

## That Sperm Donor Called Ilya Rozanov

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# That Sperm Donor Called Ilya Rozanov

by [mythicalinker](#)

## Summary

His ears roared with static, his brain stuck on one gnawing, clawing question: Why did Hollander didn't tell him that he's going to be a father? The answer was obvious—because Shane Hollander didn't need him, never had. The realization burned like cheap vodka in his throat, bitter and suffocating.

Some alpha reporter with slicked-back hair and a smirk dripping condescension leaned forward, microphone poised like a weapon. "Shane, what happened to all that talk about never bending for an alpha? Seems like someone finally put you on your back."

"And how are you so sure I'm the one who bent?" Hollander's voice cut through the noise like a blade, smooth and lethal. The room fell silent instantly. Hollander arched one eyebrow, lips curling in a smile so cold it could freeze hell over. "Not that it's your business, but for the record—it was me who rode my sperm donor's dick to get myself pregnant."

Ilya froze. Sperm donor? The unfamiliar English phrase buzzed in his skull like a trapped wasp. Behind him, Connors snorted into his protein shake. "Oh Jesus fucking Christ," he muttered, wiping his mouth. "He just called his baby daddy a walking ATM for cum."

## Notes

This idea has been haunting me for days now so I decided to post a short chapter so I can start from somewhere lol

Tried to make them as canon as possible but boy that's hard with the ABO element buy let's see how it goes. Please don't take this seriously as this meant to be fun hahaha 🤪

I swore to myself to post an entry (whether new stories, or update chapters of my published works) everyday for the entire month of December (my birth month) so me and my beta girlaloo worked so hard to proofread all of our pending drafts (as much as we can). This story is my entry for Dec 19 lol

December 19 - Myth's Birthmonth Challenge

# Chapter 1

The scent of sweat and aggression clung to the Boston Raiders gym like a second skin—Alpha musk thick enough to choke on, but all Ilya Rozanov could smell was him. The phantom sweetness of Shane Hollander's omega pheromones looped around his brain like a taunt, sticky and insistent, even as his thighs burned under the punishing rhythm of the stationary bike.

"*Yebat*," Ilya hissed through clenched teeth, the metal cross biting into his lips as he pedaled harder, faster, as if he could outrun the memory of Hollander's body arching above him—the way his taut stomach flexed with every roll of his hips, sweat glazing his freckled skin like honey under the dim hotel lights. How his thighs trembled when Ilya's cock bottomed out inside him, how his breath hitched, high and desperate, before he'd snarled, "Harder, Rozanov, or is that everything you got?"

Across the room, his teammate Ivanov tossed a towel at his head. "You look like you're trying to murder that bike, not ride it."

Ilya didn't answer. He couldn't. Not when his pulse was a drumbeat synced to the ghost of Hollander's voice, when every ragged inhale carried the imagined weight of his scent—vanilla and citrus, stupidly bright for someone who fought like a feral thing in bed. The collective Alphas' musky scent that permeated in the air should've drowned it out, should've scraped Hollander's presence clean from his bones. But it didn't.

And that was the problem.

Ilya didn't know when he started to realize that he lo—No. He shook his head, fingers tightening around the handlebars until the plastic groaned. He wouldn't go there. Instead, he tried to pinpoint the exact moment his obsession with Hollander had metastasized—was it that fucking interview after Metros had beaten their ass in the playoffs?

The way Hollander had blinked, bemused, when some beta journalist asked how he managed to control his alpha aggression and remained calm on the ice. "Why would I need to control something that I don't have?" Hollander had replied, voice honeyed with confusion. "I'm an omega you know." Simple. Devastating. Like tossing a lit match into a room soaked in

gasoline. The silence that followed had been palpable, the interviewer's mic picking up the Montreal Metros coach's sharp inhale before the stadium erupted into chaotic murmurs. Hockey was alpha territory—everyone knew that. There were no rules banning omegas, but there didn't need to be. It was common sense

The bike screeched as Ilya slammed the resistance up another notch, muscles screaming. Common sense. As if Shane Hollander gave a single fuck about common sense.

That was the thing about Hollander—he didn't play by the rules, didn't care about them. Didn't care that his existence in the league was a middle finger to every alpha who thought their biology made them superior. Didn't care that his scent—warm vanilla and citrus, stupidly inviting—lingered in locker rooms long after he'd left and how it was making anyone crazy, clinging to the benches, the showers, Ilya's fucking jersey after he'd shoved Shane against the boards hard enough to taste it.

*"You're so deep, Rozanov."*

The memory of Shane's voice, breathless, curled low in Ilya's gut. His teeth ached with the need to bite, to mark, to claim—but that was the problem, wasn't it? Shane didn't belong to him. Never would. And yet here Ilya was, fucking himself raw on a bike at midnight because he couldn't get the smell of him out of his goddamn head.

A rough hand clamped down on his shoulder, and Ilya snarled, spinning with bared teeth before recognizing Dmitri's grinning face. "Jesus, Rozanov," his teammate laughed, raising his hands in mock surrender. "Did Jane stop texting you again?"

The entire gym erupted in knowing whistles—Jane, the imaginary beta they'd all conjured to explain Ilya's mood swings, his disappearing acts during away games. Ilya would like to see how they would react if they found out that Jane and Hollander were just the same person. "Fuck off," Ilya growled.

Dmitri just smirked, nudging him toward the lounge. "Metros called a press conference. Big announcement."

Ilya was off the bike before the words finished landing, his pulse a jackhammer against his ribs. Hollander. It had to be about Hollander. He burst into the lounge just in time to see Hollander's face fill the screen—sharp-jawed, golden, fucking devastating in a suit that clung to his shoulders like it was tailored by the goddess Mokosh herself.

"Ugh," Marleau groaned, fanning his nose dramatically. "Rozanov, you reek of sexual frustration."

Ilya flipped him off without looking, his eyes locked on the screen. "Shut the fuck up," he growled. "This is important you bastard."

Hollander adjusted his tie with a sigh, the overhead fluorescents catching the gold threads woven into the navy fabric—like veins of sunlight trapped in deep water. "Good evening," he said, voice smooth as whiskey over ice. "Honestly? I don't know why they dragged me out here for this. It's not exactly headline-worthy." The room erupted in laughter, reporters chuckling at his trademark dry delivery, but Hollander's expression didn't shift—dead serious, like he'd just stated the sky was blue.

Ilya huffed a laugh despite himself, rubbing his thumb over the phantom ache in his palm where he held Hollander's hip last time. Then Hollander shrugged, hands sliding into his pockets. "Alright. I won't waste your time—I'm stepping away from hockey for a year."

The silence was immediate, suffocating—then came the cacophony, microphones thrust forward like spears, voices overlapping—"*Shane, is this about the league's new omega regulations?*" / "*Are you retiring?*" / "*Are you injured?*" Ilya's lungs seized. What the fuck?

Hollander raised a hand, and for once, the press obeyed instantly. "Let me finish," he said, jaw tightening. "I need to do this... to keep my baby safe."

The words hit Ilya like a blindside check—his vision swimming, ribs suddenly too tight for his heart. Baby. The scent of vanilla and citrus, the press of Shane's body against his—had there been a roundness to his stomach last time? Had Ilya missed it? He swallowed bile, fingers digging into his thighs hard enough to bruise.

Meanwhile, Hollander was still talking, calm as ever—something about "health considerations" and "temporary hiatus," but Ilya wasn't listening. His ears roared with static, his brain stuck on one gnawing, clawing question: Why did Hollander didn't tell him that he's going to be a father? The answer was obvious—because Shane Hollander didn't need him, never had. The realization burned like cheap vodka in his throat, bitter and suffocating.

Then—like fate twisting the knife—some alpha reporter with slicked-back hair and a smirk dripping condescension leaned forward, microphone poised like a weapon. "Shane, what happened to all that talk about never bending for an alpha? Seems like someone finally put you on your back."

The press pool erupted in nervous laughter, but Ilya saw red, his fists clenching so tight his nails bit crescents into his palms. He wanted to lunge through the screen, grab that smirking bastard by his throat and—

"And how are you so sure I'm the one who bent?" Hollander's voice cut through the noise like a blade, smooth and lethal. The room fell silent instantly. Hollander arched one eyebrow, lips curling in a smile so cold it could freeze hell over. "Not that it's your business, but for the record—it was me who rode my sperm donor's dick to get myself pregnant."

Ilya froze. Sperm donor? The unfamiliar English phrase buzzed in his skull like a trapped wasp. Behind him, Connors snorted into his protein shake. "Oh Jesus fucking Christ," he muttered, wiping his mouth. "He just called his baby daddy a walking ATM for cum."

The explanation hit like a slap—his gut twisting with something hot and jagged. He understood why Hollander would keep his name out of it, understood the necessity of secrecy in their fucked-up, subterranean relationship. But to reduce him to... to that? A breeding stud? A fucking tool? Ilya's vision blurred at the edges, jaw locking so tight his molars screamed. He wanted to storm out, wanted to wreck something, wanted to pin Hollander against the nearest surface and make him take back every fucking word—but the screen flickered back to Hollander's face, his expression unreadable as he turned away from the microphone.

