

bodied

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76490206) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76490206>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Angst , Fighting , like actually , Mental Health Issues , Nesting
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of unthinkable
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-26 Completed: 2025-12-28 Words: 10,216 Chapters: 2/2

bodied

by [wonderlou](#)

Summary

During a highly-anticipated match between Montreal and Boston, Ilya and Shane are forced into a conflict fueled by their feelings for each other.

Notes

I had to get a little crazy, I couldn't help myself. Hope you enjoy, I worked hard on this one :-)) sorry for any errors, though!

Also, I know the timing might not be right, and I know the hockey might not be right, but I tried!

Title from song Love Me by Lil Wayne

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

Chapter 1

Shane slept through his alarms. He had been doing it nearly every day, so now he slept with his blinds drawn all the way up the window so that the moment morning broke, the sun in his eyes would brighten enough to rouse him.

It didn't even always work, and it didn't work today.

He woke up with a jerk, his body knowing that something was off, and his eyes immediately ripped to his alarm clock, which he'd bought because his cell phone no longer made a loud enough sound. It was nearly two o'clock. He flew out of bed. Afternoon practice had started at one.

He sped there in a fog and tripped into the building, taking off his jacket and shoes to speed up the process of getting changed. When he barreled into the locker room, his teammates were already dressed and starting to get out on the ice to stretch.

"Are you good?" Hayden asked, readjusting his shoulder pads. His concern was palpable, but no one on the team was particularly great at expressing themselves with words, least of all Shane.

Shane shoved his bag in his locker, hopping into his gear. The metal took several attempts to close until he slammed it, the lock likely snagging on fabric. It was a battle for later, because the coach was slapping his players on the shoulders as they bled out into the rink, but he was staring daggers at Shane. "Hung over," Shane lied, and he didn't notice Hayden looking at him like he didn't believe him, looking at him like he knew there was something wrong, anyway.

Three hours of practice were followed up with check ups from their team of physical therapists and sports reporters taking statements. Shane ducked the latter only because he spent a half hour getting reamed by his coach, who slapped him in the back of the head and asked him where his head was, slapping him again, asking him again. He grumbled *I'm here* and kept his head down and apologized, explaining that he was tired; he was just so tired, in a funk, cloudy in the mind.

He staggered back to the locker room with a headache that had pretty much been there for three days already, but his teammates approached him as if he had been jumped in the parking lot. He knew it was distracting. They didn't need to be concerned about him—that would knock the team off-balance, put a strange feeling in the air, and that was the last thing they needed before hosting Boston in twenty-four hours.

"I'm sorry, guys," he apologized as they undressed. He hiked his shoulders back and stretched like their practice had invigorated him rather than run him down into the dirt, past the dirt, even. "I went too hard last night." He wondered if saying it again made it sound any truer. He jerked at his locker, but it was snagged, as he'd expected. Dread filled him from the bottom up at just that simple inconvenience. He pulled out his phone and checked his messages:

WED 5:21 PM

LILY: Come get on this dick baby doll

WED 5:22 PM

JANE: Charming

Shane smiled slightly, as if he had any right to. Ilya must have just landed. He felt the flutters of excited nerves. “You bet I’ll be ready to kick Boston’s ass tomorrow,” he promised with a touch more verve than he would be able to conjure up all on his own.

J.J. sidled up beside him, gripping the sides of his chest protector casually. “Where did you go?”

“Huh?” Shane locked his phone and tossed it onto the bench. He jerked at the locker again. It spilled open, and his bag tumbled out of it as though filled with rocks. Fuck, he hadn’t even zipped it in his haste. His lounge clothes spilled out of it; his deodorant, skate guards, empty water bottle, and backup mouthguards dropped to the cement floor. “Fuck,” he cursed, bending down far too quickly. His head swam, and his vision crossed over as he raced to gather his things. He groaned.

“Jesus, dude,” J.J. bent down to help him. “Are you sick, or something? Did you eat breakfast?”

“No,” Shane stammered. He’d completely forgotten. And no, he wasn’t sick, not technically, but he sure as hell felt like he was. He was moving through life at a snail’s pace while everything rushed around him. “I think my alarm is broken, or something. I—”

“Why do you have suppressants?”

The air grew damp and thick, just like that. A few heads turned to tune in on J.J. inspecting the bottle of pills like he had never seen it before, like it emitted a foul odor. Everything began to slow down with the draw of confused alpha scents. Shane reached out and snatched the rattling bottle. “They’re someone else’s,” he insisted. He shook his head, trying to be normal about it, but his hands were trembling. Though he buried the pills in the bag quickly enough, he could not steady himself enough to zip it up.

“Duh, they’re someone else’s.” To Shane’s surprise, J.J. jostled him up against the lockers in a playful shove. Shane would have thought that they would need more convincing, but what his teammate assumed was almost worse. “You got an omega?”

“Oh, shit,” Hayden interjected just as Shane was saying the same thing to himself, cursing, hoping that this wasn’t real. “Baby beta does! He does! You *must*.”

“No, um—” Shane tried, with nothing planned to say.

“Is that why you’ve been fucked up? You’ve been seeing them for, what, months now, right?” Hayden ducked in close like he was trying to breathe him in.

Shane recoiled sharply. “I—”

“It doesn’t even smell like an omega...” Hayden reared back and then covered his mouth. “Ugh.” His eyes were shining though he was likely put off by the scent. “You have an *alpha*?”

Whoever was not paying attention by now was grabbed by this suggestion. As a beta, it was rare but not impossible to garner the attention and the likes of an alpha. It was something of a feat— alphas usually had a one-track mind towards omegas, and vice versa. And, well.

“Can we talk about this later?” Shane squeaked, staring a burning hole through the floor. His teammates turned away, making sudden sour faces, tripped by a spike in stress that filled the entire locker room. His phone buzzed, and he glanced quickly at it:

WED 5:26 PM

LILY: 1841 

“Will they be here tomorrow?” Hayden asked.

Shane looked up so quickly his neck tweaked, his heart throbbing at the red heart, a stupid fucking emoji burned into his eyelids. “What?”

“In the crowd.” Hayden sat down to take off his skates. “Did you invite them tomorrow?”

