilya's marriage.

His body only cared about one thing: how badly it wanted that alpha.

By day three he was warning himself like some kind of pathetic prayer: *Don't text him. Don't text him. He's married. Don't be stupid. Don't—*

But the horny always won.

By the end of the week he was a wreck.

Sleep-deprived, overstimulated by his own imagination, and one dirty thought away from caving.

And then it happened.

One morning, way too early, still half-asleep, slick pooling embarrassingly fast he grabbed his phone.

He didn't even remember opening the messages. Didn't remember clicking the thread.

There it was on his screen: a message he didn't consciously decide to send, typed with trembling fingers.

Shane:

What would you have done to me if I hadn't left?

The second he saw it, he sat bolt upright, awake, horrified, throbbingly turned on.

"Fuck," he whispered, staring at the screen like it might explode. "Oh my god. Oh my fucking god."

Too late to delete and too late to pretend it hadn't happened.

And before he could even think about throwing his phone off the balcony—

Ilya Rozanov typing...

But then he stopped typing. Shane was nervous and then his phone started to ring. Facetime video call.

He stared at it for half a second, then answered.

"Hello?" he whispered.

The screen filled with Ilya lying back on a bed, shirtless, broad chest rising and falling slowly. His hair was mussed like he'd run a hand through it, eyes fixed directly on Shane.

"Are you alone?" Ilya asked, voice raspy and rough.

Shane nodded, breath shallow. "Yeah."

"Good," Ilya said, settling slightly against his pillows. "Now tell me what you were thinking when you sent that message. No lying."

Shane's cheeks burned. "I just... I was thinking about your mouth."

A slow hum slipped from Ilya's chest. "Mm. And what about my mouth?"

Shane swallowed. His voice came out softer than he meant. "How warm it was. How— how good you were. I can't get it out of my head."

"I know," Ilya murmured, eyes darkening. "You were shaking for me."

Shane made a small, helpless sound.

Ilya's gaze sharpened. "Hollander."

Shane jolted at the sound of his own name said like that, low and commanding.

"If you hadn't left that morning," Ilya said, voice dropping to something sinful, "do you know what I would've done to you?"

Shane's entire body shivered from want. "Tell me."

"I will," Ilya said. "But you are going to look at me while I do."

Shane shifted the phone, holding it up so Ilya could see his face properly. His breathing was uneven, pupils blown wide already.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured. "Now listen."

Shane exhaled shakily, heat flooding his stomach.

"First," Ilya continued, voice low enough to vibrate through the speaker, "I would have put you on your stomach. So I could see exactly how wet you were for me."

Shane's thighs pressed together on instinct, moving the phone away from his face in embarrassment.

Ilya smirked when he noticed. "Don't hide. Let me see you react."

Shane brought the phone back up to show his flushed face, he was so embarrassed but also so turned on.

"I would've kissed down your back," Ilya went on, "all the way to your hips. You would've started trembling before I even touched your hole."

Shane bit his lip so hard it trembled.

Ilya leaned in closer to the camera, voice dropping even lower.

“And then,” he said, “I would’ve put my hands on your ass. Spread you open. Nice and wide.”

Shane whimpered, high and broken.

“Say you want it.”

Shane breathed out, barely holding himself together. “I... I want it.”

“No. You will tell me *exactly* what you want.”

Shane swallowed hard, squeezing his thighs even harder. “For you to—” he hesitated, face burning. “For you to spread my hole.”

Ilya’s breath caught in a low, filthy groan. “Fuck...”

The curse was so raw it sent heat rushing straight through Shane’s stomach. God, he loved that Ilya wasn’t unaffected, that even over video, the older alpha’s self-control weakened for him.

Shane’s voice wavered, but he was bolder now. “What would you have done next, Mr. Rozanov?”

Ilya’s eyes darkened instantly, pupils dilating like he’d been waiting for that exact question.

“I would have gotten between your legs,” he said slowly. “On my knees. Hands on your hips to hold you still. So you couldn’t run. So you couldn’t close those pretty thighs.”

Shane let out a strangled noise.

“And then,” Ilya continued, “I would’ve put my mouth on your hole and eaten you until you were crying into the sheets.”

Shane gasped — actually gasped — a high desperate sound he couldn’t swallow down.

Ilya’s lips curled slightly. “There it is. That is how I like you.”

Shane whined softly, unable to stop himself.

“You think I wasn’t going to do that?” Ilya went on. “The moment I had you naked, the moment I saw how wet you were— I wanted my tongue inside you so bad.”

Shane whimpered again.

“Show me,” Ilya murmured. “Let me see how wet you are from just my voice.”

Shane hesitated for a bit— then tilted the phone, giving Ilya a view of his trembling thighs glistening with slick, muscles twitching with need.

Ilya exhaled hard. “Sweetheart... you’re soaking.”

Shane bit his lip from the nickname. “I can’t help it—”

“That’s how you should look for me.”

His voice dipped even deeper. “Open your legs a little more.”

Shane did instinctively.

“Good boy,” Ilya praised. Shane nearly melted.

“You know what I’d do after I got your hole open for my tongue?” Ilya asked, gaze burning through the screen.

Shane shook his head, panting. “Tell me... please.”

“I would slip one finger inside of you,” he said. “And when your hole tightened around me, when you started rocking back for more, I would add another.”

Shane’s hips jerked, his breath coming in short bursts.

“Rozanov—”

“No,” Ilya growled. “Say it right.”

“Mr. Rozanov,” Shane corrected immediately, voice cracking. “Please...”

Ilya’s jaw flexed. “That’s better.”

His voice dropped so low it vibrated through Shane’s chest.

“And when you were begging, just like this. I would have fucked you with my fingers until you came on them.”

Shane moaned, shaky and helpless, his whole body begging even if his words weren't.

“Don't hide it,” Ilya murmured. “Let me hear how much you want my cock inside you.”

Shane's thighs quivered. “I— I do... I want it—”

“How badly?”

Shane's voice was barely there. “I need it.”

Ilya inhaled sharply.

“Touch your hole for me,” he said.

Shane let out a desperate little moan. His fingers went down instantly, obeying before he'd even decided to. His slicked fingertips brushed over himself and he nearly buckled.

“Show me,” Ilya ordered.

Shane angled the phone, letting the camera catch the way his fingers spread himself open, the shine of slick dribbling from his hole.

Ilya swore under his breath raw and punched-out. “Fuck me...” Shane's whole body lit up from the sound.

“Put a finger in.”

Shane pushed his finger in slowly, gasping at the stretch. He’d never done this while someone watched before.

Ilya’s voice sharpened. “All the way. Good boy.”

Shane whimpered and pushed deeper. His mouth open, he was pretty sure he was drooling too.

“Good,” Ilya murmured. “Does that feel good?”

Shane nodded fast, unable to form a thought.

Ilya’s tone hardened. “Use your words, sweetheart.”

Shane whimpered at the pet name, lifting his hips. “It— It feels really good, Mr. Rozanov…”

Ilya made a sound so filthy it sent a pulse of heat through Shane’s entire body.

“Fuck… Hollander, I want to fuck you so bad I’m getting lightheaded.” He shifted on his bed. “Get to two fingers.”

Shane listened, slick dripping down his knuckles as he eased in a second finger. He groaned, head falling back.

Ilya’s eyelids fluttered like he could feel it himself. “There you go… Look at how wet you are, sweetheart. I can hear it from here.”

Shane's fingers slid in deep, and the wet, obscene squelch filled the line. His entire body burned.

"You like that?" Ilya asked in a low voice.

"Yes," Shane gasped. "Yes— fuck—"

Ilya's eyes darkened further. "Do you have any toys, Hollander?"

Shane hesitated, breath coming in shallow pants. "Maybe."

"Don't be shy, Hollander," Ilya said, leaning closer to his screen. "Tell me."

"I... I have one."

Ilya's eyes narrowed. "What is it?"

Shane's voice cracked. "A dildo."

Ilya's breath hitched so softly Shane almost missed it. "What color?"

"Purple," Shane whispered.

The corner of Ilya's mouth lifted. "Show it to me."

Shane's fingers trembled as he reached toward his nightstand. He tried not to think about how humiliating this was — opening his drawer on a FaceTime call with a man 20 years older — but humiliation melted into need the second he held the dildo up to the camera.

Ilya exhaled like Shane had just handed him oxygen.

“Fuck,” he murmured. “Look at you. Do you think you can fit it in?”

Shane didn't trust his voice, so he nodded.

“Use your words,” Ilya said sharply. “I want to hear you say it.”

Shane's breath hitched. “I... I can fit it in.”

“Good boy.”

Ilya shifted on his bed, the phone wobbling slightly in his hand — and for the first time, Shane got a look at what was happening out of frame.

Oh. *Oh*.

Ilya's hands were slightly moving. And his voice, straining at random moments suddenly made sense.

Shane's entire body jolted. “You're— are you touching yourself?”

Ilya didn't even pretend to hide it. “I've been touching myself since you spread your legs for me,” he said simply, voice dark with heat. “You did not notice?”

Shane's breath stuttered.

"Look," Ilya ordered. "I want you to see what you're doing to me."

He adjusted the phone just enough, giving a shadowed glimpse of his hand stroking himself in slow, firm pumps that made Shane's mouth go dry. Then he moved the camera away.

Shane made a soft, wounded sound. "I— I want to see it."

Ilya's eyes lifted to the camera. "Do you?"

Shane nodded. "Please."

"No," Ilya said. No softness this time, just commanding. "If you want to see my cock, you are going to beg for it properly."

"I— I am begging."

"You're not," Ilya said. "You are flustered. Not begging." He leaned closer to the camera. "Begging means you know exactly what you are asking for."

Shane whimpered. "Mr. Rozanov... please show me your cock."

"Not enough," Ilya murmured, stroking himself. "Tell me why."

Shane's face burned. "Because I need it. Because I've been thinking about it since that night."

Ilya's breathing picked up.

"More."

"I want to see what you'd fuck me with," Shane whispered, voice trembling. "I want to see what you were going to put inside me."

Ilya's jaw clenched hard. He stroked himself again.

"Keep going, Hollander."

Shane's eyes watered with need. "Please— I want to see your cock because I want to suck it again, I want it in my mouth, I want— fuck— I want to feel it inside me— please show me, please—"

The phone shifted and then Ilya angled the camera fully down so he could see the whole thing.

Shane gasped. "Oh my god—"

How was he so huge? This would split him if he took it, make him feel full for hours, make him cry in the best way.

Ilya curled his smile into something obscene. "There. Now you can see what you've been begging for."

His hand wrapped around himself again, stroking up the shaft, squeezing the head until slick shone in the dim light.

“Now,” Ilya said, “we’re going to see if that cute little purple toy can get you ready for this.”

Shane whimpered.

“Get on your back,” Ilya ordered. “Spread your legs. And put the tip of that dildo against your hole.”

Shane obeyed instantly, angling the camera so Ilya could see.

Ilya stroked himself slowly, watching him hungrily.

“That’s it,” Ilya murmured. “Now push, sweetheart. Show me how you take it.”

Shane did, wincing from the stretch.

Ilya clicked his tongue. “You are making a face, and this is not half the size of my cock.” His voice dropped, suddenly sounding cruel and mean and Shane absolutely loved it. “Tell me, how do you think you’re going to take me if a tiny toy is making you whimper?”

“I can take you,” Shane pleaded, pushing it deeper anyway, desperate to prove himself.

“You did not prepare yourself enough,” Ilya murmured, almost scolding. “Your fingers are too small. They do nothing for you.”

Shane nodded. “Need your fingers.”

“You will have them,” Ilya growled. “I’d make you cum on my fingers before I ever fucked you. I’d get you loose and open, begging for more.”

Shane’s breath hitched violently. The image alone pushed him to the edge. His hips jerked, his voice cracking. “Ilya— I’m—”

“Harder,” Ilya ordered, his own voice fraying. The sound of his stroking had gone wet and messy. “Fuck yourself harder for me. Let me hear it.”

Shane obeyed instantly, slamming the toy into himself, body shaking with every thrust.

Ilya swore in Russian, the rhythm of his hand breaking. “Come for me, Hollander.”

Shane cried out as he fell apart, orgasm ripping through him. His cum splattered across his stomach, his hole clenching and leaking around the toy.

Ilya came seconds after, groaning like he’d been dragged over the edge by Shane’s pleasure alone. “Fuck... kid... look what you’ve done to me,” he panted, breath ragged.

Shane let out a shaky laugh. “I ruined my sheets.”

“Good,” Ilya murmured, still catching his breath. “Come ruin mine.”

“You... want me to come over?”

“I have been waiting,” Ilya said. “But I can’t wait any longer. Get here. Let me finish what you started.”

Shane's stomach flipped. He'd just come, yet his body still reacted at the thought of having sex with him. He swallowed hard.

"When?" he swallowed.

"Now," Ilya said, "if you are not busy."

Shane blinked at the clock. It was still early. He'd planned to hit the gym, maybe see his parents later, normal things, the kind of day he *should* have.

But the idea of *not* spending the day getting ruined and wrecked by Ilya Rozanov suddenly felt ridiculous and painful.

"Is it going to be another hotel?" Shane asked, breath still uneven.

"No," Ilya said. "My house."

Shane hesitated. "And your wife?"

"She will not be home." Ilya's tone left no room for misinterpretation. "I can come pick you up."

Shane exhaled slowly, heart hammering. *Was he really doing this?* His body already knew the answer.

"No... it's okay," Shane said, voice soft but steady. "I'll come."

Ilya's grin was slow and sinful, like he'd been waiting for those words all night. "Good. Get ready for the best night of your life, Hollander."

Chapter End Notes

this chapter is short, because i didn't wanna break my weekend update streak, but i'll update during the week for once to make up for it. we're finally getting to the part we've all been waiting for :) things should move faster after they fuck for the first time

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Shane gets his cherry popped by Ilya Rozanov.

Chapter Notes

i'm so sorry bc my last update i said i'd update in a few days and i didn't update for 2 weeks 😭 this chapter was a bit hard to complete but i've gotten through the hard part it should be smooth sailing from now on.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It wasn't too late to turn back.

Shane told himself that as he stood frozen on the doorstep, his palms sweaty and heartbeat thumping against his ribs. He'd worn one of his favorite suits, why? Because he panicked? Because he wanted to look good? Holy fuck, he was here to get fucked, not go on a date. He looked like he'd shown up for a business dinner.

He hovered his hand over the door. Knock or text? Which was normal here? He'd never done something like this, going into a married man's house, wearing a suit like an idiot, shaking like he was about to take a final exam.

Maybe he should just go home. He could still walk away, Ilya hadn't seen him. He could make up an excuse, cancel, pretend it never happened.

But then the door swung open.

Shane swallowed hard when Ilya came in, looking relaxed and homely in sweatpants and a baggy shirt.

“Hollander.” Ilya’s smile curled slowly as he took him in from head to toe. “You look... dressed.”

Shane glanced down at himself, mortified. The flush crawling up his neck was instant, why was he already messing up? He didn’t know what to say.

Ilya’s expression softened, he looked amused and intrigued. “I know you came here to get fucked,” he said, stepping closer, “but this almost makes me want to take you out to dinner first.”

Shane swallowed hard. Of course Ilya would say something that crude, that was who he was. But hearing it *immediately*, right at the door, when Shane was already so anxious that he could barely breathe... it made heat rush straight through him, now he was both turned on and anxious.

“Should I have worn something else?” Shane asked nervously.

“No.” Ilya didn’t even hesitate. His gaze dragged over Shane. “I like you like this. It will make ruining you feel... ceremonial.”

Shane’s knees wobbled and he gulped. “Oh.”

Ilya's fingers slid up his tie slowly, until he caught it between two knuckles and used it to tip Shane's chin upward. His other hand brushed Shane's jaw, firm enough to make him hold still.

"I love that you wore a suit just for me," Ilya whispered.

Shane's cheeks flamed from the proximity. "I... I didn't know what to wear."

"You look good. Come inside," Ilya murmured. Shane's breath stuttered, and he stepped over the threshold as if pulled by a string.

The door clicked shut behind him. Ilya didn't step back. If anything, he moved closer, crowding Shane against the entryway wall without touching him, letting the gravity of his body do all the work.

"You are shaking," Ilya said softly.

"I'm just— nervous," Shane said, the words barely making it out.

"What are you nervous about, Shane Hollander?" Ilya asked, like he already knew the answer and just wanted to hear him say it.

Shane's eyes flicked around the entryway. The inside of the house looked expensive and immaculate and there were some traces of a woman, Shane saw a coat too small and a pair of heels by the stairs.

Was *that* why he was nervous? Because he knew Ilya was married?

Or was it the fact that he was alone in a married man's house, about to do something he couldn't take back? Or was it simply Ilya himself already stripping him with just his eyes?

“I just...” Shane exhaled shakily. “I haven’t done this before.”

“It is okay,” Ilya said. “We take it slow.” He stepped past him, brushing their shoulders as he moved toward the kitchen. “Do you want something to drink?”

“Maybe just water,” Shane murmured.

“Okay.” Ilya opened the fridge, grabbed a cold bottle, and twisted off the cap with one hand. He handed it to Shane, who took it and took a few gulps.

“I want you to be comfortable, Hollander,” Ilya murmured, brushing his fingers through Shane’s hair.

Shane leaned into his touch, already feeling himself feel better. Ilya kept stroking him through the fabric of his shirt, slow at first, then firmer, until a small moan slipped out of Shane without his permission. His body relaxed a bit, his nerves unwinding in real time from the older alpha’s touch. He dropped his cup on the counter.

Ilya smirked at him. He slid Shane’s jacket off his shoulders and let it fall, then pulled him close and kissed him. It was possessive and absolutely hot to Shane. His hands roamed up Shane’s back, over his chest, down his sides, claiming every inch.

Shane clutched Ilya’s shirt and kissed him back just as hard, feeling the tension drain from his body. Ilya’s mouth was intoxicating, exactly what he needed.

Then Ilya gripped Shane by the waist and lifted him effortlessly onto the kitchen counter, standing between his legs as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Shane gasped at the sudden shift, thighs instinctively wrapping around him.

Ilya kissed him deeper, hands sliding under his shirt now, palms warm against his skin. Shane felt less nervous as he let the alpha control everything.

Ilya tugged Shane's shirt off completely, dropping it somewhere behind them without looking. He kissed him deeply while his fingers slid down and made quick work of Shane's belt. Ilya didn't break the kiss as he unbuttoned Shane's trousers, slipping his hand inside like it belonged there. Shane gasped into his mouth when that warm, strong hand wrapped around him.

"Fuck—" Shane choked out, hips jerking helplessly into Ilya's grip.

"You are already so hard for me omega," Ilya murmured, lips brushing his jaw as he stroked him. He pumped him with quick movements, not wasting any time. Shane's body arched, thighs tense where they hooked around Ilya's waist. He couldn't help rocking into the alpha, chasing his pleasure.

"Ilya—" His voice broke, feeling like he was going to come. He gripped the counter hard. "I'm— I'm gonna—"

"No, you're not." Ilya's hand abruptly stopped.

Shane whimpered, his hips trying to chase what Ilya denied him. Ilya dragged his thumb over the leaking slit, smearing it down the length. "You are making a mess already," he murmured. "And I haven't even gotten you out of your trousers."

"I cannot wait any longer," Ilya said as his hand slid out of Shane's pants.

Before Shane could catch his breath, Ilya grabbed him by the waist and lifted him clean off the counter like he weighed nothing. Shane let out a shocked gasp that dissolved into a giggle he couldn't contain.

God, he *loved* that. Loved being handled like that. Loved the reminder that Ilya could toss him around even though Shane wasn't small, wasn't delicate like other omegas, he was built from hockey, muscled and strong, and Ilya still manhandled him like he was light.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's shoulders instinctively as Ilya carried him down the hallway, kissing him between steps like an impatient alpha.

"Ilya—" he whined, overwhelmed.

"Be quiet," Ilya murmured, kissing him again, "or I will fuck you right here."

Shane groaned, they finally got to the bedroom and Ilya tossed him down onto the bed with effortless strength.

Shane landed on soft sheets, sinking into them, smiling as he stared at Ilya. He propped himself up on his elbows, staring up at Ilya towering at the edge of the mattress. For a split second he wondered if Ilya slept with his wife in this bed. It made him feel slightly sick.

Ilya climbed onto the mattress slowly, knee sinking into the bed, as his gaze fixed on Shane with single-minded hunger.

"Don't worry," Ilya murmured, settling over him, one hand braced beside Shane's head. "This is *my* bed."

The certainty in his voice made Shane relax a bit.

Ilya stood only long enough to strip out of his own clothes, never breaking eye contact. Then he reached for Shane. Shane lifted his hips, letting Ilya slide them off and then blinked in surprise as Ilya folded them neatly for him and set them aside.

The small gesture made Shane smile. *He noticed.*

Before Shane could think too hard on it, Ilya was back on the bed, kissing him passionately again. Their bodies pressed together, Shane could feel how hard the alpha was. Ilya pulled apart from the kiss, staring down at Shane intensely as his hand wandered, feeling his chest and his upper body.

Shane's hands wandered, exploring the thick line of muscle along Ilya's back, noticing the sparse moles covering his skin. His gold cross necklace. He reached up, fingers curling around the cool gold cross. He tugged it gently, pulling Ilya closer, kissing him softly before dragging his lips up Ilya's jaw.

