

Worst Day Of His Life

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Worst Day Of His Life

by [pieces_m](#)

Summary

Ilya gets traded onto Shane's team. The problem was that Shane had one big, shameful secret—and Ilya Rozanov was the only one who knew.

Notes

It's been a while since I wrote fanfiction, but a couple episodes in I couldn't stop myself. Tags are getting added as the story progresses. xx

Chapter 1

The day Ilya Rozanov was traded to his team was the worst day of Shane's life. See, Shane was doing fine. More than fine. He had been captain of the Toronto Tigers for over three years. He was objectively one of the best ice hockey players in North America, maybe even in the world. He knew that. His mom never tired of telling him. He lived in a beautiful apartment with a breathtaking view over the city, had invested in a couple more apartments, and owned a lake house in Ottawa close to his parents—a place he knew he was meant to retire in.

He had nothing to prove.

Nothing.

He was supposed to be happy.

He told himself he was. The team was amazing. He had friends, he had a life. He was living his dream. He played puck for a living. He was set for life. He had a couple of good years left—if he took care of himself, ate right, trained right, and didn't get hurt too much, he might be able to play at his level well into his late thirties.

As he sat on the bench in the crowded locker room next to Hayden, one could've heard a pin drop. Coach Schmidt stood in front of the team, arms crossed, as he finished his brief speech. "I expect you to welcome Rozanov. He will be an asset to our team. He'll make us stronger—unbeatable. Questions?"

The locker room had never been quieter. Hayden nudged Shane and whispered, "Did he just say 'Ilya Rozanov'? Your buddy Rozanov?"

"Shut the hell up." Shane felt a sudden, fierce urge to claw at the jersey constricting his throat. He wanted to leave. He needed to run. Do laps on the ice until he puked blood. Rozanov? Ilya Rozanov?

"No questions? Good. Get on the ice. The press statement will go out this afternoon. Until then, keep the news in the room. Got it?"

Everyone nodded. Shane cleared his throat. "When will he start?"

"Tomorrow."

And that was that.

Practice was shit after that. He wasn't focused, and the rest of the team wanted to gossip more than run drills. As captain, it was his responsibility to keep the guys in line. But he was distracted and busy fending off questions. Did he still hate Rozanov's guts? He shook his head. He was a goddamn professional. His number-one priority was hockey, and they could

only win as a team. This curveball meant nothing. He needed to swallow his feelings of panic, of loathing, of rivalry.

What was even worse were the questions from the reporters who must've gotten wind of the trade and ambushed him in the parking lot after practice.

Did he know about the trade beforehand? No. Was Ilya Rozanov going to be their new captain, since he'd been captain of the New England Seagulls? No comment. How would he and Rozanov work together on the ice, given their legendary rivalry? Would their dislike for each other damage team dynamics? How was he going to make it work with Rozanov? How?

He would've loved to know the answer to those questions himself. His relationship with Rozanov was tense, to put it lightly. Shane tried to unclench his jaw as he drove home. He was gnashing his teeth. Lately, every game they'd played against each other had ended with them at each other's throats. Their fights—on and off the ice—were getting meaner, more personal, more violent. Shane was a controlled alpha. He kept his instincts in check. He was proud that his hormones, his designation, never got the better of him. His mom had raised him right. He respected omegas and betas. He didn't let his supposedly more aggressive nature take over. He wasn't territorial. He took suppressants for his ruts. He was a good alpha. But his tight grip on control meant nothing the moment he faced Ilya Rozanov.

Their fights were legendary. There was an entire ESPN documentary about their rivalry.

In his apartment, he searched for a bottle of scotch he had hidden away in a far cabinet—a present from some sponsor. He never drank. With shaking fingers, he poured himself a glass.

He stood in front of his floor-length windows and watched the blinking lights of the nighttime Toronto skyline. He took a deep breath. Fuck.

The first sip burned down his throat, and he coughed.

He was tempted to grab his phone and obsessively read all the headlines about Ilya getting traded to the Tigers. He closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against the cool glass of the window.

Ilya Rozanov.

One more deep breath. One more sip.

He was so fucked.

He could just ... not go to practice tomorrow. Stop playing hockey. (He could just kill himself. A life without hockey wasn't a life worth living).

He debated calling his mom. He knew there were more than five unanswered calls from her on his phone. He wasn't ready yet.

The thing was, Shane had one big shameful secret. And Ilya Rozanov was the only person on earth who knew.

Shane woke with a raging headache. It wasn't the alcohol; he'd stopped drinking after one glass. It was the lack of sleep. He had been tossing and turning for the better part of the night, trapped in the surreal space between waking and sleeping, his brain dragging him through a sweaty dreamscape that featured one face, one body, over and over again.

He took an icy shower. His body needed to cool down. The night lingered in his bones. Usually, he kept a tight lid on his desires. No one knew. Most of the time, he didn't even dare to *imagine*—he never let his thoughts wander. He went on dates with pretty omega girls. He was a respectful alpha. Hayden had asked him once, when they were celebrating a hard win on the road at a shady bar the team had somehow ended up in. Shane had held on to his lukewarm ginger ale and tried to evade Hayden's line of questioning. But the beers made his usually considerate friend more tenacious.

"Dude, it's perfectly all right if you like male omegas. My cousin Jack is happily married to a male omega. Hell, it's the twenty-first century!"

Shane shook his head and tried to escape to the bathroom, but Hayden's hand on his arm held him back. "You know the guys on the team won't care, right? We've got your back."

The problem was that it wasn't male omegas. He had even tried it once—met up with a male omega from the apps, looked into big, lashed eyes over candlelight, held a soft, manicured hand over the table while they waited for dessert. He hugged a slim, short, soft frame goodbye and inhaled a whiff of that cloyingly sweet omega smell.

It wasn't even betas. He could've explained betas. Betas were socially acceptable, if a little frowned upon—everyone knew that alpha-omega bonds were simply stronger, the children from those pairings more plentiful; it was simply the way nature designed it to be.

But it was worse.

Shane Hollander liked alphas.

Male alphas.

For a while, he thought he wasn't interested in sex. His number-one priority was ice hockey. He exhausted his body to the bone, trained harder than anyone he knew. He was too tired for sex. Every waking moment he wasn't in school, he was on the ice. He didn't have time for omegas. And he knew he wasn't asexual—he still had... urges. He took care of things with his hands. He had ruts. He'd taken suppressants from an early age.

He suspected.

In the locker room, the guys were always complaining about the alpha stink—heavy pheromones clouding the air, barely reined-in aggression before a game, or a hint of fear, or even bloodlust. It wasn't until one of the guys proposed getting omegas on the team simply to improve the smell of the locker room that Shane realized he didn't mind the smell as much as the other guys.

And it wasn't until Rozanov that he knew for sure.

If there was one man who embodied everything an alpha was meant to be, it was Ilya Rozanov.

The aggression.

The territoriality.

His size. His sheer size.

His sculpted body. His bulging muscles. His thighs. His thick, muscular thighs.

The hands. The heavily veined hands. The size of garbage-can lids. Thick fingers that made a hockey stick look like a children's toy in comparison.

His thick, dark-blond hair that seemed untamable. (On dark nights he sometimes dreamt of running his hands through those locks.)

The mole on his cheek he fantasized of biting. (Maybe that was Rozanov-specific and not an ideal alpha trait.)

His assertiveness.

When Ilya spoke, everyone listened.

He commanded a room.

Heads swiveled when he entered.

He had omegas—male and female—hanging off his arms at every function. Every omega wanted him. Most of the betas, too.

His smell.

His.

Smell.

The first time he encountered Rozanov, he promptly spilled his drink on Rozanov's pristine white suit jacket and fled to the bathroom. He had to readjust his raging erection and had seriously debated rubbing one out at the charity fundraiser for disabled children's sports. Rozanov probably thought him rude and clumsy. Afterwards, Shane scraped together the last dregs of his decency and tried to find Rozanov to apologize, only to discover the Russian busy with a curvy omega in a dimly lit corner of the ballroom. He stared at Rozanov for a second and got a smirk and an eyebrow lift in return before Rozanov buried his head again in the neck of the lucky girl.

Shane prayed that no one noticed his hard-on that returned with vigor.

On the ice, things worsened. It was clear that Shane was the talent of a generation. He was unmatched. Rookie of the Year. Player of the year- Superstar. There was only one player who could keep up with him.

After each game, when they shook hands, Rozanov crushed his hand in his. Every. Single. Time.

The games were intense. He needed to win against Rozanov. It was somehow personal. The team faded into the background, and it was as if they were the only ones on the ice—dancing around each other, pulling, pushing, always pushing. He knew Rozanov gave him more body checks than any other player in the league. He knew; he had looked up the statistics. It almost felt like a win. Almost as if... as if Rozanov needed to touch him, and this was the only way he could. Or it was just mutual hatred. Because that was what it was. Rivalry. Competition. Hatred.

Then Vegas happened.

Shane had stumbled onto the rooftop, overwhelmed by the smells, the crowd, the proximity to Rozanov—whose location his eyes kept tracking at every given moment. He was on edge, trying to be his respectful, withdrawn self, uncomfortable in the spotlight. That fateful night, his skin had felt too tight. His rut was nearing, and he was due for a dose of suppressants soon. His escape to the rooftop was meant to be a reprieve. Instead, it became his personal hell.

Suppressed moans greeted him as soon as he rounded a corner.

The city glittered in the background; distantly, he registered traffic noises, and yet he had never heard a sound more clearly.

Ilya Rozanov had a guy bent over—an omega? a beta?—and was fucking him from behind.

The faint orange glow of the city reflected in Rozanov's eyes. He was fully dressed, only his zipper undone. The bent-over guy had his pants shoved down, his jacket discarded on the ground, his shirt tangled over his head and arms so he was trapped, barely able to move.

The force of Rozanov's thrusts had him struggling and whining, skin slapping against skin. Two strong hands gripped the guy's hips in an iron hold that surely must bruise—

“Wish that were you?”

Shane stared into his glowing eyes. There wasn't even a hint of exertion on Rozanov's face, not even a flicker of enjoyment that deviated from his usual calm, collected mask. Meanwhile, Shane's face burned hotter than hell.

Rozanov didn't stop thrusting as he stared Shane down.

“What?” he whispered.

The man Rozanov was fucking tried to lift his head, but Rozanov quickly pushed him back down and sped up.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

“Wish that were you?”

Shane was frozen. He couldn't look away. Rozanov's body was powerful—otherworldly in its grace. Cool and composed, while the other guy was a writhing mess, panting, begging, shuddering.

Shane could smell him. The alpha musk. The minuscule drops of sweat that were the only visible signs of strain. Rozanov's eyes bored into his as he grabbed the guy's neck, changed the angle, and slowed down—purposefully—yet put more force behind each thrust. It must've hurt. The guy whimpered. Then came. Rozanov fucked through the aftershocks, ignored that the guy was done, pushed him down again, and fully let go. And never stopped watching Shane.

A particularly high-pitched moan from the guy snapped Shane out of his petrification. He tore his gaze from Rozanov's and fled the scene.

He had come in his pants. Without touching himself.

Witnessing Rozanov fuck was the hottest thing he had ever seen in his life, and he had watched a lot of porn.

Rozanov had looked right into his soul. And Shane had never, ever wanted so desperately to be in that other guy's place.

Every interaction that followed was worse. There was a glint in Rozanov's eyes. Something unhinged. Dangerous. The body checks were harder. The taunts... the taunts were more personal. He had to lie to Hayden, saying it must've been Rozanov's bad English when he shouted, “You wish you were him,” across the booth.

Shane wondered.

How it would feel.

He wasn't a virgin. He had fucked an omega once. It was so bad he had never attempted a repeat. He'd gotten his dick sucked by a beta man. It was on the road, and he was fairly sure the college student hadn't recognized him.

He ordered dildos online. Two different sizes—but both rather small. He wasn't an omega with a so-called magical hole, a size queen who supposedly never needed lube. (*He also ordered lube.*)

He knew it was unnatural. Alphas weren't supposed to crave that.

Then there was the sauna.

It was at the All-Stars competition, and they put the high rollers in the nice hotel. Shane had almost declined to go. He regretted it the first night in the unfamiliar bed—the day had been full of glimpses of the blond alpha, and all he could think about was the hypnotic rhythm of Rozanov’s hips drilling into that man on the roof in Vegas. Once he decided sleep had abandoned him, he pulled on his bathrobe and swim trunks and went to the spa. He swam laps until his muscles screamed, then decided on a whim to hit the sauna, hoping it would wear him out completely. At that time of night, he was the only one in the twenty-four-hour spa.

Until he wasn’t.

Sweat rolled down his pecs in streams, and his eyelids drooped. The sauna smelled like sandalwood, and a little like himself, until it didn’t.

He forced his eyes open.

Ilya Rozanov stood in the doorway of the sauna, clad only in a white towel slung low on his hips.

“Mind if I join, Hollander?”

Shane knew his face was beet red. It was the heat. He wanted to say something, anything, but Rozanov had already grabbed the ladle and poured a heavy helping of water over the hot stones. The water sizzled and evaporated immediately.

“Too much for you, Hollander?”

