

there is an indentation in the shape of you

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by [underfallingflowerpetals](#)

Summary

Now, those pesky little instincts to *get mated and bred* are making his life hard a second time, because—

Ilya is good with kids.

Ilya is good with kids, and that makes Shane want to climb him like a tree and sit on his knot until he's so full it has no choice but to take, makes the omega in him whisper *mate*, whisper *ours*, whisper *come on, what are you waiting for?*

Or: Shane can't stop thinking about having Ilya's babies. It's just biology, really. Ask anyone.

Notes

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

It's overwhelming, sometimes. Ilya is overwhelming.

Shane wonders if he knows that.

They fuck, and then they don't talk about it, and Shane is—well, Shane is *good* at compartmentalizing. Of course he is. He has to be.

He just doesn't want to do it *with Ilya*.

He doesn't want Ilya to be something he splits up into perfectly even bits and wraps neatly before burying deep so he doesn't have to look at whatever might grow in the damp earth.

(Because then it won't be his fault.)

He just wants—

He wants this one thing in his meticulously color-coded life of hockey and brand sponsorships and occasionally taking a stick to the face to be *easy*.

And Ilya is that, even if he's an asshole who'd waggle his eyebrows and say *yeah, Hollander, you think I'm easy, huh?* just because he knows it might make Shane look away first.

It's good, getting fucked. Getting out of his own head. Ilya knows how he likes it. And they were just messing around, at first, sure, young and pent-up and convenient enough, maybe, in a distinctly masochistic kind of way, and it didn't have to mean that much, but now it's been years, and the thing is—

All that knowing has to be deliberate, at this point.

More than sheer luck that Shane likes Ilya's canines pricking at his neck.

Because it could have been anyone, when he was seventeen and wide-eyed and eager, eager, eager. It should have been anyone. The first alpha to place a hand low on Shane's back and keep it there like he knew Shane got slick between his thighs even with all the scent patches and suppressants and growling that goes on during the average hockey game.

It's not, like, *unheard* of.

But Shane wonders if he would be where he is right now, if he would be *who* he is right now, even, if he hadn't presented five years past the national average.

Right after the first time Ilya fucked him, *God*, isn't that a neat little cosmic joke?

It's like they got stuck, or something.

Shane doesn't even remember what the *before* was like; he knows he must have lived through it in some capacity, remembers how he bristled the first time Ilya called him *pretty* because it

hadn't made his stomach swoop, exactly, when alphas would say stuff like that to him, not before Ilya did, and he was *so*—

Even before Shane woke up to heat low in his belly and his sheets a mess of slick, he was already so *aware* of being something he wasn't supposed to be that the knowledge it had always been fucking *biologically ingrained* in him didn't hit as hard as it probably should have.

Maybe that's why head trauma comes with the job.

You know, because the regular stuff just doesn't hit you hard enough.

Maybe—

Maybe that's why Shane likes Ilya, too.

Because he'll fuck him hard with a hand around his throat and then he'll smile in the afterglow and lean in to kiss each freckle individually like that's something people who don't like each other but have been fucking semi-exclusively for almost a decade just. Do.

Is it? Shane doesn't know. Ilya's the first person who ever fucked him. And he was okay with it, back then. Ilya was hot and Shane was *interested* and he didn't want some bullshit fairytale first time just because he'd be the one taking it up the ass.

And then it turned out he was an omega, and that was his job anyway.

And now, those pesky little instincts to *get mated and bred* are making his life hard a second time, because—

Ilya is good with kids.

(Ilya could probably marry a blue-eyed Russian girl who looks like a doll and pop out half a dozen of perfect babies just like Hayden with Jackie, and he could be happy, for real, and he could forget all about Shane.)

Ilya is good with kids, and that makes Shane want to climb him like a tree and sit on his knot until he's so full it has no choice but to take, makes the omega in him whisper *mate*, whisper *ours*, whisper *come on, what are you waiting for?* like Shane has the luxury of waiting at all.

Like he's a regular omega who could happily live off all the money Ilya brings home and pop out slightly less blue eyed, slightly less blond babies until Ilya gets tired of putting his knot in him.

Which, knowing Ilya—

It wouldn't be any time soon.

Besides, the instinct is one thing, sure, and it's annoying and it's persistent and Ilya's abs don't do anything to help the matter, but every single thing Shane knows about pregnancy makes it seem so, so very unfortunate.

Don't his organs get all squished and doesn't the baby, like, literally suck the nutrients from his bones if he doesn't load up on prenatal vitamins for months before even starting to try?

That seems like a lot more effort for a minimum of eighteen more years of responsibility.

And yet.

Shane can't stop thinking about it.

About Ilya pinning him down and knotting him until his belly bulges from all the come, about Ilya's big hand pushing down on it, telling him he's good, telling him he'll be prettier round, prettier when his tits swell up from the milk, prettier sat at home in maternity clothes waiting for his alpha to come back to him.