“Oh, um—” Christ, Shane did not know where to begin his lie. It was too much. He tried to rewind to the top of their conversation. Was he supposed to deny that he was seeing anyone, or focus on denying their status? What about the suppressants? How could he get himself the furthest away from Ilya’s name? “Look—”

“He did!” J.J. squawked, slapping a few of their other teammates. “Oh, my God. We’ll try to spot them.”

Hayden cupped his hand over his mouth to call out. “A thousand bucks to whoever gets it right!”

The locker room burst into encouraging hollers, meanwhile Shane sank and sank into his own head, speechless, the entire conversation having gotten away from him. It wasn’t right. It wasn’t good. “Guys—”

“Shut the fuck up,” their coach bellowed, stepping into the locker room. Silence fell quickly over the entire team, but Shane was distanced from them all, watching through blurry eyes even though he wasn’t crying. Everything was smushed and warped. “None of you should be fucking smiling until I have a win. You boys need to go home and go straight the fuck to sleep. Don’t go out, don’t drink, don’t stick your dick in anything, don’t do anything that’ll fuck up your play tomorrow. Just go the fuck to bed.” A few murmurings passed around the

locker room as they were admonished. The coach pointed one firm finger Shane's way. "Especially you, Hollander. Nothing is fucking funny until we win, got it?"

Shane did not think any of this was funny at all. He actually felt like he was going to pass out. His voice betrayed him, hoarse and meek. "Right, Coach."

Their coach stormed out, and the bubble popped. His teammates, now solemn, resumed undressing.

Blinking actual tears from his eyes, the wind whipping harshly around him, he texted Ilya back once most of his teammates had spilled out of their rink, getting in their sports cars. He was so frazzled from their innocent banter. He felt exposed, peeled back, wound up so tight that there was no room for him to breathe. He reconsidered seeing Ilya tonight. Romping around with him would only make his scent more present at tomorrow's match, and he needed to get his teammates off of his trail.

I don't think we should tonight—he sent as he stood in the middle of the empty parking lot, clouds covering a cold sky. It hurt to send; everything was hurting. He took a deep breath. He had to do it for the team, even when it felt like something splitting down his middle, prying him apart. He had to. He had to.

Shane's head hit the mattress. His left cheek was pressed against the sheets, and he could hardly open his eyes, he felt so good. Ilya's strong hand pressed him, pressed him, by the back of his head, fingers knotted in his hair. His back was bent at a fierce arch, hip gripped and tugged back and back against Ilya's ramming hips. Shane could not even speak, mouth hanging open. It was incredible to give it up like this, to be taken like this. Freeing, unbridled. His entire body was numb and hot, and he panted the word *yes* into the bed, but his mouth was smushed and his legs were going slack and the only thing he could get out was a *y* and a *s*, which made him sound more like a hissing machine than anything else, whimpering, moaning. He was being so good, letting Ilya take him apart, rail him, hips and dick knocking his breath away, all of the alpha's weight crushing him. It was exactly what he wanted. He wasn't even sure how he got there.

Ilya grabbed the back of his neck, squeezing him affectionately there, pushing him further into the mattress. Shane rocked his hips back with no control, happy to do it, gasping around his smile. He could feel Ilya in his stomach, in his fingertips. He was happy when Ilya let out a growling moan and asserted how perfect he was.

He was buzzing afterwards, loose and tender and more settled than he had been in days. He had known that Ilya would do just that for him. He crossed his arms over his chest, watching Ilya clamber out of the bed to grab a bottle of water from the mini fridge. He glistened with sweat, all warm and content, strong in the shoulders and chest. Shane could not get enough of him. He needed him like a drug. At the brush of their fingers as Ilya passed off the bottle, Shane felt incredible. He felt genuinely happy, smitten. It was scaring him more and more, like he was walking even deeper into an endless and eerie wood.

He needed to tell Ilya about the suppressants in the locker room. He needed to tell him that his teammates were onto him. He *needed to tell him* that he *loved him*. He did not know

which one to start with. It was all twisting up in his stomach, confusing his satisfied feelings.

Ilya could tell. “What is it?” he asked, settling back into bed. He touched Shane gently on the cheek, right beside the bridge of his nose, and Shane bit the inside of his lips to thwart the urge to lean into him.

He fiddled with the water bottle, peeling at the plastic. “Nothing.” That clearly wasn’t good enough, because Ilya’s face was flat and disbelieving. Shane grew timid and rolled his eyes up to look at the ceiling. “I just.” His chest swelled and swelled inside. “Does this feel really big to you?”

“Does *what* feel really big?” Ilya asked, looking at the ceiling, too, like there was something up there. Shane desperately wished there was: an answer, a reason for all of this, a way to navigate it without blowing up everything he knew about his life. He wanted the words to be up there so that he didn’t have to say them, and Ilya could just read them.

“Like...” His heart was beating up out of his throat. He felt like Ilya could hear it with each breath he took. He looked at him, but the alpha was still looking at the ceiling, his face cemented over. “I only feel like myself with you,” he admitted in a whisper, scared, scared, scared to say it. He was even more terrified to feel it. He prayed that Ilya understood. If he did, then he was not alone in the world he felt like he was drowning in each time he was apart from Ilya. If Ilya was there with him, then maybe they could actually do this together.

Ilya slowly turned to look at him. His face was— relaxed. His eyes were searching, dark like the sky, light in color like the moon. He averted his gaze self-consciously and his lips twitched, neither into a smile nor frown. “I think you are just in love with me, omega,” he said quietly, reaching out and squeezing his thigh. Teasing. Smiling nervously. Mocking.

Shane’s stomach sunk so low he thought he was going to vomit. He had thrown down a medley of vegetables for dinner before catching a car to the hotel across the street from where Ilya was staying. Then he had walked the rest of the way, anxious and sweaty, and remained that way until Ilya hushed him by sliding into him, strong and sure, settling his trembling spirit. And now they were here, and he had ruined everything by searching for answers.

“Why are you joking around like this?” Shane demanded, crawling out of the bed without a single thought. He was unnerved, stripped raw, still a little gooey. Ilya was talking fucking crazy, dismissive like he didn’t actually give fuck that he was turning Shane out every other weekend. Did he not feel this, too? Shane was petrified of that possibility. “This is real life, Ilya.”

