want

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by multifandomhomo

Summary

He shouldn’t even be entertaining this.

After exchanging such heated gazes in the shower, Shane is pretty certain he knows what Rozanov wants by coming to his room. And it’s absolutely not something either of them should want. It’s not something Shane should want.

Another Alpha is not something Shane should want.

Ilya and Shane's first time reimagined through Omegaverse

Notes

this is based purely off of the show and not the book, which I have not (yet) read. Dialogue pulled from show.

I wanted to reimagine some of the scenes if they took place in omegaverse, with both Shane and Ilya being Alphas. I thought A/A made more sense for their story revolving around homophobia, and the homophobia they would face as Alphas in omegaverse felt closer to it than trying to reimagine one as an Omega, for the way I do omegaverse.

I’m not sure I have the characterization down solidly yet but I wanted to just do a little introspection and exploration of their first time together but with an omegaverse angle to it.

See the end of the work for more notes

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After exchanging such heated gazes in the shower, Shane is pretty certain he knows what Rozanov wants by coming to his room. And it's absolutely not something either of them should want. It's not something *Shane* should want.

Shane hadn't always thought he would present Alpha. Beta seemed the most likely choice. He was competitive, sure, ambitious, but he'd never been aggressive. He'd been shocked when he'd gone into his first rut, and while his parents were proud of him, he knew they'd been shocked as well. Shocked, but delighted. Ecstatic. He was the perfect Alpha son they'd always secretly wanted.

He was also the perfect hockey player. As he came into his build, as he bulked up just the right amount to do well on the ice, he excelled at playing the game. Not all good hockey players were Alphas, but it was a damn near thing. There were a couple of Betas scattered among the greats, but they were few and far between.

It also gave him more opportunities outside of the game. Being an Alpha gave him more shots for brand deals, for sponsorships. He was making money for his family, for his own future, and he was making it doing what he loved. He was doing everything they needed him to.

But there was a part of him that had always felt different, and he had known from a young age that different was the thing he least wanted to be. He'd had the autism diagnosis for a while, but he knew it wasn't that. He knew. He'd always known. From the day he'd presented as an Alpha, he'd known.

It was easy to push down. It didn't matter, not when he had hockey and a million other things to focus on. He had a Beta girlfriend, and it didn't work out, for reasons unrelated. He couldn't help but feel relieved. More time to work on his career, he told himself. He'd find a Beta or Omega to settle down with later, when he had more time.

And then. Ilya Rozanov.

He was a pain in Shane's ass. He was frustratingly annoying, but more so he was frustratingly *good,* and Shane was no longer the best junior, he was the second best. He was second picked, and his parents were still proud of him, but he couldn't help but feel inadequate.

But Rozanov could have been nothing. He could have been just another player to face off against a few times a season. Shane could have forgotten about him outside of those games, outside of hearing about him whenever he listened to anyone talk about hockey, because his name was fucking everywhere. But they could have never even really talked to each other, off the ice.

Then Shane had been told Rozanov was going to be working with him on a commercial. Someone from marketing's bright idea, Shane was sure. Get the two biggest up and comers instead of just one and you get more people excited. Shoot them in one commercial and

people talk about it more than if they had just done two separately. The schedules must have worked out well, for it to happen. A little miracle, for that person in marketing.

Shane doesn't really care. It's a commercial, he does plenty of them. And his payout is still the same, so he isn't bothered. Not really.

After that shower, Shane isn't so sure what he thinks. It's not like he's never been looked at in a shower before – it's inevitable, to an extent – but never like that. Never with such… intention.

He hates the way it had made heat swell in his gut. It made it pretty hard to continue to push down what he has been for so long.

"So, uh – look," Shane says after Rozanov rounds the corner. He's already dressed. He could have been out of there before Rozanov even finished his shower, but he'd waited. He doesn't know why he'd waited. "We can forget that happened in there, okay?"

Shane only glances briefly at Rozanov, not sure he wants to see the expression on the other Alpha's face. He hopes that's clear enough. He wasn't doing anything. He hasn't done anything.

Alphas don't look at other Alphas like that. They shouldn't.

Or, well. Shane shouldn't. He's not saying no Alphas should, he wouldn't say that, just that… it's not in the cards, for him.

Alpha on Alpha relationships aren't acceptable for a hockey star. For anyone playing any sport, really. They've been gaining more rights, and all that, but socially it's still… bleak. Or it seems bleak. Shane wouldn't know. He has no reason to care about these things, other than the decency of caring about other people and their plights. Plights that don't affect him, aren't relevant to him, because he isn't *into other Alphas.* He's *not.*

He's certainly not into *Rozanov,* of all people in the world. That would be the worst possible thing to be right now.

Shane swallows hard.

"Is what you want?" Rozanov answers, and Shane's relieved. Good. Good, they don't have to deal with this.

"Yeah, for sure," Shane says, hoping for a casual tone. He's never quite perfected a casual tone.

Rozanov laughs at him.

Shit, is all Shane can think.

