

sugar rush

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76705481) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76705481>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Nesting , Scent Kink , Vaginal Sex , Squirting and Vaginal Ejaculation , Trans Shane Hollander , Insecurity , Body Worship , Scenting , Oral Sex , Knotting , Crying During Sex , Masturbation , Hurt/Comfort , Wet & Messy , Dom/sub , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Fluff and Smut
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 6,105 Chapters: 1/1

sugar rush

by [huacheesecake](#)

Summary

“M’ sorry, I’m sorry”, Shane whimpers, “Jus’ needed something dirty, couldn’t smell you on your clothes. Smelt bad, smelt wrong. M’ sorry, m’ sorry-”

“Is okay, my love”, Ilya reassures, trying desperately to focus on comforting Shane, eyes zeroing in on the way his husband’s legs have fallen open, revealing Shane’s tuft of dark pubic hair and the shimmer of slick on his protruding labia,

“What do you need, *moy lyubimyy*?” Ilya asks, “Tell me- and I will get it for you”

Or

Shane wants Ilya's dirty clothes for his nest.

Notes

hi this is hua! back with the (abit nontraditional) holllanov omegaverse fic
just some notes:

- shane has a pussy! dark coochie appreciation #stopasianhate (author is asian don't come for me guys)
- afab terms for shane (cunt, pussy, clit, labia etc.)
- both shane and ilya are playing for ottawa
- dicussion of body image issues + forced use of heat supressants

english is not my first language but please enjoy!

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

By the time the Ottawa Centaurs beat the Voyageurs 3-1 in the final period, Shane is sweating and straining in his hockey gear. His hair is soaked beneath his helmet, and he can feel his body shaking from exertion. The constant undercurrent of anxiety and a light fever that he couldn't seem to shake had intensified in the last ten minutes, making his head swim with the heady feeling of a victory despite feeling so off. Ilya is dramatically bowing at the Montreal fans, snickering at they holler and curse at him- laughing at the satisfaction of beating them on home ice- surprisingly outnumbered by Ottawa fans. As the team files off the ice, Shane is the last to leave, numbly skating in behind Bood and Troy as Ilya fist bumps them one by one. Ilya presses a gloved hand to the small of Shane's back, giving him a questioning look as they duck into the hall, avoiding screaming fans. Shane gives his husband a shaky smile, not wanting to ruin the win. By the time they make it into the locker room, the whole team is celebrating. Even the rookies are yelling, throwing their hands up as Dykstra and Bood hype them up. Shane is starting to feel nauseous as he slumps in front of his cubby, letting Ilya lean down to untie his skates. He hates feeling like this, weak and warm, outside the comfort of their home. He knows Ilya can probably smell him through his blockers. They're peeling a little around his swollen scent glands from all the sweat, and he's hyper aware of some of the rookie alphas, watching their nostrils prick a little at the smell of ripe, leaky, *needy* omega that seems to be permeating the locker room.

They *probably* think it's a fan or reporter down the hall.

They know it's *probably not* Shane.

Well, they are painfully aware of Shane's secondary gender (courtesy of Ilya's possessive behaviour)- their team captain's *darling omega*, but they are acutely aware of the fact that Ilya is highly protective of his husband- scent included. Ilya looks up at Shane, rubbing a smoothing hand over his husband's thigh. His scent changes a little, recognising the younger alpha's interest- taking a possessive turn as his grip tightens on Shane's thigh,

"Hollander. Your heat is due soon, yes?"

When Shane had played for the Voyageurs, they had not so gently coaxed him to take suppressants throughout the season for 'medical reasons' and 'team co-operation', which meant that Shane had spent his only two weeks off each season cooped up in his cottage with a knotted dildo and then- later on- tangled up with Rozanov in the sheets. Coach Wiebe had been greatly concerned by the idea of continuous suppressants and had encouraged Shane to see a specialist to consider weaning off the suppressants for the sake of his health. In the beginning, Shane's heats had been sporadic and inconsistent, sending him to his knees in full-blown heat during practice or leaving him months and months without a single drop of slick. Now, it was his third season with the Centaurs and his third season without suppressants. His heats had evened out to once every three months, with light heat symptoms once a month. He had checked his tracking app this morning.

Heat in three days.