A deep line etched in Ilya’s forehead, confused, simmering. “Do you think I live in fantasy?” he asked, spreading his hands to gesture around the room. It was starchy and uncomfortable, not nearly as welcoming as the alpha’s apartment was, but Shane was so far gone in this all that he didn’t even fucking care anymore, fine with the carpet that prickled his knees when he got down on them, more than fine with the mild quality of the sheets that ended up twisted around his body. He was fine with all of it because of Ilya. He only wanted Ilya. It was a

fucking problem. “Do you think fucking in a hotel room, you sneaking in, is my fantasy? You think I am joking? Laughing?”

It was too much. It expanded and sizzled into the air until it popped, spraying all over them. “I can’t do this.” What the fuck was he thinking in the first place? He had a game tomorrow. *They* had a game tomorrow, and here he was, being played like the fucking fool. He could still taste burnt marshmallows in his mouth as he threw the sheets on the bed and made a mad dash for his clothes. All he knew was that he needed to get *away*. It was in him, and it was fighting its way out of him, the worst part of his nature, fleeing the scene of the crime his love had committed. “I can’t do this anymore, Ilya, we— this has gone way too fucking far.”

“Way too far?” Ilya got out of bed, all rigid, like he didn’t know what to do. He sounded truly confused. “Shane, I didn’t— I thought we were—”

“It’s just too much.” Shane pulled on his sweats and sweatshirt, shoving his socks into his pockets, just wanting to get out of there. Needing to. His body protested and pulled, and he ignored it like he had all his life, shoving it all down, too embarrassed to address it. There was no point in changing now. Being this way was much safer than the torment he had put himself through over these last few months. Ilya had given him a pretty, pretty window of what it could be like to be true to himself, giving himself to a relationship, but this was exactly why he couldn’t. “I have to go. We need to— anyway, good luck tomorrow!”

“Good luck tomorrow? Are you serious?” Ilya’s face turned to hard steel. Shane didn’t care. He told himself he didn’t care. He shoved his bare feet into his shoes, grabbed his coat, and left while Ilya watched him, unmoving like a statue, frozen in time. “Shane, wait, wait one second, fuck—!” The door closed heavily behind him, between them. Shane raced down the hall before Ilya could catch him, because he knew that he would retreat with a few simple words. He never heard the door open again, which was better; which was worse.

He slept awfully that night, shaking in his bed, and when he woke up in a cold sweat at five the next morning, he stayed up because he didn’t want to risk being late again. He snapped into his routine as if everything was normal, moving automatically with the tired, rusted mechanics of a mindless robot. He took an hour-long shower to get rid of any trace of Ilya, although he knew that he was on his skin, in his mouth, inside of him. He meditated for another hour. He put on brand new clothes in preparation for game day paparazzi, and he coated himself in cologne. He ate a large, healthy breakfast, tasting none of it. He did everything he could to keep at bay the swallowing that was devouring his chest.

His teammates were on their same bullshit from yesterday, pushing Shane around, taking guesses on who his partner was. The locker room was a thousand degrees, and everything was loud, amped up to the maximum as they readied to challenge their rivals.

“What are they wearing?” Hayden asked as they put in their mouth guards, spilling onto the ice, raising their hands to the thousands that jeered them. Hayden squinted investigatively at the stands, nose in the air.

Meanwhile, Shane stared down the ice, and Ilya was chatting with a few yellow- and black-clad teammates. He was radiating heat. Shane could smell it: burning leaves turning to ash. His shoulders kept jumping with discomfort, and he slammed his stick on the ground a little

fitfully, kicking up ice. Shane *knew him*, knew he was flustered. When the alpha glanced over, Shane hastily looked away, trying not to address within himself how overheated and dazed he had already become.

“Hayden, give it up,” Shane pleaded, giving his teammate a rough shove, but his arm felt numb.

Hayden slid back, giving in easily, grinning around the thick plastic protecting his teeth. “Come on,” he slurred. “At least tell us if it’s a guy or girl. You saw them last night, didn’t you? Dirty dog.” He erupted into howling and yipping and barking, which bounced off of each player until it was everywhere, all underneath them, rising up through them. The crowd followed suit. Shane wanted to cover his ears.

“Shut the hell up,” he snapped, trying to cut fiercely through it, his throat closing up. He waved his entire team over, and their heads bunched low, connected. “We need to focus,” he harshly addressed. “If we lose this because you’re worried about other shit, I’m going to be pissed.”

“Sure thing, Captain,” J.J. leered, in on the sick joke with their other teammates, seeing as they were passing around snorts and chuckles, some of them peeking out of their huddle in order to survey their audience. “Good thing we’re good enough to do both.”

His team cheered, comfortable, running on the sharp stench of adrenaline, while Shane scrabbled for his sense of reality, wondering when his life had plummeted in this direction.

The roundup whistle blew, and each team took their sides on the bench, the starting line taking their positions. Audience and teammates alike taunted one another, and the atmosphere was electric. It was paralyzing. Shane skated to the center of the rink and kept his eyes low, the bright white ice dizzying him.

“Hollander,” Ilya said quietly at their face-off. Shane shook his head and refused to look up at him, holding his breath. Denying himself made him shudder, nerves screaming, screeching, but he blocked his mind off and tried to focus. His hands were slippery in his gloves, disconnected though he was holding his stick. Could the referee tell that Shane smelled like Ilya? Was his body moving on its own like it did, responding to Ilya’s call? His eyelids fluttered. He jerked them down, pinched them closed. “Shane, what did I do?”

Shane pretended not to have heard him, which was not difficult because Ilya had spoken so, so softly to him, like he loved him, like he cared. Shane, however, could not afford to care even an ounce more than what had been flowing through him for months. It was way too much. None of it was real. “Fuck you,” he spat just for good measure, just to land the facade, his eyes watching the referee circle around them. Hopefully he heard it. He prayed that the stranger believed him. He took a shaking breath.

