

West Coast Dreaming

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76012366) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76012366>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Knotting , Breeding Kink , Unsafe Sex , Fluff and Smut , Multiple Orgasms , Idiots in Love , Denial of Feelings , Nesting , Spit Kink , Wet & Messy , just the way they like it
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Crushing In the Rink
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 8,415 Chapters: 1/1

West Coast Dreaming

by [verensal](#)

Summary

January, 2016

Ilya orders two burgers and fries for them to share. There is a can of ginger ale, which Shane takes gladly, and, there is also coleslaw salad, which Ilya insisted he got for himself, but Shane caves in and takes a forkful of it too, and, there is an ice cream sandwich, and, Shane doesn't even like sweet things, but he bites into it as well under Ilya's amused gaze.

"What?" Shane mumbles, his mouth full.

Ilya shakes his head. He looks so peaceful and truly calm, which is why Shane doesn't expect him to open his mouth and say: "You truly are going in heat" so casually.

Or, how Shane and Ilya make a baby (prequel to 'Ice Baby').

January, 2016

Shane is boiling.

And not because of the weather, but that one is pretty close.

The heat is unbelievable.

The weather in Los Angeles is normally pretty mild in January, but this year it turned out to be unnaturally hot, and because they were so far out in the desert, the temperatures felt almost ten times worse.

It does not help that Shane feels feverish.

He woke up sweaty and flushed this morning, despite the cool nighttime air he let through the open balcony doors (he doesn't turn on the AC because he thinks it is not good for him), but now, his skin feels rigid and dry, and, no matter how much water he keeps drinking, he cannot quench down the thirst rising in his body.

He spent the first half of the day wandering around in a strange haze, but, he feels calmer now, away from the nauseating scents and the constant presence of the other people surrounding him.

He cannot however hide away from the sun.

Even, in the shade of the umbrella and palm trees, it feels over a hundred degrees.

It is past lunchtime, and most of the players of this year's All-Star Game are back at their rooms or spending time with their families in the hotel, while Shane is one of the few, who stayed out, an unread book lying open on his chest, cover up, as he considers his options.

He technically still has time to go back to his room and take a nap before this evening's charity dinner.

He is not particularly tired, but it would be wise to gather his strength after a restless night. He can also stay out and read, taking advantage of the pool, while it's empty. Shane has a small hot tub back at his villa, but the pool is deeper and wider and Shane would love to use it to his advantage. It is so rare to carve out small moments for himself, that Shane wants to enjoy them to the fullest while he can.

The mid-afternoon sun is cruel. January heat is unforgiving, and Shane sort of hopes that the promised rain, which is supposed to break out later in the day, will ease the heaviness in the air.

He sinks into the sun-bed, his sunglasses perched low on his nose, then picks up the paperback and tries to focus on the words in front of him.

The pool, with its smooth, crystal-like waters is calling to him.

Shane sighs, giving up on reading after ten minutes, and steps towards the swimming pool.

Tension lifts off his chest when he lets his feet soak in the cool water. Shane is alone, so he takes his time, entering the pool, his body relaxing under the clear surface. Swimming never failed to calm his racing mind and now it also manages to soothe the unsettling anxiety underneath his skin.

Shane dives in, headfirst, and he is not thinking about anything other than the water smothering his body like a blanket.

His head is completely blank which is perhaps why the arms tightening around his waist make him gasp out in surprise, and rise in panic above the surface, gulping for air.

“What the fuck-!”

“Found you,” a gleeful voice chirps beside his ear.

Shane wants to trash out, but his movements are slow and all he manages is the fiery scowl over his shoulder, and turn round to stare at the familiar face.

“We are in public!”

“No one is here,” the man shrugs, but he does let go of Shane’s waist and swims to the opposite side of the pool, not even trying to look guilty after noticing the frown twisting Shane’s face. “Had to make sure you were not planning on drowning yourself.”

“I know how to swim, Rozanov,” Shane huffs, “and it is now that *deep* in here.”

The Russian gives him a playful look across the pool. Shane’s skin tingles where Ilya’s hands touched him just a moment ago, and he pushes away a longing thought, that he wants to feel the alpha’s arms wrap around him again.

Rozanov takes long leisurely strokes across the pool, and Shane tries not to stare at the bulge of his muscles or at the tanned skin, glistening under the Californian sun.

Los Angeles has been good to Ilya. It makes his hair curlier, and his face flushed and warm from all the tanning, and he smiles more, his teeth sharp and white against his darkened skin.

Shane likes the look of eternal summer on him, and it is not good for either his heart, nor his poorly concealed desire.

“I thought you wanted to swim,” Rozanov’s annoyed voice shakes Shane out of his lingering. “Come on, Hollander. Entertain me.”

Shane looks around.

He is worried.

A part of him knows that Ilya is right, they are alone, but the idea that someone could come in, and see the two of them together, nudges him uncomfortably.

He pushes away the frustration, its just *swimming*, he tells himself, and yet nothing about Ilya's grin suggests that it would end well for Shane.

Still Shane swallows the bait. "Want to race?"

Competing with Ilya comes naturally to him. Shane basks in it, even if its the simple things.