Shane shuddered as he pulled his husband forward, burying his face in the crook of Ilya's neck, bruising his nose into Ilya's uncovered scent glands. He whimpered as he felt himself

start to leak again. He'd already changed his underwear once after practice, soaked through and stringy with slick. He needed Ilya *now*. He felt *pathetic*. His heat hadn't even kicked in yet, and here he was, folds damp and clit throbbing at the smell of his mate's sweaty neck. Ilya scrunched his nose in exertion as he tried to ignore the milky, sweet scent of Shane's arousal. He abruptly stood up, causing a whine to leave Shane's lips. Ilya hastily undressed, dropping his sweaty jersey on top of Shane's head and wrapping it around his neck, hiding his scent glands. He ruffled his husband's hair, pressing a kiss to his forehead. He needed to shower and get them home as soon as possible. Ilya looked over to where Harris was standing next to Troy,

"Harris?" he called,

Ilya's voice must have been tighter than he thought because Harris presses a quick kiss to his boyfriend's cheek before swiftly crossing the locker room to Shane's cubby,

"Yeah?"

"You can sit with Shane while I shower, yes?" Ilya asked, dropping his voice, "he is in pre-heat, and I do not want him to panic while I am gone."

Harris looks down at Shane's crumpled figure and nods sympathetically,

"Of course."

Ilya gave him a terse nod and a pat on the shoulder before heading toward the showers in quick strides. Harris sits down beside Shane, rubbing his back in slow circles and releasing what he hopes are calming pheromones. Shane was cradling his head between his legs and whimpering softly, rubbing his nose into the armpit of Ilya's game jersey. Thankfully, most of their teammates in the room had taken the hint and gotten out quickly, fearful of Ilya's possessive streak when it came to his husband. Only Troy was hovering at the door, a safe distance from Shane and Harris, watching cautiously down the hall for any unsuspecting alphas. Luca Haas, concern etched on his sweet little face (Ilya still had a hard time believing that Haas wasn't a rookie anymore), had returned from the club room with a plastic cup full of ice and a can of ginger ale, deftly handing it to Harris before being ushered out the door by Troy. Shane tried to relax as he sipped the ginger ale, focusing on Harris' calming scent of sweet apples and sunlight- desperately trying to ignore the internal scream that was blocking up all his senses and fraying his nerves,

Ilya. Ilya. Ilya. Alpha. Alpha. Alpha.

After what feels like an eternity, he feels Ilya's rough hand on the back of his neck, and suddenly, Harris's scent is gone, and he hears the locker room door bang closed. They're alone. Shane is hyper aware that he's still in his sweaty jersey, but he's barely conscious as he feels his alpha's strong arms tug off his jersey and equipment- dressing him quickly in a scented Ottawa Centaurs hoodie. He feels Ilya tap behind his knees to prompt him to stand and Shane whines in embarrassment as his compression shorts come down, and Ilya is face to face with his soaked panties, sticky with slick and sweat. His clit has peaked out from underneath its hood and is straining and swollen, almost entirely visible in the front of his underwear. Shane sighs needily as Ilya's eyes darken in lust, trying to push his hips into his

husband's face. Ilya shakes his head firmly and grips Shane's hip with a large palm, encouraging him to step into a pair of too-big scented sweatpants that are definitely Ilya's. Ilya keeps a hand on Shane's neck as he packs their equipment bags with one hand, scruffing him lightly to ease the anxious, sour twinge in his scent. Ilya digs around for the keys to Shane's Jeep and closes the zipper with his teeth, hoisting both of their equipment bags over one shoulder. By the time they're settled in the car, Shane has cranked up the air conditioner and his head is lolling back against Ilya's hand that's gripping the back of his neck. Usually, Shane would be scolding Ilya for driving his hand with one hand- but he's too far gone to care. He gradually starts to come back to himself as he hears the garage door roll up, sighing happily into Ilya's scent. He should get some things done before his heat actually kicks in, and he's overwhelmed and incapable of doing anything.

Shane is aware of his strange pre-heat rituals.

But he can't help it.

