

Summer Camp

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Summer Camp

by [nursdaylight](#)

Summary

“This is Ilya. Ilya Rez-Ruz...”

“Rozanov”, The boy said. Shane was surprised by the strange accent and deep voice of a boy his age.

“Yes. Ilya Rozanov. He is your age, and he comes all the way from Russia. He doesn’t really know a lot of English, so Cooper and I have thought that it would be very helpful for both of you to be together. You can help him with the language, and, believe me, he can teach you a lot from hockey. He’s European; they do things differently there. Yes?”

or; Shane and Ilya go to the same hockey summer camp every year. How much can their relationship change during those 5 years?

Notes

This is my first Hollanov fic! And also the first one with Alpha/Beta/Omega dynamic, so I hope you enjoy it!

My first language isn't English, so I'm sorry for any possible mistakes this can have. I only do this because it's fun and I hope you like it as much as I do.

Chapter 1

First Year

Shane Hollander could describe this as the best day of his life. But the truth was that he was still 13 so there wasn't much to choose from.

He had waited years, counted days, and asked a thousand times for his parents to allow him to be there. And now, he was finally on his way.

It was, of course, The Toronto Hockey Summer Camp. He knew he had to attend it if he wanted to get to the NHL one day. They could make him the great hockey player he wanted to become.

Yuna and David, his parents, hadn't been so sure about it. He was still so small, and everyone knew hockey players could be rough, and not only physically. Especially when this summer camp was only for teenagers. Yuna could only imagine 15-year-old Alphas messing with his not-yet-presented son.

But every single coach that was involved in the camp prepared a speech for her and her husband on why Shane had to come. They even promised to take him for free if that was the problem. They all knew he had something different, and they had to see what this young boy was capable of.

When Yuna and David finally agreed to let his son go to Toronto, Shane cried so much he fell asleep that night with tears still on his eyes.

"Please, don't break any bones. It's a four-hour ride from home and I'd have a heart attack on the way here, Shaney." Yuna was hugging his only son so tight, Shane believed he was going to break a bone right there "And don't you dare lose a tooth. I love your smile."

"I promise, mum." Shane answered while trying to escape his mum's arms.

"We love you so much, Shane. If you miss us, you can always ask a coach to give you a phone to call, your mum made them promise that." David said, making sure there was nothing else inside the car his son could leave behind. But Shane was far too responsible and organized for that.

"Shane Hollander." He said to the man with grey hair waiting in the reception stand.

"Oh, young boy, we know who you are." Shane's freckled cheeks turned red "I'm John Wallace, the camp coordinator. Cooper is waiting for you inside. Make sure you have everything with you and get ready for the best month of your life.

Shane couldn't hide his smile and, after another five-minute hug from Yuna and another thousand comments about taking care, he waved goodbye to his parents while following John.

He tried to memorize every step they were taking, as he didn't like new places and the sense of unfamiliarity that came with them, but this time he was just too excited to be worried about being in this still unknown place.

The camp was full of much bigger and stronger boys than him. They only took the best boys in the country, so they were normally no younger than 15. The smell of young Alpha was so clear, even outdoors. Some of them were already friends, probably from other years or for playing in the same schools or clubs. But Shane knew no one.

"This is where you all will live these next four weeks." John said pointing to a group of cabins. "We've tried to place you with the youngest boys but I'm afraid most of them are 16 already. We're strict so I don't think they will be very wild at night. Your mum mentioned you don't like trouble very much." Shane nodded. The boy was very ashamed of every possible thing his mum could've told them.

They arrived in the largest cabin, which Shane guessed it was for the coaches and staff. John knocked on the door. "One of our young talents is here!"

One? Shane thought, but he didn't have much time to ask himself about it because Coach Cooper was already on the door.

Charles Cooper was one of the coaches with the most Stanley Cups in the history of the NHL. An imponent Alpha so tall Shane had to take a step behind to see his face. The young boy had seen every documentary that had been made about him, so when they told him he personally asked Shane to be in his camp he couldn't believe it.

"Shane Hollander, am I right?" the older man asked while holding his hand. Shane was too stunned to speak so he only nodded and held his hand. "Oh boy, I'm really eager to see you on the ice. We'll need to feed you right if you're gonna go against those beasts you'll have for teammates this month but if what I've seen in the video is real you have a bright future, kid."

"Y-yes, sir. I'll do anything you ask me." He answered without a single breath. Cooper laughed.

"That's what I like to hear, boy. Now, Wallace, take him to his cabin so our boy here can calm down a bit. We have dinner all together, so I'll see you there, OK?" Shane nodded again. "And don't let them eat you, young Hollander."

"Who, sir?"

"Those beasts. You're very good but you need to be strong too." He knew he was referring to the other boys. That was the one thing he was most nervous about. Ever since he knew he was going to attend the camp, he wondered if he'd fit in. He didn't really have many friends at school as he didn't talk much and he was only interested in hockey. At hockey, he had a good relationship with his teammates, but he didn't know if they were his real friends, he never saw them outside of the rink. So now, the thought of having to make friends with much older guys was absolutely nerve-wrecking. But, in his mind, it would all be worth it if he was going to improve his abilities.

John Wallace showed him the way to his cabin and promised to check on him when he could. He had to show the place to other newcomers.

Shane entered the cabin and was immediately overstimulated by the sounds, smells, and noises. However, he tried to suppress his feelings to avoid looking like a scared baby and tried to find an unclaimed bed for himself. There were around 10 bunk beds so it was a lot of new people to live with. Most of the beds were already full of bags and clothes, but the last one didn't have anything on the top bed nor the bottom one. He sat on the bottom bed; he didn't like the idea of having to climb those stairs at night.

He sat there in silence, not really knowing what to do, so he started tidily unpacking his things.

"You're a clean fucker, right?" He didn't notice the boy next to him until he spoke. He was obviously older than him but didn't seem to be one of the oldest. He had a playful smile and messy brown hair. Shane wasn't surprised at his choice of words but it did catch him a bit off guard; he didn't really use curse words. "I'm Hayden Pike."

"Shane..."

"Hollander. Yes, I figured since you look like a child." The boy didn't mean any harm but those words definitely make Shane feel different in a bad sense.

"Y-you know who I am?" One thing was for the coaches to know his name. They were the ones who convinced his mum to let him be here. But for the other guys to know who he was... that was another thing.

"Dude, everyone was talking about you. I'm surprise I'm the only one who noticed you're here! The others were just talking about how much they wanted to beat you."

Shane was left speechless, and Hayden quickly noticed his face. "Oh, man, no, in the hockey sense, they want to win a match against you. They can't believe you're as good as they say. I have to say, I do believe it. This is my first year here, so I don't really know, but they say this camp is harsh as it can be, and that Cooper doesn't allow anyone to be lazy. He wouldn't let you be here if he didn't think you're good enough."

Shane, again didn't really know what to say. "So, um, how old are you?"

"I'm 15, I'm one of the youngest too. Not as young as you but my dad cried when they said I could come here. He wanted to be a professional hockey player too but he got injured really young. I have to tell him I got to meet the two 13-year-olds they allowed here this year. Well, I haven't met the other yet but he has to sleep on top of you so I guess I'll meet him soon."

The younger boy didn't want to ask so he didn't seem stupid but he didn't have a clue about what he was talking about.

"Another 13-year-old?"

“Oh, you don’t know? There’s another one coming and since there are no more free beds he’ll probably sleep here. But he’s...” He was interrupted by a loud voice.

“Guys! Look what we have here! His majesty the prince himself.” The tone was very clearly mocking and the others laughed. “He’s so short I thought he was someone’s 8-year-old little brother.” More laughs.

The guy came closer. He was tall and muscular, and definitely not the other boy that shared Shane’s age. He also reeked of that Alpha smell that make him look very proud but that Shane couldn’t stand. Shane would later learn that he was Harris Red. He was 17 and was rumoured to be wanted to be drafted by Florida.

Of course, the youngest one didn’t know what to say. But Hayden answered for him. “Leave him alone! Cooper wants him here!”

“Look at that! The prince has a boyfriend.”

Shane thanked God when another coach appeared on the doorframe to ask them all to get outside.

He wondered where the other 13-year-old guy was. And he really hoped he looked as small and young as he did.

But that was not the case.

Because hours later, John Wallace was accompanied by a boy much taller than him that had blondish curls and a serious look that contrasted with a pair of kind blue eyes.

“This is Ilya. Ilya Rez-Ruz...”

“Rozanov” The boy said. Shane was surprised by the *strange* accent and deep voice of a boy his age.

“Yes. Ilya Rozanov. He is your age and he comes all the way from Russia. He doesn’t really know a lot of English, so Cooper and I have thought that it would be very helpful for both of you to be together. You can help him with the language, and, believe me, he can teach you a lot from hockey. He’s European, they do things different there. Yes?”

Shane looked at the guy. He didn’t smell of anything in particular yet but he was very clearly going to be an Alpha. Strong and tall, perhaps a bit intimidating.

Shane accepted and Cooper ran to another place. He seemed to always have something else to do.

“I’m Shane Hollander.” Shane raised his hand a bit for Ilya to shake, but the Russian boy stayed the same, looking at the Canadian with a straight face.

When Shane raised his eyebrows, being in clear distress, Ilya apparently found it funny and gave the other a small smile and shook his hand.

“Ilya Rozanov.” Shane was very thankful that John had pronounced it earlier because right now it would have been impossible to get.

He stood in front of Ilya, not really knowing what to do.

“Um, we have to go have dinner.” Of course, Rozanov didn’t have a clue what he was saying “Dinner? Dinner” he said while making a gesture of eating.

The Russian boy seemed to understand him and followed him to the massive cabin where there were two large tables to fit everyone. He saw Hayden in the distance, who gestured him to go sit next to him.

“Who’s this?” Pike asked when they were both sitting.

“Ilya Rozanov, the other...”

“13-year-old, yes, I know. He comes from Russia. I heard he doesn’t know a word of English.”

“No, not really.”

The older boy got closer to the Russian. “ME- HAYDEN PIKE.”

Ilya was visibly upset by the loud tone of the boy and answered with an angry frown. “Ilya Rozanov.”

They had dinner and with a silent Ilya. Luckily, Hayden could do the talking for the three of them if it was necessary. He asked Shane questions Shane had never even thought about. Apparently, he came all the way from New York but he told Shane he was hoping to play for the Montreal Metros one day.

“That’s my mum favourite team too. She’s obsessed.”

Shane tended to speak with short declarative sentences. It felt easier for him for some reason. Especially in front of someone as talkative as Pike.

“Yeah, it’s been a while since they’ve won anything but my dad is from Montreal and he has taught me everything I know about hockey, so here we are. One day I’ll win the Stanley cup for them. With you! You’re a great player! I bet you’re the number one drafted in your year. We will be two strong Alphas holding the cup and waving at our Omegas in the stands.”

Shane laughed with red cheeks; he definitely couldn’t take a compliment. But the last comment made him nervous, how could he know if he was going to be an Alpha? He wasn’t tall or particularly strong. He didn’t like loud noises and, outside of the ice rink, he wasn’t all that brave. His trail of thoughts was quickly cut by Hayden’s voice.

“What position do you play? Centre?” Shane nodded “Of course you play centre, all you good motherfuckers play centre.”

“You?”

“I can change positions but I’m normally a left wing.”

“Oh, I thought you were a goalie.” Shane said with a repressed laugh.

“Shane Hollander, is that a joke?” Hayden laughed and Shane with him.

The Russian looked at them, annoyed at the loud laughter. He couldn’t stand this American form of speaking. He didn’t really know what they were saying but the way they talked was so annoying.

“I should be trying to speak with him, but how?” Shane told Hayden.

Pike looked at Rozanov, thinking. “YOU – POSITION?” The Russian didn’t understand and was getting angry at that tone.

“Oh, Pike, he’s Russian, not deaf.”

“Po-si-tion?” He said while pointing imaginary points in the air that simulated the hockey positions. “Hockey!”

“Hockey?” Ilya spoke and Shane was again stunned by his voice.

“Yes! Hockey positions.” He did the pointing again and Ilya pointed the one that meant centre.

“Centre! Shane is a centre too!” The older boy pointed now towards Shane.

“You? Cen...tre?” Ilya tried in a thick accent.

“Yes. Centre.” Shane answered and smile. He didn’t know why but he was happy.

Their training started the next day so Shane got up earlier to warm up a bit. He had a very strict routine imposed by himself before playing hockey. Everyone had a story about someone who was very good but that got injured and never got better in time to be a successful player. He definitely didn’t want that.

When he was finishing, he saw Ilya’s big blue eyes looking at him from the top bed. He made a gesture that definitely meant ‘What-are-you-doing-you-mad-boy-?’, but Shane continued as if he hadn’t seen him, so Ilya turned to the other side and continued sleeping.

When they got to the rink and Shane could do his first sprint with the skates, he felt alive again. Every single second he didn’t spend on the ice was a second, he didn’t feel like himself.

“Don’t believe yourself so fast, Hollander.” That voice came from Harris Red, of course. “You’ll need longer legs for that.” He said and pushed him. Shane’s nose hit the ice first and he wanted to cry.

“Fuck off, Red, I’m telling Coach Cooper.” There came Pike to the rescue. Just in time for when Cooper was blowing the whistle and everyone skated to the centre of the rink.

The practice was harsh and not everyone endured it. Cooper wanted the best of those boys and he made it clear from the very beginning. Shane couldn’t believe how tired he felt after only a couple of hours. He was used to play against people a couple of years older than him but it was nothing compared to trying to pass a defense that was 17 years old and a whole foot taller than him.

Ilya was amazing. He didn’t look as young as Shane did, and he wasn’t scared of anyone. His footwork was amazing and every time he missed a goal, he looked so angry it was scary. Shane and he were never playing together, as they played the same position, but it was an incredible thing to see. John was right, Shane was learning just by looking at him.

But the most interesting thing to see was that Ilya looked like he was having so much fun while playing. He never saw him smile outside of an ice rink, but every time he played, he was laughing and smiling the whole time.

Shane was so jealous of that.

Every training got more intense and every day was more tiring but more useful, in Shane’s eyes. He could see how he was improving.

He also helped the Russian boy with the English and now Ilya knew the basic words for hockey. Goal, pass, defense, wing.

“I need you to teach me how to do that move.” Shane told him one day. Ilya looked at him with a straight face.

“Hollander, I no understand.” The Canadian boy could swear that was the phrase he heard the most coming from Rozanov.

“You teach me...” And Shane tried to mimic the movement Ilya was constantly doing on the ice.

When Rozanov understood, he laughed. “Секрет” That sounded a lot like secret.

“It’s a secret?”

“Yes.”

“Come on, dude. I’ve been helping you with the English! I help English!”

Ilya laughed more.

“Ok.”

That afternoon was supposed to be a free one. The boys were allowed to go to downtown Toronto and spend a few hours outside the camp.

But Shane and Ilya spent 4 more hours practicing and practicing. It felt good to play alongside Ilya for once, Shane thought, even if it was just the two of them.

Cooper and Wallace saw them from the stands.

“One day, they’ll be big.” John Wallace mentioned.

“I agree, my friend.” Cooper answered in a calm tone. “I’m worried about Hollander, though.”

“Hollander? He has the most amazing technique I’ve ever seen in a boy his age. His potential is extraordinary.”

“You’re right, but he’s going to be an Omega.” The coach said, now looking at his friend instead of the boys. “Things are not easy for Omegas at the NHL. How many are there right now? Three? And none of them are top champions.”

“You don’t know that. He’s not that short. He might be a Beta for all we know. I know some short Alphas too.”

“I bet he’s hoping the same you’re saying, John. But he’d only be lying to himself.”

“I hope he changes the system, then.”

“I agree, my friend. I agree.”

Shane was really mad at Ilya, and he didn’t understand why.

Rozanov got out of the cabin that morning and he saw that hateful annoying boy, Red, talking to Shane. He didn’t understand a word he said, but he knew that if his words were half as irritating as his tone, he was saying the stupidest thing he would have ever heard.

All the boys, but Shane, were laughing at whatever he was saying. The young boy was, in fact, with a long face.

Ilya’s blood boiled. He didn’t even say anything. He went straight to Red and punched him in the face.

And now, for some reason, Shane is mad, but Ilya can’t understand why. Now, he’s swearing to himself he’s going to listen more in English class this year because there’s nothing more frustrating than hearing Shane say a million things in an angry tone but not being able to know what happens.

“I no understand!”

“Yes, that’s the worst part. I’m so angry at you and you don’t get it!”

“Ебать, Hollander.”

“Ye- bat? What even is that?”

“Ебать is fuck.”

“Oh, you are mad? You? I’m the one that’s mad! I – mad!”

“Why?”

“Because... how do I say this for you to understand? You no protect me! Ok?”

“I no understand!”

Shane bet this could be a comedic situation if someone would be seeing them, but for him it was just frustrating.

Then it occurred to him that the only thing Ilya understood was hockey terms.

“You no defense.”

“No, me Centre.”

“Yes, Centre no defense.”

“No, Centre attack.”

“Exactly! You no defense me. I attack alone.” Shane made some gestures to go along with his words.

“A-lone?” Ilya said, he didn’t know that word.

“Alone.” And Shane took a step back, gesturing the meaning of the word.

“Ohh... один!” And Ilya made the same gesture.

“Yes! O-den or whatever you said! I don’t need defense, yes?” Ilya nodded, not exactly knowing what Shane was referring to but happy to see him relax.

The rest of the months was spent between very intense training sessions and quiet moments in the cabin. Shane got a bit stronger; he liked to check himself in the mirror when there was no one around. He had learnt that the diet had a lot to do with your strength and spent a lot of his free time asking the cook new recipes he could do once he got home.

Between him and Ilya there weren’t a lot of words. Especially outside of the ice rink, where Shane didn’t have to explain the Russian boy the meaning of words. But he noted how Ilya would sometimes look at him while he was reading a hockey book before going to sleep, or how he looked at him and Hayden talk at lunch, trying to decipher a word. Or the way Red didn’t say a single more word towards him and how he looked a bit scared of Rozanov. In a way, he was going to miss his presence.

He was also going to miss Hayden Pike, his good friend. Shane tried to imagine a friendship as good as the one he had with him back home, but he couldn't picture any. He made him laugh like nobody and they had some good conversations.

He wrote down his email address so that Hayden could write him whenever he wanted. "I'm planning on asking this girl out, I'll tell you if she's my girlfriend. I'm starting 10th grade; I cannot go another year without a girlfriend."

Shane laughed and kept preparing his bag. He wouldn't say that to anyone, but he couldn't wait to see his parents.

"Do you have a girlfriend or something?"

"No, not really." Shane answered while folding his clothes, "I'm really focused on hockey."

"That's because you're young, wait until next year, you'll tell me." Shane couldn't picture himself asking a girl out but he wasn't going to deny anything to his friend.

"What about you, Rozanov." Ilya turned around when he heard his name. He was visibly annoyed any time Hayden spoke to him. He didn't like him very much. But he never really left their side.

"What?" Ilya said with that strong t that characterise the Russian accent.

"You girlfriend?" And Hayden made his two hands kiss in a childish gesture.

"Sometime."

"Sometime? What does that even mean?" He asked Shane, but the younger only shrugged his shoulders.

Shane left the camp with a full heart. He might not be liked by the 80% of the boys who think he is too small and young to be there, but just by thinking about his two new friends, if he can consider Rozanov a friend, he cannot hide his smile.

"By the look on your face I'm guessing everything went well then?" Yuna said from the front seat of the car. Shane nodded. "I'm very happy then, did you make lots of friends?"

"I made two. But that's enough." Yuna smiled and looked at his husband, who had the same type of smile on his face.

September 15th, 2004

From: hpikethebest@hotmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

Hey mate,

I got a new hockey stick and I know your a nerd about these typa things so I wanted to send you a pic. Still haven't asked Laura to date me, I think I'm gonna ask her to Homecoming tho. Do you have hoco in Canada? Ask a pretty girl to go with ya to one of those mate. Thats how I kissed a girl 4 the first time.

Hope everythings good!

Hayden.

[Picture Attached]

September 24th, 2004

From: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

To: hpikethebest@hotmail.com

Hello Hayden,

Sorry for the late reply. I have been training and I haven't had the chance to look at my email in ages. That stick looks amazing! I hope everything is going alright with you as well. Yes, we have a Homecoming at my school but it's not my thing. I hope Laura has accepted your proposal to go together.

Thank you for your email,

Shane Hollander.

November 3rd, 2004

From: hpikethebest@hotmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

Holly shit, man, I'm sorry I didn't answer sooner. I'm a mess. Yes, I did convince Laura to go with me but nothing interesting happened. I'm wearing braces now, they suck, I think this is the reason why she doesnt wanna date me.

Yesterday a scout for the USA team came see me. He thinks I have potential and invited me to the trials for the U17 team. I'm shitting myself, to be honest, but just imagining myself wearing the jersey is crazy. Bad news is that I'll have to see Harris Red, but I heard he wants to try to make it big and be drafted by next year. That piece of shit doesnt deserve it but whatever.

Hayden.

January 17th, 2005

From: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

To: hpikethebest@hotmail.com

Hello Hayden,

I heard you weren't picked for the USA team, I'm sorry. They are bad anyway, go Canada! I've been training with the U15 team and they're good but not as good as the boys in the Summer Camp. I cannot wait to be there again, I have to show you a new move I've been practising, I bet Rozanov doesn't know this one. I hope you get a girlfriend, even if it is not Laura.

Hope my email finds you well,

Shane Hollander.

May 10th, 2005

From: ilyarozanov81@gmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

Shane, this Ilya. My friend Svetlana helping me write. My English more good. I know is birthday. Happy birthday! Russian is: С днем рождения. Two months see you.

Rozanov.

Second Year

Finally mid-July, and he was on his way to Toronto.

He was taller, definitely taller. He had had a growth-sprout this year, which meant that his presentation was not far away. He wasn't particularly Christian, but he prayed to be a Beta. He knew he wasn't going to be an Alpha; it wasn't even possible. But being a Beta wouldn't be too bad. He wouldn't have to deal with heats, ruts, strong smells, and all those pheromones. He could spend his whole life solely focusing on hockey. That's all he wanted.

He had scored 85 goals that season. Of course, it's easier to score against a 14-year-old than a professional, but he often daydreamed about himself doing seasons like that in the NHL.

Classmates would often want to sit with him that year. They all heard about the kind of prodigy he was and it's cool to imagine being friends with someone famous since school. But Shane didn't really care. He didn't say anything but he liked hearing them talk at lunch or in between classes and having people cheer for him at his matches.

They weren't Hayden, though, and Shane couldn't wait to see him. In one of his last emails, he mentioned feeling close to presenting so the younger boy really wanted to see how did his friend look.

He probably was an Alpha or a Beta.

And, of course, he really wanted to see Rozanov. That email he sent him got Shane feeling so happy. For some reason, it was all he could think about, to the point that his coach had had to give him a scolding for not listening. He felt so ashamed. He wondered how he looked now, and who was that girl called Svetlana.

When they got to Toronto, Yuna hugged him as if that was the last time she was seeing her kid. Shane tried to make it quick. He suspected Harris Red wasn't attending that year because he didn't have the opportunity to get drafted, like he wanted, so he probably was closed inside a gym until he got good enough. However, those kids could be brutal and Shane didn't want another bully this year.

This time he greeted Wallace, not needing him to show him where everything was.

"You look big, kiddo." The kind man said. "Can't wait to see what you've learned!"

Charles Cooper also had good words for him.

"Hollander! Look at you! No longer five feet tall I see!" He exclaimed from the doorframe of his cabin. Shane could have grown physically, but he was still a kid and didn't know what to answer, so he let go a loud laugh and continued his way to his cabin.