The press conference dissolved into chaos, reporters shouting over each other, but Hollander was already gone, slipping through the back exit with the same effortless grace he used to dodge checks on the ice. Ilya barely registered Connors' elbow jabbing into his ribs, barely heard the locker room's crude speculation about who the real alpha was—some speculated it was Hollander's teammate Hayden Pike, others whispered about the possibility of Rose

having a second gender, Hollander's rumoured girlfriend. None of them guessed him. None of them even looked his way.

He exhaled through his nose, slow and controlled, and stared at the empty space on the screen where Hollander had stood. The truth was worse than any rumor—because Shane had bent. For him. And now, in typical Hollander fashion, he'd spun it into a power move so sharp it left Ilya bleeding internally.

Somewhere behind him, Marleau wolf-whistled. "Jesus, can you imagine the balls of whoever knocked him up?"

Connors snorted, wiping sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. "Nah, man—didn't you listen? Hollander's the one with the balls." His grin widened, sharp-edged and crude. "Heard him loud and clear—used that poor bastard just to knock himself up. Like ordering sperm off fuckin' Doordash." The locker room erupted in laughter, the sound grating against Ilya's skin like sandpaper.

Beside Connors, Greyser—a rookie alpha with too much mouth and not enough sense—grinned and cracked his knuckles. "Fuck, I'd submit to Shane if he asked me to." He wagged his eyebrows, tongue running over his canine. "Bet he rides like a—"

The sound of crumpling metal cut him off mid-sentence as Ilya's fist slammed through the side of the locker room table, the aluminum buckling like wet cardboard under his knuckles. The room fell silent instantly, the air thick with the scent of startled alpha pheromones—sharp, acrid. Ilya didn't look up, didn't blink. His voice came out low, lethal. "You have other things to do than gossiping like betas at a fucking salon." The threat hung unspoken in the air: Or I will remind you why I'm captain.

For a heartbeat, no one moved—then Greyser swallowed hard, muttering a quick "Yeah, sorry, Cap," before scurrying toward the showers. The others followed suit, scattering like roaches under light, but Ilya didn't relax. His hand throbbed where the metal had bitten into his skin, the pain a dull counterpoint to the acid churning in his gut.

Ilya yanked his phone from his pocket, thumbs hovering over Hollander's contact—Jane—before snarling and hitting call instead. He wasn't in the mood for typing. The line rang once, twice, then went to voicemail. "Fuck," he hissed, redialing immediately. Same result. On the

third attempt, he waited for the beep, his accent thickening with rage. "Hollander," he growled, knuckles white around the phone. "You don't call back, I have press conference too. Tell everyone name of your sperm donor." He punctuated the last words with a vicious jab at the disconnect button.

The silence that followed was deafening. Ilya stared at his reflection in the cracked screen—wild-eyed, sweat-slicked, pathetic—and wondered if Shane would laugh when he heard it. The thought made his teeth ache.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Just a short update as a way to celebrate my birthday!

I swore to myself to post an entry (whether new stories, or update chapters of my published works) everyday for the entire month of December (my birth month) so me and my beta girlaloo worked so hard to proofread all of our pending drafts (as much as we can). This story is my entry for Dec 24 lol

December 24 - Myth's Birthmonth Challenge

Meanwhile, a hundred miles north, Shane Hollander was submerged in comfortably warm water up to his collarbones, fingers idly tracing the faint swell of his stomach. The scent of bergamot and lavender oil curled lazily around the bathroom, thick enough to drown the sharp tang of his nerves. He lifted the wine glass to his lips—all-natural homemade ginger ale, sugar-free, caffeine-free, approved by his mother—and grimaced at its unusual taste. "Fucking disgusting," he muttered, but took another sip anyway. The doctor had said hydration was key and it's good for him and the baby, and he wasn't about to fuck this up over something as stupid as flavor.

His phone vibrated against the tiled floor—once, twice, three times—the screen lighting up with LILY in bold letters. Shane snorted, flicking water droplets at it. "Nice try, asshole." Even without seeing the name on the screen, he knew it was Ilya. No one else called him with that kind of frantic, possessive urgency—like every second of silence was a personal insult. He imagined Ilya pacing some hotel room, phone clenched in his fist, swearing in that rough, accented growl of his. The thought sent an unwelcome shiver down his spine.

The tuna melt on the tray beside him smelled like regret. Shane picked it up, took a cautious bite, and immediately recoiled. "Ugh." He tossed it back onto the plate with a wet splat. It wasn't bad, exactly—just wrong. Too much tuna, not enough salt, the bread too soft where it should've been crisp. His stomach churned, craving something specific, something Ilya's.

Shane swallowed hard, pressing his palm flat against his stomach. "You're fine," he whispered—to himself, to the baby. "We don't need him."

Steam curled off his skin as he stepped out of the tub, the cold air raising goosebumps along his arms. He reached for his robe, fingers fumbling with the knot—too loose, too tight, his usual dexterity dulled by exhaustion and the gnawing absence of Ilya's scent. The silk slid over his damp shoulders just as his iPad chimed, the familiar ping cutting through the silence like a gunshot. Shane froze. That sound—his private Facebook account, the one only four people had access to. His parents. His agent. And—

Rose's face bloomed across the screen, her dark curls framing features sharp enough to cut glass. "Congratulations Daddy," she purred, lips quirking into a smirk that had launched a thousand tabloid rumors.

Shane snorted, collapsing onto the edge of the bed. "Congratulate me after I survive morning sickness."

Rose's grin widened, her teeth flashing white. "Oh please, you've taken pucks to the face at ninety miles an hour." She leaned closer, her eyes flickering over the swell of his stomach with something dangerously close to awe. "How's it feel? Being... you know."

Shane exhaled, his fingers tracing the taut curve beneath his robe. "Like getting cross-checked by the universe."

Rose laughed, bright and unguarded—the one she only ever used off-camera.

"You're such a fucking drama queen." She flicked a stray curl off her forehead, her grin sharpening. "So when are you telling him?"

Shane's fingers stilled against the silk. The air in the room thickened, pressing against his ribs like a second skin. He didn't need to ask who he was—the answer hung between them, heavy as a blade.

Somewhere in the distance, the phone buzzed again. Shane exhaled through his nose, slow and deliberate. "Never," he lied.

Rose's brow arched, lips twitching. "Bullshit." She leaned forward, manicured nails tapping against the screen. "You want him to know. You just don't want him to win."

Shane's jaw tightened—because she wasn't wrong. He wanted Ilya to ache, to pace his penthouse like a caged thing, wondering who'd put this baby inside him. The thought was petty, delicious.

Rose pouted, the exaggerated moue of her lips making her look like a cartoon character of some sort. "He probably already knows." She waved a hand, dismissive. "I mean, Rozanov's not stupid—just a Russian alpha."

"I couldn't see the difference," Shane replied with a smirk.

"Rude!" Rose remarked while rolling her eyes at him, but it was obvious she was trying to suppress a chuckle. The beat of silence stretched too long before she abruptly changed tack, eyes gleaming. "Speaking of owing people—you owe me big time."

Shane blinked. "For what?"

Rose laughed, high and bright, the sound edged with mischief. "Oh, just the minor scandal where TMZ's running headlines that I knocked you up because apparently," she rolled her eyes toward the ceiling, "your uterus is my responsibility."

Shane frowned, slow comprehension dawning as she flipped her phone around to show him the tabloid cover—*ROSE LANDRY'S DIRTY LAUNDRY: IS SHE A HERM?* splashed in bold above a paparazzi shot of her gym leggings with an obvious photoshopped dick print. "They think I've got a dick," she deadpanned. "Thanks for that."

Shane and Rose exchanged a look—and then burst out laughing so hard Shane nearly dropped his ginger ale. Rose clutched her stomach, wheezing. "TMZ can be fucking crazy at times," Shane gasped, wiping tears from his eyes.

Rose dabbed at her own lashes with a manicured finger, still giggling. "Oh honey, you have no idea," she purred. "I've been officially crowned SHSSD Number One."

Shane blinked. "The fuck does that mean?"

Rose smacked her lips, grinning. "Shane Hollander's Suspected Sperm Donor Number One," she enunciated, like she was presenting a scientific breakthrough.

Shane groaned. "That's stupid."

Rose arched a brow. "You're the one who told them that it was you who rode you sperm donor's dick to get yourself pregnant—so technically you cause that. This is all your fault drama queen."

Shane rolled his eyes so hard his head tipped back against the headboard. "Fine. I suppose there's Suspect Number Two then?"

Rose's grin turned wicked. "Hayden Pike."

Shane groaned louder. "Of course."

Rose swiped her screen and turned it toward him again— this time it was Jackie Pike's exhausted face that filled the frame, her swollen belly prominent as she leaned into a reporter's mic. "God, I wish Hayden was the father of Shane's child so he can leave me alone," Jackie sighed, rubbing her lower back. "At least then I'd get a break from him knocking me up every damn fucking year!"