He begins by cleaning out the fridge and arranging all of their groceries, containers of meal prep, cans of coke and ginger ale in a neat order that only makes sense to him when he's in preheat. He goes down to their at-home gym and changes the lighting, wiping down all of their machines and rearranging the weights. He takes out all of the trash in the entire house, batting Ilya's hand away when he offers to take it to the dumpster outside. While he vacuums the rug on the living room floor, he instructs Ilya to go through his clothes in their closet and dump them on the floor next to their California King upstairs. Ilya follows his husband's demands wordlessly, giving him space to create the comfort that intertwines their scents and bodies until everything is perfect. He cleans the bath for Shane, placing his favourite body wash and lotion on the bathroom counter, scenting a bath towel for good measure. When Ilya descends the stairs and returns to the kitchen, Shane is curled up on the floor, back pressed against the kitchen counter, clutching his stomach and mewling painfully. Ilya drops to the ground beside him, pulling Shane's head onto his chest,

"Oh *moy lyubimyy*, is hurting, yes?" Ilya murmurs, pressing a kiss to Shane's sweaty hair. Shane whimpers against him, pawing at his stomach over his sweater. They stay like that for a little bit, Ilya alternating between smoothing a hand over Shane's stomach and pressing kisses to his hairline and his neck, tongue darting over his exposed scent glands. He lets Shane moan and wriggle against him, trying to adjust his sensitive body into a comfortable position. Eventually, Ilya decides the kitchen floor is too cold, carrying Shane upstairs to the bathroom. Shane sits on the toilet, pitifully leaking slick as Ilya fills up the bathtub, mixing in some bath salts that are meant to ease cramping and relieve joint pain that often accompanies Shane's heats. Ilya watches as Shane lowers himself into the bath, hissing a little as his body adjusts to the temperature change. He presses his forehead onto the rim of the bathtub as Ilya scoops warm water with his hands, pouring it over Shane's aching back in slow strokes. Shane's panting a little and melting into Ilya's touch, a tell-tale sign that his heat is starting to set in. Ilya wraps Shane in his scented towel, blow-drying his hair as Shane spaces out on the toilet, because if he sits down, he'll leave slick on everything. As much as Ilya likes to see his husband desperate and wanting, he knows Shane will complain when his heat breaks and he finds slick stains everywhere.

Shane sits in the circle of Ilya's clothes at the foot of their bed while Ilya drains the bath and wipes down the toilet. Something is *wrong*. Something smells *wrong*. Everything smells *wrong*. *Very* wrong. Panic flares in Shane's chest as he presses his face to Ilya's T-shirt, and it comes back smelling like detergent. Detergent that smells like fake flowers and *bleach*. Chest heaving, Shane shakily reaches for a pair of Ilya's underwear. Detergent. *Again*. He feels bile rise up in his throat as he frantically pulls open Ilya's equipment bag that he's accidentally left on their bedroom floor. He wrenches open the zipper and paws through until the smell of musk, sweat and alpha hits him with full force in the form of Ilya's used practice jersey. He's shuddering, humping and squirming over one of Ilya's clean hoodies as he buries his nose in the places where the stench is most prominent. Between the shoulder blades, underneath the block lettering reading *ROZANOV*, in each armpit, on the neckline, where sweat from Ilya's scent glands have soaked the collar. Ilya can smell his husband from the bathroom as he puts away the hairdryer.

Distressed.

Upset.

Fuck.

Ilya crossed into the bedroom, finding Shane cowering over his equipment bag, tears wetting his cheeks as he frantically rubs his nose into Ilya's dirty jersey, hips jerking against the mound of previously clean clothing in an attempt to relieve his arousal. Ilya tries to school the panic in his scent, sliding his hand into the back of Shane's silky hair, giving it a firm tug. Shane, face separated from the rough fabric, starts babbling immediately,

"M' sorry, I'm sorry", he whimpers, "Jus' needed something dirty, couldn't smell you on your clothes. Smelt bad, smelt wrong. M' sorry, m' sorry-"

Ilya murmurs something in Russian, sitting down amongst the clean laundry to pull Shane onto his chest. He rests a hand over Shane's chest, encouraging him to breathe slowly and deeply,

"Is okay, my love", Ilya reassures, trying desperately to focus on comforting Shane, eyes zeroing in on the way his husband's legs have fallen open, revealing Shane's tuft of dark pubic hair and the shimmer of slick on his protruding labia,

"What do you need, *moy lyubimyy*?" Ilya asks, "Tell me- and I will get it for you"

Shane looks embarrassed. Horribly embarrassed. But he's slick and needy, pulling one of Ilya's hands down to rest over his pubic mound, canting his hips forward helplessly. Ilya keeps his hand there, simply resting, resisting the urge to swipe over Shane's swollen clit,

"I will not touch you until you tell me", he says firmly, letting his voice slip into a deeper rumble, "tell me- and then I will touch you how you want."