The camp hadn't changed a bit from last year. There was a big cabin in the middle where the coaches and staff slept and had meetings, four smaller cabins where the kids slept, and another big cabin where the kitchen and the hall were. There was also a path that led to the gym, inside of which the ice rink and multiple gym machines were. The sense of familiarity that the place emanated felt nice for Shane. It was a very intense and strict place, but also where he created lots of nice memories.

He arrived in the cabin and there he was, Hayden Pike. A very tall and muscular Hayden Pike. He was wearing those braces he talked about in his emails, and, poor Hayden, they didn't actually look good on him. But his new big body was amazing. His scent reached Shane's nose. He was, in fact, an Alpha. The boy from New York ran to his friend and hugged him tightly, the air escaping Shane's lungs.

“Hollander! I couldn’t wait to see you, my man!” Shane needed a second to grasp air again once Hayden let him free. “Oops, sorry. You know... Alpha strength and all that...” He said with half a smirk on his face, noticeably proud to be an Alpha.

“Yeah, yeah, I noticed that awful Alpha scent.”

Hayden moved his armpit on top of Shane’s face.

“Oh yeah? Does this smell bad? Huh?” That was disgusting but Shane couldn’t stop laughing.

He went to the same bunk bed as last year’s. He didn’t like changes and he guessed that was the reason he wanted Ilya to sleep in the top bed as well.

“Have you seen...”

“Rozanov?” Hayden completed for him “Nah, but I heard his plane landed already. He probably will be here at any minute.”

And no longer than 10 minutes later the boy that came all the way from Russia was going in his direction. Shane didn’t know what to do. *Were they actual friends?* It was different than with Hayden. *Should he hug him? Do they hug in Russia?* Luckily, Hayden moved quicker.

“Rozanov! You got big. Bigger than this dude here, that’s for sure.” And Hayden was right.

Ilya Rozanov had been a big guy for being 13 the year before. But his height now was unbelievable. Shane got dizzy just by thinking how fast he was going to have to run if he wanted to win one of their after-practice races. He cut his curls. If he had told Shane that he spent his year in military training, he would’ve believed him. But those kind eyes behind the cold stare were still the same.

“Hollander small but fast.” Ilya said in a broken but still notably improved English.

And Shane, Canadian as he was, couldn’t accept a compliment. “Oh, but you’re fast too and still much bigger.”

“How did your English improve so much?” Hayden immediately asked, ignoring the Canadian modesty. But Ilya’s English wasn’t as good as to understand all these difficult words.

Shane instantly understood the Russian’s confused face and helped him, “Your English good?”

“Oh!” Ilya murmured with an irrepressible smile. “Study school, a lot.”

Shane wanted to ask him about that Svetlana friend who apparently helped him write that email, but he didn’t.

This year, Ilya’s energy felt lighter.

He would sit closer to Shane at lunch, now understanding some of the words he and Pike were exchanging. Sometimes he would even add something to the conversation.

He still needed Shane's help while training. The practices were getting harsher every day and the concepts more complicated. The Canadian boy thanked God that Ilya had learned a bit more of English that year because it would have been impossible to explain some of the techniques.

Shane showed Ilya one of the new moves one of the Team Canada coaches had taught him that year. He felt a bit frustrated when Rozanov got it at the first time after he had been a week perfecting. But it felt nice to teach his European friend something hockey related, since he seemed to know every possible technique.

When Shane asked him how that was possible, he shrugged and tried to explain in his poor English. "I play Team Russia. Old players. They teach me."

"How old are they?"

Ilya didn't really know. "Seventeen?"

Ilya played for the U18 team? How was that even possible? That's almost professional and he was barely 14. But, of course, looking at him, he definitely had the physique. And, by the way he played, the intelligence as well.

"They good but you great." Ilya ended the sentence with a smile, being happy of having used two adjectives. Shane blushed.

"Thanks."

The young boy from Ottawa kept working to get better, always checking for Cooper's validation. He felt like he needed the approval of one of the greatest if he wanted to make it big. So that's everything he worked for.

In fact, perhaps unconsciously, he looked for him in the stands every time. He checked for a smile or something that would tell him he was making a good impression. Hayden always told him he didn't need to worry about that; in his opinion, Coach Cooper loved him. "You're his golden boy." He'd tell his younger friend. But that wasn't enough, not for Shane.

Shane was so jealous of the Russian. He was so unpreoccupied of his game. That's what made him so good. They were two sides of the same coin. Ilya was a great hockey player because he was carefree, and Shane was a great hockey player because he wasn't.

One night, after the Canadian had finished his nocturnal stretches, he saw Ilya watching him from his bed and decided he had to ask him.

"How do you don't care?"

"Care?"

How do you explain such verb? The 14-year-old didn't even know what he really cared about. Only hockey.

"Yes, mhm... you play but never worry." He put a long face when mentioning the last word.

"Ah... волноваться! No wor-ry here. Only worry Russia!" He answered.

"You only worry in Russia?" Ilya nodded "Why?"

Ilya blew all the air inside his lungs and Shane saw, for the first time, a preoccupied version of Ilya. His normally stoic friend had feelings, after all.

"My... um, dad. He... I no know say this. Sorry." He answered. Shane believed him, but he also believed Rozanov didn't want to talk about this topic.

Was his dad perhaps a bad dad?

At fourteen, Shane hadn't seen many different familiar situations, and he couldn't picture a family that wasn't like his.

"Don't worry. I get it. I worry all the time when I'm playing."

"Your... dad?" Ilya couldn't actually imagine a different situation than his neither. Especially if Shane was a sport promise like himself.

"No, no, my dad's cool, he's nice. It's just... me. I need to be the best if I want to be in the NHL."

Ilya was understanding everything, or at least he looked like he did, and Shane couldn't be happier of being able to have a conversation with him. He was so interesting.

"You NHL when old. No worry!" Shane laughed but Ilya didn't understand why.

"You don't know that! It'll be a long time till I can be drafted... till I can play there." Shane corrected when he thought that Ilya wouldn't understand a word like *drafted*.

"Yes, I know! I NHL too." He spoke. The Canadian thought he might be joking. *I wouldn't know if he was, he never really changes his tone.* But he wasn't, he was simply convinced. So, Shane wanted to know more.

"Where would you like to play? In which team?"

"Team? I... not..." He struggled to formulate the sentence.

"Don't care? You don't care! That's what *care* means!"

"I don't care. Beach?" And Shane had to laugh. "Why ha-ha? I like beach!"

"I'm sorry, it's just funny. People normally choose because of the history of the time, the number of cups or because they support that team. I never heard of anyone who had chosen a

team because of the beach.”

Those were a lot of words for Ilya, but Shane normally was a quiet and shy boy so he didn't say anything about it and just guessed what he had said.

“I like beach. No beach home. You team?”

“It'd be nice to play for Ottawa, I'm from there, but they don't have a great team right now. My mum supports Montreal so that'd be cool too. I don't know.”

“Beach there?”

Shane had to laugh again. Ilya was hilarious.

“No, these cities aren't famous for their beaches specifically.”

“Boring.”

By the time this conversation was finishing they were both sat on Shane's bed and tiredness was already accumulating in their bodies. Before they even realised it, they fell asleep.

When Shane woke up the next morning, him being the first as every morning, his head was resting on top of Ilya's shoulder. He took a moment, he was perhaps dreaming. But the smell was too real. At that moment, if there was still any doubt, Shane knew. Ilya was going to be an Alpha. His scent was stronger than last year's and now, being able to appreciate it so clearly, that was the scent of an Alpha. When he realised what was happening, he got out of the bed in a clean and quick move. He blushed and looked around, making sure no one else had seen them. But there wasn't even enough light to see. He began his morning stretches and tried to forget about that moment.

The month ended faster than they could believe and it was already time to say goodbye again.

Hayden was already an Alpha, but that didn't stop his tears to show up when it was time to part from Hollander. In his words, he was like a little brother, and he couldn't wait to see him all grown-up next year.

It wasn't a lie that his relationship with Rozanov had evolved that year, but he still didn't know what to do to say goodbye. *He has to look up if Russians hug*, he says to himself, so he only told him to email him if he wanted to.

“I write when important.” Shane didn't really understand what he meant by that, but he thought that was enough. In a sense, Ilya was one of his best friends now, and he wouldn't admit it, but he was really sad about not being able to see him during for a year.

October 16th, 2005

From: hpikethebest@hotmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

Hey! Your officially talkin to a man with gf ;) Yes theres this girl named Martha, shes an omega and shes so beautiful ISTG. I attached a pic with her here. Look how pretty she is, but DON'T look too much!!!!!! How are you man?

[Picture attached]

From: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

To: hpikethebest@hotmail.com

November 23rd, 2005

Hello Hayden,

As you can see, I haven't gotten any better with answering my email. You're the only one to email me so I never expect to have one in my inbox. Yes, your girlfriend is very beautiful (respectfully). Congratulations! I'm good. I'm going to Finland in January for the U15 World Cup. We have a good team but I don't know if it will be enough.

I hope everything is good!

Shane Hollander

In all the places in the world, Shane Hollander wasn't expecting to see Ilya Rozanov in Finland. But here he was. Shane was watching the Russia-Sweden game, and Ilya wasn't only playing that game, he was demolishing it. His white and red jersey, with the number 81 and a big C on the top, was moving so fast it was difficult to see. He scored 4 goals in under 15 minutes. The Swedes had nothing to do.

But there was something different about him. In the Summer Camp, he played with a permanent smile on his face. He played an almost childish but astute game. But here, his expression couldn't be more serious. He had an anger in him that Shane had never seen.

And then, he saw it. Ilya was changed so that he could rest, with the game already resolved, and he looked at the stands. Shane recognized that look, he was looking for approval. His eyes landed on an old man. His dad, Shane guessed. But the man didn't give him anything that would resemble a smile or a sign of satisfaction. On the contrary, he sighed and left.

When he found him later, Ilya made it seem as if everything came from Shane's imagination.

"But you told me yourself! Your dad..."

“I no say anything! My dad difficult but no bad!”

Shane wanted to let it go. Perhaps it was actually all in his imagination.

“Why haven’t you emailed me, you told me you would.”

“Nothing important. I say email important.”

“Anything you’d want to tell me is important.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this chapter!!! I put my whole heart into it.

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

Third Year

Shane Hollander couldn't believe he was saying this, but he didn't want to go to the Summer Camp.

Well, he wanted to but in an alternate universe where everything was different.

In a world where he wasn't an Omega.

Soon after he turned 15, he presented. He kind of already knew it was going to happen. There was a feeling inside of him that told him, but he repressed and repressed it every day, hoping that it was just his imagination.

The day he presented something inside of him changed. His smile wouldn't appear on his face again. His scent repulsed him. He hated the smell of roses and honey.

Yuna was deeply worried for her son. He didn't want to go to school, he didn't want to go to hockey practice. She had to call and say he was very ill. He had never missed a practice, even when he had high fevers, so everyone at school believed he was in the hospital.

"Shaney, please." Yuna said outside his room, almost being unable to breathe because of the unbearable smell of sadness that came from the room.

"I can't, mum. Leave me alone, please."

"Can we talk about it? I'm an Omega too, I know how you feel."

"You aren't a hockey player, you don't know how I feel."

"Yes, but now that you're now an Omega you understand how much we feel. Now imagine if you had a son that was feeling so sad he couldn't leave his room. Come on, let me in."

The door opened.

His room was a mess, with an unsettling scent of sadness. He didn't only have his first heat; he also got depressed afterwards. Yuna hugged his son. She was at that age that her

pheromones didn't control her so much, but seeing her only son in that state was killing her Omega.

"You don't have to abandon the thing that makes you so happy, Shaney." He couldn't stop crying.

"You know it's not that easy, mum."

"And when has that ever stopped you? I've never seen a boy so brave, my pup."

For the first time, he calmed down a bit. He was still crying but now he was breathing.

"B-but, how?"

"We will find a way, I promise. Let's start by going to the doctor, OK?"

"Yes."

When Shane was on his way to Toronto, he had just started taking his blockers the month before. It was unsettling, he felt his Omega repressed. But that's everything he had ever wanted. He would pass as a Beta and no one would ever know. He didn't care if his Omega was sad, he wouldn't have to think about his heats, his scent, or his pheromones. He could focus on his only passion, hockey.

The doctor told him the effects were similar to antidepressants; not only wouldn't he feel all those deep emotions, he also wouldn't feel his connection to his Omega at all. Not unless there was a big trigger that could overcome these effects.

So now he was happy again. He was planning to introduce himself as a Beta so that it'd be known that Shane Hollander was a Beta.

His plan was perfect.

Until it wasn't.

When he saw Ilya Rozanov again everything was the same, unless it wasn't. He was still the same tall, curly-haired boy with an icy stare, but there was something different.

And then he smelled it. The same scent he had smelled a year prior, but stronger and clearer, easy for everyone to smell. It smelled like coffee but with spicy ginger undertones.

Shane couldn't understand how he identified every single aspect of his Russian friend's scent so clearly. He had smelled Hayden and other Alphas before, and it was fine. But Ilya Rozanov's scent was something different. It made him feel something.

"What is wrong? Why this face?" Ilya asked. His voice had dropped a few more tones since the last time he had seen him. He also had a *man* body now. An Alpha body. Shane had always noticed his muscular arms, or his strong torso, but this was something different.

His hair was a bit longer too; he had abandoned his military hairstyle and now his golden curls were visible.

“N-no, I’m- it’s just... you are...” Ilya grinned his mouth in a cocky smile.

“I’m Alpha now, yes.

“No- I just meant you... you look older, more... mature.”

And Ilya, instead of answering like a normal person, just growled in a sexy way. Shane couldn’t keep his mouth shut.

“I didn’t mean it like that!”

“Yes, yes, Hollander.” He said, leaving Shane in shock state.

It was clear, then, that something had happened. Shane was more aware of their physicality. Every touch now seemed intentional. Every time Rozanov approached him, the Canadian boy could feel his heartrate raising. He would often thank God or whoever was out there that he was on blockers, because now that he had had his first heat, a new world had opened in front of him.

On the contrary, with Hayden there weren’t any changes. He told him that a doctor had certified him that he was a Beta and he couldn’t have cared less.

“But do you prefer Alphas, Betas, or Omegas?” Hayden surprised him with his question.

“I don’t even know, to be honest.” *Oh, he knew, he knew.* “What about you?”

“Me? I mean, I obviously like Omegas but after what happened with Martha... They are so complicated with their emotions and stuff. Their pheromones don’t leave them alone. You’re lucky that you won’t have to deal with them. Believe me, it’s better if you just date another Beta and you leave all this mess behind. You’re lucky you don’t have to deal with it yourself.” Shane smiled at him, not wanting to have this conversation anymore.

He loved his friend but he could be unaware at times. Not like Shane would want him to be any other way. If everything went like he imagined, he’d never have to know.

Another thing that was different for him was the training sessions. As much as he wanted to focus solely on hockey, everything else was too distracting.

He was especially careful not to be hurt so he wouldn’t have to go to the hospital and give explanations. He couldn’t ignore the tension with Ilya, neither the Alphas’ force.

But he remembered how his mum told him that he could do it, even if he had to work harder. And that’s what he did.

If he couldn't compete with their strength, he'd have to enhance his advantage: his speed. Every free time he had he would run in the treadmill or outside, or he would dare Ilya to race against him and he wouldn't stop until he had won him three times in a row. He also practiced his shot, from all angles and distances.

He soon became the best player in the summer camp, he was unbeatable, even by the older players who were preparing to get drafted soon.

One day he was called to the coaches' cabin.

"If this is because we stayed late last night in the ice rink, I'm sorry. It's not Rozanov's fault, I just wanted to skate the whole rink and back in under 10 seconds." Coach Cooper laughed and got him to seat in a room that simulated an office.

"You're fine, boy, don't worry. But try not to do that anymore please, I got a complaint from the cleaners." Shane wanted to relax but if Cooper hadn't called him because of that, why was he there? "You are not in any kind of trouble, Hollander. Calm down."

"I'm sorry, sir. Why am I here then?"

"I wanted to speak with you. Man to man. You're a great hockey player, Shane, do you know that?" Shane felt his freckled cheeks blushed.

"Well... Thank you, sir. I- I don't know if I'm great, I just... play to be better every day."

Charles Cooper laughed.

"Oh, and you have the perfect personality, and the face too. They'll adore you, boy. You're going to be the next Canadian gem, believe me. I've been in this world for more than 30 years, I have an eye for this."

"I don't know what else to say more than thank you, really."

"Don't worry, I can do all the talking." He said laughing. "Look, Shane. You're great. That's no lie and it's impossible not to see it. But you're too good and that worries me." Shane frowned his face, he didn't understand. "You're very young and perhaps you don't understand it right now, but this world can be wild, Hollander, and you're going to have to be very strong."

"You're right. I don't understand and I don't really know what you'd have me do..."

"Prepare yourself, physically and mentally. I know what you've been doing, Shane, I see you. But sometimes it's not enough and you'll have to be very strong. I haven't seen a generational talent like yours in ages, you're going to be their star, no matter what team you end up in. But it's not enough to have a really good player, and when things go badly for your team, they'll blame you. You won't win every time, Shane, it's impossible."

"I know that, sir. But thanks for telling me this."

“Also, don’t try to rush things. Do you remember Harris Red?” Shane’s disgust was clearly visible on his face.

“I couldn’t forget him. He basically bullied me my first year here until Rozanov punched him in the face.” Cooper laughed.

“Yes, he was an asshole. Do you know anything about him now?” Shane shook his head. “Exactly, he was going to get drafted and now he doesn’t even play professional hockey. Last thing I heard, someone saw him working in a supermarket in his hometown in Texas. Do you know how that happened?” Shane shook his head again. “Because he rushed things. He thought he was prepared, but he wasn’t. And I told him! But he thought I was just another annoying old man pushing him away from his dream. Guess he pushed himself away.”

Shane laughed, there was no one to have a conversation like Cooper. It was difficult to find a legend like him that was as down-to-earth as he was.

Then he dropped the bomb.

“I know it’s also difficult to be an Omega.”

Shane’s face dropped, his smile immediately disappearing from his face.

“I-I’m not an Omega. The doctor actually told me I’m a Beta.”

Cooper smiled.

“I know how difficult it is, boy. They probably got you on blockers, right? You must be so happy you have them, there’s no other way.”

“Sir, I swear I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, I know everything about it, Shane. I’ve gone through the same myself.”

He couldn’t believe what he just said. Maybe he had misheard.

“Yes, Shane. I’m an Omega, just like you.”

Legendary Charles Cooper, the winner of 3 Stanley Cups as player and 8 as coach. The generational captain of Team Canada. He was an Omega. *Just like him.*

“B-but how?”

“It wasn’t easy of course. I know it isn’t easy for you now, imagine 40 years ago. I had to hide it from my dad. An Omega is only fit for being in the kitchen, he used to say. He doesn’t even know it yet, and he’s 85. And the blockers, they were not the same than they are now. They made you have a really bad time.”

Shane wasn’t capable of registering all this new information on time. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“But the worst part, Shane, is not being able to live your life freely. It’s extremely hard to hide your real self from everyone for the rest of your life. Your Omega will be sad, you will be sad, and if your partner has to hide too, they will be sad as well. I- my partner couldn’t bear it. She left me. And I don’t blame her, she was the most magnificent Alpha this world has ever seen, and she didn’t deserve to be hidden.”

Shane shrugged his face, he didn’t want one of his heroes to see him crying.

“I’m not telling you this to demotivate you, Hollander. I did it! But you have to really think if it will all be worth it.”

“Hockey is everything for me. There’s nothing I love more, there won’t be anything.” Shane answered in a second, he didn’t even have to think about it, there was nothing he was surer about.

“I know you feel like that now. But please, think about it. You have time.” Before the heavy silence could fill the room, Cooper kept talking. “Now, go to sleep. I don’t want my best player all sleepy tomorrow. We have a special visit.”

That special visit was the sensational Scott Hunter.

He was the moment. He had brought titles back to the New York Admirals, and every girl in New York had her locker full of his photos. He had advertisements for every brand and his face was literally everywhere. He was the image of the NHL at that time.

So, when he appeared in the summer camp, every single boy in that place formed a line to have something signed by him.

“Martha had a huge poster of him in her bedroom. Every time we made out, he was looking at me. I know he was judging me.” Hayden said on the queue to Shane. “He’s amazing though, I can’t wait to show everyone at school my cap signed by him.”

When it was his turn, Shane gave him his hockey stick.

“What’s your name?”

“I’m Shane Hollander, sir.”

“Sir? I’m not that old, Hollander.” Scott laughed. “But I know who you are. I saw you in this morning’s practice and I have to say, I’m very impressed. Keep going, I hope next time I see you is in the rink.”

These words were the last click he needed. After the night prior’s talk with Cooper, when he had told him how he really had to choose, he had had some doubts. Of course, he only wanted to play hockey, but such a drastic decision was scary. But now, he was sure. He would do anything, he wanted that life, no matter what.

That night, which was one of the last ones, they were allowed to go to Toronto. Shane normally stayed at the camp, training alone or with Ilya, but this time Hayden had convinced him to go, as this was his last year of camp. Next year he was going to turn 18.

The boys would wear his best clothes for nights like this because they knew downtown Toronto was filled with young rich girls. But Shane couldn't care less, he hadn't even packed nice clothes, and he wore a sporty Nike t-shirt.

Ilya was wearing a sky-blue shirt, with a couple of undone buttons. In Shane's eyes, he looked better than ever, with his curls carefully slicked back. He looked older, if Shane hadn't known he would've guessed that he was 18.

He looked at himself on the mirror and sighed, thinking that he looked like a child.

The trip to the downtown was nice. They went to a couple of stores, a thing that Shane thought was silly and that boys wanted to do to look like they cared about their clothes. Afterwards, they bought an ice cream and sat in a square. Some of them started talking with some other boys, and others with girls.

"Imagine having the charisma to just approach a girl and ask her for her number." Hayden said while looking at a couple of boys that were talking to a pair of girls.

"You have charisma!" Shane tried to sound convincing but he didn't really know how to do that.

"Nice try, my friend. Where's your Russian friend?" Shane shrugged his shoulders, when he heard a girl laughing.

"So, you come all the way from Russia? Is that near Mexico?"

Ilya laughed. "Not exactly but is very far."

Shane was regretting helping him learn English now.

The girl was so close to Rozanov, Shane thought she could probably smell his scent clearly. He clenched his fists.

"Wow, are you jealous? I mean that girl is pretty, but you're cute and I heard girls like cute guys, don't worry."

Was Shane so jealous that Hayden had been able to see it? He really had to learn how to hide his emotions.

"It's not... It's alright."

On the way back to the camp he couldn't even look at Ilya.

The Russian boy noticed it, but he was Russian. *They don't talk about feelings and all that in Russia.*

But when another day had passed and Shane kept being silent in front of him, he had to something. He waited until they were the only ones in the bathroom and looked at him intensely.

Shane was brushing his teeth and tried to ignore the very obvious stare, until it was impossible. He spat what was left of his toothpaste. "What?"

"What? You tell me, Hollander, what?"

Shane rolled his eyes and grabbed his things to leave the bathroom, but Ilya gently pushed him, not allowing him to scape this conversation.

"Come on, man."

"What wrong, Hollander?"

"It's nothing! I'm just in a bad mood. It's alright, it'll pass!"

"No true! You speak with Hayden, no with me!" Shane shrugged, not knowing what else to say. "We friends, yes?"

"Y-yes, of course we're friends!"

"Then what is problem?"