It was Ilya. It was Ilya, burning up in front of him, oozing displeasure and stress, making him sick. Ilya, who had been a part of his life for months, meeting him in secret, caring for his body and for the dark, unexplored corners of his mind. Shane did not want to let that slip away from him even though it was best to let it go. He couldn’t afford for the information to spill out in this way. He was hyperaware and terrified of his teammates knowing, of everyone

noticing, so he tried to make it easy for them to write the alpha off. He hated Ilya Rozanov. They were nothing real. He refused to look up at him, but he could feel him.

He loved him so much.

Tonight Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov go head to head for the first time this season. They look pretty tough tonight, and the crowd is feeling it.

I think they know that this is a huge night for the Voyageurs. Hollander has not been playing up to what we saw from him pre-season; a lot of incomplete passes, petty mistakes, and oversights. Not to mention his game day pictures have him looking a little rough. Maybe a long night trying to get his head in the game.

Well, Rozanov is not in a much better boat. Reports are that he was giving his team quite the erratic scolding before this moment, and he's had his fair share of blunders too—just two weeks ago, he missed a crucial shot in their game against Detroit. Both players seem to be bending to the stress of tonight's game but as we know, high stakes makes for a high-intensity match.

That is if they don't break, Mike.

The game started with a ringing whistle that echoed down Shane's spinal cord like a tambourine, his teeth clattering together. His skates slid, legs moving faster than his brain, but he quickly caught up to his feet, swiping the puck away from Ilya and moving out of his orbit, torpedoing down the ice.

A hard start from Hollander—listen to that crowd! But Rozanov is right on his head—

The game deteriorated with an astonishing, fatal dive, right out from under Shane. He could not think. Each step he took on the ice was too slow, even though he was racing down the rink, low to the puck. He made a couple successful passes, bodies blurring in a rush, and he was instantly swept up in it, his heartbeat like a bass in his ears, pulsing behind his eyes.

It was Ilya making him this way. He was a glowing force down the ice, moving heavy and hard, leaving a trail of his scent, ashes sticking to Shane's blades even when he tried his very best to avoid him. The puck was blurry in front of him, sliding fast. He swung hard, blind, passing it to a flash of his blue and red—that was all it had come down to: blue and red blotches and sharp lines of black and yellow. Stay away from the black and yellow, stay as close to his own team as possible. It was supposed to be that easy.

Ilya broke through the multicolored fog, face dripping with sweat already, hair hidden inside his black helmet. Shane blinked at him, time slowing, and his feet moved on their own. Ilya had the puck, was passing it off—and—Shane checked Ilya with a rough shoulder, crashing into him, crashing into the plexiglass. He could hardly believe it—he didn't know why he did it. He wanted to be near him. He missed him in front of thousands of people. He was upset with him, embarrassed because of him. He didn't want anyone to know or even *think* that he loved Ilya Rozanov as much as he did. He was scared. Maybe that was why he did it. He hated him for making him love him. He hated *himself* for loving him, tripped up by an alpha, having allowed him to lure him out of the secure closet of hiding that he was an

omega. He scrambled back and darted off, ashamed, terrified, feeling like his heart was too big for his body. It was making him off-balance.

Hollander checks Rozanov— what the hell is that about?

I don't know, but Rozanov looks—he's stunned!

Shane was too cowardly to glance back, zipping and not stopping until he was on the other end of the rink, chasing the puck, studying the formation of his teammates, playing his captain duties. At least, he tried to. He tried very hard. He was overwhelmed, body and nose following a burnt sugar smell, head turning until he whipped it back into focus—*focus*. He wiped sweat out of his eyes and squeezed a breath into his overworked lungs.

The first period ended with the Voyageurs up by one. He had no idea how it happened or who was responsible for the goal. He sure as hell knew it wasn't him. In his eyes, the time had hardly passed, seconds spliced, stretched out. He slid off the rink and was immediately scooped up by the coach, who was in his face, alpha-hot, ripe berries.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked, slapping his helmet. Shane's vision ricocheted. "Do I need to get a medic?"

"I'm good, no medic," he slurred, his mouth filled with a dry, sticky film. He squirted water into his mouth and avoided his teammates' stares all the way until tripped back out onto the ice, not even taking a moment to sit, too full of fire that was burning him from the inside.

The second period was worse than the first. All Shane heard was static, and all he saw was sweat in his own eyes. During their next face-off, their sticks collided, and he thought of Ilya vividly: opening his hotel door for him, smiling all large, feeding him the next morning. Ilya won it—it was over before Shane knew it had started. The air was suffocating, and he kept getting the puck swiped from him, moving too quickly, not as protective over his path to the goal as he usually was, too distracted by the lights and sounds and scents. There was something very wrong. Electricity was coming off of him; steam was pouring from him.

He assisted in another goal because he didn't feel confident or focused enough to make any himself. He could barely keep track of himself on the rink, drowning, and he swung his stick, watching the blurry puck glide down the ice.

One moment he was taking a deep breath and pushing off on his right leg, trying to breathe, breathe, breathe through it, and the next he was shoved up against the glass—*gently*, not hard at all, not so that he went bouncing off of it. He stayed there. Soaking scent, roses drenched in liquor and torched. His body knew who it was. His knees buckled, and his vision actually, completely, blacked, for several frightening seconds, sounds blending into a muted ringing.

Oh, man! It seems that Rozanov has a taste for some revenge—

And then Shane's gloves were flying off, and he was snatching Ilya by the front of his jersey, fire in his veins, blistering through his fingernails, making them sting. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" he demanded. He shook the alpha with all his might, unable to breathe, unattached from his body.

“Hollander!” Ilya’s eyes were wide with such emotive surprise as he was rocked, his bushy eyebrows all in the air, lips parted. Shock. The crowd was roaring. “Shane, what the fuck are —?”

Hollander and Rozanov have officially gotten into a scrap—!

“You’re scenting me!” Shane screamed, yanking and yanking Ilya by the chest, feeling himself pulling Ilya into him, the two of them collapsing into a bed, working faster than time itself, desperate to become one. Marshmallow filling up his nose, fingers filling him, pushing, pushing, making space, making him moan. Ilya was doing this to him. His entire body was broiling, confused, spellbound. “You can’t just do whatever the fuck you want!”

What on Earth is going on tonight?