Shane makes a frustrated mewling noise, turning around to press his wet lips against the lobe of Ilya's ear,

“Promise you won’t think m’ gross?” he whispers, nose twitching and lip wobbling with unshed tears. It’s the easiest request in the world. There is no way in the world that Ilya will ever think his mate is gross. Maybe sexy *and* gross, wet *and* gross, pretty *and* gross. But often, ‘gross’ was a synonym for incredibly hot when it came to Shane and sex. Ilya nods as Shane gasps wetly into his ear,

“Wan’ your clothes,” he pants, “your *dirty clothes*. Your sweaty gym clothes. Underwear you worked out in. Your towels from practice. *Your socks*.”

Fuck.

Okay.

Definitely gross.

Definitely sexy.

Soon enough, Ilya is dumping a week's worth of dirty laundry on top of their bed, watching Shane rearrange the various articles of clothing into a careful U-shape in the middle of their bed. Up against the pillows, Shane has put two of Ilya's practice jerseys, surrounded by a few pairs of sweats that Ilya wore to do some yard work on the weekend. Ilya watched his mate work, drowning in an old Boston Bears T-shirt that had been cut into a tank top. Shane had also put on a pair of underwear and a panty liner, refusing to work dripping slick all over the duvet cover. Ilya had tried to convince him that the duvet was going to get dirty regardless, but Shane wouldn't listen. Instead, Ilya dragged a cooler into the room, pouring a bag of ice and some bottled electrolyte drinks, alongside some ice packs in case Shane started to overheat. Bringing in a box of protein bars and some fruit, Ilya stood, leaning against the door frame at the sickently sexy sight of his mate, of his husband, curled up in his nest, entirely naked. Ilya dropped the food on the blanket chest, walking over to the foot of the bed. He placed a hand on Shane's outstretched ankle, quietly asking for permission to enter his mate's nest. Shane nods, heavy-lidded eyes blinking slowly in the dim light. Ilya moves slowly until his back is resting on the headboard and he's pulling his shirt off, tossing it over the edge of the bed. Shane sits beside him, shying away from his husband's touch. He's curled inward, sitting awkwardly with two hands covering the front of his cunt, cheeks blotchy and eyes darting anxiously over his handiwork,

“Ilya,” he murmurs, “Do you like my nest?”

Ilya grunts, holding a hand out until Shane is resting in the crook of his arm, bodying zinging with tension,

“It is wonderful moy lyubimyy, I like it very much”, Ilya assures, “I like that you have added my jerseys, this way everyone knows you are mine, yes?”

He reaches for one of Shane's wrists,

“Maybe it is time to ruin it a bit?” he says, tone coying and suggestive. To his surprise, Shane shakes his head wildly and pulls the pantleg of a pair of Ilya's sweats to hide his crotch. Ilya nods easily. Maybe Shane doesn't want to be touched yet. That's okay. He can

work with that. Shane makes a needy sound in the back of his throat, chewing absentmindedly on the inside of his cheek. He's flushed with embarrassment, but his scent is warm and milky and content, happy to have pleased his alpha. Ilya chuckles and presses a kiss to Shane's hair. His husband has always been quick to blush and easy to tease. Now, in the preheat daze, he looks absolutely gorgeous, reacting so easily to even the slightest compliment. His fever from earlier seems to have gone down, and he's shivering a bit, whimpering when Ilya gestures questioningly at one of his worn grey hoodies at the foot of the nest.

"How about this one?" Ilya suggests as Shane nods, "It will keep you warm, yes?"

Ilya drops the hoodie over Shane's head before lying down, patting his chest as Shane lies down beside him,

"We can sleep here until you are ready."