Ilya groaned, "Fuck... you are so sexy," he said, his voice rough with hunger. "I cannot wait to get inside you."

Shane groaned, he could not wait either. Ilya grabbed both of Shane's legs and pushed them up, spreading him wide on the bed. Shane's pulse jumped, eyes widening, thighs shaking with anticipation.

"But first," Ilya said, sliding down the bed until his face hovered between Shane's thighs, "I want a taste."

"Please..." Shane whispered.

Ilya smiled at him, his voice vibrating against his skin. "I love when you beg."

Ilya hooked his fingers into the waistband of Shane's underwear and dragged them off slowly, watching every inch of his skin be uncovered. Shane took a breath, thighs trembling as the last piece of clothing left his body.

Ilya settled between his legs again, hands sliding up the backs of Shane's thighs to spread him open. His gaze darkened instantly.

“You’re soaking,” he said, voice dropping. He ran one thumb lightly over the slick mess between Shane’s legs, gathering it, smearing it. “Look at you, Hollander. You are fucking perfect.”

Shane whimpered, embarrassed and desperate all at once.

Ilya didn’t give him a chance to think about it.

He lowered his mouth and kissed the entrance of the hole, then spread his tongue fat and licked him. Shane’s whole body jolted.

“Fuck— Ilya—”

Ilya groaned against him, the vibration sending a shock up Shane’s spine. He licked again, then sealed his lips around him and sucked.

Shane’s hands flew to the sheets, head thrown back. “Oh my god—”

Ilya slid his hands under Shane’s ass, lifting him slightly, holding him open as he devoured him with long, hungry licks, then quick, teasing flicks that made Shane gasp and twist.

“You taste so sweet,” Ilya murmured against him before going back in, wetter and deeper.

Shane’s thighs shook, toes curling, breath coming in shredded gasps. “I—I’m already— Ilya —”

Ilya didn’t stop.

Shane groaned as his orgasm tore through him, his body tightening under Ilya's mouth. Ilya didn't stop, he licked everything, tasting the slick still dripping from Shane's hole, then dragging his tongue up Shane's stomach to collect the cum pooling there. Shane shivered violently.

Then Ilya climbed up his body and kissed him, wet and filthy kisses, making him taste himself on Ilya's tongue.

"I need to fuck you," Ilya growled, pulling off his briefs. Shane moaned at the sight in front of him.

Ilya's cock was thick, uncut, flushed dark at the tip slapped against his abdomen, leaving a smear of slick on Shane's skin. It throbbed visibly in Ilya's fist as he stroked it a few times.

"Fuck..." Shane whispered, staring. He'd just come, but heat shot straight through him again. He wanted it. Needed it. Needed *him*.

Ilya kissed him again, biting his bottom lip as Shane's eyes stayed locked on his cock.

"Want you in my mouth," Shane breathed, dazed. Ilya grinned, looking at him.

"I will fuck your mouth later," Ilya said, voice hard with restraint. "Right now I need to fuck your tight little pussy."

Shane let out a helpless, needy groan.

Ilya reached for Shane's thighs and pushed them up, exposing him completely. His fingers found Shane's entrance that was still slick and leaking.

"Look how open you are already," Ilya murmured, dragging one finger through the wetness. "Perfect."

He pushed two fingers inside him at once.

Shane gasped, back arching, his hands flying to the sheets.

Ilya fucked him roughly with his fingers immediately, each thrust hitting that swollen, sensitive spot inside him. Shane cried out, body jerking with overstimulation, tears beading in the corners of his eyes, but he didn't want it to stop.

"It's... so much—" Shane gasped.

"You can take it," Ilya growled.

He added a third finger, stretching him wide and fucking him harder and faster. Shane's moans got louder as he quickly grew hard again.

"Mr. Rozanov—I—" Shane said, and Ilya pulled his fingers out suddenly, leaving Shane clenching around nothing. Shane's whole body shook at the loss. Ilya reached for his cock, stroking it once, guiding the thick head to Shane's entrance.

Shane moaned at the feeling of Ilya's cock nudging against him, the thick head pressing right where he needed it. His whole body trembled with anticipation.

Ilya groaned. "Fuck... the condom," he muttered, forcing himself to pull back. He stood up, his chest rising hard, and Shane whimpered at the loss of the contact.

He didn't *want* a condom. He wanted to feel Ilya bare inside of him, claiming him completely. But he knew — they both knew — they had to use one.

Ilya got one from his bedside table and tore the foil open with his teeth, sliding the latex over his cock. Even covered, he looked obscene.

“Such a shame I have to use one,” Ilya said, voice resentful in the sexiest way possible. “I would love to fuck your pussy raw.”

Shane groaned. He wanted that. “W-we could—” what was he saying. “We could go bare?”

Ilya made a sound, a pure alpha sound. “Hollander,” Ilya said, voice suddenly rough, dark, and primal. “You do *not* say things like that to an alpha.”

Shane swallowed.

“Or I will be inclined,” Ilya continued, stepping back between Shane’s legs, cock still in hand, “to fuck you bare... knot you... and fill you until you can’t stand.”

Shane’s breath caught, thighs trembling open for him. The idea hit him so hard he felt lightheaded — of course he wanted that. It wasn’t a threat or a warning to him. It was exactly what he wanted from his fantasies ever since he met Ilya Rozanov: to be fucked bare, knotted, bred, filled until he couldn’t think.

But Ilya didn’t take off the condom.

And that small, sharp disappointment stung low in Shane’s belly — not enough to stop him, not enough to lessen the need, but enough to make his heart throb with a greedy ache. Because he *wanted* all of Ilya. No protection or barrier. Just heat and the feeling of the alpha inside of him.

“Hold still,” Ilya growled, guiding himself into position.

Shane swallowed his disappointment, it evaporated the second he felt Ilya's cock push against him again. Even with the condom, even just the tip, the pressure made his eyes flutter.

Then— He whimpered as Ilya eased the thick head inside him.

His whole body tightened, back arching, fingers clutching the sheets. "Oh—"

"That's it," Ilya murmured, voice dropping. "Let me in."

The pressure built slowly, stretching him wider than he'd ever imagined. Shane sucked in a breath, his fingers clawing at the sheets. It hurt. God, it hurt. His eyes watered instantly, the sting sharp and painful.

But beneath the pain... was the promise of pleasure. A deep, pulsing fullness that made his whole body tremble. It was too much and not enough at the same time. His first time, his first stretch, his first real penetration, and it was with someone as massive as Ilya Rozanov.

"Fuck, you are tight," Ilya groaned, jaw clenched, sweat already beading at his temple. "Relax for me, sweetheart. Breathe."

Sweetheart. The word never failed to disarm him.

Shane tried — he really tried — but the stretch was overwhelming in the best possible way. He exhaled shakily, forcing his muscles to soften around Ilya's cock. The slide got easier.

"Good boy," Ilya said, voice softening just a fraction. His hands slid up Shane's hips, thumbs stroking calming circles. "Just like that. You are doing so well."

The next inch moved easier. Shane gasped, hips instinctively tilting to take more, even through the pain. Every inch pushed sent sparks racing up his spine, the pain blending seamlessly into pleasure until he couldn't tell where one ended and the other began.

“Mr. Rozanov—” he whispered, overwhelmed, “It’s... too much.”

“I know,” Ilya breathed, leaning closer, bracing his weight over him. “That’s why we go slow.”

He pushed in another inch, thicker, deeper. Shane’s back arched with a strangled sound.

“That’s it,” Ilya whispered again, voice fraying with restraint. “Open for me. Take me.”

The slide got easier and smoother, the burn melting slowly into pure pleasure that pooled low in Shane’s stomach. His breathing turned ragged, high and desperate.

“Oh my god—” Shane gasped, nails digging into Ilya’s shoulders now. “You’re... so big...”

“I’m not even halfway,” Ilya said, breath shaking against Shane’s throat. “And you’re already squeezing me like you don’t want to let go.”

Shane whimpered, body trembling around him.

“Do you want more, sweetheart?” Ilya asked, lips brushing his ear. “Or should I stop?”

Shane shook his head instantly, desperate and breathless. “No— don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

Ilya exhaled like he’d been holding himself back with both hands. “Good,” he murmured, his voice deepening. “I will give you more then.”

He pushed forward again slowly. Shane felt every ridge, every vein, every new stretch inside him.

“Fuck,” Shane gasped. “it’s— too much—”

“It is not,” Ilya whispered, kissing the tears at the corner of Shane’s eye. “You can take me. You are doing so fucking good.”

Shane’s thighs trembled around Ilya’s waist, instinctively pulling him closer despite the burn. His body fought and welcomed the intrusion at the same time, overwhelmed but greedy for more.

“Breathe for me,” Ilya murmured, sliding another inch inside. “Deep breath. Let me in.”

Shane inhaled shakily, chest rising, and with that breath his body loosened just enough for Ilya to sink deeper. The stretch changed, sharper for a moment, then settling into a fullness so deep Shane nearly sobbed from the intensity.

“Oh my god,” Shane whimpered, hands gripping Ilya’s back. “You’re— you’re all the way inside me—”

“Almost,” Ilya corrected, voice wrecked with restraint. “You are taking me so fucking well.”

He ground his hips forward just a fraction — not thrusting, just easing deeper — and Shane cried out, back arching violently as Ilya brushed something deep inside him.

“That—” Shane choked, eyes flying open. “Ilya—”

“I know,” Ilya murmured, kissing him slowly and deep. “That is where I’m going to fuck you.”

A full-body shiver rolled through Shane, tears slipping down his temples from sheer sensory overload.

“Ilya please,” he whispered, voice raw. “Please fuck me.”

Ilya rested his forehead against Shane’s, breathing hard, fighting the urge to slam into him.

“Almost there, baby,” Ilya murmured, voice strained with the effort of holding back.

Then he braced his hips and pushed in one long stroke.

Shane *shouted*, head snapping back against the pillow as Ilya bottomed out. His eyes rolled so hard behind his lids he saw white. It was too much, but it lit every nerve in his body on fire.

His mouth fell open, a string of drool sliding down his cheek as he tried to breathe through the overwhelming feeling.

“Oh— oh my god—” he gasped, trembling beneath Ilya’s weight.

“That’s it,” Ilya said. He looked down between their bodies, watching the impossible stretch, his cock disappearing into Shane’s tight hole. “Fuck... look at that.”

He groaned, hips twitching from the sheer sight of it.

Shane, shaking, reached down instinctively and pressed a hand to his lower stomach. His eyes flew open in shock.

He could *feel* the alpha inside him. All the way inside him.

“Mr. Rozanov—” Shane choked, “I can... feel you— in my stomach—”

Ilya’s eyes snapped to where Shane’s hand rested, and something in him *snarled*, low and possessive.

“Fucking hell,” he growled, grabbing Shane’s wrist to press it harder against the bulge his cock made inside him.

Shane whimpered, legs shaking uncontrollably around Ilya’s waist.

Ilya pulled back just an inch — the drag of his cock inside Shane making both of them groan, then he thrust in again, harder, deeper, making Shane jolt upward.

Shane screamed, back arching. “Mr. Rozanov—!”

“That’s it,” Ilya murmured, his voice fraying, fucking into him now with real force, hips slamming forward in steady, ruthless strokes. “Take it. Take all of it.”

Every thrust pressed that stomach bulge up under Shane’s hand, forcing little sobs out of him.

“You’re splitting me—” Shane cried, overwhelmed, “You’re— oh god—”

“You can take it,” Ilya growled, picking up the pace, sweat dripping down his chest as he drove his cock into Shane again and again. “Look at you. My perfect little omega— opening right up for me.”

Shane's voice broke into helpless moans, tears rolling from the intensity, the fullness, the sheer *pleasure* of being fucked so deeply for the first time.

His mouth hung open, gasping, unable to form words. Drool pooled at the corner of his lips from how hard he was crying and panting, and Ilya's gaze snapped to it instantly.

"Oh," Ilya murmured, something dark sparking in his eyes. "You need something in that mouth, don't you?"

Shane nodded frantically, he was desperate and already leaning toward him without thinking.

Ilya brought two of his fingers to Shane's lips, tapping lightly. "Open."

Shane opened his mouth wide instantly, obedient and hungry, and Ilya pushed his fingers inside, deep onto Shane's tongue.

Shane moaned around them, eyes rolling back as he sucked greedily, drool spilling past the corners of his mouth. Ilya felt that, the wet heat, the way Shane's tongue wrapped around his fingers and groaned aloud, thrusting harder into him.

"That's it omega," Ilya panted, fucking him deeper, each stroke forcing Shane further up the bed. "Suck them... like you are sucking my cock."

Shane moaned loudly around his fingers, saliva coating Ilya's knuckles as he sucked with desperate need. His hips rocked involuntarily with every thrust.

"Good boy," Ilya breathed. "Such an eager little mouth... greedy pussy... all of you is for me right now."

Shane's sounds turned high, broken with pleasure. His body was shaking around Ilya's cock, clenching so tightly it made Ilya swear under his breath.

“You’re close,” Ilya said, fingers still deep in Shane’s mouth, voice tight with control slipping. “You’re gonna come— aren’t you? Just from getting fucked open like this?”

Shane nodded around the fingers, sucking harder in sheer desperation as his body tensed.

“Then cum for me,” Ilya growled, thrusts slamming deeper, rougher, “cum on my cock with my fingers in your mouth. Show me how good that pussy is.”

“I’m gonna—” Shane mumbled through the fingers, body shaking violently beneath him.

“Come for me, sweetheart. Come while I’m fucking your pussy,” Ilya growled, biting his lip as he drove into him. The gold cross necklace dangled over Shane’s chest with every thrust, glinting as Ilya fucked his ass and kept his fingers buried in Shane’s mouth at the same time.

Shane choked on a moan around Ilya’s fingers, body seizing in pleasure, and then he came.

He came hard, his whole body shaking, and his legs shaking uncontrollably around Ilya’s waist. His hole clenched down so tight around Ilya’s cock that Ilya swore loudly.

“Hollander— fuck—” Ilya thrust one last time, and groaned as he spilled into the condom, collapsing forward onto Shane’s chest as the climax tore through him.

For a long moment, they just breathed with Ilya still buried inside him, Shane’s body still twitching from aftershocks, Ilya’s gold chain resting against Shane’s sternum.

Eventually, Ilya slid his fingers out of Shane’s mouth, and kissed him, a soft, messy and exhausted kiss before pulling out carefully. Shane gasped at the sudden emptiness.

Ilya fell onto the bed beside him with a low exhale, then turned and caught Shane's mouth again, slower this time, cupping his cheek.

"You did so good for me, Hollander," Ilya murmured against his lips.

Shane hummed softly, body lax and satisfied, still shaking with the aftershocks. He couldn't believe it, that he'd just popped his cherry. With Ilya Rozanov. A married man. He gulped.

Ilya's eyes narrowed just a little. "Are you okay?"

Shane nodded, but his voice was quieter. "I'm just... thinking."

"Thinking," Ilya echoed, rolling the word on his tongue. "About?"

"Everything," Shane admitted, the sex, the consequences, the awareness he was forever changed.

Ilya chuckled under his breath, brushing a thumb along Shane's flushed cheek. "Did I hurt you?"

Shane shook his head quickly. "No. Just... sore."

"Good," Ilya said. "Because I am not done with you yet." He kissed Shane's jaw, slow and lingering. "But rest for now, kid."

Shane swallowed. "When... when do I have to leave?"

"Preferably never," Ilya said without missing a beat.

Shane's eyes widened, a flush creeping up his throat.

"I am a selfish man, Hollander," Ilya continued, tracing light patterns over Shane's stomach. "I want you all to myself. For longer."

"But your wife—" Shane started, guilt creeping into his tone.

Ilya silenced him with a gentle hand over his mouth, thumb brushing his lower lip.

"Don't worry about that, sweetheart," he murmured, voice soft but firm.

He moved his hand to Shane's throat, not squeezing, just feeling his pulse, grounding him.

"Right now," Ilya said, leaning close enough that their noses touched, "you're here with me. Rest."

Shane exhaled and let his eyes flutter closed, sinking deeper into the warmth of Ilya's body beside him.

Ilya's fingers slid through his hair again, slow and soothing, before he added in a low voice:

"And when you wake up... I'm going to fuck you again."

Chapter End Notes

shane: omg but your wife

ilya: don't worry about it kitten

shane: yay okay 

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Shane could not stop thinking about Ilya Rozanov.

He tried. God, he really tried. It was the middle of his season. He had games, practice schedules and press obligations. He was the first omega captain in league history and the entire world had eyes on him. He could not afford to slip, not even for a moment. His team trusted him. His fans looked up to him. He had earned his captain status through years of discipline and hard work.

But none of that stopped the intrusive, vivid memories of Ilya's hands on his hips. Or his mouth. Or his voice in his ear calling him sweetheart and whispering filthy things.

He threw himself into hockey to outrun the distraction, he stayed late after practice. He led his team with everything he had because he knew the expectations on him were massive. Being omega in a sport dominated by alphas already made him stand out. Being captain meant the pressure never lifted.

The one blessing was how busy he remained. His schedule was packed, which meant he had barely any time to see Ilya or get fucked into a mattress again. But God. He craved it.

Sometimes he felt it in the middle of drills. Sometimes right before sleep. Sometimes when he saw reporters mention Ilya's name during interviews.

And the problem was that he and Ilya were still talking.

Every night with messages and pictures and the occasional facetime video call. Ilya would get flirty, filthy and shameless, making Shane bury his face in a pillow and bite down on a

groan.

But he forced himself to be careful. He cleared every chat thread after they spoke and he had a locked, hidden folder on his phone for the pictures they sent each other, he deleted notifications before anyone could glance over his shoulder and he checked his camera roll twice after every exchange.

He had to because they were both in the limelight. Ilya Rozanov was a married man and a legend in hockey. And Shane was famous too, the media darling, he was making a lot of young omega's proud with his accomplishments and he couldn't imagine betraying them if the media exposed him for being involved in an affair with a married man.

If anyone ever saw what they were sending each other, it would be a disaster. A full-blown scandal, their careers would crumble and Shane's sponsors would run, but reporters would salivate. They'd call him a homewrecker, paint him out as the worst omega stereotype they could muster.

It should have terrified him.

But it was also fun and thrilling to him.

Sometimes Ilya sent a picture with his shirt off, smirking with that arrogant, wicked expression that Shane felt in his stomach. Sometimes Shane sent a locker-room selfie, towel low on his hips, cheeks flushed from the shower and Ilya would send him a dozen messages calling him beautiful, sexy and hot and confessing what he wished he could do to Shane. Sometimes the messages got so explicit Shane had to lock himself in the shower, hand over his mouth, breathing hard as he tried not to make a sound.

He lived for it, the danger, the secrecy, the way Ilya talked to him like he was the only thing on earth that mattered.

Then one night, after a brutal away game where they managed to barely win, Shane opened his phone on the quiet team bus and almost choked on his breath.

Ilya had sent him a photo.

He was lying in bed, his hair a little messy and sheets pushed low on his hips. His mouth was slightly open like he'd been exhaling Shane's name.

It was so intimate it punched the air out of Shane's lungs.

Under it, the caption:

Rozanov

I watched your game. I am proud of you.

Rozanov

And I miss the way you sound when you are under me.

Rozanov

When are you coming back to me, my Hollander? I have been starving for you. I have a reward for you for that win.

My Hollander.

Shane felt the words hit him like heat rising under his skin. It was ridiculous how a few lines of text could unravel him after a full sixty minutes on the ice. He leaned back in his seat, trying to hide the flush creeping up his neck.

God, everything Ilya did gave him butterflies and not the innocent kind. It was a stomach dropping and wetness inducing kind of butterflies. His teammates around him were loud, they were making plans. Someone yelled that they were going out for drinks to celebrate. Another slapped Shane on the back, reminding him that as captain, he *had* to come.

Shane forced a smile, even though his entire body was still humming from Ilya's messages.

He didn't want to go because he wanted to go home and read Ilya's texts again. He wanted to lie in bed and imagine Ilya's hands on his body. But he couldn't keep avoiding bonding with his team. They were good guys, and they respected him, they deserved more than a captain who kept disappearing after games.

So he shut his phone quickly and didn't text back, because if he kept looking at Ilya's messages, he would get hard and wet and ruin his pants in front of everyone.

He shoved the phone deep into his jacket pocket and took a breath.

They got into a bar with loud music. The moment Shane walked in, the noise and warmth hit him, but it still didn't shake the coil of arousal sitting low in his stomach that Ilya had awakened.

A teammate handed him a drink. Shane took it gratefully and had a few sips. The alcohol helped a little, softened the edges of the longing and dulled the urge to check his phone every thirty seconds.

He started having fun with his team mates, dancing and talking.

But it didn't erase it, and he couldn't stop thinking of the alpha.

He laughed at jokes, nodded through conversations. But every time his mind drifted, even for a second, it drifted straight to Ilya. His unanswered messages haunting him.

My Hollander. When are you coming back to me. I have been starving for you.

Shane swallowed hard and took another sip.

Warmth bloomed low in his stomach, spreading slowly. He wasn't drunk, but the alcohol softened everything.

"You okay, Shane?" his teammate Hayden asked, frowning a little.

Shane nodded too quickly. "Yeah, yeah. I'm good."