Shane avoided his piercing stare, but Rozanov grabbed his face to make it look at him. He raised his eyebrows, waiting for an answer.

"Why don't you ask that girl from Toronto?" Shane murmured. Ilya laughed so loud the Canadian thought he would wake everybody up. "Shhh!"

"Sorry. Is this problem? How do you say? Ревность? (*revnost* – jealousy)"

"I don't know what that means."

"No matter. It's ревность. You don't worry, Hollander. I don't know girl."

"It didn't seem so. You were all close to her."

Ilya take a step closer to him, their faces now close enough that they could see each other's smallest details. Ilya touched Shane's cheek, connecting his freckles with his finger.

"Love this. What's name?" Shane couldn't even be angry with him, he was too charming.

"Freckles?"

"Yes. I love freckles. Stars on your face."

Shane could feel his heart beating so hard he tried to take a step back, but Ilya was holding his waist with his other hand.

“I don’t care other girl. You are more pretty, Shane Hollander.”

Shane hold his breath. For a moment, he believed it was all a dream, but the smell of coffee and ginger was so strong that he had to be conscious. It couldn’t be a dream.

Rozanov’s face was closer and closer, he was going to kiss him. And Shane wanted it, he wanted it so bad he just closed his eyes and waited for it to arrive.

But it didn’t. It never arrived. Because the noise of a door opening interrupted them, and Shane took a step so back, you couldn’t have guessed they were talking just seconds before.

“Boys, are you still here? Come on, you have to go to sleep.” John Wallace entered the room, leaving Shane in a profoundly confused state.

They didn’t talk about it for the rest of the camp, returning to their state of being good friends.

At night, Shane would try to reimagine everything that happened, trying to avoid forgetting about it. *It was real, it happened, he wanted to kiss me*, he would say to himself before falling asleep.

The last day of the summer camp, after crying for hours because it was the last time he was going to spend one month with his good friend Hayden Pike, Ilya hugged him for the first time.

Shane was in such shock state that he couldn’t give the hug back, so he stood there, frozen, while the tall boy hugged him. He murmured something in his ear that Shane would never understand, мой красавчик (*moy krasavchik* – my pretty boy).

March 12th, 2007

From: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

To: ilyarozanov81@gmail.com

Hello Ilya,

I think it’s best if we forget about what happened. For the best of our hockey career.

Attentively,

Shane Hollander.

March 16th, 2007

From: ilyarozanov81@gmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

Who this?

Fourth Year

Shane felt better than ever. His body had finally accepted the blockers perfectly. He was getting calls from the Canada Team to train with the first team and his technique was phenomenal. He was faster than anyone and he'd score so easily, some matches were too boring for him.

Everyone knew and accepted that he was a Beta and he lived solely for hockey. In fact, he dated a Beta girl for a while, as she supposedly liked hockey as much as him, but she dumped him when all he wanted to do was related to the sport.

This year, however, he was not all that excited to go to the summer camp. Yes, it was nice to have long training sessions for a month and being able to go to the facilities whenever he wanted, but Hayden wasn't going to be there and with Ilya it was... well, weird.

Talking about the boy from New York, he had been drafted by the Montreal Metros. His lifelong dream had been accomplished. Shane was the first person he called after the draft, promising him that he was going to have tickets whenever he wanted. Yuna, of course, was very excited about that and was already planning to go to Montreal as many times as possible.

And Ilya, he knew he was also playing for Russia's first team in some friendly matches. But he hadn't seen him or emailed him anymore. Shane was ashamed by the final answer he gave him. He didn't find it a bit funny.

He was ready to show Cooper, and the world, how serious he was about this. He finally had the height to compete against professionals and he knew he wanted to be one of them. He wanted to be everything Cooper told him that night, the star of the NHL.

He already had a fame of being serious, perhaps, as Ilya had told him, even boring. But he didn't really care, because that was what he needed to in order to succeed. And there wasn't a plan B.

When he arrived in the cabin he put his bag next to his usual bed. *Will Ilya sleep on the top bed?* He asked himself. The Russian had been very clear about not even knowing him, so *who knows*.

He tried to convince himself that Rozanov not sleeping on the same bunk bed as him would be a good thing. But he knew that there was something inside him that was hurting, and that was his Omega. Shane had successfully controlled his animal side, but every time he thought about Ilya, he felt a deep sense of sadness that was unmanageable. In theory, the blockers

were going to calm this side of him unless something very strong triggered a change in it, so Shane couldn't understand what was happening.

Ilya was suddenly in front of him, and his Omega felt crazy.

He felt as if he had a tickling bomb inside him.

"Hi, Hollander." There it was, that cocky smirk that Shane wanted to hate so much.

"Oh, now you know who I am?" He asked and turned around to continue undoing his bag.

"You didn't like silly joke? Where's Canadian humour?"

Shane turned back again in under a second. Ilya had never seen him so angry outside of the rink.

"I'll stick my Canadian humour up your ass." He pointed him with his finger. "Fuck you, Rozanov."

Ilya's smile didn't disappear, and after a second in which he was calculating his next move, he bit Shane's finger.

Shane's face was unimaginable. His eyebrows raised, his mouth opened wide, and his eyes were filled with anger. He let out a loud growl, which Ilya found adorable, and left. "And don't even dare sleeping on my top bed!" He said while storming out.

If there was something Ilya was famous for, it was that he didn't really listen to any kind of orders. It worked for him in hockey, because he was so good he didn't need to follow what coaches were telling him.

But when Shane went back to the cabin that night, when everyone was already asleep, and Ilya had that irritable smile, which seemed impossible to erase, and was laying on top of where Hollander was supposed to sleep, his inability to follow orders hadn't helped him.

Shane took a deep breath and simply grabbed his pillow and left, convinced of sleeping outside.

Ilya followed him. He was beaten by a guy 7 inches shorter than him with adorable eyes.

"No, come on, Hollander. Don't be silly."

"I'm not joking. That's something you like to do, right?"

"Let's talk!" And Ilya had said that so loud, Shane wanted to kill him for the millionth time that year.

Provoked, Shane grabbed Rozanov by the hem of his t-shirt and dragged him to the same bathroom where everything had started a year before. Shane made sure there wasn't anyone, checking in every stall.

When he was sure no one could be there, he stood in front of Ilya. He was wearing his ‘pyjama’: a white tank top and the shortest sport shorts he probably owned, leaving nothing to Shane’s imagination. *He did this on purpose*, he thought.

What Shane didn’t know was that him on his sport gear, all sweaty because he didn’t have time to shower yet, was having the same impact on Rozanov. The Alpha was having the most erotic daydreams he had ever had, just by looking at the other boy. *He was a 16-year-old Alpha for God’s sake*, he couldn’t help it.

“Don’t you want to talk? Let’s talk!”

“You’re um... how do you say? Reacting too much.”

“Overreacting? Am I overreacting? I emailed you about feelings and you decided to answer with a joke?”

“You said to forget what happened!” Ilya’s smile had finally erased from his face. He was actually hurt.

“Because... Because it was the best thing to do!”

“Why? I no understand! Here you do all complicated! All is feelings and bla bla bla.”

“Oh, so you don’t care about how I feel?”

Ilya raised his hands in a defensive mode. “See. I... agh. I don’t know how to say things good and then you not understand what I say.” Ilya truly thought the problem resided in not being good with English.

At that moment he wished to speak perfect English just to say everything he wanted to say to Shane.

“I think I understood you very well.” Shane was visibly aching. He felt his Omega asking him to let that Alpha speak, but he was too stubborn.

“No, you not! I mean, you have to not think so much and act more! Like hockey; you think too much, you don’t have the puck, you have to attack!” And Shane, in all that pain, wanted to laugh for a second. Because the only area in which they understood each other was in hockey.

“I-I cannot do that. Life is not hockey, Rozanov. And I’m only good at hockey.”

Ilya took a step closer, “I can help you. You relax. Not think, attack.”

Shane felt his touch, he was holding him by the waist. That contact made him feel calmer for the first time since he arrived in Toronto. He could feel his Omega thanking him. He closed his eyes, knowing what was going to come.

He felt, for the first time ever, in touch with his Omega.

But that scared him.

He was not supposed to want the same as his inner side.

And when Ilya's lips were millimetres away from kissing his, he took a step back.

"I can't. This is not OK."

Shane didn't know where Ilya slept that night, or any night for a while.

This affected their hockey.

They never played together, as they played for the same position, but all of a sudden, the camp's two best players were horrible.

They messed every move, missed very obvious goals, and were mad with everyone and themselves. No one knew what had happened with them, but it was very obvious that they were angry at each other.

One day, Cooper was tired of all that.

"Rozanov and Hollander, I don't fucking care what the fuck happened with you two. I don't give a shit if you make peace. But if you're coming to my practice, you show up like the men you already are! Am I understood?" The shout was so loud the cooks probably heard him from the kitchen.

Both of them nodded their heads frenetically.

"Alright, now go sit on the bench for 5 minutes and when I call back for you, you better give me your best performances ever!"

They went to the bench and sat there in silence. An agonizing silence that was about to kill them both.

When they came back to training, their skills were better, but not the same level as before.

Shane stayed in the ice rink, now alone, and trained for 4 more hours. He could only see the ice and how poor his performance was. He could only hear himself ask for more and more.

"You're going to hurt yourself." A voice with a deep Russian accent spoke, he didn't have to turn around to see who it was.

He decided not to answer, only focusing on improving.

"You deaf now?"

Shane continued to ignore him. Then, the sound of skates on the ice invaded the ice rink.

He wasn't even mad at Ilya, but the Russian was supposedly mad at him, so he decided it was easier to act angry rather than to give all the explanations the situation required.

"You cannot ignore me forever, Hollander!"

Watch me, he thought, and continued to shoot the puck against the net.

The goal had four circles, through which he tried to score the puck. He missed.

Ilya stood next to him and shoot. Scoring exactly through the circle Shane had just missed.

"Fuck you."

"Oh, now I exist?"

Shane was about to shot again when Ilya held his stick.

"What are you doing?"

"Shane." It was the first time Ilya had called him by his first name. "This cannot go like this more. It is bad for hockey."

Shane pushed the stick away from the Russian. "You don't have anything to do with how I play hockey."

Ilya laughed and skated until he was behind Shane. "You sure?" He whispered in his ear. "I think it has everything to do." Shane felt goosebumps on his neck. Rozanov was too sexy for his own good, and he knew it.

"Leave me alone." He answered. The less conversation they had, the better.

"Why? I know there's thing you're not telling."

Shane kept shooting.

"None of your business."

Ilya then decided to change his strategy, moving in front of him, staring directly into his eyes.

The other boy couldn't hold the stare and tried to look the other way, but Ilya grabbed his face. "If you tell me problem I go. But I need explanation."

It's not his fault, Shane thought. But neither was Shane's and he had to keep it all a secret if he wanted this to work.

"I can't, Ilya. Please, don't make it more difficult." He was on the verge of tears.

"Someone hurt you? You can tell. No tears in your eyes, please." And that was so cute, Shane gave him a sad smile and immediately started crying, not being able to hold it anymore.

“Oh, is okay.” Rozanov didn’t know what to do. He wasn’t used to deal with things like this. “Let’s sit on bench.”

Ilya held Shane and they both skated together to the bench.

He knew his Russian friend wanted an answer, but he didn’t know what to say. So, for a while, they just stayed there together in silence. And those were the best five minutes Shane had in years.

He ultimately broke the silence by simply saying: “I think the cleaners are gonna hate us.” And they both laughed as if the last conversation they had wasn’t as explosive as it had been.

They agreed to leave to let those poor people work, and they sat on the grass outside the facilities, where no one was going to bother them.

“I don’t want to be... um- annoying. But... you ok, Shane?”

Shane softly laughed, thinking about how much his friend had progressed with his English.

“Yes, yes. I swear I’m fine. It’s just... incredibly complicated.”

“I’ll understand. I promise. I watch TV in English now. I watch *Friends* all time.” Shane repressed his laugh to avoid making it seem as if he was making fun of Ilya. That was terribly cute.

“That’s great! It’s just... It’s difficult for me to talk about it, I’m sorry.”

Ilya then finally understood that perhaps Shane’s problem was bigger than he had thought, and he decided to give him space in this sense.

So, again, they just sat in silence, this time looking at the stars.

Shane started to explain every constellation he knew to Ilya.

“How you know this?” Ilya asked, amazed by the vast amount of knowledge in this topic the Canadian had.

“My parents have a cottage. We go there the last weeks of summer break. My dad is a nerd about the space and stars so he always explains them to me. The place is far away from the city, just like in here, so we can see every star very clearly. I like it, it calms me down a lot.”

“I like stars too.” Ilya turned his head to look at Shane instead of at the sky. When he felt his stare, Shane did the same.

“Yeah? Do you like looking at them back home?”

“Yes but I don’t know anything. I just look. My dad don’t like stars. I don’t think.”

“I can teach you everything I know about them.”

Ilya didn't wait a single second to grab him and place him on top of him. "Explain."

Shane then continued his explanation. He didn't only say where every constellation or star was. He also explained every myth behind it, what the Romans and Greeks had believed these points in the sky came from. Ilya was fascinated.

"Which is your favourite?" He asked Shane.

"I quite like Cassiopeia," he pointed at the constellation, next to the North Star "the story isn't the most beautiful, but there was something about it that I truly loved. Cassiopeia was a queen who said that she was more beautiful than the Nereids, the sea nymphs. This angered Poseidon, who punished her kingdom by sending a sea monster to the coast. To stop the destruction, an oracle declared that Andromeda, her daughter, had to be sacrificed to the monster. She was chained to a rock, but the hero Perseus rescued her and killed the creature. After Cassiopeia's death, the gods placed her in the sky as a constellation, but not as an honor. Cassiopeia is shown seated on a throne that rotates around the North Star, and for part of the year she appears upside down. This was meant as an eternal punishment for her vanity, reminding mortals not to talk against the gods."

"And you like that story?"

"Perhaps it's the way it reminds us that we don't have to be perfect to shine in the sky. In fact, sometimes it can be a punishment."

Ilya was fascinated by the beautiful creature that was Shane.

"Any constellation that I explained is your favourite."

"My favourite constellation is the freckles on your face." Ilya answered without a second thinking. He left Shane speechless. "Is surprise? I told you I love your freckles."

Shane's laugh warmed Ilya's heart.

They stayed in silence once more, now looking directly into each other's eyes.

This time, when Ilya came closer to kiss him, Shane didn't take a step back. He couldn't keep lying to himself.

The stars saw them have their first kiss. It was beautiful.

And Shane liked to imagine that even Cassiopeia, who had been trapped in the sky for thousands of years, had felt her heart melting with the scene.

"мой красавчик. (*moy krasavchik* – my pretty boy) You're very perfect." Ilya said holding his cheek.

"I taught you about constellations, now you have to teach me Russian."

"Yes? What you want to say? Oh, Ilya you're sexy," Shane laughed and gently slapped his chest. "Oh, Ilya you kiss so good! Oh, Ilya I'll be your good Beta!" Shane stopped laughing,

he felt his blood abandoning his head, and climbed down Ilya's body. "I said something bad? No funny? I sorry!"

Shane tried to shake his face not to worry him, but he couldn't. He was pale.

"Shane? I call someone? I can run to cabin!"

And then Shane felt it, it was his Omega. His Omega was crying so bad he was about to pass out.

If I pass out, they'll take me to the hospital, he thought. I can't allow that. He knew what he needed.

"S-scent me..." He murmured.

"What?!?" Ilya thought he must've misheard him.

"Ss-scent m-me, please."

Ilya wasn't all so sure about that. Scenting was a very private thing, and Shane seemed to be in a big, distressed state as to be able to really say if he wanted to be scented or no. Moreover, for Ilya, and everyone else, Shane was a Beta. Why would a Beta want to be scented? Supposedly, they're not affected by scents.

But Shane's eyes reflected desperation. And Ilya couldn't say no to him. He grabbed Shane and positioned him on top of himself.

Fastly, the smell of coffee accompanied with notes of ginger got to Shane's senses. The feeling was similar to someone who had been denied oxygen and they just got access to it. Every muscle in his body relaxed.

Nothing else mattered because, for a moment, they finally felt complete.

He's my Alpha, my soulmate, Shane thought.

Ilya, in the midst of all that confusion, knew. He didn't know exactly how, but Shane was his other half, and he had to take care of him. A tremendous amount of guilt of what had just happened fell on his shoulders. *I failed him, I didn't take care of him.*

For a moment, there wasn't any more explanation to do. Just two souls that, under the light of the stars, knew that they had each other. Forever.

When everything calmed down and Shane felt normal again, his mind couldn't stop thinking about how to approach this.

Ilya was still holding him, afraid that if he'd let him go, he might disappear.

"I'm sorry." Shane said against his chest.

"I was very worried." Ilya answered. Not in means of accusation, but rather in simple relief.

“I know, and I’m so sorry.” The Russian boy grabbed his head, making them face each other. His eyes showed fear. He kissed Shane in the tenderest way possible, thanking the universe that he was alright. “You truly deserve an explanation.”

“If explanation make you feel so bad, no need. Just need you be fine, please.” Seeing Ilya so out of his natural cocky self was very strange, but seeing him in this state of deep worrying broke something inside Shane.

“No, no. You deserve it. And I think I deserve to be true to myself as well.” Ilya nodded and held his hand, tightly.

“I just dropped. And I dropped because I’m an Omega, and I’m not allowing myself to be one.” A tear went down Shane’s face, and Ilya stopped it, stroking his cheek. “I presented last year and everything since then, all my efforts, have been into trying not to look like an Omega. But when I’m with you, all those efforts mean nothing. Because... because you’re the most formidable Alpha I’ve ever met. And there’s no one that takes better care of my Omega than you, not even I, clearly.”

“Why you hate being Omega?” Ilya asked, now stroking Shane’s hair “You’re like miracle.”

“But I’m a hockey player. And being an Omega and a hockey player aren’t two things that compliment each other very well.”

“You’re best hockey player and you’re Omega. I think they com-compliment very good.” Shane smiled, cheeks red.

“But you know it’s not that easy. I cannot be thinking about heats, babies, and hormones while I’m playing.”

Ilya laughed “Don’t do, then. You best hockey player, I know, you only think hockey when playing. If someone say other thing, I’ll beat them.”

Now it was Shane who was laughing. “You’ll beat them? For me?”

“Yes, I’ll be your big silly Alpha.”

Shane’s laugh transformed into an illusioned smile. “My Alpha?”

“мой красавчик (*moy krasavchik* – my pretty boy), let me be your Alpha.”

They kissed again.

October 3rd, 2007

From: ilyarozanov81@gmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

мой красавчик,

Miss youuuuuu x. Saw online that x means kisses. Xxxxxxxx – lots of kisses. I send you my photo from last year of school. Please send photo you now. My pretty Omega. Svetlana say I'm silly when talk about you. I say I'm your silly big Alpha.

Miss you a lot.

Alpha Rozanov.

[Picture Attached]

October 4th, 2007

From: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

To: ilyarozanov81@gmail.com

Hello Ilya,

You look so cute on this picture. Did you cut your hair again? I like it longer, I love your curls :P

I miss you too, every day. I recently got a phone, do you have a mobile phone? We can call and text through them, if you want. You mentioned Svetlana in an email years ago, is she a friend from school? Maybe I can meet her, someday. I really miss you a lot, wish you could be here.

I haven't taken my senior picture yet but here's a photo my mum took after my match last week. I hope you like it.

Also, can you tell me what мой красавчик means? I don't even know how to pronounce it.

I really miss you, Alpha.

Shane Hollander.

February 14th, 2008

From: ilyarozanov81@gmail.com

To: shanehollanderhockeyplayer@gmail.com

мой красавчик,

Today is Valentine's Day. We don't like these things here but I know you do things for lovers, and you are my lover. So, I send you kisses: xxxxxxxx.

I miss you a lot. I love your voice when call, but I want a real kiss and hug.

Every day is a less day to see my beautiful Omega.

YOUR Alpha Rozanov.

June 15th, 2008.

Happy birthday, Ilya!!! I got a Russian dictionary to write it in Russian: С днем рождения. I'll call you when it's your birthday in Russia but I wanted to write you this email because it's your birthday in Canada now. Sometimes I like to imagine we're time travellers. I really really miss you. I got you a present you'll be able to open once we're together again. Only a month now!

Your Omega,

Shane Hollander.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it!!! Thank you so much for the comments on last chapter! They really motivated me to write faster :) Hope the holidays are going nicely for you all.
Are you ready for last year of camp????

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

As they're already 17, things are getting heated, baby!!! Hope you all like it. Here comes the end. Longest chapter! Also, please read the end notes when you finish!!!

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

Fifth Year

Should I pack condoms? Shane asked himself.

He thought it would be pathetic if he did and then they wouldn't use them, but *what if* they needed them. *In which situation would that be though?* In the room? Which was filled with other boys, and the majority of them was now younger than them both. In the bathroom? Just to be interrupted by Wallace again. They probably wouldn't need them.

But he was going to bring them.

Just in case.

They were given to him by the school in a sex talk, they'd be rotting in his room anyways.

He finished packing his bag and brought it to the car. This year he was going to drive all the way to Toronto, since his parents were spending their summer holidays in Greece. Yuna was very sad about not driving her kid to his last year of summer camp, but Shane convinced her that spending her time in a Greek island was much better.

The feeling while driving there was bittersweet. He was going to spend his last month ever in the place where his hockey had improved the most, where he had met the most amazing coaches and friends, and where he had met Ilya. His Ilya. The person that, while being an Alpha, had showed him how amazing was to be an Omega.

He had missed him terribly. They called each other every day, sent a million emails, texts, and even physical letters, but there was nothing as being held in his arms.

That's why those five hours that took him to get to Toronto felt like years. He could feel the anticipation inside his body.

Normally, Ilya would be the last one to arrive because his flight was always on the same day as the day they were supposed to get there. But that year, he had arrived a day earlier and slept at a hotel to avoid having Shane waiting for him.

Of course, it was all a big secret. They couldn't risk other people thinking Shane was an Omega. There were Beta-Alpha relationships, yes, but they were still uncommon and they knew people would want to talk. Moreover, they were still to get drafted, and a team wouldn't want someone romantically involved with another team's player.

Shane didn't even tell her mum. She was very serious about hockey. And he didn't have the guts to tell Hayden, he didn't really know why. Perhaps he was afraid of losing that boyish camaraderie that seems lost when one is an Omega.

Having this secret while they were thousands of miles away was very easy, but would it be equally fine when they were so close? Shane couldn't trust himself, and especially not his stupid Omega, when he was next to Ilya. The blockers and suppressants allowed him to have only one heat per year, but that heat was so strong, his only wish was to never have to spend another heat alone. Crying for his Alpha, who was on the other side of the world, had broken something inside Shane.

So, again, the anticipation was burning inside him.

They were supposed to meet at Ilya's hotel four hours before having to be at the camp, but after an hour lost because Shane couldn't find the car keys, and the most absolutely worst traffic possible, they only had an hour of alone time before having to leave.

That's why, when they saw each other, after a year of patiently waiting, they couldn't keep their hands away from one another.

Ilya looks magnificent, Shane thought. After helping his parents plan their holidays in Greece, he couldn't help but see him as a modern version of a Greek god or hero. *He was his Achilles*. He had those magnificent gold curls, a strong jaw, and a godly body. He was everything, and he was his.

They kissed, and Shane confirmed his suspicions. He had to be a god, because his lips tasted like heaven.

"Moy krasavchik," Ilya said in between kisses. It was the first time he called Shane that and he was understanding him, he called him his pretty boy. "I missed you so much."