Shane wakes up sometime after 3 am, hot and feverish and panting. His whole body feels like he's been lit by a furnace, and he can feel sweat gathering on his neck and armpits, uncomfortably sliding against the fabric of Ilya's hoodie. The duvet cover is damp underneath his spread thighs, and he's struck with the desperate need to be filled right now. Ilya is soundly asleep next to him, one hand resting across his chest, the other tucked underneath Shane's head. His heavy, musky scent is woven through with the smell of the forest and pine, making Shane's mouth water in anticipation. Shane groaned softly as his stomach cramped in protest, demanding the scent and touch and attention of his alpha. He looks at Ilya's face in the lamplight. Bags are etched underneath his eyes, and wrinkle lines are visible across his forehead. Shane whimpers guiltily. He knows how much this season means to Ilya. Their first season after their first Stanley Cup win together. As much as the biological need in his body is screaming, Shane wants to be good for his alpha. He adjusts his body so his face is burrowed in Ilya's armpit, nose tickling the coarse curls there, breathing in his husband's rich scent. He reaches down to his dripping cunt, sliding a finger through his wet fold with a barely suppressed moan. He rubs over his swollen clit, chest heaving as he slides his fingers down further and further until he's sliding two into his hole, instantly clenching down with a guttural whine. He rolls down all fours, clutching Ilya's bicep with one arm as he lays his forehead on the bed, hips slamming down on two of his fingers at a bruising pace. Shane blinks through tears.

It's not enough.

He can feel a sob building as he pulls his fingers out to frantically rub over his clit, shuddering as he reaches for his purple dildo, sitting on the nightstand. He whimpers as he slides down on the dildo, lips parted and drooling, jerking his clit in hurried motions. Heat and desperation roil through him, tears flowing as he feels himself get closer and closer to orgasm. But he's *so empty*. Horribly *empty*. He wants *Ilya*. He wants to be full. He wants to be- he wants-

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Shane's hips stop mid-thrust as he looks up. Ilya is sitting up, eyes wide and confused at the sight in front of him. Shane, face down, needily fucking himself on a dildo, back flushed and hips trembling. Shane blinks up blurrily and nudges his chin against Ilya's hip,

"Jus' tryna take the edge of" he confesses, trying to comprehend the look of betrayal on Ilya's face.

"Trying to take the edge off- Hollander"

Fuck.

Ilya looks angry, but Shane's brain is working at a snail's pace, unable to understand why Ilya would be angry. Was it because Shane woke him up? He had been trying to keep quiet. He resumes fucking himself on the dildo, sighing as he clenches miserably around its very average girth. Ilya grabs him by the chin and hauls him up onto his lap, sliding the dildo out and gingerly placing it on a pile of gym shirts,

"Hollander. You are in heat. Why didn't you wake me up?"

Shane whimpers, trying to hide in the crook of Ilya's neck. Ilya clearly disapproves,

"Hey, hey, hey- stop", he murmurs, rubbing a hand assuringly down Shane's spine, "I am awake now, yes? So tell me why you did not wake me up."

Shane takes a wet breath,

"Didn't want to bother you," he admits, "You've been tired lately and-"

"Hollander. You are not bothering me. This is your heat."

"Not bothering you?"

"No, Hollander. Is your heat. I get to fuck you. No I am not bothered," Ilya retorts, almost offended by the idea that Shane's body in a horny, biological mess would 'bother him'. He looks into Shane's teary eyes, pushing his sweaty bangs off his forehead,

"What is the matter, Hollander?" he asks, "There is something wrong. I can smell it."

Shane shakes his head, heat spiking sourly with distress,

"It's stupid."

"I do not care."

Shane sighs and wriggles in Ilya's lap, pressing his face into his husband's collarbone,

"Idon'tlikethewaymybodylooks"

Ilya frowns,

"Slower moy lyubimyy, I cannot hear you"

Shane huffs and looks down, staring determinedly at the waistband of Ilya's boxer briefs,

"I don't like the way my body looks," he confesses, even breathing faltering as he sobs, chest shaking and heaving, "When I'm in heat- everything gets so messy and I want messy things a-and I don't look pretty. There's slick everywhere and my skin's red all the time and my clit feels swollen and ridiculous. And everything feels awful and uneven and I'm not pretty- like all the other omegas you've been with- m-my cunt is so dark, and it's not pretty and pink."