"You look flushed," Hayden said. "Maybe a little too much to drink?"

Did he? He didn't think he had. But the cup felt heavy in his hand, and when he lowered it, he realized he didn't remember finishing it.

The laughter around him felt far away. His body felt warm and his stomach felt fluttery. His phone felt like it was scorching a hole in his pocket.

"Need some air," Shane muttered.

He stood and almost stumbled. Oh. He was drunker than he thought. But it was more than that also. He felt foggy and delirious.

That was why he took out his phone, didn't reply to his unanswered texts and he went to Ilya's contacts and he hit video call.

The alpha answered almost instantly, as if he'd been waiting for that exact moment.

"Hi," Shane giggled, leaning against the wall outside the bar.

“Oh. Hello,” Ilya said, and his voice alone made Shane’s thighs clench. Then Ilya’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Did you drink?”

“A bit,” Shane admitted, cheeks flushed. “I wanna see you.”

“Hmm.” Ilya studied him through the camera, his expression somewhere between concern and desire. “Are you not celebrating with your teammates?”

“I want to celebrate with you,” Shane said simply. “I need that reward.”

Ilya exhaled sharply. “Sweetheart... are you sure? I do not want to take you away from your team.”

Shane smiled softly. He hadn’t expected Ilya to be... gentle. He wasn’t used to that kind of consideration. Was *that* why Ilya hadn’t insisted on seeing him sooner? Because he respected his schedule? Because he didn’t want to disrupt his season?

Shane glanced back inside. His teammates were laughing, drinking, throwing fries at each other. They were fine. They didn’t need him for this part.

“They’ll be fine,” Shane said, back on the phone, voice a little breathy. “Come get me, Mr. Rozanov.”

Ilya swallowed visibly. That one little movement made Shane dizzy.

“Send me your location,” Ilya said. “I will pick you up.”

Shane smiled, excited. The call ended and Shane went to their messages, sending the location with unsteady fingers, the little blue dot pulsing on the map. Ilya’s read receipt appeared instantly.

On my way. Do not go anywhere.

Shane giggled, leaning his head back against the wall, the cool surface soothing his overheated skin. He felt floaty and warm. Buzzing from alcohol and the thrill of knowing Ilya Rozanov — *Ilya Rozanov* — was coming to get him like Shane was his.

He stepped back inside the bar just long enough to let his teammates know he was heading out soon. He lied easily, saying he had a driver coming to pick him. Hayden immediately offered to drop him off, but Shane shook his head, fumbling out excuses that didn't make much sense. They didn't push because Shane leaving early wasn't unusual. He was the responsible one, the captain, the omega who never partied too hard.

This time, though, he could feel his pulse racing with every second.

A few minutes later, his phone buzzed.

I am outside.

Shane's stomach flipped. He slipped out of the bar, the cold night air hitting his flushed cheeks. Ilya's car was sleek and dark, windows tinted so heavily no one could see who was inside. Good because the last thing he needed was a fan or teammate glancing in and seeing Ilya Rozanov waiting for him.

Shane climbed in quickly, shutting the door behind him. His heart pounded with a mix of excitement and nerves. He faced forward for a moment, taking a breath before turning his head to look at the alpha beside him.

"Hi, Mr. Rozanov," Shane giggled, unable to hide the tipsy smile creeping over his face.

“Hollander.” Ilya didn’t smile back — he just stared. Really stared. His gaze swept over Shane’s flushed cheeks, glazed eyes, parted lips. He reached out, tilting Shane’s jaw up with two fingers, turning his face toward the dome light.

“You are drunk.”

Shane blinked, leaning into the touch. “A little.”

Ilya’s thumb brushed his lower lip, slow and assessing, like he was deciding whether to kiss him or scold him.

“I am glad you called me,” Ilya said, his voice lower than usual. “You smell... really good.”

Shane felt heat crawl up his neck. “So do you,” he breathed. The alpha pheromones were subtle but unmistakable, sliding warm and sweet through his senses, making him feel floaty and needy.

“Seatbelt,” Ilya murmured.

Shane tried, he really did, but his hands were shaking. The latch clicked wrong twice before Ilya leaned over him, one arm bracing against Shane’s seat, the other guiding the strap into place. When his fingers brushed Shane’s stomach Shane let out a tiny gasp he couldn’t contain.

Ilya froze for a moment, breath ghosting against Shane’s cheek, clearly affected.

“You must be exhausted,” Ilya said finally, straightening a little. His tone was gentler. “Should I take you home?”

Shane frowned immediately, disappointment hitting him hard and fast. “Why would you say that?” he pouted, voice soft and hurt.

Ilya blinked, surprised by the reaction. “Because you just finished a game. A difficult one. You must be tired.”

“I thought you had a reward for me...” Shane murmured, voice dipping into something small and wanting.

Ilya inhaled sharply, eyes darkening. “I do.”

“Then why do you want to take me home?” Shane asked, his lower lip sticking out just a little.

Ilya looked away for a moment, like he needed to pull himself together. “Hollander, I am thinking about your health. You just played a full game. You’re drunk. You’re tired.” His jaw tightened. “And I cannot keep my hands off you when you’re like this. I didn’t expect you to call me tonight. Not after everything you did on the ice.”

Shane blushed, he knew Ilya was watching him play, the game was especially hard but with the awareness his hero would be watching, he gave it all he got.

Ilya leaned closer again, thumb brushing gently across Shane’s jaw. “But I am not complaining,” he said. “It is always... a treat to see you.”

“So can I come home with you?” Shane asked, as Ilya began to drive, his voice soft and earnest.

“That answer is always a yes,” Ilya said immediately, no hesitation at all.

Shane lit up, a tipsy little smile tugging at his lips. “Yay. I hope your wife isn’t home.”

Ilya hummed, eyes still on the road. “Hmm. Do you want her to be?”

Shane scrunched his face. “No. Why would I?”

“You always bring her up,” Ilya said, glancing sideways at him with a strange expression.

Shane looked down at his hands, twisting his fingers in his lap. “Well... it’s a hard thing to get over. The guy I like is married.”

Silence.

Heavy, surprising silence.

Then Ilya said quietly, “Oh.”

Shane’s heart thudded painfully. “What?”

Ilya’s voice went quiet, almost like he wasn’t sure he heard right. “You like me.”

Shane froze and his face went hot instantly. Shit. Why would he say something like that out loud?

“I—” he started, but Ilya cut him off gently.

“I like you too.”

Shane’s eyes snapped up, bright and wide. “Really?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, like it was the easiest truth in the world.

Shane felt his chest swell so suddenly it almost hurt. He didn't understand it. He didn't see what someone like Ilya could possibly want with him. He was young, awkward, still figuring things out while Ilya was everything, confident, older, established, married, this incredibly powerful presence.

But the happiness was still there, warm and stupid and impossible to smother. Even if Ilya was married and older and it complicated everything.

By the time they pulled into Ilya's driveway, Shane's heart was hammering. The house was dark and quiet. No signs of anyone else and relief washed through him.

He wanted to ask where Ilya's wife was, but he remembered what Ilya said earlier about always bringing her up. He swallowed the question instead.

The door shut behind them.

Shane didn't even think. He just turned around, grabbed Ilya's jacket, and kissed him.

It was fast and messy and completely impulsive, nothing like the careful way Shane usually acted.

Ilya stilled in surprise for half a second before his hands clamped around Shane's waist, dragging him in closer. The soft growl he let out against Shane's mouth made Shane's whole body heat.

Shane kissed him again, breathless.

He couldn't help it. He'd wanted this for weeks, and the alcohol had stripped away every bit of self-control he pretended to have around Ilya.

Ilya let out a low laugh against his mouth, pulling back just enough to look at him. "You are so drunk, baby. I don't want to take advantage."

Shane shook his head, grabbed the front of Ilya's shirt and kissed him harder, sloppy, hungry, a little desperate. "Not that drunk," he mumbled against his lips. "I know what I want."

Ilya groaned, deep in his chest, the sound rough enough to make Shane shiver. "You are impossible," he muttered, but he didn't push Shane away.

If anything, the kiss only got hotter.

Shane bit at Ilya's bottom lip, tugging, and Ilya's control snapped with an audible inhale. He grabbed Shane by the thighs and lifted him like he weighed nothing, Shane letting out a surprised noise and instinctively wrapping his legs around Ilya's waist.

"That's so hot," Shane giggled.

"Do not giggle at me while I am trying to be responsible," Ilya said, voice strained, because Shane's ass was pressed right against him, warm and pliant.

"Don't be responsible," Shane murmured against his mouth, eyes glazed. "Be an alpha and take advantage."

That was it.

Ilya snapped, cursing in Russian as he grabbed Shane's jaw and crushed their mouths together, kissing him so hard Shane forgot how to breathe.

The kiss broke with a wet gasp, both of them panting.

“You want to be a brat tonight?” Ilya said. “Fine. I will show you what an alpha does to a brat.”

Before Shane could respond, Ilya’s hand slid down his thigh and yanked him closer, hips slamming flush. Shane’s breath hitched, his whole body arching. Ilya shoved him back into the couch cushions and climbed over him, pinning his wrists above his head with one hand, the other sliding under Shane’s shirt to drag upward, palms searing hot, touching everything.

Shane let out a helpless sound. His skin felt overstimulated, like every nerve was firing at once. He writhed under Ilya’s touch without meaning to. Why did he feel so sensitive? Was it the alcohol or did he just miss Ilya that much?

“Sweetheart...” Ilya breathed, leaning down and scenting along Shane’s neck with wild, desperate need. “You smell so fucking good.”

He was losing himself in it, nose pressed hard against Shane’s glands, breathing him in like it hurt not to. Shane whimpered, the sensation shooting straight through his core. Ilya was practically nuzzling, tasting, dragging his mouth along Shane’s throat like he couldn’t stop.

Shane was already trembling, already drowning in pleasure from nothing more than Ilya’s mouth on his neck. God, it felt so fucking good.

Ilya groaned into his skin, hips grinding down, the thick weight of his cock pressing against Shane through their clothes.

Shane gasped at how hard he was. “Mr. Rozanov— god—”

Ilya’s pupils blew wide. Shane rolled his hips up, desperate and needy.

“Need you,” Shane mumbled brokenly, the words slipping out without hesitation. “Fuck me. Please. Get inside me.” He didn’t even try to hide how badly he wanted that.

Ilya nodded, already tugging at Shane’s trousers with shaking hands. He ripped them off with urgency, tossing them aside like they were nothing. The second the fabric dropped, Ilya stopped. Shane was *wet*. Really wet. He had soaked through the cushion under him.

And the smell... God, the smell was amazing and hit him.

Ilya leaned in a little without meaning to, breathing in again, his brows pulling together.

He inhaled deeper, trying to understand what was going on and then his whole expression changed. His eyes widened, mouth parting in sudden understanding.

“Fuck,” Ilya said quietly. “You’re in heat.”

Chapter End Notes

#knockupshanehollander2026

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

“Fuck,” Ilya said quietly. “You’re in heat.”

Shane’s eyes flew open. That couldn’t be right. He was on the strongest suppressants he could get. He planned his whole schedule around making sure this never happened during the season.

But... It explained everything.

The way his skin felt wired and how every touch from Ilya went straight to his stomach. How close he felt already when they’d barely started.

But why now? His suppressants had never failed him before.

Then again, he’d never had Ilya Rozanov in his life before. He was exhausted from the game, tipsy, still buzzing from Ilya teasing him on the phone, and now Ilya was touching him. Of course his body was giving up, he had been suppressing his heat for way too long.

Shane swallowed hard, eyes blown and full of want. He nodded.

Ilya’s jaw tightened. He swallowed too, then pulled back just a little, putting space between them.

Shane frowned, confused and frustrated. He was in heat. There was an alpha right in front of him. Why wasn’t that alpha already tearing his clothes off and fucking him the way his body was begging for?

“Alpha...?” he whispered, breath shaky.

Did Ilya not want him?

That didn’t make sense. Shane could *feel* that he did. The alpha’s breathing was heavy, uneven and his pupils blown, his whole body tense like he was holding himself back with both hands. His scent was thick in the air, it was intense and hungry. And he was *hard* — impossibly hard — pressing against his pants like it physically hurt him not to touch Shane.

So why was he stepping away?

“I will drive you home,” Ilya said.

Shane felt something inside him crack. The disappointment that hit him was instant and overwhelming. His omega recoiled, wounded, confused. Before he could stop himself, tears filled his eyes.

Ilya’s expression shifted immediately. He reached for him, but Shane slapped his hand away, eyes blurring.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya asked, voice rough with concern.

“You don’t want me,” Shane choked out. He tried wiping his tears, but they kept falling, it was humiliating and he knew he’d be even more embarrassed later.

Ilya’s brows snapped together. “How do you think that?”

“You won’t fuck me,” Shane said. “You’re kicking me out.”

Ilya stared at him like that was the most insane thing he'd ever heard.

"Is that what you think is happening?" he asked quietly.

Shane nodded.

"Hollander..." Ilya moved closer, slowly this time, giving Shane space to pull away if he wanted. "Do you not see how badly I want you?"

Shane blinked up at him through tears.

"Do you not feel how close I am to losing control?" Ilya added. "Look at me. Look at what you are doing to me."

He guided Shane's hand gently down to the rigid outline in his pants. Shane gasped at the heat of him, the size, the way Ilya's hips jerked at the touch.

"I am trying," Ilya said, forehead dropping to Shane's. "Trying not to do something we cannot take back."

Shane sniffed, overwhelmed. "But I want you to."

Ilya closed his eyes, pained. "You are in heat. You are not thinking clearly."

Shane pulled back just enough to look at him, eyes glassy. "I *am* thinking clearly," he whispered. "I want you."

Ilya exhaled sharply, like the words punched the air out of him.

“You do not understand what that means,” he said. “If I start... I will not stop. Not until you are knotted.”

Shane shivered, his heat somehow getting more intense from that word.

“That’s what I want,” he breathed. “I need you.”

Ilya’s restraint wavered, his hand tightening on Shane’s thigh.

“Hollander...” he warned, voice cracking, “don’t say things like that unless you are sure.”

Shane held Ilya’s gaze, heat rolling through him in waves. He was sure he wanted that, but it seemed Ilya was still holding on to a thin thread of control. He needed to *provoke* him.

He leaned in a little, lashes lowering, voice turning sweet and poisonous at the same time.

“Mr. Rozanov... don’t you want me?”

Ilya inhaled sharply, jaw clenching, the muscles in his throat working as he swallowed. “It is not... right,” he said, voice rough with restraint.

Shane’s mouth twisted into a soft, hurt pout, then he decided to twist the knife.

“If you don’t want me,” he said, tone deceptively calm, “I’ll find someone who does.”

Ilya went still.

Shane kept going. “You know my team? Half of them would bend me over the locker room bench the second I asked. I could let them.”

He dragged a finger down his own chest, heat making him bold.

“Hayden’s been staring at my ass all season,” Shane murmured. “He’d fuck me so fast. And the rookies would line up for a turn. One after another. Filling me up while I’m like this.”

Ilya made a low, dangerous sound.

Shane leaned close to his ear, voice dropping into a sultry whisper.

“I could let my entire team knot me before you ever touch me again.”

That did it.

A raw, feral alpha growl ripped out of Ilya’s chest, it vibrated the air from how raw and feral it sounded. Shane smiled softly, triumphant.

Exactly what he wanted.

“You think I would let another alpha knot you?” Ilya asked, grabbing Shane by the hip and dragging him close. His alpha scent flared hard, nothing held back now. It hit Shane instantly, flooding his head, making his knees shake.

Ilya didn’t wait. He stripped Shane in seconds, tossing the clothes aside. Shane could barely breathe, his whole body was buzzing.

“You want to fuck your teammates, is that it?” Ilya hissed against his ear. “Is that what you think about when you watch them stripping in the locker room? When you see them walking around naked, all those alphas around you?”

Shane swallowed hard. “That’s not—”

“Is that what pushed you into heat?” Ilya snarled, spinning him around so fast Shane let out a gasp. “Being surrounded by your strong alpha teammates?”

Shane shook his head, eyes wide, breath breaking. “No, I—”

He didn’t finish.

Ilya’s hand came down on his ass in a sharp, hard smack.

Shane yelped, heat shooting straight through him, his legs buckling. He grabbed the couch to steady himself, his whole body trembling.

“Answer me properly,” Ilya said, voice low, his palm resting possessively on the curve he’d just slapped. “Did your teammates put you in heat?”

Shane’s breath caught. “No— god, no.”

Ilya leaned in, chest pressed against Shane’s back, lips brushing the nape of his neck.

“Then who did?” he demanded, voice rough enough to shake him. “Say it.”

Shane wiggled his hips on Ilya’s lap, desperate for *anything*, any type of friction or pressure, even the smallest grind. He could feel how hard the alpha was under him, and it made heat

curl deep in his stomach. He knew he'd taunted him too much, pushed him right into wanting to fuck him but he went too far, and now he was getting punished for it.

But still... The punishment felt so *good*.

His slick was everywhere, it was coating Ilya's thighs, soaking the couch, dripping down his own legs. He couldn't stop squirming, trying to find relief Ilya refused to give him. And the sting from Ilya's smacks only made everything worse.

"Stop moving, omega," Ilya growled, landing another slap across Shane's ass. Shane whimpered. "Answer me. Who put you in heat?"

Shane's voice broke. "It was you... Mr. Rozanov," Shane whimpered, back arching. "Alpha... You put me in heat. It's you. Do something, I need you to knot me—"

That was all it took.

Ilya grabbed him and shifted their position with one fluid movement. Shane found himself on his knees, chest pressed into the cushions, ass high in the air, fully presented without even meaning to.

He gasped, mortified and desperate all at once, shaking.

Ilya's breath hitched.

He stared at Shane like he was prey that had wandered directly into a hunter's jaws.

"Look at you," Ilya said, hungry. "Leaking everywhere."

He slid two fingers through the slick pooling between Shane's thighs, gathering a drop of it on his fingertips. Shane whined the second the touch landed.

Ilya rubbed the slick lazily around Shane's hole, slow circles that made Shane's entire body shudder.

"Alpha..." Shane cried softly, pushing back into the touch without thinking.

Ilya chuckled under his breath, satisfied.

"Needy little brat," he murmured.

Shane moaned, thighs trembling.

Ilya pressed his slick-covered fingers a little harder, not inside yet, just enough to make Shane gasp.

"Put it in," Shane begged, desperate. He shook his ass for emphasis, presenting without even realizing he was doing it.

Ilya let out a low laugh and smacked him again but this time right over his hole. Shane *screamed*.

Ilya immediately clapped a hand over Shane's mouth, leaning over him. "Quiet," he warned in his ear, the growl vibrating straight through Shane's spine.

Then he finally pushed two fingers inside.

Shane's breath broke, muffled against Ilya's palm.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned. “Such a loose little hole.”

Shane whined, humiliated and turned on beyond reason.

“Tell me, Shane Hollander,” Ilya said, curling his fingers cruelly. “Have you been busy?”

Shane shook his head, choking on the feeling.

Ilya’s fingers moved faster, harder. “Have you been a little slut?” He added a third finger without warning. Shane cried out, body arching violently.

“Tell me,” Ilya demanded. “Have you been letting those idiotic, childish teammates of yours play with what’s mine?”

“N-no,” Shane whimpered, voice breaking. “Just you. Only you, alpha.”

Ilya growled, pleased. “Perfect. Exactly what I want to hear.”

He pulled his slick-covered fingers out and Shane gasped at the sudden emptiness.

Then, without hesitation, Ilya lined himself up and thrust into him in one deep, brutal stroke.

Shane screamed, hands clawing at the couch.

His vision went white and heat flooded his entire body.

“Oh fuck—” Shane sobbed. “Alpha— oh god—”

Ilya’s hands clamped down on his hips, holding him in place as he bottomed out.

“There it is,” Ilya rasped against Shane’s neck. “That perfect pussy... finally wrapped around me.”

He pulled back only an inch, teasing, making Shane cry again.

“You ready for what happens next, omega?” Ilya murmured.

“Yes— fuck me, knot me,” Shane begged.

A slow, dangerous smile touched Ilya’s lips. “Good boy.”

Then he slammed into him. He wasn’t teasing or holding back anymore, just pure instinct driven fucking.

Shane cried out, gripping the cushions until his knuckles went white. Ilya’s hands locked around his hips, dragging him back onto every thrust, pounding into him with the kind of force Shane never would have survived outside of a heat.

It was nothing like their first time. No careful preparation, the alpha wasn’t slowing down to check on him and wasn’t saying words encouraging him to take it.

Just an alpha fucking an omega who was starving for it.

If Shane hadn’t been in heat, he knew he would have tapped out immediately. The stretch was brutal and the pace was relentless, each thrust hitting deep enough to make his vision blur.

But right now it was perfect, it was exactly what his body was demanding for.

Shane moaned into the pillow, his slick dripping down his thighs, pooling under him with every thrust.

“Look at you,” Ilya groaned, voice shaking with restraint he didn’t really have anymore. “So wet for me... taking me so deep... fuck.”

Shane pushed back hard, meeting every thrust, desperate to feel more of him.

“Harder,” he whined.

Ilya snarled and grabbed Shane by the shoulders, pulling him upright so his back was flush against Ilya’s chest. He never stopped thrusting, fucking into him from below with brutal, punishing force.