"Oh, wow. You are a really bad liar," the asshole says, and Shane feels his heart beating quicker, his blood freezing in his veins.

For a second, he wonders if this is Rozanov's way of getting under his skin. Of finding something to use to pick at him. Maybe he thinks he can work Shane up, get him angry at the implication he might be into that at all, and get into a fight. It wouldn't be the first time he'd heard Alpha attraction used as an insult in a locker room.

But maybe he sees completely through Shane, and he knows exactly what's going on in his head, and he knows, and he's going to tell everyone. But he has no proof of anything, because Shane hasn't done anything. But if he was asked to defend himself, against that, what would he say?

Or maybe he thinks that whole thing in the shower was over some sort of insecurity over their dick sizes, or something. Rozanov thinks he's showing superiority that way. Maybe Shane is completely off base.

The possibility that Shane has misread the whole situation weighs on his mind so heavily that he doesn't respond, not even as he hears Rozanov approaching.

"What is your room number," Rozanov asks, and that bewilders Shane so thoroughly that he instinctively just… answers.

"1410…" he says. Asks, almost. Probably not the smartest move, he realises, after a moment.

"Well if I come to 1410 tonight at… 9 o'clock," Rozanov says.

Shane has to rethink it all. He settles back on his first conclusion. Flirting. Flirting in the locker room. Alone, but still. It's risky. It's stupid.

He wonders what Rozanov would say if Shane told him to fuck off. Like he should. That's what he wants the Russian to do. That's what Shane needs him to do. Because nothing can happen. No matter how attractive Rozanov is, no matter how hot Shane feels under the collar. Alphas like him shouldn't want anything to do with other Alphas. Nothing. Can. Happen.

"I might open," Shane says, because he's stupid. Because there's something wrong with him. Because he *wants.*

"I might knock," Rozanov says, and then turns away, and starts dressing as if this conversation never happened, as if they hadn't looked so openly at each other in the shower, as if there had been no intention under that gaze, and leaves Shane wondering if he fantasized the whole thing.

Shane spends the next few hours in a panic. He gets through dinner, but paces his room. He doesn't know what to make of himself. He doesn't know what to do.

He's not like that, he reminds himself. He isn't attracted to… he isn't like that.

He waits in his room. He dresses, and realises he looks like an idiot. Whatever this is, whatever they're about to do, there's no need to be in anything but his regular clothes for it. He puts those back on. Sits in the dark. Turns on a light.

There's a knock on the door. Shane answers it quickly.

It's getting harder to deny to himself what he wants, that he knows what he wants.

He wants so desperately.

Rozanov is the same height as him. They look eye to eye. The other Alpha smiles.

"I thought you might chicken out," Rozanov says. Shane immediately feels that rise in competitiveness that he's always felt around Rozanov, feels the heat of it joining the arousal in his gut that has refused to go away since the showers.

"I'm not," Shane says. "I'm not a chicken." Whatever is going to happen, he wasn't going to leave that door closed, that much he knows. "But I think we should talk." Rozanov steps forward, and Shane turns to face him. "Do you want to sit?"

He doesn't know how to do this. He doesn't know what Rozanov wants. He barely knows what he wants, really, just that he does. He wants so many things. He wants, wants, wants.

And Rozanov steps up to him, and smiles again. "Mm, not really," he says, and Shane can feel his own breath coming a bit quicker.

They're so close now. With Rozanov this close to him, Shane can scent him. Shane's never been good with scents, but Rozanov's comes across clearly. A cool mint. Some sort of pine tree. And then underneath it, a sweet burst of berries. Shane takes in a deep breath, unable to help himself. He sees Rozanov's nostrils flare and knows he's doing the same.

Then Rozanov is getting closer, and his hands come up to touch Shane's hips, and Shane feels like he's been hit with electricity. He's never been touched like that before.

He can't help but look down and away, scared for what he'll find if he looks into Rozanov's eyes. Understanding, maybe. Judgment.

"This is such a bad idea," he breathes. He has to verbalize it. Something in him thinks maybe that will give him an out if this turns sour.

His eyes find Rozanov's lips, and he can't tear his gaze away. Fuck, he wants to lean in, but he can't, he knows he can't–

"What is," Rozanov says, and then his hand is on Shane's jaw, and this is happening. It's really happening.

Despite how headstrong the other Alpha is in every other regard, Shane knows that if he pushed Rozanov away now, he'd stop and he'd leave. They'd both be disappointed, but he'd leave, and they'd never speak of this again.

But Shane doesn't want to. He can't make himself, even if he knows he should.

He's always felt like something was wrong with him, for wanting this. Every time he's thought about it at all, he felt flawed, lesser than. But then Rozanov is leaning in, and their

lips are connecting, and all that want has festered for so long inside of him that it bursts into something bright, something overpowering. Something dangerous. Something that could be worth the danger.

When Rozanov's lips meet his, for the first time in his life he feels *right.*

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! If you liked it, please consider leaving a comment. This is my first work in this fandom but I hope there will be more to come.

Works inspired by this one

[Podfic] want by semperfiona_podfic (semperfiona)

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