Ilya had been practicing his English. He wanted to know all the words in the English dictionary to make sure there wasn't anything he couldn't say to Shane. His pronunciation still wasn't the best, but Shane wanted it to stay like that; there wasn't anything more adorable than his Russian accent.

"Me too. I feel complete again."

They hadn't actually kissed many times. They were together for a year and they had been able to kiss only a handful of times. So, it was all still very new and confusing. Shane was nervous he was a bad kisser, as he hadn't kissed anyone else before, but Ilya didn't let him second-guess himself. They only had an hour until they weren't totally alone again, he couldn't waste those minutes.

Shane couldn't even breathe, and now he was laughing. "Ok, yeah I've missed you but you're gonna kill me if you don't let me breathe." Ilya laughed as well.

"Sorry, I... um- you're too beautiful. Uh- take my breath away." He said and smiled proudly of his difficult English phrase.

"Who taught you all that English? Because I've never said that to you..." Shane answered, hinting a bit of jealousy that made Rozanov feel euphoric.

"Oh- you don't like surprises, Hollander?" It had been a while since Ilya last called him Hollander, so Shane knew it was all a tactic to tease him.

"If that surprise is that another Omega have been teaching you English, then no, I don't." Ilya smiled and kissed him again. He loved that jealous side of Shane. He got it from the very beginning and every time he let him see it, he felt alive.

"I only let one Omega teach me English." He said, before kissing him hungrily. "You may know him. He's not very tall, has stars on his face, and a weak backhand."

"A weak backha-?!" The Russian stopped him by kissing him again, not wanting to waste time on it.

The time to leave the hotel came faster than they'd have guessed; they made sure that Ilya didn't forget anything in the room and left.

There was something so intimate about sharing that car ride together and alone. From the copilot's place, Ilya could almost imagine them being married, many years from then, going to get their kids from school. Having Shane driving made him feel a sense of familiarity that had been long unknown to him.

"Stop looking at me like that." Shane told him, blushing.

"I cannot. You driving is um... how do you say? Hot." He pretended not to know that word when he had it very clear from the moment he started talking.

"Shut up, we're almost there. And stop letting go those Alpha pheromones. I'm going to arrive there smelling exactly like you."

"Mhm, my dream." He chuckled. "Why matters? You are in car with me, yes?"

"Yeah, but one thing is to give a ride to my friend, and another is for him to basically scent me."

"Small differences. Don't matter."

Their training was better than ever. Their chemistry was undoubtedly there, to the point that Coach Cooper was planning on moving Ilya to the wing so they could play alongside. He

didn't want to change Ilya's position, as he was a perfect centre, he just wanted to see what would happen when two magnificent talents played next to each other.

They were very close to get out there, to the highest level. Their schools had allowed them to graduate a year earlier so that they could spend the next year training. But, frankly, Cooper didn't think they needed the extra training. They were ready to play against the very best. He was sure they were much better than most of the dudes he saw playing on the TV every weekend.

He was also sure they were ready mentally. After his talk with Shane the year before, he saw now a much more mature, intelligent, and calmed Hollander.

"They will be the stars. Be ready to buy their captain jerseys. In fact, make them sign you something, that shit's gonna be worth more than a hundred dollars by the end of next year." He would often say to Wallace, who laughed and agreed.

He saw them from the bleachers, wondering what else to teach them.

He observed them so much he started to notice things.

He saw how Ilya clenched his fists every time someone would try to fight with Shane.

He saw them talk and laugh when they were together on the bench.

He saw the way they looked at each other every single time.

And he knew they were utterly fucked.

But he took a deep breath and mentally wished for the best for them. Maybe they were a present from the heavens, if there was such thing as the heavens, to change things. To change the game.

He knew Shane didn't want to be the one who had to change everything. But he was an Omega, and Cooper knew he had a historic appointment waiting for him.

And looking at the tall, blonde, Russian boy who was now laughing with him, Cooper knew that little Hollander was going to be fine.

The secretive aspect of it was very exciting for Ilya. But, for Shane, it was a nightmare. Especially when the person he was sharing the secret with was everything but discrete. Ilya would use any possible moment to steal a kiss, hug him from behind, or do anything that Shane thought was very obvious. He'd do it when no one was watching but when they was a high risk of getting caught.

"I'm going to kill you, you know that, right?" Shane said with red cheeks after Ilya gently slapped his ass.

"No one's watching! I looked."

“Someone could come right now!”

They were in the bedroom. Shane wanted to come for a second to grab another pair of gloves for training, and Ilya had followed him like a lost puppy.

“They’re all at lunch.”

The door opened and a 15-year-old came into the room, visibly worried. “Have you seen my stick? If I lose it again my dad’s gonna kill me.”

“I think I saw one outside.” Ilya said. “Next to coaches’ cabin.”

“Thanks, man!”

The younger boy ran outside, leaving them alone again.”

“You haven’t seen that stick, right?”

“I haven’t even been next to that cabin.” Ilya smiled. “But now we’re alone again. Let me kiss my Omega, please.”

“Ilya, we have to get lunch.” Thankfully, since they were already old enough and it was their last year there, the coaches weren’t as strict with them as long as they showed up in the ice rink. So, if they were late for lunch or dinner, the cook would have their food in the fridge, waiting for them.

“We can eat in 10 minutes, please.” Ilya grabbed Shane’s face with his thumb and his index finger. He wanted to see his doe eyes.

“Alpha...” And if Shane was calling him that, Ilya couldn’t resist it no more. He kissed him hungrily. Shane, of course, couldn’t resist him either, no matter how hard he tried, and kissed him back.

“Someone is going to see us one day and it’s going to be all a mess.”

“Don’t be negative. You’re the Canadian, you not all positive fuckers?”

“It’s all a big act.”

They both laughed and went to get some food before it was too late and they had to show up hungry to practice.

Soon, the word that this summer camp had two of the biggest prospects for hockey spread out. Normally, nobody else that wasn’t the coaches or the kids was allowed in the ice rink. But the NHL formally asked Cooper to let scouts come to the practices. Every team wanted to see for themselves how Ilya and Shane played.

Ilya wasn't especially nervous for this, but Shane was. The Alpha had to remind him of how good he was, and that no matter which team drafted him, he was going to be the best player in the NHL.

One day, Cooper called him again to go to the coaches' cabin. He called him alone so he had to convince Ilya that he couldn't go. But what was the reason?

Perhaps he had seen him and Ilya kissing.

But then why would he call him alone and not the Alpha?

Millions of other reasons went around his head.

When he got to his desk, another man was sat next to the coach. He was bald and wore a suit.

"Shane! Here, this is Michael Smith. He wanted to speak with you."

Shane shook his hand. He didn't know if he was an Alpha, a Beta, or an Omega, because the cologne he was wearing was capable of masking even the strongest of scents.

"Shane Hollander! It's my absolute pleasure to meet you." What a disgusting smell. Ilya was going to hate it once he went back to their cabin.

"Smith comes all the way from Boston, Shane, and he has something very interesting to tell you. I think you're going to like it." Both Cooper and the new man smiled, but Shane wasn't exactly comfortable in his presence.

"I'm a scout for the Boston Raiders, Shane. And let me tell you, we've been watching you all season. You're a very interesting player and we're thinking about drafting you. We'll be the first team to pick in the draft, and we're seriously considering you."

Shane couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"P-play for Boston Raiders? Me?" Smith nodded his head. "As in, next to Hammersmith and Marlow?" Smith nodded again.

In the back of his mind, he always knew he was going to get to the NHL. But thinking about being the first in the draft was something simply out of reach. Impossible.

"We have big plans for next year, Hollander. This is Gray's last season." Joe Gray was their current centre. He had been a big name in the sport, but he was already a bit old. "And we think you're the best young player we've ever seen. We can make you our big star."

It was a dream come true for Shane, really, until he gave it a second thought.

"But, why do you want me?"

Smith laughed, touched by Shane's modesty.

“You’re the best, kid. You’re gonna score thousands of goals for us, we’ve seen you!” Shane shook his head, in negation. “No? What do you mean no?”

“No offense, sir, really. But I don’t think it’s me what you need. Of course, you can do what you want, but you already have two fast and slim-ish wings. What Boston needs is a strong centre. Someone big and tall.”

“Kid, you’re seventeen. If you’re worried about your arms, we can get you inside the gym every day until the draft.”

“No, no, you’re misunderstanding me. I know I can get stronger, but I think you need another type of centre.”

Cooper smiled, proud of his boy’s intelligence. “Who do you think would be good for them?”

“We got great centres here, of course. But there’s only one that comes to mind. I- I honestly think he can be better than me. Rozanov.”

Smith laughed. “I’ve seen that boy play, and you’re right, he’s great. But I don’t think he’s got the discipline. He likes to do whatever he wants.”

This time, Cooper responded. “Yeah, but my boy here is right, Smith. I tend to say I have an eye for these things, but I have to say I hadn’t thought about it until he mentioned it. You guys need this kind of fresh air.”

Smith opened and closed his mouth, unsure about what to say. “I cannot say you’re wrong, to be honest. I’ll need to talk with them about this.” He got up and grabbed his things.

“Hollander, I don’t know if you’re a genius or stupid for rejecting an NHL team.”

“When Rozanov is scoring 50 goals per season, you’ll thank me.”

“You did what?!”

“I told him the truth.”

“Shane.”

“Ilya.”

“I-I don’t want to call you bad thing. But you did very stupid thing.”

When Shane came back and asked Ilya to go outside and talk in private, the Russian believed it was just an excuse to be alone and make out. He didn’t wait and they silently sneaked out where no one else could hear them. But when Shane started explaining what had just happened, Ilya couldn’t believe what a fool move he had made.

“You don’t think I can get drafted by any other team, then?” Shane crossed his arms and frowned.

“Of course you can! You’re best player. The second team will not believe Boston don’t chose you!”

“I don’t see the problem then!”

“You cannot say no to a NHL team, Shane. You know this.”

“I didn’t simply say no. I just offered my point of view. And my point of view is that you,” Shane poked his face with his finger, trying to calm things down, “Ilya Rozanov, are the centre they need. You’d fit their team so perfectly.”

Normally, when there was physical touch of any kind between them, it was initiated by Ilya. So, every time Shane started it, Ilya couldn’t help but melt under his touch.

Now, Shane was cupping his cheek and smiling, and Ilya quickly forgot the reason why he was angry.

“You think I’d look good in black?” Shane smiled and kissed his cheek.

“Oh, I’m just imagining. Number 81, Rozanov, one day a C in your chest.” He kissed him tenderly, this time on the lips.

They were sat on the grass, side by side, minutes away from their cabin. There wasn’t anyone else there, it was impossible. So, Ilya grabbed Shane and sat him on his lap. The Canadian let out a lovely laugh. “You’re crazy.”

“Crazy about you.” Ilya continued kissing him, this time gently holding his ass. “This feels good?”

“Y-yeah. It’s perfect.”

Making out under the stars seemed to be their little tradition. They all shared their secret.

As they had already gotten to a point of confidence in their make-out sessions, they really went all in. Even Shane wasn’t scared of using his tongue and pulling Ilya’s hair the way he knew the Russian liked it.

But then, it got fun down there.

“Oh- I’m sorry.” Ilya tried to excuse himself when he was hard enough, Shane could feel it under him.

“N-no, it’s- I’m also... I mean- I also feel... aroused?” He tried to say but cringed so bad he shut down his eyes in embarrassment. “Oh God, that sounds so stupid, I-...” He got off Ilya’s lap and covered up his face with his hands.

“Oh, no, Shane.” Ilya passed an arm around his shoulders. “Look, you are so beautiful, moy krasavchik, that my body not resists, you know? But I don’t want to... fuck, how do you say? Pressure! I don’t want to pressure you to do something. That’s why I say sorry. But you don’t have to say sorry for saying anything. You can say all you want to me.”

“Yeah?” Shane showed Ilya a half smirk after he stopped hiding his face.

“Yes, everything you say is hot because you are very hot. Um- sexy.” Shane laughed, finding his use of words adorable, and got back on top of him.

“Good. Also, you’re not pressuring me to do anything. I actually- I’d love it if we start...”

“What?” He asked with his typical cocky smirk.

“You know...”

“I don’t think.”

Shane sighed. “I- I’d really love if we start doing things... sexual things...”

“Ohhh! That’s what you mean...” Ilya said in a sarcastic tone that made Shane chuckle
“Yeah, I think I’d be very happy too.” He finished his sentence by kissing Shane again.

“What about now?” Shane asked feeling euphorically brave.

“Now? Mr Don’t-even-talk-to-me-in-public.”

“We speak in front of other people all the time! And yes. There’s no one and it’s too dark for anyone to see us anyways. We’re under Cassiopeia’s protection too!”

Ilya smiled and kissed the Omega again. He was too cute for his own good.

When he did little more than caressing his belly, Shane was already whimpering. Ilya was about to go crazy and he really had to take a deep breath to control his Alpha. He looked at him, eyes closed and flushed cheeks. When he closed their distance again, he felt his small hand *touching* him.

His brave Omega was palming his cock.

“Oh God.”

“Am I doing it fine?”

“Whatever you do is perfect.”

Shane kept touching him above his sport shorts, and Ilya was so visibly hard it was almost painful.

Shane took courage for a second time and freed Ilya’s cock.

He had never seen a hard Alpha’s dick in real life. It was long, thick, and veiny. Shane had imagined himself in that moment to be more scared, but there he was, and all he felt was dizziness and a foggy brain from smelling that deep Alpha scent.

Ilya started stroking himself, as an invitation for Shane to do so. And it worked. Shane closed his hand around Ilya’s, following his movement, learning what he liked. Ilya showed him

how to stroke him.

“Y-yes. Like that.”

When he saw he was ready, Ilya dropped his hand and Shane continued alone. The Russian felt like he was ascending to heaven.

Shane felt capable of more, so he stroke faster. He was ready to take him in his mouth, but when Ilya saw his intentions he grabbed his face, stopping him.

“One day at time,” he said in between moans and in the best English he could articulate given the position he was in. “There’s nothing I’d like more but... another day, yes?”

Shane nodded. He absolutely loved his Alpha’s instinct of protection over him. He stroke him faster again, decisive to be the best for that Alpha that so perfectly took care of him.

Ilya couldn’t even open his eyes, the pleasure being so much he could only throw his head back. But when he felt he was controlling his emotions again, he opened his eyes, facing Shane. He was focused on his task, his tongue even sticking out. It was the most sensual view Ilya had ever seen. He needed him closer, so he grabbed his ass and pushed him towards him with one hand, the other buried in his hair.

Their foreheads were now touching, and the small space between them was quickly filled by their moans.

“Y-yes, *malysh* (little one). You’re so perfect, moy krasavchik.” Ilya was completely loss in the moment, he pulled his hair with strength, and Shane moaned loudly. Ilya speaking Russian was his absolute debility.

That moan was everything Ilya needed to be very close. His muscles were now trembling. He closed his hand around Shane’s, helping him be faster. “I’m- going to...” Shane nodded, understanding completely and feeling happy about having been good enough.

Ilya soon finished with loud moans and deep breaths.

Shane was also taking deep breaths, lost in the moment. He then laughed.

“What?” Ilya said, unable to stop his big smile from showing. Shane could see the sweat on his forehead, reflecting the moonlight.

“Nothing, I can’t believe I just did that.”

Ilya laughed with him and kissed him. Their mouths were so dry the kiss had to be short.

“You did and you were perfect. But now let *me* have fun.” Ilya smiled and looked at him with hungered eyes. Shane couldn’t even respond. He just nodded and prayed to God this wasn’t another erotic dream of his.

Ilya kissed him again, this time on his knees, and he slowly pushed him back so he was resting against the grass. Laying, he allowed himself to look at the stars for a moment and be

thankful his Greek god had chosen him.

He felt him lifting the tank top he used as a pyjama shirt. From his position, he couldn't see his face very well, only having the sight of his magnificent golden curls, but he knew Ilya stopped himself for a second to check on his body. Shane didn't have the body of an Alpha, that was for sure, but he trained daily and was in great shape. That's why Ilya got caught checking on his abs, absolutely in love with his body.

He kissed his worked pecs. He was moving incredibly slow to enjoy every moment, but it was driving Shane crazy. He began a trail of kisses through his belly. He licked every part of his front body.

"My favourite taste, you." At that moment, something inside Shane wanted to stop taking the blockers and suppressants so Ilya could taste the real him. At that moment, he couldn't imagine anything that would make him happier than his Alpha talking about his scent. He knew then what people referred to when they talked about a *primitive feeling*. He was feeling it.

When Ilya didn't feel like torturing Shane more, he pulled down his pyjama bottoms and briefs. He looked at Shane's cock, and he felt so exposed his cheeks reddened once more.

"You're so beautiful." Ilya said in a voice that sent goosebumps through Shane's body.

He grabbed the base of his dick. The difference between his and Shane's was obvious because of their caste, but Ilya was falling in love with every inch he discovered of Shane's body. He stroke it slowly, Shane moaning with every single touch.

He was too shy to say anything but the whimpers and moan were impossible for him to control.

When he felt his Alpha's tongue was when he definitely lost sense of reality. He couldn't believe that was a real feeling.

Ilya firstly lick his slit, trying to keep a slow rhythm to avoid sending his boy into a drop. When he seemed to be ready, he put his whole length into his mouth. Shane moaned loudly while the Russian engulfed every inch. If there was someone close, they'd definitely hear them. But at that point they only cared about each other.

Ilya kept licking and thrusting it into his mouth, delighted to hear the sounds that emanated from Shane's throat. Every sound of pleasure that came from his Omega was a small victory for him. And Shane was producing an entire melody.

Soon enough, Shane was pulling Ilya's hair to finish. The Alpha watched as his boy came, in love with his face. He took deep breaths and Ilya closed the distance between them, this time to kiss his freckles while he recovered his breath.

After some minutes of silent aftercare, led by an Alpha obsessed with his Omega, Shane felt capable of speaking again.

“Thank you. It was my first time... doing something like that, and you made it so special.” He kissed his cheek. Ilya wasn’t a dog, but you could practically see his tail wagging behind him, in happiness.

“You are best person in my life. Most special.”

Shane sighed and returned his head to his now favourite spot, Ilya’s topless chest.

“I’ve been thinking...” Shane started.

“Is bad?” Rozanov quickly responded, joking.

“No, silly.” He gently slapped his chest. “My parents are on vacation, in Greece. I told them I was going to go to this cottage we have a couple of hours away from my home, in Ottawa. I said I wanted to be alone for a couple of weeks before season starts again to enjoy my last regular summer. That was my original plan but... I’d rather much have those days with you. We’d be totally alone, we don’t even have neighbours.”

Shane was quite clearly nervous, he was speaking fast and stuttering some words. He really wanted Ilya to come with him.

“I’d love to but... What I do with Russia? I have plane ticket. My dad...”

Shane thought for a second. He’d have done anything for his Alpha to go with him.

“You can tell him Cooper has asked you to stay and train before the season starts! We can even fake a letter so he believes you. He’s thousands of miles away.”

Ilya was in love. He didn’t want to say it to Shane just yet, because he knew his little neurotic Omega and he’d freak out. But he knew then that he was deeply in love.

“I like this idea.” He kissed him again.

Their plan functioned perfectly. Ilya’s dad didn’t really care where his son was as long as he was still training to become better. They begged and begged the airline to let Ilya change his ticket and, after more than ten calls, they allowed the change of day. Shane was already telling Ilya he could pay for another plane ticket with his savings, but Ilya wouldn’t allow that and kept calling the airline.

So, when it was time to go, this was the first time they didn’t have to say goodbye to each other. This of course, made the leaving less painful, but still Shane felt his heart broken when he was packing his bag for the last time.

This would always be a very special place for him, and he’d never forget about it.

Cooper took some pictures of them outside the cabin, telling them that those photos would be great advertising in a year, when everyone was in love with those two rookies. However, he did it to give something to remind those boys of the place where they fell in love. He still

didn't tell them he knew, as they'd freak out terribly if they knew someone caught them, but he made a mental note to send them the photo once they'd make everything public. After all those years, he already understood and loved those boys, and he knew they were brave enough to explain everything one day. *They were definitely braver than he was.*

Shane told them he could drive Ilya to the airport, as it was on his way. They said goodbye to everyone and every single coach made them promise to come back once they're the greatest players on the league, so they can sign something for the kids.

They got inside Shane's car with sad smiles. Once inside, Ilya began to quietly cry.

"Oh, love." Shane said tenderly, immediately holding his hand.

"Sorry, I should be strong Alpha for you." Shane shook his head.

"You're the strongest Alpha I know, and you're perfect for me. But it kills me to see you crying are you okay?" Shane came closer, still holding Ilya's hand, and caressed his hair with his other hand.

"It's- I... I'll miss this place. Is where I met the most beautiful Omega, moy krasavchik. I think I'm scared we cannot be together in real world." He sniffed. For such a brave Alpha, he looked terrified of what the outside world had prepared for them.

"I cannot tell you to not be scared because I am too." Shane said, putting a curl behind his ear. "But I can tell you, no matter what happens, I'm going to be by your side. I don't care how far away we play, how many hours we have to be calling or texting each other. I'm going to be here, waiting for you. I don't want anything else. And we can make new memories, outside of the summer camp. This place will be special for us forever, but it doesn't have to be the only one."

Ilya looked at him. He wasn't saying it, but he looked at Shane like he loved him terribly. Because he did.

"Thank you, moy Omega. I can't believe I have you."

The drive to Ottawa was lighter than that moment. The long and interminable way to the camp that Shane had done had nothing to do with this cheerful drive. They sang together every CD Shane had in the car, even if Ilya didn't know the lyrics. They stopped to have lunch and for a quick handjob, when the Alpha couldn't stop himself from touching his boy who looked very sexy driving.

Soon enough, before sunset, they arrived in the cottage. It was a beautiful, not-to-big wooden house next to a lake. There wasn't another house in miles, and you could only hear the sound of birds and crickets.

Ilya grabbed both his and Shane's bag, ignoring Shane's complaints and comments about him being able to do so. He opened the door and walked inside, Ilya following around like a lost child. The cottage was even more beautiful inside, with a homey vibe that made it especially

cozy. Even if it was the middle of August, Ilya felt like he had been transported to autumn all of a sudden.

Shane loved every single part of that cottage, from the wooden walls decorated with thousands of childhood photos, to the sound of his steps every time he walked inside, to the spectacular location that allowed them to see the lake. And he was incredibly happy to be able to share such a special place for him with Ilya.

“Are you hungry? There’s nothing much in the fridge but I bought extra sandwiches for...” The Alpha stopped him with a hungry kiss.

“It’s been a while since I kissed you.”

“Like two hours?”

“Too long.” Shane giggled and went grab the bag with the sandwiches. *When we spend a year apart, these two hours will feel like nothing*, Shane thought.

“We can eat outside, I’ll light the bonfire.” Ilya saw Shane’s change of demeanour, and grabbed him by the arm to stop him.

“Is okay. We’ll make it work, yes? Just like you said before. I’m going to be by your side.” Shane pulled a sad smile and nodded. Ilya pecked his lips and allowed him to go.

Shane was too tired after that 5-hour drive, and having eaten his dinner, he rested his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

“We just look at fire?”

“Yes, it’s relaxing.”

“Canada is fun.” He said ironically. Shane couldn’t even laugh so he chuckled, not really knowing if it had been loud enough for the Alpha to hear. “You’re going to fall asleep.”

“Mhm.”

“Let’s go to bed.”

“Mhm.” But Shane didn’t really know what he was answering to. Ilya let out a tender laugh and grabbed Shane, carrying him in bridal style.

“I know you’re tired but I don’t know where rooms are.” He gently poked his cheek, which made Shane open an eye.