Shane *screamed* suddenly. His orgasm hit him out of nowhere but instead of calming him, it made everything worse. His body still clenched, still begged, still ached. The release gave him *no* relief at all.

He needed Ilya’s knot. Nothing else would touch the heat clawing at him from the inside.

“Alpha, knot me—” Shane sobbed.

Ilya didn’t hesitate. He suddenly pulled out, making Shane whimper at the emptiness, then stood and hauled Shane up into his arms like he weighed nothing. Before Shane could even gasp, Ilya was inside him again, one brutal thrust that sank him to the hilt.

Shane clung to him, dizzy, overwhelmed by how *strong* the alpha was, fucking him while carrying him, walking with him like it took no effort at all.

Ilya tossed him onto the bed, Shane bouncing once on the mattress, already reaching back for him.

“Better to knot you in bed,” Ilya panted, grabbing Shane’s hips.

Then he was inside again, pounding into him with more force than before. Shane whimpered, body limp, being moved like a doll. He couldn’t help himself, he couldn’t do anything but take it.

The heat made him weak and desperate.

And Ilya was groaning now, his thrusts growing shorter, deeper, heavier. Shane felt it, the swelling, a firm pressure at the base of Ilya’s cock.

His eyes flew open.

The knot was forming.

Shane’s breath hitched in panic and pleasure. Instinct made him try to pull away, but Ilya slammed him back with one brutal thrust that stole the air from his lungs.

“Don’t run from it,” Ilya growled, voice shaking. “Take it.”

Shane cried out, gripping the sheets, legs shaking uncontrollably as the knot pushed harder, stretching him in a way he’d never felt in his life.

And Ilya held him down, panting into his neck, as the knot grew thicker, locking him open around the alpha's cock.

"You wanted this," Ilya rasped, thrusting again, the knot catching, making Shane scream. "Now take your knot, omega.

Shane groaned when the knot finally pushed all the way in. It hurt and it felt overwhelming but the relief that followed was unlike anything he'd ever felt. His whole body went limp, melting into the bed as the pressure locked him open.

Then he felt Ilya's release pouring into him in deep pulses that made Shane gasp.

His hand flew to his stomach out of instinct, the fullness and the pressure of being sealed and filled at the same time. Some wild, heat-drunk part of him wondered if Ilya could actually knock him up like this.

But god, the knot eased the burning ache in his body instantly. His muscles finally loosened. His brain fog cleared just enough for him to realize what had actually happened.

His eyes went wide.

Ilya had fucked him bare, had knotted him and came deep in him.

He should panic.

But he was too tired, too blissed from the knot to even lift his head. His body felt safe and ruined in the best way.

Ilya collapsed on top of him, still knotted, still panting into Shane's neck.

“Hollander...” he rasped. “Shit. I did not use a condom.”

Shane whimpered softly, still holding his stomach, still feeling every throb of Ilya’s cock inside him.

“I know...” he whispered. “But it feels so good having you bare.”

Ilya cursed under his breath, tightening his grip on Shane’s hips.

“We shouldn’t have—” he started, but his cock twitched inside the knot, betraying him completely.

Shane shivered. “Mr. Rozanov... don’t pull away.”

“I can’t,” Ilya said, voice frustrated and turned on at the same time. “We’re tied until it goes down.”

“Good,” Shane said, relaxing against the sheets, his body molded to Ilya’s.

“I will get you the pills after,” Ilya said.

Shane whimpered at that, an involuntary, disappointed sound he didn’t even mean to make. The kind that came straight from instinct, right from the deepest part of his heat.

Ilya caught it immediately.

“Do not make that face,” he warned softly. His hand stroked Shane’s hip, steady, grounding. “You will regret this when you’re sober.”

Maybe Shane would. Maybe he wouldn't.

But right now, the knot inside him pulsed and it was so comforting in a way he never expected, and the thought of the alpha preventing it, preventing what it was meant to do upset him. His eyes drifted shut, his body finally relaxing as the knot soothed the worst of the heat's intensity. He was exhausted, trembling, overheated, but safe. Completely pinned under his alpha, tied together, unable to move even if he wanted to.

—

Shane's heat lasted three days.

Three long, delirious and feral days where he and Ilya barely left the bed. By the middle of day two, Ilya slipped into a short rut of his own, and the two of them were gone, clinging to each other like instinct had swallowed them whole.

By day three, Shane was barely conscious between waves, and Ilya wouldn't let him out of reach for more than a minute.

When the heat finally broke, Shane could hardly lift his head. His muscles were jelly, his throat raw and his body sore in every place imaginable.

Ilya fed him, bathed him, washed his hair gently like he'd done it before. It was strangely tender and romantic, and Shane didn't know how to feel about that.

They ended up lying in bed afterward, Shane tucked against Ilya's chest.

"Do you remember what you said before?" Ilya asked suddenly.

Shane blinked. “I said a lot of things.”

“About liking me,” Ilya clarified.

His cheeks heated. “Oh... that.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, watching him carefully. “Was that true? Or was it just the heat talking?”

Shane swallowed, suddenly shy in a way he hadn’t been all week. “I... I don’t know.”

Ilya ran a thumb across Shane’s knuckles. “You must have some idea.”

Shane stared at their hands, his voice small. “I wasn’t lying. But I don’t know what was heat and what was... me.”

“You do not need to decide right now,” he said. “But I needed to know if it meant anything to you.”

Shane looked up at him. “Did it mean anything to *you*?”

Ilya held his gaze for a moment too long.

Then he leaned in and kissed Shane’s forehead.

“Yes,” he said. “More than I should let it.”

Shane smiled without meaning to but he didn't say anything back.

How could he?

Admitting he liked Ilya felt dangerous. Ilya was a married man and Shane had no idea what any of this meant outside the haze of a heat. He couldn't afford to show his feelings carelessly.

So he stayed quiet.

Ilya eventually stood, stretching slightly, rolling his shoulders. "I should go drive to get you the pill," he said.

Shane nodded. He had almost forgotten about it. Of course Ilya hadn't. Ilya was responsible. And married — which made it obvious why he'd be concerned. A pregnancy scandal would ruin him instantly and the last thing he would ever want was to get Shane pregnant.

The thought upset Shane, disappointment creeping in before he could stop it.

"I'll come with you," Shane said, pushing himself up slowly. "I'll just leave from there."

"Oh." Ilya paused, just for a beat. "You do not want to stay longer?"

Shane's eyes dropped to his hands. "I... don't want to be here when your wife gets back."

Ilya's jaw twitched. "That will not be a problem."

Shane didn't know what that meant, and he didn't ask. He just nodded.

“I usually see my parents after a win,” he said quietly. “I haven’t yet. I need to get back to practice too. I can’t afford missing any more.” In between the haze of his heat, Shane had remembered to send a message to his coach, saying he needed a few days off because his heat suddenly came. Luckily he only missed one meeting but he couldn’t miss any more.

A flicker passed over Ilya’s face, he looked almost disappointed, but he hid it quickly.

“Alright,” he said, softer than before. “I will take you home.”

His words were distant and polite, nothing like the last four days.

And suddenly the space between them felt colder.

Ilya walked to grab his keys.

Shane sat on the edge of the bed, suddenly aware that the heat haze was gone and reality was settling back in and it was complicated.

And he wondered:

What happens between us now?

—

A month of absolute silence.

Ilya had texted him once a few hours after dropping him off.

How do you feel?

Shane stared at the message for ten whole minutes before typing the safest thing he could think of. *Fine*.

He needed distance from Ilya, he needed to have control over the situation by pretending those four days hadn't meant anything beyond a heat and a mistake he'd never repeat. Sharing a heat was too intimate. And what happened afterward was even worse. He couldn't afford to fall for a married man.

Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, Ilya had gotten the hint. He wasn't texting or calling or sending him pictures anymore.

So Shane buried himself in hockey.

He didn't have time for anything else anyway. He had back to back games, where he hoped Ilya was watching and was proud of him. It was easier to pretend the silence didn't hurt when he was too tired to think.

And for a while, it worked.

Until one morning skate, when everything started to fall apart.

Shane stepped off the ice, laughing at something one of his wingers said, and then — suddenly — the room tilted.

He froze, squeezing his eyes shut.

He felt lightheaded and off.

He swallowed and kept walking, not wanting to make a scene. His legs felt strange, unsteady, disconnected from him for a second.

He reached the bench and bent to unlace his skates, but the locker room swayed again.

“Shane?” Hayden’s hand came down on his shoulder. “You good?”

“Yeah,” Shane said quickly. “Didn’t eat enough.”

Hayden didn’t look convinced, but he let it go.

Shane stood up.

His knees buckled and Hayden caught him again.

“Dude. You’re pale.”

“I’m fine,” Shane said, forcing a smile. “Seriously.”

He wasn’t fine.

And he knew something was wrong.

His parents showed up at his apartment that evening, unannounced.

He hadn't expected them to come, he'd only sent a short message in the family chat saying he "wasn't feeling great" but the moment his mother opened the door with her spare key, Shane was hunched over the bathroom sink, throwing up again.

He barely had time to rinse his mouth before she was at his side.

"Shane." Her hand cupped the back of his neck, steady and warm. "What's wrong?"

Yuna was an alpha with sharp instincts, and she worried about him all the time. Of course she would know something was off.

Shane shook his head, miserable. "I don't know. I can't stop vomiting."

She frowned, then stood. "I'll get anti-nausea meds. Don't move."

She left quickly. That left Shane alone with his father, his gentle, calm omega energy settling into the room as David knelt beside him on the bathroom floor.

"Sweetheart," David said softly. "How long has this been going on?"

"Just today," Shane whispered. "It came out of nowhere."

David studied him intently for a moment and Shane shifted uneasily under the gaze. His dad had that look. The one he used when he already knew the answer.

“Shane,” David said carefully. “Did you... spend your heat with someone?”

Shane froze, blood rushing in his ears. His stomach twisting for an entirely different reason.

“What?” he croaked.

“It’s alright,” David murmured. “You can tell me the truth.”

Shane swallowed hard, cheeks heating in humiliation. He didn’t look at his father. He didn’t want to see the disappointment he imagined would be there.

He nodded.

David exhaled, gentle but heavy, and moved to sit beside him.

“Did you use protection?” he asked quietly.

Shane’s eyes flew open.

He hadn’t put the question together, not fully, not until now. He hadn’t allowed his brain to follow the logic of what David was implying.

“I— I took the pill after,” Shane said quickly.

David closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

A father who suddenly understood far more than he wanted to.

“When,” he asked slowly, “was this heat?”

Shane’s heart dropped to his stomach.

Because answering that question meant something he absolutely did not want to face.

“A... a month ago.”

David let out a long, quiet exhale. He sounded devastated.

“Oh, Shane.”

And Shane suddenly felt like he couldn’t breathe.

Because if his omega father who had gone through this, who had lived his whole life understanding how omega biology worked reacted *like that* to the timeline...

“But I took the pill,” Shane said, desperate to cling to something logical. “I took it right after.”

David nodded gently. “I know. But... did you take it after *your heat*, or after the first day of it?”

Shane blinked. “What does that matter? I took it.”

“Shane,” David said softly, bracing himself, “if conception happened on day one, the pill loses effectiveness every day after. By day three, it’s barely sixty percent.”

The room suddenly felt too small.

Shane's throat tightened. "Dad... what are you saying?" His voice cracked. "Am I pregnant?"

David didn't answer. He looked at his son with that complicated father expression that was equal parts love and fear.

"I'm going to ask your mother to bring a test," he said finally.

Panic shot through Shane. "Don't tell her," he whispered. "Please. She'll be mad."

"Shane," David said, a sad smile tugging at his mouth, "your mother would never be mad at you for this. You're an adult. Spending your heat with someone isn't a crime."

Shane shook his head violently. "I'm not pregnant. I'm not. I can't be."

David exhaled.

"You're an omega who threw up three times today," he said gently. "You're overheating. You're lightheaded. And you're one month out of a heat that wasn't properly regulated." He picked up his phone. "These are not things we ignore."

"Dad, don't—"

"I told her," David said quietly, already texting. "She won't say anything, I promise."

Shane pressed both hands to his face, shaking so hard he felt sick all over again.

Twenty painfully long minutes later, the front door opened. His mother stepped in with a pharmacy bag, the crinkle too loud in the silence. She didn't scold him or lecture him. She didn't even look angry.

She just looked worried.

"Here," she said softly, placing the bag into David's hands instead of Shane's, as if he might break. Then she stepped back, giving them space.

David guided his son gently toward the bathroom.

"Come on," he murmured. "Let's get this over with."

Shane's stomach twisted so violently he felt like he might throw up again. His hands were shaking uncontrollably as David closed the bathroom door behind them.

"Dad..." Shane whispered, terrified, "what if I really am—"

"Then we deal with it," David said. "Together."

Shane nodded, lips trembling, and reached into the bag with numb fingers.

He took the test.

The longest two minutes of his life passed in silence, David watching him, trying to be strong for him even though Shane could see the worry in his eyes.

Shane finally looked down.

Two lines.

Positive.

He was pregnant.

Chapter End Notes

the weekly updates are no longer working for me guys... sorry. i'll try to update within two weeks! the amount of reads i have for this fic blows my mind, shameless self promo but read my other fics too, not the same fandom but i mostly write omegaverse <3

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

twitter user @vicjokerera I HEARD YOUR PRAYERS THIS CHAPTER IS DEDICATED TO YOU ILY

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Shane took more tests, not wanting to believe it. When they all came out positive, he cried until he couldn't breathe.

His father held him the whole time and his mother didn't speak, she just sat on the floor beside them, one hand resting on Shane's back, grounding him with her presence. He was worried she was angry and disappointed but didn't know how to express it.

He eventually cried himself to sleep. He woke up in his room, blankets tucked around him the next morning. He was alone, he looked at the ceiling thinking.

Okay, so he was pregnant.

He was pregnant by a married Russian man twice his age.

Fuck.

And his parents knew. His mother, the woman who trained him, pushed him, and believed in him would be disappointed. Maybe not outwardly, but deep down. How could she not be? He was supposed to be her star, he was her star, he was the first omega captain in hockey, he was an inspiration to younger players. His season was finally taking off, his name was on every highlight reel, he was being scouted for endorsements...

And now this.

All for Ilya Rozanov, an alpha who'd already lived his prime and had a family.

Shane pressed trembling hands to his face. Despite the consequences he couldn't even regret meeting him. And he still longed for him.

A soft knock sounded at the door.

"Shane?" his mother called. "We should talk."

He swallowed hard. He knew she loved him but he also knew the weight of her expectations, the pressure she put on herself and on him. They'd always bonded over their love for hockey and she built him for this career.

And now he was sitting in bed, twenty-one years old and pregnant.

Yuna stepped in and closed the door behind her, eyes scanning him carefully before she sat on the edge of his bed.

"How do you... feel?" she asked, and the hesitation in her voice made his heart clench. His mother never hesitated.

"Fine," he mumbled, pulling his sleeves over his hands, staring at his blanket.

"Fine." She nodded, her jaw tight. The silence was thick and uncomfortable.

Finally, she exhaled. “We need to talk about what comes next.”

Shane’s throat tightened. “I... don’t know what to do,” he whispered, staring at his hands like they might give him answers.

His mother reached over, placing a careful hand on his arm.

“Then we start with what we *can* do,” she said. Another pause. “And you need to know that whatever happens... your father and I are on your side.”

Shane’s chest loosened just a fraction. He didn’t realize how much he needed to hear that until the relief hit him.

“Okay,” he breathed, eyes stinging again.

“We’ll figure this out,” she said quietly. “All of it.”

But the problem wasn’t “all of it”.

The real problem was the father. He was just waiting for her to ask him because he knew he couldn’t say it himself.

“The most important question,” she said carefully, “is this, do you want to keep it?”

Shane’s mind went completely blank.

For some reason, he hadn’t let himself imagine there *was* a choice. The shock and fear had swallowed the obvious. And now that the question was in front of him, he felt stupid for not thinking of it first.

But he didn't know.

He truly did not know.

Logically, it made no sense. He was single, the father wasn't in the picture, his career was just sky-rocketing, his entire reputation could be destroyed, the league would crucify him.

And he was twenty-one. What the hell did he know about raising a baby?

There was no reason to keep it. Absolutely none.

So why did his throat close when he tried to say that?

"You don't have to decide right this second," his mother said gently, reading his expression too easily. "Right now, we focus on getting confirmation at the hospital. We need to know for sure, and we need to know how far along you are."

Shane nodded. That felt solid and practical. A step he could wrap his brain around.

But then he whispered, almost to himself, "It doesn't make sense for me to keep it."

His mother didn't argue. She didn't tell him he was wrong or right. She just looked at him.

"It's not about what makes sense. It's about what you want."

Shane shook his head instantly, defensive. "I can't keep it," he said. "I can't."

He wasn't sure if he was trying to convince her or himself.

—

So he was pregnant.

He kept waiting for a miracle, for someone to walk in and say the tests were wrong, the bloodwork got mixed up, the doctor misread the scan. But no. The doctor had looked him in the eye and confirmed it plainly:

Five weeks pregnant.

His parents had sat on either side of him during the appointment, they were very supportive but they didn't speak much on the drive home. Shane knew why. They were waiting for him to say it, to tell them who the father was.

And Shane was waiting for them to ask.

No one said a word.

It made the silence unbearable.

They didn't take him back to his own apartment. They insisted gently that he stay with them tonight. "Just so you're not alone," his father said. He didn't argue.

Dinner was even worse.

They talked about *everything else*.

Anything except the fact that Shane was sitting there pregnant, his hands shaking every time he lifted his fork.

The elephant in the room had become a full zoo.

Finally, Shane set his fork down, unable to take the tension anymore.

“Why won’t you ask me who the father is?”

His parents looked at each other, a quiet exchange full of things they weren’t sure how to say.

His mother’s shoulders tensed and his father swallowed looking like he was about to talk but his mother spoke first.

“We know you aren’t... seeing anyone,” his mother began carefully. “So we figured you didn’t want to talk about it.”

“It’s... hard to.”

“Shane... is it someone from your team?” His father asked.

Shane immediately shook his head. He’d spent some years with those guys. He knew their worst habits, their locker-room filth and jest, and their hygiene habits. He couldn’t imagine sleeping with any of them, he had said it to taunt Ilya that time but it was something he never considered.

“No. God, no,” he said.

David nodded, relieved but still concerned. Then he hesitated, clearly uncomfortable.

“Then... was it one of those... one-night things?” he asked softly.

Shane felt heat crawl all the way up his neck. It was an embarrassing question for his parents to ask him, but the idea of his relationship with Ilya Rozanov being a one-night thing. Something casual, careless and meaningless. He didn't like that. But was it? Did Ilya think that?

But he hadn't met Ilya once, he'd kept in contact with him, Ilya seemed to care for him. It wasn't just some drunken mistake, there had been real feelings there, at least from him.

But then... Ilya was married, he was in an open relationship, but that just meant that he did things like this frequently, didn't it?

He didn't want to think it was a one night stand, no matter how delusional it was, that was something he wouldn't accept.

“No,” he said quietly. “It wasn't like that.”

His mother and father exchanged a concerned look. Like they were starting to understand there was a missing piece. Something he was protecting, or someone.

His mother leaned forward.

“So... it wasn't casual.” His mother's tone was careful and soft, she was trying not to trigger him. “This person matters to you?”

Shane didn't trust his voice, so he just nodded.

“Have you told him?” his father asked.

Shane shook his head.

“Are you planning to?”

“No.” The answer came fast. He cleared his throat. “No. I’m not.”

Because it was stupid. Telling a married superstar that he’d gotten knocked up during a heat he wasn’t even supposed to have?

Ilya would shut it down immediately, Shane would break if Ilya blamed him or was upset with him because of it. He’d lecture Shane and tell him to end it, how it wasn’t safe or smart or allowed and he’d be right.

His wife might tolerate an open marriage, but carrying someone else’s baby, and being dragged into a league-wide scandal? No way.

And Ilya had been clear from day one. Even when Shane had requested to go bare their first time, Ilya was the one who’d insisted on a condom. And after his heat, he was the one who made sure that Shane took the pill.

He’d tried to prevent this, but Shane was just so stupid he let it happen anyway.

This would be a nightmare for Ilya, Shane couldn’t let him find out.

“Why not?” his mother asked, patience thinning at the edges. “Shane, you can tell us anything.”

“I can’t,” he whispered, the word cracking. He stood abruptly, chair scraping behind him. “Excuse me.”

He didn’t wait for either of them to stop him. He just needed to breathe away from them, where no one was asking questions he didn’t know how to answer.

He went to his old room and shut the door.

The second he was alone, the panic hit him full force again. His chest hurt, and he slid down the wall until he was sitting on the floor like a scared kid.

Why am I so stupid? Why did I let this happen?

On instinct, he grabbed his phone and hit Ilya’s name before he could talk himself out of it. The call barely rang.

“Hollander,” Ilya said, breathless, like he’d sprinted to answer. His voice was warm and cheerful, completely opposite of the panic squeezing Shane’s chest. Somehow, that made Shane’s breathing stutter, then slow.

“Are you okay?” Ilya asked immediately, concern slipping under the lightness.

“I... don’t know,” Shane whispered.