Shane snorted. "Hayden seriously should consider cutting his dick off one of these days."

Rose smirked. "And you should consider being more lowkey. They've got you pegged as some kind of omega Casanova."

Shane flipped her off. "Fuck you."

Rose blew him a kiss. "Too late—tabloids think I already did."

His phone buzzed again—another call from LILY. Shane ignored it, tossing the device onto the bed with more force than necessary. Rose's eyes tracked the movement, sharp. "You gonna answer that or do I get to watch him implode on ESPN?"

The scent of vanilla and something sharper—stress, fear—clung to Shane's skin as he paced. "He can wait," he muttered, fingers tightening around his robe. "Like I did."

Outside, the wind howled, rattling the windows. Shane barely registered it—not when his pulse roared louder, his skin prickling with the phantom heat of Ilya's hands. If he closed his eyes, he could almost hear it—the heavy thud of a fist against the wooden door, the rough growl of his name in that fucking Russian accent. "Hollander. Open fucking door." The fantasy was so vivid, making him reminisce those times Ilya was visiting the cottage so they can fuck.

Rose cleared her throat, one brow arched. "Uhm, so... you answering or should I start placing bets on how long it takes him to kick it down?"

Shane's head snapped up just as the knocking started again—three sharp raps, deliberate, impatient. His stomach dropped. No fucking way. The sound came again, louder this time, followed by "Hollander." The voice was rough, unmistakable. Shane's breath hitched, his body moving before his brain could catch up, fingers fumbling with the lock.

The door swung open to reveal Ilya Rozanov—soaked from the storm, his hair plastered to his forehead, eyes wild but damn, he still looked ravishing. His scent hit Shane like a physical blow—pine and vodka, alpha musk thick enough to choke on. "You," Ilya growled, stepping inside without invitation, "have explaining to do."

Shane swallowed hard. Fuck.



# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for keeping you waiting.

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

Shane hadn't planned for this—hadn't factored Ilya storming his cottage into the equation. The scent of rain and alpha musk clung to Ilya's jacket as he loomed in the doorway, water dripping onto the hardwood like a ticking clock. Shane's fingers twitched at his sides, his pulse jumping when Ilya's gaze dropped to the unnoticeable swell of his belly beneath his robe. "Why are you here?" Shane finally managed, voice steadier than he felt. "You've got a fucking game tomorrow."

Ilya didn't answer but he stepped closer, boots leaving wet prints on the floor. Shane braced himself—for a shove, a punch, the accusations he knew he deserved. He'd lied about being on contraception that night, manipulated that heat-drenched fucking session into something more permanent because he wanted this—wanted a child—and had been terrified Ilya would recoil from the idea. He was an omega who'd built his career defying expectations; he didn't need an alpha's approval. But the guilt gnawed at him anyway, sharp as teeth, for reducing Ilya to a means to an end.

Shane inhaled sharply—pine and vodka, the familiar bite of Ilya's frustration causing him to tense in instinct. But much to his surprise, impossibly, warm hands circled his waist, pulling him into a crushing embrace. "Are you okay?" Ilya murmured against his temple, voice husky but achingly gentle. "You and baby—both okay?"

Shane's breath caught, his body going rigid before melting against Ilya's chest. The alpha's heartbeat thundered beneath his ear, rapid and uneven, his fingers splaying protectively over Shane's lower back. "Yeah," Shane muttered into his collar, the admission rough. "We're fine." He felt Ilya exhale, his shoulders sagging as if he'd been holding his breath the whole night.

The silence stretched, thick with unsaid things, until Ilya's grip tightened almost imperceptibly. "You should have told me," he said, low and raw—not an accusation, but a plea.

Shane's throat burned. He'd spent years building walls, carving his name into hockey history with blood and defiance, but this—this was the check he hadn't seen coming. Ilya's lips brushed his forehead, chapped and familiar, and Shane's resolve cracked like brittle ice. "I know," he whispered. The confession hung between them, fragile as the first snowfall. Outside, the storm raged on.

Ilya's mouth slid lower, teeth scraping the side of his throat in a gesture that wasn't quite a bite—more a claiming, a question. Shane gasped, fingers tangling in Ilya's damp hair as the alpha inhaled sharply against his pulse. "You did this on purpose," Ilya murmured, voice thick with something between accusation and awe.

Shane swallowed hard, the truth bitter on his tongue. "Yeah," he muttered, tilting his head to give Ilya better access. "But I won't ask you for shit."

Ilya's teeth sank into his neck then—not hard enough to mark, but enough to make Shane's knees buckle. "Idiot," Ilya growled against his skin, tongue soothing the sting. "Not your choice alone. *Moy rebenok* (My child) too." The Russian curled rough and possessive around the words.

Shane shuddered, hips jerking forward instinctively when Ilya's grip tightened on his waist, but he planted a hand against Ilya's chest as the alpha's kisses turned hungrier, wetter, his tongue tracing the tendon of Shane's neck with single-minded focus. "Stop," Shane hissed, though his body arched into the contact.

Ilya pulled back just enough to glare, pupils blown wide. "Why?" he demanded, thumb brushing the swell of Shane's stomach through the robe. "You are not due for months. Or—" His voice dipped, rough with yearning and suppressed desire. "You do not want me?"

Shane groaned, shoving him back halfheartedly. "No, I want you just as much," he admitted through gritted teeth, then jerked his chin toward the iPad propped on the nightstand. "But we're giving Ros here a fucking live show."

Ilya's head snapped toward the screen where Rose grinned, her cheek resting on her palm like she was watching a Netflix show in her living room. "Please boys don't stop on my account,"

she sing-songed, wiggling her fingers in a wave. Ilya snarled, lunging for the device—but Rose disconnected the call first, her laughter pixelating into silence.

Shane chuckled but it was short-lived as Ilya lifted him up by his ass. He instinctively wrapped his arms around his neck, his legs around his waist as he was carried toward the bed. Shane just let him, burying his face at the side of Ilya's neck where his scent was strongest—pine and sweat and something darker, something his. Ilya huffed, dumping him onto the mattress with more care than his growl suggested. "Can't believe no one suspects me," he muttered in annoyance, fingers digging into Shane's hips.

Shane bit his tongue to stop himself from laughing. "People see us as rivals," he explained, arching into Ilya's touch despite himself. "Of course you will be the last one that they will suspect to be the father of my child. You know what happens if the world finds out we've been fucking like this? It's catastrophic. The NHL will implode."

Ilya dragged his teeth over Shane's collarbone, a smirk curling against his skin. "Some people are idiots to not see the chemistry though some smart fans ship us," he murmured, the English word clumsy in his accent.

Shane laughed, startled—both by the admission and the fact Ilya even knew the term. "How did you even know what shipping is? Oh my gosh. Are you really Ilya Rozanov?"

"*Da*, silly. Svetlana explained it," Ilya grunted before Shane could ask, nipping at his jaw. "Said they write... stories, draw arts, and edit videos." His voice dripped with amusement, obviously liking the idea.

The mattress groaned under their combined weight as Ilya pinned him down, his body a furnace against Shane's. Outside, the storm rattled the windows, but Shane barely heard it—not with Ilya's breath hot against his mouth, his hands mapping Shane's body like he needed to relearn it. "Still mad at you," Ilya growled, but the way his hips rolled betrayed him, the hard line of his cock pressing insistently against Shane's thigh.

Shane smirked, hooking a leg around Ilya's waist to drag him closer. "Could've fooled me," he breathed—and then Ilya's mouth was on his, swallowing his retort in a kiss that tasted like rage and longing and mine, mine, mine.

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Two months had passed since that night, Shane found himself lay sprawled across the rumpled sheets, fingertips tracing the fading indentations of Ilya's teeth on his hip. Ilya visited frequently if he could, spoiling Shane and their kid. Something that he appreciated but never voiced out. Being pregnant made his his sexual urges worsened and being a stubborn guy, he would rather slit his throat than admit that he needed Ilya's cock to pound him hard. Luckily for him, Ilya was more than willing to fulfill his urgent needs without even batting an eye. Well, except for that self-satisfied smirk that Ilya had after every round of wild coupling that Shane always chose to ignore.

Shane sighed, the cottage was too quiet without the alpha's growling commentary, the bed too cold where Ilya had pressed him into the mattress before leaving for his game. The TV flickered in the dim light, the volume low—just enough to catch the roar of the crowd as Ilya's face filled the screen, his smirk sharp as a blade after scoring the winning goal.

Shane's stomach twitched. "See that?" he muttered, pressing a palm to the slight swell beneath his ribs. "That's your sperm donor." The baby—their baby—kicked sharply, as if in protest. Shane snorted. "Fine. It's your Daddy. Your *Papochka*, happy?" he amended, rolling his eyes. The kick came again, lighter this time, and Shane swore it was smug.

The babies growing inside male omegas develop faster compared to female omegas, so it's no wonder why their child felt like it was fully developed even if he's still in his first trimester.

