Standing in the eye of the storm

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77080816.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Yuna Hollander, David Hollander, Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Omega Shane Hollander, Mpreg | Male Pregnancy, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Protective Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, I'm coming to the cottage, Will You Come To My Cottage This Summer, Secret Relationship, ice hockey players, Angst with a Happy Ending, Smut, Fluff, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Blow Jobs, slick, Growling, Whining, Shane pretends to be an Alpha, Hidden Second Gender, hidden pregnancy
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Completed: 2026-01-09 Words: 18,614 Chapters: 13/13

Standing in the eye of the storm

by LoveLaughLarry (C2811)

Summary

“I’m coming to the cottage,” Shane heard when he answered his phone. He was momentarily stunned, he hadn’t expected Ilya to bring it up again himself, let alone say yes so easily.

“Shane, are you there? Or ehm, if you don’t want me to come anymore, that’s okay too,” he heard Ilya stammer.

“No!” Shane exclaimed quickly. “I definitely want you to come!”

“Oh, thank goodness, for a minute I thought I’d made a fool of myself, because you didn’t remember even asking me or something. You did seem pretty high when you did.”

Shane laughed at that. “I was very high, but not just on the meds,” he said.

“Well Mr. Hollander, are you flirting with me?” Ilya exclaimed and then he giggled. He actually giggled and the sound made Shane feel weak in the knees.

“What if I am?” he breathed out.

“You have lot of talk,” Ilya replied, and Shane could almost hear him smirking. “Maybe you should put your hands where your mouth is!”

Shane barked out a laugh.

“What?” Ilya asked, confused. “Is that not the saying?”

“It’s ‘Put your money where your mouth is’,” Shane replied, laughing.

Or where Ilya comes to the cottage, but is he ready for the secrets Shane has been keeping?

Notes

So, this is new to me. My first Hollanov fic AND my first A/B/O - Mpreg fic.
The thing is, I don't actually usually read A/B/O or Mrpeg. But my lovely friend Sarah absolutely loves it!

As she's been my rock the past year, and an absolute delight to have met in real life, I decided to write her a fic as a a birthday present.

And then Hudson describing Shane as a hungry little scrappy coyote, who wants to hump in heat and whimper away, might have triggered some ideas!

It was supposed to be a one-shot, but it got out of hand! Many thanks to my beta d.o., who I sprung this on without notice, but who just jumped right in and made it a lot more readable!

Also, I know absolutely nothing about hockey, so there will be inaccuracies in here when it comes to mentioning games, teams, rules etc. If that will bother you, don't read on.

The title was taken from the song Touch by Troye Sivan, that just seems to fit their story.

So Sarah, I hope you enjoy this story. Happy birthday and thank you for being my friend and meeting my freak! Love you!

You can find me on Twitter , Tumblr.

Chapter 1

It was dark. Too dark. Shane felt like he was under water, somewhere deep where the daylight couldn't reach him. He could vaguely hear sounds that were muffled and far away. He tried to swim up, but his legs were heavy and one of his arms was tied to something, so he couldn't move it.

He started to panic. He didn't want to drown. He thought of his mum and dad. They would miss him and be devastated. And Ilya, oh god! There was still so much Shane wanted to tell him. How Ilya made him feel when he kissed him deep and slow, how Shane adored the way Ilya would always make sure he had Ginger ale in the fridge for him, even in hotel minibars. He wanted Ilya to know he was the most interesting, funny and beautiful man Shane had ever met. How madly in love he was with him. He needed to swim to the surface, so he could live and tell Ilya everything.

He started to kick around, pulling his arm out of whatever was weighing it down. The beeping continued, but it started to sound louder and closer. Then he heard voices…

“Mr. Hollander! You’re okay. Please calm down or you will hurt yourself further.”

“Shane, baby, please don’t panic. I’m here! You’re safe.”

Slowly, the light started filtering in, as he tried blinking his eyes open. Suddenly, the weight on his legs was gone, and he could feel a hand stroking his left arm. He finally managed to open his eyes a tiny bit, but all he could see were blurry shapes hovering over him. He closed them again, took a couple of deep breaths and tried again. This time he could make out the shape of his mother, standing next to him, caressing his arm soothingly. She smiled at him with relief, but her eyes were worried.

“Hey honey, there you are,” she whispered, leaning down to place a soft kiss on his temple.

He slowly turned his head to the other side, where a man in a white coat stood.