“Shane.” This came out as a startled yelp, and Ilya wrestled with him, trying to twist out of Shane’s hold on him. His gloves popped off, and they stood writhing together, with Shane shaking him, tugging him to and fro, trying to rip him apart, wanting to— needing him to— *out of control*— “I’m not—!”

“This is serious to me,” Shane cried, jostling him roughly, thinking about Ilya tossing him onto the bed, moving him how he wanted, taking his brain and turning it *off*, making him stink with his scent, coming inside of him, leaving himself there, *in him*. And Shane fucking loved it, loved *him*, got on birth control two months ago *without even being asked* just so Ilya could use him, leave traces in him. It was *serious*. “This isn’t a game. They can *tell*.”

Has Hollander ever gotten into a scrap like this before? We’re confirming— no, he always keeps his calm, he’s the most level-headed player this league has seen in years, one of three betas on his team, but now he’s—!

“Hollander!” his teammates began to shout from all around him. The crowd was too loud, and he felt all their eyes; he was a bug under a microscope, and everyone *knew*, they *did*— *knew* that Ilya fucked him all rough against the wall, all soft in the shower, all desperate on the carpet sometimes, when they couldn’t get to each other fast enough— “Shane!”

“I can’t fucking think!” Shane screeched. He shoved Ilya, swatting at him, never letting go of him, tugging at him. Tugging off his clothes, fingers trembling over golden skin. Dropping to his knees, taking all of Ilya as quickly as he could, begging, wanting to be so good for him, wanting to be his only *omega*. All he ever wanted was to be the best, blinking up at him with wide watery eyes, Ilya thumbing at sweetly the stretched seam of his lips. “It’s all your fucking fault—“

“Fucking *stop*, Hollander!” Ilya shoved him back, grabbing at his wrists, wrenching them free of his jersey. Wrenching them away, pinning them behind his back— fucking into him, in and in and in, until Shane slipped away, falling out of reality with a relieved sigh. Shane *hated* Ilya; he smelled like home, somewhere Shane wanted to burrow into and sleep and *sleep*. He slept the best with him, only with him, ever since that first time. He was ruined for life, ruined because of him, ruined from sex and hockey and sleep and life. Shane lunged after him again, livid, not himself, *exactly* himself. His skates caught, his legs flying out from under him. He was disoriented, exhausted, hateful, angry at the world.

He slipped and fell. All he ever did was slip and fall.

His teammates surged forward, defensive, and so too the referees.

I'm not sure what set something like this off, but the energy is absolutely crazy in here.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

The sharp clacking of plastic and roaring voices was distracting Ilya from the fact that he was fighting Shane. Well. Shane was fighting him. They were fighting each other, slipping and colliding into each other on the ice, Shane falling on top of him. His fists jerked Ilya half off of the ground, his weight heavy on him, and Ilya squirmed, dizzy, struck with awe. He couldn't believe it. Shane was shouting at him like he'd wronged him and he couldn't believe it.

"Shane!" he shouted, heat rising and rising within him, peaking when he grabbed Shane's forearms and forced them off, tipping his weight up and over and landing on top of Shane harshly, cold ice stinging his knuckles as he pinned the omega to the ice. He bore the weight of himself down to keep Shane from thrashing. He was heaving, but he couldn't intake air deeply enough. This felt familiar. His limbs ached with a familiar sensation, a pain he could never shake away until he—

He thought of Shane spreading his legs, moaning softly in his ear, his overwhelmed words carrying a vibrato. He always let Ilya do whatever he wanted with him, he was so good like that, trusting him with every inch of him. No one had ever given him that much trust before. No one had ever kissed him so gingerly. How could Ilya treat him with anything other than the deliberate, aching care he always tried to give him, kissing down his hips, into the extra-soft skin of his inner thighs—?

The crowd was screaming, positively stupid with it. It sounded like they were coming out of the stands, eager to watch their fight. Shane's eyes were wet and unfocused. He lay on the ice and there was nothing fucking in them, pupils filled with so much black space. His breath was shallow and quick. No control. He was gone. Citrus melted on Ilya's tongue, dissolving there.

Ilya stood up and scrambled several feet back, moving instantaneously, nausea coating the back of his throat. The lights were bright. Everyone was staring— everything was moving so quickly, yet it was all so *slow*. Shane was still on the ice. "What the fuck?" he asked aloud, wishing this was all a dream, knowing it was not because everything was so loud around him, crazed, deranged.

Shane had left him. He had just *left*, like he didn't love Ilya at all. And now he had just fought him like he *didn't love him at all*. Ilya felt— he was everything wrong, feeling outside of his body. He was devastated.

He quickly threw off his helmet and raced toward Shane once more, wanting, *needing* to help him, but he was stopped by two Voyageurs who angrily shoved him back, fists swinging, fighting to defend their decommissioned captain. Ilya fought them off, tried to, anyway, needing to get to Shane— and his own teammates fought as well, until a complete team-wide brawl had erupted, referees swinging in to pry them apart. Whistles blew from every

direction, right in his fucking ear, making spots dance in his vision. Roaring, cheering, clapping, shouting, announcements blaring overhead, the ice cold enough to cut, but Ilya was hot enough to melt it, he *was*. Everyone was fucking keeping him away from Shane. He wanted to tear down the entire stadium.

He had only checked Shane to check on him, because the entire game, Shane had been tripping and speeding down the ice, throwing himself everywhere, throwing himself into Ilya. It was unlike him, erratic and honestly a little terrifying— and the only way Ilya could get close enough to make sure he was okay was if he crowded into him a little bit first. He hadn't meant to scent him. He hadn't meant to hurt him. Did he hurt him?

What did he do? He had been kidding, last night, about Shane loving him. Of course he had. It was purely wishful thinking, stupid of him, trying to make a joke because it was too scary to confront for real. Had Shane left because he really didn't love him at all? Had Ilya offended him so badly with just the possibility?

Penalties were doled out everywhere. Both Ilya and Shane were forced to sit out for ten minutes of the period, one-sixth of the entire game, a blow to both teams. Ilya skated toward the penalty box among a sea of booing, and he felt like he deserved them, wishing he could drown in them. He looked over his shoulder, eyes glued onto Shane, even though the referee ushering him pushed at his shoulders to keep him moving. He breathed down his neck about *unnecessary roughness*, as if Ilya didn't hate himself enough.

