Breathe Me In

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76227151.

Rating:	Mature
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, Omega Shane Hollander, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Hurt/Comfort, Fluff, Scenting, Kissing, Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 1,619 Chapters: 1/1

Breathe Me In

by kittiesune

Summary

Ilya's always been so controlled with his scent. It only ever slips free in moments of heightened emotions on the rink or tangled in his sheets. Shane feels it begin to curl around him now where he sits in Ilya's lap, his arms wrapped snug around the man's broad shoulders.

Shane gently cups Ilya's head and brings it to his neck, exhaling shakily as the Alpha nuzzles against his skin.

"Ilya, let go," Shane tilts his head back, "Let go…*Alpha.*"

--

An abo retelling of the Tampa Bay hotel room scene after the All Stars game.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane has felt a bit like a live wire since the moment he sat down on Ilya's bed to begin this conversation. He feels raw with Ilya beside him now as they talk about all the things he's never been able to say.

His eyes track Ilya's every movement as they start talking about them, about Russia, about how his father is sick.

"Sick like crazy?" Shane questions, his eyes focused on the soft, warm lamplight on Ilya's skin as the alpha stares forward resolutely.

Ilya nods his head jerkily like he's steeling himself, "That too, a little, but no like—"

"Oh, like cancer?" Shane interrupts, his mouth moving faster than his mind as he tries to catch the alpha's eyes.

There's a tense moment of silence.

"Dementia," Ilya breathes as he looks forward, refusing to meet Shane's gaze.

Shane's stomach drops as he watches Ilya. The way the man moves uneasily like there's a line he's crossed by having this conversation, by saying the word out loud.

Shane exhales shakily, his fists clenched, "That's awful."

He's staring so intently at Ilya that at first, it almost doesn't process the way the man's face crumples slightly. He just catches the way Ilya's eyes glint wet under the lamplight before the alpha hastily turns away from him.

Shane is moving before he knows it. How could he not with the way there's vulnerability etched into every line of Ilya's body. There's something almost delicate about the way Ilya holds himself now, like he's afraid, like he has to hide.

"Hey," Shane whispers, laying a hand gently on Ilya's knee still trying to catch his gaze.

"Sorry," Ilya mutters, his voice shaking and face turned away, and it's enough to break any reservations Shane has.

He doesn't think as he settles himself into Ilya's lap, his thighs bracketing the alpha's and their bodies pressed closer together than they've allowed all night.

He doesn't think as he slides his hands up to Ilya's neck, threading his fingers through Ilya's hair to bring their lips together, pouring everything he has into the kiss.

I'm here. I'm here. I'm here.

His heart clenches at the way the alpha chases his mouth with his own like there's solace to be found against Shane's lips.

It’s funny how calm Shane feels now perched on the alpha’s lap, like all his previous tension dissipated the moment Ilya lets him in. Their foreheads press together so tenderly and Shane still doesn’t think as he guides Ilya’s head until his face presses into his neck.

Ilya’s arms snake around his body, pulling him in like he’s the only thing grounding him, the only thing that matters. He lets himself press impossibly closer until they feel like one body, until the rabbit beat of Ilya’s heart blends with his own.

Pressing kisses against Ilya’s hair, he lets the alpha rock them back and forth as reassurances fall from his lips.

Ilya. Ilya. Ilya.

Shane hasn’t really been thinking this entire time. He's been letting his body guide him so he can’t bring himself to be surprised when he scents the first wisps of warm honey and wild blackberries in the air.

He stiffens imperceptibly when he realizes it’s not just his scent slipping out but a strong push of *calm, comfort, I’m here* along with it. He doesn’t let the gentle rocking stop but his mind is reeling.

He’s never done this before, releasing omega pheromones as comfort, as anything. When would he have really, his scent is usually muffled strictly under patches or an afterthought in his daily life.

Is his body, his biology responding to an alpha in distress? Or is it just him giving himself, giving anything to show Ilya’s he’s here.

Shane breaks out of his musing as he hears Ilya sigh low, arms tightening around his waist and a nose nudging his shirt's collar aside. He’s still clinging to Shane like he never plans to let go but the tense line of his shoulders begins to relax and the rapid beat of his pulse starts to slow.

Shane’s scent dances around them and he can’t help the way his lips pull into a fond smile when Ilya breathes in deeply as if he needs drown in it.

The omega lets his instincts take over as he lets *calm* and *safe* and *yours* fill the space around them. He wishes he could blame his biology for the way he shakily tilts his head back, presenting the strong lines of his neck to the alpha. He knows he can't.