“Mine is first on the right but I have a single bed. We can go to my parents’ room and sleep together. If you want.”

Ilya couldn’t think of anything he’d like more.

“You sure?”

Shane nodded, yawning and closing his eyes again.

Ilya laid him down on the bed with extra carefulness. He made sure of covering him with a blanket and left his bottle of water on his bedside table. He hugged him from behind, resting his head on the space between his head and his shoulder, his newly favourite spot.

He tried to sleep that night, but it was impossible. His heart was beating so fast for his boy, there was no way of falling asleep. He tried to relax by imagining a future with him. They could live in a house like this, with no one to annoy them. Far away from Russia and his father, where the only thing that mattered would be them.

Would Shane want kids? He thought he did but he was still very young. He tried to imagine an older, pregnant Shane. *Delicious*. But he had to stop himself because that wasn't making him relax a bit.

The next morning it was impossible to wake Ilya up.

"Come on, Ilya, I'm bored and hungry. I don't want to have breakfast without you."

"Net." He said half asleep.

"I don't know Russian, but I know that means 'no'. Come on, we can take a nap after lunch." When Shane was less expecting it, Ilya turned around in a swift move and grabbed him by the neck, pulling him down to bed with him. He filled his face with kisses. This was extremely tickly for Shane, who couldn't stop laughing.

"Leave me alone!"

"Net!"

"You didn't want to wake up 10 seconds ago."

"I wanna spend the day in bed with you."

"Mkay, we can if you let me go."

Ilya stop for a second. "Are you going to wear clothes?"

Shane didn't understand that question, "Yes?" Ilya continued to kiss and tickle him. "Okay! Okay! We'll stay here, naked and alone but please let's go grab something for breakfast."

Ilya finally set him free.

They spent the day just like the Alpha wanted, in between kisses, handjobs, and blowjobs. He was in heaven.

Shane, however, had a thought inside him that didn't leave him alone.

He loved being able to smell Ilya's scent. It was his most favourite smell in the world. The scent of coffee and ginger brought him instant happiness. But, he wasn't giving the same to him. He could only imagine the satisfaction of being able to scent his Alpha and calming him down with his pheromones. All he needed to change this was to stop taking his blockers.

"Are you ok?" Ilya murmured, noting how his bottom lip had become a small pout. "Is everything fine? I did something bad?" He had just given him the best experience of his life by having dry humped for an hour and then fingering his hole for the first time.

"No, oh no. That was incredible, I can't believe you did that to me. It was amazing." He kissed his pec, thankful for everything they had been experiencing.

"Then what is problem?"

Shane sighed.

"You're such a nice Alpha, the best one. And I'm afraid I'm not being equally good for you." Ilya frowned and was about to answer when Shane kept talking. "And I know you like me as I am but I can't help but think I could do better. I... I absolutely love your scent and when you scent me the sensation that fills my body is... indescribable. And I hate that I'm not giving you that."

"But you need blockers."

"I need blockers in the real world, where no one can know I'm an Omega. But now that we're here alone, there's nothing I want more than to be able to this, for you and for me."

Ilya didn't want to imagine smelling his Omega in case it wasn't possible and he'd get caught with false illusions.

"B-but, you can do this? Is safe?"

"Yes, I think so. It may be too much in the beginning, but I think I'll manage. Maybe you get tired of my scent, though."

Ilya jumped out of excitement, carrying Shane with him. Shane couldn't believe he was capable of doing so, wondering how strong his Alpha actually was.

"I will never get tired of such a wand-wonderful smell." Shane laughed.

"How do you know it's wonderful? You've never smelled it. I haven't done so much myself."

"My wonderful Omega can only have wonderful scent." Ilya looked like a child who's just been told he's going to Disneyland. He couldn't possibly hide his smile. Shane's Omega felt proud, what an accomplishment it was to have your Alpha so happy he couldn't stop giggling.

That night he didn't take his blocker. He was very nervous for what was about to come the following day, but the excitement took over. Ilya noticed this and scent him until he was relaxed enough to sleep.

When Ilya woke up that morning, he expected a storm of his Omega scent.

But it wasn't like that.

At first, it was so subtle he had to focus a bit to appreciate it. The undoubtable smell of roses slowly filled his nostrils. And then, there they were, some notes of honey. Shane had asked him the night before if he wanted to know how his scent smelled like, but he preferred it to keep it as a surprise. And what a marvellous surprise.

He hugged him tighter, wanting to smell more and more. He knew he was about to become addicted, if he wasn't already.

"You're going to snort me." Shane said with that cute sleepy tone that Ilya loved.

"Can't believe you said you don't smell good. Liar." Ilya continued to sniff his neck, slightly tickling Shane.

"I didn't say that, I said you simply couldn't know if I smelt good because you hadn't smelt me before."

"Now I can say. You have the best scent I've ever smelled in Omega."

"So, you smell Omegas when I'm not with you." Shane answered, he knew how much Ilya loved a jealous comment. The Alpha laughed and Shane exactly knew how to drag it more. "I guess I'll have to start smelling Alphas' scents. To compare, you know?"

Ilya growled. It was a primitive sound that absolutely tuned Shane on.

"Neit." Ilya turned Shane around so they could see each other's faces.

"Da." Shane answered one of the only words he remembered from that Russian dictionary he had bought that year.

"Shane, don't joke with this." Shane adored that jealous look on his face that reminded him of how powerful his Russian icy stare could be.

"Okay, okay." Shane touched his chest, knowing how much his contact could calm him down. "Relax, Alpha. I'm yours, only yours." Shane hugged him, and Ilya breathed normally again.

It was at that moment when Shane came up with an idea. He could do what he had wanted so terribly to do but couldn't. He could scent him.

He didn't really know how to do it, but he focused very hard on the task to be performed; he had to help his Alpha relax. He thought about the calmness he brought him, and the happiness they had together.

And there it was.

“S-Shane?” He spoke in a deep voice “You are... you are...”

“Shh – relax and take it all in.”

Shane could physically feel how Ilya was calming down. He hadn’t been too agitated, but enough for him to breath slightly irregularly. And now, his breaths were normal again. He could even feel his heartbeat slowing down. It felt like doing a magic trick.

Ilya was so relaxed he looked like a baby. *If only all the people that call you a scary Russian could see you now*, Shane thought.

“Do you feel better, baby?” Shane asked, gently pulling a lock of Ilya’s hair behind.

“I’m not a baby.” He responded with closed eyes and sleepy voice.

“You’re my big silly Alpha, but you’re also my baby.”

Their life, now that Shane had a scent, had transcended from absolutely-lovely to the-most-magical-moment-one-could-have. They were in a honeymoon phase that made Ilya daydream about the day he’d ask him to be his mate and husband forever.

And after days of evolving sexually, one day, it happened.

“I’m ready.” Shane claimed after an intense half an hour make-out session that left both of them visibly hard.

“What?” Ilya had a foggy brain from those 30 minutes in which he couldn’t breathe properly.

“I- I said I’m ready. I want you to... you know. I *need* you to.”

“You sure? I can wait more. With your fine mouth and hands, I have until I am a hundred years old.”

“Da. I’m sure, please. I have condoms in my bag.”

Ilya slightly laughed. “You are prepared.” He bit Shane’s shoulder and carried him to the room. For a moment, he couldn’t imagine he was born to be anywhere else than in between Shane’s thighs.

When he entered the room, he made sure that every photo frame was turned down. He didn’t want them to see what was about to happen. Shane was now sprawled across the sheets, and Ilya took a mental photo to never forget this moment. He was an angel, his angel. His cheeks were already flushed and he was getting rid of all his clothes.

Soon enough, Ilya was watching three of his fingers appear and disappear up Shane’s heat. He felt the slick his body was producing accumulating, wetter than ever before.

“You take my fingers so good. Such a good Omega. Ty moya (*you’re mine*).” Shane’s hands were clenched in the bedsheets, head tilted back.

“Please.” Ilya pushed his fingers in again. He knew what Shane was asking for but it was simply delicious to see him like that. He spread his fingers, hitting a spot that made Shane see stars. “C’mon. I swear I’m ready. I need you, Alpha, my Alpha.”

Ilya didn’t want to make his poor Omega beg more, so he got off the bed towards Shane’s bag. He grabbed a condom, fumbled to open it, and placed it along his length. Shane continued to vocalize his pleasure from the bed, being, for once, absolutely shameless.

Ilya didn’t want to miss a single more second apart from him, so he ran back to bed. He touched him, his skin covered by a layer of sweat. His scent was perfuming the entirety of the room, and it mixed with Ilya’s in what, for both of them, smelt like the garden of Eden, probably.

Ilya parted Shane’s legs. He was an obedient and very eager boy, so he left his legs opened, waiting for Ilya. Right there, the Russian was tempted to lick every single inch of his body, but he knew Shane might kill him if he made him wait more.

Ilya’s cock hit Shane’s hole and he grunted, fighting with his Alpha to avoid making it too hard for Shane’s first time. He focused on the smell of roses and honey, keeping him grounded. Slowly, he pushed it inside. Both their moans were so loudly they had to thank whoever decided not to build another cottage close.

“Is okay?” Ilya said, face merely an inch away from Shane’s. They were so close, Ilya’s sweat was falling onto Shane’s forehead.

“Yes.” Ilya kept pushing, becoming one with Shane.

Shane’s hole clenched, making Ilya go absolutely feral. He took a deep breath, trying to go along Shane’s rhythm. He thrust inside a couple more times, very slowly and trying to remember Shane’s expressions forever.

There was nothing more intimate than what they were sharing right then. Not only with their bodies connecting, but also their souls.

“F-Faster, please.” Shane asked.

Ilya, of course, obeyed. Going at the exact pace he needed, he was his second half to the point he sensed exactly what Shane was craving. He kissed him hungerly, which instantly mixed with the thrusts into his body and resulted in both of them having a new meaning to the word ‘pleasure’.

Ilya kept asking him if he was feeling fine. He could sense everything was alright, but he would’ve never forgotten himself if he made Shane’s first time painful. Shane, however, kept assuring him that everything was perfect, because it was.

The room was filled with moans, grunting, whimpering, and the mixture of their scents. It was their perfect little love nest.

Ilya felt so big inside Shane, he wasn't sure if he was going to be able to walk comfortably for days. Thankfully, he had someone who'd be very happy to carry him around.

Rozanov locked his hips in the exact angle to hit Shane's sweetest spot. He *shouted* in pleasure, and Ilya's body was completely red out of effort and heat. Shane felt completely engulfed in him, by his body, his thrusting, and his scent. He had expected the experience to be good, but that was life-changing.

"Your moans are going to kill me." Ilya murmured in a raspy voice. He saw Shane's expression change, "Are you going to cum for me, moy krasavchik?" And that Russian pet name was all Shane needed to drop tears out of pleasure. He nodded, answering to his Alpha's question. "Yeah? C'mon, cum for me, beautiful. You did so well."

"K-knot me, please."

Ilya got incredibly nervous by those words. "What? I-" That was a remarkably important and intimate thing to do, every Omega is repeated to only do that with someone they completely trust. So, Shane asking something like this was not something to take lightly.

"Please, Alpha. I need it, it'll be fine, I promise."

Again, Ilya couldn't say no to the little begs Shane was wording. He just nodded and fasten his thrusts. Their mouths parted in pleasure, and they both knew this would be over soon. He closed their distance in a steamy kiss, leaving a trace of spit through Shane's chin. He then moved his mouth across the Omega's neck, licking and biting.

The knowledge of him being able to be the first one to share this moment with Shane was driving him crazy, giving him the last bits of energy he needed to complete such act. Ilya moved a hand around the Omega's cock, guiding him towards release. He brought Shane over the edge, feeling the wetness in between his legs even through the layer of the condom.

Ilya quickly followed him, forming a knot. He tried to stay as firm as possible, still not convinced this was going to be a pleasant experience for Shane.

"Oh my God." Hollander exclaimed once he felt the pressure of the ingrowing knot inside him.

"Is okay? I think I can still pull out, is not too late." Shane caressed his back, trying to calm him down.

"It's perfect, I promise. It's better than I could ever imagine." He still had tears on his face from earlier, but now the emotions made him drop a few more. Ilya, who was on the verge of tears as well, cleaned his with extreme delicacy. After a few seconds of deep eye stare, Shane spoke. "I love you."

The tears on Ilya's eyes were now unstoppable.

“I love you too. I love you so much. Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Ya teb-yah lioo-bloo?”

Ilya laughed tenderly.

“Close enough.”

They spent their last days in the cottage in between love, scent, and sex. There wasn't a moment they'd wished to spend anywhere else. They were too scared to look at their calendars, preferring to be oblivious at what day it was.

They had long talk sessions in which they explained each other every little secret they had.

Shane had to explain him who Achilles was and why he was like him.

“Then, you're Patroclus?”

“He dies and then Achilles is killed when he wants vengeance over him. So, I hope I'm not.”

“Yeah, I could be that Achilles.”

Another day, Shane told him about his autism diagnosis, about how he never spoke about this because he didn't want to be known for everything else that wasn't his ability in hockey. He also opened up about his relationship with being an Omega.

“I've been in negation for the longest of time. I didn't want to be an Omega, I didn't even want to talk about it.” They were sitting in the garden, in front of the bonfire. Ilya's head was resting on Shane's lap, the Omega touching his hair. “I had known for a while before presenting, but I didn't want to believe it. I couldn't think of anything that I'd hate more than that. It was the one thing that could push me away from my only dream, being a hockey player. But then... something changed, I guess.”

Ilya turned around, now facing Shane. “What changed?”

“You. You made me want to be an Omega, because I want to be the best Omega for you.” Ilya smiled.

“You're perfect Omega. My mum was an Omega too.”

Shane didn't know if he should ask. But he really wanted to know more about Ilya.

“What happened?”

“When I was 12, after coming home from school, I found her after taking many pills. She couldn't do it. She couldn't resist my dad's comments, she couldn't resist deep sadness. But she was so strong. She was strongest Omega. You remind me of her.” They were both crying. Their tears were of a beautiful orange tone, reflecting the fire's colours.

“What was her name?”

“Irina.” He said with his deep Russian intonation.

“What a beautiful name.”

“She would’ve loved you, like I love you.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu.” Shane said, after having perfected his pronunciation over the days. Ilya knew there wasn’t a more perfect person for him out there.

Sadly, their happiness ended abruptly. After having let his guard down, Shane completely forgot the day his parents were supposed to come back from Greece. He also missed their constant calls telling him they were going to go to the cottage so they could all spend some days as a family before work started.

He had had everything under control, until he didn’t. *What could he say?* The only thing that could distract him was Ilya and those exquisite moles distributed around his body.

That’s why, after having a swim in the lake his parents found them.

“Shaney?”

Shane stood still. Maybe he was having a nightmare. He pinched himself and no, it wasn’t a nightmare. It was, in fact, very real.

Yuna was about to have a panic attack.

“Who is this? Why does it smell like an Alpha in here? Why can I smell your scent? You better start giving me answers already because I think I’m going to pass out.”

“Yuna!” David said, worried about his wife. “Why don’t we sit for a second, yeah? Meanwhile our two gentlemen can go grab a T-shirt and make everything easier for everyone.” The boys understood their cue and ran to the room.

Shane was panicking as much as his mum. Ilya tried to calm him, but it seemed impossible.

“You don’t understand how bad this is.”

“Why?”

“Because... hockey! My mum is obsessed, it’s all she thinks about.”

“Now I get where you got it from...” Shane ignored Ilya’s joke.

“If she knows we’re together she’s going to freak out about you being another hockey player. She’ll think you’ll make me weak, or that I’ll let you win in some matches.”

“I thought you got good relationship with your parents.”

“I do! It’s just- complicated.” Shane hide his face behind his hands, trying to find a way to escape from there. Maybe he could make them believe it was all a dream. Or that Ilya was just a friend and their scent was everywhere because... No, he didn’t have a good reason.

Ilya started fondling Shane’s back. “Whatever happens, I’m here. Da? Remember, I don’t care how far away we play, how many hours we have to be calling or texting each other. I’m going to be here, waiting for you. You said this to me. I say the same to you.”

Shane smiled. He had to do this. There wasn’t anything else he could do. At least, he was lucky to have something like Ilya by his side.

“Let me do the talking, okay?”

“Da.”

They entered the living room, Yuna and David were sitting on the sofa.

Shane stood awkwardly, not really knowing what to say.

“I’m Ilya.” The Alpha said, ignoring what he had just said to Shane about not speaking.

“Ilya – Ilya Rozanov?!” Yuna did really know about hockey. The Alpha nodded. “What is Russia’s biggest hockey prospect doing in our living room, Shane?”

“It’s a long story.”

“Why don’t you two sit too? We should all relax a bit.” Although David was the Alpha, he was definitely the one that calmed things down at home.

When they did as tell, Shane began talking. “We met at summer camp, on my first year. We were the only ones that were 13 and he didn’t know barely any English, so I helped him. We became friends until last year when... we became more.”

“Why didn’t you tell us anything?” Shane shrugged his shoulders at Yuna’s question.

“I don’t know. I think... I always knew he was special. And then, I was scared you were going to think this was going to... distract me.”

“Well – it’s going to distract you, Shane. This time of the year you’re normally already training!” Shane closed his eyes, his fear becoming true.

“Shane is best hockey player in world. He can rest for some time.” Ilya being Russian and trying to take care of his Omega made his tone sound very dry and rude. “No offence but he can decide what to do.”

Shane could’ve killed him in that moment.

Yuna was very visibly mad, but his dad saved him. “Yuna, I think that what Mr Rozanov here means is that our Shane has grown already. He is right, we can let him make his decisions from time to time.”

Yuna was pensive.

“B-but he’s only 17.”

“And he’s going to be a hockey megastar next year. We better start letting him taste adulthood, or he’s going to be a mess.” Shane couldn’t even be offended by that because his dad was being extremely helpful.

“O-okay but why aren’t you taking your scent blockers.”

“Mum, Ilya is my Alpha. He has made me like being an Omega. I want to be a good partner for him. There’s no harm in letting him know how my scent smells like.”

Yuna was visibly worried but more convinced.

“Alright. But please, tell me you’re using protection. You two are very young.” Ilya’s mouth dropped and he loudly laughed, while Shane blushed uncontrollably.

“Mum! You know I’m on suppressants!”

“You never know.”

Their conversation turned lighter with time, and after David cooked the first proper meal the two teenagers ate in two weeks, they had a good conversation about their hockey prospectives, ideas, and life.

“Are you going to be open about this?” Yuna asked. “I’m having all these offers for Shane to advertise and I think some brands would love a package deal.”

“We want to be private for a while.” Shane smiled, looking at Ilya. The Alpha took his hand, tightly, and visibly in love.

“Yes, our love is very pure and I want to protect it, and I want to take care of Shane. In Russia this will not be very liked. Male omegas are normally hidden from the world.” Shane showed him a sad smile. “But someday, da?”

“Da.” Shane answered.

And they all knew, right there, that everything was going to be alright for them.

The End

AAAA! Can't believe I finished this because it took me a while... I can't say I'm the best at writing smut, but I hope it's at least decent.

I'm planing on writing Epilogue(s)!!!! Please let me know what you'd like to see there, I'm open about reading all kinds of ideas!!

Hope you had a happy new year, I love you!!!

Chapter 4: Epilogue 1

Chapter Notes

It's a bit short! But I didn't want to make you wait more. Just know that I'm working on more parts!

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

Epilogue Scenes

For you,

Two times Ilya knocks on Shane's door

NHL Draft 2009

Shane looks at himself on the mirror. He must admit he thinks he looks good, but the suit is a bit too tight for his liking. He feels a bit overstimulated with it but he knows this night is too important and formal to wear his usual sport clothing.

Yuna enters the bathroom and smiles behind him. She's incredibly proud of her son. His little Omega is stronger than any other Alpha that will enter that room tonight, she knows it.

"You look incredible." She looks at him on the mirror, comes closer, and fixes his hair, knowing how nervous he is. Her son hates standing in front of crowds and having to talk to so many people. "Don't worry, Ilya will be next to you all night."

Shane lets out a bluff of air in an ironic chuckle. "Yeah, it's not like he can be holding me. I won't be even able to sense his scent." All participants have to be on blockers for events like this one, just like on the ice rink.

"No, but just by having him next to you it'll help. There's nothing like the mere presence of your Alpha, believe me." Shane gives her a half smile, still not at all convinced, but a bit more relaxed than earlier.

"If he could at least be here now."

It is very frustrating to know that your boyfriend is only a couple floors away from you but not being able to be together. Ilya is with his dad and, of course, there's no way he could just leave him alone to be with Shane without him suspecting something.

This year without each other has been hard, but they've managed to do it. They've been calling each other every single day, without excuses. They've sent each other emails, texts, photos, letters, and every type of communicative device that was in their reach.

And there was Saskatchewan.

Earlier this year, Russia and Canada faced off in a friendly match, and they were made the main event. The media had already called them the new biggest prospects for the NHL, and everyone's attention was on them. They were already making up a rivalry that Shane hated, but that for Ilya was hilarious.

"If they could see us right now." Ilya said after the match when they were laying in Shane's hotel room's bed, naked and holding each other.

Russia had won the match. "I'd be considered a traitor. Laying with my rival who have just scored a hat-trick in my face." Shane laughed. They were both made captains for their teams.

They were awake all night, drunk off each other. Nights like that were almost inexistent, and Ilya had his flight first hour next morning, so they had to make the most of every second.

Shane left that room next morning with a sad face and a bag full of Ilya's scented T-shirts. His heat was coming soon and Ilya didn't have the money or the time to be there with him. He assured him it was alright and that they'd have a million of heats together one day, but Ilya couldn't avoid feeling like a bad Alpha.

Of course, the heat was terrible, but the T-shirts definitely helped him. Shane lied and told him it had been manageable. He didn't want to worry his overprotective boyfriend who definitely cared too much for his well-being.

Ilya couldn't be fooled but he found it extremely cute for him to be lying so he wouldn't worry.

They complemented each other like that.

Next time, and the last time, they saw each other was to shoot a commercial. Ilya was offered to do it, that icy stare being able to sell millions of things. But then, he pitched the idea of doing it alongside Shane.

The executives were marvelled with the idea. "There's nothing that sells more than a rivalry." One of them said.

So, when after a long 8-hour session of recording they had the dressing room for them two alone, Ilya was thanking himself for having such an amazing idea. Especially when he was pushing into Shane's heat against the shower wall.

Shane washes his face one last time with freezing water. He repeats to himself that everything is going to be okay.

"We have to be in the auditorium in 15 minutes, I'm going to see how your dad's doing with the tie." Yuna says and leaves the room. They were given the room next to their son.

Shane takes that moment alone to check his phone. He has to text Hayden back. His friend, who's doing fairly well with the Metros, is assuring him that everything will be alright, and that he'll be cheering him from his living room.

He hesitates for a second, he was actually only checking if Ilya had texted him. He'd kill for a message from him right now. But he wants to be a good friend for Pike, who he hasn't seen in more than a year, so he answers him.

A knock on the door resonates in the room. Shane imagines his mum has left something and is coming to get it. When he opens the door, however, as much as he loves his mum, he can't imagine himself happier if she would've been the one at the other side.

Ilya is standing there, looking breathtakingly handsome. Shane has never seen him wearing a suit and now it's all he wants to see for the rest of his life. His curls shine, and his smile could conquer a hundred of Omegas in a second.

He's only mine, though.

"What are you doing here—" He's stopped by his Alpha's lips, which approach him in such a fast move he doesn't even have time to breath.

Ilya moves forward, lips still interlocked with Shane's and closes the door behind them.