Shane's coach was on the ice with him, and the omega was on his hands and knees, pushing himself up slowly. Ilya stepped into the penalty box, craning his neck, and watched as Shane rose onto two shaking feet, pale and sluggish. Only when he began staggering away did the crowd transition from frenetic booing to proud clapping.

Ilya huffed and puffed in his box, too riled up to sit down. What the fuck? What the fuck? He slapped on the plastic like he was enclosed for life and tugged wildly at his hair, kicking at the corner. When his coach entered the box, cursing up a storm, Ilya cursed right back at him, spitting in his face, telling him he didn't know what fucking happened and he hadn't meant to pin Shane down. He slipped into a desperate and never-ending stream of Russian: "*Chto, chort voz'mi, ya nadelal? Vzyat' taym-aut. Voz'mite seychas taym-aut, i dayte mne s nim pogovorit'. S nim vso v poryadke? Pozvol'te mne uvidet' yego.*"*

On the Jumbotron, he witnessed his own rage, as well as everything leading up to it: instant replays of Shane nudging up against the plastic and then whipping around, grabbing him, panic on his sweating face. Then falling, though it looked like Shane had lunged at him. Ilya dominating, pushing him roughly against the ice, throwing his weight. The nightmare multiplied across the stadium like a jester before its crowd. And then the screen panned over to the Voyageurs' penalty box, where Shane sat with his elbows on his knees, head down low, the entire time. Both the head and assistant coaches were squatted down beside him. Orange and pure and *clean* dripped from his entire side of the court like slow molasses. *Fuck*.

Right before his ten minutes ended, each second stretching like eternity, Ilya threw up into a trash can, bright yellow, the color of the lemon-lime Gatorade he had chugged before the game. He wished it got rid of everything in his head, his rampant overthinking and stress, but all it did was churn his stomach and make him feel even weaker. His teammates jostled his

shoulders and egged him on and congratulated him for showing the Voyageurs some muscle. *About time*, they said, high off of it. There was something so animalistic about hockey, about fighting, about loving. It felt awful in that too-high, too-drunk way, but was unwaveringly encouraged nonetheless.

He made his way back onto the ice, sick to his stomach still. As did Shane, small and quiet and slower than ever, so it was not really any fun nor a surprise when Boston won. Ilya thought he was in hell. The stadium was quiet aside for when Ilya's team was booed off the ice, fans throwing empty cups and merchandise into the rink, at them. The Voyageurs slinked away demoralized, and behind the team was Shane, walking alongside the medic. His eyes stayed low. His shoulders were hunched.

Ilya would have preferred if Shane won. He had never had that thought before.

He fell into sweeping silence while his team celebrated their win around him. The world moved slowly, and no one bothered him in his haze, likely guessing that he was just disappointed in himself for not performing better, which he *was*, but that was not even the half of his turmoil. Not even a quarter. He could barely wrap his head around it. It all escaped him. Something he held so closely to him, something he had tried to hold on so tight onto, had evaded his grasp, thrust out into the open. Thousands saw it, and they all hated him. *Shane* hated him, shrilling in his face, *what the fuck is wrong with you?* Vacant eyes, laying there under him, plaint, open— in front of *thousands*. Ilya had left him exposed.

How the hell did they get here?

“Congratulations on your intense win against the Voyageurs,” the interviewer enthusiastically commended a half hour later, trapping Ilya the moment he stepped outside. His coach forced him to take commentary, prodding his finger into his chest, telling him not to fuck it up before ushering him out to the awaiting press. The hockey officials had already fined him ten thousand dollars for the fight, together with Shane for starting it. They broke the news to him right after the game, and headlines were already circling the internet. They could take all Ilya's fucking money, for all he cared, to leave him the hell alone, but he wasn't supposed to say that to reporters. He was supposed to please them and intimidate them just enough for them to be excited by him. “Do you think it had anything to do with your scrap with Shane Hollander?”

Even hearing Shane's name brought a whirlwind of dread upon his shoulders. He wanted to ask if he was okay. “No.” He shook his head like a dog. “No. No questions.” Fuck this.

“Just one more, Mr. Rozanov, please!” The reporter jammed her microphone under his lips. A half-dozen more were crowded behind her, fiending for a bite as well. “What was that brawl even about? There seemed to be a lot of emotion in it, and you really threw him down onto that ice.”

Ilya shook his head rabidly again, flushing hot, embarrassed and upset with himself, angry. “It wasn't like that. I didn't mean to—“

Unhappy with the boringly amending start to his answer, the journalist fired off her next question despite only initially asking for one, reading something off of her phone. “Rumor

has it that Hollander appeared to have suffered through a drop, but only omegas go through such a condition. What are your thoughts on these early claims?”

Ilya froze. Cameras flashed bright like the sun, blinking in his eyes, shuttering inside of him. He turned away and raced back into the locker room. He grabbed his belongings, ignored every question, comment, and glance, and stormed from the stadium. It was too cold and he was too dizzy to wait around for their bus or a car, the parking lot jammed up with fans leaving the upset, so he pulled his hood over his face, tugged the drawstrings in as tightly as he could, and just walked.

And walked.

Mindlessly, nearly two hours passed, and his legs, toes, and hands were numb. He felt like he was floating, not walking at all. His head was swimming like he was drunk. His thoughts were jumbled, shaking in the walls of his skull with the same intensity as television static. His hand outstretched on its own, typed a smattering of numbers, and when he blinked his bleary eyes, eyelashes damn near frozen, he was at Shane's apartment complex, and the lock was clicking open with a green little buzz.

He didn't even know if Shane was here, but his body did, and it was crying *yes*. It needed him. It took him through the halls and to the elevator. He had this part memorized even though he had only been here once. In the elevator, he slouched against the wall, his ears throbbing. It was excruciating. He needed to get to him, quickly— but his body felt like it was shutting down, gears slowing, clogging up with his panic. The elevator doors slid open and he stumbled down the hall, his head the same density as a bowling ball.