There was a beat of silence, then: “Where are you? Let me come.”

A tiny, helpless smile tugged at Shane’s mouth. He found it endearing how Ilya was so proactive when it came to him, there was no hesitation or questions, just instinctive protectiveness, ready to fix things and be there for him.

He would have been such a perfect alpha to raise a child with...

Shane shook his head. That was a stupid thought.

"I'm at my parents," he murmured. "So... you can't come."

He tried to make it sound firm, but it came out soft and apologetic.

And the truth sat heavy in his chest because he *did* want to see him. He wanted it so badly it made his throat tight. Because the only thing strong enough to drown out this panic was the very man who'd put him in this mess.

If Ilya were here, if he pulled Shane close, put those big hands on his waist, kissed him slow or rough or however he wanted, Shane knew his brain would go quiet. He wouldn't be thinking about the pregnancy or the future, he would be happy in the present. He'd just feel Ilya's mouth, Ilya's weight, against him.

"How... are your parents?" Ilya asked, reaching for something normal to say, even though normal didn't exist for them.

Shane let out a humorless little laugh. It hit him then that they barely knew each other outside of sex and obsession. How the hell was he even imagining a future with Ilya's child?

"They're fine," Shane said. "Overbearing, like always."

"That is better than absent," Ilya murmured with a soft voice. "At least someone is watching you."

Shane huffed a tiny laugh. “I’d rather have your attention, honestly,” he mumbled, flirting purely on instinct, because wanting Ilya felt as easy as breathing.

“Is that true, Shane?” Ilya asked. “You ignore me for one month. Hard to believe you want my attention.”

“I ignored *you*?” Shane scoffed, stunned. “You didn’t message me.”

“I try to give you space,” Ilya said, a hint of frustration under the softness. “What happened... your heat... it was not planned. I think maybe you want to forget it. Or you need time.”

He paused, voice dropping quieter. “But I was hoping for your message. I missed you.”

Shane’s stomach flipped violently. He shouldn’t hear this, he shouldn’t want this.

But his heart fluttered anyway, stupid and hopeful and already aching for the alpha.

Shane realized then that Ilya Rozanov made him stupid. Stupid and reckless and willing to feel things he absolutely shouldn’t.

“I want to see you,” Shane said before he could stop himself.

“*Yes*,” Ilya breathed, sounding relieved and hungry. “Tonight?”

Shane swallowed. “Yeah. Tonight.”

He wasn’t going to tell Ilya. He knew that. He just... needed him. Needed the only thing that had ever made his brain quiet.

He told his parents he was grabbing a few drinks with teammates. They looked suspicious — of course they did — but didn't ask questions. He left before they could.

The entire drive to Ilya's house, his hands shook on the wheel.

Why am I doing this?

Using sex as a distraction was pathetic. What if seeing him made everything worse? What if he felt even emptier after?

By the time he reached Ilya's door, he felt exactly like he had that first night, nervous, overwhelmed, and a little breathless.

He stood for a bit before he raised his hand to knock, heart thudding too fast.

Ilya opened the door before Shane could knock, catching him with his hand frozen mid-air. The alpha smiled, a small, warm curve of his mouth that made Shane want to swoon.

"I saw you on the camera," Ilya said. "You looked like you were working up the courage."

Shane let out a breathy laugh. "Yeah."

Ilya leaned against the doorway, eyes lingering on him in that slow, intentional way that always made Shane feel seen.

"Hello, Shane," he said quietly. "It's been... a while."

“Hi.” The word came out softer than he meant, he sounded relieved. Because he was. Just being here made his shoulders drop.

“Come in,” Ilya said, stepping back.

Shane did, his heart racing like it always did when Ilya was with him. Some naive part of him expected Ilya to press him against the wall the second the door shut, a month with no texting, no sexting, no calls, no nothing, he definitely wouldn’t have complained if things went straight to the couch.

But Ilya didn’t touch him.

Instead, he cleared his throat. “Are you hungry? I made dinner. Well— I didn’t cook it. I picked it up. I was going to take you out, but... you know. Cameras. People. It didn’t seem smart. And I wasn’t sure if you’d even want—”

Shane blinked at him.

Ilya Rozanov was rambling.

Ilya, who was usually all confidence and directness, was talking too fast, hands flexing at his sides like he didn’t know what to do with them.

Shane stared for a moment as Ilya kept talking about the food, the place he got it from, how he wasn’t sure what Shane liked, how he’d picked multiple options just in case. And Shane’s heart just... *swelled*.

It was ridiculous, endearing and dangerous.

God, he liked this man so much and he didn’t even understand why.

“Can you kiss me?” Shane asked before his brain could stop his mouth.

Ilya froze mid-sentence. His cheeks flushed, subtle but unmistakable.

He stepped closer, voice dropping. “Hollander... you know the answer is always yes.”

There was something almost tender in the way he said it, like the words slipped out before he could hide them.

And then he cupped Shane’s jaw and kissed him, slow at first, like he was remembering how, then deeper, like he’d been starving for it.

Shane melted into him instantly.

Ilya pulled back just an inch, breath brushing Shane’s lips. “One month without you felt too long,” he murmured. “Don’t ask me again. Just take what you want.”

Shane swallowed, dizzy, and tugged him back into another kiss.

Ilya groaned into his mouth, relieved, like he’d been holding that sound in for weeks. His hands slid to Shane’s waist, gripping tight, pulling him flush against him.

When they finally broke for breath, Shane’s head was spinning.

“Fuck,” he whispered. “I missed that.”

“I missed you,” Ilya said simply.

Shane felt the most intense butterflies.

Ilya brushed a thumb across Shane's cheek. "Are you okay now? You sounded... not good on the phone."

Shane swallowed, the kiss still warm on his mouth, but reality hit him.

He'd forgotten that he was just confirmed pregnant and the father was standing right in front of him, kissing him like his world wasn't about to collapse.

Ilya noticed the change in his mood instantly.

"Hey... hey," he murmured, reaching for him. "What is wrong?"

Shane shook his head too fast. "Nothing. I'm fine. I just—" His voice cracked. "Can you just... distract me? Please?"

Ilya cupped his jaw, lifting his chin so their eyes met. Shane leaned in desperately, kissing him again, trying to deepen it, trying to lose himself in Ilya's body, his mouth, anything that wasn't the truth.

But Ilya pulled back gently.

"Dinner first," Ilya said gently. "We eat, then we talk. Okay?"

"Okay," Shane murmured.

Ilya led him to the dining table, there was candles lit, plates set, soft lighting warming the room. Shane blinked. He hadn't expected this, this was strangely romantic?

Either Ilya threw this together in a panic the second Shane called... or this was a usual setup he had for someone else.

He sat, and Ilya took the seat beside him instead of across from him, close enough that their knees brushed.

Shane looked at the candles again, at the space, at how strangely intimate it all felt, and the thought hit him.

Wife.

Right. He couldn't be carried away, Ilya still had a wife.

And she had been missing for all three nights Shane was here during his heat. Missing again tonight.

Something about that didn't sit right.

Did she know? Did she not care at all?

He shouldn't ask but he couldn't stop himself.

"How's your... wife?" Shane asked quietly as they started eating.

Ilya's fork paused mid-air. He looked taken aback.

“She is okay,” he said after a beat.

“Just okay?” Shane pressed, unable to help it.

Ilya set his fork down, fingers tapping against the table before going still. “Yes,” he said quietly. “We spoke today. She is fine.”

“Oh.” Shane tried to hide the disappointment, but it sat heavy in his voice anyway. What was he even hoping for? That Ilya would say they never spoke? That their marriage was some distant, irrelevant thing?

“You don’t need to worry about her,” Ilya said.

And for some reason, this time it really annoyed Shane.

Shane’s jaw tightened. “You keep saying that like it isn’t a big deal,” he snapped. “Like having a *wife* is some tiny little detail I should just ignore. It’s not. It’s a big fucking deal.”

Ilya froze for a second, then exhaled.

“Okay,” he said quietly. “Since you bring her up again... I should tell you now.”

He pushed his plate aside, posture shifting, expression serious in a way Shane had never seen before.

Shane looked up.

“We are separating.”

Everything in Shane went blank. “What?”

“We are getting divorced,” Ilya said simply.

It hit him like a punch yet all he managed was a small, useless, “Oh.”

“Yes,” Ilya said again, watching him carefully.

“Why?” Shane asked, trying not to show any emotion.

Ilya reached for his water, took a slow sip, and Shane realized his hands were slightly unsteady. He was nervous.

“Svetlana is my childhood friend,” Ilya said. “I love her very much. She loves me. But we are not in love with each other. And when we made our arrangement, we said — if one of us ever finds someone we care for... we end the marriage.”

Shane swallowed. “So... she met someone? I’m sorry, that must be—”

Ilya let out a soft, incredulous laugh. “Hollander. Are you serious?”

Shane blinked. “What?”

Ilya leaned in just a little, eyes warm, almost amused. “She did not meet someone,” he said quietly. “*I* did.”

“Oh,” Shane said again, swallowing hard. His brain was short-circuiting, a million emotions crashing into each other all at once.

“If you say ‘oh’ one more time, your mouth might get stuck like that.” He said in a teasing tone, gently poking at Shane. Shane ignored that, needing to make sure, he needed to be absolutely sure.

“Just to be clear,” Shane said slowly, heart hammering, “this person you met—”

“Oh god,” Ilya muttered under his breath.

But Shane pushed on, needing the words out loud, needing the truth to be undeniable. “Is it... me?”

“No, Hollander. It is the other omega I spent three days in heat with. The one who screams my name the exact same way you do.” Ilya said. “Of course it’s you. It’s always you, Shane.”

“This doesn’t make any sense,” Shane whispered, shaking his head. His chest felt tight, unreal. “Why?”

“Because I like you,” Ilya said plainly. “I want to pursue you. I want to court you. I want you to be mine.”

Shane swallowed. This was too much for him to process at once, he did not expect it. He hadn’t prepared for *this* reality, not even in his wildest fantasies.

“You don’t have to say anything,” Ilya added, voice softer now. “I just want you to know my intentions. And I know... you are young, in the height of your career. And being with an older man like me... maybe it is not the smartest choice.”

He gave a small, self-deprecating smile. “But I am a selfish man, Hollander, and I want you.”

Shane felt lightheaded, it was everything he secretly wanted and was terrified to want.

“You... left your wife because of me?” Shane asked.

Ilya could see it, the way Shane’s shoulders were tightening, the way his breathing had gone shallow. He could tell Shane was feeling some type of pressure.

“Yes, I left,” he said. “But don’t think you owe me anything. You don’t.”

His eyes softened. “I didn’t do it to trap you or push you. I did it because having a wife made you uncomfortable, and I didn’t want that to stand between us.”

Shane’s throat tightened.

“And... after being with you,” Ilya continued quietly, “I realized what I was missing. I wanted the chance to pursue you without anything in the way. If you had asked me to fix it sooner, I would have. I would do many things for you, Hollander.”

Shane’s breath hitched. Because if Ilya was being this honest and open, then Shane couldn’t hide the truth anymore.

He swallowed hard. “I... I need to tell you something.”

Chapter End Notes

oh shane my little autistic meow meow you're so dear to me.

also this is not a complex fic at all, i'm purposely writing it light hearted and i know things are a little fast but i just didnt wanna drag things out. there's no heavy plot or anything yall can probably guess how the next 3 chapters go.

thank you for the huge support! wow i'm blown away i feel bad because i wish i planned this fic better 😭 but trust, after this fic i'm definitely writing another heated rivalry fic

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Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

i hope ilya's pov makes up for my disappearance ❤️

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“Have you seen this rookie?” Svetlana asked from the couch, remote in hand and her eyes glued to the TV. “His name’s Shane Hollander. People won’t shut up about him.”

Ilya barely looked up from his phone where he was playing candy crush. “No.”

“Ilya, look at him,” Svetlana said, snatching his phone and shoving his shoulder so he’d face the TV.

He sighed loudly, already preparing to say he’d seen a thousand rookies come and go. He’d played with legends and idiots and nothing shocked him anymore.

But then he actually looked.

And Shane Hollander flew down the ice with a speed and control Ilya recognized instantly.

“What the fuck?” Ilya muttered, sitting up straighter.

“He reminds me of you,” Svetlana said. “Except cuter.”

Ilya scowled. “He’s stealing my moves.”

“You don’t own that move, Ilya.”

“I do,” he insisted, crossing his arms like a stubborn child. “He plays good, okay, but what is big deal? Plenty of rookies look good in their first year.”

“Well,” Svetlana said, gesturing at the screen, “he’s making history. First Omega Asian player to win Rookie of the Year.”

“Oh.” That actually made Ilya pause. He watched the replay, slower this time. The confidence. He was obsessed.

“That’s... impressive,” Ilya admitted, though he tried to make it sound reluctant.

When he played, omegas weren’t even allowed on the team. It didn't matter if a male omega could hit like an alpha or were just as fast, or as strong. The league acted like omegas needed to be hidden away.

It had changed after he retired. Society had shifted with the new generation and politics.

But seeing it on the screen — a young omega outskating everyone, celebrating with teammates like he belonged there made him so proud of the stranger.

Svetlana nudged him. “You’re staring.”

“I’m analyzing,” he said.

She laughed. “Right. Analyzing his jawline too?”

Ilya ignored her, but his jaw tightened because she wasn’t entirely wrong.

There was something about the kid, the way he moved and carried himself that pulled Ilya’s eyes back every time he tried to look away.

“He’s not bad,” Ilya finally said.

Svetlana grinned. “You haven’t said that about a rookie in ten years.”

Ilya ignored the remark completely. “How old is he?”

“I think he’s nineteen?” Svetlana said.

“Nineteen,” he muttered. “That’s... very young.”

He took his phone back and pretended to scroll aimlessly, but the second Svetlana wasn’t looking, he typed *Shane Hollander rookie* into the search bar.

A list of interview clips popped up. He clicked one and stepped out of the room so she couldn’t eavesdrop.

Shane sat at the press table, and reporters kept pushing questions about being an omega in an alpha-dominated league.

Shane smiled shyly with his steady voice.

“I’m just here to play hockey,” he said. “And if I play well, that’s what should matter. Not what I am off the ice. If my being here makes things easier for the next kid who’s told they don’t belong... then that’s the part I’m actually proud of.”

Ilya found himself smiling, he was proud of him, it probably wasn’t easy for him.

He watched every clip he could find, then began watching full games and highlights and practices, donating to causes that Shane promoted.

Two whole years of quietly following the boy’s career from a distance, pretending it meant nothing. In that time, he and Svetlana got married.

People assumed it was some love story of childhood friends finally choosing each other but the truth was simpler. They’d known each other forever and they understood each other. They were there for each other on the worst days. And when they were young, they’d made a pact: *If we’re forty and still single, we’ll just get married.*

Forty came. Ilya had never met anyone he cared about for more than a casual fling. Svetlana loved him. He loved her too even if it was not romantically.

So when she asked, “Should we finally do it?” He said yes.

Their wedding was nice and fun, they looked good together. They laughed, danced, drank too much. It felt like celebrating a partnership. And that was fine. It was what they both wanted.

Marriage didn’t really change anything.

She kept her apartment; he kept his house. She brought clothes to his place sometimes, stayed a few nights a week, cooked with him, watched TV beside him and he did the same when he

felt especially lonely. It was comfortable and familiar. Almost like the real thing if he didn't think too hard about it.

And through all of that, he still kept watching Shane Hollander.

One afternoon, while Ilya had a replay looping on the TV, Svetlana wandered in with a glass of wine.

"Ilya," she said, pausing behind the couch, "I cannot believe you're a fan of something."

"Shut up, I am not," he answered immediately.

She gave him the flattest look. "You watch all his games."

"Because I recognize talent," he muttered, which didn't help his case at all.

"And you watch all his interviews because...?" she prodded.

Ilya didn't look at her. "Research."

Svetlana snorted into her wine. "Right. 'Research.'"

He raised the volume to drown her out.

She sat on the arm of the sofa. "You know," she said casually, "you could just go see him live."

“For what?” he said, even though his pulse raised at the suggestion. “It’s... unnecessary.”

“Sure,” she said lightly, but her eyes were too knowing. “But maybe your *research* would be more productive in person.”

“What exactly are you suggesting, Svetlana?” Ilya said. “He is twenty-one years old.”

“I’m not suggesting anything,” she said, a little too innocent for Ilya to believe it but he caught the hint anyway.

Their marriage was open, *very* open on her side. Svetlana stepped out often, guiltlessly, and every time she did she seemed to come back full of new ideas about who Ilya should “meet” or “have fun with.” He never took her up on it. Cute omegas flirted with him nonstop, but it was no substance. Nothing he wanted.

But a twenty-one-year-old rookie? What the hell was Svetlana playing at?

“I’m just saying...” she continued, swirling her wine. “I haven’t seen you this interested in *anyone* in years.”

“I’m not interested in him because of that,” Ilya muttered. “I’d follow his career if he were an alpha or a beta.”

“Of course you would,” she said, amused, like she knew exactly how full of shit he sounded. “Still... imagine how he’d feel if one of the greats showed up to watch him.”

Ilya looked away, jaw tightening. “I’ll consider it,” he said.

Svetlana’s smile told him she knew he already had.

He went to the game without telling anyone, slipped into a seat where no one would look twice. He just wanted to see the kid play. Really see him.

And fuck Shane Hollander live was something else. He was quick and sharp, confirming what Ilya thought of him and even more as he played. Two goals, and multiple assists, and still visibly frustrated, like excellence wasn't enough. He was just like him, no, he was better than him.

Ilya felt something strange in his chest, pride, maybe. Ridiculous, considering they'd never met, but there it was.

When the buzzer ended and people finally noticed him in the crowd, there was a ripple of recognition. Someone asked if he was going to the after-party. He should've said no.

But he didn't.

He went.

—

Ilya never saw himself becoming *that* alpha, the older man losing his mind over some omega with a pretty face, soft freckles and big eyes but the second he saw Shane up close, the moment he had a whiff of his scent, all his restraint just... evaporated. He was twenty-one, beautiful, and looking at Ilya like he hung the damn moon. What was he supposed to do? Be noble?

Right.

The kid dropped to his knees like he was born knowing how to please an alpha, shy but eager, and Ilya almost groaned from how wrong and good it felt at the same time. Svetlana

would've called him a dirty old freak, and honestly, he would've agreed with her.

It was Shane's first time being intimate with an alpha. That hit Ilya harder than any championship he'd ever won.

He'd wanted to take it slow, really slow and kiss every inch of him, coax him open, show him how good it could feel. And then ruin him just a little, because the kid melted under his hands like he was built for it. Like someone had written *submissive* into his DNA.

And the way he'd said "Mr. Rozanov"... God. Ilya knew immediately he'd never forget that sound.

He never thought he'd be the type to get off on an age gap.

But he couldn't help himself. Not when Shane looked at him like that. Not when the boy practically trembled under his touch.

Shane Hollander had no idea what he'd done to him. And Ilya... was screwed.

Shane had given him one of the best blowjobs of his life and it wasn't the best because of the technique, the boy obviously was new to it, but the reactions, the way he genuinely loved having Ilya's cock in his mouth was breathtaking. He did the same to him, the feeling of the omega's cock in his mouth, and feeling his hole, how wet he got was something out of a fantasy.

When it was over, when they'd both come and Shane was relaxing against him, Ilya felt something he hadn't felt in years.

He fell asleep thinking, *Maybe this is the start of something.*

Except when he woke up... the boy was gone.

He was sad, yeah but not surprised. It made sense. Maybe the kid woke up, saw the reality of having an older man in his bed and thought, *fuck that noise*. Shane had a whole career ahead of him. The smart thing was to run.

So Ilya told himself to forget it and pretend it never happened.

Except he couldn't. Every time he tried, something reminded him of the boy.

Eventually he broke and showed up at another one of Shane's games and afterward, like an idiot, he went and found the coach, muttering something about wanting to "meet the captain." Subtle as a brick.

That's when he heard that apparently Shane had been upset that he was married.

And honestly, Ilya deserved that. He really was the weirdo in the situation, assuming it wouldn't matter. Not because he didn't care, but because in his head, Svetlana didn't count the same way other wives did. He thought everyone knew he was married too, so he assumed Shane did when he came to his room. Their marriage had been plastered all over the media.

But the kid hadn't known. And he'd cared when he found out.

It made something warm twist in Ilya's chest. His boy actually had morals and it was cute.

He got Shane's number, at least. And then he couldn't stop texting him. Couldn't stop checking his phone like some pathetic middle-aged creep. Every time Shane replied to his horny messages Ilya felt like a disgusting old pervert and also like a teenager with a crush. Horrible combination.

"You should invite him over," Svetlana said one evening, catching him smiling at his phone like an idiot.

“Who?” he asked, feigning innocence.

“Shane Hollander.” She replied. “You’re not slick,” she added. “I smelled an omega on you the night you came home after fucking him.”

“Svetlana—”

“Who would’ve guessed you’d grow up to be a dirty old man?” She shook her head like she was disappointed but also delighted.

“Shut up,” he muttered.

“He’s twenty-one, you sick fuck,” she said, teasing him.

He threw a pillow at her.

“I’m going back to my place,” she said. “Actually, no — I’m moving back *permanently*.”

Ilya blinked. “What? Why?”