“Shut up.” Shane wished Rozanov would stop saying his name with that deep voice of his. That thick Russian accent. *Hollander. Hollander. Hollander.*

Rozanov took one of the middle benches and stretched out obscenely. His towel slipped slightly, revealing his hipbones and a few dark-blond hairs that—Shane tore his gaze away.

“You like it, Hollander?”

“What?”

“You like the sauna, Hollander?”

“Yeah, I guess.” Shane fiddled with his towel. Crossed his legs. It was too hot, too slippery. He uncrossed his legs. The towel slid off his hips. He panicked, pulling it back together. He should leave. He felt Rozanov’s gaze on him.

“Got something to hide?”

“What?”

“Is that all you can say—*what*? You hiding something, Hollander? You secretly an omega posing as an alpha in the league?”

He dared to look at Rozanov again. Rozanov had his head resting on his arms, eyes half-lidded, all his muscles proudly on display, gleaming in the soft light, covered in a sheen of perspiration from the steam. Shane could count every ridge of Rozanov’s eight-pack. And then there was the heavy bulge under his towel. A sizeable package. Shane couldn’t stop staring. Rozanov flexed under his gaze, took one hand, and slowly—ever so slowly—trailed it down over his pecs, the ridges of his stomach, over his bellybutton, down, further down, until he reached the edge of his towel... and then his hand stayed there. Right there.

All Shane could smell was Rozanov’s heady musk. His alphaness.

“I have nothing to hide.”

“Prove it, Hollander.”

He felt lightheaded. He was sleep-deprived, utterly exhausted from swimming, and had been in the sauna too long. All his blood had left his brain. His cock was rock hard. That was the reason for this moment of weakness.

Without taking his gaze off Rozanov’s face, he untucked his towel and let it slip to the side. Naturally, he was a shy guy, but not because he had something to hide. His cock looked angry. It was as flushed as his face, angrily red, wet at the tip. It stood proudly, the slight swelling at the base marking him unmistakably as an alpha.

“Pretty.”

“What?” Shane could slap himself. Why was he so tongue-tied?

“You look pretty for an alpha.”

Shane didn’t think he was capable of blushing any deeper, but the heat from his face spread down his torso. Angry red spots appeared. The heat was getting to him. His cock hurt. He refrained from grabbing it. He tried to pull his gaze away from Rozanov’s hand toying with the seam of his towel.

“You want to see real alpha cock?”

Shane bit his lip. He knew his own cock was relatively big. He had nothing to hide. He could measure up. But the curiosity was killing him. Memory flashes of Rozanov’s hips hammering into that unsuspecting guy on the roof flickered through his head. His cock twitched. He wanted to bang his skull against the wall. He wanted a cold shower. He wanted to be that guy. He wanted to be fucked senselessly. Without regard. He nodded.

Rozanov watched every minuscule reaction from Shane as he grabbed his cock through the towel. It seemed humongous. Rozanov threw his head back, exposed his throat, and moaned.

“Fuck, Hollander, that’s hot. I like how you watch me.” His half-lidded eyes pinned Shane in place. Shane couldn’t move. (Why was he always frozen? Was this really happening? Was he in his hotel room, having the hottest dream of his life?)

Finally, Rozanov slid his hand beneath the towel and gave his cock a couple of strokes. Shane still couldn’t see. He was on the edge of his seat. Sweat dripped from his chin, ran down his back. His cock was leaking.

And then Rozanov took the towel off.

Shane gripped the bench so hard it cracked.

There were veins running down the shaft. It was big. Angry. The balls looked heavy. Taut.

Rozanov gave his cock one lazy stroke, then let it rest on his stomach. The knot at the base of his cock was... it was... it was...

“You like alpha cock, don’t you?”

Shane couldn’t take it anymore. He abruptly fled the sauna, remembered to grab his bathrobe, took the coldest shower imaginable in his room, and once his heart rate was back to normal, fell into an exhausted, dreamless sleep.

And that was that.

Ilya Rozanov knew.

He had kept out of Rozanov’s way before, but from that moment onward he made sure to purposely avoid the player. He was “sick” one match (he couldn’t face himself in the mirror for that cowardice; he never pretended to be sick to get out of a game again). The next one, he didn’t rise to any of Rozanov’s taunts. He obsessively checked the news for any rumor about him being abnormal, about him liking alphas.

(Maybe he imagined it, but Rozanov looked hurt when he ignored his taunts.)

As a precaution, he started dating omegas again. He met a famous omega actress whose smell didn’t make him nauseous. It was perfect. The tabloids ate it up.

It didn’t matter that he was deeply, profoundly unhappy. He got to play ice hockey. He got to win. That was all that mattered.

It didn’t matter that Rozanov got rougher and rougher with him on the ice, trying to get a rise out of him. It didn’t matter that Rozanov shouldered him in an empty hallway, pushed him against a wall, asked him what was wrong. He ignored him, stayed passive. He never let himself think about the night on the roof or the time in the sauna again. *(Only when absolutely necessary—when he needed to come while buried in the omega actress and couldn’t feel anything, when he struggled to stay hard—only then did he allow himself to think about the sauna, about the relentless rhythm of Rozanov’s hips.)*

He had it under control. The actress broke up with him. He was fine.

But one thing remained true, no matter how much he tried to ignore it.

Ilya Rozanov knew that he liked alphas.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

He drove to practice in a daze. He'd been wrong about yesterday—*this* was the worst day of his life. It had started innocuously enough. A sleepless night. Egg whites for breakfast. No traffic on the I5. The Toronto Tigers were a well-managed team. He trusted Coach Schmidt's decisions. He wasn't the coach of one of the best teams in the league for nothing; he knew how a team worked, what a team needed. He knew every player's weaknesses, their strengths, what made them tick. (He disagreed about Rozanov. So so much). Shane wasn't surprised when Schmidt made them run partner drills—and paired him with Rozanov. Oh no. He wasn't surprised at all. It still sucked ass.

Rozanov was... different than Shane had imagined. He was quiet, and there was a distinctive lack of taunts thrown his way. Rozanov kept his head down, skated his laps. In the locker room, he claimed a corner far from the rest of the guys. Farthest from Shane. And Shane made a point not to even glance in his direction while they changed into sweats.

Withdrawn.

Shane knew it was his job as captain to integrate a new guy into the team, to make sure Rozanov felt welcome, that he connected with the others.

But Shane couldn't.

The team gave him a wide berth.

He felt close to breaking from the tension.

The drills with Rozanov lacked the competitiveness that had always defined their relationship. Competition was their thing. When Shane suggested something, Rozanov simply shrugged and said, "Okay." No bite. No taunt.

The empty feeling in Shane's stomach grew.

Rozanov's skating lacked its usual playfulness, the beauty, the effortless grace.

After skating, he packed up and left, nodding goodbye to a few guys.

The following days were the same.

Shane arrived at training bleary-eyed and exhausted, with a soreness in his muscles that wouldn't budge (one night of decent sleep—that was all he was asking for). Rozanov ignored him for the most part. Shane forcefully kept his eyes away in the locker room. He made a point of showering at home, even though he felt gross on the drive to his apartment. Schmidt

kept pairing him with Rozanov. They were forced to interact, but Rozanov hardly spoke and never looked him in the eye.

Their hockey lacked imagination. The spark was gone.

It was the eighth day since the announcement that truly deserved the title “worst day of Shane’s life.”

At a practice game, things came to a boil. Shane knew his rut wasn’t due for another couple of weeks, but he felt as if he were on the cusp of one. Skin stretched too tight. Always on edge, twitchy. Sounds too loud. Painfully aware, all the time, of where Rozanov was—whether in the room or on the ice. And the smell. Before, Shane had only been vaguely aware of everyone’s scent in the locker room. Hayden smelled safe, comfortable. The rest of the guys were variations of that, some with more energy to their scent, some subtler if they were beta. But now he smelled Rozanov everywhere. Distinctly alpha, male alpha. A predator on the prowl. The locker room was a cage, and Shane was locked in with a deadly beast. There was no escape. On the ice, the notes of aggression, of dominion, of power hunted him. And still—it was as if Rozanov’s scent was somehow subdued, faintly shrouded, with a trace of sadness lingering in its wake.

Shane wanted to scream. Instead, he did the only thing he was good at: playing puck.

The scrimmage was supposed to be a test of skill, how well a leader such as Rozanov would play with the others. First, Shane and Rozanov were on opposing teams. That, Shane could handle. He was used to playing against Rozanov, facing off against the beast. Only they weren’t supposed to hurt each other in a training game. No heavy body checks. No fights. How was he supposed to play against Rozanov without violence? He tried. But when Rozanov stole the puck from him, muscle memory kicked in—Shane followed and shoved. Rozanov turned and looked at him, almost... surprised?

It almost felt good when Rozanov pressed him into the boards. He would never admit it, but he had missed the proximity. Feeling Rozanov’s huge body, the puff of hot breath at his neck, the clank of his helmet—he was starting to feel alive again. He almost smiled when he found himself buried under Rozanov. The pain was never sweeter.

It got worse when they were paired on the same team. At first, Shane tried to pass the puck a couple of times, but he never received a pass when he was wide open. The other side scored a few times, and Shane got angry. How dare he?

“Pass me the puck when I’m open, asshole,” Shane hissed when Rozanov skated by.

“I would if you were, Hollander.”

(Hollander, Hollander, Hollander.)

Shane almost stumbled. He was a professional, goddammit. He glared daggers at Rozanov's broad back.

The next time he was open and Rozanov kept the puck, took the shot, and missed, Shane felt a vein pulse on his forehead.

"I was right there!" he screamed and knocked into Rozanov. His tight control was shattering. Hot rage blubbered to the surface.

Rozanov just smirked and lifted an eyebrow. "Were you now?"

"Yes. Asshole." Shane shoved him again. He couldn't help himself. Why was Rozanov here? In Toronto? This was his team. This used to be his safe space. And now there was nowhere left to go.

Rozanov finally shoved back. "Can't keep your hands off me, Hollander?"

"Shut up."

"You want to feel me up real close?"

"Shut up!"

"You ignore me for months, and now this?"

"Shut up!" Shane shoved, hard. Although Rozanov was a giant carved from muscle, Shane wasn't small either. And he trained just as rigorously as the Russian. If he wanted to, he could throw a punch. And God, he wanted to. They went down in a tangle of limbs. Shane landed on top of Rozanov, hard. For some reason, Rozanov was still grinning. Shane wanted to wipe that grin off his smug face. Rozanov's helmet had fallen off; his blond hair fanned out around his head like a halo, his eyes gleaming.

"You want my alpha cock, don't you?", Rozanov whispered. "That got you so bothered? Your girlfriend can't give you the hard fucking you need—"

No one could know. Not here. Not the team. If they did, his career was over. Rozanov's smile turned ugly.

Shane panicked. He threw the punch without thinking, to wipe that mocking smile from his face, but Rozanov was still grinning, teeth now bloody. Shane drew his fist back for another —

—when he was suddenly yanked back. The rest of the world caught up to him. Hayden and Johnny held him in a tight grip. He smelled the aggression and confusion rolling off the team. Rozanov was back on his feet, and it took three guys to hold him down, baring his blood-smeared teeth at Shane. His ears were ringing.

Coach Schmidt finally dropped the whistle he'd been blowing and stalked over.

Fuck.

Shane couldn't bear the disappointment in his eyes.

He had messed up. Big time.

He was supposed to be a role model. The captain.

After the stunt he'd just pulled, he knew the reporters had a point. He wasn't going to be captain much longer.

He didn't dare to look at Rozanov when Johnny and Hayden let him go. He followed Coach Schmidt off the ice and prepared for the worst.

After getting chewed out in Coach Schmidt's office, he got off with a probation. He needed to make it work with Rozanov, no matter what. The alternative? Lose the C. And then lose his position on the team. No player was indispensable, after all.

Luckily, the rest of the team had cleared out by the time Coach Schmidt was done with him. He was too worn out to bear more disapproving looks from the guys. He had almost expected that Rozanov might wait for him (hoped), but the locker room was empty.

Standing under the hot water of the team shower, he questioned every life choice he'd ever made. He could ask for a trade. He could ask Rozanov to keep quiet. He could leave hockey altogether.

What had become of him? He was lucky he lost control at practice, and not at game, where every movement was filmed. He was a good alpha.

He turned the water cold and forced himself to keep still.

He couldn't continue like this. He wasn't sleeping, always wondering if today would be the day his shameful secret came to light.

(He knew Rozanov had kept quiet all this time. Why would he talk now?)

He took a shaking breath.

Every moment of proximity was torture. Seeing Rozanov daily. Picking out his smell in the locker room. Skating with him. Knowing where he was, all the time.

He soaped up his body—his neck, where the pheromones were strongest; his pecs; his legs. His cock, which, despite being chewed out by Coach Schmidt and being sprayed by freezing water, refused to go down. He'd been half-hard since he'd tackled Rozanov on the ice.

Huh. He really had done that.