"You're not happy to see me?" Ilya says when he finally frees Shane. For a second, the Omega can't register why he's asking that until he remembers the first thing he's said when seeing him.

"It's not that, you know it." Ilya shows him his usual cocky smile. He knows how happy his Omega is to see him, he can *feel* it.

"I just wanted to see you. I could feel you were nervous." The more time goes by with them being in love, the strongest their connection is. When they're alone at night, they can't help but imagine how strong that connection will be once they can see each other every day.

Maybe when they retire, in God knows how many years.

"I'm fine. It's just... you know, I don't really like the interviews and all that will come next."

Ilya holds his hand and squeezes. "It'll be over before you know. *Aaaand* we can sleep together here if you want." Shane scans his face to make sure he's not joking before he gets excited.

"W-what? But what about your dad? He is here, right? I thought he was but now you're here and..." Ilya silences him again with a kiss, this time shorter.

"Yes, he's here. I said I wanted to see friend, it's true anyways!" Shane laughs. It's an inside joke between them to call each other 'friend' when someone catches them texting too much. "And we're in Vegas. My dad is going to spend all night in casino, he has already told me not to wait for him. I can have an alarm for 5am just in case."

Shane smiles and pecks his lips. Those few hours sharing a bed with him would feel like a present right now.

"Okay, then." He interlocks his fingers with Ilya's.

“I have to go now. I’ll see you there.”

“Can’t wait to say my boyfriend is the number 1 pick.” Shane says before resting his face against Ilya’s forehead.

“Yeah, but I’m still mad you for convincing them of not choosing you.”

“You’re the going to be the best player in the league. And I would’ve been miserable in a team I don’t fit in anyways. You’re perfect for them.”

“You’re Shane Hollander, you’re perfect for every fucking team.”

Ilya shows the world his overconfident smile while posing with his new Boston Rayders shirt. Shane, at his right, doesn’t look as happy. He shouldn’t look happy, he was supposed to be the first pick and has ended up being second. So, he has an apparently fake smile while he shows the Montreal jersey.

But he is happy, very happy.

He will play for Montreal, the team his mum has supported since forever, with his very good friend Hayden, not too far away from home, and in the same conference as Ilya. He’ll see him at least twice per season, and with playoffs and other matches with their country teams, that will probably be more.

Of course, he’d love to see him more, but it’s just too unrealistic, this is the best they could ask for.

The flight between cities isn’t even that long, perhaps they can even spend some heat together.

At night, when he is resting his head against Ilya’s chest, he feels thankful for everything that’s to come.

March, 2012

“Well, if that’s what you *fucking* need you could’ve told me.”

“No, Shane, are you listening to me?”

“Yeah, and what I’m hearing is that you’re asking me permission to go and fuck *the-fuck-knows-who*. Are you already seeing someone, is that what you’re trying to say?”

Shane wants to throw his phone over the window right now.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” The way Ilya pronounces these words makes Shane almost physically feel the spit coming from his mouth.

“I don’t know, you tell me!” He’s about to break in tears.

“I just said if you need to fuck someone I’d understand. I’m miles away and you know there’re those Omega hormones and stuff.” Ilya has totally lost control of the situation, and he knows it.

“How can you say that?! I-I fucking *hate* you right now, you know? This is bullshit.” He’s definitely crying and the Alpha simply hates himself for this.

He was only trying to help. Of course he’d hate Shane to fuck somebody else, but the season is too long, and he feels in his bones how desperate the Omega is sometimes. He’d do anything for him.

Even if *anything* means let Shane fuck someone else.

“Baby—”

“No, don’t ‘baby’ me right now. I don’t wanna hear you.”

Ilya takes a deep breath.

“Please—” But Shane has hung up already. He throws the phone opposite side of the room, not caring if it breaks.

In Montreal, Shane thinks he’s having a panic attack.

Ilya’s probably feeling it through their bond. While they don’t have a physical one, their almost five years of relationship has led to a well-developed bond that makes them feel each other’s strong emotions. *Good*, Shane thinks, *let him feel the state in which he has left me*.

When there are not more possible tears left in his body, he calls Rose. She’s a Canadian movie star that was introduced to him by Hayden as he thinks his friend needs a girlfriend.

No, he still hasn’t told Hayden he’s with Ilya. He doesn’t want to lose that *boyish* friendship that he imagines will be lost when he tells him he’s an Omega. Or at least that’s what he thought at the beginning. Now, so much time has passed, he’s afraid of his friend’s reaction.

He and Rose matched instantly. Not in a romantic sense, of course, but in a friendship one. While it was awkward at the start, she pitched very quickly that he wasn’t a Beta and that, in fact, he was madly in love with someone else. Then, she almost instantly became his best friend and from that moment, he could tell her *anything*. It felt nice to have a fellow Omega with whom talk freely.

When she picks up the phone, Shane’s words are not intelligible at all. However, she understands this type of tears and she runs to Shane’s apartment, where she finds him in the middle of a wall of used tissues and half-dried tear stains on his couch.

Rose holds his hand tightly while he tries to explain everything that happened.

“And then he just called me ‘baby’, as if that was going to fix everything.” Shane doesn’t normally explode in tears. He’s more of the type to swallow his emotions and cry quietly later in bed. So, by the way he’s moving, Rose knows this is big.

“Let it all out, ba – darling.” She corrects herself to avoid saying the b-word right now. “It’s okay, everything is going to be fine.”

“No, it’s not going to be fine. He wants to fuck some *whore* out there. How could he? What about all these years? W-what about this bond? I can feel his pain right now, Rose. His pain. How can he be hurt when he has done this?” Rose doesn’t interrupt him. She knows how difficult it is for Shane to express his feelings, so she imagines this must be good for him. Even if his face is basically red from crying.

“I promise it’ll be fine. I know Ilya and I know you, so I also know that this is all a misunderstanding. I don’t think I’ve ever seen two people more in love, for God’s sake.” Shane shakes his head no, not wanting to believe her words so he can be in this mad state more time.

“He says he wouldn’t mind me fucking other people. Do you know Alphas? Most of my teammates are Alphas and that basically means he wants to do the same.”

“But Ilya is not like other Alphas, Shane. You know it.”

“Then why’d he say something like that?”

Rose takes a deep breath and comes closer to Shane, now caressing his hair. “I don’t know, but you two have a very special relationship and it’d be a shame to break it all for what I know it’s a misunderstanding. You should talk about it, Shane.”

Shane looks the other way, thinking about it. He knows Rose is probably right, but he’s so angry at this very moment that he simply can’t think clearly. “My phone died before you arrived.”

“Do you know they invented something called charger years ago? It’s pretty useful.” Shane lets a small laugh for the first time in hours.

“I will, I promise. Tomorrow.”

“Okay... then, for now, let’s make some dinner. What do you have tonight in that fucking horrible diet you decide to go through?”

“I’m an athlete! I have to, okay? I have to eat some spinach, hard boiled eggs, and tuna.”

“Sounds delicious,” Rose raises her eyebrows and speaks in a notoriously sarcastic tone, even for Shane. “I’ll order a pizza.”

They have their respective dinners side by side while watching *When Harry meets Sally*, one of Shane’s favourite movies. Suddenly, while still feeling very mad, Shane senses a spec of

optimism. He'll do anything to fix all of this.

Tomorrow, though, he still wants his Alpha to suffer a bit more for all the damage done.

He also feels incredibly grateful to have Rose next to him. He couldn't have been able to calm down without her.

"Thank you." He says. It comes out of nowhere, but Rose doesn't need context to understand.

"That's what friends are for."

He hears a knock on the door. Shane instantly checks the time on the big clock that's hung on his living room. Almost 1am. Who could it be? But Rose instantly knows who it is, so, while Shane walks towards the door, she starts grabbing her things.

The image Shane finds at the other side of the door isn't one he has seen before. Ilya is visibly tired, with a red face from having cried, and messy hair.

Shane feels his Omega impulse to take care of him. His inner self wants to hug him and tell him that everything is fine. But he wants to stand up for himself, so he simply crosses his arms.

Before Ilya could say anything, Rose walks pass the doorframe behind Shane. "You can call me anytime! Bye!"

The two men stand in silence for a minute. "Can I go in?" The Russian breaks silence.

Shane stares at him for a second, thinking. Then, he simply steps aside, without a single comment, leaving space for Ilya to enter his apartment.

The Omega makes the math mentally, and he knows Ilya left his house as soon as he hung up. In fact, he has arrived faster than it usually takes to get from Boston to Montreal, as it should take 5 hours and he has done it in 4.

"I've called you." Ilya says, and by his tone, Shane knows he must have called a hundred times. He feels a pinch in his heart out of guilt. *He must've been really worried.*

But it's his fault after all.

"My phone died hours ago." The Alpha doesn't have anything to say. Well, in reality, he has a million different responses, but none of them go pass his throat.

He sits down and sees all the tissues around the couch. *It's my fault*, he thinks, *how could I be such a bad Alpha for him.*

During the season all players have to be on blockers, but Shane can vividly imagine the melancholic scent Ilya would be emanating right now if it wasn't from that. He even feels a bit dizzy.

"Shane." He says but can't continue because his Omega is crying.

He's sobbing.

"Let me hug you, please." The Alpha asks but Shane shakes his head.

"Do you want to fuck someone else?"

"Moy krasavchik-"

"Answer!"

"How could you ask that?!"

"Just answer please." And Shane is so heartbroken, this sentence doesn't come out angry, just purely sad.

"No..." Ilya whispers "I-I love you with my whole heart. I'd rather die than to touch anyone else."

"T-then why would you say that? Why did you ask me that same question?" Ilya cannot physically respond from all the shame that comes to his body. "Answer!"

Shane is not a person of strong visible emotions, so all this is new for Ilya. He senses the panic going through his nervous system.

"Because I love you! I love you so much that I hate to imagine how alone you must feel when I'm miles away from you." He goes silence for a moment, the room being filled with the sound of their accelerated breathings.

"That is not... not a reasonable reason. I love you too and I don't ask you if you want to fuck someone else."

Ilya bites his bottom lip, trying to rearrange his thoughts. "You know I'm not a reasonable Alpha. This morning, I heard a girl talking with her friend. She was saying she was going to break up with her boyfriend because long distance was fucking hard, and her Omega hormones asked for *more*. I... I don't want you to feel that way, Shane. I love you too fucking much to let you be miserable in our relationship."

For the first time since he arrived, Shane comes closer to Ilya, still a bit of distance between them.

"That's stupid, Ilya."

"Is stupid wanting to have a happy boyfriend?"

"It's stupid thinking that me being with some other Alpha would make me happier than being with you. I'd prefer spending only one night a year with you, than every night with anyone else."

Rozanov feels the shame filling his body again. *He just wanted to make him happy.*

“’M sorry.”

The Alpha had that boyish look of shame and guilt that softens Shane’s heart, so he surprises him by hugging him. Shane can feel his chest wet with Ilya’s tears. “It’s okay.” But Ilya shakes his head in negation.

“It’s not, and I’m so sorry.”

My soft Alpha.

“I promise it’s alright. Just don’t ever suggest something like that again, okay?” Ilya nods, drying his tears with his hands. “Now kiss me, please.”

Ilya’s kiss feels like the first ray of sunshine after a storm.

Afterwards, the reconciliation sex session is unforgettable.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it!! I'll be posting more epilogues - I have some ideas but you can always tell me things you'd like to see!

I love you all sooo much. I deeply appreciate all the comments.

Chapter 5: Epilogue 2

Chapter Notes

Here you go!!!

Hope you like it, leave a comment if it's the case:)

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

2014

“When are you going to introduce me to Lily?”

Shane opens his eyes widely. “W-what?”

“C’mon, man. I see you texting her all the time, and when we’re in Boston you suddenly disappear.”

Shane and Hayden have a match against Tampa Bay tomorrow, and the younger man has been stuck to his phone all afternoon. They’re sharing a hotel room, and Hayden cannot deal with this any longer.

“I-it’s just a-”

“Friend.” Hayden completes for him. “Yes, I know. You always say that when I ask who you’re texting. C’mon, Shane, we’ve been friends since forever. You can tell me. I introduced you to Rose Landry and you’re some kind of best buddies now. Have you seen her? You *have to* have a girlfriend, I cannot find any other reason.”

Shane has tried to explain Hayden a million times that he’s an Omega and that he’s been dating Ilya Rozanov for years. But there’re two problems: first, he’s been lying for almost ten years now, and he knows Hayden will be hurt.

I’d be hurt too.

And second, Ilya is not exactly a friendly rival to have. He’s always saying provocative things in interviews, and Montreal hates him. And even if Hayden knew him once, he hasn’t spoken with him since 2007. Although he has some fond memories of their childhood together, he can’t stand when he speaks to the press or on the ice.

So, yeah, every time Shane tries to explain it to him, he just doesn't even know where to begin with.

“It’s complicated.”

“Man, we’ve been friends since you were no taller than five feet. What’s the problem? Is she ugly?”

“No, it’s just...”

“Fat?”

“C’mon don’t talk about women like that...” Sometimes Hayden says something that reminds Shane that he’s in fact just another male Alpha.

“Old? I wouldn’t do MILFs but... I respect your choices, I guess.”

“No, oh God, no.”

“Then?” An idea goes very visibly goes through his head, and he opens his eyes and mouth.
“Do I know her?”

Shane doesn’t want to lie anymore so he stays silent for a second.

“I *do* know her, right?”

“Hayden...”

Pike turns around, he knows he got it right this time. He starts thinking about every woman they both know but nothing really comes to mind.

“Who do we even have in common?” He’s not even talking to Shane anymore, as he knows the other won’t say a word about it. “Oh. I know this isn’t the case, but please tell me it isn’t Jackie.” He turns around again to face his friend and holds Shane’s hand. He can’t believe he’s talking seriously right now.

“Oh God, no! Come on, Hayd.” How could he even consider he’d date his best friend’s wife? Shane is offended he’d consider that before thinking he was dating a man.

“I don’t know, man, you don’t tell me anything.”

Their conversation is interrupted by a buzzing sound. They both look around the hotel room, trying to find where the sound comes from. Hayden finds it first.

It’s Shane’s phone.

Lily is calling.

They stare at each other in silence for a second, and Shane knows what Hayden wants to do.

“No.”

He suddenly jumps on Shane’s bed to get to his bedside table. Shanes tries to get there faster but Hayden’s motivations are so strong he looks like a cheetah after its prey.

If he only was as fast on the ice.

“Hayden, don’t.” But Hayden is convinced about this, and it’s not like male Alphas are really trained in boundaries.

He picks up the phone and waits in silence for a voice to come up, while pushing out Shane’s face with his free hand.

“Shane?” Ilya’s voice comes out loud and clear, and although it’s not on speaker, Shane hears it from his position. Hayden’s expression alters, he’s white as a ghost, and he stops pushing Shane out.

“Shaaane? You there?” Hayden probably doesn’t know that’s Ilya, but the male voice and the Russian accent is clear, and it won’t be long before he gets whose voice is that.

Shane takes advantage of that moment of confusion and gets his phone. “I’ll call you later, okay?”

Hayden hasn’t moved a bit, still too surprised to do anything, and Shane cannot decipher his seemingly emotionless face.

“Hayd?”

“Tell me that’s a Russian girl with a very deep voice.” Shane frowns his eyebrows “No, no. It’s not like I’m homophobic, man. But then tell me that’s literally any Russian man but who I think it is.”

Shane’s heart skips a beat. He knows then he’s messed up.

“I can explain it.”

Hayden goes over Shane’s bed again, this time to put some separation between his friend and him. He cannot believe what his brain is telling him so he needs immediate confirmation.

“Tell me his name.”

“Hayden, let me explain-” But he doesn’t even let him end his sentence.

“Tell me his name so I know I’m not getting crazy. Don’t make me name him myself.”

Shane closes his lips. He feels terrible.

“It’s Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov.”

Hayden thinks he’s going to fall down any second now, so he sits on his bed, just a few inches away from Shane’s. His face hides behind his hands, he doesn’t want to believe it. “If it’s a joke, tell me now, before I faint.”

Shane’s silence is response enough for him. “Oh God.”

“Let me explain, please.”

“Yes, you have a lot of explaining to do.”

Shane tries to give an explanation that makes sense and that wouldn't hurt Hayden, but it all comes out as nonsensical sentences. He's too nervous and every time his friend looks at him he looks more and more disappointed.

And then, he knows. He has to open up.

He takes a deep breath and he just says it.

“I'm an Omega.”

Hayden, who was shaking his head in negation, stops abruptly. He opens his eyes and mouth at the same time, slowly.

“An O-omega?”

Shane nods one time, nervous. Hayden can't believe this conversation which started by asking who Lily was, has led to this moment.

“L-like with all those... pheromones and heats and stuff?”

“Yes, Hayd, an Omega.”

“Oh God.”

He stares blankly so long Shane doesn't know what to do. He just stands there waiting for a reaction. Minutes later, the older man speaks.

“Why didn't you say anything?”

“It's just... being an Omega in the NHL is too difficult. No one would want me in their team and... I thought it was going to be easier if nobody knew I'm an Omega. I wanted to tell you, I swear. I just didn't know where to start. And there's also the Ilya part...”

Hayden flinches as Shane words his name. “But he knew, right? You told him you're an Omega. You trusted him but not me.”

Shane had imagined this conversation a hundred times, and every time he pictured his friend being very angry at him. But now, more than anything, Hayden was sad and deceived.

“It's different.”

“Why?”

“Me and Ilya, we're... we're soulmates. I was too young to know how to control my Omega and I dropped. I didn't have to tell him, I think my Omega did it.”

“You were too young? When was this?”

Oh no.

“Some years ago.”

“When?”

“Summer camp of 2006.”

Every time something new is revealed to Hayden, it makes the situation worse. And if he was simply sad before, now he was also mad.

“Eight years ago?!?! You’ve been together for eight years and you haven’t thought about telling me?!”

“I’m sorry. I swear I wanted to explain everything to you. I was just scared of you reacting the exact same way you’re reacting now.”

“Well, if you’d have explained everything, I wouldn’t be reacting like this!”

Shane closes his mouth because he knows he’s right. “Listen. You’re right, and I’m very sorry. I should’ve explained everything earlier. Please, just forgive me and I can explain everything.”

Hayden doesn’t really trust his word. “Explain, and I’ll decide if you’re forgiven.”

Shane explains his story, their story. He talks from the bottom of his heart. He explains how much he loves Ilya, how difficult it is sometimes to hide his true self, and how hard it is to see the stigma against Omegas in the hockey world. He confesses how he even hates himself sometimes, because he could be a big Omega figure and try to change things, but how scared he is to do something about it.

“And Ilya... he’s a trash talker, he loves being cocky and do all that media circus. But he supports me like no one. I can be an Omega when I’m with him and I’ll always be thankful to him, no matter what. And I think you two can be friends again. I’ll make him stop teasing you on the games, I swear.”

“He once told me if there was a little girl on the team, I’d still be playing less than her.” Hayden says and laughs, and Shane allows himself to laugh for the first time.

“He’s an asshole, but I promise he treats me like a God.”

Pike sighs.

“I can’t really get why you didn’t tell me, but I know if Jackie was here she’d say I can’t know how an Omega feels. And I always listen to my wife.” He pushes Shane’s shoulder in a friendly gesture.

2015, August

“Fuck.”

Shane looks at his calendar again, just in case he didn't properly see the numbers. But no, it wasn't a confusion.

They've come to the cottage, as they always do during the free weeks they have for summer. It's been their tradition for a while and they spend the year counting the weeks for their two weeks when they can be completely alone and free.

Shane's heat was supposed to come on August 14th.

Today is August 18th, and there's no sign of his heat.

Shane looks at his suppressants, he's taken all of them. This calms him a bit, but his heat works like a clock. He's never had any variations.

Why?

He looks at Ilya, still sleeping like a log. His briefs half down in a way that Shane can see his left cheek from the ensuite. He laughs internally, *what a cute asshole*.

He looks at the calendar for a third time, just in case, but it still says the same. August 18th.

Cycle variations happen all the time, his rational side wants to think. But this never happened to him, so what other possibilities can be?

He doesn't even want to think about the p-word.

Maybe stress? But he has been in absolute bliss for the last week.

Perhaps is it something related to the food? Shane hasn't cheated on his diet since he was 14.

I don't know.

All this thinking got him to involuntarily release stress pheromones. *The only two weeks of the year that I'm not on blockers and my scent is betraying me.*

Of course, Ilya wakes up in no time, his Alpha sensing the distress coming from his Omega.

“Shane?” He says, still confused and with only half an eye open. When he doesn't see the Canadian on the other side of the bed, he gets up in a fast jump. “Shane?” This time his tone is raised.

“I'm here.”

“What happens?”

“It’s nothing.” Shane answers almost instantly. When Ilya is next to him, which takes him less than two seconds, he continues. “I think I’m just stressed thinking how small time we have here together.”

His Alpha naively believes him and hugs him tightly. “My sweet Omega, is alright. In no time it’ll be Christmas and we’ll be together again. I think Yuna wants to buy those matching jumpers for this year.” Shane nods, upset that he has to lie to his boyfriend but thankful that he has believed him.

The next day Shane wakes up and knows that the heat isn’t there. However, for a moment he closes his eyes and focuses on it so much. Maybe if he pictures it, he will feel his body hot again. But no, it doesn't work.

Who would’ve thought?

So, he gets up and starts planning, while taking deep breaths so his emotions don’t overcome him and scent the whole room in stressed pheromones.

He opens the fridge looking for something that is missing. He needs an excuse. Shane looks and looks. They went get some groceries three days ago but Ilya eats like a giant, there must be something missing.

Minced meat, there’s no more minced meat.

Suddenly, he senses the presence of a very large body wrapping him up like a present. He was so focused on his task he didn’t even smell his very characteristic scent.

“Why are you looking at the fridge like desperate raccoon?”

“There’s no more minced meat.”

Ilya stares at him in disbelief.

“So what?”

“We need minced meat?”

“We do?”

Shane nods his head frenetically.

“Yeah, for the tacos.”

“Tacos? I’ve never seen you eat a taco.”

“There’s a first time for everything. And I’ve seen this healthy taco recipe on YouTube.”

Ilya couldn’t see this coming, so he shrugs and goes on with what Shane is saying.

“Okay... let me change clothes and we can go to supermarket.”

“Oh no, no.” Shane cuts him off. “I can go alone, don’t worry. There can be paparazzi in the supermarket.”

“In a random supermarket in the middle of nowhere?” Shane nods. They went together at the beginning of the week, so it’s the worst possible lie he could’ve gone for, but Ilya doesn’t sense that there’s anything necessarily wrong. “Okay, then. I’ll wait for you here.”

Shane kisses his cheek. “I’ll be here in five.” And he runs to the door.

Ilya thinks his boyfriend is weirder by the day. He loves him just like this, though.

How many different pregnancy tests can there be? Are they *that* different? Shane stands in the middle of the aisle looking at all his options. He’s wearing a cap and a pair of sunglasses he’s found in the car. The possibilities of someone recognizing him here are low, but never zero, and he doesn’t want to explain what he is doing in the pregnancy test aisle.

He looks at all the options again and grabs the one that has a name that rings a bell. Probably he has heard it in a commercial, but if they’re a big enough brand to advertise themselves, the product must be good enough. Right?

“That’s normally indicated for female Betas.” A voice next to him says. He turns his head and sees a very kind-looking lady who’s wearing the supermarket uniform. “For male Omegas is better this one.” She says while grabbing another box.

She knows I’m an Omega?! Shane thinks. *Of course, idiot, you’re not on scent blockers.* He reprimands himself.