“I can’t stomach hearing you jerk off three times a day,” she said flatly. “Walls are thin and my sanity is thinner. Invite him over and get it out of your system.”

“I cannot believe you’re encouraging this.”

“Please,” she scoffed. “I *get* the appeal.”

Ilya dragged a hand down his face. “He’s so young. I feel like a monster. I’m being selfish just wanting this.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being selfish sometimes,” she said, shrugging. “You’re already a sick old man. That ship has sailed, might as well enjoy it.”

He ignored that, even if it was true.

He swallowed quietly.

“I want him,” he admitted. “Not just sex. I want... him.”

Svetlana’s teasing softened just a little. “Then make it happen. He clearly likes you back. Stop suffering and do something about it.”

Could he actually do something about it? Could he let himself be selfish enough?

—

Watching Shane fuck himself on a dildo over FaceTime had already pushed Ilya past his limit and he’d known right then that if he didn’t eventually get that boy in his bed, he might actually drop dead. But seeing Shane show up in person, in that suit, looking all polished and nervous and *pretty*, yeah, he was definitely dropping dead.

He’d told himself he would be civilized, treat the boy well and be slow and romantic.

But the second Shane stepped inside, all shy eyes and freckled cheeks, actually wearing a suit just for him, Ilya’s brain stalled out completely. Shane looked like temptation wrapped in

tailored fabric, that familiar omega scent curling low in Ilya's chest. Every instinct in him snapped to mine, and pretending otherwise felt like slow torture.

He wanted to be gentle. He wanted to be good for him.

God, he wanted to ruin him first, fuck him senseless.

And he did.

If Shane's mouth had been good, his hole was devastating. It was already established now by him wanting Shane that he was a selfish man but he had to dig up every scrap of self-control he owned to remember the damn condom. Especially when Shane was looking at him like *that*, babbling that he could go bare, his pretty hole practically pulling him in.

He wanted it, he wanted it so bad his vision went white for a second.

But he had to be the adult. The "responsible" one. Whatever that meant when he already had the boy naked and shaking under him.

He was proud of himself, even if disappointment sat like a weight in his stomach. Because the second he pushed in, watched Shane open up around him, heard the sounds he couldn't hold back — little gasps, broken moans, that whispered *Mr. Rozanov* — Ilya honestly thought he might lose his mind.

Shane took him like he'd been made for it.

And Ilya knew he was in trouble.

After, when Shane finally slept, Ilya couldn't stop looking at him.

He brushed his thumb over Shane's cheek, tracing constellations through his freckles, memorizing every tiny mark. His chest felt tight and his stomach fluttered with unfamiliar sensations.

Fuck.

Was he in love?

—

The last thing Ilya wanted was to screw up Shane Hollander's career because of his own... feelings. Whatever the hell they were. So he tried to be good, tried to step back, convinced himself he shouldn't make all the moves, and shouldn't distract the boy.

But it was useless. He thought about him constantly. It felt like actual withdrawal — like something was missing from his day if he didn't hear Shane's voice or speak to him or find out what he was up to.

They ended up on the phone almost every night Shane wasn't busy. Exchanging pictures or just flirting with each other, sometimes Shane talked about the games, and Ilya just... listened. Retired life gave him way too much free time, and he spent all of it watching Shane's games like some obsessed freak.

And every time he texted Shane, he tried to be polite and mature. It lasted maybe five minutes each time before the filth crept in. He couldn't help it, the boy made him feral.

He hadn't even washed the sheets from the night they fucked. He knew how wrong it was — how pathetic and disgusting he was for it but he kept them anyway, catching Shane's scent every time he passed it. Sometimes he fucked his hand in those sheets and felt just deranged enough to thank God Svetlana wasn't around to roast him for it.

He felt like a teenager with his first crush.

And he had no idea what to do about it.

He was grateful, at least, that age had given him some damn self-control. If this were fifteen years ago, he'd be embarrassing himself and begging Shane for attention, blowing up his phone, trying to make himself the center of the kid's universe. But he wasn't that idiot anymore. He wanted Shane to prosper, to focus on hockey and have the career he deserved without Ilya barging in because of his feelings.

He tried telling himself he should be satisfied with what they had, maybe he could be satisfied with the occasional hookup. But the more he tried to settle, the clearer it became that he didn't want that at all.

He wanted to be selfish.

He wanted to see Shane every day. Wake up with him tangled in his sheets. Kiss him before morning coffee. Sit in the stands at his games like a proud idiot. Take him out to dinner. Hold his hand in public. Come home to him.

Marry him.

Fuck.

He actually wanted to marry Shane Hollander.

The realization hit him so hard he grabbed his keys and drove straight to Svetlana's place.

She opened the door. "What's wrong now?"

"We need to get a divorce," he said.

She blinked once. “Oh? Well, I can’t say I’m surprised, but I did think you’d hold out a little longer.”

“Every day feels like torture,” Ilya muttered. “It bothers him... the fact that I have a wife.”

“You’re in love with him,” Svetlana said flatly.

“I’m not—”

“You slept with him once,” she cut in, “and because he feels weird about you having a wife, you’re ready to dismantle our perfectly functional agreement—”

“Are you upset, Svetlana?” Ilya frowned. “We said we could end it at any time.”

“I’m not upset about the arrangement,” she said, waving that off. “I’m upset that *you* are doing Olympic-level mental gymnastics trying not to say what’s obvious.”

He folded his arms, defensive. “Nothing is obvious.”

“You love him,” she said. “And I’m not mocking you. I’m actually... happy for you, Ilya. Truly. But I hope you understand what it entails.”

“Which is?”

“That you don’t get to half-ass this,” she said. “You can’t chase a boy twenty years younger, divorce your wife for him, and then expect it to be simple. You’re choosing him. That means being ready for the fallout.”

Watching Shane fight through that game clearly tired but still dragging his team to a win filled Ilya with a ridiculous amount of pride. He told himself he'd wait for the kid to make the next move and give him space like an adult.

But after that performance he couldn't wait anymore.

Before he even thought about it, he had his phone out and texted him.

And then Shane called him clearly drunk, voice all soft around the edges as he said, "come get me, Mr. Rozanov."

Ilya's brain short-circuited.

He got so hard he almost had to sit down. Instead he grabbed his keys and was in the car within a minute, speeding like a criminal.

He kept repeating it in his head: *He's tired. He needs rest. Be responsible, Ilya.*

But then the kid climbed into the car.

Drunk and flushed and smiling at him like a candy made of sin wrapped in freckles.

And he smelled... God. Not just good — addictive. Sweeter than usual, warmer, like something in him had shifted. Ilya had to physically curl his hand into a fist on his own thigh to keep from dragging Shane into his lap right then.

His alpha instinct screamed for him to *take*, but he forced himself still.

He was an adult. He would not fuck the boy in the car like some unhinged rookie.

He swallowed hard, forcing out the reminder again in his head:

He's tired. He needs rest. He's drunk. Don't be a monster.

So he'd done the responsible thing, or tried to. Offered to take Shane home, drop him off, pretend he wasn't seconds away from wanting to fuck the life out of him.

Because the kid smelled unbelievable tonight, warm and sweet and wrong in a way that made every alpha instinct in Ilya's body stand on end. And he was tipsy and loose. Leaning toward him like trouble.

Yeah. Ilya wasn't about to let himself become a monster.

But then the boy pouted.

Pouted with his lower lip out, voice soft, reminding him that Ilya had promised him a "reward."

And that was it. That was the exact moment Ilya felt the last thread of his sanity slip.

How was he supposed to resist him? He was like a starving wolf trying to pretend he was above eating, and Shane was standing in front of him holding out a warm steak with both hands, smiling like he didn't know he was offering himself up on a silver platter.

A man could only be so strong.

And Ilya Rozanov was not that strong.

Not when it came to Shane Hollander.

So he was taking Shane to his place and then the kid mentioned his wife again.

Ilya shouldn't have felt a spark of... satisfaction at that, but he did because it meant Shane cared and was thinking about him in ways he shouldn't.

He let himself be a little cheeky, poking at him just to see him fluster, and then Shane dropped it casually, like it was nothing:

The guy I like is married.

Ilya nearly combusted. He hadn't expected that. He was still buzzing from it the entire ride back to his place. Shane Hollander liked him... they could be together.

Things happened too fast for him to pretend he was in control.

One moment they were kissing in his house and the next, Shane's scent flipped. He was in heat. Of course. That was why the kid felt like he was burning under Ilya's hands and why he smelt so good, more tempting than usual.

And then Shane, the little brat teased him about letting his teammates fuck him.

That was the moment everything snapped.

The thought of other alphas touching him and scenting him, being anywhere near his omega... it tore right through the self-control he'd been clinging to. All the civilized instincts

fell away, drowned out by his alpha instincts to claim, bite and breed.

He couldn't fight it, he fucked him, letting the instinct control him, the sounds Shane was making was beautiful and he lost himself in it. And only afterwards when his knot finally eased and he felt the warmth still inside Shane did the realization hit. He hadn't used a condom.

His seed was actually inside the boy.

He swelled with pride at first, a primal part of him feeling satisfied and whispering *good*.

But then the high crashed and when his mind finally cleared, panic punched him in the chest.

What the hell had he done?

Shane was so young, he was at the start of his career, his very existence itself was changing hockey. The first omega captain, a public figure. Ilya had lived with pressure and he was an alpha, he could not imagine what it was like for Shane. He knew what a single misstep could do to him.

And he'd knotted him without a condom.

He shouldn't have felt anything but dread. He *should* have. But the thought crept in anyway, and it felt dangerous.

What if my seed takes? What if he becomes pregnant with my child?

The thought hit him out of nowhere, and once it was there, it wouldn't leave.

Shane, pregnant with his kid.

It was a clear picture in his head he couldn't shake. Shane with a round belly, heavier chest, softer everywhere, carrying *his* baby. It shouldn't have turned him on the way it did, but it did, stupidly strong.

Ilya had wanted kids before, in a vague "maybe someday" way, but he never really believed he'd get there. Svetlana never wanted kids, and he didn't want to have kids with just anyone, and then he got older and when he turned forty he chalked it up as some distant dream. But now his brain wasn't interested in logic. Instinct took over so fast he barely understood it.

He didn't realize that he had gone into a rut in response to Shane's heat. He fucked him nonstop the next day, feeling like an animal barely able to think about anything but filing him. Every time he pushed in he caught himself thinking yeah, this could take, this could actually take.

Then day three came, and Shane's heat finally broke.

Everything calmed down and his head cleared.

And suddenly he was just standing there with the reality that he'd lost control and he'd wanted to get the kid pregnant. And part of him still wanted it.

But he had to focus on Shane, he felt so guilty. The kid had slipped into an unexpected heat and Ilya should've taken him home, not fucked him the way that he did. Now Shane was exhausted and Ilya was still selfish enough to want him anyway. He pushed down those feral instincts, made sure his omega was fed and hydrated, bathed and washed his hair and handled him more gently than he'd ever handled anyone in his life.

The kid stayed tucked against him afterward. It made Ilya feel worse and better at the same time. He should've stayed quiet and been satisfied with that. He didn't.

"Do you remember what you said before?" he asked, sounding like a child with a crush. He hated the uncertainty in his voice, but he needed to know if Shane had meant it, the "liking

him” thing or if it was just the heat or the alcohol talking.

Shane didn’t give a straight answer. Ilya understood why. The omega had been in heat for days, it was wrong to ask him at this moment, and he was asking too much, even if Shane did like him, it wouldn’t matter, he would know he *shouldn’t* like him. Shane said he didn’t want to be there when his wife came home, and Ilya was so tempted to come clean, but he had not even started the divorce process, he didn’t want to give Shane the impression he kept empty promises.

But God, the disappointment stung anyway.

He drove Shane home after picking up the pill for him, doing what he knew was the responsible thing. But every so often, without meaning to, his eyes flicked down to Shane’s stomach. Quick, guilty glances he hoped the boy didn’t notice.

He kept wondering what it could’ve been. What *they* could’ve been.

He tried to shove the thought away, but it lingered in the back of his mind the whole ride.

—

“I need to tell you something,” Shane said.

A month without seeing the omega, a month of silence after that heat and now Shane was back in his house again. He had texted Shane after the heat, but it was clear to him that Shane wanted to pull back, and Ilya hadn’t pushed because he understood. The kid had gone through his first heat with an alpha he barely knew, of course he needed space. And of course hockey took priority.

So Ilya kept his distance too. He filled the days by watching Shane’s games on repeat like some pathetic lovestruck old man. And he started the divorce paperwork with Svetlana because if Shane ever wanted him again, he didn’t want his marriage standing in the way.

But hearing “I need to tell you something” scared the hell out of him.

What was Shane going to say? That they shouldn’t see each other anymore? Or had crossed some line he couldn’t come back from?

It didn’t help that Shane had called sounding off asking if he could come over. Ilya rushed around the kitchen like an idiot anyway, setting the table, lighting a candle, trying to make his place look as romantic as he could, maybe they could talk this time. It wasn’t a real date and he hated that he couldn’t take Shane on one. Yet.

But then Shane walked in and asked, “Can you kiss me?” Just like that. Ilya’s heartbeat nearly blew out his eardrums, the omega still had so much power over him.

They kissed, and for a moment he forgot how terrified he was.

Until Shane brought up his wife again.

Ilya wanted to say, *I’m fixing it. I’m fixing everything so I can be with you.* But the process wasn’t done yet, and he didn’t want to overwhelm him.

Still, Shane said it bothered him, that Ilya being married hurt him so Ilya told the truth that he started the process.

He’d never seen Shane blink like that, confused and surprised all at once.

And now, sitting there with Shane’s eyes on him, Ilya felt suddenly, stupidly exposed.

“What do you want to tell me?” he asked, heart hammering, afraid this was the moment everything would fall apart.

“I’m so stupid,” Shane said suddenly, hands covering his face. “I’m so sorry, Ilya. I know you didn’t want this, you tried to prevent it, and I’m just— I’m so fucking stupid.”

He was spiraling fast.

Ilya stood and pulled Shane into his arms.

“Hey. No. You are not stupid,” he said firmly, one hand sliding up Shane’s back. “You are the smartest boy I know. Talk to me.”

Shane shook his head, breathing too quickly. “Promise you won’t be mad. Please. I mean—you’d have every right to be mad, but just promise you won’t be. I won’t be able to take it if you are.”

Ilya cupped his face, forcing him to look up.

“Shane,” he said softly, “there is nothing you can say that will make me mad.”

It was the truth. If the kid said he didn’t want him anymore, it would gut him, but he wouldn’t be angry.

“I…” he said, gulping, his eyes teary. He looked away. “I’m pregnant.”

Ilya went still. “What?” he managed after a few seconds, like his brain needed time to catch up.

Shane looked miserable. “I’m so sorry, Ilya. I know this is the last thing you wanted.”

Which was the ironic part, it wasn't. The last thing Ilya wanted was for Shane to say he never wanted to see him again. This was the last thing he *expected*.

"You are pregnant," Ilya repeated, the words landing heavy and it all felt unreal. His heart slammed against his ribs. "Fuck. That is— that is wonderful."

"What?" Shane stared at him, eyes huge.

And then reality finally hit Ilya like cold water. Why Shane looked terrified, this wasn't "wonderful" to him at all.

Of course it wasn't simple.

"I mean— that is terrible?" Ilya blurted, immediately hearing how wrong it sounded.

Shane's face fell even further. "Oh."

Shit. He was ruining this. Making everything worse when all he wanted to do was pull the kid in and tell him it would be okay.

"No, wait— I mean..." Ilya scrubbed a hand over his face. He was horrible at this. "How do *you* feel?"

Shane laughed weakly, no humor in it. "How do I feel? I'm fucking terrified."

"I'm sorry," Ilya said quietly. "I was selfish. I did this to you."

"No," Shane shook his head immediately. "You made me take the pill. It's my body. I was the one being careless."

“No, you were not, I am supposed to be the more mature one,” He didn’t add *and I was fucking you like I wanted to breed you*.

Shane swallowed. “How do you feel?”

“How I feel does not matter,” Ilya said. “It is your body, you have more to risk from this.”

That was the safe answer. But the real truth was that he was scared, yes, but some part of him felt this wild, stupid happiness. Alpha instinct saying *you did what you were meant to do; you bred your omega*.

“I need to know,” Shane whispered. “Please. Tell me.”

Ilya looked at him, heart pounding, words dragging out of him despite every reason not to say them.

“I’m worried about you,” Ilya started slowly, choosing his words carefully. “I know this changes everything for you. But... some part of me is excited. Happy, even. The thought of you carrying my child—” He winced at himself. “I’m terrible. The most selfish man alive. I shouldn’t be happy when you’re terrified.”

“Really?” Shane whispered. “You’re happy about this?”

Ilya nodded. “It feels like a dream. I always wanted kids.”

“This is insane,” Shane said. “*You* are insane. You shouldn’t be happy. Your reputation—”

“I don’t care about that,” Ilya said immediately. “What matters is what *you* want. Not me. Don’t let my feelings push you into anything. It’s your body.”

Shane groaned into his hands. “You’re making this harder. You’re supposed to get mad, and then I leave here in tears and... and I just go get an abortion.”

Ilya let out a small, soft laugh. “I would never be mad at you, Shane. And I do not want to pressure you.”

Shane looked up, frustrated. “How can you be happy about this? We barely know each other.”

“Then why don’t we fix that?” Ilya said. “You were at your parents’ place, yes? Do they know?”

Shane nodded.

“How did they take it?”

“They’re worried. They kept tiptoeing around me like I’d break. I couldn’t stand it. I had to leave.”

Ilya stepped closer. “Stay here.”

Shane swallowed, looking torn.

“You can tell your parents you’re working things out with your... what is the phrase...” Ilya paused, thoughtful. “Ah. Your baby daddy.”

The way he said it with his voice low and accent curling around the words made heat shoot straight up Shane’s neck. His scent shifted instantly, flustered, and Ilya’s eyes darkened in response.

“We should talk,” Ilya said, even though his whole body was tightening from how sweet Shane suddenly smelled. “We can fuck after.”

God. Him saying it like that did not help anything. They *did* need to talk, he’d left his wife, Shane was pregnant, they had no plan, no idea what happened next. But all Ilya could think about was the fact that he was Shane’s baby daddy now, and how badly he wanted to hear the omega say those words out loud.

“Yes... we should talk,” Shane said, but his eyes kept drifting to Ilya’s scent glands, and he kept shifting his legs like he was trying to hide how flustered he was.

That was it. Fuck talking for now.

Ilya growled, grabbed him by the waist, and hauled him up, kissing him hard enough that Shane gasped into his mouth, walking them to his bedroom.

“It is impossible to resist you,” Ilya murmured against his lips. “It was only a matter of time before I knocked you up.”

Shane’s breath hitched. “We’re so bad.”

“We are,” Ilya said, laying him back on the bed. “I got you into trouble.”

“You did,” Shane breathed, already pulling him closer as Ilya kissed him again, deeper, hungrier, pinning him down in the safest, most dangerous way.

And talking could wait just a little longer.

“You wanna get fucked by your baby daddy again?” Ilya growled, already dragging at Shane’s clothes, stripping him down even as he tried — failed — to keep his hands gentle. His control was bad because the second he smelled Shane, he lost the battle.

Shane nodded.

“Say it,” Ilya ordered.

Shane’s lips parted. His pupils were blown. “I want my baby daddy to fuck me.”

A curse ripped out of Ilya. “Fuck. You filthy little slut.”

His hand was between Shane’s legs immediately, rubbing over his hole, finding him soaking, open and eager. He pushed two fingers in, slow at first, then deeper, watching Shane arch and gasp.

“Knocked up and still ready for me,” Ilya muttered, fucking him with his fingers. “My perfect little omega.”

Shane moaned, his whole body giving in. “Put it in,” he demanded. “Please— put it in.”

“Yeah,” Ilya said. “I’ve got you.”

He pushed in with one hard, deep stroke, and they both groaned.

“Christ,” Ilya hissed. “You’re even tighter pregnant.”

Shane clenched around him, grabbing at his shoulders, meeting every thrust like his life depended on it. Ilya fucked him hard, fast, rough, unable to hold back with how perfect

Shane felt, how perfect he *always* was for him.

It didn't take long. Shane's moans, his scent, the way he whispered *baby daddy* in a broken, needy voice, it ruined Ilya completely.

They came messy and hard, collapsing together and panting.

After a few minutes, Ilya dragged in a breath and forced his brain to work again.

"Okay," he said, tapping Shane's hip. "Talking time."

Shane made a pathetic sound into the pillow. "I hate talking."

trying to advertise people to follow my tumblr like “hey... i post snippets, i’d write prompts if yall send me some”.

<https://www.tumblr.com/blog/multistanning> -say hi!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The dreaded dinner.

Chapter Notes

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

“Thank you,” Shane said as Ilya handed him a glass of water.

He took it, noticing the way Ilya was looking at him. Not saying anything, just watching him like he had a hundred things he was holding back. He drank the water slowly, dragging it out, like he could delay this conversation. Ilya didn’t rush him, he waited patiently. Shane set the glass down on the bedside table.

“I don’t know how to start this,” he admitted, rubbing his face. “I’ve never been good at... talking about my feelings.”

“Me too,” Ilya said.

“That’s reassuring.”