On screen, the camera panned to Ilya's post-game interview, his sweat-slicked curly hair clinging to his forehead as he shrugged off a reporter's question with his usual gruff charm. Then—just as the segment was about to cut—Ilya's gaze flicked upward, directly into the lens, his lips quirking in a private smile that made Shane's pulse stutter. The reporter blinked, confused, but Shane knew. Knew that look, that smirk, a promise of the things that he would do to Shane later for winning on their bet.

"Showoff," Shane muttered, but his chest tightened all the same, he felt himself throbbing in anticipation, his insides slicking with his omega fluids.

The baby kicked again—harder this time, insistent. Shane exhaled sharply, fingers curling into the sheets. “Yeah, your *Papochka* will arrive soon,” he grumbled, rubbing his stomach absentmindedly. “I miss him too.”

Outside, the wind gently blew, rattling the windows like it was trying to get in—or like it was carrying the echo of Ilya’s laughter all the way from Boston. Shane closed his eyes, inhaling the lingering scent of pine and vodka on the pillow beside him, and wondered how long he could pretend this wasn’t exactly what he’d wanted all along.

## Chapter End Notes

I originally wanted to prolong Ilya's agony but... I don't want to deal with too much angst hahaha 🤔

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

Changing the rating to E for reasons. Add some additional tags while I'm on it

Just snippets of sex and cute moments

“You look like a fucking baby seal,” Shane hissed the moment Ilya stepped through the door.

Shane was glaring at his freshly shaved jaw gleaming in the dim light. Ilya froze, his hand halfway through running fingers through his damp hair, his brow furrowing. “What?”

Shane’s omega pheromones spiked—citrus turning sharp, vanilla souring—as he glared from the couch. “Your beard. It’s gone. You look like a teenager.”

Ilya’s jaw twitched. “You told me to shave,” he growled, stepping closer. “Last night, you whined—”

“I didn’t whine,” Shane snapped, his fingers digging into the couch cushions. “I said it was itchy. I didn’t say shave it off.” His breath hitched, eyes suddenly glossy with unshed tears. “Now you look different, and—and you’re not listening to me anymore because I’m fat and ugly—”

Ilya blinked, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. The English words tangled in his throat—how could he explain that Shane’s swollen belly and flushed skin made him hungrier, not indifferent? That the omega’s scent was richer now, intoxicating, and it took every ounce of his control not to pin him to the nearest surface? Instead, he crossed the room in two strides and hauled Shane against his chest, burying his nose in the omega’s hair. “*Ty smeshnoi* (You are funny),” he muttered into the crown of Shane’s head, squeezing him tighter when Shane squirmed. “Not ugly. Never.”

Shane sniffled against his collarbone, his fists unclenching to clutch at Ilya's shirt. "You promised," he mumbled, voice muffled by fabric. "Said you'd keep the beard. Now you look like—like a fucking teenager." His breath hitched again, wet and uneven. "What if the baby doesn't recognize you?"

Ilya exhaled through his nose, pressing a kiss to Shane's temple. "Baby not born yet," he reasoned, thumb brushing the dampness from Shane's cheeks. "And beard grow back." He paused, then added, quieter, "Just three days."

Shane hiccuped a laugh, swatting at his chest halfheartedly. "Shut up," he muttered, but his scent sweetened—vanilla mellowing, citrus brightening—as he tucked his face back into Ilya's neck. That familiar alpha scent calmed the storm inside Shane's head, soothing him by the alpha's stubborn warmth.

Ilya sighed, rubbing circles into Shane's lower back. *Bozhe moi* (Oh my God), these mood swings would be the death of him. But then Shane's fingers crept under his shirt, tracing the scars along his ribs with a familiarity that made his breath catch—and Ilya decided, not for the first time, that he'd gladly lose his mind a thousand times over if it meant keeping this.

The baby kicked suddenly, a sharp jab against Ilya's stomach where their bodies pressed together. Shane gasped, pulling back just enough to glare at his belly. "Traitor," he accused, poking the spot where the movement had been. "Taking his side already."

Ilya grinned, pressing his palm over Shane's. "Smart child," he murmured, smug. "Knows *kto luchshiy* (who is the best)."

Shane rolled his eyes, but the corner of his mouth twitched—and that, Ilya thought, was victory enough.

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"Ah—fuck—right there," Shane groaned, toes curling as Ilya's thumbs dug into the arch of his foot with practiced precision. The omega's head tipped back against the couch cushions,

his throat working around another breathy moan that did things to Ilya's pulse. "Jesus, Rozanov, where'd you learn to—nngh—do that?"

Ilya smirked, dragging his knuckles along the sensitive underside of Shane's foot just to hear him gasp. "My mama taught me," he admitted, pressing his thumb into a stubborn knot. "Said if I want to keep pretty omega happy, I must know how to—ah, what was word—*pamper*." His English stumbled over the unfamiliar term, but Shane's answering laugh was worth the stumble.

"Pamper," Shane echoed, voice thick with amusement and something softer. He flexed his foot experimentally, sighing when Ilya's hands followed the movement without hesitation. "Yeah, well. You're doing fucking great at it." His fingers twitched toward his belly—a habit Ilya had noticed more and more—before he caught himself and scowled. "Still hate about the beard thing though."

Ilya huffed, leaning down to press a kiss to the inside of Shane's ankle—chapped lips against freckled skin, a silent apology. "Three days and it will be back," he repeated, nipping lightly at the tendon. Shane shuddered, his scent spiking sweetly, and Ilya filed that reaction away for later. For now, he just squeezed Shane's calf gently and reached for the other foot. "Now shut up and let me work."

Shane scoffed but relaxed into the touch, his eyelids fluttering as Ilya's fingers found the tension coiled beneath his skin. The fire crackled in the furnace warmly, casting flickering shadows across Shane's face. Ilya watched the way his lashes fanned against his cheeks, the way his lips parted slightly with each exhale—vulnerable in a way he never allowed himself to be in public.

The silence stretched comfortably between them until Shane's stomach growled loud enough to startle them both. Ilya smirked before Shane could even muster a scowl. "Someone hungry," he teased, dragging his thumbs along the ridge of Shane's instep.

"For the record it's the baby," Shane muttered, but his cheeks flushed pink—whether from embarrassment or the way Ilya's fingers lingered at his pulse point, neither of them acknowledged it.

Ilya hummed, the sound vibrating low in his chest as he traced the delicate bones of Shane's ankle. "*Da*, of course," he agreed easily, though his smirk betrayed him. "Baby wants... what? Tuna melt maybe?"

Ilya's fingers tightened imperceptibly around Shane's calf when the omega's breath hitched—because fuck, he'd been craving that disgusting midnight snack for days. Shane glared, but the effect was ruined by the way his stomach growled again, louder this time.

"You're enjoying this," Shane accused, kicking halfheartedly at Ilya's ribs. The alpha just grinned, catching his ankle and pressing a wet, open-mouthed kiss to the tendon behind it. Shane shuddered, his scent spiking sharply—citrus and vanilla tangling with something darker, needier.

Ilya inhaled deeply, his grip tightening. "*Da*," he admitted shamelessly, nipping at Shane's calf. "Like when I provide your needs."

Shane rolled his eyes in fake irritation, but his legs fell open instinctively—like his body remembered how Ilya moved between them, relentless and insatiable. "Fuck Ilya," he muttered, though his hips twitched upward, betraying him.

Ilya smirked and leaned in, the heat of his breath skating across Shane's inner thigh. "Which hunger you want me to satisfy first, *kotik* (kitten)?" His teeth grazed the sensitive skin there—not hard enough to mark, but enough to make Shane shudder. "The one in your stomach..." His tongue flicked out, teasing. "Or the one between your legs?"

Shane's breath hitched, his fingers tangling in Ilya's hair—half to pull him closer, half to shove him away. "You're insufferable," he hissed, but his thighs trembled, slick already glistening where his sweatpants clung to him.

Ilya chuckled darkly, nuzzling against the damp fabric. "*Da*, but you love it." His tongue pressed hot and firm through the thin cotton, and Shane arched with a choked-off gasp—because fuck, he did.

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In the end, Shane didn't choose. He was selfish after all, so that's how he found himself impaled on Ilya's cock while half-chewed tuna melt dripped from his fingers onto their dining table, the plate shoved aside with a clatter. Ilya's hands bracketed his swollen belly—both to support and to lessen the weight—as Shane ground down with a ragged moan, the stretch burning deliciously. "Still—ah—hate your stupid baby face," Shane panted, tilting his head back as Ilya's mouth trailed wet, open-mouthed kisses up his throat. The scrape of stubble was absent, replaced by the unfamiliar smoothness of freshly shaved skin, and Shane whimpered, torn between irritation and the way Ilya's teeth bit just right. "Fucking—nngh—listen to me—"

"You are whining," Ilya growled against his pulse, thrusting up hard enough to make Shane's vision white out. The omega's thighs trembled, his toes curling against Ilya's hips as the alpha's grip tightened possessively around his waist. "But is okay," Ilya murmured, lips brushing Shane's ear. "I like when you are greedy."