He turned the heat back on,

Checking one last time that he was truly alone, he used a bit of soap to wash his cock and balls, then reached around. Down his crack, carefully prodding his hole with one soapy finger. He could still smell traces of Rozanov in the shower room. His eyes slipped shut. Water dripped down his head onto his aching cock. He slowly circled his rim. His hole was tight, and the soap wasn't great for lubrication. It burned a little, but he needed the pain. His head dropped against the slippery tiles as he panted. What if one of the guys had forgotten something and came back, found him here, fingering himself? What if—

Shame curled in his stomach. He ripped his finger from his hole, hissed at the abrupt burn, and hastily rinsed off. On the car ride home, he received a text from an unknown number.

[If you don't want the team to know your secret, meet me tonight at 8]

An address followed.

He was so fucked.

Chapter End Notes

My entire hockey knowledge stems from reading hockey AUs. Bear with me.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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

Shane changed his outfit three times. A suit—too formal. Black sweats—too casual. Jeans his ass looked great in, and the baby-blue button-down. His favorite soft grey sweater.

He panicked. He couldn't breathe. Even the comfortable tingle of cold ginger ale wasn't helping.

A few fingers of scotch, just once, for his nerves. He hated the taste.

The clock wasn't moving at all, and he was eyeing the suit again. Would Rozanov expect a suit? Surely not. The next time he checked his watch, it was almost eight, and he had to hurry. (He wore his favorite grey hoodie in the end—the soft one, with the string he liked to gnaw on.)

The Uber dropped him off at the address at quarter past. It was in the town center, one of those anonymous high-rises that were part office space, part furnished apartments for rent. His palms were sweating on the elevator ride up. There was a buzzing in his ears. His blood was rushing too fast through his veins. His heart was beating too hard. He could still taste the burn of the scotch at the back of his throat. Was he drunk? He regretted his choices. He regretted so many of his choices.

The elevator doors opened to a carpeted hallway. He found the apartment number and stood in front of the door. He raised his fist to knock—and lowered it again. He didn't know what to hope for. A fight? A conversation? A kiss? A hard fuck? If he did this—if he entered this apartment—there was no going back.

He raised his fist again. Lowered it. He couldn't do it.

He bit his lip, took a shaking breath. Sliding down the door, he buried his head in his hands. He was so tired of this, of wanting—

“What are you doing on the floor, stupid?”

Rozanov stood in the frame, filling it out with his overall broadness. With his... his...

He wore sweatpants slung low on his hips. He was barefoot. No shirt.

No.

Shirt.

Shane blinked.

He scrambled up from the floor. Rozanov did not offer to help him. He kept his arms crossed over the panes of his powerful upper body. His naked upper body.

Shane searched desperately for an emotion in Rozanov's face. He got nothing.

It wasn't a conscious decision to enter the apartment. His favorite sweater felt itchy. He was too warm. And obviously overdressed.

The apartment was dark. Only the ambient glow from the city bathed Rozanov in soft light. His broad chest gleamed; the ridges of his muscles looked even more pronounced. Shane needed to get a grip. Rozanov leaned against the back of the couch, crossing his arms again. Shane fumbled for the wall, the kitchen island—anything to hold onto. The small golden crucifix on Rozanov's chest shimmered faintly. Shane didn't know what to do with his hands. Why was he so awkward?

"You okay?"

"What? No!" Shane wanted to pull his hair. He couldn't do this. Breathe. He needed to breathe. He was an alpha. The best damn player in the world. He closed his eyes. Opened them again. Tried to ignore the nakedness. Looked Ilya Rozanov straight in the face. "Look, I came over because this needs to stay a secret, you understand? No one can know. This is ice hockey, and this will destroy my career if someone—if this—if they..." He trailed off weakly.

"I always wanted to fuck an alpha."

Shane's heart stuttered.

"It's easy. You want it. I can smell it. You do as I say, and no one will know. I promise."

"Rozanov—"

"Is okay?"

"What do you mean, do as you say?"

"Is this your first time with another alpha?"

"Yeah," he whispered.

"Come here."

"You come here."

"You come here."

The pull was magnetic.

One step. Another.

“Get rid of your clothes.”

Shane stopped and fumbled. Tore his sweater over his head. Folded it to keep his hands busy and set it on the couch. His T-shirt followed. He dared a nervous glance at Rozanov, who still hadn't moved.

“Pants too.”

Shane swallowed and unbuckled his belt.

“Give me that.”

His head shot up. He swallowed the “what” that threatened to burst from his mouth. How come the Russian was able to speak more English to him than he was ever able to utter in his presence? Awkwardly, he threaded his belt from the loops and offered it to Rozanov. Their fingers touched when Rozanov grabbed the leather.

He carefully folded his pants and placed them next to his shirt. Not knowing what to do next, he just stood there awkwardly in his black briefs. Socks off too?

Rozanov visibly swallowed and asked, “You think I’m an asshole?”

“I know you’re an asshole.”

“Good. Turn around. I want to see you.”

Everything in Shane’s alpha nature recoiled from showing Rozanov his back. Nonetheless, he slowly turned around. Over his shoulder, he dared a quick glance back. Rozanov was still bathed in soft orange city light that accentuated the ridges of his eight-pack. In one hand he loosely held the belt; with the other he languidly rubbed over the sizable bulge in his pants. Rozanov’s blue eyes were glowing embers in the night.

“Good. You are pretty for an alpha.”

“Fuck you.”

“That’s the plan. Get rid of your underwear.”

Shane hesitated.

“Go ahead. Don’t be shy now.”

He tucked his thumbs into the waistband of his briefs. He reminded himself that Rozanov had seen his dick before—had seen his leaking dick before. But this was different, more intentional. Here, there would be consequences. This was only the beginning. Embarrassingly, he was fully erect. He’d never felt closer to forming a knot without being touched.

Once his briefs hit the floor, Rozanov rasped, with that thick accent of his, “Give me your hands, Hollander.”

Confused, Shane offered his hands. Rozanov's strong grip circled his wrists immediately.

Shane moaned faintly, then blushed violently that such an embarrassing sound had left his mouth.

With practiced ease, Rozanov took his belt and wrapped it around Shane's wrists tightly.

"Okay, Hollander?"

Shane could only nod.

Rozanov tested his makeshift manacles, slipping a finger under the binding. Seemingly satisfied, he pulled Shane's bound wrists above his head. Shane's shoulders ached from the unusual position. He stretched regularly; he could take it.

Rozanov's eyes were burning. "On your knees, Hollander."

He slowly—ever so slowly—dropped to his knees. His thighs strained, but the raw desire on Rozanov's face... and then the tent in Rozanov's pants—it was obscene, that's what it was. Shane's mouth was dry. He felt his own cock leak onto the floor. Rozanov kept holding his bound wrists above his head. The strain was divine.

"Use your mouth," Rozanov murmured and caressed the side of Shane's face with his fingertips.

Shane took a deep breath and let Rozanov's alpha musk wash over him. It was stronger down here. Sharper. Harsher. It was wrong to want this. He buried his nose in the soft material of Rozanov's sweats, inhaled, and closed his eyes. Desire thrummed so violently through his veins he didn't know how his heart could keep up. When Rozanov bucked his hips and yanked on his bound wrists, Shane lost his balance and face-planted into Rozanov's hard bulge. He exhaled slowly and tried to catch the waistband of the sweats with his teeth.

"Try harder."

The cotton was dry and fuzzy on his tongue. He dragged the material down. Rozanov was commando—of course he was. His heavy cock sprang free, fully erect, angry-looking, knot already pulsing half-formed at the base.

For months, in the dark hours of the night, Shane had thought of Rozanov's cock. The vivid imagery from the sauna—the moist tip, the veins—had been burned into his retina. He had fantasized about it endlessly. Seeing the real thing, smelling the real thing—

Rozanov yanked his wrists again and Shane lost his balance. Rozanov's cock slapped into his face. It was hot. It branded him. He nosed the heavy length, got lost in its smell. He wished desperately that he could touch it. Feel the weight in his hands, trace the veins with his fingers, thumb the tip, feel the wetness collecting there. He panted and dared to look up. Rozanov was watching him, one eyebrow mockingly raised.

"Get on with it."

“I’ve never...”

Rozanov gripped his wrists so tightly it hurt and rasped, “Fuck, Hollander—never?”

Shane shook his head. He was an alpha. Of course he had never sucked another dick. He’d never been this up close and personal with another dick. It wasn’t done. Well, maybe some did it with male omegas, but they were reportedly on the small side and smelled all sweet. Not like this. Not like this angry, thick, veiny, musky alpha cock.

“That is so fucking hot, Hollander, I swear. Just watch your teeth. I got you.”

Strangely comforted, he nosed the length of Rozanov’s cock. It was as thick as... he wondered if he could even close his fingers around it. He’d swear that the vein on the top was throbbing softly. The subtle swelling at the base—unmistakably an alpha’s cock. There was no illusion what this was. What he was doing. (He was fucking an alpha. An alpha.)

Shane licked his lips, then carefully kissed the tip. Emboldened by Rozanov’s low groan, he stuck out his tongue and tasted him for the first time. Unbidden, his eyes rolled back. The taste was divine. Salty. Musky. Male. Dirty. Wrong. Perfect. Pure alpha.

Rozanov yanked his wrists sharply. His shoulders burned. He had forgotten for a second that his hands were manacled. He opened his mouth wide and tried to swallow as much of Rozanov’s cock as possible. Which wasn’t much. He was thick. Heavy. Long. (Rozanov would murder him with this cock when he fucked him. He would not survive Rozanov’s cock. He wouldn’t. He wanted to, though. He wanted.)

A shallow thrust, and Rozanov’s cock hit the back of his throat; he choked, spit ran over his chin, tears welled in his eyes. He had never felt better.

Without warning, Rozanov pulled away, let go of his bound wrists—dropping them limply in front of him—buried his hand in Shane’s hair, and tugged sharply before feeding him his cock again. Shane moaned. Shit, he hadn’t known that he liked his sex served with a side of pain. All he could do was open his mouth as wide as he could and take it. He was powerless.

Both of Rozanov’s big hands were in his hair, bobbing his head along his shaft, forcing his cock deeper and deeper with each thrust.

He couldn’t breathe.

Tears were streaming down his face.

“Fuck, you’re so hot, Hollander.”

Shane’s dick was leaking on the floor, untouched. He’d never been harder.

Rozanov used his thumb to wipe the tears from his cheeks and pulled out. A trail of saliva connected the tip of his angry cock with Shane’s swollen lips.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” Rozanov declared, voice raspy.

Shane panicked. “You can’t... you can’t fuck me. We have a game tomorrow. You know that. I need to be able to play. I’m not an omega. You’ll destroy me with that thing.”

“You’re saying I’m big? That’s what you’re saying?”

“Rozanov, you need to listen to me. Please not tonight.”

“You don’t want it?”

Shane swallowed his shame, tasted the bitter remnants of Rozanov’s cock on his tongue. “I want it.”

Another tear escaped his eye. Rozanov wiped it from his cheek, pensively stared at the drop of moisture on his thumb, and then licked it clean. “But only because I want to win tomorrow.”

“Thank you.”

“I get to fuck you after, when we win.”

“And if we lose?”

“You don’t get to come for a week.”

Shane choked on his spit. His dick twitched.

“Okay, Hollander?”

Leaning his head against Rozanov’s thick thigh, Shane breathed shakily. What had he gotten himself into?

Rozanov tugged him to his feet by his bound hands and led him across the apartment to his bedroom. Shane tried to keep up, but he stumbled over his own feet (damn, wasn’t he supposed to be a professional athlete?), and Rozanov briefly stopped, quirked an eyebrow, and lifted him up—just like that—carried him to the large bed, and laid him out on the duvet among the throw pillows.

Rozanov stood at the foot of the bed and just looked at him.

Shane’s cock twitched. He wanted to touch it, but his hands were still constrained.

“I seriously can’t believe that you’ve never sucked dick before,” Rozanov said and knelt on the bed. Their legs touched. Shane could feel the coarse hair on Rozanov’s legs. He was so warm.

Ever so slowly, Rozanov reached out and stroked Shane’s calf, then trailed his fingers around his knee and up the inside of his thigh. Unconsciously, Shane spread his legs a little wider. Rozanov used the lightest of touches—just the tip of his forefinger. Shane shivered. Goosebumps broke out in the wake of his caress. Abruptly, Rozanov cupped his balls. Shane arched his back off the bed.

“Holy shit, Rozanov!”

“Ask nicely.”

“Please.”

“Please what, Hollander?”

“Touch me. Please touch me.”

Rozanov trailed his fingers lightly over the length of Shane’s cock, lingered at the base, where the swelling of his knot was visible.

“Please.”

Then Rozanov trailed lower. Lower. The seam of his balls. His perineum.

He lingered there, applied soft pressure, bent down to take a closer look.

“Not that different from a beta man after all.”

“You fuck beta men?”

“You don’t?”

“No!”

Rozanov shrugged and slapped his balls lightly.

Shane couldn’t stop the sounds coming from his mouth.

“Please, Rozanov!”

“I like it when you say my name. You should say my name more often.” And, almost as an afterthought: “Hollander.”

Shane shuddered. He almost came. He couldn’t—

Rozanov bent down and gently lapped at his cock. Shane wanted to bury his face in his hands—he needed to fist the sheets, he needed to hold onto something—and the belt bit painfully into his wrists. The pressure in his balls was insane. This was the single most intense thing that had ever happened to him, and then Rozanov looked up and winked at him. Fucking winked at him while he was licking his cock.