Ilya shifted a little, then said, “We can start with the obvious problem. Or... the very small problem. For now.”

Shane huffed.

His hand drifted to his stomach. There was nothing there yet.

“What am I supposed to do with a baby?” he said, more to himself than anything.

Ilya thought about it for a second. “What do people usually do with babies?” he said, genuinely unsure.

Shane snorted. “They look like a lot of work.”

“That is true,” Ilya said. Then, after a beat, quieter, almost to himself, “Ours would be very cute, though.”

Shane glanced at him, caught off guard by how serious he sounded.

And somehow... that didn't make things easier, he felt even more conflicted.

“Our kid would be pretty talented,” Shane said, a small smile slipping out.

“Of course. They'd be wearing my jersey before they can even walk.”

“Yeah? They're wearing mine.”

“No,” Ilya said. “First jersey they own is mine. That is not up for discussion.”

Shane snorted. “Your career ended a hundred years ago.”

Ilya shrugged. “Then we have two. Problem solved.”

The words slipped out easily and it went quiet right after, like they both realized what they’d just said.

Ilya rubbed the back of his neck. “Sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“I don’t know if I can, Ilya... it’s a lot.” He laughed weakly, running a hand through his hair. “My career— fuck, I can’t just disappear to raise a kid. That would ruin everything. And you’re married— I know you said you’re getting divorced, but you still have to go through the process. And my parents, you haven’t even met them—”

“Hey,” Ilya said, reaching out. “Breathe.”

Shane tried, but it came out shaky.

“That’s all real,” Ilya said quietly. “You’re not wrong.”

He let that sit for a second, then leaned forward a little.

“But we don’t have to solve everything tonight,” he added. “We just need to figure out the important parts first. The rest we can deal with later.”

“Like what?” Shane asked.

Ilya held his gaze. “Do you want this child?” he asked, steady. Then, after a beat, softer, “And... do you want me?”

Shane’s heart skipped a bit.

“I want to be with you,” he said.

Ilya looked relieved and Shane wondered why Ilya would ever doubt that possibility, he couldn't imagine not being with Ilya.

“Okay,” Ilya said, a small smile breaking through. “Good. Because... I want to be with you too. I've wanted it since the first night, honestly. I just—” he huffed a little, shaking his head. “I am trying to act normal because everything is... a lot. But it's not working.”

Shane grinned. “Really?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, like it was obvious. Then he caught himself, exhaled. “But... we shouldn't get distracted.”

Shane laughed under his breath. “You're the one who just confessed.”

“I know,” Ilya muttered. “Bad timing.”

“We should talk about the baby. Do you want it?”

Shane's smile faded. “Ilya... I don't know. I can't just pause my career. That would set me back—a lot.” He hesitated. “Don't be mad.”

“What?” Ilya frowned. “Why would I be mad?”

Shane was reminded that despite the strong feelings between them, they were still practically strangers.

“I want you,” Ilya said simply. “Not a decision you feel forced into. Whatever you choose, it has to be right for you.”

Shane let out a breath. “Thank you.”

Ilya nodded. “We don’t have to figure it out tonight. We can go to a clinic, talk to someone, get proper information. I’ll come with you. I’ll set it up.”

He said it like it was obvious — like of course he’d be there.

And Shane felt it immediately, that pull in his chest towards the alpha. His omega instincts reacting before he could think about it. He loved the way Ilya took control without forcing him, how he acted like he already had a place carved out for Shane beside him.

“Okay,” Shane said after a long pause. He rubbed his hands together, staring at them. “I’m scared, but... a kid is a lot. I don’t think it’s fair to bring one into this when I’m not even sure I can handle it.”

He swallowed. “I think... I think I should have the abortion.”

Ilya didn’t react right away, like he was making sure Shane really meant it.

“Okay,” he said finally, voice steady. “If that’s what you want, then we do that.”

Shane nodded.

Ilya reached out, resting a hand on his thigh. “I’ll be there with you, no matter what.”

Shane let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

“Okay,” he said again, softer this time.

—

So Shane didn’t go through with it.

A week later, they were at the hospital. He was already in the room, prepped, everything moving too fast and clinical. He could hear his own heartbeat louder than anything else.

And then suddenly he couldn’t breathe.

“I— I can’t—” he pushed himself up, ripping the monitor off his finger. “I need a second.”

Before anyone could stop him, he was out the door.

“Ilya,” he gasped, stumbling into the hallway.

Ilya was on his feet immediately. “Shane? What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

Shane bent over, hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath.

And then he started laughing.

“I want to have a baby with you,” he said, like the realization hit him all at once. “Fuck— I want it.”

Ilya just stared at him. “Shane...”

Shane looked up, almost disbelieving himself. “I want it. I actually want it.”

“Are you sure?” Ilya asked carefully, stepping closer. “This is not something you decide in panic.”

“I’m not panicking,” Shane said quickly. Then, softer, more certain, “I thought I was. But I’m not.”

He dragged a hand through his hair. “If anyone can take a break for a year, it’s me. It’ll suck, yeah, but... it’s just another thing to get through. I can handle it.”

Ilya exhaled, still watching him like he might change his mind any second. “Shane... I cannot ask you to do this. This is your life.”

“I know,” Shane said. “But I want to.” He stepped closer. “We can do this, right? We can have a baby.”

There was a beat then Ilya let out a laugh, shaking his head like he couldn’t believe it.

“Yeah, we can.” His voice dropped. “Holy shit... you’re really giving me a baby?”

Shane laughed, a little breathless now. “I need to tell my parents. Oh my god— you need to meet my parents.”

He couldn't stop smiling.

"I want this," he said again, quieter, like he needed to hear himself say it.

And he realized, standing there in a hospital hallway, that he'd never wanted anything this badly. Not even hockey. He could already picture it — a kid running around in one of their jerseys, Ilya in the stands, holding them up like they belonged there.

"This is the happiest day of my life," Ilya said, still looking at him like he was something unreal. "So far. It will only get better with you."

He ran a hand over his face, pacing then stopping.

"Wait," he said suddenly. "I need to marry you."

Shane blinked. "What?"

"I am serious," Ilya said. "This is— we are having a child. We should be married."

Shane laughed, grabbing his arm. "Slow down. You're still married."

Ilya paused.

"...Right," he said.

Shane grinned. "Let's start with meeting my parents."

“Fuck,” Ilya muttered.

That was the part he’d been worried about.

They drove back to Ilya’s place, the one he’d been staying in all week. Shane sat quiet most of the ride, staring out the window, trying to figure out how he was supposed to explain any of this to them.

He’d already told his parents about the abortion this week. They’d agreed with him, said it was the smartest choice.

Now he had to go back and say— *actually, never mind, I changed my mind.*

It sounded insane even in his own head.

He’d called them a few days ago and kept it vague. Said he was “working things out” with the father. They’d gotten excited immediately. Asked to meet him, Shane wanted to drag that out as much as he could, but now he was keeping the baby, he had to tell them.

So the next day, Shane went over first. Alone. Just to... soften it, told them he changed his mind about the abortion too. He wasn’t sure how his mother felt about that. He also told them Ilya was much older, which they raised their eyebrows at but didn’t say anything.

“He’s coming for dinner,” he said, hovering near the kitchen like he was about to bolt.

His mom looked up. “Okay.”

“Just—” Shane hesitated. “Promise you’ll be nice.”

She frowned slightly. “When are we not nice?”

Shane shifted. “I mean... don’t read into things. Don’t judge him before you actually talk to him.”

She raised a brow. “That depends. Is there something we should be judging?”

“That’s exactly what I mean,” Shane said, already getting annoyed.

“We’ll be nice,” his dad said.

Shane let out a breath. “Okay. Thank you.”

His mom wiped her hands on a towel, studying him. “I’m just curious,” she said. “About the alpha who’s making you put your career on hold.”

“He’s not *making* me do anything,” Shane snapped, faster than he meant to.

“That wasn’t what I meant,” she replied.

Shane shook his head, already frustrated. “It sounded like it.”

“Shane—”

“I’m serious,” he cut in. “If you’re going to act like this, I’ll just tell him not to come.”

Shane exhaled sharply and turned, heading toward the hallway before he said something worse.

A second later, his dad followed him.

“Hey,” his dad said, softer. “Your mom didn’t mean it like that.”

Shane shook his head. “She’s disappointed in me. She thinks I’m throwing away my career.”

“She doesn’t,” his dad said. “And even if she’s worried, that’s not the same thing. We both know this is your life. Whatever you decide, we’re behind you.”

“I want this, Dad. I want the baby. I want him. And I still want hockey.” He let out a shaky breath. “I want all of it.”

“Then you’ll have it.”

Shane looked down at his hands. “Is it selfish?”

“No,” his dad said firmly. “You deserve the world.”

“Thank you,” he said. Then, after a beat, “I just... I really hope you both like him.”

“If he makes you happy, then we will,” he said.

Shane tried to smile, but it didn’t stick. The closer it got to dinner, the more his anxiety worsened.

Then the doorbell rang.

“Fuck,” he muttered. “He’s here.”

He was already moving before anyone could say anything, practically jogging to the door.

He opened it and Ilya stood there, looking... nervous. Which was insane, considering who he was. But he was — his hands shoved in his pockets like he didn’t know what to do with them.

“Hey,” Shane said.

“Hello,” Ilya replied, and yeah— he definitely looked like he’d rather face a playoff final than this, but he gave Shane a quick kiss, and touched his stomach lightly, like he was greeting the baby too.

Shane stepped aside, letting him in, then guided him toward the dining table.

The second they walked in, everything stopped.

His parents just... stared.

“Ilya Rozanov?” his mom said slowly, like she didn’t trust her own eyes.

Ilya gave a small, awkward nod. “Yes. Hello.”

Silence.

Then—

“Shane,” she said, not taking her eyes off him. “Is this the man that got you pregnant, or is this some kind of joke?”

Shane’s chest tightened. “Mom, why would this be a joke?”

“Because,” she said, finally looking at him, “he is twenty years older than you.”

“I told you he was older,” Shane shot back.

“Older is a few years,” she said sharply. “Not someone nearly our age.”

Shane exhaled, running a hand through his hair.

Yeah. This was going exactly how he feared it would.

“Yuna,” his dad said, a warning in his tone, even though he looked just as shocked. “He’s a guest. Please.”

Then, to Ilya, more composed, “Welcome. It’s an honor. Please, have a seat.”

Ilya nodded, a little stiff, and sat down. “Thank you for having me.”

Yuna just kept looking at him, like she was trying to figure him out piece by piece.

“I know I’m not what you expected,” Ilya added, carefully. “But I care about Shane. I would treat him well.”

Her eyes narrowed slightly. “Do you know he had posters of you in his room?”

“Mom—” Shane snapped, heat rising to his face.

“Yuna,” his dad said, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“You’re his idol,” she continued, not backing down. “That must’ve made things very easy for you.”

Shane stood up immediately. “Okay, no. Ilya, we’re leaving.”

“I understand why you feel this way,” Ilya said, calm, even as the tension in his shoulders gave him away.

Shane was already standing up. “No, we’re not doing this. I’m not sitting here while you—”

“Shane,” his dad said, standing too. “Wait.”

“I’m serious,” Shane said, voice shaking now. “If this is how it’s going to be, we’re leaving.”

“Sit down,” his dad said, firmer this time. “We need to get through this.”

Shane hesitated.

Ilya reached out, just lightly touching his wrist.

“Let us stay,” Ilya said quietly. “Please.”

Shane looked at him, then slowly sat back down.

The room stayed tense.

Yuna didn't look like she was backing down. “And are you not married?”

“I am in the process of ending that,” Ilya replied. “It was not a real marriage in the way you think. We had an agreement. It is already... over.”

“That's convenient,” she said.

“Yuna,” his dad warned again.

“No, I want to understand,” she said, turning back to Ilya. “You're older. You're established. He's just starting. He has everything ahead of him. And now he's pregnant.”

Silence.

Shane swallowed hard.

“I am aware,” Ilya said, voice low. “And I know how it looks. I know what you think of me.”

“Do you?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said simply. “But I am not here to take anything from him.”

“You already have,” Yuna said, her voice tight. “He’s half your age. His career is just starting. He grew up looking up to you, and now he’s pregnant. You get everything and he loses everything he loves.”

“That’s not true,” Shane cut in, defensive. “That’s not everything I love. And you’re being unfair, Mom. You don’t even know him. This was my choice.”

“This was not something I planned,” Ilya said. “And I understand your concern. But Shane is not losing everything. His career is not ending, I’ll make sure of it.”

“You can’t promise that,” Yuna said. “You don’t control how the world works. Do you have any idea how hard it was to get him here as an omega? What he represents to people? Do you even understand that?”

“Mom,” Shane said. “We’re going to leave. This isn’t fair. You’re not even listening, you’re just— attacking him. And you keep making this about hockey like that’s the only thing that matters to me. I can care about other things too.”

“It *does* matter,” she shot back. “You’ve worked your whole life for it.”

“I know that,” Shane said, voice rising. “I’m the one who lived it.”

“Shane,” his dad said quietly.

But Shane shook his head. “No. I’m serious. If this is how it’s going to be—”

“Mrs. Hollander,” Ilya said, cutting in before it could spiral further. “You are a good parent,” he said. “It is obvious how much you care about him. I respect that. Honestly... I’d hope to be as thorough as you are when it comes to our child.”

That made her pause.

“I know exactly what Shane means,” Ilya continued. “To hockey, to people watching him. I have seen it myself.” He glanced at Shane for a second, softer. “I am proud of him too. Every day.”

“But he is also his own person,” Ilya went on. “And this is his decision.”

“And you’re just going to go along with whatever he says?”

“I am going to support him, I am not here to take anything from him,” Ilya said. “Shane is going to take a year off, and he’s going to go back, I have all the free time in the world, I’ll handle most of it,”

Yuna studied him for a long moment, like she was trying to find the lie in that.

“And what if this ruins his career anyway?” Yuna asked.

Ilya didn’t hesitate. “It won’t.”

She raised a brow.

“He’s the best player I’ve seen,” Ilya added. “Nothing would change that.”

Shane tried not to react, but he couldn’t help the small smile that slipped through.

Yuna looked between them, then exhaled slowly. “I... need a minute. This is a lot.”

She glanced at Shane. “And I’m sorry. If I sounded harsh. I just— I need time to process this.”

Shane nodded. “I know.”

A small pause.

“Let’s eat first,” David said, stepping in. “We can talk after.”

No one argued with that.

Chapter End Notes

i thought it’d be more interesting if yuna didn’t accept ilya right away and there was some tension between them. it felt more realistic to me, but i’m curious what you guys think, did she handle it well or was she too harsh?

also sorry for the late update 😭 i'm really trying not to drop this fic, you guys have been so kind and it genuinely motivates me to keep going

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

the end.

Chapter Notes

i have no words, i'm so sorry this took forever but you guys were so sweet and persistent
i couldn't leave you hanging <3

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The surface of the makeshift backyard rink was scarred with fresh skate marks from an afternoon of skating. Shane Hollander leaned against the porch railing, arms crossed over his chest, watching the two figures darting across the ice like they owned it. At thirteen years old, the twins had already inherited their fathers' obsession with the game.

Irina, their alpha daughter, was a force, she was aggressive, and fiercely competitive. She stole the puck from her brother with a sharp turn that would have made any junior coach whistle.

"Too slow, Sasha!" she shouted, laughter in her voice as she fired a shot into the makeshift net.

Sasha, the omega son, just grinned and chased after her. He was gentler, with Shane's quick hands and movements on the ice. Where Irina dominated through power, Sasha played cleverly. He idolized Shane in ways that still tightened something deep in Shane's chest every single time especially since Shane didn't think he was a good idol.

Ilya came up behind him, and wrapped his strong arms around Shane's waist. Even after all these years, the alpha's scent made Shane's knees feel a little weak.

“They’re going to kill each other before they make it to juniors,” Ilya murmured against his neck.

“Good,” Shane replied. “Works for us, doesn’t it?”

The peace didn’t last long. Shane looked away for only a moment. The next thing he heard was a heavy thud and a loud scream.

Sasha was on the ice, curled up and crying. Irina stood over him, still gripping her stick. Shane sprinted out onto the rink and Ilya followed right behind.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked, dropping to his knees beside his son. Sasha wasn’t. He was sobbing hard, clutching his wrist.

On the other side, Ilya had already grabbed Irina’s arm, voice sharp with anger. “What is wrong with you? Я говорил тебе — be careful with him. He is not your opponent, Irina.”

“He *is* my opponent,” Irina shot back, standing her ground. “Daddy said we should give it our all during practice.”

“That doesn’t mean you get to push him to the ground. He is an omega and you’re an alpha ___”

“Ilya,” Shane cut in, anger flashing in his voice as he helped Sasha sit up. “You can scold our daughter without being sexist. Irina is right — Sasha *is* her opponent. In a real game this happens all the time. If he wants to play at this level, he needs to learn how to take hits.”

Ilya frowned, angry. Sasha’s full-on sobbing cut right through him. How the hell could Shane be so dismissive of their son’s pain, brushing it off like it was nothing more than part of the game? Ilya didn’t understand it. He wanted them to actually enjoy hockey. They were still so young.

“You can play against an opponent without being that rough,” Ilya snapped at Irina. “Go to your room and think about what you’ve done.”

Irina opened her mouth, but the look on his face shut her up. She turned and stormed inside.

Ilya turned fully to Sasha, crouching down and scooping the boy up into his arms like he weighed nothing. Sasha looked so much like Shane it hurt sometimes, he had those same freckles scattered across his face, the same soft, cute smile, those expressive eyes that could break your heart. His hair was all Ilya’s though, he had wild blonde curls that fell messily over his forehead.

Irina was the complete opposite, she had long, dark black hair and Ilya’s sharp blue eyes. She was named after his mother, but she acted nothing like her. He still wondered where that stubborn streak came from. Shane always said it was from him, but Ilya didn’t buy it.

As he carried Sasha toward the house, they passed the hallway mirror. Ilya caught a glimpse of himself. He was getting so fucking old. He was in his fifties now, his hair gone almost fully white, lines carved deep around his eyes.

Shane, still in his mid-thirties, looked as hot as ever, he was lean, gorgeous, at a very good height of his career, radiating that effortless pull that made people stare. Ilya hated it sometimes. When Shane went to pick the kids up from school, he saw the way other parents looked at him, heard the whispers of teachers and teens calling him a milf. It made something ugly and possessive flare up inside him.

“Don’t be mad at Daddy, Papa,” Sasha said softly, eyes flicking up to Ilya’s face. “He just wants me to be like you and him.”

Ilya’s expression changed immediately, the tension easing from his jaw.

“I don’t want you to be like us,” he said gently. “I want you to be like *you*, Sasha.”

Sasha frowned a little. “But I want to be like him. Everyone says I’m lucky. That I have the best hockey player as my dad.”

Ilya sat beside him on the bed, hands moving carefully over him, checking for anything serious. No swelling or obvious injury so he sighed in relief.

“You can be anything you want, *solnyshko*,” Ilya said softly. “You don’t have to copy me or your dad. You don’t even have to play hockey if you don’t want to.”

Sasha blinked at that like the idea hadn’t even crossed his mind before.

“Ilya,” Shane’s voice came from the doorway.

Ilya looked up.

“Don’t put ideas in his head,” Shane said. “Sasha loves hockey.”

He walked closer, crouching in front of his son. “You okay, honey?”

Sasha nodded quickly. “It hurts, but... I think I’m fine. You were right, I need to learn to take hits. I’m sorry I cried.”

“That’s okay,” Shane said immediately, brushing Sasha’s hair back. “You don’t need to apologize for that.”

Then, softer, like it was already a lesson in his head, “Next time I’ll show you a better way to avoid it.”

Sasha blinked. “But you’re just going to show Irina how to hit harder, and she’ll do it again.”

Shane hesitated.

“Well,” he said carefully, “that’s... part of it. You both make each other better.”

Sasha didn’t look convinced.

“You can get better *and* have fun,” Ilya cut in, quieter now.

Both of them looked at him.

Ilya exhaled, running a hand over Sasha’s shoulder. “Hockey is not supposed to feel like a punishment.”

Ilya didn’t want to foster a rivalry between his own kids, but it felt like Shane didn’t mind it at all if it pushed them to be the best. Both of them were already the strongest players in their age group. But they were still so young. This was the only time they didn’t have to carry the weight of expectations on their shoulders.

“You’re fine, honey,” Shane said gently, brushing Sasha’s curls back from his face. “You can go find your sister. She’s worried she hurt you.”

“No she isn’t!” Sasha huffed, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. “I’m gonna get her back for that.”

Before Ilya could say anything, Sasha wiggled out of his arms and bolted out of the room, already fired up again.

Now it was just the two of them.

“What’s your problem?” Shane asked, crossing his arms. “Why does it seem like you’re trying to discourage Sasha from hockey?”

Ilya exhaled slowly, trying to keep his temper in check. “I’m not trying to discourage him. I’m trying to be a good father and not put too much pressure on him. He’s still so young, sweetheart.”

“I was already way ahead at his age,” Shane shot back. “And he’s handling it just fine.”

Ilya sighed. It was always hard to make Shane see this. The omega was driven to his core, and sometimes that fire blinded him. “He should have an identity that isn’t just hockey,” Ilya said quietly. “I don’t want him growing up thinking his worth only comes from how many goals he scores. There’s more to life than that. There should be.”