Shane keened, his fingers scrambling for purchase on the table's edge as Ilya's pace turned relentless—each snap of his hips driving Shane higher, his complaints dissolving into breathless curses. The sandwich lay forgotten, the scent of it mingling with sweat and slick and them, and Shane thought distantly that he should've known—Ilya would always find a way to have him exactly where he wanted.

Then Ilya's fingers dug into his hips, angling him just so, and Shane's vision whited out—his hand flying out blindly, smearing melted cheese across Ilya's lips mid-thrust. "Fuck—take it," Shane gasped, grinding down harder as Ilya's tongue darted out to lick the mess from his mouth, his groan vibrating against Shane's fingertips. "You—ah—you want everything, don't you?"

Ilya's answering grin was feral, his teeth glinting in the dim light as he sucked Shane's fingers clean with deliberate slowness, his cock never faltering—if anything, his strokes grew deeper, more precise, until Shane's thighs shook with the effort of staying upright. "Da," Ilya rasped against his knuckles, the word hot and sticky. "Everything. Always."

Shane's laugh cracked into a sob as Ilya's free hand slid between them, calloused fingers stroking his swollen cock with brutal efficiency—and fuck, he was close, so close, his body strung tight like a wire about to snap. "Ilya—please—" he begged, his voice raw, and Ilya obliged, swallowing his cry with a kiss that tasted like salt and cheese and home.

Shane came first, his release painting Ilya's fingers in hot stripes as his body convulsed—but Ilya followed soon after, his hips stuttering as he buried himself so deep inside Shane that the omega swore he could feel him in his ribs. Ilya made sure not to press his weight against Shane's rounded belly, instead cradling him close as his knot swelled, locking them together with a satisfied growl. Without pulling out, he lifted Shane's limp body off the sticky table, carrying him to the bedroom where they collapsed in a tangled heap, Shane's back pressed flush against Ilya's chest in a possessive spooning position.

The silence that followed was thick with the scent of sex and satisfaction, broken only by Shane's uneven breaths and the occasional twitch of his oversensitive thighs. Ilya nuzzled the nape of Shane's neck, his lips brushing the faint bite marks he'd left earlier—his marks, his omega—and Shane shivered, too spent to protest. "Still hate your face," Shane mumbled into the pillow, but the words lacked heat, his fingers curling sleepily over Ilya's wrist where it rested on his stomach.

Ilya chuckled, the sound vibrating against Shane's spine as his thumb traced idle circles over the omega's hipbone. "Liar," he murmured, pressing a kiss to Shane's shoulder blade. Outside, the storm howled against the cottage walls, but here—with Shane's warmth seeping into his skin and their baby kicking lazily beneath his palm—Ilya couldn't imagine a sweeter storm.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

Did someone asked for an update?

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

The morning sun draped golden over the cottage's porch, painting Ilya's sprawled form in honeyed light. Shane paused mid-step, bare feet silent against the wooden boards, his fingers tightening around the glass of lemonade he'd been about to offer. Ilya was asleep—head tipped back against the Adirondack chair, mouth slightly parted, one arm dangling over the side like he'd lost a battle with exhaustion mid-gesture. Shane's throat tightened. The dark circles under Ilya's eyes were new, the stubble grown in patchy from neglect.

"Poor guy," Shane muttered under his breath, setting the glass down quietly. He crouched beside the chair, close enough to count the sun-bleached lashes fanning Ilya's cheeks. His fault. The last few months had been a minefield of irrational demands—midnight cravings for Pirozhki dipped in maple syrup, sudden tears over hockey highlights from 2009, snapping at Ilya for breathing too loud during his naps. And yet here the alpha was, having flown in at bloody 1 AM after a brutal away game because Shane had texted "I need you" in a hormonal haze.

Shane's fingers hovered over Ilya's knee, itching to shake him awake. Come inside, idiot, the sun's giving you a skin cancer, he thought but hesitated to speak out. Instead, he traced the fading bruise along Ilya's shin, a souvenir from some on-ice scuffle.

The alpha twitched in his sleep, a rough murmur slipping out: "Shane, nyet—", before his breathing evened again.

Shane exhaled sharply through his nose. Even unconscious, Ilya's body was wound tight, shoulders tense like he was ready to bolt upright at the slightest sound.

The baby chose that moment to kick, hard enough to make Shane hiss and clutch his belly. Ilya's eyes flew open instantly, his hand shooting out to grip Shane's wrist before he'd fully

registered the threat. "Shane?" His voice was gravel-edged with sleep, pupils blown wide with adrenaline. "What's wrong? You in pain?"

Shane swallowed against the sudden lump in his throat. Always on alert. Always for them. "Just your kid practicing their slapshot," he muttered, but his fingers tangled with Ilya's instinctively, pressing the alpha's palm flat against the spot where tiny heels were drumming. Ilya's breath hitched, his thumb brushing Shane's stretched skin with a reverence that made Shane's chest ache.

"Future NHL star," Ilya murmured, drowsy grin softening the exhaustion in his face. He didn't mention the dark circles, didn't complain about the red-eye flight—just leaned forward to press his lips to Shane's belly, stubble scraping lightly. "Like his Daddy and *Papochka*."

Shane closed his eyes, fingers tightening in Ilya's hair. "Sorry," he muttered, voice cracking. "For being—fuck, everything."

Ilya's lips paused against his skin, warm and firm, before sliding up to kiss the damp corner of Shane's eye. "*Nyet, kotik* (No, kitty)," he murmured, thumb brushing Shane's hipbone where sweatpants sagged low. "No apologize for what you cannot control." His teeth grazed Shane's earlobe, playful. "Besides, I should get used to it—in case you get pregnant again." The teasing lilt in his voice did nothing to hide the raw want beneath it, and Shane shuddered, pressing their foreheads together with a shaky exhale.

Outside, the lake lapped lazily at the dock, sunlight fracturing across the water in jagged gold. Ilya's fingers traced the omega's spine through his thin shirt—counting vertebrae like prayer beads, memorizing the new softness of Shane's waist where muscle had melted into something sweeter, theirs. "You're staring," Shane muttered, but his cheeks flushed pink under Ilya's gaze, the morning light catching the freckles dusted across his nose.

Ilya's thumb hooked into the collar of Shane's shirt, tugging just enough to expose the omega's shoulder—bare, unmarked. "It's because you not wear my shirt. Why?" he demanded, voice rough with sleep and something darker.

Shane rolled his eyes, swatting Ilya's hand away. "Because your clothes are fucking hideous, Rozanov."

Ilya scoffed, pressing closer until Shane's back hit the porch railing. "Is because you like boring clothes," he growled, lips skimming Shane's throat. "Plain t-shirts, *nyet* style—"

Shane opened his mouth to protest, but Ilya cut him off with a searing kiss, one hand cradling the back of his head while the other splayed possessively over his belly. "Please, just wear them. Keeps pheromones in check," he murmured against Shane's lips, nipping lightly. "Makes baby calm."

Shane shuddered, fingers twisting in Ilya's shirt because he knew it was the truth. "But the more I wear them, the more I will adopt to your scent... people will know," he breathed, but his hips tilted forward instinctively, seeking the alpha's heat.

Ilya's grin was all teeth, his palm sliding down to grip Shane's thigh, hiking it up around his waist. "Let them," he growled, sucking a bruise into the omega's pulse point—his claim, his right.

Shane's moan was half-protest, half-surrender, his nails biting into Ilya's shoulders as the alpha's scent wrapped around them—premium vodka and winter pine, thick enough to drown in. "Fuck—Ilya—" Shane gasped, his voice wrecked as his forehead dropped onto Ilya's shoulder as their baby kicked in once more. "You're both insufferable."

Ilya chuckled, pressing a gentler kiss to Shane's temple, his thumb soothing the spot where their child had just jabbed. "*Nyet*," he murmured, nuzzling the omega's sweat-damp hair. "You love us, same way that I do."

Shane's heart beat faster. They never exchanged those words out loud. He didn't know if Ilya just said it the wrong way due to language difference—if the words were tangled syntax instead of a confession—but Ilya was quick to tilt Shane's chin up, his dark blue eyes unflinching.

"I love you," he repeated, slower now, deliberate, like he was carving each syllable into Shane's ribs. "Not just because of baby." His palm slid over Shane's belly, possessive but reverent. "I love you. More than anything—more than hockey, more than winning." He bared

his teeth in something too sharp to be a smile. “And I will announce it to everyone if you let me. You and baby are mine.”

Shane’s breath hitched, his fingers tightening in Ilya’s shirt. “You’d really do that?” he whispered, voice raw. “You’re willing to throw away your career? Your life?” The words tasted like fear, like hope, like something terrifyingly close to salvation.

Ilya’s thumb brushed the fragile skin under Shane’s eye, catching the dampness there. “Don’t care about anything else,” he scoffed, the sound rough with irritation. “You are my life.” His grip tightened almost painfully around Shane’s waist, as if the alpha feared he’d vanish into the morning light. “Willing to lose everything for you both. I will burn entire league down if you want to.”