He died right there.

He barely noticed that Rozanov spat into his hand, then he fisted Shane’s cock, sucked the head into his mouth and hollowed his cheeks. His other hand, without warning, found his hole and Rozanov pushed a large finger inside. It was tight, it burned, it was too much, it hurt, it wasn’t enough, the pressure around his cock was insane, it was too hot, he arched his

back off the mattress, his legs twitched uncontrollably, and he came and came and came and came.

“You okay?”

Shane blinked his eyes open. Rozanov was unbuckling the belt and freeing his arms. He was a sweaty mess; there were drops of cum on his stomach, dried tears on his cheeks.

“Yeah.”

(What had he done?)

“That was so fucking hot, Hollander.”

Rozanov lay down next to him on the bed and started gently massaging his wrists. He was still hard. There was the unmistakable bulge of a not-yet-fully-formed alpha knot right at the base. It was...

“Wonder what my knot might feel like on your tongue?”

“What?”

“One day I’m going to knot your mouth.” Rozanov leered at his lips and leisurely stroked his hand up and down his shaft. “If you want me to keep your secret, that is.”

Slowly, Shane reached out and covered Rozanov’s hand on his cock. They locked eyes.

“Yeah, more. Tighter. It won’t take much. I can still taste you.”

Shane’s dick gave a weak twitch and valiantly tried to grow hard again. Suddenly, Rozanov grabbed him and pulled him closer, burying his nose in his hair. There was a hand on his neck.

Shane had been right. He couldn’t fully close his fingers around Rozanov’s cock. It was so heavy. So hot. He tightened his grip and stroked faster.

“Yeah, that’s it, just like that.”

Hot breath tickled his nape. He buried his face in Rozanov’s pecs. He wanted to stay here forever.

“Shane.”

Rozanov shuddered beneath him, and he felt hot drops of cum splatter over their combined hands, over their bodies.

When it was over, Rozanov removed the hand from his hair and got up. Shane blinked at his retreating back.

What?

Rozanov returned moments later with a wet towel and crudely wiped him down. Frowning, he stood by the bed and stared unnervingly at Shane.

“I’m going to take a shower now. You can let yourself out.”

“But—”

“What is it, Hollander? Out.”

Hollander.

Rozanov dropped the wet rag unceremoniously on the floor and left for the bathroom. Shane heard the shower turn on.

Shakily, he collected his clothes from the couch and hastily put them on. (He left the belt. He couldn’t face the belt.)

On the way down in the elevator, he realized that they didn’t even kiss.

Once he stumbled inside his dark apartment, once he made it to his cold and empty bed, he collapsed and started shaking in earnest. He was cold, so cold, he didn’t know what was happening to him. It had been good, so good, too good. He had always suspected. But now he knew for sure. He couldn’t lock the truth away anymore, bury it somewhere deep in his brain. It needed to be an alpha. He was truly abnormal. (It needed to be one specific alpha.)

He opened the chat with Rozanov on his phone and stared at it. He began typing but stopped. There was nothing to say. Rozanov was playing with him. He was using him. Would keep on using him until he grew bored of him.

They lost the next game, and the one after that.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to make Ilya rougher, I swear, but he’s such a gentle dom, I just couldn’t do it.

Chapter 4

“Did the Toronto Tigers make the biggest mistake in their history?”

“Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov on the same team: an epic lapse everyone could’ve predicted. Why did the Toronto Tigers’ management not see it?”

“Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander: unprofessional on the ice – unable to bury their rivalry.”

“They’re supposed to be on the same team now – did no one tell them?”

“The fall from grace: is the season over for the Toronto Tigers before it really begins?”

Worst.

Month.

Of.

His.

Life.

Maybe he should ask to be traded. Shane groaned and let his head rest against the cool window of his car. He was early, parked in the lot of the training rink. This was his punishment. The headlines were getting to him. The commentators were grating on him. And the worst part? They were right. His skating was the worst of his career. His passes didn’t connect. He was slower than usual. He wasn’t scoring. The last game had been brutal. His ribs were still aching horribly from when the San Francisco defender had barreled into him while the ref was turned the other way. He hoped they were only heavily bruised and not slightly broken.

He hadn’t scored a single goal in the last two games. That hadn’t happened to him since he’d started playing professionally seven years ago. Was this the end of his career? Was he past his peak? Was this the decline? His mom had tried to console him (“Maybe you have a rut coming your way honey, you just need a nice omega to relax you. You’re too hard on yourself.”), but he knew exactly what was wrong—and it wasn’t for sure not the lack of omegas in his life.

Rozanov had scored twice in the last game (they still lost). He didn’t seem to have the same problem.

But the commentators were spot-on. They weren’t playing together. There was always a hesitation before Shane passed the puck to Rozanov. And at the level they were playing, there

was no room for hesitation. It was almost as if his body was conditioned not to pass to Rozanov. And Rozanov never even attempted to send the puck his way. And the taunts were back. Meaner. More hurtful. (Maybe they weren't. Maybe they just felt that way, since Shane now knew what Rozanov's skin tasted like.)

At last, he had stopped avoiding the showers. He was the team captain, for godsakes. The others had noticed and peppered him with questions he didn't need; but he could not live down getting hard over Rozanov's naked chest. The man was incapable of wearing a shirt. And that towel slung low on his hips—it was the sauna all over again, just worse, since they were never alone.

The commentators weren't the only ones who'd noticed. Hayden had pulled him aside the other day, then Coach Schmidt. Shane had tried to lie, but Schmidt wasn't buying it.

And now he was here, on his day off. Schmidt had ordered extra training drills, just him and Rozanov. Part punishment, part a serious attempt to fix them. Fix something.

If only he knew. There was nothing to fix. The *thing* between Rozanov and him was inherently broken. Rozanov was just experimenting. Using him for a quick release. He fucked omegas all the time. He was seen with omegas all the time. No, for Rozanov this was a non-issue. Shane was the problem. He was the abnormal alpha who craved other alpha cock. He was the one who wanted it up the ass. He was the one who liked Rozanov more than he should. (The worst part? Rozanov hadn't texted again.)

Shane tried to pull himself together. He was an adult. A world ice-hockey champion. An Olympic medalist. He shouldered his training gear and dragged his feet to the rink. Luckily, Rozanov wasn't there yet. He quickly changed, put on his skates, and hit the ice. The Zambonis had finished the night before—the ice was untouched. He loved being the first to skate on fresh ice. It was better than cutting into a birthday cake, better than scooping the first spoon of Nutella from a new jar. He loved the sound fresh ice made under his skates. He loved being alone on the ice—no crowd, no other players. He skated a few lazy circles, then gained some speed and attempted a few jumps. An old friend of his, a figure skater, had shown him some easy moves. Shane felt himself smile for the first time in weeks.

His neck tingled. Mid-jump, he twisted, stumbled and noticed he was no longer alone. Rozanov was standing on the sidelines, holding a stick. Shane landed awkwardly. Fuck. He stood there. Should he skate over to Rozanov? What was the etiquette here?

Rozanov climbed over the boards and lazily skated toward him. "I didn't know you could do that. It's pretty," he murmured.

"Shut up."

"You shut up."

"Coach here yet?"

"Scared to be alone with me?"

“No!”

Rozanov smirked and began skating circles around Shane. Shane rolled his eyes and followed. Rozanov laughed and sped up, leading him across the rink, dodging, tricking him. It was exhilarating to chase. Freeing.

The chase came to an abrupt end when Coach Schmidt showed up. The rest of practice was grueling. Pass drills. More pass drills. And then—on some level Shane registered it as reverse-psychology bullshit—they had to play against each other. One on one. One puck. Two goals. And seven years of rivalry.

It was an insane exercise. The endurance needed was crazy—chasing, defending, battling. And they got physical. The attempts to get the puck grew more aggressive, more bodily. Of course, Rozanov had started it. Shane expected that Coach Schmidt would call it off, keep Rozanov in check, but none of that happened. So Shane retaliated. Goal for goal. Body-check for body-check.

His bruised ribs were aching. He was still beat up from yesterday’s loss. His lungs were burning. Sweat ran down his back in rivulets, dripping from his forehead. His legs were cramping. He was exhausted.

The shrill shriek of the whistle was a relief. Shane didn’t even know who’d won. He had stopped counting hours ago. Goal for a goal, eye for an eye.

Coach Schmidt made them shake hands. The familiarity of Rozanov crushing his palm with that iron grip of his was almost comforting.

He was too beat, too tired, too sweaty to care. He dropped his gear carelessly, then headed for the showers. He knew he needed to ice his ribs, but he needed the hot water more. The shower soothed him, massaging his sore muscles. He dropped his head against the slippery tiles. What had become of him? Why was he such a mess?

He’d swear he felt the exact moment Rozanov entered the showers. There was a shift in the air. The subtle smell. He felt Rozanov’s eyes on his back. Shane was so tuned in to the tilt of his head, his dark-blond hair, the rasp of his accented voice, his bitter, overpowering alpha scent. Shane refused to lift his head, refused to open his eyes. He couldn’t do this. Rozanov prowled over to him, crowded into his space.

Rozanov’s careful touch on his side came as a surprise. Shane jumped.

“What the fuck!”

“Who did that to you?” Rozanov’s eyes were dark. His hand lingered over Shane’s bruised ribs; the skin had turned a nasty purple, with some swelling and bleeding.

Hesitating, Rozanov looked up, his steel-blue eyes burning into his. “It wasn’t me, was it?”

Shane swallowed. He couldn’t bear the softness of Rozanov’s touch. He stepped back and collided with the wall. “It’s from yesterday’s game.”

“You need to get that checked out.”

“It’s just a bruise.”

“It’s not.”

“Why do you care?”

“I don’t like it.”

“That I got hurt?”

“That someone else bruised your skin. You’re mine to mark.”

Shane’s head spun. He was getting whiplash. He knew he was blushing; it was spreading to his chest, his skin all rosy from the hot water, and he felt his cock twitch.

“You like that, don’t you?” Rozanov’s hand was back, carefully ghosting over his slippery skin above the bruise. “That I’m the only one allowed to touch you.”

“We’re not exclusive, we’ve never even—you didn’t even text!”

“You’re not letting anyone else touch you if you want me to keep your secret.”

“And you get to fuck your omega whores left and right?” Shane didn’t mean to sound so bitter, so hurt, so breathless. Rozanov’s soft touch lingered. Somehow it hurt worse than the bruise.

“I like that you’re jealous.”

“Am not.”

Rozanov grimaced and pressed his thumb into the tender skin above the bruise. Shane’s head fell back and he moaned. Why was this happening to him? He didn’t need to look down—he knew he’d been hard since he smelled Rozanov enter the shower.

Rozanov pressed closer, stepping under the spray with him, pushing his broad chest against Shane’s. Their faces were really close. Shane could see the silver flecks in Rozanov’s eyes; their noses were almost touching. Rozanov’s distinctive alpha scent flooded his senses. The man stared at him, catalogued his expressions. Shane swallowed.

Rozanov’s lips were dusty pink and so... lush. Shane almost came when he remembered how they’d felt on his skin, wrapped around his cock. He dreamt of those lips. He could barely look Rozanov in the face. Each time, flashes of that night reappeared in his mind. He couldn’t focus. He couldn’t look at Rozanov.

But he wanted to. He wanted to so badly. All he wanted to do was...

He closed his eyes again. The smell was everywhere, heightened by the steam of the shower, by the proximity. Rozanov pressed his chest closer.

“Open your eyes.”

Shane shook his head.

“Look at me.”

Rozanov grabbed his chin and tilted his head.

Shane smiled softly. He knew his face would tell an uncomfortable truth if he opened his eyes. His irises would give away his last shreds of dignity. He stubbornly refused to look at Rozanov again. (Although he wanted to. He wanted to so, so badly.)

“Listen to me, Hollander.”

(Hollander, Hollander, Hollander.)

“I don’t like it when someone else touches you, okay? No one is allowed to touch you except me. Is part of the deal now.”

Shane tore his eyes open. A confused sound left him when Rozanov tilted his head again, came even closer, and kissed him.

Water was still beating down on their heads.

His bruise was throbbing.

His legs were jelly.

And Ilya Rozanov was kissing him.

Ilya. Rozanov. Was. Kissing. Him.

An alpha was kissing him.

He blanked.

He tried to grab Rozanov’s chest, to draw him closer or to push him away. All he got was hot, wet, slippery, smooth skin, hard muscles, and he couldn’t stop touching.

He groaned. He couldn’t stop the sounds leaving him, the sounds Rozanov’s lips were pulling out of him.

Jesus Christ.

And he needed more.

He dared to open his mouth. There was no hesitation on Rozanov’s part. He was pushy and aggressive by nature. Shane was swallowed whole, consumed completely. A hand slid into his hair, guiding his head, protecting it from the hard tiles he was pressed against. He felt Rozanov’s hard cock digging into his stomach, his chest rubbing against his. Shane clung to

his shoulders—his insanely broad, powerful shoulders—and that hot, hot, hot mouth, that tongue, swallowing every groan, every emotion, all the pain.

Shane was panting heavily when Rozanov finally let go of him and pushed back.