Ilya swims beside him and when he is losing he tries to tug at Shane's calf or grasp his thighs, and Shane is so lightheaded and warm he almost doesn't care if someone notices them fooling around together.

"That's cheating," Shane laughs, and the skin on skin contact is enough, for him to feel uncomfortably stiff in his swim trunks.

"No way," Rozanov smiles, all teeth. His eyes are hungry when he pushes Shane against the edge of the pool. Shane gasps, when their chests touch, and he is so drunk on Ilya's scent he ignores the big red flash in his head going: *danger, danger, danger*.

Ilya leans closer to the omega's scent gland, but, instead of pushing him away, Shane's palms press against Ilya's chest, feeling the steady beating of his heart.

Ilya's rumbles, and, when his nose brushes against the column of Shane's neck, omega whines into the thick air.

"Fuck- You smell so fucking good."

"Rozanov," it means to come as a warning, but Shane is trembling. His voice is too needy, and he has to make this stop but he can't (and he doesn't want to.) They are alone, and Shane can feel how much Ilya wants him, because his dick is hard against Shane's naval, and his scent is so thick Shane practically chokes on it. "Not here, please-"

Is he asking him to stop? Or-

"I can take you to my room," Ilya's breath is hot, and Shane exhales shakily, when he feels the pressure of the alpha's teeth against the tender skin of his nape. "Make you come on my mouth, and on my fingers before dinner. How does that sound, omega?"

That sounds fucking fantastic. Shane is vibrating with nervous energy, and he wants, so badly, he is needy and he bares his neck wanting to feel more, wanting to have Ilya bite into his skin and claim and fill him up, and damn it, if Shane's head is not spinning with the possibility of how many times Ilya can make him come before they have to pull themselves together and show up to the public.

He swallows hard, while Ilya is still kissing his neck, "yeah."

"Yeah?" Shane can't see his face from this angle, but he can tell from the tilt of his voice, that the alpha is smiling.

"Yeah," Shane breathes out. "Fuck, alpha, I need- *Oh*."

Ilya's hands reach behind, and his fingers trace the hem of Shane's trunks, and, he wats to say that he doesn't want it, but instead, he moans like a slut, when Ilya's palms sneak under the fabric and squeeze the bare flesh of his ass, before pressing two fingers inside Shane's wet hole.

Shane's forehead rests on Ilya's shoulder, and he must be making some sort of noises, soft and whining, which he refuses to call 'mewls' as Ilya does, and soon their mouths are on each other, and Shane's eyes are closing, and all he can focus on, is the roughness of the alpha's fingers stretching out the tight rim of his muscles with practiced ease that make Shane's face burn.

He is so wet, that when Ilya pushes a third finger inside, Shane takes him easily.

He is wanton for this alpha, Shane realizes with mild panic and strange need.

He is hot and slicking, and he stands on his tiptoes when he feels the pleasant tightness coiling in his lower stomach, just from the press of the thick digits against his prostate.

Shane is starved for the alpha's touch, which is stupid since they spent the last night together too, but now, it feels as if every fibre of his body is an open nerve and even when he feels that he is close to spilling inside his swim trunks, it still doesn't not feel *enough*.

"Ilya," Shane is whispering and the alpha swallows his own name with a kiss, "alpha, please-"

"Yeah, baby," the alpha keeps kissing him breathless, and when Shane looks up at him through his eyelashes, he can see his own reflection in Ilya's wide pupils. He is close to tears, when the the alpha takes out his fingers, stealing the orgasm away from him, but, the husky voice and his warm kiss against Shane' brow, makes the tingling inside his skin feel a bit more bearable. "Let's take you to my bed."

*

The walk from the swimming pool to Ilya's villa is a blur.

Shane is way ahead of the alpha, but he is grinning and his heart is so loud, he can hear it in his eardrums, because the whole thing reminds him of the chase.

Because that is what Shane is doing. He is running away from the alpha who is creeping slowly, but steadily, behind his footsteps.

It is fun, Shane thinks, but the weight of his hormones, makes his heart feel like he is riding the rollercoaster.

He grabbed his towel and his book before he rushed ahead, still dripping wet from the pool, out into the narrow cobbled side walks of their hotel. The hot stone hurts his feet, making Shane run faster, because of the pain, and not because of the excitement of having the alpha stalking him close.

This area is private, booked for their five-night stay, but Shane is grateful for the many trees and greenery that hide him away from the strangers' eyes.

They each have a villa of their own, and, Ilya's is the furthest away, tucked at the outskirts of the hotel, but, with the gorgeous view of the ocean and Shane could remember the path to it even in his sleep.

It feels good to be separated from the world for a while. The hotel is far from the city and has good security, so Shane is only a little worried about someone catching them, but it does not stop him from smiling when he sort of jogs towards Ilya's villa.

He is not smiling now. He has a key to Ilya's place and he lets himself in, water dripping on the marble floor.

He drops the towel and the book somewhere in the direction of the sofa, and he does not get to race far up the stairs, leading to the bedroom, before he feels strong arms wrap around his torso and a playful bite against his neck.

"Caught you," Ilya is smiling, but his voice is dangerous and he smells like the sun, and sweat, and something musky, and smoky, and Shane's brain is melting.