What can he do? Should he say it’s for another person? Either way she knows he’s an Omega, and that’s basically his biggest problem. But she doesn’t seem like she has recognized him, so he simply thanks the woman and flees the scene as if he’d have committed a crime.

He mentally thanks whoever is out there because there isn’t a long line, pays, and runs back to the car.

“Where’s the meat?” Ilya asks as he’s walking inside the cottage.

“What?”

“The minced meat.”

“Oh-uh... there wasn’t any left.”

“They ran out of minced meat?” Shane nods. “At 9 in the morning.”

“Yeah, it’s crazy right?” And he runs in direction to the bathroom, before he can make any more questions.

He closes the door behind him and takes another deep breath. The box has very clear instructions, he just needs to pee on the stick and wait ten minutes. One line – not pregnant, two lines – pregnant.

That's it.

There's a ten-minute distance between his normal self and his perhaps totally different self.

No pressure.

He pees on the stick. He had drunk an entire bottle of water he had in the car on the way here, not wanting to wait any more time.

While he waits, he sits down on the cold bathroom floor, thinking what will happen if that stupid little object shows two lines.

He doesn't want this pregnancy, *right*? His mind cannot avoid imagining a child with his eyes and Ilya's hair. They'd be so beautiful, *that's for sure*. And it would be something made from Ilya and him, isn't that crazy and... romantic?

He shakes his head. No, he doesn't want this pregnancy right now. He wouldn't even be able to start this season. Hockey is a sport too physical to be pregnant while playing. There's no way he could play and hockey is everything for him. So no, he doesn't want to be pregnant right now.

But perhaps someday-

His thoughts are interrupted by two knocks on the door.

"Shane? Are you ok? I can sense you're nervous."

Stupid bond and stupid pheromones.

"Y-yeah. I'll be out in a second."

"C'mon, let me in. I need to see that you're fine."

"I promise I'm alright, okay? I'll be out in a minute."

"Shane, please. You don't understand."

"Ilya, I swear I'm fine."

"Us Alphas... we need to see our Omega when we know he's in distress."

"I'll be out in no time."

"Omega."

Shane blows, he knows this is a lost battle. He opens the door.

“See, I’m perf-”

“Is that a thermometer? Are you sick?” He interrupts him “Why is it pink?”

“N-no, it’s not a thermometer. And I don’t think I’m sick.”

Ilya is very visibly confused.

“Then what is...” Then he knows “Oh...”

“Yeah...”

“Do you think?” He doesn’t even have to finish the sentence.

“I don’t know. My heat is late.”

“But you’re feeling fine?” That’s the one thing that worries Ilya the most right now.

“Yeah. It’s just that my heat is never late.” They fall in a comfortable silence for a second. Both have so many things they want to say each other, but there’s nothing that can come out their mouths right now.

Suddenly, Ilya bursts out laughing, and Shane follows him.

“Oh my god. This is crazy.” The Russian says.

“I know. We will know in four minutes.” Shane answers while looking at the temporizer he has set in his phone.

“Do you want it to be positive?” Ilya knows Shane, he can imagine the answer, but he has to know from him.

“Oh God, no.” He says and it hurts the Alpha a bit. “I mean, someday, when I’m retire and I don’t have to waste an entire season or who knows how much. But right now... we have so much at stake.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Ilya doesn’t really care that much. If that test shows two lines, he’ll call Boston to say he isn’t going to play anymore. Shane would want to continue playing, but he’d be ready to retire and stay at the cottage taking care of their child.

Just imagining the face of that child. They’d probably have Shane’s freckles, and he’d stay up all night counting them and making sure they’re still breathing.

Dream life.

“I know you’d like it, Ilya, and I don’t want to break your heart, but it’d be just too inconvenient right now. We’ll do it, I promise. Once we’re both ready.”

Ilya holds Shane’s both hands and take them to his chest, he wants him to feel his heartbeat.

“I’d wait for you an eternity.”

Shane cannot hide his smile.

“I love you. I love you so much.”

They kiss until the alarm sounds.

They look, smile and nod at each other. They're ready.

Shane turns around the stick.

One line.

Chapter End Notes

I'm honestly loving writing these epilogues so much. I'm sorry I'm so slow with these - I'm working again now and I don't have time, I'm a teach! That's right, your teacher might be writing gay fanfiction as we speak LOL.
If you like it please leave a kudo and a comment, I appreciate them soooo much :)
I'll write the next one ASAP!!!

Chapter 6: Epilogue 3

Chapter Notes

I hope you love it because I love it!!! Ready to see them becoming parents?

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

2023

Being out as an Omega in the league wasn't easy. Especially if it is because one of your doctors believed Shane wouldn't know it was him who told the press.

Having to come out again to tell everyone your Alpha is your biggest rival isn't easy either, but Shane didn't want another leak into the press.

Seeing that everyone who once loved you and believed in you as their leader now turned their back on you *definitely* isn't easy either.

And, *of course*, having to change teams after so many years of blood and sweat isn't easy.

But now that he's on his way to practice *with* his husband, Alpha, and mate driving, he thinks it might've all been worth it. He touches his silver wedding ring and smiles.

The path has been incredibly difficult, but now that he's on his third season with the Centaurs, he wouldn't change it for anything.

He looks at Ilya, the first rays of sun of a February morning showing through his curls, and he wants to pinch himself. He sometimes cannot believe he isn't dreaming.

They got married when they told the world they were together. The euphoria of being free was still fresh, and they would've done anything to show each other how much they love one another.

"Coach Wiebe said we have a surprise today." Ilya said while turning left at an intersection.

God, he looks so sexy when he's driving.

Shane rests his hand on top of Ilya's, who's holding the driving stick. "It's probably some silly collaboration with a brand and they'll give us sunglasses or something."

Ilya lets out a chuckle.

"I hope so because I want Harris to make you do one of those TikTok dances again. Your bum looked so cute."

Shane rolls his eyes, trying not to laugh. “He told me they’re not trendy anymore. He wants us to do a Get Ready With Me for a game. I don’t really get why someone would want to see me wash my face but he says that’d get us millions of views and that’s literally his job.” He starts to collect his things as Ilya is parking the car. “We’re getting old for this.”

“Talk for yourself, Hollander.” Ilya unfastens his seatbelt. “I’m social media king.”

Shane isn’t really on Instagram or TikTok, but Ilya is and he spends his free time showing him cute cat reels that Ilya claims look like Shane. The Omega thinks it’s all very silly but it’s still adorable to see the face his Alpha has while showing him those videos.

They greet everyone that’s on their way to get to the dressing room, although there aren’t many people so early in the morning.

The janitor, who’s definitely too old to still have a job, greets them and asks Shane about this weekend’s NFL games.

Shane doesn’t like American football, he doesn’t think he’s ever even watched a game. But that man always asks him what he thinks about it. At first, he told him he wasn’t really interested, but he seemed to forget so now he looks up the results and what fans are saying about it to give him the conversation the poor man needs.

“Oh, the Eagles could’ve done much better.”

“That’s what I’m saying!”

Ilya looks at them, amused at this, as always. His husband is a treasure who looks into something he doesn’t even care about to make happy a man he barely knows.

“Have a good day Mr Johnson!” Ilya says, knowing Wiebe asked them to be on the ice in five minutes and they still have to put on their training gear and skates.

When they get to the ice, the coach is already waiting for them. They’re alone, their teammates not having to be there for another hour, but that isn’t unusual. As captain, Ilya has to get there early all the time to discuss tactics with Wieber. Shane doesn’t really have to be there, but more often than not, he goes with Ilya.

Long behind are the days when they were the rookies. Now, they’re the most experienced players in the team, and they love helping their coach and teammates with what their experience has taught them.

Today, however, he has asked them both to be there.

“Hi, coach. Wanted to see us?”

“If it’s about New York, since Scott Hunter has already retired I don’t think we’ll have much problem with them.” Shane says.

“No, no.” The coach answers. “Believe it or not, we’re not here to discuss hockey. Not exactly, at least.” The two men looked at him, intrigued by his words. “I have someone here

who wants to speak with you.”

Coach Cooper appears in the entry of the rink. Shane cannot help but open his mouth.

He retired a few years ago and no one knew anything about him. He sometimes imagined he was living a free life for the first time ever with his Alpha, but he didn't have a way to find out.

Now, however, there he is, the first man that ever helped him accept that he's an Omega.

He looks evidently older, by now Shane imagines he must be around 70, but he still has that warm smile that brings so many good memories to him.

He runs (*skates*) to hug him. “Cooper!”

“I'm very happy to see you too, Hollander.” He answers while returning the hug.

Ilya is happy to see him, of course, but he cannot understand the reason why his husband is so happy to see the coach that they once had 15 years ago.

The thing is that Shane never explained him anything about that conversation they had where he confessed he was also an Omega. He understood that that was his biggest secret and he wasn't supposed to tell anyone. Even his mate.

“Hi, Rozanov. When I saw you last all those years ago I didn't think you could get any bigger, but I can see I was wrong.”

Ilya laughs and greets the old man. “That macrobiotic diet Shane is in works wonders.”

“Oh, yes. Congratulations, kids. I heard the wedding was beautiful. I knew you were a good couple as teenagers, but seeing you two as men... you're just made for each other.”

Ilya is even more confused and looks at Shane, who is definitely not confused. “He knew...? *You* told him?”

Shane Hollander, who was scared of someone seeing them look at each other, told someone when he wasn't even 18?

“I didn't! I think he just guessed!”

“But how...?”

“So, you haven't told him, Shane.” Cooper stops Ilya. “I knew you were loyal but you can still surprise me.” And now they're talking about secrets and Ilya doesn't like that at all, but before he can get angry, Cooper interrupts his trail of thoughts. “He was just keeping my secret, Ilya. See, I knew about you two because I knew about Shane being an Omega, and it was simply because I saw myself in him.”

Ilya raised his brows. “You're...?”

“An Omega.” He talked before the Alpha could even finish his question. “And seeing Shane was like looking at myself at his age. Only, not even half as good. We had then some important conversations, and just from that talk I knew he was going to change a thing or two for this sport.”

Ilya smiled when he understood. Cooper saw himself in Shane and, maybe for the first time, he saw an Omega that had been a star of the sport. He probably gave him the energy he needed at that time.

And now, Shane is an example for all those Omegas out there who want to play hockey. Now, all of them know that is possible. Shane is their Cooper.

“Thank you,” Ilya said, grabbing Shane by the hip. “I didn’t know but I can see how important you were for Shane.”

Shane smiles. *He does love that Alpha.*

“And how are *you*, coach? How’s life?”

“Oh, boys, there’s nothing better than retirement. I met an Alpha some years ago, and she’s perfect for me. We’re living a quiet life in Maine, where she’s from. She has kids and grandkids from her old marriage, so I’m now a family man.”

Shane couldn’t be happier that that man is, after all these years, finally living the life he’s always wanted.

Hours later, when they have finished practice and are coming back to their home, Shane cannot help but cry, he cries hard while looking through the window.

He reflects about everything he’s lived throughout these years from that conversation he had with Cooper and he cannot stop the tears from running down his face.

Ilya sees him, but he lets him cry in silence, knowing how much he needs it. He rests his hand on Shane’s leg and smiles tenderly.

He couldn’t be prouder of his Omega.

“Ilya.” He says after having wiped his tears in an *absolutely adorable* movement.

“Mhm?”

“I think I’m ready.” Ilya frowns his eyebrows, not knowing what he’s referring to. He cannot remember a recent conversation that could’ve led to that comment.

“For what?”

“I think I’m ready to have kids. Well, let’s begin with one, yeah?”

For a second, Ilya thinks he’s going to faint. He grabs the steering wheel tightly to make sure he doesn’t lose control of the car. Without saying anything he parks the car in the first space

he sees.

“Can you repeat so I know I’m not getting crazy?”

Shane laughs.

“I want to try for a kid, Ilya.”

Now he knows he’s probably going to faint.

“W-what? How? Why?”

“I think you know how...”

Ilya wants to laugh but he’s too focus on this conversation.

“B-but... you said you wanted to play for every season you could. Hockey is your life.”

Shane holds Ilya’s hand and makes direct eye contact. For the first time ever, it seems like Shane is the one that has to convince Ilya of having a baby.

“I know but today’s talk with Cooper has opened my eyes. He gave everything for this sport and now he regrets so many things. I’ve already won everything and I don’t want to miss out on the opportunity of having a child with... your hair and... my eyes. Or whatever, I don’t care how they look like. I just know I want it, with you. I don’t want to wait until I’m 70. Yes, hockey is my life, but if I get pregnant fast I’ll only miss a season. I’m still young, there’ll be more Shane Hollander for the hockey fans.”

Ilya kisses him with every emotion he has inside his body. He cannot do anything else. His soul belongs to Shane entirely.

“Now, let’s go.” Ilya turns on the car again and Shane laughs at his quick moves. “You said you have to be pregnant fast, yes? If it’s today, better. You saying you want a child with my hair has turned me on.”

October

A heavy six-months pregnant Shane waddles arounds the house nervously. His *stupid* pregnant brain cannot remember where he put the keys and know he’s late to get Ilya from practice.

He had a lot of convincing to do the night before for his Alpha to let him drive him to practice and then back home. He told him a hundred times that he was perfectly capable of driving for 10 minutes back and forth a couple of times, but Ilya still wasn’t convinced. So, he went with the “*Are you saying that we, as Omegas, are just defenceless creatures that cannot take care of ourselves?*” card.

Maybe he was exaggerating a bit. His Alpha always makes sure to value him as an Omega and remind him how strong he is, but that's exactly why that card worked.

He's just tremendously bored. He hasn't been able to play hockey from the moment he knew he was pregnant, and he gets why that's important, but he doesn't have anything else to do.

He has already decorated the nursery, bought clothes, nappies, the stroller,... Anything a baby might need. He has also analysed every single team in the league to help Coach Wiebe. But there's not any other stat that he can look into.

Ilya has tried to suggest that perhaps all he needs to do is relax.

What a mistake.

Shane has been active ever since he learnt how to walk. For him, being asked to simply relax is close to an insult.

So, he thought it could be a good idea to get Ilya to practice and then back home.

But, of course, when he finally convinces him, the car keys are nowhere to be found.

Moreover, the possibility of being late is making him extra nervous and now he cannot remember where he has already looked. And if you add the big belly that doesn't allow him to move easily and the pregnancy brain that seems to give him amnesia to the equation, it's impossible.

He's going to end up having to call Ilya, but that feels like a defeat and Shane hates losing.

Suddenly, Anya, the dog Ilya adopted a few years ago when he was alone in Ottawa, appears in the room with the keys in her mouth.

"Any!" Shane grabs the keys and pets her canine head. "Did you have them all this time or did you want to help him." The dog looks at him with her tongue peeking out. "For my sanity, I'm going to believe you chose to help me. When I come back from getting Papa, I'll give you a treat."

It's one of the first times Shane is speeding over the allowed limit, but he's not going to admit to Ilya that he was right.

When he gets there, his husband is waiting for him in the parking lot, *that* cocky smile in his face.

"Fuck." Shane mutters. He thought maybe they were going to finish a bit late, as it happens sometimes, but today is not one of those days.

He parks the car in front of him and Ilya goes inside.

"Hi, moy krasavchik, a bit late aren't we?"

He shouldn't have taught him English.

Shane looks at the time in the car screen. "It's only five minutes past."

"Shane, you arrive everywhere at least 10 minutes early."

"I-I forgot for a second. You know I have lots of things to do."

"Mhm." Ilya responds with obviously ironic tone.

"I do!"

"Of course, my love, whatever you say. How are the two most important people in my life." He kisses Shane's belly.

January

Shane cannot deal with this any longer.

After 2 hours of tossing and turning in bed he gets up. Ilya immediately feels his body leaving and wakes up.

"W-where are you going? Are you okay? The baby?"

Shane sits down, tired. "The baby is clearly fine but I'm not. I'm going to try to sleep on the couch. Maybe they just want new experiences and that's why they don't stop moving."

Ilya feels tremendously bad. He hates the way he cannot do anything.

"Maybe if I scent you..."

"They love you, if you do that they'll probably be more active. If it's possible. And they're kicking me on the ribs."

Ilya can't help but smiling. His baby loves him. But he still feels bad for Shane, so he hugs him from behind.

"I'll go with you. I can't sleep if I know you're there suffering. I'll make you a tea, yeah?"

Shane nods his head.

They silently arrived at their living room, Ilya with a cup in hand, trying not to wake Anya up.

This might be one of their last nights alone and, as exciting as that is, they will miss these quiet moments. They spent many years apart, only five together and alone and now they'll always have a mix of them both going around the house.

Ilya sits down first, gesturing Shane to rest his head on his lap. Shane does as tell and tries to find a comfortable posture for his heavy body.

When he's finally comfortable, he takes a deep breath. He's finally found the perfect posture after hours of pain. Ilya caresses his face while counting the freckles he's already counted a thousand times before.

"I really hope they have your freckles. I want the mini-Hollander constellation."

Shane chuckles, his eyes closed. "And I really hope they have your blonde curls. My dad was blonde as a kid too, so we might be lucky."

After a moment of a comfortable silence filled with their happiness and excitement Ilya adds: "But we will love them, no matter how they look. They'll be a mix of both of us and that's fucking incredible."

"It is."

"And all thanks to my perfect Omega. You know I don't really know what I believe in, but I truly think someone sent you for me. Omegas are presents from heaven, with your ability to create life, but you're especially made for me. I know I already told you this in my vows, but I genuinely believe it."

Shane wants to blame the hormones for wanting to cry. He closes their space in a kiss.

The Alpha cannot help but moving his hand on top of Shane's belly. The baby, however, is serene and doesn't throw a party inside Shane's body. Shane smiles, knowing he will be able to sleep tonight. "Look at that, they've finally fallen asleep. Our perfect little baby."

"Mhm. Our little star."

The next day Ilya wakes up because he feels Shane's pain through their bond. But this is not the usual pain that a strong kick produces, no.

This is way stronger.

He opens his eyes and quickly scans the room, looking for Shane, but he's not there.

He tries not to panic and keep calm, but he can't avoid running to find him. Luckily, he's in the bathroom, throwing some water at his nape.

Ilya is able to breathe again and that makes Shane raise his head.

"Oh, good morning."

"You're in strong pain."

"I-it's not too bad."

"Shane, I can feel you." He points to his bond mark.

The Omega lowers his head again in obvious defeat, when suddenly a contraction hits him. He tights his hands against the bathroom sink. Ilya runs behind him, grabbing his shoulders.

When he's feeling fine again, Ilya speaks.

"How long have you been like this?"

"Not too long, I got up to pee and the first hit me. It was like 25 minutes ago."

"You should've woken me up."

"I wasn't sure if it was just a Braxton Hicks contraction. But I think it's not." Ilya shakes his head, agreeing with him. "Can you get me my phone. I want to call my mum."

Yuna tells him to prepare the car in case the contractions continue and they have to rush to the hospital. His due date is in two days so it wouldn't be strange that this was the real thing. She asks him to call her if in the hospital they confirm Shane's in labour.

Ilya guides Shane to the yoga ball they keep in the living room while he prepares everything. While bouncing, Shane knows he's going to have the baby today. His instincts, and the persistent pain at the bottom of his stomach, are very clearly telling him.

When the contractions come every 12 minutes, they get on their way to the hospital.

Ilya tries to keep calm or, at least, seem calm in front of Shane. His husband, however, feels his preoccupation. He cannot blame him, he feels the same.

"Everything is going to be fine." Ilya says when they take a moment to calm down before leaving their Jeep, "I promise."

"Are you speaking to me or to yourself?" Shane jokes, trying to enlighten the mood. Ilya smiles.

"Both."

Shane can't believe he's doing this. Why would he let Ilya get him pregnant? He tries to breathe but the pain is unbearable.

"You're okay." Ilya says in his ear. Shane knows he simply wants to help but he's about to murder him.

He's been in labour for five hours now but it feels like it's been days. Every half an hour he tells Ilya to go get the doctor because he's surely ready by that moment, but every time the doctor says he's not.

"This is your fault." Shane says while grabbing both Ilya's hands to avoid falling from the pain. "And that stupid Russian dick."

Ilya suppresses his laugh, he doesn't want to get the beast angrier.

"It is my fault, I'm sorry."

Another contraction comes and Shane grunts.

"Shut up!" He says mid-contraction.

No matter how many insults he says, Ilya just falls more in love. Seeing Shane endure all this pain to welcome their baby to the world is almost literally heroic.

Ilya obeys and stays silent.

"No, I changed my opinion, keep talking. If I'm going to bear this pain, at least distract me."

This time, Ilya can't avoid laughing and the look that Shane gives him could kill him.

"I can only think of the day I met you. That short boy with freckled cheeks and shy smile. You were so serious, so ready to become the best hockey player this world has seen... And look at you now. Not only are you the best player in generations, but you're also going to be the best Dada ever for our little one." For a moment, Shane smiles. "You're doing so good. We're almost there, I promise. Our little star is coming and it's thanks to you."

"You're going to make me cry, and for the first time today not pain tears." Shane laughs. "C'mon, give me a kiss. You've won yourself one."

Ilya kisses tenderly his Omega and releases some calming pheromones. At such intense moment, it can't do much, but it's better than nothing.

Soon enough, after sweat and tears, the baby arrives.

A beautiful baby girl.

They fall in love with her from the moment they see her. Ilya doesn't think he's ever seen anything more perfect, and Shane agrees.

Right now, they can't tell who she looks like. Shane says her eyes look like Ilya's. Ilya says she has Shane's nose. But the truth is, she's too small and new to truly tell.

"She has dark hair but sometimes baby's hair fall down in their second month and they grow a completely different hair. A friend of mine birthed a black-haired baby and now her kid has the blondest hair I've ever seen." Yuna tells them.

Truth is, they couldn't care less right now. They simply love her wholeheartedly.

"What's her name?" David asks. Both of them smile.

"Sienna Irina Hollander-Rozanov."

Chapter End Notes

I truly hope you liked it! Thank YOU for all the comments. I truly love reading them. I didn't want to do more epilogues (because I didn't want it to have more epilogues than normal chapters although they're shorter), but now I really want to write them as parents. Should I? :)

Chapter 7: Epilogue 4

Chapter Notes

Happy Valentine's!!!! I love you all sooo much. This is the last epilogue so I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

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

2028

Ilya awakes when there are two tiny feet on his face.

“No, Sienna, I told you, not on Papa’s face.”

He doesn’t have time to open his eyes when he hears that sweet high laugh that has become the song of all his dreams. Then, the little feet are now on his back.

“Be careful.” Shane, as always, cannot help being the good dad that ensures their daughter is well-behaved. Because if Ilya were to do this alone... he doesn’t want to think about it.

When their little Sienna has had enough fun stomping on his father back, Ilya turns around in an abrupt movement to surprise the kid.

She falls on her bum, sitting on top of the Alpha’s stomach.

“Papa!” She screams. “You scared me!”

“Oh, I’m sorry, maybe it wasn’t you the one that was breaking my back with those smelly feet.” He says tickling her. The action holds that intimate beauty of loving someone so much, you know exactly where to tickle them, and Shane looks at it loving every part of it.

He loves the life they’ve created together. That blonde girl that cannot see anything on the morning because her curls are so messy they’re blocking her vision is the purest key to his and Ilya’s heart. She doesn’t only have the Alpha’s hair, but also his eyes. Shane wants to print a hundred photos of those eyes and put them everywhere.

From Shane, she got the height, which makes Ilya call her Tiny, and his freckles. The Alpha got that small constellation he always wanted.