The baby kicked again—sharp, insistent—as if protesting the tension coiling between them. Shane gasped, his knees buckling, but Ilya caught him effortlessly, pressing their foreheads together. “See?” Ilya murmured, breath warm against Shane’s lips. “Even baby agrees. Family comes first.”

Outside, a loon cried across the lake—lonely, echoing. Shane closed his eyes and let himself believe, just for a moment, in this fragile dream. Ilya’s scent wrapped around him, thick as a promise, and Shane knew—with a certainty that stole his breath—that the alpha meant every word.

His fingers curled tighter in Ilya’s shirt, knuckles pressing against the hard plane of the alpha’s chest. “I—” Shane swallowed, throat working around the weight of it. I love you felt too big, too final, like stepping onto thin ice without checking the depth first especially with the pregnancy pheromones fucking up with his head. Instead, he pressed his forehead harder against Ilya’s collarbone and exhaled, shaky. “You’d better mean that, Rozanov. Because I’m —” His voice cracked.

His trembling fingers moved their way to Ilya’s jaw, tracing the rough line of stubble there. “I trust you,” Shane murmured, the words foreign yet familiar on his tongue. “With... w-with us.” He pressed Ilya’s hand harder against his belly, feeling their baby squirm beneath his touch. “If you’re serious, if you mean this—then I’ll go to Boston. With you.” His throat tightened, raw with the weight of it. “But no press conferences, Rozanov. No fucking—no grand declarations. No burning down the league you psycho.” His nails bit into Ilya’s wrist, desperate. “Just... us.”

Ilya's breath hitched—sharp, ragged—before he crushed Shane against him, his grip bordering on painful. "*Da*," he growled into Shane's hair, voice thick. "No announcements. No nothing." His teeth grazed Shane's earlobe, possessive. "But you will live in my house. Sleep in my bed. Wear my clothes—"

Shane scoffed, but his chest ached with something dangerously close to relief. "Don't push it Rozanov," he muttered, but his fingers curled tighter in Ilya's shirt, clinging like a drowning man to driftwood. The morning sun painted them gold, two shadows merging into one against the weathered porch boards. Somewhere, the loon called again—closer now, less alone as another replied to it.

Ilya's lips found the hollow of Shane's throat, his kiss as much a vow as the fingers tangled in Shane's hair. "Hate me all you want, *kotik* (kitty)," he murmured against Shane's pulse. "But you are mine now." The words should've rankled—should've sparked a fight—but Shane only sighed, his body melting into Ilya's hold like it was carved to fit there.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure when this story will end to be honest and how consistent I will post since I love writing SMUT almost all of the time lol. But at times when I feel like it, I will surely update.

Comments and kudos are highly appreciated 🙏

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

I'll be honest: I completely lost the motivation to finish this story because of the toxicity from some readers. I've been writing for almost a decade, and although I've experienced harassment over some of my more controversial works in other fandoms, I still can't comprehend why it's happening with the stories I've created here, especially when their themes aren't particularly dark or heavy.

Deleting mean comments has been exhausting, but I didn't want to turn comments off because there are still a handful of people who have offered me kind words and support. This update is for them.

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

Shane leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, biting his lip hard to stifle the laugh bubbling up his throat. Ilya stood frozen in the middle of his own living room like a deer caught in headlights, barefoot and shirtless, with a half-eaten sandwich dangling from his fingers. The alpha's usually sharp eyes were comically wide, his mouth slightly agape as if Shane had materialized out of thin air—which, given the way Ilya's gaze darted to the front door then back to him, he might as well have.

“You—” Ilya's voice cracked, his accent thickening with disbelief. He gestured vaguely at Shane's swollen belly with the sandwich, sending a glob of mustard splattering onto the hardwood. “You are supposed to be still in Montreal. At airport. I was—” He floundered, paint-streaked fingers raking through his messy hair, leaving behind streaks of baby blue. “Fuck. I was coming to get you in two hours.”

Shane arched a brow, kicking his suitcase further into the apartment with his foot. “Yeah, well, surprise.” He couldn't help the smirk tugging at his lips as Ilya's gaze dropped to his stomach again, lingering on the way Shane's shirt stretched tight over the curve. “Thought I'd save you the trouble of explaining why the Raiders' captain was picking up his pregnant rival at the baggage claim.” He paused, tilting his head. “Also, why the hell are you covered in paint?”

Ilya blinked, then glanced down at himself as if noticing the splatters for the first time. “Ah.” He rubbed at a yellow streak on his collarbone, sheepish. “Was... nesting.”

The word came out gruff, almost defensive, but Shane's breath caught anyway. Nesting. An alpha preparing a space for their omega—and for their baby.

Ilya must've read the shift in his expression because he scowled, stalking forward to grab Shane's bag. "Don't look at me like that, Hollander. Just—" He huffed, shouldering past Shane toward the hallway. "Come see before you mock me, da?"

Shane chuckled then followed him, bare feet silent against hardwood, until Ilya stopped abruptly outside what used to be a guest room—now half-demolished, the scent of fresh paint thick in the air.

The alpha shifted awkwardly, rubbing at a smear of blue on his forearm. "Is... not finished yet," he muttered, voice uncharacteristically small.

Shane stepped past him into the room—and froze. The walls were covered in uneven swirls of baby blue, smudged fingerprints at the edges where Ilya had clearly struggled with the roller. But it was the mural that stole his breath: Snoopy's lopsided ears, Woodstock's crooked beak, both unmistakable despite the shaky lines. It's their favorite cartoons from the show *Peanuts*—the ones they'd watched tangled in hotel sheets after games, laughing until their ribs ached.

Shane's throat tightened. "Rozanov," he said slowly, tracing a finger over Snoopy's wobbly smile. "Did you freehand this?"

Ilya's ears turned pink. "YouTube tutorial," he grumbled, crossing his arms defensively. "Not like I can ask teammates for help with—" He gestured vaguely at the wall, the unspoken *this* hanging between them: the secret nursery, the secret baby, the secret *them*. Shane watched a glob of yellow paint drip slowly from Ilya's elbow onto the drop cloth, the alpha too preoccupied glaring at his own shaky brushstrokes to notice.

"It's shitty I know," Ilya admitted finally, jaw working. He snatched up a rag and scrubbed at a yellow splatter on his wrist with unnecessary force. "Should hire professional. But—" His voice dropped, rough with something that made Shane's pulse stutter. "Wanted to do it myself. For... *our baby*."

Shane exhaled sharply through his nose. The admission—raw and unpolished—lodged under his ribs like a splinter. He stepped closer, close enough to smell the acrylic paint clinging to Ilya's skin, to count the flecks of blue caught in his stubble. "Snoopy's ears are backwards," Shane pointed out, voice thick. He reached past Ilya to tap the lopsided cartoon, their fingers brushing against wet paint. "And Woodstock looks like he's been hit by a Zamboni."

Ilya's growl vibrated against Shane's shoulder as the alpha crowded him against the half-painted wall. "Fuck you, Hollander," he muttered, but his hands were gentle as they slid around Shane's waist, palms cradling the swell of his belly. "Next time, *you* paint the damn dog."

Shane laughed—sharp and startled—before Ilya's mouth crashed into his, swallowing the sound, his fingers twisting in Shane's shirt like he was afraid he'd vanish if he didn't hold on tight enough.

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Two nights after, Hayden's text lit up Shane's phone with an invitation to watch the Metros game against the Raiders. The guy assured him that it's safe since he would be watching from the VIP box.

Shane's thumbs hovered over the keyboard, the phantom press of Ilya's hands still warm on his skin. *Can't*, he started to type, then deleted it with a sigh. He knew Hayden wouldn't push, but the thought of watching *his Alpha*, of seeing Ilya's reaction when he spotted him in the stands and how he would react—made Shane's pulse stutter. He fired off a quick: *Fine* before he could overthink it.

The arena lights hit like a punch when Shane slipped into his assigned seat, cameras panning the crowd as the Raiders skated out. Ilya's head snapped up instantly, his eyes locking onto Shane's with terrifying precision, knowing instantly that his omega and baby were there as if instinct. Ilya's mouth parted in surprise and irritation, grip tightening around his stick until the composite groaned. Shane arched a brow, fingers drumming against his thigh in a deliberate *knock it off* rhythm. Ilya exhaled sharply through his nose before turning away, but not before Shane caught the possessive glint in his gaze, the way his nostrils flared like he could scent him from across the ice.

And then—oh, *then*—Ilya played like a mad man possessed. Every shift was a show of brute strength, every goal celebration a little too long, a little too pointed as he stared directly at the VIP box while his teammates cheered. Shane rolled his eyes, but his fingers tightened around his cup when Ilya peeled off his gloves after the third goal, biting the cuff of his jersey to wipe his sweat-drenched face—a move so gratuitously alpha it made the crowd roar.