He knew he was a mess. Flushed all over. Cock hard, thighs trembling, arms shaking. (He was lucky the shower was still running, washing away the worst of his pheromones screaming desire and longing, washing away his desperation, his tears.)

This was the first time an alpha had kissed him.

Rozanov looked unruffled. He showed his razor-sharp teeth and smiled, stroking his cock a couple of times. Shane had to lower his eyes. Rozanov was so... pornographic.

Then Rozanov reached out (for him? For him?), but switched off the shower.

“Come on, Hollander, you’re done.”

Shane nodded dumbly. He was in a daze. He followed Rozanov out of the showers and took the towel Rozanov threw at him. He pulled on his sweats, his cock still stubbornly hard.

(Ilya Rozanov had kissed him. He could still taste him.)

“You’re okay to go home?”

“What?”

Rozanov shook his head and sighed. “I’m giving you a ride.”

“What? No!”

“Yes, Hollander. Is part of the deal now.” Rozanov smirked and flashed his canines again.

Something fluttered in Shane’s chest, but he was too beat to protest.

Of course Rozanov’s car was a flashy sports car. But the day was catching up to him fast—the brutal game the day before—and his ribs fucking ached. There was a taunt about the car compensating for something on the tip of his tongue, but he knew that simply wasn’t true. Rozanov was definitely not compensating. He was just a sports-car-loving asshole.

With screeching tires, Rozanov tore out of the parking lot. “Where do you live?”

Shane mumbled his address. Rozanov nodded and navigated smoothly to his doorstep. When Rozanov attempted to follow him inside, Shane protested weakly, but Rozanov brushed it aside.

Upstairs, Rozanov prowled around his apartment like he owned it. “Nice place. Your mum buy those pillows?”

“Haha.”

Shane went to the couch and crashed. All he wanted to do was sleep. (His dick was still stubbornly hard. Being in the car with Rozanov, on the soft leather seats that smelled like him, feeling the vibrations of the purring engine—)

He heard Rozanov rummaging through his cabinets.

(Ilya Rozanov was in his apartment.)

“Where do you keep your Tylenol?”

“Drawer next to the fridge.”

Rozanov came over, crouched beside his head. His gold crucifix dangled close, blinking in the light. He held a glass of water and a couple of Tylenols. “Swallow.”

Shane almost laughed—there was such an obvious innuendo to be made. But he obediently opened his mouth and let Rozanov push the pills onto his tongue. Shane’s eyes shot up, and there was a glint in Rozanov’s eyes when his tongue brushed his fingers.

He swallowed. Drank some water.

“You should eat, go to sleep. Practice tomorrow.”

Shane nodded weakly.

Rozanov stood. “I should go.”

For one fragile moment, one moment of temporary insanity, Shane wanted to ask Rozanov to stay. But he heard the door click shut. And then he was alone.

Rozanov didn’t text. Did Shane expect him to text? Did he want him to text?

Whatever had happened between them (the kiss—he was still dreaming about the kiss); whatever hadn’t happened between them (Rozanov had been in his apartment. And he had just left. Nothing happened. Had he lost interest? Why didn’t he text?), practice got easier. Shane still knew where Rozanov was at any given second on the ice. Worse, he could predict his movements, knew he would catch the puck no matter how sharp, how tight the angle was. Shane’s ribs still hurt, and the exhaustion from the days before still clung to his bones. But his passes connected. And Coach Schmidt encouragingly patted his shoulder after practice.

Shane finally had the feeling that some sense of normalcy was returning to his life. The truce with Rozanov was tentative, but it was a truce, and it held.

Shane met his parents for lunch. Ran his extra drills, ate his strict diet, stayed home when the team went out to party. He knew others might consider his life boring. He knew something substantial was missing. But although his life regained its normal rhythm, the emptiness

didn't return. The hollowness that had accompanied him step by step somehow stayed away. At practice, there was Rozanov, taunting him—but the taunts didn't hurt; they egged him on instead. They made him faster. More ambitious. A better player.

And there was Rozanov in the showers. Shane finally dared to shower with the team again. Rozanov kept his distance. (Didn't he want that? Wasn't that what he was afraid of?)

The next game was coming up, and for the first time in weeks Shane was looking forward to it. The team was feeling it. The way Rozanov and he were working together on the ice—they felt unbeatable.

The truce held, although Rozanov hadn't texted. Although they weren't alone again. Shane resisted the urge to look up Rozanov on social media, to ask the guys if the Russian went out with them at night, hit the bars, the clubs, the local omega population. Shane was stronger than that. Shane slept for the first time in weeks, let his body heal, let his mind rest. Thoughts about Rozanov still occupied every waking hour. But Shane could handle it. At practice, he felt Rozanov's eyes burning on his skin, but he didn't allow himself to look. At night, he let his thoughts run wild. He allowed himself to fantasize. He imagined his touch when he was at home in the shower; he could still feel the ghost of those fingers on his ribs. He thought about the bruising kiss—he craved it. When he jerked off, he'd given up thinking about anything other than Rozanov's sinful lips wrapped around his cock, the heavy weight of Rozanov's alpha cock on his tongue, the way his knot had felt when he touched it.

He was okay. This was okay.

The distance worked for them. This was fine.

And then everything went to shit.

Chapter 5

Shane was wrong.

Nothing was okay.

The game against Vancouver was coming up, and they *needed* to win or they could wave the playoffs goodbye. Everyone knew that. Coach Schmidt knew that. The owners knew that. The investors knew that. The sponsors knew that. The pressure was on.

Shane wasn't a stranger to pressure. He worked well under it. He kept to his routines; they kept him safe. He worked hard.

Rozanov worked differently under pressure. He became calmer, more focused. Deadlier. (More beautiful to watch— all that tight, coiled precision, the unbridled energy.)

The one thing that did not work well under pressure? Their tentative truce.

It was three days to the game, and Shane couldn't stand that Rozanov wouldn't look at him. In the showers, Rozanov turned his back. In the locker room, he stayed in the farthest corner — quick to get dressed, quick to leave. On the ice, their passes connected, but even the taunts had stopped; the heavy bodychecks had stopped. Rozanov hadn't touched him in days. No shoulder check, no jostle or shove during practice.

The distance between them opened like a chasm.

Shane's nights became sleepless again. His skin was crawling, too tight for his feelings. He was angry. Really angry. He lay awake, staring at his chat with Rozanov. Why make the deal with him if he didn't pull through? Why kiss him and now ignore him? He was furious. Why show him what he had missed his entire life and then take it away? Why shake the foundations of his world, only to ignore him after?

Why show him how good it could be? Why? He was so damn angry. He wanted to burst out of his skin. Practice had been torturous; every time he looked at Rozanov and saw the other refusing to meet his gaze, it was insanely painful. (Did he imagine their kiss? The lingering touch of the bruise?) Home in his apartment, he still had too much energy. He went on his rowing machine to burn off his pent-up frustration. There was so much anger in his stomach.

So.

Much.

Anger.

Sweat rolled down in rivulets. He pushed himself harder and harder. The rowing machine creaked, protesting his harsh treatment. His cock was rock-hard, painfully so. His knot pulsed

vaguely, in sync with each stroke. He wanted Rozanov.

He hated Rozanov.

He wanted to punch someone. He wanted to punch Rozanov— his hard abs, his beautiful face— he wanted to push him down, shove him, pin him. He wanted to be pinned. He wanted to feel Rozanov's heavy weight on top of him.

What was happening to him?

After hours, finally exhausted, he stumbled into the shower. (All he could think about was Rozanov's slippery chest pressed against his.) His cock was still painfully hard and refused to go down, even after he rubbed one out— quick, painful, intense.

He toweled himself dry and stared at himself in the mirror. His pupils were blown, his cheeks and chest flushed, his cock still hard, knot at the base pulsing. He was so incredibly furious.

Oh.

He was so dumb. With everything going on, he had not taken his weekly suppressants. He should've recognized the symptoms. He wasn't due for another couple of days, but these things sometimes happened in times of stress or if a very compatible partner was around.

His rut had started.

At practice, Hollander was missing. At first, Ilya didn't notice – Hollander had been busy avoiding him these past days, and Ilya was an asshole, yes, but he also wanted to win the game against those Vancouver fuckwits. And finally Hollander was playing with him, and he had started to realize that—if they really wanted to—they could be magnificent together on the ice.

Hollander had never missed practice. Stick-up-the-ass Hollander was always punctual, often the earliest around. He didn't want to ask the rest of the team where Hollander was; too much interest might seem suspicious. But the others didn't seem worried, and maybe Coach Schmidt had said something about Hollander's absence when Ilya hadn't been there yet.

He briefly considered texting Hollander, but his phone was in the locker room.

He was paired with Hayden instead of Hollander. He hated every second of it. He was so used to Hollander at his side that he didn't want anyone else as his partner. At least Hayden was close to Hollander; he might know what was going on.

He tried for a casual tone when he finally asked, "Do you know where Hollander fucked off to?"

"Man, he's out sick, didn't you hear?"

“Sick? Bullshit. Hollander never misses practice.”

“Don’t know, that’s what Schmidt said.” Hayden shrugged.

Immediately, Ilya thought of the dark bruise on Hollander’s ribs. It had looked insanely painful. And Hollander had still shown up to practice, didn’t even complain about his bruised ribs when Ilya had repeatedly knocked him into the boards that day.

If Hollander was missing practice because of his ribs, three days before the Vancouver game... it was serious. Or Hollander was lying.

Ilya’s curiosity was piqued; he needed to investigate.

After practice, once he’d waved goodbye to the team that had been surprisingly welcoming once he’d stopped antagonizing their captain at every opportunity, he got into his car and drove to Hollander’s apartment. He thought about calling him, but if Hollander had lied to Schmidt and the team, he’d lie to him as well. Or he was really out sick—and Hollander would be too prideful to admit that. Hollander was such a liar. Always lying, lying to himself about what he wanted, denying himself.

Ilya hesitated at the apartment door. He had tried to give Hollander space, to not cash in on his bargain, although he’d wanted to so badly. But he also wanted to win again. And they had played well together these past days; if they could keep this up, they might have a chance against Vancouver...

But if Hollander was hurt again—he needed to know.

He knocked.

No one answered.

He was at the right apartment, wasn’t he? Hollander wasn’t home? Maybe he was in bed, couldn’t get up. Maybe he knew it was him and was ignoring him on purpose.

He knocked again, louder, more insistent.

He heard a muffled moan through the door.

Fuck.

Was that a moan of pain? Or... was someone else in there, making Hollander moan like that? Ilya started to see red. Rage pooled in his veins. He beat his fist against the door. If Hollander wouldn’t open, he would tear it down—

Ilya lost his balance when the door suddenly swung open. Shane stood in the hallway, face flushed, freckles on display, chest flushed, gloriously naked except for black briefs. Briefs that were obscenely tented by his hard cock. And the smell. Hollander was all desperation, sweat, sex, aggression. He was clearly in rut.

Hollander gaped at him, pupils blown so wide they took over the entire iris.

Fuck.

Ilya grew instantly hard.

He wanted to. So bad. But he shouldn't. He knew he should leave. Now. He needed to stay away. Fucking with Hollander had been a fun game. It had gotten too intense way too fast. Too real. Too much. He needed to focus on his career. He needed to make the trade work. It was his last chance. He wanted to stay in Canada. He didn't want to go back to Russia. Never again. He needed this to work. He could not get entangled with Shane Hollander, team captain. Their kiss had been too good; an escalation he wasn't prepared for. Fuck.

But Hollander's face was such a lovely shade of red. The need in his eyes burned hotter than hell.

Ilya placed his hand on Hollander's chest, pushed him inside, and closed the door behind them.

And stopped holding back.

Shane wondered if he was hallucinating. Had he wished so much in his temporary insanity for the tall Russian ice hockey player that he had manifested him in his rut? His fists opened and closed unconsciously. He couldn't help himself—he took one deep breath, then another. Rozanov was here. He smelled... aggressive. Alpha.

If an alpha was in rut, crossing another alpha could end deadly. Alphas were territorial when in rut, defensive of their partners, of their lair. Instincts were screaming in Shane, warring against each other. He wanted Rozanov. He wanted to fight Rozanov. He wanted to push him. He wanted to be pushed. Fuck.

Rozanov prowled closer.

He still wasn't sure if he was real.

But the scent... the scent flooded his apartment, and he knew he couldn't invent that. The overbearing alpha-aggression that answered his own pheromones.

Shane staggered. He bared his teeth. He wanted to roll over, show his neck. He wanted to fight.

On some level, he knew this was a phenomenally stupid idea.

Rozanov boxed him in, pushing him against the couch.

"What will it be, fight or fuck?"

"Fuck you."

“Is okay if I touch you?”

Shane shuddered, trying to gather his thoughts. Having another alpha in his safe space messed with his instincts. Rozanov smelled mouthwateringly amazing, and part of him wanted to bury his teeth in the side of Rozanov’s strong neck.

His neck. His thick, muscular neck.

Saliva collected in Shane’s mouth. He wanted to—

“You okay?”