“My feet are no smelly! Yours are!” She says while giggling because she is a minx just like Shane and knows exactly which buttons to push with Ilya

“Oh, are you sure?” Ilya’s already threatening to tickle her again. She cannot speak as she’s laughing too hard. “Wait, I have a better idea.” He whispers something in her ear that Shane

cannot hear but he can imagine what it is. For the sake of his daughter's happiness, he acts dumb and looks away as if he didn't know they were talking about him.

A second later, he's tickly-attacked by Sienna and Ilya.

It's all extremely lovely.

Ten minutes later fun has to be over because they have to get the little one to school.

"No, Dada, please!" Sienna screams, "Just a bit longer."

She loves that part of the morning, which has totally become part of their routine, when she comes to their bed and they laugh and joke until they have to leave. The problem is that she loves it a bit too much and everyday is harder to get her out of bed.

"Sienna, we've talked about this. If this keeps like this, you won't be able to come to Papa and Dada's room."

"No!" She cries in a tantrum that, while normal for her age, is too difficult to manage.

"Sienna..." Shane tries again but he's silenced by more cries. "We're going to be late for school." He says now to Ilya.

Ilya was raised very differently from Shane. While his mother was an absolute angel, his father did not care about being remotely nice to his kid. If he behaved badly or didn't listen to what he said he got slapped against the face until he learnt. So, when he got the news that Shane was pregnant, he knew he would've to learn how to deal with tantrums and disobedience. He was scared sometimes that he'd got tired and would end up slapping his daughter. But from the moment he saw little Sienna's face, he knew there was no chance his brain would even consider hitting her.

Although he's usually more carefree than Shane and likes to do the 'fun dad' part, he can definitely be stricter than him. It's very difficult, of course, having to say no to those big blue eyes, but he loves when he gets to be the one that educates her. He loves seeing her being more polite because he told her she should be, or trying to manage her emotions because he showed her how.

"Sienna." He's now the one speaking. "You're not letting Dada speak. Relax for a second, please." He speaks with that convincing captain/dad voice that Shane loves.

"B-but..."

"You know you have to go to school."

She stops crying quietly and slowly, realising there's nothing she can do to convince her parents.

"Also, don't you have something very special to do today?" Shane says. She turns her lips in a way that Ilya recognizes as a Shane gesture. "Something related to an animal..."

She opens her mouth abruptly when she remembers. How could she forget?

“My *presssentation* about otters!” She exclaims, struggling to pronounce *presentation*.

Every week a child in her class has to talk about her favourite animal. While all the kids talk about cats or dogs, their lovely girl has a deep obsession with otters, ever since Ilya showed her a reel of an otter grabbing its child’s hand while they go through a river.

She said sorry to Anya for not choosing her for her presentation.

“Exactly, and if you don’t have breakfast, you won’t have energy to talk to your classmates. And you’ve been practicing all week...” Sienna is convinced enough because she immediately runs to the kitchen.

The two men laugh and Shane kisses his husband before getting out of bed.

Everyday Shane helps Sienna have breakfast while Ilya gets ready for the day. He retired from hockey when she turned two, the hockey not being appealing enough when he had to leave his little star for a weekend to play.

He’s never been really passionate about hockey, and now that there was something he was actually passionate about and that his knee was constantly failing, he decided to stay home. So, he’s the one to get her to school and do things at home.

Shane, on the other hand, keeps playing. His case is entirely different. He truly misses his family whenever he’s away, but what is him without hockey? He made the biggest effort throughout his entire life to have a successful career while being an Omega, and now it feels like it’s too soon to say goodbye to that life.

It becomes more difficult every time, however.

When Sienna is ready and Shane has styled her hair in two adorable buns, Ilya and she say goodbye from the car window. Shane wants to cry.

He doesn’t want to deal with it for the moment, so he goes get ready for practice.

“What’s wrong, Hollander?” Troy asks while they’re warming up.

When Shane was playing for Montreal he never talked about his personal stuff with his teammates. Perhaps he could talk about some things with Hayden, but it wasn’t something regular and he didn’t do it with anyone else. Ottawa, however, was entirely different. Ever since he arrived, he was proud to say he learnt what people mean when they refer to a team as a family.

Therefore, it isn’t rare that Barrett wants to know why he has a long face first hour in the morning.

“It’s nothing. The usual; I miss my babies.” Troy laughs as it’s hilarious to think that someone would refer to the animal that Rozanov is as a *baby*.

“It’s fine, man. I haven’t had the baby talk with Harris yet, but if we ever have a child and they’re half as adorable as little Sy, I think I’ll retire instantly.”

Shane lets out a silent laugh. He shrugs, “Yeah... I think that’s the problem...”

Troy understands by his tone that Shane doesn’t really want to talk about retirement, so he tries to distract him by asking what he thinks of this week’s rival team.

Today’s practice isn’t Shane’s best one, that’s for sure. It’s also true that he’s inevitably getting old, and everyday is harder to sprint or to go after the puck without being afraid of being tackled.

Before the practice ends, Ilya is already on the stands, with little Sienna on top of him trying to identify her dad in between a bunch of men wearing very big hockey gear.

When they make eye contact, Sienna smiles big and points towards him with her tiny finger.

Although not as tiny as it used to be.

“Dada! You won?!” She screams from the other side of the rink. Everyone instantly and visibly melts and Shane cannot avoid laughing.

He can see how Ilya is explaining her that this is just practice and that no one wins and she simply answers “Boring”.

She’s her father’s daughter, that’s for sure.

“I think we can finish with this adorable moment.” Coach Wiebe comments before blowing his whistle.

Shane helps the coaching assistants tidy everything up, while Ilya is helping Sienna put on her glittery pink skates that Santa got her this Christmas. They taught her how to skate when she learnt how to walk, and she’s been a natural ever since. While they don’t want to impose hockey on her life, promising each other that she’ll do whatever she wants, it’s inevitable for her to be in constant contact with this sport.

She skates, sprinting, towards Shane. He had seen Ilya go after some of the fastest players in the league, but he’s never seen him struggling so much as he was while going after that little four-year-old little pink monster.

Shane hugs her as soon as she’s in front of him. God, he missed her so much and it’s only been like 5 hours.

“Dada! Teacher Naomi said there’s no school tomorrow!”

“Really? How come?”

“Because there’s going to be a lot of snow!” Living in Ottawa teaches you how to live with snow, however, sometimes it is too much and when it’s dangerous to get in the car, school gets cancelled.

“Wow, you’re a lucky girl, right? Do you want to stay inside with Papa and Dada?”

“Yes!”

Troy and Harris get to the centre of the rink with them, the latter with a phone in hand, probably having made some content.

He’s basically Sienna’s best friend.

“Harris!!!!” She exclaims as soon as she sees him. He grabs her and spins around, making the girl laugh. “Can we make a TikTok today?”

Although they don’t hide her, because it’s impossible, Shane and Ilya don’t like her being on social media. However, they let her do some TikTok’s with Harris that they don’t post, just because she loves doing and seeing them later.

“Of course, I have so many ideas for my princess!” They skate hand in hand to the other side of the rink, as Sienna gets annoyed when she tries to make the videos and other people are speaking, not letting her hear the audio.

Troy looks at Harris with an endearing look.

“He’s good with kids, yes?” Ilya says, elbowing his ex-teammate and good friend.

He laughs. “Yes, he is.”

“And...”

“And what?”

“You knocking him up?”

“Ilya!” Shane scolds him, “Don’t say it like that! Sorry, Troy, you know what a caveman I have for a husband sometimes.”

“It’s alright, no surprises here. About that... I don’t know. We haven’t talked about it but it’s his decision, really. I’m retiring next year so maybe it’s good timing, right? But he’s still young, we have time.”

Ilya registers Shane’s look on his face. He looks... pensive.

Their conversation gets interjected by Sienna’s loud laugh, who’s about to fall from laughing so hard.

“Come on, malen'kaya zvezda! (*little star*) We have to go home before it snows too hard.

That night, Ilya waits for Sienna to fall asleep to have the conversation he's been wanting to have. Not only out of curiosity, but also because he knows his mate, and he knows Shane needs it.

It takes her forever to fall asleep, too excited about all the things she can do with the snow tomorrow morning, but Shane knows that if he strokes her hair a certain way, she ends up sleeping.

He gets to bed and Ilya's waiting for him, sat in bed. He looks so harmless with his feet peaking out under the blanket and his hair being a mess because he just got out of the shower. He cannot resist it and kisses his Alpha.

"Do you remember that time that you got into a fight on the ice because some douchebag said something offensive about me being an Omega and the news said you were a terrifying monster and what else?" Ilya nods his face, confused as of where all of this came from. "Well, if they could all see you right now, they would never say anything like that again. You look like a baby and my hormones are telling me to take care of you."

Ilya laughs. "God, Shane. I never know what you're going to say next."

Shane slips into bed and cuddle his Alpha, a fantasy of pheromones emerging. Ilya can feel how relaxed his Omega is and he knows it's a good time to talk about it.

"Shane, anything important in your mind right now?"

The Canadian sighs. "There's nothing I could hide from you, could I?" Ilya rests his head against his. "I-it's nothing, I guess. I've just been having *a lot* of thoughts."

"About...?"

"Hockey, Sienna, our family... Everything important."

Ilya lets him rearrange his thoughts for a moment, so he stays in silence.

"It's harder. Everyday, it's fucking harder and I... I don't know."

"It's okay, Shane, but I need you to be a bit more specific."

Shane sighs again, he's trying to say how he feels but it's too difficult to know his exact thoughts. Everything is very contradictory.

"Every day I see you leave with Sienna and every day is more difficult. Every time I have to go to a different city it is definitely more difficult. I think... I'm getting tired. But at the same time, being a hockey player is what I am. There's nothing I like more and there's nothing else I want to do."

Ilya tugs him closer. He'd do anything to take his pain and doubts away. "Shane, I promise you're much more than a hockey player."

“I’m sorry but I cannot think of anything else I’m good at.”

“For starters, you’re the best dad ever. I know that’s not technically a job, but that’s what I’m doing right now and I swear it fills your days more than being an athlete.”

Shane softly laughs. “But you also have the Irina foundation, you always have something to do there.”

As they met in a summer camp, they thought it was only right to create a foundation so that every kid in the country, regardless of their status, could have fun over the summer. Ever since Ilya moved to Ottawa they’ve spent their summers preparing and managing their own summer camp.

“Do I have to remind you that the foundation is also yours? There’s a lot of work, you could also work there. There’s always something to do and we need new ideas.”

Shane thinks about it for a second. “Do you think I could do it fulltime?”

Ilya nods as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. “Of course, Shane. The kids love when you come, and you have great ideas. You were the one that suggested forming a club so that kids could have good training all the year round.”

He smiles. “Yeah, I guess I could...”

Ilya bops his nose, Shane is as cute as he was when he was 13. Although now he’s incredibly sexy too.

“That’s not everything, right?” Ilya asks when he sees Shane’s still on his own mind.

“Have you noticed how much Sienna has grown up? She used to be no longer than my arm and now she’s remembering an entire presentation about otters, skating faster than you, and making TikTok’s with Harris like a professional.”

Ilya caresses Shane’s hair. “Don’t tell me about it, please. I cannot deal with it. Soon enough she’ll start primary school. She’ll have homework! How can I help her with her homework if I never did my homework myself?”

Shane laughs. “Time goes by so quickly, ever since Sienna arrived, I feel like it’s been a blink of an eye. Do you remember when she said her first word?”

Ilya laughs too. “Oh yeah, we had been trying to make her say Dada and Papa for weeks and then out of nowhere she said Anya.” They burst out laughing but trying to keep it quiet. “I knew she was going to be a great character then. She said, ‘fuck you trying to make me do what you want’.”

“Yeah, and when she learnt to climb our kitchen counter to get cookies. She wasn’t even two years old! She’s just like you when you ate chips at night because you hated my diet.”

“I didn’t want to hurt your feelings! We were living together for the first time...”

After a second of a comfortable silence that Ilya thinks it's the moment to fall asleep, Shane speaks.

"What if we do it again?"

"What?"

"As soon as the season ends and I retire, we could try for another baby, don't you think? I could stop taking my suppressants and I'd have my heat soon enough."

Ilya wants to cry.

2032

"Finn, stop!" A little laugh follows, "No, don't laugh, I'm serious. I'm going to tell Dad and Papa!"

Ilya grunts. Can he not sleep a bit more on a Saturday?

A loud blow against the floor makes them both get up of bed. Ilya tries to focus his vision, still a bit sleepy, and finds Shane putting on some sweatpants.

"I go." He says before leaving the room.

No, they cannot have a normal morning in this house. What is normal at this point?

Years ago, their life was based on a pretty consisting and almost unbreakable routine. But then, Finn David Hollander-Rozanov arrived. And a whirlwind is short to describe him.

"What happens?" Shane says when he gets to the kitchen, where his kids' shouting comes from. Sienna's favourite cereals' box is on the floor, emptied and all the grains are around the kitchen.

"I told him I could make him the bowl of cereal so we didn't have to wake you up, but then while I was doing it, Finn said he wanted to do it and made me drop the box!"

"Want to do it!" The little Finn says in his defense.

He clearly has everything to lose here, as he always has. They try to avoid having to ground him every time because he's a very naughty child that can't stop moving, but Sienna thinks that's unjust, so the dynamic is definitely puzzling.

"Finn, it's okay to try to do things for yourself, but don't distract your sister if she's doing it already, now we don't have any boxes of cereal left."

"What?! But Dada, those are my favourite!"

Shane sighs, it's very much harder to be a dad than to be a hockey player.

"We can make something else for breakfast."

"But I wanted cereals!" Sienna's eyes are now full of tears and Shane thinks it'd be easier to simply run and live alone for the rest of his life.

"We'll buy cereals when we go buy groceries next, but now it'll have to be something else."

"It's not fair!" She cries and runs to her room, very angry.

This is not fair, Shane thinks, I should be in bed with my human-sized heater, Ilya.

The Alpha gets to the kitchen, hoping to see his family having, for once, a quiet breakfast. But when he sees his daughter storming out of the room, he knows it's just another regular morning.

Ilya can see how Shane's about to have a nervous breakdown. "You know what I want? Pancakes."

Finn's favourite word.

"Yes! Pancakes! Pancakes!"

"Why don't you two get the pancakes ready while I talk with Tiny, yeah?"

"Alright, good luck, then."

As soon as Shane says those words, the flour package Finn was grabbing falls down to the floor. "Oops."

"Good luck to you too."

Ilya gets to his 8-year-old daughter's room, no longer decorated with unicorns and rainbows but now with music notes and painted in a beautiful lilac colour. Sienna's passion is her piano. One day Shane suggested signing her up for piano lessons so that she could try new things, and now it's all she wants to do. She couldn't care less about hockey.

Ilya knocks on the door so she knows he's there but she doesn't even turn her head to look at him.

"Hi, Tiny. What's wrong?"

She shrugs, not wanting to talk.

Oh God she's just like Shane when she does this.

While her looks are more reminding of Ilya, her personality and gestures are increasingly Shane's. She's responsible, well-spoken and quiet, and, of course, she has the biggest heart.

Finn, on the other hand, has stolen every bit of Ilya's personality. He's a wild kid, and he already has that cocky smile that made Shane fall in love with Ilya. But physically, while still having his Papa's eyes, the rest is all Shane.

"Your brother knows how to annoy you, right?" He says while sitting on her bed, next to her.

He learnt in one of those parenting books that it's important to let the child know you understand their point of view.

"He's always annoying! Why can't he just stop?"

"I know, lovely. It's difficult to understand, but some children are more restless than others."

She sighs, tired of hearing the same excuses.

"But he's always bothering me! And it's so unfair because you don't even ground him for half the things he does!"

Ilya laughs "Do you want to see him in time out every time he does something? He'd never get out of there."

She bends her knees and rests her head against them. "Maybe I'd be happier..."

Ilya thinks being a dad is perhaps the most difficult job in the world.

"I know you don't truly think that. You may think you do, but there's no one that loves Finn more than you do. And you're basically his favourite superheroine."

She rolls her eyes. "That's not true. He wouldn't trouble me as much as he does."

"I don't think he wants to bother you, he's not even four yet. I think he just wants to spend time with you and because he can't stop moving, you get annoyed, but it's not his intention."

Siena is yet not 100% convinced but she looks at Ilya for the first time, and that's a good sign.

"Do you think so?"

"Of course, Sy. Do you remember when he had to speak to his classmates about one member of the family? He didn't pick Dada or me, he chose to speak about you!"

She stays quiet for a moment, just as Shane does when he's reflexing over something. "But why can't he stay still for a second of the day?"

Ilya laughs. "He's just like that, baby. You're his sister, but I'm his Papa. Now that he's started playing hockey I have to go behind him all the time, and you know your Papa is an old man already..."

Sienna laughs with him. "No, Papa, you and Dad are young! I know it because I hear someone saying so."

“What do you mean?”

“The other day while I was waiting for Dada at school, I heard one of the parents saying that ‘Shane Hollander is deliciously young’, he said other things I didn’t understand but maybe he was a hockey fan, right Papa?”

Ilya has to restrict himself from clenching his fists. His husband is the most beautiful Omega in the world, that’s for sure, but he didn’t like other people talking about it *like that*.

Luckily, someone else knocks on the door.

“Come in!” Sienna shouts from the bed, her dad still recovering from what she said.

“We ‘ave pancakes!” Finn’s little voice says.

“We made them together, right Fi?” Shane says holding the big plate of breakfast. “And you have something to say to your sister, don’t you?” Finn nods and goes next to his sister.

“M sorry, sissy.”

“It’s okay, Fi. Come, you can sit with me.”

Shane leaves them the plate of pancakes and gets further with his husband. “Everything went well then?”

Ilya, still in a trance, takes a breath. “Oh, yeah, with Sienna everything perfect. But we have another problem.”

Shane’s smile disappears from his face.

“What’s wrong?”

“Sienna told me there are parents at school saying how *deliciously young* you are.” Shane cannot hold his laugh. “You’re laughing? People are saying those things about my Omega and you’re laughing?”

Shane cannot stop laughing now. “C-come on, Ilya. It’s so funny.”

“Shane, it’s not. Stop.” Ilya is so serious, it makes the whole situation funnier for Shane.

“It’s just a comment, Ilya. They probably didn’t know I was going to know about it. Also, I have a deliciously young *and* hot husband.” That makes Ilya smile, who kisses him.

Their kiss is interrupted by their children’s noises of disgust.

“Stop it!” Sienna says, her brother imitating her.

They’re very happy.

Shane and Ilya might not be *deliciously young* anymore, but they're still very happy.

They're on their way to the Irina Foundation Summer Camp, with their two kids in the backseat.

Well, they're certainly not kids anymore. Sienna is 18 and Finn 13, *the age they were when they met*.

Their little Sienna is a lovely Omega who's about to go to university to study English. Her true passion is still the piano but, while she wishes to make it big, she still wants to have a backup plan. Shane and Ilya have told her a thousand times that they'd support her and that she could try with music for a while and they'd economically maintain her, but she really wants to stand up for herself. And they couldn't be prouder.

Little Finn is, just as they once were, a hockey prodigy. They don't want to pressure him at all so they try to ignore the obvious: how good their kid is. Ilya really believes he's better than he was at his age. Not better than Shane, though, *no one could be better than him*. But he has the speed, the brains, and the body, and it seems like nothing is going to stop him. Besides, it's the one thing he loves the most in this world, and Ilya can't help but seeing that little Shane that was asking the cooks how to improve his diet at 13.

These kids are truly the perfect mix between them.

On their way, Sienna is, as always, monopolizing the car's Bluetooth, which her brother would describe as a torture, him liking rap music better.

"What do you know about music?"

"I don't care how many hours of piano lessons you've had, your music taste is still der'mo."

"Finn, I've told you a hundred times. Swear words are still swear words even if you say them in Russian." Shane says, tired of the same argument.

Yeah, their kids love each other, but as all siblings in the world, they fight. A lot.

Ilya can't help but laugh. His kid is messy but God, he can be funny sometimes.

"Ilya!"

"Sorry. Yes, Finn, listen to your dad."

"Traitor..." Finn whispers.

Once they get to the camp, everything turns extremely stressful. They've been doing this for 20 years but Shane still wants everything to be perfect.

He's been organizing every aspect for months but something can still be wrong so he has to revise as much as he can before the kids come tomorrow.

Sienna, of course, doesn't attend the camp but she still goes with her dads every summer. She sleeps with the other girls and she's made some of her greatest friends here.

Ilya has a bad time scaring away silly little Alphas that think they can flirt with his only daughter in front of him. *C'mon*, he's not old school but there are limits.

Finn does attend the camp and he's one of the greatest players there. However, he has some problems with discipline. He's still Ilya's son and, just like his father, he thinks he knows better than the coaches. The Alpha has had many talks with him to let him see that he won't go anywhere if he doesn't listen to the experts, but the more teenager he gets, the harder it is to convince him.

Shane checks that every cabin has everything it has to have for the kids, that the ice rinks are in perfect state and that the swimming pool is clean.

Ilya tries to calm him down, but he knows it's a lost cause. The reason this works every year is solely his husband's responsibility, and he's infinitely thankful for that.

After lunch and having checked everything, the family has a quiet afternoon in the swimming pool. The first years of summer camp, they decided to rent this space but, after 10 successful years, they bought the land and decided to build a massive swimming pool for the kids to have other activities when they're not playing hockey.

Ilya's having an under-water fight with his teen son and Shane and Sienna are sunbathing – with a big dose of SPF, of course – and talking about her plans for university.

“I've seen online my room and I think I'll have space for all the posters I've bought. I'm planning on placing the keyboard next to the desk but I'll have to ask my roommate for permission because although it has headphones you can clearly hear the keys being pushed.”

“I don't think she'll care, love. Do you know anything about her?”

He daughter shakes her head, “I don't, I only know that she's an Omega and a girl. Next week I can ask for her full name and I'll search her up online.”

“She'll probably be nice, don't worry about it.”

The one that shouldn't worry is Shane. He can't believe he was 18 when he got drafted and never returned home. How did his parents survive to him leaving? There's no way he can do it with Sienna. She was the tiniest not long ago and now she won't be back home until Christmas. She's got accepted into NYU, her dream university, and Ilya has already planned a couple of trips to visit her.

Their dinner is fun and filled with the usual bickering between the siblings, but now that Sienna is leaving, Shane knows he'll miss those moments.

Ilya feels his Omega's sadness.

“Guys, please, stop fighting. Your dad’s getting sad.”

“No, no, it’s not that. It’s just that I think I’ll miss even this when we don’t have little Sy with us...”

“Oh... dad...” Sienna stands up and hugs his father tenderly. “It’s okay, soon enough I’ll be telling Fi to shut up again.”

“Yeah, don’t worry. We can even fight through FaceTime, I always have something to tell her.” Finn adds and Shane feels overwhelmingly in love with his family.

And suddenly, such a normal night like this one feels like the best day of his life. He has a loving Alpha, a perfect family, and he’s achieved everything he wanted in life. Although, the thing is that every day feels now like the best one. And so, he can’t help but laugh because all those years ago, on the first day of summer camp, he could’ve sworn that was the best day of his life. Now, he knows that that didn’t end up being the best one, but it brought him the person that made his life feel like everyday is the best day of his life.

Chapter End Notes

if you could follow me on my new twitter account you'd make me really happy! it's @nursdaylight

Everything good comes to an end :) I've loved sharing this space with you all! I gotta say my only twitter account is followed by my irl's so I haven't posted anything about this but I always search the name so I can see when you tweet about it, so thank you SO MUCH about that as well!!! I already have ideas about a new fic so if you want to read it, subscribe to my account I guess! Again, thank you for everything and I read you in the comments :)

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