Which is—

It's *stupid*, is what it is.

It's so, so stupid, and Shane doesn't know how to make it stop.

He's got the fantasy on a loop inside his head.

It makes his teeth itch.

Someplace where no one knows them, where no one cares about them, and there's a nice hotel and big pool and kids that look like Ilya, this time around, and Ilya gives them piggyback rides while Shane watches, and they're happy, and Shane has a mating bite on his neck and Ilya calls him things in Russian that sound like insults from his tone but really aren't, and—

And it's *really stupid*. Did Shane mention that yet?

Rose says it's just a normal omega thing. And then she tells him whoever he's daydreaming about like this must be one lucky alpha. And then Shane has to fight the urge to smother a scream into his pillow, because it's really not her fault, and he likes her, and she's a great friend, but nobody besides him seems to get the gravity of the situation.

The situation being that he wouldn't mind having *Ilya Rozanov's baby* just because he saw him being nice to a bunch of kids at a pool.

The bastard even asked him for money right after.

Was it nice to look at just because he was wet and naked?

Is Shane an idiot? Do hormones make you an idiot? Is it so much easier for Ilya because he doesn't have a body full of hormones telling him to hurry up and make a baby?

And, more importantly, would strangling him a little make Shane feel better about this whole thing?

Because he could give it a shot. Ilya might be into it if Shane is sitting on his knot.

Then again, sitting on Ilya's knot is debatably what got him in this mess in the first place. So... maybe he should try to abstain from that?

Maybe he wouldn't even *be* an omega right now, if it wasn't for Ilya Rozanov's stupid giant knot. Sure, that's not how presenting works, but everyone knows alpha pheromones will speed up an omega's first heat. Maybe Shane could have had a couple more years of relative peace if he hadn't gone and let the first alpha who asked put a knot in him?

Is this because he's a whore?

It's just—

It's already a lot, sneaking around and texting a number with a contact name he hasn't updated since before he was old enough to drink, and, again, *Ilya was supposed to be easy*.

Shane was supposed to have one nice thing in his life that he didn't have to think too hard about. In his opinion, picking Ilya's knot was pretty humble of him.

Not that it isn't, you know, nice.

It's just, like, kind of counterintuitive, at this point?

Getting fucked was supposed to make him stop thinking, and now he can't stop thinking about the inevitable consequences of getting fucked.

Because he's an omega.

Because Ilya could definitely breed him. He could definitely put it deep enough and it could definitely take and Shane could definitely learn not to go insane at the concept of being a stay-at-home mom.

God, that's—

“What are you thinking so hard for?”

Ilya's fault. It's all Ilya's fault.

“You,” Shane says accusingly, just as the offending party steps out of the kitchen and places a warm bowl of soup in front of him. It looks... bloody? Is Ilya trying to poison him?

“Me?” he repeats. “You're going to get wrinkles. Ruin pretty face. Make me sad.”

Shane swats at his arm. “I was thinking,” he says, as calmly as he can manage, because he hasn't gone a single day without being able to think about it, and at this point he might have to say it out loud just to prevent insanity, “about having kids. With you.”

Ilya blinks. And then he blinks a second time. And then, very carefully, he puts his own bowl down and says, “Are you sick? Do you have fever? Is your heat due?”

Oh, Shane thinks.

“Fuck you,” he spits. “It’s not because of my heat, you asshole. Not everything is because I’m a stupid omega with the stupid omega urges and the stupid omega hormones and your—your *stupid alpha knot*, okay?”

“My knot is not stupid,” Ilya says, clearly amused now. “In fact, I think you like my knot.”

“Of course I like it,” Shane huffs. “That’s the problem. And you doing all this—,” he gestures between them, to the food, to the apron Ilya still has on, to how the very air between them seems to reek of domesticity, “—*providing stuff* isn’t helping.”

“Providing stuff,” Ilya repeats. “Right. Sorry. Heaven forbid I slice beets for soup.”

“They stain,” Shane says defensively. “You know I hate getting stains out.”

“You like it,” Ilya says, like him knowing that about Shane is normal. “Helps you when you’re stressed.”

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it,” Shane says resignedly. “You’re good with kids. You’ve been knotting me since I presented. It’s like my—my brain got all confused and now all I can think is *what’s taking alpha so long?* It’s so stupid. You’re not even my alpha.”

“I could be,” Ilya says. “If it is what you want.”

Shane’s head whips around so fast he wonders if he managed to sprain something. “What?” he asks. “What did you say?”

“I could be your alpha,” Ilya says, like it’s that easy. “If you want.”

Shane wonders if he’s suddenly stuck in some parallel universe where life isn’t particularly hard for him and Ilya isn’t particularly inclined to say the wrong thing at the wrong time just because he can.

He blinks. He blinks some more. He tries the mysterious not-blood-but-beetroot soup. Borscht, Ilya said?

“It’s good,” he says. “The soup is good.”