He knows this is the part, where he is supposed to fight back, his instincts warning him that the alpha will think he is too easy, an easy prey, if he submits so fast from a simple scruffing, but Shane doesn't care.

He mellows into Ilya's arms, and when the alpha presses his back against the wall and crowds Shane against it to kiss him, he is only whimpering and burying his fingers in Ilya's sandy hair, tugging at the wet curls.

Shane's brain is like a broken record, repeating constantly 'alpha, alpha', and he makes a pleased moan when Ilya lifts him by the back of his thighs, Shane's legs wrap instantly around the alpha's hips and lets himself be carried up the stairs, towards the huge bedroom, with that pretty ocean view, that made Shane's mouth part with wonder, when he saw it for the first time.

He huffs a little when Ilya drops him on the bed. Shane is smiling, he is giddy from the pheromones and the obvious desire that is clear in the alpha's dark pupils. Ilya tugs off his trunks and Shane's mouth is full of spit, which he forgets to swallow.

Ilya is on top of him at the instant, and Shane welcomes the alpha with a tight embrace.

"I need you," Shane whispers against his lips and Ilya growls.

"I fucked you last night, and you are still so desperate," the alpha moves away only to scent his neck, and bite Shane playfully on his nape.

Shane hears him through a thick veil of desire and he tries to follow Ilya's lips, a silent plea for more. He likes it, when Ilya is kissing him, and Shane deserves nothing more than to feel the touch of those lips against his heated skin.

Ilya huffs a laughter, but, he does not deny him, when Shane blindly seeks his mouth. “Pretty omega. Can’t wait to wreck you stupid.”

Shane spreads his legs, and he tries to wiggle himself out of his swimsuit, his hands shaking.

Ilya is watching him, he always does, and Shane should be terrified of how raw his scent is and how hard Ilya swallows, when Shane lies beneath him, all naked and needy, but he does not. Instead he bats his eyelashes at the alpha, and watches with hooded eyes, when Ilya reaches for the nightstand to pull out the condoms from the drawer.

“Hurry,” Shane nudges the alpha with his heel pressed against his lower back, but Ilya does not leave him waiting for long.

He is filled soon enough, right after the alpha spreads the condom over his hard cock, and gives himself a rough stroke, which makes Shane’s mouth water.

The push of the alpha’s head against his swollen rim is always an almost uncomfortable stretch. Shane tries to breath through it, but he feels how dry his throat is and he nearly chokes on his spit when Ilya fucks inside.

No matter how often they do it, Shane still cannot get used to the feeling of being split open on the alpha’s cock. There are times when Ilya is gentle, but now, Shane wants to feel every inch of the alpha’s hard cock, and to let go, melting into the rough thrusts of his hips.

Ilya’s scent is everywhere, and Shane is content with getting drunk on it. He tries to hold on to the alpha’s torso, but his legs keep sliding from the sweat and his body is turning into butter on the bedsheets.

The alpha is holding him, and all Shane can do is wrap his arms around his neck and moan, loud and wanton, while Ilya carves a special spot inside omega’s willing body (and his aching heart).

The room is filled with the sounds of slapping skin and saccharine moans, but Shane wants to focus only on the feeling of the alpha’s body pressing against his own, and, he is desperate to see him cum, to watch Ilya’s face twist in pleasure, mirroring Shane’s own.

Ilya needs him too, Shane knows, and that thought alone is enough to make him kiss the alpha’s jaw, and then his cheek, and feel his own orgasm hit him so strong, that his toes curl, and his vision goes dark for a pleasant moment.

He cannot handle Ilya’s rough pace, and he submits to the alpha, willingly, his throat bared in a silent invitation, which the alpha doesn’t take, and Shane pretends that the rejection doesn’t sting, when instead of biting him, Ilya nuzzles into his neck and kisses him roughly on the gland, no doubt leaving a huge hickey behind.

*

Shane wakes up to the sound of rain.

He does not know how long he was asleep, but when he opens his eyes, the sky is dark and grey, and there are streaks of raindrops against the glass windows.

He feels groggy.

He tries to put the pieces of his memory together, Ilya's tongue on his hole, and his mouth when he sucked Shane off, and he must have passed out sometime after that, because Shane doesn't recall much after Ilya kissed him with the same mouth he eat Shane's slick with.

There is not wetness between his thighs, which he takes as a good sign, and the bedsheets don't smell like sweat or cum, so Ilya must have changed them while he was asleep.

Shane's chest tightens at the thought of the alpha taking care of him, but right now, the said alpha is nowhere to be found.

Shane is naked under the crisp white bedsheets and he grabs the first shirt he can find, lying folded on the chair by the door and the boxers that seem to conveniently hide underneath.

Shane listens, but the villa is quiet, and, when he walks down the stairs to the first floor, bare feet making little noise against the wooden surface, he sort of expects the alpha to jump out at him, but, instead, he finds Ilya sitting on the couch, legs thrown on top of the small coffee table and watching a muted hockey match on the TV in complete silence.