“Showoff,” Shane muttered under his breath, but his traitorous cheeks burned when Ilya smirked like he’d heard him anyway.

The game ended with Ilya’s fourth goal—an overtime winner that had the stadium shaking—and Shane found himself grinning despite himself as the team mobbed Ilya at center ice. His phone buzzed in his pocket, a text from Ilya: *Stay. Back entrance. 20 minutes.*

Shane scoffed, tucking it away without replying, but his pulse kicked hard against his ribs as he lingered in his seat just a little longer, fingers absently tracing the spot where the baby had been kicking all night—like they knew, somehow, that they were watching their father.

After the game, Shane was surprised to see reporters blocking his supposed safe exit—cameras flashing, microphones thrust forward like bayonets. “Shane!” A familiar voice cut through the din, and he turned just in time for a beefy reporter—the same one who’d hounded him about his pregnancy—to grab his forearm with bruising force. “Just a quick comment about Rozanov’s performance tonight and how easily defeated the Metros. You think it will make a difference if you’re out in the ice playing?”

Shane yanked back instinctively, hissing through his teeth as the man’s grip tightened. “Get off—Jesus Christ, I’m *pregnant*, you fucking—”

Much to Shane and everyone’s surprise, a gloved hand clamped onto the reporter’s collar from behind, hauling him backward so hard his feet actually left the ground for a second. The man yelped, arms pinwheeling as he crashed into a trash can, sending discarded popcorn cups scattering. Shane barely had time to blink before Ilya was there—still in full gear, sweat dripping from his hairline, his chest heaving like he’d sprinted the entire way. “Back the *fuck* up,” Ilya snarled, his accent thickening with rage as he shoved the nearest cameraman hard enough to send him stumbling.

Shane grabbed his arm—"Ilya, *stop*"—but the warning only seemed to fuel the frenzy, reporters shouting over each other now, lenses zooming in on them.

Then—as if on instinct—Ilya's gloved hand pulled him close, fingers splaying across Shane's waist in a grip that was half-protection, half-claim, pulling him flush against his sweat-slicked uniform. Shane's breath hitched, but he didn't pull away, their shared warmth bleeding through the thin fabric of his shirt as cameras flashed like strobe lights around them.

The intimate display was enough for the crowd to silence momentarily. They were looking at them as if they were trying to solve a puzzle. Finally, someone dared to speak out. "Rozanov," a beta reporter from ESPN uttered, voice trembling with excitement, "why are you two—?"

Then, like a grenade rolling into the room, an alpha journalist from TMZ shouldered forward, mic aimed straight at Ilya. "Are you the father of Hollanov's baby Rozanov?" he demanded, eyes flicking between them finally addressing what everyone was thinking.

The silence that followed this time was deafening. Shane's fingers twitched against Ilya's forearm, the alpha's grip tightening imperceptibly—but neither of them spoke, neither denied it. The collective inhale from the press pool was almost comical, a dozen phones lifting at once as if choreographed.

Somewhere in the chaos, Shane heard Hayden's distant shout—"Oh *fuck* me. This way Shane!"—before Ilya's free hand came up to shield his belly, his growl low and feral as he bulled them both through the crowd toward the locker room, reporters scrambling after them like hounds on a scent.

Hayden appeared at Shane's elbow like a goddamn specter, gripping his other arm as they shoved through the exit, Pike and Connors suddenly materializing like a human barricade—but it's not just them, the Raiders and Metros standing shoulder-to-shoulder for the first time in history—blocking the stampede of paparazzis with their bulk to stop the reporters to reach the couple.

"Move," Hayden barked at a beta reporter clinging to Shane's sleeve, his voice colder than Shane had ever heard it. "Unless you want to be sued of harassing a pregnant omega." The man paled, recoiling like he'd been burned.

Ilya didn't wait—just hauled Shane forward, his grip tight but careful, as they burst into the parking garage, the alpha's breaths ragged with adrenaline. "Keys," he demanded, shoving Shane toward the sleek black Mercedes-Benz SUV parked crookedly in the VIP spot—the one he'd bought Shane last month *for the baby's safety*, like that excuse would fool anyone.

Shane fumbled with the key fob, his fingers clumsy with shock, before Ilya snatched it and all but shoved him into the passenger seat, his hands lingering a second too long on Shane's hips like he couldn't bear to let go.

But before Ilya could slam the door shut, a voice cut through the garage's stale air—sharp as a skate blade. "Rozanov!" TMZ's alpha reporter lunged forward, mic extended like a weapon, his smirk dripping with venom. "One last question—are you *also* the father of Svetlana Vetrova's baby?"

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be the finale and that will probably be my last fic in this fandom. Chasing the [P/F]uck in the Sin Bin is already on the works and an RPF so it doesn't count.

Hopefully season 2 will inspire me and change my mind.

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

I'm overwhelmed with the sweet words of support and encouragement. I'm not good with responding to it but I tried my best to reply to everyone.

Tried my best to post this within the week of Ilya's 35th birthday. Happy birthday Papa Bear 🥰

Final chapter is dedicated to everyone who didn't give up on this fic.

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

The wintery nights in Russia was nothing compared to the chill that Ilya felt at that moment. As he drove the car faster, he side-glanced at Shane, who just huffed and jerked his chin toward the windshield.

"Eyes on the road, Ilya," Shane muttered, voice tight.

Ilya cleared his throat, jaw working. "I am not the father," he ground out, accent thickening with irritation with a hint of fear. He didn't need to look to know Shane was rolling his eyes.

"I *understood* you the first twelve times," Shane snapped, fingers tapping an impatient rhythm against his thigh.

Ilya sighed, rubbing his temple. True to Shane's words, he'd lost count how many times he'd said it—Svetlana's kid wasn't his. But logic never stood a chance against Shane's irritation, a force more relentless than any playoff opponent.

"We stopped fooling around when I started seeing you—" His voice cracked, cheeks flushing. "—and she's engaged."

The tires squealed as Ilya accelerated further, Shane's grip white-knuckled on the oh-shit handle. "Slow *down*," Shane hissed.

He reached across the console, fingers brushing Shane's knee. "*Kotik*—"

"Don't." Shane slapped his hand away, the sound sharp in the confined space. His jaw worked, eyes fixed on the blur of streetlights. "I'm sorry. Just—drive. Before I puke all over your stupid, expensive leather seats."

Ilya muttered under his breath in Russian, something low and rough that Shane didn't need to understand to know was pleading. "Believe me," he finally gritted out, knuckles whitening around the steering wheel.

Shane exhaled through his nose, long and slow, like he was counting to ten in his head. "I do believe you. I trust you, but my hormones is fucking with my mood. Fucking hate those reporters exposing us like that," he said, voice clipped. "Anyway, now that we are talking about cheating, listen good, Rozanov—I'm not some omega who'll cry into their nest when their Alphas fuck around." His fingers dug into his thighs, blunt nails leaving crescent marks in the fabric of his pants. "Cheat once, and we're done. You'll still see our kid, but *me*?" Shane finally turned, eyes glacial. "I'll be deader to you than your fucking backhand shot. I know my worth."

The car lurched as Ilya slammed the brakes at a red light, his growl vibrating through the seats. "You think I would—" He bit off the words, shaking his head violently. "Idiot. *Moy* idiot." His thumb rubbed circles into Shane's knee, insistent. "Only you. Always."

Shane exhaled sharply, the fight draining out of him all at once. The tension in his shoulders unraveled as he leaned heavily against Ilya's side, his temple resting against the alpha's shoulder. The Alpha scent was emitting from Ilya's skin, familiar as his own heartbeat. Shane hummed low in his throat, fingers tangling with Ilya's where they rested on his thigh—calloused knuckles against his palm. He hadn't realized how much he'd missed this until now—the quiet intimacy of Ilya's warmth, the way his pulse stuttered when Shane curled into him like this.

"Mmm so sleepy," Shane murmured against Ilya's collarbone, the word barely audible over the engine's rumble. "Take me home, Rozanov." Ilya's breath hitched before he turned,

pressing a kiss to Shane's cheekbone so tender it made his ribs ache.

Ilya tightened his grip on Shane's hand, his thumb tracing the jut of Shane's knuckles like he was memorizing them. "*Da*," he said finally, voice rough. "Our home."

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Steam curled around Ilya's bare shoulders as he leaned against the bathroom doorway, towel slung low on his hips, water dripping from his hair onto the tiles. He licked his lips, watching Shane's fingers flutter over the closet shelves—adjusting a folded sweater here, straightening a hanger there, his brows knit in that particular furrow Ilya knew meant his mate was two seconds from rearranging everything again. Shane's tongue poked out between his teeth, the tip pink and distractingly wet, and Ilya's stomach tightened. The jersey Shane was wearing—Ilya's Raiders one—hung loose around his frame, the hem brushing his knees, but the swell of his belly stretched the fabric taut over his middle, round and perfect.

*Two weeks.* Two weeks until his due date, and the thought made his throat go dry.