“I think I’m losing my mind.” The rut was messing with him; on some level he registered that he was blurting things to Rozanov he’d never dare say to his face, things Rozanov should never know about him. Fuck. He needed—

“I’m going to touch your shoulder now.” In slow motion, Rozanov lifted his arms and grabbed his shoulder. Another alpha was in his space. But that alpha was not attacking him. (That alpha was not fucking him, and that was somehow even worse.) The touch burned.

“I need—”

“I got you. But I need to know you’re okay with this.”

“Fight me.”

“No.”

Rozanov squeezed his shoulder, steering him to sit on the sofa. “Wait here.”

Then Rozanov left him there. No. He needed him to come back, he needed—he was halfway off the couch when Rozanov returned, a glass of water in hand.

“Here. Drink this.”

Confused, Shane grabbed the water. It was ice-cold and soothed a need he didn’t know he had. *Rozanov had provided for him.*

“Listen to me. You need to focus for a second. You’re in rut.”

No shit. Shane nodded and held tightly onto the glass. Otherwise he wouldn’t know what to do with his hands—whether he wanted to form fists again, whether he wanted to grab Rozanov, who was so... large. Looming. Present. Alpha. Another alpha in his den. Another alpha—he needed to—

“Focus, Hollander.”

Hollander. He took a deep breath. Rozanov’s smell was... surprisingly nonaggressive. Almost soothing. And full of want.

He nodded. He could do this. “I’m with you.”

“Good. You’re in rut—”

“No shit—”

“And you want to fight. We can fight, if you want. But we have a game coming up, and I cannot hurt you too badly. You want to mark me—”

Fuck.

Yes.

He didn’t even think about it. His eyes were glued to Rozanov’s strong neck. There was a vein softly pulsing each time he spoke. The muscles there... he wanted to bite.

“You cannot mark me there. Down the chest, fine. But not the throat.”

Hockey. Right. The game. Shane nodded again and tore his eyes from Rozanov’s neck, right into his glowing eyes. He felt pinned by the heat of the gaze.

“I want to fuck you,” Rozanov rasped.

Shane’s eyes fluttered shut. Heat slammed into him, thick and dizzying.

“I will probably knot you. You smell too good. I want to.”

Shane shuddered. His cock strained against the briefs he’d yanked on at the last second when the knocking wouldn’t stop. He’d thought it might’ve been his mom dropping off food...

Fuck. Rozanov wanted to knot him. Shane’s brain short-circuited.

His alpha side wanted everything—wanted to fuck, to rut, to fight, to tear into Rozanov, to sink his teeth into him and mark him. He knew it would be brutal. Rozanov was—objectively—stronger. But Shane was in rut, and Rozanov was acting almost painfully controlled, which meant Shane might actually have a chance. That dark, shameful part of him he kept buried—the part that craved being overpowered, pinned, taken apart by another alpha—roared to the surface.

“Listen, Hollander. Is okay if I fuck you? If I knot you?”

Shane nodded, breathing hard.

“I need to hear you say it. Focus, Hollander.”

“Yes. Fuck yes. You’re such an asshole.”

“That’s it, Hollander. That’s it.” Rozanov grinned, hunger sharpening his teeth. “We’re going to shower. You stink of rut. Then you’re going to get on your knees and suck my cock like a good boy. Like a good little alpha. Okay?”

Shane's head spun. Rozanov's scent thickened, drowning him.

"And then," Rozanov growled, "I'll take you to bed, you'll fight me, and I'll fuck you."

Ilya looked at the wonderful mess that Shane Hollander was. Flushed all over, smelling aggressive yet elegant, with a hint of sweetness that turned slightly bitter, notes of minerality—his favorite vodka, distilled into Hollander's alpha scent. Huh. He hadn't noticed before, but the entire place was drenched in it.

He pushed Hollander toward the shower, and the briefs were lost on the way. His ass was magnificent. Ilya wasn't religious, but Shane Hollander's ass made him want to pray again, thank God for the beauty of His creation. Tight, muscled, perfectly round.

Hollander was flushed from head to toe, angrily red, pupils blown wide, smelling like sex, like dried come. His dick was hard, knot softly pulsing, fists clenched at his sides. He was clearly in over his head, trying not to fight, trying to keep his instincts in check—all for him. It was a thing of beauty.

Shane Hollander was beautiful.

But Ilya had known that for a while, hadn't he? He'd known for years that Hollander was a graceful hockey player and very easy to look at. But having him naked, flushed, at his disposal, just for his eyes... Ilya groaned and scrubbed a hand over his face. He knew he was an exceptionally lucky man. But this? He was blessed.

Ilya reached out and brushed Hollander's arm as he turned the controls. Hollander was burning. Ilya turned the water to cold. He needed Hollander to stay in control. It was a precarious thing, fucking another alpha in rut. He had never done that. He'd experimented with alphas before, enjoyed it, enjoyed getting another alpha to submit. But he had never fucked an alpha in rut. And he knew he was just as likely to get an orgasm as a fist to the face. And then there was the urge to bite...

Hollander hissed when the cold water hit his hot skin. Ilya stepped back and watched with satisfaction as some clarity returned to Hollander's eyes, even though he knew it wouldn't last.

"Do you remember what we talked about?"

Hollander glared at him. "Yes, I'm not an imbecile."

"I know. But you're in rut."

Even with freezing water pouring over him, Hollander's erection remained angry and flushed. It had to hurt. Ilya smirked—still a beautiful sight. Hollander's furious glare was even better. Ilya had never thought Hollander might be open to being with another alpha. Stuck-up, disciplined, a stick up his ass, always doing the right thing. He never imagined

he'd go for an alpha... fuck, Ilya was a lucky man. It was beautiful watching that careful control crumble.

Hollander trembled under the cold water, sanity slowly returning. "You're going to fuck me."

"Yes. If you want me to. But I want to very badly."

"You want me."

Ilya smirked. Oh yes—how could he not? Hollander was beautiful. On the ice, and here, in the shower, vulnerable, deep in rut, face flushed, freckles bright against his skin. Ilya's chest tightened; Hollander was trusting him with something rare. He had to be careful, even though his inner alpha wanted to pounce, to bite, to dominate.

Slowly, Ilya took the hem of his shirt and lifted it over his head. Hollander probably thought he was subtle, but Ilya loved how Hollander reacted every time to his bare chest. Hollander's eyes locked on his pecs. He visibly swallowed. Ilya couldn't resist flexing his pecs, showing off his abs. Without breaking eye contact, he raised his hands and played with his nipples, then let them drift lower, tracing a slow path down until he reached his waistband. Hollander's hands had balled into fists.

Unhurriedly, Ilya reached for the controls again and turned the shower warmer until steam filled the cabin. He shrugged his pants off and joined Hollander under the water, pressing their chests together. He would never tire of this feeling, hot and slippery, and Hollander was so strong, so tightly controlled. Ilya loved it. And Hollander smelled amazing. He bent down to nose at his neck, licking a stripe up to his ear. He nibbled on the adorable, freckled edge. Hollander moaned and pressed closer.

Water beat down on them, and Ilya remembered the shower had a purpose. He found Hollander's body wash—lemon, nice—and squeezed some into his hands. He started with Hollander's neck, massaging his shoulders, making his way leisurely down his back. Hollander stood there, pupils blown, trembling almost imperceptibly, letting Ilya explore. With one shove, Ilya turned him around, placed a hand between his shoulder blades, and pressed. Hollander melted under his touch. A natural sub. He arched his back and threw his head back.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured. "You're doing so good." He knew how hard it was to show another alpha your back while rutting. He squeezed more lemon wash onto Shane's lower back, drew circles, ventured lower and lower. Shane's trembling intensified and Ilya murmured more praise in response. He should've known that Shane was a sucker for praise—always doing his best, always trying to meet expectations.

"You're doing so good for me."

Slowly Ilya descended toward his magnificent ass. He didn't know if Shane had ever touched himself there. He was an alpha, after all...

"Hurry the fuck up, Rozanov," Shane growled.

“Did you ever...”

“What?”

“Did you ever play with yourself *here*?”

“I have a toy.”

Ilya laughed and pressed his hand harder into Shane’s glorious curves. “You do? What size? What color?”

“Shut up!”

“I am curious now, Hollander.” Deliberately, he drew his lemon-lathered fingers down the crease and stroked over Hollander’s furred hole.

Shane shivered.

“You okay, Hollander?” Ilya gradually increased the pressure on Shane’s most vulnerable part.

“Jesus.”

“Afraid there’s no one with that name around.”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya kissed Shane’s neck and was rewarded with another shudder. Shane’s earlobe tempted him again, and he went for it, sucking it into his mouth, while his finger pressed forward. Body wash wasn’t lube, but the familiar scent should comfort the alpha in rut. Shane was incredibly tight and hot. How was he ever going to last? He tried another finger, but Shane was clenching tight, his fingers too big. He turned Shane back around. He checked for discomfort, but Shane’s eyes were wide, cheeks flushed, breath coming in sharp bursts, cock still rock hard.

“This looks painful.” Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane’s cock, stroking up and down, squeezing the hard bulge at the base.

“Fuck...” Shane moaned.

Ilya reached up and angled the spray of the shower aside before falling to his knees; he didn’t care to be waterboarded while on his knees before a rutting alpha. Instinct flared—kneeling in front of a powerful alpha in rut—but he held firm. And the sight in front of him was magnificent. At eye level, Shane’s erection was mouthwatering. Ilya leaned in, without forewarning, sucking him down as deep as he was able to. He hollowed his cheeks and bobbed his head; his hands found the hard bulge at the base and he massaged it, pressed down. Shane tasted glorious—clean and musky, salty, with a hint of bitterness. Ilya groaned around Shane’s cock.

He felt Shane's hands in his hair, heard the whispered, "Oh my god, oh my god, please stop, I can't—" but Ilya ignored the pleas, sucked, squeezed – and Shane came down his throat, in his mouth, all over, and it didn't stop.

Ilya grinned, let Shane's still-pulsing cock slip from his mouth, gathered some of the release on his fingers, and pushed his coated finger back into Shane's asshole, as deep as he was able to, pressing down on his prostate.

Shane's eyes bulged at the sheer depravity of it. "Fuck! You can't, I can't come again, fuck, Roaznov, Rozanov, please, please— "

Ilya loved it when Shane begged. He fucking loved it. Shane's cock twitched. Smirking, Ilya leaned in, mouthed at Shane's half-hard cock, nibbled at the base, licked the tip. Shane's legs trembled, barely holding him up. Finally, Ilya was able to press in a second finger—so tight, so hot—and the sensation nearly undid him, knowing he'd soon fuck that heat. He glanced up; Shane looked lost, lips bitten deep red, chest flushed, mouth slack. Ilya didn't let go, nuzzled Shane's knot, trying to scissor his fingers though it was nearly impossible. Lube. He needed lube.

He took the tip in his mouth again, Shane was leaking *so much*, rubbed over *that* spot again, and Shane convulsed above him, murmuring "Rozanov, Rozanov, Rozanov" like a prayer, tugging his hair, and he came again. A thing of beauty.

Afterward, Ilya carefully extracted his fingers and rinsed them. Shane leaned against the wall, eyes shut, still trembling. Ilya quickly rinsed them both off, shut off the spray, and guided Shane out of the shower. He found a towel and tossed it to Hollander, who was too slow to catch it. Ilya laughed, toweled himself dry, rubbed carefully over his own aching cock, and left in search for water. He had a feeling he'd need it later. The fridge held an unsurprising amount of ginger ale, meal-prepped containers, and a few water bottles. He grabbed some, along with a few protein bars from a drawer.

He placed his haul on the nightstand in Shane's bedroom and cracked a window to let in fresh air; the bitter scent of Shane's rut still clung to everything. The bed was a mess. He considered fresh sheets for a second, but it would be pointless—they were going to get rather... *dirty*.

On that note—where did Shane keep his lube?

He rummaged through the nightstand, found a bottle, and had just lifted it when a low growl echoed from the hallway. He straightened instantly, abandoning the lube on the bed. Shane stood in the doorway, flushed and furious, wearing a pair of shorts that must have been grabbed from the bathroom. His teeth were bared—finally acting like an alpha in rut who'd found another alpha in his den, intruding on his territory.

And now they would finally fight.

Ilya smiled.

Shane lunged.

And Ilya was ready.

He met Shane in the middle, using the momentum of the attack to throw him onto the bed. No one knew he'd been a wrestling champion back home in Russia, but it still served him well—on the ice and ... now.

Ilya held onto Shane as he tried to rise from the mattress, tried to buck him off. But Ilya was heavier, more used to brawling. Still, Shane's rut made him erratic, and he managed to get an elbow free. He drove it into Ilya's jaw, and Ilya tasted blood. Feisty alpha.

Ilya tried to wrangle Shane's strong limbs, but it was like trying to keep a kraken in a fish tank. Shane got a few solid hits in, but Ilya finally managed to throw him onto his back, straddled his thighs, grabbed his wrists, and pinned him. He couldn't resist—he ground down on Shane's cock, and he bucked beneath him, arching up, straining against the iron grip around his wrists.

"You done, Hollander?"

Shane's face was flushed. God, Ilya loved watching color rise in those adorably freckled cheeks.

He had to readjust his grip on Shane's arms; the muscles bulged beneath his hands, Shane breathing hard under him.