Ilya's eyes darken with each word that Shane punctuates, frown deepening as he rubs smoothing circles over Shane's shoulder blades. His palms slide down over Shane's chest and skim over his pert, brown nipples, rubbing them appreciatively. He doesn't say anything as he gently flips them over, pressing Shane against the headboard and lowering himself down until his face is between Shane's thighs and Shane- with a high keen of embarrassment, shoves his hands down in a desperate attempt to hide his cunt. Ilya, with the reaction time of the best (or second best) NHL player in the league, pins Shane's wrist to the duvet cover, eyes darkening dangerously.

"You think that you are not pretty", he says, voice slow and deep. Shane gulps and throws his head back against the headboard, thighs twitching. Ilya kisses his way down Shane's stomach, following his happy trail, punctuating each word with a kiss,

"You"

Kiss.

"Think"

Kiss.

"That"

Kiss.

"You"

Kiss.

"Are"

Kiss.

"Not"

Kiss.

"Pretty"

Ilya's lips settle on Shane's pubic mound, lips buried in the silky black hair,

"Shall I tell you, Hollander?"

Shane feels his body tremble as he starts to steadily leak slick under Ilya's ministrations,

"Your cunt is the prettiest one I have ever fucked", he murmurs, lips tracing lovingly over the hood of Shane's clit, "your clit so thick and pert and pretty, especially when it's twitching right before you cum. Your lips are always glistening with a slick when you go into heat. And your hole. Fuck your hole."

Shane whimpers, fingers digging into Ilya's hair. Ilya ducks his head, tongue lapping up the slick that's pooling on the cover,

"Want to fucking crawl inside and live there. So fucking pretty Hollander"

Ilya looks up, his grip tightening around Shane's thick thighs. Shane shudders at the sight, hole clenching around nothing. Ilya's chin is covered in saliva and slick, lips shining with it. His pupils are fucking huge, boring into Shane with pure admiration and a sickening amount of love. Ilya slides up his mate's body until he's face to face with Shane, swiping a hand across his lips before leaning down for an open-mouthed kiss. Shane whimpers needily into it, hiccuping messily into Ilya's mouth. Ilya pulls back, kissing the column of Shane's neck before sitting up to look him in the eyes,

"You are going to sit in our nest, yes?" he says, "I am going to eat your pretty cunt. Then you will cum for me and I will fuck you and knot you until your heat breaks." Shane nods desperately, letting his thighs fall open- as wide as his body will allow. He keens in embarrassment when he feels stringy strands of slick part like spider webs on the insides of his thighs, realising exactly how much he was leaking while listening to Ilya outline exactly how he was going to take him apart. Shane sobbed as Ilya lowered himself back down between his husband's thighs, hot breath ghosting over his quivering clit. The anticipation of pleasure, the feeling of the barely there sensation of Ilya's tongue, was killing Shane. He grunted in frustration and dug his hands into Ilya's hair, urging him down. And Ilya fucking went for it. He sucked urgently on Shane's swollen clit as he slid two fingers into his weeping hole, fingers scissoring apart, stretching and crooking until Shane's eyes flew open in the sudden tap against his g-spot, rubbing in slow, syrupy circles. Ilya abandoned Shane's clit for a second, spitting around the entrance and bullying the hood with his thumb, fingers pressing urgently until Shane's back was arching off the bed, hips trembling. Ilya smirked as he looked up at Shane's fucked out expression,

"Haven't even fucked you yet and you are already crying", he mocked, lip curving in the satisfaction of the change in Shane's scent. The sour, anxiousness that had tinged the edge of Shane's warm, milky scent of arousal was gone, replaced with a content, deep creaminess that Ilya adored. Ilya spread Shane's labia, leaning down to spit on them, making them even wetter and slicker than before. Shane whimpers as Ilya looks up at him again, eyes dancing with the pleasure of reducing his husband to a sobbing mess,

"It feels good, yes?"