"Ah. You're awake," Rozanov's eyes are glued to the screen even when Shane wobbles hesitantly towards him. The shirt he is wearing smells like the alpha, Shane realizes, and he tries not to think that Ilya left it in his room on purpose, so that Shane could put it on. Rozanov is not looking at him, but Shane feels a strange feeling, that he has the alpha's whole, undivided, attention. "You hungry?"

"What time is it?" Shane feels out of place. He should have left after they were done, but he fell asleep so suddenly that it made him almost disoriented. "Why are you not at the dinner with everybody else?"

Rozanov hums, and Shane assumes that is his way of avoiding the question.

"I can call the room service for both of us if you want. Their cheeseburgers are good," instead of answering, Ilya grumbles and leans forward to grab the menu from the coffee table. "I am starving."

"I should go," Shane searches around for his phone but he must have left it in the foyer along with his book and towel. "I need to get ready and-"

"It is nine," Ilya says simply, flipping through the pages of the menu, "the event is probably over by now. It was supposed to start at six, no?"

Shane feels the ground sinking beneath his feet.

He slept for what- nearly five hours? More? Shane's chest is tight and he thinks that for a moment he forgets how to breathe.

“Jeez, Hollander. Relax. No one cares. Those dinners are all a farce anyway,” Rozanov finally looks up at him, and Shane doesn’t feel even an ounce of the carefree energy which radiates from Ilya’s body. He even pats the spot beside him on the sofa, like Shane is some sort of pet, and the omega feels like he is about to throw up. “Come on. Don’t look so pale.”

“Why did you not wake me up?” Shane doesn’t mean for his voice to come out so high, but it does and he flinches at himself.

His mind is still a little slow and hazy from the deep nap, but he supposes Ilya is right. It is too late to start getting ready for the charity dinner now. The idea of putting on normal people’s clothes and heading out to socialize makes him cringe.

Shane stands in stupor for a moment, before he lets himself exhale and take tentative steps towards the obnoxiously content, and grinning alpha.

Rozanov’s naked chest is rising slowly, and he is wearing some form of boxing shorts, so when he pulls Shane by his waist, their bare thighs touch, and Shane stumbles onto the couch.

“You were sleeping so sweetly, I would feel awful if I disturbed your beauty rest,” Shane rolls his eyes at Ilya’s smirk, and lets himself be pulled against the alpha’s chest. “So? What do you want? Truffle fries and ginger ale?”

“This is ridiculous,” Shane says out loud, and, he should probably care more about eating all the greasy food, and, how bloated he will feel tomorrow, but, he relents and lets Rozanov order for both of them.

Shane watches the match when Ilya gets off the phone with the reception desk, and catches his eye when the alpha walks back to the room. “You smell strong, Hollander.”

“I should shower,” Shane really should, all the chlorine from the swimming pool, and, the sweat is probably stuck to his skin, but, Ilya doesn’t let him move, instead crawling onto the couch and pressing Shane against the plush pillows. “What? You just said that I stink! Let go of me, Rozanov, I have to clean up.”

“Not what I meant,” Ilya mumbles somewhere against the skin of his neck, and Shane groans in frustration. The bulk of the alpha is heavy, and Shane really wishes Ilya would stop roughhousing with him because it makes his skin crawl with goosebumps. “You smell nice. Really nice. Like honey and milk.”

“Seriously, Rozanov,” Shane puts his palms against the alpha’s shoulders and he finally moves away, but, he does not let go of Shane.

Instead, he tugs him against his side, and wraps an arm around Shane’s waist, so that his head is pressing against Ilya’s own chest. Shane doesn’t know why he is so strung up from simple touch, but this makes him want to both hide away and never leave the alpha’s secure embrace.

“What has gotten into you?” Shane mutters but Ilya doesn’t give him an answer.

They keep watching the TV and the silence should feel heavy, but instead Shane sort of leans into it, letting the scene before him captivate his mind. He can hear the rain outside, but here, in the dimly lit space of Ilya's hotel room, Shane cannot think of a place he would rather be.

He is settled which is already unnerving. Ilya's scent is a nice distraction, and the alpha lets out those low noises that Shane likes so much but would never admit it out loud, because it is too.. vulnerable. But when Ilya sort of purrs like that, Shane always feels a little calmer and more relaxed, leaning against his warm chest and letting the slow beating of the alpha's heart lull him into a soft, calm headspace.

He startles when he hears the knock, but Ilya shushes him and tells him it's probably their food, and, Shane has about five minutes to decide if he should hide or not, but Ilya tells him to stay and he does.

Shane waits on the edge of the couch when Ilya walks in, pushing a tray of food ahead of him like some sort of porn-star waiter. Shane shakes his head but he smiles, when Ilya points at the food and then at himself: "Dinner now, and dessert for later?"

Shane puffs a breath of air, which is totally not laughter, at the alpha's teasing voice.

Ilya orders two burgers and fries for them to share. There is a can of ginger ale, which Shane takes gladly, and, there is also coleslaw salad, which Ilya insisted he got for himself, but Shane caves in and takes a forkful of it too, and, there is an ice cream sandwich, and, Shane doesn't even like sweet things, but he bites into it as well under Ilya's amused gaze.

"What?" Shane mumbles, his mouth full.