He pressed his forehead against his door. “Shane.” It did not sound like his own voice. It was garbled, mutilated. A small groan slipped through his lips. “Shane.” He closed his eyes. Suddenly they were so hot, wet-hot, and down his cold-bitten cheeks, warm tears flooded. He was so upset. He was terrified. He was so sorry. He loved him so much. “Shane, please open door for me.” He thudded his forehead against it over and over and over. “Please.”

The door did not open for him, but the handle produced a rickety little shake, and Ilya pushed it before the lock could have a chance to set again. The apartment was pitch-black and piping hot, muggy. He couldn't see anything. He couldn't feel anything other than a still, suffocating air distorting his senses.

“I gotta— I'll talk to you tomorrow, Mom,” a drowsy, murmuring voice echoed throughout the space, but Ilya was so disoriented that he couldn't source it, stuck frozen in the darkness. It haunted him; he turned to the left, to the right, in a circle, needing Shane more than anything, his eyes still adjusting to the dark, belated and dumb. “Hayden just got here, I'll— yes, you can come by tomorrow, mm-hm.” His next words hastened, stuttered in a rush: “I'm okay, Mom, I'm— he's— yes, I will give them a statement tomorrow, I love you, yes, okay.” The call ended and then everything materialized in front of Ilya, his whole world, sudden and clear.

Shane crashed into him like they were fighting on the ice again. Ilya wrapped his arms fiercely around him— and they both gasped, arms smearing across each other, fingers clinging to whatever they could catch. Shane was burning up. He was murmuring into Ilya's

coat that the alpha was ice-cold, *alpha, alpha*, freezing. They melted into each other, needing what the other had, needing what the other *was*.

Ilya pulled away just enough to take Shane's face into his hands, palm cupped around his jaw, tilting it to face him so that he could really look at him. It didn't help that his head was essentially a dead weight. He was pale, eyes large as saucers. He looked sick. He looked as sick as Ilya felt. "I'm sorry," Shane blubbered. He had his phone in his hand still, and he swiped it open until a beaming white light scalded their faces, dramatic black text on an article showing a trio of photographs from their fight: Shane grabbing his jersey, then Ilya pushing him down, on top of him, and then a wide shot of about a dozen dueling bodies. His phone was buzzing, buzzing, buzzing. "I'm so sorry," Shane whimpered, ignoring it, face pinched like he *couldn't ignore it*. "This is all my fault. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"Shh," Ilya hushed, yanking Shane back into his chest, blanketing his shuddering shoulders and breath. "Don't look at that. It's stupid." He reached between them and took the phone, pressing his finger down hard onto it until it silenced. He blinked around the room. It was—as though a storm had blown through, wind separating the sections of his expensive couch and opening the cabinets of his kitchen. Plates and pans were on the stove and in the sink. The fridge had been gutted and its remains covered the counters. The shades were drawn, cutting out any ounce of light, any breath of air.

Ilya had seen something like this only once, years and years ago, when his mother was still alive.

"Shh," Ilya repeated. "Not your fault. It's mine. I'm so sorry." His hands fluttered around Shane's arms, fingers nudging a thick gauze. He lifted his arm, immediately frightened, nerves gone to shit. "What happened to your arm? Tell me now."

"They drew blood." Shane sounded so fucking miserable, and his legs fell from under him, and down he sank. Ilya wrapped his arms around him and half carried him to the couch. From here he craned his head and peeked into Shane's bedroom. It was just as dark. Heaps of clothes made a mountain on his bed, trickling onto his carpet like a waterfall. It was the hottest there, bright with citrus, heat billowing out. Ilya could feel it, smell it. What the fuck? "They're going to test it." Shane sniffed, contracting in on himself, and he sounded congested. "They think I was on performance enhancers because of how I was acting."

Ilya couldn't believe it. Actually, he sort of could: Shane had ripped around the ice like he was trapped in a cage. What a mess. "That's fucking *stupid*," he pushed. He touched Shane's face again, fingers brushing over his skin, trying to smooth out that sad, sad look, scared and devastated that he caused it. His eyes were sunken in and his lips were dry. "You weren't. So it will say nothing and you're okay."

"They're *testing* it," Shane repeated through gritted teeth that were holding too much in. He crumbled a little more, and Ilya pulled him until he was limp in his lap. He was much lighter than he had been when he was jerking Ilya around. Shane got his head right into the side of Ilya's neck, and moisture itched his skin. "It'll show I'm an— this is a fucking nightmare." He shook again, apart and apart, short, choppy sounds coming out of him, and Ilya wrapped so tightly around him that his arms were aching. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have treated you like that. I'm so sorry."

Ilya's heart was racing so quickly that he couldn't speak. He opened his mouth and at first, nothing came out. "I shouldn't have held you down." The sports news was going to say he'd been violent, a violent alpha, wild in the game, out of control enough to put a beta— fuck, an *omega*, in harm's way. It would be entirely correct. And still his heart beat faster, his worries firmly planted elsewhere. "They are saying you dropped. That I made you—"

"No," Shane said quickly. He took a big, deep breath, and Ilya comforted him through it, rubbing a heavy hand up his spine, around the back of his neck, squeezing tight. "Maybe almost. But— no. You wouldn't have. You know when to."

Ilya didn't say anything other than, "okay," because he didn't know if he believed it. Would he have pulled away? Yes, fuck, of course, he would have. He *had*, ripping himself free, letting Shane go. He had never been more scared in his life. Thankfully, his answer seemed good enough for the omega— *he* was good enough for Shane, which was an honor and something he took very seriously. He continued running his hand up and down Shane's back, slipping under his tee to get to his skin, until he didn't feel so hot, and until he, himself, no longer felt like he was freezing to death.

Ilya coaxed him to bed. His room was not as bad as it looked from the outside. It was a total mess, absolutely, but it looked more deliberate than the wreck the rest of his living space was in. He had about two sets of sheets on the bed, making it lumpy and plush, and on top of those, blankets, and on top of those, about half of his entire closet. Said closet was wide open and had a hollow space carved out of it. Hangers were scattered everywhere. His pillows were all at the head of the bed, way too fucking many of them. Some lived on the floor.