The world doesn’t feel quite real.

“Thank you,” Ilya says. “Do you still want me to get you pregnant?”

Shane contemplates the merits of hitting him with a pillow until he, like, ends up straddling his lap and it slips in.

He decides he’d rather eat the borscht while it’s warm instead.

“Not right now,” Shane hisses. “Not particularly.”

“Well,” Ilya says, “alright. Later, then.”

The last time Shane checked, they were fucking. And scenting. And Ilya was making him food, okay, and on paper that’s all *courting behavior*, the *providing* and the *protectiveness* and *everything else*, but that’s also just. Ilya Rozanov, so.

It’s not Shane’s fault if he’s a little confused, right now.

“Later?” he says. “Like—after you retire?”

Ilya shrugs. “Sure,” he says. “If you think that you won’t be ready before.”

Does Ilya think about this? Has he thought about it before? Why didn’t he say anything first, then?

“Aren’t alphas supposed to take initiative?” Shane blurts. “What’s wrong with you?”

Ilya looks at him. Just looks. He takes some bread and dips it in his soup. “I have... how do you call it? Self-preservation instinct.”

“I hate you,” Shane says. “I’m not having your babies.”

“So we agree,” Ilya says with a lazy smile. “Not yet.”

“Do you—do you even *want* kids?” Shane asks. “You’ve never mentioned it.”

Ilya shrugs. “They’re nice,” he says. “Yours would be pretty.”

“Ours,” Shane says, because that’s the bit his stupid, stupid, stupid omega brain is stuck on. “They’d be ours.”

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I know.”

“Oh,” says Shane, like an idiot. “Okay then.”

And then he sits there and eats his borscht and wonders how long Ilya has been at least... passively okay with the thought of breeding him? It hurts his brain. He hasn’t known Ilya to be *passively okay* with the thought of anything for as long as they’ve been... whatever they are.

It’s always *get on your knees* and *you’re so pretty* and *like that, suck my cock* with him, so why isn’t he like that now? Shouldn’t he be smug? Dumb alpha pride, if nothing else?

Shane eats more of his borscht. Shane thinks. Shane’s head starts fucking hurting from spinning all the possibilities around.

“Rozanov,” he says, eventually, inevitably. “Do you *like* me? Are you trying to *court* me?”

The tips of Ilya’s ears go red. “Ah, yes,” he says. “I was hoping you would notice eventually.”

Shane resigns himself to what is probably predetermined fate written in the stars for them, and chucks a throw pillow at him.

“I hate you,” he says. “I hate you so, so much.”

“No, you don’t,” says Ilya. “You want to have my babies. Like the fans. The... fangirls? Online? Do you also have Twitter account where you ask me to breed you?”

“I,” Shane says irritably, “clearly have the privilege and honor of doing it to your stupid face.”

“You like my face.”

Which—

Lamentably, it’s not exactly a lie.

“I like your borscht better,” Shane huffs.

“Good,” Ilya says. “Eat well. We’ll have healthy babies.”

Shane decides he would like to die right now, thank you very much.

“I was freaking out about it,” he says. “I’ve *been* freaking out about it. And you were having the time of your life *making soup*.”

“Soup is good for you,” Ilya says. “You need to eat more.”

Shane’s face heats up. Ilya does a lot of shit to him, not all of it wanted, not all of it even *nice*, even when it scratches that primal itch, and still. This is the bit that might get him to actually spontaneously combust.

The caring. The deliberateness of it. How Ilya looks at him.

“So you can get me pregnant?” Shane asks, can’t help it. “Later?”

Ilya shrugs. “If you want,” he says, a third time, like they’re still in that parallel universe where things are blissfully easy.

Shane wonders what that universe’s version of him would be doing right now. Adding a squeeze of lemon to his borscht? Asking Ilya to pass the sour cream?

He can barely picture it.

(But he can picture Ilya cooking on a weekend with a bunch of little kids running around just fine.)

“*Fuck*,” Shane says. And then, a lot softer, “I think I do? Is that—is that really okay?”

In response, Ilya reaches across the table and presses his lips to his forehead.

Yeah, Shane thinks. He'll be good at it.

And then, to his eternal mortification, he actually opens his mouth and says, “You’ll make a good dad.”

Ilya smiles. “I know that,” he says. “And you’ll look pretty. When you’re pregnant. We should practice.”

Which—

Well, Shane’s stupid omega brain with the stupid baby-making hormones isn’t entirely against that idea, either.

But they should finish the borscht first.

(And then he can ask Ilya how he feels about mating bites.)

End Notes

if i had a nickel for how many times i got attached to an autistic asian pretty boy bottom and that made me write fic i'd have two nickels now? i started this because i wished the show would have let us into shane's head a bit more? but then i watched eps 5&6 and suddenly that pool scene had me very "aww" lol

anyways yeah i? hope this makes sense?

tw t @undersomethings, even if this will prob be my only contribution to this fandom :p

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