Ilya shakes his head. He looks so peaceful and truly calm, which is why Shane doesn't expect him to open his mouth and say: "You truly are going in heat" so casually.

"You got all the symptoms, Hollander," Ilya notes, finishing the rest of his ice cream sandwich in two bites. "Your scent is stronger and your body is going into hibernation mode before your cycle. It is the same for the alphas. I crave weird shit before my rut hits all the time."

"I can't be going into heat," Shane says and thinks at the same time. "Not here."

Not in the middle of Ilya Rozanov's hotel room.

Rozanov must sense the panic in his voice because his expression changes and his body tenses.

"Why not? I took care of you before, no? I can do it again."

"Yes, but- *Before* was back in Montreal, back at my place. Not in fucking California!"

"Do you want to go back to your room then?" Rozanov's nonchalance does nothing to calm Shane's growing alarm. "I don't think you should go outside in this state though. If you want I can give you my clothes so you can nest in my bed. The heat will probably break tonight, or by tomorrow morning at the latest."

Shane groans and hides his face behind the palms of his hands. He doesn't want to think about it, but Ilya might be right. His nose is sharp and Shane's heats have always been hard to track. Of course, Shane would much rather spend them in the comfort of his bedroom because he does not know if he could control his instincts while being surrounded by Ilya's scent.

"I don't know," Shane drops his arms and tries to breathe slowly through his nose to stop himself from spiraling. He glances at Ilya's face and the true worry that he can read in his eyes is melting Shane's heart. "I- It's fine. I.. it should be fine right? If we spent it here, together?"

Shane *is* warm.

He wants to deny Ilya's words, but there is no hiding away from the tightness of his skin or the dull pain at his naval, which only happens when he is close to his cycle. The alpha nods, eagerly, and Shane exhales.

His heats last much shorter when he spends them with the alpha. Ilya fucks him through it, for two or three days, and then Shane feels refreshed and calm, nothing compared to the broken self he often wakes up to, when he spends his nights alone.

"Alright then. I am still going to take that shower though."

This time, Ilya doesn't try and stop him.

He watches him leave, and even when standing under the cold water spraying from above, Shane cannot shake off the feeling of how intensely those eyes traced every line of his body, from his back to the swell of his ass.

It doesn't even surprise Shane when he sees a trace of slick rolling down the insides of his thighs. He cleans up, but he cannot hold back the temptation of pushing two fingers inside, his need becoming a slow burn at the pool of his stomach.

He thinks he is so stupid.

He should have been more careful about his cycle, but instead, it is Ilya who had drop the news on him first. The sudden heat rising in his body, the coiling of his scent and the increased hunger for touch, for the need to have Ilya close. Even the events of this afternoon showed Shane how insane it was of him, to let the alpha finger him in the public swimming pool, and chase him almost butt naked through the hotel.

Shane is losing his mind, and his body feels like it belongs to a stranger. He wants to stop his head from spinning.

The reason why they only spent his heats in Montreal, was that Shane could feel in control of his body, surrounded by the familiar scents of his home. Now, inside the alpha's room, enveloped by his scent, Shane is terrified of the possibility of losing himself to the unfamiliar surroundings. It is not that he doesn't trust Ilya, what is more dangerous, is that he doesn't trust himself.

Shane doesn't put the clothes on after the shower. He will be taking them off anyway, and he brushes his teeth and dries his hair, as best as he can.

Ilya is not there when he comes out of the bathroom, but Shane doesn't let his mood sink because of it.

The alpha mentioned something about letting Shane use his clothes if he chooses to nest in the alpha's bed, and Shane opens Ilya's closet because he doesn't have much dignity left to lose.

He grabs the alpha's shirts and pulls them into a messy pile on the bed. His nest back in Montreal is much nicer and cozier, but Shane has to make the most of the situation.

He pushes the blankets and the clothes around until he feels it looks decent enough, and he is so busy with rearranging the piles of items, that he almost jumps at the sound of Ilya's voice from behind: "That looks comfortable."

Shane's head turns so fast he nearly snaps his neck. "Don't make fun of me."

"I don't! I mean- I never do," Ilya walks over, but hesitates beside the bed frame. "I should shower too. Don't start without me, okay?" he adds with a wink and before Shane could snark back he disappears behind the bathroom door.

Shane grumbles under his nose and settles into the bed, and, he supposes Ilya is right because it is very comfortable. He lets himself bury his nose in the scent of the alpha's shirts and he is glad that Ilya doesn't make him wait long because he gets to snuggle, no scent, the real deal soon enough.

"I love how needy you get during your heats," Ilya chuckles when Shane nuzzles into his neck, when the alpha gets out of the shower and heads straight to bed, after Shane pulls up the blanket inviting him into the nest which is stupid since it is Ilya's bed in the first place. Rozanov sighs and pulls Shane close. "Why can't you be this sweet all the time?"

"Shut up," Shane says. He wants to feel the moment of peace before the storm hits. He is full, and warm, and the alpha smells so good, and his nest is soft despite it not being his own, and even being this far from home, on the opposite side of the coast, Shane feels content. "You sure it is okay?"

"Hey," Ilya tilts his chin and he is serious when he holds Shane's gaze. "I mean it. I will help you. Do anything you want, baby. I never leave you hanging, do I?"