"I know it's a mess in here," Shane said coltishly, likely because Ilya was kind of gaping, a tingling, protective feeling washing over him, stealing his thoughts from him. It was a— "I, um— I haven't been feeling well." Shane collapsed into the bed and wriggled around like he fit perfectly, and Ilya stood there, unsure, disconcerted, never faced with anything like this before. It was— Shane pulled him down by the lapel of his coat, and they maneuvered horizontally, the omega peeling off his layers and just— laying with them. Prodding them into the pile until it blended in. A *nest*. "Oh, fuck, I'm so embarrassed, I'm gonna be sick," Shane groaned like he could not take that he had just done this, covering his face with his arm.

"Don't be," Ilya murmured, dazed and dumb. He wrapped himself around Shane, aching inside that he was not feeling well, knowing exactly how he felt. It was a stretching pain, but he had hope, because it was lightening little by little. He kissed the top of Shane's head until iced orange filled his nostrils, and it lulled him into a deeper, less stressful smog. "It's so warm in here. So good. It's perfect. You need to rest now. Long night."

"I shouldn't have hurt you," Shane whispered. He only got more and more upset here in this space, like it was unraveling him. It pained Ilya, his brain a jumbled mess, but his body knew how to take care of Shane, how to put him together. He took his face and kissed him, their dry lips sliding together warm and full. Everything slowed, pulling to a content stop.

"You didn't hurt me," he promised. No, Ilya had not been hurt. At least, no more hurt than when Shane had left him in his hotel room, wondering if he had ruined it all with his flippancy. He had been a little embarrassed then, too, and a little pissed off. On the ice, he

had been downright scared, petrified of causing more harm, horrified with himself for putting Shane in such a vulnerable position, hating that he was so mad at him. “You hurt me when you don’t rest,” he said pointedly. “Sleep.”

“They’re gonna know.” Shane drawled, awake yet only half-conscious, his head on Ilya’s chest, over his heart. “They’ll know I’m an omega.” He sounded so small. “They will tell my coach. My team might find out. They might tell everyone. You know those things can’t be held very long— someone will leak it. They will, and then— if they find out about that then they could find out about *you*. *Fuck*.”

Yes, it was all a mess, right in the middle of the blowing bubble of their careers. It was hard having something so sacred in the hands of others. He knew that. He did. “It’s okay,” Ilya told him gently anyway. He believed deep in his chest that it would be. “We will figure it out. Hm?” He smoothed Shane’s hair off of his forehead, fingertips rubbing away the perspiration there. He shushed him again, wishing he could clear all the water that was building in Shane’s brown eyes. “You are the best one. Best hockey player and best omega. Both will just be true.” He was only willing to repeat one of those claims, over and over, until he died. His lips twitched. He could not let how he felt escape him in such a careless way, not again. He was in control. He pressed his lips to Shane’s forehead and kept them there. “I love both,” he said quietly, clearing his throat when his words quaked. “I love both. I do. So much. I love you.”

The climax of his terror was right here, cresting and then unmoving. He thought he was going to be there forever. It felt like he had a gun pointed directly at his heart. Shane shook some more, and Ilya waited, waited, even though it was killing him. “I love *you*,” Shane finally told him, saving him. Their foreheads touched. “I *am* in love with you. I love you, too.” All the air deflated out of him. Christ, the air in the entire room finally broke, and Ilya could breathe again. And, strangely enough, yet making perfect sense, what Shane did next was fall asleep, like he could finally rest, like admitting this had released him.

Ilya lay blinking up at the ceiling for a while, sorting carefully through everything he felt, giving every emotion its own moment to shine, before moving on to the next. It was all he could do. He was being convinced to sleep as well, especially in this nest. He had been in a couple of them before, but this one was different-- *his* clothes were in them, his coat tucked in at Shane’s back, his hoodie down at his ankles. When he curled his arm under the pillow, he felt a rough, expensive fabric, and when he picked at it, carefully sitting up to look at it, it was his own blazer from the Winter Olympics. It was all so sweet it hurt. It was familiar. He *loved* it.

After a while, he got up and cleaned Shane’s living room and kitchen. It helped to be active when his thoughts were racing, and he wanted to do this for him. He put food away and threw out what had gone bad, mushy vegetables in the bottom of the fridge and sour fruit. He wiped down the counters and started the dishwasher. He swept up and raised the blinds for morning. He lowered the blinds in the bedroom. He took out the trash. He would do this for Shane, easy, and he would do much, much more. He was determined to bear for him whatever repercussions came from tonight’s fight and the blood test. He tried not to check the news, but he couldn’t help himself, his body moving against him as it often did. Already there was polarization: some were shunning Ilya, thinking his penalty should have been more extreme,

and some were bewildered by Shane's lack of control. It was so tangled up. No one understood.

He was quite apprehensive of the unknown, but they had made it so far already, far enough to *love each other*. That was worth everything.

Ilya cleaned until early in the morning and climbed back into bed when the sun was kissing the sky. Shane stirred even though he tried to very carefully settle, and their lips met once, sticky, Shane's limbs stretching long, taking up space. "I had a dream that you loved me," he whispered, a hand tucked up under his chin. He looked like he was still there, all dreamy and nonsensical, a glint in his eyes that Ilya used to be jealous of before he started seeing himself behind it.

"I do love you," Ilya whispered back assuredly, smiling, but Shane was right— it didn't feel real. He wanted to make it real. His stomach felt like roaring waves as he felt these implications all throughout himself. He dropped his head down onto the pillow with a sigh. His hand coiled around Shane's waist to bring him closer. "Even though you have my clothes in your bed. You are a thief. That is why I had to kick your ass."

He was immediately worried it was too soon to fuck around about what happened. He was much more aware of that now, more than he had ever been in his life. However, Shane's eyes burst with early morning light, and an orange-scented laugh stumbled free. "You did not kick my ass," he groggily argued with a slow stretch of his pretty lips. He closed his eyes again, drifting off, but his smile stayed stuck, and Ilya still felt how bright he was, shining even in the middle of all their mess. He was so *good*. "I kicked *your* ass." Ilya shrugged and kissed him and it didn't even matter, he didn't even care.

Chapter End Notes

until next time <3 thanks for reading

*What the fuck did I do? Call a time out. Call a time out right now and let me talk to him. Is he okay? Let me see him." (Google Translated, will correct any errors!)

End Notes

Thank you for reading and for your support <3 lmk what you think!

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