"Calm down. Is okay, Hollander. I got you."

Shane finally loosened his arms. Ilya eased his bruising hold, stroked his hands over those muscular shoulders, and released him.

But Shane wasn't done fighting yet. He used Ilya's moment of trust—of softness—against him. In a single burst of strength, he flipped them, pressing Ilya onto his back. Ilya laughed aloud at the audacity.

Shane throned above him, eyes blazing, a triumphant smile on his lips.

Ilya still had him exactly where he wanted him. He gripped Shane's hips, locking him in place, and bucked up, letting him feel his rock-hard cock.

"You with me, Hollander?"

Shane's head dropped forward. His nostrils flared, the scent around them thick with alpha aggression. Ilya could feel his pheromones flood the room, marking the territory, tangling with Shane's own clear-bitter smell.

"Fuck, Rozanov. I'm sorry—your mouth—"

Oh, right. His lip was bleeding from that elbow. He barely felt it.

"Kiss it better?"

“What?”

“Come on, Hollander. Kiss it better.”

Bashfully, Shane lowered his head. Then he bent forward with that ridiculous hockey-player agility and ghosted his lips over Ilya’s.

Ilya swallowed a moan. “Taste it, Hollander. Taste what you’ve done to me,” he murmured, releasing one hip so he could bury a hand in Shane’s hair.

Shane groaned and kissed him properly, licking the blood from the corner of his mouth, pushing inside, devouring. Ilya’s eyes fluttered shut; he could feel his grip on Shane’s hip leaving marks. More. He needed more. He thrust his hips upward again and cursed the briefs Shane had put back on. With a burst of strength, he twisted them around, he tore his mouth from Shane’s—who looked dazed and hungry again—and made short work of removing the soft cotton. Shane’s cock was hard again, leaking, even though he’d already come twice since Ilya arrived. He lay bared before him, flushed—oh, Ilya would never tire of how easily he flushed—aching, desperate. The fight had left him as quickly as it came. Ilya wrapped a hand around his cock, gave a few absent strokes, then reached for the lube and coated his fingers.

“Turn around, is easier this way.”

Shane’s eyes were as huge as saucers. He nodded, then turned on his stomach. Ilya settled on his back, buried his nose in Shane’s neck, and trailed his fingers down the crease of Shane’s lovely, muscled butt. He slid one leg between Shane’s, to keep them apart. Then, nibbling small kisses to Shane’s neck, he pressed the first lubed finger in. The tightness, the heat was otherworldly. Ilya had to restrain himself from rutting his aching dick against Shane’s lower back. He twisted the finger deeper, as far as he was able to. He knew he had large hands. Thick fingers.

Shuddering, moaning gibberish under Ilya, Shane was feeling it.

Ilya added another lubed finger.

He had never wanted something so bad.

Helped by generous amounts lube, he twisted his fingers in and out, as deep as he was able to, stretching the rim slowly, taking his time. He reached around, stroking Shane’s leaking cock with his other hand, rewarding him with tight, fast strokes, while he worked a third finger in.

Shane tried to turn his head around, moaning, trying to kiss and bite at Ilya’s shoulder, his collarbones, his arms, any skin he could get.

Shane tried to turn his head, moaning, attempting to kiss and bite at Ilya’s shoulder, collarbones, arms—any skin he could reach.

“Stay put.” Ilya dragged his fingers out, added more lube. Shane whined at the loss.

“Just fuck me already.”

“You’re not there yet.”

“Fuck you.”

“You don’t know how bad I want to. But you will hurt. I don’t want to see you hurt.”

“Just do it. I can take it.”

Ilya drizzled more lube onto Shane’s dusty-pink opening and pressed it in, stretching him. Without warning, he added a third finger, shoved them in all at once. Shane reared off the bed in ecstasy and came all over his chest. Ilya could feel the hot panting of Shane’s breath against his neck.

“Don’t bite me there, okay? Not the neck. You can bite anywhere else, okay, Hollander?”

Ilya withdrew his fingers from the tight heat, wiped them on the sheets, and generously coated his cock in lube. He doubted he’d last long.

He repositioned Shane on the bed, still limp and exhausted from his latest release. Ilya pushed Shane’s shoulder blades into the mattress, then pulled him up onto his knees and arched his back. Perfect. Shane was perfect for him.

He draped himself over Shane’s body, mouthed at his irresistible neck, murmuring soft praises into his ear. “You’re doing so good, *milyj*. So good, just for me.” He loved the glide of their sweat-slicked bodies, the solid strength of Shane’s back beneath him. He grabbed his aching cock and teased Shane’s entrance. Even relaxed from orgasm, Ilya doubted he would fit.

“I can just fuck your thighs, if you want—”

Shane head-butted him in the nose. “Don’t you dare!”

Ilya laughed, half feral, and tried to press his cock in. Shane was incredibly tight. And hot. Ilya was close to bursting. He panted harshly, put his full weight behind the push—and thrust in. His eyes rolled back. This was it. This.

Shane groaned beneath him.

Sweat dripped from Ilya’s chin onto Shane’s neck. He wanted to bite.

He pushed further. Just the tip.

“You’re killing me, Shane. You’re killing me.”

Shane bucked his hips and forced another inch inside him. Ilya bit down on Shane’s shoulder, hard. Fuck.

He grabbed Shane's hips, spreading him open as far as he could, staring at his cock *inside* Shane's hole. The rim was stretched taut, gripping him like a vice. Lube glistened. Reverently, he touched the place where his cock was sucked into Shane. His knot pulsed. He could have come from this alone—from the tightness, from the sight of Shane taking just the tip. His knot would never fit.

"Fuck, Rozanov, fuck me. Fuck me, please." Shane twisted his head to look back at him, eyes wide, pleading.

How could he deny that? Ilya pressed another inch inside. Shane's body was a wonder—he could *take* him. And another. Then he had to stop, where the knot was already swelling at the base.

He withdrew and slammed back in. The sounds were obscene—skin slapping on skin. He fucked Shane in earnest now, no restraint left, putting his whole strength behind each thrust, reducing Shane to a writhing, begging mess.

He tightened his grip on Shane's hip, pressed a hand to his lower back, demanding him to arch and take it deeper. He slowed, adding weight behind every push, forcing his cock even deeper, feeling his knot catch at the rim, pressing on and on.

Shane's back flushed red; he desperately clawed for something to hold onto—the sheets, the headboard—until Ilya took pity and offered his hand. Shane gripped it like a lifeline. And Ilya fucked deeper.

It was insanity. Why was it *this* good?

He changed the rhythm, dared to speed up again. Faster. Heavier. He grunted. He knew he'd come soon. Skin slapped on skin. Shane was past words, and Ilya was nearly there himself. Hypnotized, he stared at Shane's neck, then at the place where his cock was sinking into him, again and again, where his knot was pushing against the stretched rim, forcing his way into the tight heat.

The bed creaked. Sweat ran down his spine in rivulets. Then Shane squeezed his hand, dug his nails into Ilya's arm, screamed, and came and came and came.

Ilya fucked him through his orgasm, chasing his own.

Shane's muscles went slack; he dropped flat on the bed. Ilya let go of his hand, gripped his hips hard, used the momentary looseness, thrust viciously with all his strength, and popped his knot inside the bruised rim, pressing farther and farther, until there was no space left between them. He ground his aching cock as deep as he could, deeper still, bit hard into Shane's shoulder blade, and came.

He blacked out for a second.

All the blood in his body had pooled in his knot; it swelled, pulsing, filling Shane up, locking them together. Plugging him. Carved out a space in Shane's body that wasn't meant to be carved out.

He pushed deeper, farther, more. More. Mark him. Mark him from the inside. Shane was *his*.

After an eternity, a small whine reached his ears. He twisted his hips, ground his cock into the hot flesh. The whine grew louder.

Slowly, he unlocked his jaw, released the flesh between his teeth. Huh. Shane was definitely bleeding.

Suddenly, Shane tightened his ass again. Ilya's head dropped; his fingers spasmed where they were still braced on Shane's stomach. He was still coming.

He unclenched his fingers, stroked Shane's flat stomach, pressed exactly where he knew his cock was still pulsing inside Shane's tight heat. Shane convulsed under the touch. The pleasure was unreal.

Ilya drew a breath. Smelled Shane. Smelled *them*. He stroked down over Shane's stomach, over his half-hard cock, farther down where their bodies were joined. He ground a little deeper. His knot would take a while to soften. Carefully, he rolled them onto their sides to take some weight off Shane. His knot tugged at the rim, and Shane whimpered.

Soothingly, Ilya caressed Shane's side, stroking up and down. Shane turned his head to look at him—eyes hooded, lips bitten red. Ilya wanted to kiss them.

Shane looked and looked and looked, and Ilya stared back.

“Are you okay?”

“I think my rut broke.”

“It's over?”

“Yeah. Pretty much.”

“How... how is it for you? Are you in pain?”

Shane smiled softly and squeezed his muscles around the still-pulsing knot. “It hurts. It hurts really good.”

“I'm sorry.”

“I wanted to. I still want it.”

“Okay,” Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss to Shane's neck.

“Is it... how... is it okay for you, too? I'm not an omega—”

Ilya couldn't help it; he laughed. Full-body shudders wrecked him, pulling at his cock still inside Shane, “Oh fuck”, he laughed, ground his knot deeper, groaning.

“Hollander, I’ve never...” He had never knotted before. Not with an omega, not with a beta—certainly not with an alpha. He’d never wanted to risk getting an omega pregnant, never felt the urge to connect like this with anyone. Never felt the need to knot so badly until... until now. And he was absolutely not ready to face what that meant. “You’re fine. You’re good. You’re really good. Feels great.” Ilya tried to push deeper, kissed Shane’s lips, murmured praise. After a blissed-out while, he felt his knot begin to go down.

“I’m pulling out now, okay?”, he warned Shane. Gently, he eased himself free of Shane’s ass. A mess of lube and come followed. Shane swore. Before he could protest, Ilya bent down and licked the puffy hole, tongued inside, tried to chase the taste of his own come in Shane’s ass. Shane’s cock twitched.

The taste still on his lips, he crawled up, pushed his tongue into Shane’s sweet mouth and fed him his come. Shane spluttered, then moaned, opening beautifully for him.

Ilya pulled away. “You should shower.”

Shane lay there, dazed. Bruises bloomed across his skin, scratches and bites marking his back and shoulder—one of them still bleeding.

“I don’t think I can walk.”

“Fair.”

Ilya was glad that he had stocked water earlier. He unscrewed a bottle and held it to Shane’s mouth. Greedily, Shane swallowed gulp after gulp. Ilya stared at his throat working—his cock had been in there. It was probably sore, too.

He got up, stepped under the shower for a quick rinse, reluctantly washing away Shane’s scent and the clean-bitter tang of alpha rut. He carelessly toweled himself dry, grabbed a washcloth, and went back to the bedroom. Shane hadn’t moved. He took the cloth from Ilya’s outstretched hand and wiped the worst of the mess from his chest and stomach. Then he reached between his cheeks—and whimpered. Instantly, Ilya was on him, took the washcloth from Shane’s trembling fingers, and gently cleaned his most vulnerable parts. Shane’s hole was flaming red, and puffy. But it didn’t look torn. Ilya told him so.

The sheets were a mess – blood, come, sweat, and probably other substances Ilya preferred not to identify. “Want me to carry you to the guest room or the couch?” he offered.

Shane looked at him. “Fuck you,” he whispered.

“Drink more water. We have a game tomorrow.”

Ilya found his clothes scattered through the hallway and bathroom. He pulled them on carelessly, feeling boneless. Something in him had shifted—irrevocably—and he couldn’t yet name it.

He returned to the bedroom to check on Shane. Shane had dragged the comforter over himself, barely moving. His chest rose and fell steadily, eyes closed. He looked

heartbreakingly adorable. Ilya leaned down, brushed a ghost of a kiss on his forehead, and left.

Shane woke disoriented. His phone read 3:00 a.m. Every part of his body ached. His shoulder throbbed. He was bruised everywhere. His ass...

He limped to the bathroom, popped some Tylenol, considered a shower, then dismissed the idea as too exhausting and went back to bed.

He knew Ilya was gone. The apartment felt empty.

He checked his phone again.

They had to win against Vancouver tomorrow.

He knew he should sleep—rest, recover, let his body heal. But his treacherous mind replayed everything: every moment, every touch, every word. Over and over.

Shane wanted to die. The things he'd said, the way he'd acted...

No message from Ilya.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

“Vancouver has won the last four games in a row; the team is on fire. For sure, a hot contender for this year’s cup. And today they’re up against the Toronto Tigers, who’ve been in a slump ever since they took on the Russian ice-hockey wunderkind Ilya Rozanov. Interestingly, it’s not Rozanov who’s dragging the team down—it’s superstar Shane Hollander, who seems to have lost his luck...”

“What was wrong with Shane Hollander? The decline of the hockey wonder...”

Worst gameday of his life.