He never does and yet even when Shane nods, he can't help but think, that instinctively he always wants 'more' and even if that desire scares him he cannot stop himself from biting more from Ilya's offering hand than he can chew.

*

Shane's heats are never predictable but Shane knows his body well enough to feel when something is wrong.

It is like a switch is turned on inside his head.

Shane feels it in his stomach first. He is slow to wake up, and when he senses the familiar touch of the alpha's palm brushing against his lower back, he melts into the bed, the worries dissolving in the scent of smoke and pine.

"Alpha-.."

"Shush, I am here," Shane doesn't realize he is whimpering, but he does. Ilya must have been awake for a while, because he is already there when Shane presses his lips against his mouth, seeking them blindly and whimpering when he feels their tongues brushing against each other.

Shane's body is slow and heavy. He is sweating, but, the bedsheets feel pleasantly cool against his skin and the mixture of their joint scents somehow subdues the ache in his stomach.

He wants, but, he doesn't know what, the only rational thought taking over his brain is that the alpha is here, Ilya is here. The alpha is safe and everything will be fine, and Ilya will take care of him, like he always does.

Ilya's mouth is warm and Shane does not want to stop kissing him. It is a necessity, almost like breathing, and he actually whines when Ilya pulls away, tugging Shane on top of him, urging the omega to straddle his hips.

"I am not going anywhere," Ilya sits up against the headboard, his lap full of needy omega, and Shane would be embarrassed of his mindless acting, if he wasn't so drunk on their mingled scents.

Ilya's hands rub soothing circles into the skin of his back and over his bare nape, and when they find their way to the front, rough thumbs flickering over the omega's swollen chest, Shane feels giddy from how much he smells like the alpha.

Ilya is scenting him, marking Shane as his, and it makes something tender grow in Shane's aching chest.

This is not about their feelings, Shane forces to remind himself.

This is purely physical.

This doesn't change anything between them, but his heated brain seems to think, that the proximity of the alpha means they can become something *more*.

"I want you," Shane says, and when Ilya's hand's squeeze the flesh of his chest, Shane cannot help the soft moan slipping off his harshly bitten lips, "put it inside, please."

"Baby," Shane lets the pet name carry him away. Ilya, who is usually rough and fast, seems to savor every inch of Shane's body, kissing over his scent gland, and then over his pink, now flushed red from the constant assault, nipples.

At the same time as the alpha's teeth bite on his chest, two fingers fill Shane's cunt from behind, and he is torn between the desire to rut into Ilya's warm mouth and to arch his back, against the pressure of the fingers stretching him inside.

Ilya sucks on his tits, like he thinks something might spill from them, if he tries hard enough. Shane's face is bright red at the thought, but it doesn't stop him from growing impossibly wet.

The slick oozing from his hole makes the alpha's lap sticky. The alpha is pressing three fingers inside now, and Shane just wants him to stop playing around, and start fucking, but he comes from Ilya's mouth on his breasts almost as hard as he would, if he was riding the alpha's cock.

Shane feels dazed when Ilya gently flips him over his back. Shane is staring at the ceiling, his breathing labored, when the alpha looms over his body, his curls growing tighter from the humidity of the room. He is smiling, but, there is a slight hint of worry in his clear eyes.

"Still with me sweet thing?"

Shane nods, and Ilya kisses the tip of his nose, and the gentle touch makes Shane squirm. He grasps the alpha's biceps when Ilya brushes the tip of his cock against his entrance, and Shane wants to sway his hips to make the alpha slip inside, but receives a hard slap on his ass instead.

Shane fights the urge to roll his eyes.

The fucking-

"Let me get the rubber."

"Yeah," Shane breathes out and clears his throat, not letting the odd disappointment creep into his chest, "probably a good idea."

Ilya doesn't make him wait for long. He kisses Shane again, and when he pushes in, Shane is ready to have him. The cock slips inside, and Shane is slow to relax around the girth, which nudges against his tight walls.

He wraps his arms around Ilya's wide shoulders, and he gasps for air, when the alpha takes his left leg and bends it to his chest, throwing the other one over his shoulder. Shane is almost bent in half, taking the alpha's cock, but he wouldn't have it any other way.

There is sweat dripping down Ilya's forehead, and Shane licks it with his tongue, and the alpha makes a rough noise, a low growl, before fucking into his hole twice as hard. Shane is so wet between his thighs, from his cum and his slick, and his eyes roll at the back of his head, when he feels the alpha's reach so deep that Shane's stomach bulges to the shape of Ilya's cock.

Ilya kisses him at the same time as he comes. Shane almost regrets that there is a thin layer of plastic between them, because the strength of the wave with which the desire to feel alpha's

cum filling up his stomach hits, leaves him almost paralyzed.

Shane doesn't protest when Ilya flips him over onto his stomach, only to fill him up again. Shane's face is swallowed by the pillow, but it does not stop him from being loud, his own cries bouncing off the walls of the hotel room. Ilya fucks him hard from behind, and, when Shane spills into the bed and Ilya's hot cum trails between his thighs when the alpha pulls out, used condom thrown to the side, he thinks that if this is not heaven then he is not sure what is.