Ilya watched Shane’s face and felt that familiar ache settle in his chest. It did seem like Shane was harder on Sasha than on Irina. Most of it, Ilya suspected, was projection. Shane saw so much of his younger self in their son, they were both omegas — and he was determined to mold Sasha into something better than he had been.

When Shane had first gotten pregnant, they’d both been so naive. They thought the career hit would last maybe a year at most, then he’d be back on the ice like nothing happened. Then, they found out they were having twins and everything changed. It was a lot. More than they’d planned for, more than they’d thought they could handle at the time. Shane’s mother, Yuna, had been furious when she heard. The disappointment in her voice still echoed in Ilya’s memory.

He remembered thinking that telling Shane’s parents would be the worst of it, not knowing that there was more to come.

It was only a few weeks after that painful dinner with Shane's parents. The pregnancy was still new, barely showing, it was just a slight firmness under Shane's shirt if you knew what to look for now. And Shane was preparing to tell his team and take time off. However, Shane, being Shane, was insisting on playing one last game with them.

Ilya was not having it.

"This is my last game before the break," he'd said the night before, arms crossed, stubborn. "One more. Then I'm done for the rest of the season and all of next year."

Ilya had fought him on it, but Ilya had come to realize that there was no winning once Shane made his mind up on something. Ilya was going to watch the game too.

In the locker room before the game, Shane finally told the team. It was the only way Ilya would let him step on the ice, his teammates needed to know so they could watch his back. He kept it short, didn't drop Ilya's name. He wasn't ready for the questions, not with Ilya still technically married. Hayden and the rest took it better than he'd expected, but they were very protective.

The game started normally enough. Shane tried to be careful, knowing his limits and not overexerting himself. But later, with the score tied, he thought he could try to score until some big alpha asshole on the other team came in dirty with full force into Shane's ribs and shoulder. Shane slammed into the boards and crumpled.

Ilya was out of his seat, running towards him and confusing everyone in the arena, leaving them wondering why Ilya Rozanov was concerned about Shane Hollander, however it didn't take much for people to put two and two together.

Down in the medical room under the stands, Shane sat on the exam table, breathing shallow through the pain. One hand rested protectively over his belly like he didn't even realize he was doing it. The doctor was checking vitals, muttering about bruised ribs and a banged-up shoulder. The baby's heartbeat stayed steady on the monitor, a tiny, rapid thump that cut through the tension in the room.

Ilya dropped to his knees beside the table and pressed their foreheads together, breathing in Shane's scent.

"My stubborn omega," he whispered, voice thick with worry as he cupped the side of Shane's face. "I told you not to play."

Shane let out a tired huff, leaning into the touch. "I'm sorry," he murmured, voice hoarse and cracking. "I felt like I couldn't just walk away... I'm so sorry. I could've lost our baby because of my selfishness."

"Don't apologize to me, sweetheart," Ilya said softly. "The important thing now is that you're okay. Both of you."

He shifted closer, sliding one big hand down to rest over Shane's belly, rubbing slow, careful circles there like he could protect them through touch.

The doctor finished his checks, gave them a few more instructions, and stepped out to give them some privacy. The door had barely clicked shut when it opened again. Shane's parents stepped inside, looking very worried.

Yuna moved to the side of the table first, eyes scanning her son. "What happened?"

"I'm okay, Mom," Shane said quietly.

"And the baby?" His dad asked.

"Baby's okay too, they checked."

The room felt awkward, with his mother completely ignoring Ilya's existence, and his dad only giving him a small nod. But Ilya was too focused on Shane to care.

Shane's phone had been vibrating nonstop on the side table. He finally reached for it with his good arm, frowning as the notifications flooded in. People sending him videos of Ilya bolting down the stairs and onto the ice, the way he'd dropped beside Shane and cradled him so carefully, some comments were saying things like: *Isn't that married Ilya Rozanov? They've been having an affair?*

His teammates sending him texts: *Dude... is this real? You and Rozanov? We don't believe the affair shit but how do you even know him like that?*

Shane locked the phone and set it face-down on the table, breathing out sharply. "It's out there. They're already speculating about us."

"Ignore them," Ilya said quietly, his hand still resting protectively on Shane's belly.

Yuna let out a sharp, bitter laugh. "Ignore them? That's your advice? If only it were that easy. You have no idea what kind of hate he's about to walk into."

"Yuna, not here," David said, putting a hand on her arm.

She shook it off, eyes locked on Ilya. "This is exactly what I was worried about."

"I know what they'll say," Ilya replied. "I'm not leaving his side. There's always rumors. They die down eventually."

"This isn't about you," Yuna snapped. "But you made damn sure people will talk about it forever when you ran out there without thinking."

“He was hurt,” Ilya shot back. “Was I supposed to just sit there and watch? My first instinct was to get to him, to make sure my omega was okay. I wasn’t thinking about gossip when I saw him lying on the ice.”

“You weren’t thinking!” Yuna said. “You didn’t think about how it would affect his career, exposing your relationship while you were still married. You didn’t think when you decided to knock him up. If you truly cared about him, you never would’ve done any of this. His career is about to be over.”

“All you care about is his career,” Ilya growled.

“Ilya...” Shane said, not wanting a repeat of the fight.

“Yes, of course I care about his career!” Yuna snapped. “I’m not ashamed of that. I’m his mother. I love him. And you? You don’t give a damn about his future. All you care about is getting your knot wet and damn the consequences — how many lives you destroy along the way.”

“Yuna!” David interrupted his wife.

“I have tolerated a lot from you,” Ilya said, voice dangerously low, “but if you think I’m going to stand here and let you—”

The door opened and the doctor stepped in, tablet in hand, and froze at the scene. “Is... everything okay in here?”

The room went quiet. Shane looked wrecked, tears shining in his eyes. Ilya’s jaw was clenched tight and Yuna’s face was flushed with rage, while David looked like he wanted to facepalm.

The doctor cleared his throat awkwardly and pushed forward. “I’ll make this quick. The good news is everything looks stable. The baby is fine... actually, babies. The ultrasound showed

two. One was hiding behind the other earlier. You're having twins."

Shane let out a shaky breath, staring at the doctor like he couldn't quite believe it. "Twins...?"

Ilya's anger melted instantly. He turned to Shane, eyes wide with wonder as he squeezed his hand. "Twins," he whispered, voice full of awe. "Our babies."

Yuna took one step back, shaking her head slowly. "You've ruined your life," she said quietly. Then she turned and walked out of the room without another word.

David hesitated in the doorway, looking torn between following his wife and staying with his son. After a long beat, he let the door close and turned back to them.

"She needs time to process all of this," he said quietly. "It's a lot to take in."

"She doesn't have to be part of our lives if she doesn't want to be," Ilya said, voice flat but calm now that the yelling had stopped.

Shane nodded, still wiping at his eyes. "I don't like the way she speaks to Ilya and how she treats me like I'm still a kid who can't make his own decisions."

David sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. "She'll come around. I promise. She loves you, Shane. This just... scared her."

He glanced between them, expression softening a little as he looked at Shane's belly. "One baby is already a lot of work. Two babies... that's going to be overwhelming. I'm happy for you both, I really am. But you have to be realistic. You're not going to be able to jump back into your career in a year with twins."

"I will," Shane said, jaw set. "I'll make it work."

—

A couple of weeks after the hospital scare, Ilya's divorce papers finally came through.

Shane had been staying with Ilya full-time since the hit. He hadn't gone back to his own place. It was easier this way. Ilya took care of him — cooked for him, made sure he rested, held him when the online hate got too loud. When Shane was alone, he couldn't stop himself from reading the comments. It always left him drained and sad.

That afternoon, they were curled up on the couch when Shane asked softly, "How do you feel now that it's done? Do you... miss her at all?"

Ilya looked at him, surprised. "Why would I miss her? She will always be in my life."

Shane went quiet, Ilya noticed and pulled him closer.

"I want you to meet her soon," Ilya said gently. "She's been asking about you. Bugging me, actually."

"I don't know..."

"Don't worry, sweetheart. Svetlana likes you. She has a bit of a crush on you, if I am being honest. She will be nice."

Shane let out a surprised laugh. The tension broke, and Ilya took advantage, leaning in to kiss him. It started soft but quickly turned deep, hungry. Shane whimpered into his mouth, shifting restlessly.

"I'm horny," Shane whined against his lips, cheeks flushed.

Ilya's eyes widened, a low chuckle rumbling in his chest. "God, you're so sexy like this. I wish I could fuck you properly, but you're still recovering, baby."

Shane whined again, needy and frustrated. "Please..."

"Feisty little omega," Ilya murmured fondly. "Fine."

He slid down Shane's body, careful with his injured shoulder, and took his time. He ate him out slow and thorough until Shane was trembling and moaning his name. When Shane finally came, shaking apart with a broken cry, Ilya held him through it, kissing his way back up and pulling him into his arms.

—

Shane was seven months pregnant now, and the exhaustion was hitting him hard. David started coming around more often, checking in on his only child like it was second nature. He was always civil with Ilya, sometimes they'd sit at the kitchen table with coffee while Shane napped, and David would share whatever wisdom he had.

"I was clueless with one kid," David admitted one afternoon, rubbing the back of his neck. "With twins? You two better prepare for work and don't be too proud to ask for help."

He also kept gently pushing the idea of a baby shower. "It doesn't have to be big. Just something nice. You deserve to celebrate this."

Shane didn't want anything to do with it. The media had been absolutely brutal for months, "Shane Hollander, homewrecker" trending every other week, endless articles about the timing of the divorce and proposal, the pregnancy. He'd stopped going online, but the damage was done. He spent most days in bed, either curled up with Ilya or alone, staring at the wall with heavy sadness that worried Ilya more than anything.

One evening, while Shane was sleeping, Ilya sat across from David in the living room, looking more lost than the older man had ever seen him.

“I don’t know what to do,” Ilya said quietly. “I’m so worried about him. He’s shutting down.”

“Keep doing what you’re doing — be there for him.”

Ilya rubbed a hand over his face. “I think he’s also upset that Yuna won’t come around. Does she... does she know how he’s doing?”

“She wouldn’t even let me talk about him,” David said with a tired sigh. “They’re both as stubborn as each other. I’ll try to get her to visit.”

And somehow, he did.

Shane eventually caved on the baby shower. It was small, just close friends, teammates, and family at their new place. Svetlana showed up too, which made everything feel ten times more awkward. The tension in the room was thick from the start.

Hayden pulled Shane aside halfway through, looking genuinely confused. “How the hell do you invite your husband’s ex-wife to his mistress’s baby shower?”

Shane gave him a flat look. “That isn’t what’s happening here, Hayden.”

“Then what is it? This is the most confusing relationship I’ve ever seen.”

“Well, it’s not for you to understand,” Shane said, keeping his voice even. “She’s not his wife anymore. They’re still friends. That’s it.”

Hayden didn't look convinced, and a lot of the other guests seemed just as baffled. But Shane didn't have the energy to care anymore. The internet had already said the worst things possible about him. He'd heard it all.

Then he saw his mom walking toward him.

Yuna looked stiff, like she was forcing herself to be there, but she was holding two wrapped gifts. She stopped in front of him, eyes flicking down to his very pregnant belly before meeting his gaze.

"I... I missed you," Yuna said, voice cracking just a little.

Shane's eyes stung. He smiled through it and pulled her into a hug, holding on tight. God, he'd missed his mom. The familiar scent of her made his eyes water.

She pulled away and handed him the gifts she brought. "I'll do better," she said quietly. Her eyes flicked over to Ilya, who was across the room talking to a couple of his friends. "I'll give him a chance. For you. And for my grandkids."

"Thank you, Mom. That means everything to me."

She nodded, still stiff, but her expression was softer now.

Later, while Shane was catching his breath near the kitchen, Svetlana approached him.

She was stunning, poised and confident, with sharp features and an easy smile. He straightened up instinctively.

"So," she said, tilting her head, "you're the Shane Hollander who has Ilya completely wrapped around his finger."

Shane's face went hot. "I—I'm sorry?"

Svetlana smiled, amused at how flustered Shane looked. She leaned against the counter casually, like they were old friends catching up.

"He's been good to you, right?" she asked. "Because if he's not, I'll kick his ass myself. Old habits die hard."

Shane let out a surprised laugh, some of the tension easing out of his shoulders. "He's... he's been amazing, actually. Better than I probably deserve, with everything that's happened."

She glanced across the room toward Ilya, who was now holding one of the twins' gift bags and laughing loudly with Shane's team.

"He's happier than I've seen him in a long time," she said quietly. "And terrified. Which is good. Means he's taking this seriously." She turned back to Shane. "You two are going to be fine. If you ever need anything, advice from someone who understands what it's like to be married to that stubborn man, you can talk to me anytime."

Shane swallowed, genuinely touched. "Thank you. I mean it. This... this can't be easy for you."

"Oh, it's easier than you think. Take care of yourself, Shane. And those babies. I'll be around if you need me."

—

"We should get married," Ilya said one lazy afternoon, his hand resting on Shane's very round belly.

Shane let out a soft laugh. “You say that all the time.”

“Well, we should,” Ilya insisted, propping himself up on one elbow. “I proposed to you properly last month over dinner and you still haven’t given me a real answer.”

Shane sighed, shifting uncomfortably on the couch. “Ilya... I’m seven months pregnant. Planning a wedding is the last thing on my mind right now.”

“I will plan everything,” Ilya said immediately. “You just say yes, and I’ll handle the rest. I don’t care if it’s small or big. I just want you to be my husband.”

Shane looked away, chewing on his lip. “I’ll think about it.”

Ilya frowned, a worried crease appearing between his brows. “Do you not want to marry me?”

“I do!” Shane said quickly, turning back to him, defensive. “Of course I do.”

“Then talk to me, solnishko.”

Shane was quiet for a long moment. “It feels too soon. You just got out of your marriage with Svetlana. People are already talking nonstop. If we do this now, it’ll only get worse.”

“People will talk no matter what we do,” Ilya said gently.

Shane hesitated, then deflected. “Let’s talk about it after the twins are born, okay?”

Ilya studied him for a long moment, thumb still gently rubbing over Shane’s knuckles. “I think we should communicate better, sweetheart. I am not trying to pressure you, I want to

know if this is something you see for us. We don't have to get married. I can stop bringing it up if that's what you need."

"I do want to marry you. I just... I want to get married after I'm back on the ice. When I win the Cup. I want to be proud of myself again. Not like this."

Ilya was quiet for a few seconds, processing. Then he nodded slowly, pulling Shane closer and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

"Alright," he murmured against his skin. "We'll wait. Whenever you're ready. I'm not going anywhere."

—

"I love you," Ilya breathed against Shane's neck as he thrust deep and slow, careful with his very pregnant omega.

They were spooned on their sides, Ilya curled protectively around him from behind, the only position that still felt comfortable this late. Shane moaned softly, pushing back to meet every thrust.

"I love you too," Shane gasped, voice breaking as Ilya's knot started to swell inside him.

"God, your pregnant body is so fucking sexy," Ilya groaned, one hand spread wide over Shane's swollen belly. "We only have a month left... I'm going to miss this."

Shane let out a breathless, teasing laugh. "Or you could just get me pregnant again after."

Ilya's eyes went dark with hunger. He growled low in his throat and started fucking him again, deeper, possessive. "Don't say that to your alpha unless you want me to make it

happen.”

Shane whimpered, clenching around him. “My mom would kill you.”

“I don’t want to hear about your mother when I’m inside you,” Ilya growled, nipping at his ear as he thrust harder, knot locking them together again.

—

Shane was in the middle of labor, sweating and screaming through contractions when his mother decided it was the perfect time to negotiate middle names.

“Irina’s is fine,” Yuna said firmly, “but Sasha needs a better middle name.”

David jumped in. “I have a list of ideas—”

“Are you serious right now?” Shane yelled, gripping Ilya’s hand so hard his knuckles went white. “I’m about to get cut open and you two want to talk about their middle names?!”

Ilya stayed glued to his side, murmuring soft words in Russian, trying to keep him calm while shooting warning looks at both parents. The doctor finally stepped in and told everyone to focus.

When the time came for the C-section, both babies came into the world healthy and loud

They were perfect.

They got discharged pretty quick, but raising twins was nothing like Shane had imagined. The sleepless nights, the constant feeding, the way both babies seemed to tag-team their

meltdowns, it was brutal. Shane had been delusional thinking he could start light training a month after birth. It took nearly six months before he was anywhere near ready.

They hired a nanny to help, which eased some of the pressure. Seven months after the twins were born, Shane finally started training again with Ilya. His parents stepped up, taking the twins for a few hours at a time so he could focus.

There were nights Shane barely slept, moments he looked at the twins and wondered if he'd ever feel like himself again. But slowly, bit by bit, he started coming back.

They bought a new house with a big backyard so the twins could destroy everything in sight. The media had mostly chilled out by then. The worst of the hate died down, though a few weirdos online still tried to spin conspiracy theories about their relationship.

When Shane finally stepped back on the ice, the twins were eighteen months old, way later than he'd wanted. And once he got going, he was a monster. He smashed his own old records and made the doubters look stupid.

Ilya was so proud of him it hurt sometimes. He'd get choked up just watching Shane out there, dominating the ice like he was born for it. He still couldn't believe this was his life.

When Shane finally won the Cup, he pulled Ilya into a kiss right there on the ice in front of everyone.

—

Their wedding was small and perfect. Just them, the twins, close family, a few teammates, and people who actually mattered. They did it on a quiet island with the ocean in the background. Ilya couldn't stop smiling like an idiot the entire day.

That night after the wedding, standing on the balcony with Shane in his arms and the sound of waves crashing below, Ilya held him tight and whispered against his neck, "I love you so

much. Thank you for giving me this life, Shane Hollander.”

“I love you too, Mr. Rozanov,” Shane teased, turning in his arms.

“Oh, that brings back memories,” Ilya smirked, kissing him hard and hungry.

“You’re so easy,” Shane laughed between kisses. “I just call you that once and you’re all over me.”

“I wanna fuck you right here,” Ilya breathed, hands already sliding down Shane’s body.

“Too risky,” Shane muttered, even as he moaned softly at the touch.

“It’s dark. No one would see,” Ilya said, cupping his ass, pressing him against the railing.

The island had other houses nearby, including the one where his parents and the twins were staying so Shane took control to distract him. He kissed Ilya deep and filthy, walking them backward into the bedroom.

“Mr. Rozanov,” he said breathlessly once they were inside.

Ilya’s eyes went dark. He spun Shane around, bent him over the bed on all fours, and pushed into him in one smooth thrust. He fucked him hard and deep until Shane came with a muffled cry, and Ilya followed right after, groaning his name.

Present

Ilya blinked, slowly coming back to the present.

Shane walked in, looking thoughtful. “Do I push them too hard?” he asked quietly. “I was just thinking about us. Everything that happened in the beginning. I don’t want to turn into my mother. I love her, I know she loves me, and I’m grateful for how hard she pushed me in my career... but am I doing the same thing to the twins?”

Ilya let out a soft chuckle and pulled him into his arms. “I was just thinking about us too.”

He held Shane close for a moment, breathing him in, before pulling back enough to look at him properly.

“You aren’t your mother,” Ilya said gently, cupping Shane’s face. “You worry about this, which already makes us a good balance. I cuddle them when they need it, and you push them when they can take it. I know you love them. And when they’re tired, you let them be kids.”

Shane let out a long, shaky breath and leaned into him, forehead resting against Ilya’s shoulder.

The kids burst into the kitchen at that moment, buzzing with energy.

“Daddy, Irina apologized to me. Can you believe it?” Sasha said.

Irina folded her arms, rolling her eyes dramatically. “Well, I didn’t want to get in trouble. And you were being very pouty about it.”

Shane laughed. “An apology from Irina? Mark the calendar.”

Ilya smirked and ruffled her dark hair as she tried (and failed) to dodge him. “Good girl. I’m proud of you for owning up to it.”

“Can I get a reward?” Irina asked immediately, ever the opportunist.

Shane raised an eyebrow. “Apologizing is something you should do on your own. And you hurt him, so making it right should be its own reward.”

“How about we all go to Disney Land?” Ilya suggested.

“Ilya!” Shane said.

“Yay, Disney Land!” Sasha yelled, jumping up and down.

“Really, Papa? When?” Irina asked, eyes lighting up.

“Tomorrow,” Ilya declared with a wicked grin, already knowing Shane was going to kill him later. But the kids were already cheering in excitement.

Shane just shook his head, pulling Ilya down for a quick kiss while the chaos swirled around them. “You’re the worst.”

“You love me anyway,” Ilya murmured against his lips.

“Yeah,” Shane said softly, smiling. “I really do.”

this was way shorter than i planned, but i decided to publish it anyway. i'm so sad and disappointed i didn't write more.

i will be answering any comments about their lives in between the present and the past.

also a few people asked if i have another fic, and i noticed an overlap in the mens football rpf and hr from my readers in both fics, so i'm shamelessly advertising that i would now be writing for the haalingham ship. i have fics planned, and i have completed this one.

[read here.](#)

End Notes

my contribution to the pregnant omega shane agenda. first time writing for this fandom! hope yall are nice :) edit: i just made a tumblr! feel free to come say hi :)
<https://www.tumblr.com/multistanning>

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