"S' so good" Shane slurs, canting his hips upward, "G-gonna cum soon"

Ilya hums and adds a third finger, thrusting them until the pad of his thumb is bumping into Shane's swollen clit, rubbing the sensitive nub at a bruising pace. Shane whines, arching his

back,

“Gonna cum, gonna cum fuck- gonnasquirt”

He moans as he clamps down on Ilya’s fingers, gushing all over his spread thighs and onto Ilya’s face. Ilya eagerly laps up the mess, cooing as Shane thrashes from the oversensitivity. Shane sighs, wrapping his legs around Ilya’s waist as Ilya leans up to kiss him silly, rubbing his nose over Shane’s scent glands. Ilya chuckles as Shane does the same, teeth ghostling their matching mating marks. Shane feels dizzy as he looks at the healed-over outline of his teeth against the pale skin of Ilya’s neck. His eyelids shutter as he remembers Ilya’s promise and he suddenly feels so empty. He looks up into Ilya’s eyes, pouting and blinking away his tears,

“Please fuck me.”

Ilya squeezes his eyes shut, and with all his restraint, he shakes his head,

“Food and water first, yes?”

Shane pouts,

“Want you to fuck me” he whines, putting on his best impression of a pouting child, “Fuck me now.”

Ilya shakes his head,

“Moy lyubimyy, you need to eat something while you still can, yes? Then I will fuck you.”

Shane lightly pummels his fists against Ilya’s chest, sulking. Ilya jokingly rolls his eyes and reaches over the side of the bed for the Gatorade he put in the cooler. He pops the stopper open and hands it to Shane, ripping open the box of protein bars. Shane sighs but takes the bottle, squirting some liquid into his mouth as Ilya takes a bite of a chocolate-flavoured protein bar. They’re both disgustingly sweaty as Ilya reaches for the remote for the air conditioner, speeding up the fan and decreasing the temperature. They sit in silence for a while, eating and drinking until another wave of cramps hits Shane, and his head is lolling against Ilya’s chest, his fever spiking dangerously. They move into the centre of the nest as Shane pulls Ilya down onto him, reaching for the front of Ilya’s sweats. It’s a miracle Ilya hasn’t exploded yet. The head of his cock is so hard it’s almost purple, and Shane can see the skin at the base of Ilya’s cock is pink for his knot inflating once (probably when he was very enthusiastically eating Shane out). Ilya flushes and ducks his head, pressing his nose into Shane’s scent gland,

“Just want it to be good for you” Ilya grunts, “I wanted to fuck you since the locker rooms. You smell so fucking good when you want me.” Shane preens at the praise, weakly thrusting his hips into the front of Ilya’s sweats,

“Wan’ you to put it inside” he begs, “Want to feel you.” Ilya shudders and kicks his sweats the rest of the way off, tucking his boxers underneath his balls. He slid a couple of fingers into Shane, letting him adjust to stretch and reaching for a condom. As much as he wanted to

fully knot Shane, to fuck him raw until cum was dripping from his hole, they had responsibilities. Team responsibilities. Ilya gritted his teeth as he tugged the condom on, sliding his fingers out of Shane's sopping hole to smear the slick over the head of his cock,

"You get so fucking wet, Hollander" he grunted, "Don't even need lube, yes?"

Shane whimpered, spreading his thighs with both palms,

"Shut up" he whined, "Jus' fuck me already."

"Bossy."

Ilya slid home and fuck- Shane was fucking strangling him. Shane clamped down on Ilya's cock, groaning and shaking as Ilya started to thrust, gripping the headboard above so hard Shane was worried the wood would snap. Ilya shuddered, pressing one palm down over Shane's womb, feeling his cock move under his hand. He grabbed for one of Shane's wrists, pressing his hand into the same place, watching Shane's eyes roll back at the sheer realisation that Ilya was fucking him so hard- the shape of him was imprinted on his fucking walls. Shane panted, and he desperately rubbed the heel of his palm over his swollen clit, gritting his teeth as Ilya grunted, breathing through his teeth in shuddering breaths. He could feel Ilya's knot starting to swell at the base; he could feel himself getting stretched, being filled, being so utterly consumed by the thought that Ilya Rozanov, his husband, his mate, was fucking him so hard in their nest, their nest that he had made. Shane felt Ilya grab his wrist and pull it away, replacing the hand on Shane's clit with his own, rubbing over it with his thumb in time with the shallow thrusts he was making to accompany his swelling knot. Shane sighed dreamily as he felt his orgasm begin to wash over him, weaker than the first as he clamped desperately around Ilya's knot. Ilya grunted and collapsed forward, spooning Shane from the back and kissing Shane's scent glands as his knot tied them together. Shane was smelling distinctly of strawberries and cream, the milky flavour of arousal replaced with pure, sexual satisfaction. Ilya loved making his husband feel like this. To feel so content and happy, fully seated on Ilya's knot, with Ilya peppering kisses all over the nape of his neck. As they lay together, legs tangled in a sweaty mess, Ilya started to murmur against the shell of Shane's ear in a quiet confession,

"Love you when you get like this", he says softly, voice dropping into a low rasp, "When you open up for me. Even when you are not- how you say? Liking your body. You trust me. Is nice to know that you trust me."