There’s a pause in the rocking before a low curse sounds in Russian. A hand reaches up to pull the collar of his shirt fully open, giving full access to the nose that’s nuzzling deeply into his skin.

He gasps as the alpha barely grazes his scent glands before jerking away as if he can’t allow himself to have it, to take.

No. Shane can’t have that. Not when he’s here, when he’s this close with what Ilya needs. Looking back he's not sure where this confidence came from but he knows it has everything

to do with the man under him.

He cups the back of Ilya's head, bringing him closer until soft lips brush against his scent gland once more.

Oh. Shane's body reacts before his mind catches up, melting deeper into the alpha's hold. Now there's smoky cedar and a hint of something else in the intimate space around them.

The alpha's scent, responding to his.

Ilya has always been so controlled with his scent. Regardless of if he's wearing scent patches, the alpha rarely allows his scent out. It only ever slips free in moments of heightened emotions, on the rink or when they're tangled in his sheets.

But here it is now, with Shane cradled in his arms while the alpha's scent curls around them like it wants to melt into the omega's.

Shane breathes in deeply. He's caught hints of smoky cedar before when they have sex but he finds something new now.

Snow. The scent of fresh snow. Crisp, earthy, and a little sweet.

Ilya must realize it too and moves to pull away.

"No, it's okay. It's okay," Shane whispers, his hand gently cupping the back of Ilya's head, holding him against his neck.

"Ilya, let go. Let go…" Shane inhales a shaky breath, "*Alpha.*"

"Fuck," Ilya groans and it's like a switch has been flipped. Like he was waiting Shane to grant him entry, give him permission.

He presses in earnestly, nuzzling against Shane's skin and squeezing his waist beneath his hands. He licks and nips at the warm skin of Shane's neck, no longer reserved against touching the omega's glands.

Shane gasps as a sharp incisor catches against his glands and he's melting in Ilya's lap until he can't tell where he ends and the alpha begins.

Shane's never experienced scenting like this, the way it's heady and consuming. Smoky cedar and snow envelop his senses and respond to his own pheromones like a *thank you, I'm here, yours* back. He feels scent drunk as he breathes in Ilya's scent blended so beautifully with his own warm honey and wild blackberries.

The rest of the room, the rest of the world slips away. All he can hear is his own name rolling off Ilya's lips like a prayer.

Shane can't resist anymore. He tilts Ilya's head back to slot their lips together.

The alpha sighs immediately against his mouth, hands skimming up his sides so gentle, so reverent. He scoops his hands under Shane's waist to shift them higher up on the bed, settling over him and into the warm space between Shane's thighs.

The alpha doesn't waste a moment, dipping back in to connect their mouths and licking into Shane's heat.

It's hot and consuming yet so intimate and Shane's entire being is wonderfully overwhelmed by their scents. He moans when Ilya nips at his bottom lip, throwing his head back into the pillows as the alpha presses kiss after kiss along his jaw and down his neck.

"Fuck, Shane," the alpha mutters, dragging his tongue up the column of the omega's neck, "Do you know what you do to me?"

All Shane can do is hum, tangling his fingers into the man's curls to try and tug him back up to his mouth.

The alpha won't budge, continuing his ministrations along the slope of Shane's neck.

"Ilya," he breathes just because he wants to, just because he can.

There's a playful nip at his neck and Shane can almost feel the smirk against his skin, asshole, "It was 'Alpha' before no?"

Ilya's voice is deep and teasing, clearly trying to elicit a reaction from the man under him.

But Shane's reservations have long disappeared. He doesn't hesitate, "Hm, okay. *Alpha.*"

Ilya freezes. Then, he's groaning a low, "Fuck," before burying his face into Shane's neck like he didn't expect it, like he didn't just suggest it.

A pleased, preening rumble picks up from Ilya's chest and Shane just laughs, his contentment blending with Ilya's rare flustered state. This time when he tugs, the alpha comes easily, catching his smile in a deep kiss.

"Stay," Ilya whispers against his mouth.

Shane knows he can't. That he'll have to slip out in the early hours of the morning like this never happened. Like he hasn't been consumed by Ilya's scent and given his in return.

It doesn't matter now though. Not when the alpha is finally looking into his eyes, with a silent question, a hopeful command.

He tightens his arms around Ilya's neck and breathes in. Smoky cedar and snow curled around honey and wild blackberries.

"Okay."

End Notes

my monkey brain saw that scene in abo. enjoy <3 kudos and comments always loved

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