“Hello Mr. Hollander, I’m Doctor Fitzgerald. You’re in a hospital. You’ve had an accident, but you’re going to be okay,” the man said with a gentle voice.

Shane saw movement behind him and then his father came up to the bed.

“Hi son, glad you’re back with us! You had us a bit worried!” He gently squeezed Shane's thigh.

“What happened?” he croaked. His throat felt like sandpaper.

“You got slammed by Marleau during the game. You have a concussion and a broken collarbone,” his mum explained.

“Where is he?” Shane managed to say.

His mum looked a bit confused. “He’s fine. He didn’t get hurt,” she said.

“Tell him…” Shane started, but then closed his eyes and swallowed hard a couple of times, trying to get his throat to work properly. “... I need to see him,” he continued.

“Who, Marleau?” his mum asked, surprised.

“Ilya,” Shane mumbled with his eyes shut. “Ilya.” And then he drifted back to sleep.

The next time he opened his eyes, the room was empty. There was still a machine next to his bed, softly beeping. He tried to sit up a bit, but felt a stabbing pain in his shoulder as soon as he tried to move. He looked down and realised his arm was in a sling. Oh right, he’d broken his collarbone. He sighed and dropped his head back on the pillow.

Only a few minutes later, the door opened and a nurse came in. As soon as she saw he was awake, she walked up to him and gave him some water. Then she left again, promising the doctor would be in to see him shortly. And indeed, not long after, the same doctor he’d seen earlier walked in..

“Hello, Mr. Hollander,” he greeted him. “How are you feeling?”

“Like a truck ran me over,” Shane groaned.

The doctor chuckled at that. He pulled a chair up to the bed and sat down. “I wanted to talk to you in private for a moment,” he said.

Shane turned his head to him, a frown forming between his brows. “Am I going to be okay?” He asked, worried that the doctor would tell him he could never skate again.

“Yes, you’re going to be fine,” the doctor reassured him. “Your shoulder will take about 6 weeks to heal, and you’ll have to take it easy for a while with that concussion. What I wanted to talk to you about are the results from the bloodwork we did when you were admitted last night.”

Shane froze. His mind immediately started spinning. Was he ill, had they found something life threatening? Before he could spiral any further, the doctor continued.

“Everything was fine. Except… are you aware that you’re pregnant, Mr. Hollander?”

Chapter 2

His fingers trembled as he held the piece of paper. It looked like just a black blur, hard to imagine it was actually a tiny human being. A tiny human growing inside of him.

He carefully put the sonogram down and wiped the tears from his eyes. He still wasn't sure how this had happened. Well, of course he knew how it had happened, he could never forget that day at Ilya's place. It was kind of ironic. The day he realised how deep his feelings were and decided to run from them, was also the day the universe made sure he would never be able to actually run away from Ilya. Not that he wanted to anymore. Deep down he was happy that he'd manned up to Ilya, and confessed their situationship meant more to him than just casual hookups.

But this… This changed everything. He had no idea how Ilya would take the news. Not only about the pregnancy, but that he was also an Omega. Shit, the whole world would learn that he was an Omega. He would be kicked off the team. His career in ice hockey was basically over, since no Omega was allowed to be on professional teams.

The doctor had told him there were options, but the thought of terminating the pregnancy made his heart clench and panic rise. So no, that was not an option for him.

He was brought out of his thoughts by a nurse coming into the room. It was the same nurse he'd seen this morning. She had friendly eyes and a gentle voice that soothed his frayed nerves.

"Hi Shane, how are you feeling?" she asked while reading some data from the monitor next to his bed.

"Sore," he said. "And confused," he added quietly.

She looked at him and smiled in sympathy. "Yeah, I realise it's all a lot to handle right now. I can see if I can get you some painkillers, but we have to be careful because of the baby. I'll check with the doctor what I can give you."

Shane nodded. He took a deep breath, gathering courage for his next question.

"Do my parents know?" He looked up at her anxiously.

To his relief, she shook her head. "No, we didn't need to tell them when you were unconscious, because it didn't affect your injuries from the accident. We try not to share that kind of sensitive information unless it's vital for your treatment."

"Okay, thank you," he mumbled. "I still don't understand how it's possible though. I've been on suppressants since I was 15. I've never had problems. I don't even make slick! Nobody has ever even suspected I might be an Omega," he swallowed past the lump in his throat. "I just don't understand."

He covered his face with the arm that wasn't tied in a sling, and let out a sob.