Everything smells like Ilya. The bed. The air. Even the marks on Shane's skin carry his claim.

Inside, Shane's mind whispers, inside, inside, inside.

Shane's breath hitches when Ilya settles between his spread thighs, his lips curved in a wicked grin when he kisses Shane on the inside of his tender flesh.

"Watch me close, baby," Ilya mutters before his mouth is on Shane's swollen hole, and he laps hungrily at the mix of his cum and Shane's slick.

The alpha's fingers dig into the meat of his thighs, and Shane can already tell that he is going to leave dark, blossoming bruises behind. Shane's legs are thrown over the alpha's broad shoulders and he rides the alpha's face until he sees stars dancing behind his closed eyelids.

His heats feels like an uncontrollable fire, but, with how careful the alpha is with him, everything feels so much better once Shane's spills on his tongue.

"You should drink some water," Ilya's raspy voice sounds over his ear and Shane hardly registers it. Ilya has a glass ready on the side table and he brings it to the omega's mouth. Shane swallows obediently, excess water slipping down his chin.

Ilya's eyes are dark, and he smells so good Shane finds it difficult to keep his hands to himself. When Ilya puts the glass down, Shane pushes him to bed, and lowers himself between the alpha's legs. He doesn't know what Ilya sees but he hopes it is something good, because his breathing is hard and his pupils are so large they swallow the irises of his eyes.

"Want you to knot my mouth," Shane whispers, more like a demand than a plea, and Ilya groans like he is in pain.

"Fuck," he says, his hand settling at the back of Shane head, fingers tugging gently at his dark, sweaty hair. "Yeah, baby, whatever you want."

Shane likes the nearly meditating place sucking Ilya's cock puts him into. The first time Ilya knotted in his mouth was three years ago and Shane, to his embarrassment, craved that feeling ever since.

The stretch inside his mouth, the hot cum spilling down his throat. He heaviness of the knot on his tongue, and the rumble of the alpha above him whispering praises of what a 'good boy' Shane was.

It is not much different from now, expect that Shane is so high on his pheromones, he almost chokes when he feels the knot swelling in his throat. Ilya's expression turns into one of alarm for a second, but Shane pats his thighs, and relaxes his throat and tells himself to calm down. Ilya is not going anywhere, like the alpha said.

Shane will have all the dick he wants tonight.

When Ilya comes, Shane swallows him whole, and when he slowly pulls Shane away, he cannot control the process of his thoughts, but the words he says have been on his mind for a long time because there is not hesitation when he goes:

"I want you to knot my cunt."

Shane wipes the back of his mouth and kneels on the bed. He is dizzy, but his stomach is full, and he finds himself crawling on the alpha's laps, who is still and silent, and watches Shane like he is a dangerous animal.

"Hollander.."

"I know we have never done this before--"

"Shane--"

"But I want to, please, it would be so good, and you can come inside--"

"Omega."

Shane stutters, growing silent.

Ilya doesn't sound mad, it is more like he is trying to steady him. Ilya's eyes never leave Shane's face and even when Shane tries to pull away, the sting of rejection painful, Ilya still tugs him close, on his lap.

"Hey. Look at me."

Shane does. His vision is blurry, and he can't believe he is crying over something so stupid. Ilya's arms wrap around his torso, and his scent is not sour, so he doesn't think that Shane said anything bad, and yet he still feels that he managed to fuck everything up.

"Is it something, that you think, will make your heat better?" Ilya asks, and Shane can't stand the raw vulnerability in his eyes so he leans forward, to hide his face in the crook of Ilya's neck, "taking my knot?"

Shane nods, without looking at him, but the alpha tuts, and pulls Shane by the nape to make him look at him.

"No, sweetheart, if you want something like this, you got to ask me to my face."

Shane knows why he is making it spell it out for him. When they first started sharing their cycles, they laid down on the ground rules: no knotting and not biting. Ilya likes to bite

during his ruts, but he always managed to avoid putting a claim on Shane's neck, but here was Shane breaking the one rule he set himself.

Only now, it doesn't seem like a bad idea. In fact, he is so excited about it, he practically vibrates with giddiness.

"I want to feel your knot inside me, alpha."

Ilya curses, a strong Russian word Shane heard him say inside the rink, and in a moment Shane is lying on his back and Ilya is on top and they are kissing and Shane does not want to let him go.

"If we are gonna do it, you got to lay on your stomach, baby," Ilya drawls, "so it won't hurt."

Shane moves but an unsettling feeling grows inside his stomach. "Have you done this before?"

He doesn't want to think about it but it won't surprise him. Ilya has more experience than him, and yet Shane doesn't want to think about him knotting someone else before.

"No," Ilya kisses the back of Shane's neck, "but I heard about it. From mates on the team. It feels good, for you and me. Let me know if it hurts."

Shane relaxes into the bed. He purrs when the alpha peppers little kisses between his shoulder blades, and when he feels the weight pressing down on top of him, he welcomes it with a pleased sigh.

Shane can feel the exact moment when Ilya slides his dick against his softened hole, and the raw skin on skin contact becomes too much for Shane to handle.