"This one needs ironing," Shane muttered without turning, fingers smoothing imaginary creases from Ilya's dress shirt. His voice was sleep-rough, edged with that particular grumpiness that came with third-trimester exhaustion. "And stop staring. It's creepy."

Ilya huffed a laugh, pushing off the doorframe to crowd Shane against the closet, his damp chest pressing into Shane's back. "Is also my house," he murmured into the curve of Shane's neck, nipping at the scent gland there just to feel him shiver. "Can stare if I want."

Shane elbowed him halfheartedly, but his breath hitched when Ilya's hands slid around his waist, palms cradling the swell of his stomach. "You're dripping on the carpet, you fucking idiot," he grumbled, but he leaned back into Ilya's chest anyway, his head tipping onto the alpha's shoulder with a sigh.

Ilya hummed, nosing at the soft skin behind Shane's ear. "*Your idiot future husband*," he corrected, voice thick. The word settled between them like a promise. Shane's fingers stilled on the shirt collar, his exhale shuddering out between them.

"Still an idiot," Shane muttered, but his hand covered Ilya's where it rested on his belly, their fingers tangling over the spot where the baby had just kicked. Hard. Ilya's breath caught, his grip tightening instinctively.

"Fuck," he breathed, forehead dropping to Shane's shoulder. "He's strong like me."

Shane snorted, twisting in Ilya's arms to glare up at him. "God forbid," he said, but the way his fingers curled into Ilya's biceps betrayed him. "Wish they won't have your temper though."

Ilya grinned, sharp and wolfish, before ducking to catch Shane's mouth in a kiss that tasted like toothpaste and inevitability. Shane made a noise of protest—halfhearted, as usual—before melting into it, his hands fisting in Ilya's damp hair.

Ilya's fingers trailed lower, calloused palms skating over the taut swell of Shane's belly, pausing to trace the silvery stretch marks with a reverence that made Shane's breath hitch. "So soft," Ilya murmured against his lips, his voice rough with sleep and want. "So pretty."

The towel around Ilya's hips loosened further, the damp fabric sliding down his thighs before pooling at his feet. Shane groaned when Ilya's erection pressed hot against his hip. "Fuck, Ilya—no, we *can't*," he hissed, but his thighs trembled when Ilya's thumb brushed the slick folds between his legs. "Doctor said—"

"Doctor said no penetration," Ilya corrected, nipping at Shane's earlobe. "Didn't say I can't touch." His fingers dipped lower, teasing the swollen, sensitive flesh that had shifted during pregnancy. It's a natural anatomical change that occurs in male omegas during the last trimester of pregnancy—a mechanism of nature that ensures they can give birth naturally. After childbirth, their sexual organs return to their original state.

Shane whimpered, hips twitching forward despite himself. "See?" Ilya's laugh was dark, victorious. "Already wet for me, *kotik*."

But Shane's face twisted suddenly, his fingers digging into Ilya's biceps like a vice. "No, that's not—*fuck*—Ilya, my water *broke*."

Ilya snorted, nuzzling into the crook of Shane's neck. "Nice try. Last time, you screamed *contraction* because you wanted ice cream."

Shane's breath hitched sharply as another wave of pain crested—his fingers clawed into Ilya's biceps hard enough to bruise. "I fucking *wish*," he hissed through clenched teeth, his knees buckling slightly as fluid trickled down his thighs.

Ilya's hands—still slick from tracing Shane's sensitive folds—slid awkwardly against his trembling legs as he tried to steady him. The alpha growled low in his throat at the realisation, his pupils blown wide with a heady mix of concern and arousal. "Fuck, you're really—" His voice cracked as he took in the way Shane's borrowed jersey clung to his damp skin, the fabric stretched obscenely over his belly.

Before Shane could snark back, Ilya hauled Shane flush against his bare chest. Shane groaned, torn between irritation and extreme pain. "Rozanov, I swear to *God*—" His threat dissolved into a whimper as another contraction ripped through him, his nails digging crescent moons into Ilya's forearms. "Hospital. *Now*."

Ilya's alpha instincts roared to life—his grip tightened possessively around Shane's waist as he bent to scoop him up bridal-style, storming toward the front door. "*Chert voz'mi* (Goddamnit)!" he bellowed into the empty street, his Russian curse echoing off the walls as Shane writhed in his arms.

The neighbor's porch light flickered on, revealing old Mr. Jenkins squinting through his screen door. Ilya practically crashed into the railing, his English evaporating under the tidal wave of panic. "Help us—*Moy muzh vot-vot rodit* (My husband is about to give birth)—He in pain!" he choked out, gesturing wildly at Shane's tear-streaked face.

Mr. Jenkins's gaze dropped to Ilya's very naked, very *exposed* state—then darted pointedly back up. "Don't worry, I can call an ambulance for you," he said slowly, swallowing hard, "but maybe... pants first?"

Ilya glanced down. "*Ublyudok* (Motherfucker)!" The color drained from his face as reality caught up with him—Shane, meanwhile, was laughing breathlessly between pained gasps, his forehead pressed to Ilya's shoulder.

"This isn't *funny*, Hollander," Ilya snarled, even as he bolted back inside, Shane still cradled against his chest who was caught between giggling and suffering in pain.

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Outside the delivery room forty minutes later, Ilya paced like a caged wolf, his phone buzzing incessantly with notifications. He glanced at the screen—TMZ, ESPN, fucking Sports Illustrated, and all the other news outlets—all blaring variations of the same headline: *THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT ROZANOV'S BABY DRAMA: SEE THE LEAKED FOOTAGE HERE!* His jaw locked as the thumbnail loaded—him, bare-assed and frantic, cradling a writhing Shane while his cock swung wildly with every panicked step.

Svetlana's text popped up next: *Congrats, papa bear. At least the baby will know which parent has the brains.* His thumb hovered over the keyboard, torn between firing back or throwing the damn phone against the wall.

"Mr. Rozanov?" A nurse peeked out, her eyes darting pointedly at his clenched fists. "Your husband's asking for you."

Ilya's pulse jackhammered against his ribs—*Shane's husband*. The word tasted like victory and fear all at once when he heard it from other people. They'd never talked rings or vows, but the hospital forms had demanded a title, and Shane had scribbled *spouse* without hesitation. Ilya had bitten his tongue so hard he tasted copper. Now, as he pushed through the door, his breath caught at the sight of Shane propped up in bed, sweat-damp bangs clinging to his forehead, exhaustion carving shadows under his eyes—but alive, *so alive*, their newborn swaddled against his chest.

Ilya smiled gently, his knuckles whitening around the doorframe. Earlier, Shane had asked the staff to kick him out—Ilya's Alpha protective instincts had roared to the surface almost endangering everyone when Shane's screams turned ragged. The nurses had pried Ilya's hands from the bedrail, his growls vibrating the walls as he was forbade to enter.

He'd paced the hallway like a madman, snarling at anyone who came near, until a tiny wail sliced through the noise, silencing the voices in his head. All that was left was sense of calm and relief that his mate and child were safe.

Now, Shane lifted his chin, lips quirking. "Took you long enough," he rasped, voice shot. "She's got your lungs."

Ilya approached slowly, knees threatening to buckle. The baby—their baby—was a perfect blend: Shane's raven hair, Ilya's stubborn curls, and a freckled nose that was all Hollander. Shane shifted gingerly, wincing as he adjusted the bundle.

"Wanna hold her?" he asked, exhaustion softening the edges of his smirk.

Ilya's throat closed. "I—" He flexed his hands, scarred knuckles trembling. "Don't want to hurt her."

Shane rolled his eyes, but his smile was tender. "You won't, *Papochka*."

The nickname punched the air from Ilya's lungs. He reached out, cradling the baby like spun glass, her warmth seeping into his palms.

"Irina," Shane murmured, watching Ilya's face crumple. "Her name is Irina."

Ilya's sob hitched—Irina, her wonderful and beautiful mother who'd whispered Russian lullabies into his hair while his father drank himself to oblivion. His thumb traced the baby's cheek, softer than rose petals. "*Ty prekrasna* (You are so beautiful) I-Irina," he whispered, pressing his lips to her forehead. "Hello *printsessa* (princess). I'm your *Papochka*."

Shane's fingers brushed Ilya's wrist, his touch feather-light. "Told you you wouldn't break her." Ilya choked on a laugh, his tears dripping onto the blanket. Shane's grin was smug, but

his eyes were wet.

Shane watched as Ilya sniffed, nuzzling Irina's curls, cooing lullaby in Russian. Irina sighed, her tiny fingers curling around Ilya's thumb. Shane exhaled sharply, his ribs aching with something too big for his chest. Ilya was *good* with kids—natural in a way that made Shane's throat tighten.

Looking back, Shane couldn't believe how they'd reached this point: from rivals spitting blood on the ice to mates with a beautiful child between them. He used to believe the only thing he'd ever love was hockey, but now the said sports felt dull compared to the wildfire warmth of these two. And to be honest, he wouldn't ask for more.

## Chapter End Notes

Crying so hard writing the last part. Would love to know your thoughts about the story.  
Thanks again for being a part of this journey 

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