A hand gently squeezed his arm in consolation. "I know it's hard to process. Suppressants are not 100% safe, but usually people notice before it gets this far. Have you not experienced any signs of heat? Nesting urges?"

Shane took a moment to think about it. He lowered his arm and looked up at the nurse. "I don't know. I mean, after we had broken up I did sometimes sleep in the hoodie he'd once left at my place by accident. It still smelled like him, it felt comforting," he admitted.

She nodded. "That could be a sign of nesting urges. But no moments that could point at being in heat?"

Shane blushed, thinking back to that day. How he'd felt insatiable and craved Ilya's touch. How every look, every touch, every kiss had set him on fire. From the moment he'd walked in and Ilya had lifted him onto the kitchen counter to kiss him, to the amazing sex they'd had in Ilya's bed. How he'd felt so full and complete, while Ilya thrust into him with a passion he'd not felt before. It hadn't been just lust. Shane had felt like coming home. Like sliding into a warm bath. Like finally being able to shed layers of pretence and show himself fully.

But then Ilya had made him food. Had asked him to stay the night. Had moaned his name during his orgasm on the sofa. And Shane had panicked. Because he'd felt the need to nestle his face into Ilya's neck, let himself be scented. That was not what he was supposed to feel. What if Ilya would notice and realise Shane was not the Alpha everyone thought he was, and that he would be angry and send him away. So he'd made that decision himself.

The nurse looked at him with understanding. "Maybe in hindsight I did," he finally replied with a sigh.

She gave him another sympathetic look and told him it will all be alright. He doubted it.

Chapter 3

Shane felt the grass tickle his bare feet. He was walking through a field, the sun was high in the sky, Ilya was by his side, and they were laughing. Ilya was holding something to his chest. A pink frilly blanket. Shane looked at it again. Oh yes! Their baby girl! He kissed Ilya's cheek and then his baby's head, and Ilya looked at him with pride in his eyes.

"I love you Shane," he said.

A rainbow appeared, which was weird because there was no rain. But Shane didn't care, he took a sip of the ginger ale that had magically appeared in his hand, and watched as Ilya skated around, holding their baby tightly. Where had the ice come from all of a sudden? Maybe he should have dressed the baby in something warmer? Then he heard his name being called and he looked behind him. His mum was standing there.

"Honey? I can't understand what you're saying? Are you cold?"

He slowly blinked his eyes open and saw his mum standing next to his bed with a concerned look on her face. He smiled up at her.

"Hiiiii mummy!" he beamed at her.

She let out an amused cackle. "You haven't called me mummy since you were 10!" She smiled at him affectionately.

"But you are my mummy and I love you!' Shane stated with an earnest look on his face, his words a bit slurred.

The doctor entered the room.

"Hiiiiii doc!" Shane almost shouted. "Mum, have you met my doctor? He's soooo nice. But he's also very strict with me. Won't give me more of the pills that make me feel so goooooood!" he pouted.

The doctor smiled at that and turned to Yuna. "As you might have noticed, I've given him pain medication that's making him a bit loopy as a side effect."

Yuna laughed and turned back to Shane, who was lying in his bed with a dopey smile on his face.

"I'll let you get more sleep, honey," she told him, and planted a gentle kiss on his forehead before leaving the room, giving the doctor a friendly nod as goodbye.

The doctor walked up to his bed and picked up his medical chart, reading it and adding some notes. Shane looked at him and tried to gather his thoughts.

"Doc?" he started.

The doctor looked up at him questioningly.

“Are these meds not harming my baby?” Shane asked softly.

The doctor immediately shook his head. “No, they’re plant based and won’t affect the baby at all. But they do make you sleepy and a bit fuzzy in the head probably. The side effects will wear off after a day or two.”

Shane sighed in relief and closed his eyes, giving in to the pull of sleep.

Chapter 4

He'd just woken up a couple of minutes earlier when the door to his room opened. Shane looked up and a big smile appeared on his face.

"Ilyaaaaa!"

Ilya closed the door behind him and leaned against it. He looked at Shane with a worried look on his face.

"I eh, I just wanted to…. Are you okay?" he said.

"A concussion and a fractured collarbone, out for the playoffs, but…" Shane said, grinning at Ilya.

"Could have been worse," Ilya said with a small smile.

"Could have been worse," Shane agreed.

"Marleau feels terrible. He did not mean to hurt you."

"I know, part of the game. We all get our bell rung eventually, right?" Shane replied.

"Right."

They stared at each other for a couple of seconds. Shane saw something in Ilya's eyes he couldn't quite place. Hesitation? Uncertainty? Sadness? That would not do! He needed Ilya happy!