"Still okay?" Ilya asks, noticing the omega's stiffness, but, Shane nods, a rapid 'please' flying off his tongue, and, before he can form a coherent sentence, he has his hole and mind full of the alpha's cock.

Oh, Shane wonders, his mouth parted open in a silent moan, this is- *this is a lot*.

Ilya lets the omega adjust around his girth, but it still feels different to what they have done before. Shane's walls are squeezing around the alpha's cock, milking his head, and he can feel every inch of his length splitting his sensitive rim.

Shane whines into the pillows when he feels Ilya move, but the alpha doesn't push him, instead he lets the omega get comfortable around the feel of his cock, and, when Shane tries to sway his hips, urging the alpha to move forward, is when Ilya truly begins to thrust.

Shane selfishly wishes he could see the expression of desire on the alpha's face, just to prove himself, that Ilya is just affected by the omega's heat as he is. He doesn't get far, just a twist of his head, before the alpha nuzzles somewhere along his chin and fucks into Shane in short, deep thrusts letting out those subtle growls that make Shane's toes curl.

Their bodies are so close, Shane can feel every inch of his cock sliding in and out of his hole, and he tries to meet the alpha's hips, but it is hard to push against the solid muscles of the alpha, and so he melts into the bed, and lets himself to be taken, submitting so fully his vision whitening.

"Fuck, fuck, Shane- fuck," Ilya grunts on top of him, and when he tugs on Shane's chin, to make him tilt his head up, Shane is not prepared for the hungry eyes staring at him from above. The kiss feels more like a bite, Ilya's teeth tugging at his bottom lip and swallowing down his cries.

Ilya feels so much bigger and hotter without the condom, and Shane has no idea why.

He turns his head, wishing to see the two of them connected, but, Ilya is smiling down at him, giving him a wink, before raising up and slamming into Shane so hard, he feels the bed move beneath him and the headboard banging against the wall.

Shane is mortified, when he feels Ilya spit down on his hole, just in time for him to thrust in, deeper and harder, and, Shane wants to beg him to spit as well inside his mouth.

"My omega, my baby, my fucking cunt," Ilya grunts above, and Shane is nodding, because yes, he is his, and he wants to have Ilya's everything, his mouth, his cock, his seed, his baby-

The thought is so fast and fleeting Shane doesn't even get to hold on to it.

Ilya slams over him again, and he is so close, his thrusts growing shorter and rougher, but, Shane wants for them to come together, despite how hard it is so hold off his orgasm. He feels the beginning of Ilya's knot swell at the base, and he grows lightheaded with desire, that soon he would be so full of the alpha's cum, so well bred and fucked, that there is not chance he won't get pregnant by tonight.

The idea, that this is them together, raw, sets something ablaze in Shane's already tight stomach.

Shane is slipping against the bed, his thighs wet and he is leaking so much, there is a horrifying puddle beneath him. He can feel Ilya so deep, almost as if he is trying to twist Shane's insides out, and the omega doesn't have the strength or the will to beg him to slow down.

"Did I fuck you stupid already?" Ilya groans, and when his fingers twitch Shane's nipple he can't help but nod. His face is wet, and he doesn't realize he has been crying, until Ilya licks a hot stream of tears from his cheek with his tongue. Ilya's knot is tugging at Shane's walls, and when his rapid thrusts go shorter, Shane knows that he is getting close. "Want my knot, baby? Beg for it. Beg for my cum. Beg for me to breed you all nice and pretty. Little superstar, with a round belly and my child in his womb."

It is all heat talk, Shane tries to convince himself, the alpha doesn't really mean it, but it makes Shane shake with need, regardless.

He can see it so clearly, and he wants, so badly, and, when he moans wetly, “please, please, alpha, want your cum, want to fuck me pregnant,” it does not take him by surprise when Ilya spills inside.

His cum is hot and heavy, and he comes for a while, and Shane loses the part where the alpha’s body ends and his own begins. They are a tangled mess of limbs on the bed, and Shane is having trouble breathing because the alpha is crushing him from above but he is too lazy to complain or to move.

He is stretched so wide, he still can’t comprehend, that he somehow managed to take the whole knot inside.

Shane is purring, a soft, nasal noise, and Ilya is trying to match him, but it comes out too low, and Shane is actually smiling because of how sweet the alpha sounds.

“Was it too much?” Ilya asks, his voice gravel but content, and Shane shakes his head.

“No,” his voice is hoarse, “it was perfect.”

Ilya is huffing and when he kisses Shane he is kissing him back, readily.

He is sore, but, it is a good kind of ache, like a pain from winning a tough match, and Ilya is moving them, so that Shane can stay of his side, their legs entangled between the bedsheets and each other.

Ilya looks so soft, that Shane wants to reach and touch his curls and he does. The alpha’s eyes are closed, but he makes a grunting noise, when Shane brushes the hair away from his sweaty forehead.

This is good.

He doesn’t *need* more.

(Growing greedy is dangerous.)

His stomach is swollen and Shane let’s himself be pulled into the dream, where Ilya’s seed can actually take, and they can start a family of their own, but it is so ridiculous and bizarre he forces himself to stay away from it, because Shane Hollander knows how much it hurts, when his dreams cannot become a reality.

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