For the first time in his professional ice-hockey career, he was running late for a game. They were playing Vancouver at home, and Shane had a strict pre-game routine he never changed. Today was... different. He’d overslept, his alarm unheard, sleeping well into late morning. His apartment was a mess. Towels were strewn across the bathroom and living room, discarded wherever they’d landed. The bedroom—he should burn the sheets. He didn’t think they were salvageable. And he had slept in those sheets, urgh. They’d even knocked over a lamp while fighting—Shane’s face flushed just thinking about how he’d behaved, what his rutted-out alpha brain had made him do—he’d attacked Rozanov, for godsakes. He’d punched him in the mouth. In his bedroom. And later, he’d licked up the blood.

Bury him. So embarrassing. The total loss of control.

And then—

Shane shut his thoughts down. Everything that had followed was too raw, too intense. He couldn’t revisit it yet. He wasn’t ready. He wasn’t sure he’d ever be ready, if he was honest.

He’d managed to drag himself into a bath and soak for an hour. He felt slightly more human afterward.

He had avoided mirrors. He knew he looked bad. He tried to get some sustenance down—some proteins, some water. A banana for fiber and vitamins. His body was regenerating, as alphas usually did after they rutted for one or two days.

But with every step he took, his body refused to let him forget what he’d done. What he’d let Rozanov do to him. He hurt. Jesus Christ, he hurt. There was a twinge deep inside his ass (Rozanov had been *that* deep), and each step made him relive flashes of the night before. Rozanov above him, Rozanov pressing his huge cock inside him, Rozanov fucking him with

abandon. How he had whined and cried (he had cried so much during sex, Jesus, how could he ever look Rozanov in the eyes again?), and begged—he had begged so much. He had gagged for it, gagged to be fucked by an alpha.

Why couldn't he be *normal*? Just a normal alpha, preferring omegas? Why did he need to be fucked as if his life depended on it? (Because he needed it. He still needed it.)

He made sure to be fully dressed with under-armor when he showed up at the compound. There was no way in hell he was letting the other guys see what his body looked like. He had bruises the size of Rozanov's fingers all over his hips and lower back. A scabbed-over bite mark the size of Rozanov's teeth on his shoulder. Love bites littered his shoulders, his back, his arms—some even on his neck.

(Yes, he had finally dared to look in the mirror after the bath. His cheeks were hollow. His body was a bruise of bite marks. But his eyes were glowing.)

He tried not to limp when he entered the locker room. Immediately, he knew Rozanov was already there. He had always known where Rozanov was, but this was somehow worse than before. Rozanov's stare was burning a hole through the back of his head. Stiffly, he pulled on the rest of his uniform, the pads, then got up and faced the team. The mood in the locker room was demure. They had to win this game to have a chance at making the playoffs. He knew that. Everyone in the room knew that. Vancouver was on a winning streak. And he had been fighting with his teammate on the ice, and they had been at their worst. And now Shane could barely walk, and he didn't know what to say to the guys. He was their captain, for godsakes. He needed to pull himself together, get his head out of the gutter.

He stood in the middle of the locker room, all eyes on him. He knew he needed to give an encouraging, motivating speech, but he was at a loss for words. What could he possibly tell the team? Their faces were expectant, but Shane had nothing. He cleared his throat. He couldn't do this. This was the low point of his career. He was letting down the team.

He felt a shoulder brush his. Rozanov had gotten up and stood next to him. Shane whipped his head around and stared at him. Rozanov searched his eyes, then nodded and faced the team.

"Listen up!" he lifted his voice but kept his shoulder pressed to Shane's. "I don't care that we lost the last game. Hell, I don't care that we lost the game before that. All I care about is tonight. Because tonight we're going to win. We're going to fuck Vancouver."

Rozanov lifted his hand and patted Shane on the shoulder, right on his bite mark. Shane tried not to flinch, tried to keep his back straight. He steeled his gaze, nodded along.

"How do I know that, you ask me?" Rozanov turned around, looking every player in the eye. "Because I'm going to make that happen. Hollander and I will fuck them up. We'll fuck those fuckwits up real good. And either you're with us, or you're out. You can leave your helmet and go the fuck home. But I will be out there, following my captain, and fucking Vancouver in the ass. You heard me?"

The locker room erupted in cheers. The guys came up to them, knocked their helmets against Shane's and Rozanov's.

"Good speech, Rozanov."

"Thanks."

"Did you have to put in the bit about getting fucked in the ass?" Shane murmured.

Rozanov had the audacity to wink at him.

In the end, it was he who followed Rozanov onto the ice. He was nowhere near prime skating condition. And, if he was honest, Vancouver was the best team at the moment. Excellent defense, and a winning streak. They were on fire.

But Rozanov made it his mission to catch every puck Shane shot his way. And Shane always knew where Rozanov was on the ice. Always.

Vancouver must've studied footage of their past games. They expected that he and Rozanov would be the weak link.

Instead... they were magical.

Although Shane's body was hurting—his ribs still aching, the bite in his shoulder throbbing, not to mention the soreness down there—he realized he had forgotten why he played hockey in the first place. This. This was why. There was an unrestrained fire to their game, a wild joy he hadn't felt in ages. Maybe ever.

But Vancouver wasn't the best team of the season for nothing.

The game turned dirty once it became clear that Toronto wasn't giving up without a fight. Shane got shoved into the boards, and for a second he saw stars. Rozanov took the hit against him personally. He got a penalty for tackling the Vancouver player who had run Shane into the boards. And then Vancouver scored again.

Shane pulled himself together. Rozanov had said he'd follow him. And he wanted to believe him. He skated over to Ilya and whispered, "Let's win this."

Ilya grinned at him. "Only if I get to fuck you again."

"You're such an asshole!"

"Is that a yes?" Rozanov yelled over his shoulder as he skated to the middle of the ice for the face-off.

"Fine, yes," Shane whispered.

Ilya must've heard him, because he turned around, smiled ferally, and won the face-off.

The game was brutal. It was eye for an eye, goal for goal.

But Shane scored the winning goal, assisted by Ilya.

The roar in the arena was deafening.

Shane wanted to collapse. Rozanov skated over to him and slung his arms around his shoulders, keeping him upright.

“Good shot, Hollander.”

“We did it.” Shane still couldn’t believe it. This win felt better than the last cup.

“We did it.” Rozanov nodded and clasped his shoulder again. Shane couldn’t hide his flinch this time. He wasn’t sure if Rozanov had noticed. He hoped not.

All Shane wanted after the game was a long, hot shower, but he knew he couldn’t show his body to the guys. That would raise questions he wasn’t prepared to answer.

The guys were going out to celebrate, but Shane begged off, claimed exhaustion, and this time no one gave him a hard time for it.

Later, in his apartment, he had just finished his shower and wrapped himself in his fluffiest bathrobe when his doorbell rang. Probably his mom, checking up on him after he’d ignored her for the past few days... All he wanted to do was sleep; he was dead on his feet. He checked that the robe covered the worst of the bites and bruises, and the rest he could explain as injuries from the game. He opened the door.

It wasn’t his mom.

Rozanov stood in the doorway, tentatively smiling, clad in sweats and a comfy-looking Toronto Tigers hoodie. “Can I come in?”

“No. Fuck you.”

“Don’t be like that, Hollander. Come on.”

Shane rolled his eyes. He didn’t have any energy left for Rozanov. But a part of him was overly joyous that Rozanov was back. He didn’t want to examine that part of himself any closer.

“You smell good,” Rozanov said when he sat down on the couch, leaving a few feet of space between them.

“What?”

“Freshly showered. I like the lemon smell on your skin.”

Shane felt heat creep into his cheeks. In the shower, his lemon-scented body wash had brought back the memories from the day before with force. He had started getting hard from the smell alone.

“Why are you here?”

“It was a good game today. Even though you were not playing in top form.”

“And whose fault was that?”

Rozanov smirked and ran his hands through his dark-blond locks. “I’m not apologizing for fucking you, Hollander.”

Shane buried his face in his hands.

“No, but really, we played good together. Coach was pleased, no? Fans were pleased as well. And fuck the commentators.”

Shane smiled weakly. “Yeah, I guess.”

“I liked it. Playing together. Fucking you.”

Shane knew his face must be beet red by now.

Rozanov continued, “We should keep doing that, I think. Is good for our game.”

“Hooking up?”

“Yeah. Is part of the deal now. I’m not telling anyone that you like alpha cock; and I get to fuck you. You liked it, right?”

“You benefit from keeping this a secret as well.”

“But for me is not issue like for you. I don’t mind fucking an alpha. I’m Canadian citizen now; Russia can’t hurt me anymore. I have money, I am best ice hockey player, I can fuck who I want.”

Shane needed a second to unpack Rozanov’s words. “I’m the best player, asshole.” Wait.

“You’ve got a Canadian passport?” No, wait. “You want *me*?”

“I said so, didn’t I?” Rozanov stretched his thickly muscled arms and placed one on the back of the couch, close to Shane.

Shane grabbed the hem of the bathrobe and wrapped it tighter around himself. Subconsciously, he had drifted closer to Rozanov. They were almost touching.

“Let me look at this.”

“What?”

Rozanov slowly reached out, projected his movements, and tugged the bathrobe off Shane’s shoulder.

“Does it hurt?” Rozanov asked, carefully tracing the bite marks and bruises with his fingertips. He lingered on the one where he had bitten him bloody. The skin around it was deep purple and slightly inflamed. Shane should probably put some salve or ice on it.

“What do you think?” Shane asked acerbically.

“I didn’t know... I’ve never bitten someone before.” Rozanov’s face was weirdly open.

“Not even your omegas?” He tried not to let the bitterness show in his voice, but he knew he didn’t succeed.

“I’ve also never knotted someone before.”

“Oh.”

“I was your first, right?”

“What?” Shane was distracted by the featherlight touches of Rozanov’s fingers on his shoulders, his neck, down his arm.

“Your first alpha.”

“Yeah.”

“Good.”

“Look, Rozanov—”

“Ilya. Call me Ilya.”

Shane swallowed around the lump in his throat. “Ilya, we can’t keep doing this. Someone will find out. And my body... wasn’t built for this. I’m not an omega.”

“But you want it.”

“We can’t keep doing this.”

“Not directly before games. No, you were right, that wasn’t a good idea. But I can still blow you. And fuck you not directly before games, okay?”

Shane blushed furiously, and his cock twitched. “It’s a bad idea.”

“Why? We talked about this. Is good for our game.”

“People will find out.”

“Hollander—Shane—it will be okay. We’ll not tell anyone. We’re no longer rivals but teammates, right? We can be friendly in public. And if people find out... let them.”

“But—” Shane struggled for words. What was Ilya saying? He wanted them to be... together? “But don’t you want to find a nice omega for yourself?”

“Do you?”

“You know I don’t.”

“See.”

“I can’t...” Shane looked up and grabbed Ilya’s wandering hand. Ilya intertwined their fingers, brought his hand to his mouth, and kissed the knuckles.

“Shane.”

“If... if we do this, I won’t—you can’t—”

“What is it?” Ilya used his grip on Shane’s hand to draw him onto his lap.

“You can’t fuck other people,” Shane burst out. And blushed. It would kill him. Had he revealed too much?

Ilya just smiled and kissed his forehead, his eyebrows. “Shane. I’ve bit you. I’ve knotted you. You were insanely hot. I cannot wait to fuck you again. All I can think about is fucking you. I think about it more than hockey. Let me. Let me be in your life.”

Shane felt a single tear escape his eye. He wasn’t crying. He wasn’t.

Ilya licked the tear from his cheek. “Is okay? I can even call off deal, if you want.”

“What about before?” Shane whispered.

“Before? What do you mean?”

“Nothing. It’s nothing.”

“No, not nothing. But I’ve been dreaming about you. Thinking about you. Before. But you were an alpha. Dating that omega actress. I’ve always wondered how it would be to fuck you, to not only have you beneath me on ice, but also beneath me on bed.”

Shane buried his head in Ilya’s chest and murmured, “Fine.”

“What was that?”

“Fine. Let’s do this.”

“You like me.” Ilya grinned.

“No knotting before games. No biting before games. This can’t interfere with hockey.”

“Deal.”

Shane felt Ilya’s cock harden beneath his ass. Slowly, he ground down. (He must’ve passed out from exhaustion, and this was a fever dream.)

“You’re killing me,” Ilya moaned.

“No, you’re killing me. I can’t—you can’t—”

“Let me do the work.” Ilya positioned him on the couch, opened his bathrobe, and swallowed his cock in one smooth movement, down to the hilt.

Shane arched his back and moaned. “Fuck, Ilya, fuck—”

Ilya didn’t stop until Shane came down his throat. Like a cat that finally got some cream, he licked his lips and jerked off, coming all over his stomach. It was hot; Shane felt marked.

“I’ve just showered, asshole.”

Ilya grinned and started licking him clean. Shane couldn’t protest anymore; he was completely boneless. Afterwards, Ilya gathered him in his arms and carried him to the bedroom, deposited him on the bed, tucked him in.

“Okay if I stay?”

Shane looked up. Was there a faint blush on Ilya’s cheeks? “Yeah,” he whispered.

“Good,” Ilya murmured, bent down, and kissed him briefly on the mouth. He vanished into the bathroom and came back a few minutes later. Shane was half-asleep, and the last thing he noticed before he passed out was how the alpha wrapped himself around his body.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for kudos and love, bye!

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