"Heey," he slurred. Ilya didn't respond, so he tried again, reaching his good arm out to him. "Heeey!"

Ilya then walked towards his bed, shushing him soothingly, and took his hand.

Shane sighed contently, feeling Ilya's warm hand in his. "Better!" he breathed out and then took a deep breath in, taking in Ilya's scent. It was dark and spicy. So Ilya. He let the scent settle in his nose and chest, soothing him immediately.

"You scared me," Ilya admitted, still looking worried at Shane.

"I'm sorry I didn't text you last night," Shane mumbled, realising Ilya probably had been waiting to hear from him. But with all that had happened, the pain, the revelation of being pregnant, his parents being around all the time, he just hadn't had a chance.

"No, it's okay," Ilya was quick to reassure him.

Shane closed his eyes, still reveling at the touch and scent of Ilya. Then he felt Ilya softly caressing his cheek. His heart skipped a couple of beats and his tummy fluttered. Butterflies.

Or was it their baby? The thought made Shane realise he had to ask Ilya something.

“I want to ask you something,” he said, looking up at Ilya with a dopey smile on his face.

“Maybe it’s better if you rest now,” Ilya responded, not sure if he was ready to hear the question.

Shane didn’t let it distract him though. He was determined to go through with it. He had to!

“I was gonna ask you,” he started.

“Hollander,” Ilya tried to stop him.

“Willyoucometomycottagethissummer?” Shane rambled quickly, so Ilya couldn’t interrupt him again. He smiled proudly at Ilya.

“Don’t go to Russia. Come to my house. We’ll have so much fun. It’s so private. No one will know..”

“Hollander, you know we can’t do that,” Ilya stated, looking at Shane intensely.

But Shane wasn’t listening to him and just continued.

“We could have a week, or even two. Be completely alone,” he said and then whispered, “Together.”

Ilya stared at him for a beat, then smiled at him tightly. “Maybe,” he said. “Maybe.”

Shane felt like he was floating on air. He asked and Ilya hadn’t said no. Maybe it wasn't a definite yes, but he had time to convince him. And then at the cottage he could tell him about the baby.

He heard the door open and felt Ilya pull his hand out of Shane’s.

“Oh no…” Shane said disappointedly as a nurse came in.

“Uh oh, you’re not going to smother him with a pillow, are you, Mr. Rozanov?” the nurse said, looking at Ilya amusedly.

“Ah, no,” Ilya said with his signature smirk. “No no no, but good thinking!” He looked over at Shane and turned back to the nurse. “But no, I was just leaving.”

He glanced back at Shane and Shane said, “Okay, bye bye,” in a way too fond voice.

Ilya looked at him with a small frown and mumbled “Bye.”

Shane’s mind scrambled and he realised he should try to be the Alpha hockey player, not a lovesick Omega. Also, Ilya was his rival to the outside world, he needed to act like that, so he tried sitting up a bit straighter.

“See you next season,” he said with a serious, deep voice.

“Get well soon, Hollander,” Ilya said as he turned away and walked to the door. The nurse passed him on the way to Shane’s bed, and he saw Ilya glance back at him behind her back. He formed a “sshh” with his gorgeous lips, reminding Shane that he should keep their secret.

Shane watched him leave and felt a pang of sadness in his chest. He didn’t know when he’d see Ilya again, and the thought of having to miss him made his heart ache.

—----------

Ilya walked back to the carpark. He felt uncomfortable, but couldn’t quite put his finger on the reason why. He knew he had to go, but he had this almost uncontrollable urge to turn back and slide into the bed next to Shane and hold him. It wasn’t even in a sexual way. He just felt the need to be close to him, protect him.

For fuck’s sake, what was wrong with him? Shane Hollander was perfectly capable of looking after himself, like all of the other hockey players Ilya had seen get injured over the years. Hell, he’d even had a couple of concussions and broken bones himself. And sure, he hadn’t slept with any of the other hockey players, so maybe that’s why it felt different with Shane, but he’d slept with a lot of men and women, Alpha’s and Omega’s, and he’d never felt protective over any of them.

As he reached his car, his phone rang. Checking his screen, he saw it was Svetlana facetiming him. Trying to pull himself together with a deep breath, he answered the call.

“Hi Sveta.”

“How is he?” She asked.

He blinked at her and stammered, “Who?” even though he knew exactly who she meant.