Shane nods, a lump forming in his throat as Ilya palms his chest in slow circular motions, pressing gentle kisses to the juncture of Shane's neck and shoulder. Shane can hear Ilya murmuring in Russian, soft endearments that sound so so loving in his native tongue. Shane sighs happily, almost getting lulled to sleep at the sheer comfort that is enveloping his body. Ilya's knot stuffed deep in his cunt, Ilya's mouth pressing kisses on his shoulders, and the way that Ilya's whole body is pressed against his, muscles and landscapes upon landscapes of skin caressing him as if Shane is the most precious thing in the entire world. Shane let his mind drift to his first heat, hitting him full throttle in a toilet stall at his local skating rink. He was sixteen and freshly presented, unknowing about the sheer force of what a heat could do. He remembers his coach pulling the hem of his hoodie over his nose and mouth to muffle his senses, tugging Shane by the arm out toward the team medic. He remembered crying for his

parents, wanting nothing but the comforting scent of home and familiarity, anything he begged, anything but the cold, sterile environment of a hospital. He remembers swallowing two pills. One to manage his estrogen and progesterone levels, and one to prevent heat-like symptoms from developing. His secondary gender had become a horrid tool of suppression and even when he was older, he would turn off all the lights in his cottage and pull the blinds down, fucking himself with a knotted dildo until his voice was raw from crying. He had never imagined a world in which he would find a mate as loving and unexpected as Ilya. And yet, here he was. Maybe it was strange to think romantic thoughts while Ilya was balls deep inside him, but Shane didn't care. He barely noticed when Ilya slid out of him, the latex snap of the condom coming off falling on deaf ears. He wriggled in discomfort until Ilya draped his body over Shane's, caressing his flank and stomach until he fell asleep.

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"Feeling better, Hollzy?" Bood asked, clapping Shane on the back, the following week at practice. Shane nodded, shaking his head at the team's enthusiasm. He always felt a little bit guilty when they took time off games and practice for his heat, and three seasons later, he still got whiplash from the sheer weight of support and kindness that the team seemed to show him. Ilya rested a dangerous hand on Boodram's shoulder, looking at him darkly,

"Is still recovering," he said, and Bood laughed harder, patting Ilya's broad shoulders,

"I'm sure he is, Cap".

Shane flushed as a chorus of chirping erupted in Ilya's direction, while Ilya told them all to 'shut up or do another round of drills'. He could tell from Ilya's scent that he was ridiculously happy. Happy that his teammates tease them about their sex life, happy that their teammates know about their relationship and happy that Shane, who once felt so inwardly ashamed, was being so openly embraced by a sport that had once threatened to push them both out. One of the staff members knocked on the locker room door, elbowing her way in with a clipboard,

"Sorry to interrupt" she called, "Ilya- I just noticed that we can't find any of your jerseys. Both of your practice ones are missing from last week. And one of your game ones as well."

Ilya paused and swung around, pursing his lips and avoiding eye contact,

"Is very strange", he quipped, "Definitely placed them in the washing hamper"

Shane blushed. They were definitely not in the team washing hamper. But rather than sitting on the laundry floor at home, mingling with most of the other clothes that had made up their nest. The whole locker room was silent, eyes trained on Ilya's guilty expression. The staff member sighed and shrugged,

"Just bring them next week."

End Notes

this is much fluffier than i anticipated but i think the filth still pulled through? hope you guys enjoyed!

if you guys have any fic requests or ideas pls pop them in the comments! ty

you guys seemed to like piss kink hollanov so i might do a 5+1 things?

also thank you sm for all the kudos and comments <3 you guys are so sweet!

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