She sighed and frowned at him. “Are we seriously going to play this game? Or are you just going to tell me how Hollander is doing? I assume you’ve gone to see him, yes?”

“Alright,” he groaned. “Yes, I have just visited him. He is okay. I’m at the hospital parking lot now, I need to go to the airport for my flight back to Boston.”

He watched her face go from an annoyed frown to a satisfied smirk. “He’s Jane.” It was a statement, not a question.

“Yeah,” Ilya whispered, a small smile tugging at his lips. “He’s Jane.” It felt good to finally be able to tell someone, and he knew Svetlana would keep his secret. She had always had his back.

“Okay, I’ll hang up now so you can drive to the airport safely, but I expect a long and honest conversation about this soon!” she chuckled.

He knew there was no way he was getting out of that conversation, so he just sighed and nodded in confirmation, before blowing her a hand kiss and saying goodbye.

He got into the rental car and drove to the airport in silence, needing to clear his head before facing his teammates and their endless chatter and jokes.

Chapter 5

Shane was relieved to finally be able to leave the hospital after four days. The doctor wanted him to be closely monitored because of the concussion, so he'd have to go home with his parents, but he didn't mind that much.. He knew his mum would dote on him, but she'd also give him his space if he asked for it. And hopefully after a week, he'd be able to move to his own cottage, just 10 minutes down the road from his parents. Then it would only be four more weeks till the end of the season and, hopefully, the start of his summer with Ilya.

He still hadn't actually said he'd come to the cottage. They'd texted and phoned daily since the accident, but he hadn't brought it up anymore, and neither had Ilya. He understood that Ilya was busy right now, with the games for the Stanley cup being tough and tiring. He didn't want to distract him too much, but he did miss him.

There was a knock on the door, and the doctor came in with a nurse. While the nurse did some last checks, like blood pressure and temperature, the doctor talked to him about his medication.

He still needed painkillers, but the dosage had been lowered so he wasn't high as a kite half the time anymore. He was assured again that the painkillers wouldn't harm the baby. The other thing the doctor talked about were suppressants. At home, with his parents, he wouldn't need to take them, but if he wanted to also see other people than his parents, and didn't want them to find out about his Omega status, he'd have to take them again..

Luckily, the doctor had found pills that could do the job for a couple of hours, so he wouldn't need to take meds constantly. The only thing they'd do was hide his scent and suppress nesting urges. It wasn't harmful for the baby, but it'd be better not to use them too often. The doctor also gave him prenatal vitamins and an appointment with the gynecologist in a couple of weeks.

Just after he'd put the medicines in his bag, his mum came in to take him home. They both thanked the doctor and the nurse for the wonderful care, before heading outside. His mum carried his bag to the car for him.

He dosed for most of their 2 hour drive from Montreal to his parents house near Ottawa, so by the time they arrived, Shane felt energetic enough to stay up for a while. He knew the Boston Raiders were playing against Edmonton today, and he really wanted to watch Ilya. Of course his mum put up a bit of a fight, as the doctor had said it was wise to limit screen time, but Shane promised to go to bed right after the game.

As the game started, the three of them sat on the sofa. One by one, the Boston players entered the rink, Ilya last. As soon as Shane saw him, he felt his heart flutter. He tried to school his face into neutral, not wanting his parents to notice anything. They watched as the Raiders absolutely demolished the Edmonton team. Ilya scored a hattrick and he smirked at the camera cockily. Shane tried to suppress his grin as he heard his mother scoff next to him.

“What an asshole,” she muttered. Shane glanced at her, and something in his look must have surprised her, because she lifted her eyebrows, as if daring him to contradict her.

His heartrate sped up and he quickly looked back at the tv. “Yeah, such an asshole,” he mumbled. Instinctively, he put his hand on his tummy.

The Raiders won 7-2 and that made them finalists for the Stanley cup. They’d be up against either Montreal or Ottawa, so it would be an interesting finale either way.

Shane excused himself to his bedroom to lie down on the bed. With his eyes closed, he thought of Ilya. He wanted to see him so desperately. He needed to smell him, feel him. Wanted to be held, and kissed, and fucked by him. He surprised himself when he let out a desperate whine, feeling his cock twitch. Shit, he didn’t want to get hard now, but it was too late. His joggers were already tenting.

With a sigh, he reached for his phone and sent a message to Ilya.

Shane:
Congrats on the win. You were amazing out there.

And then, before he could change his mind:

Shane:
X

Within a couple of minutes, his phone lit up with a text.

Lily:
I am always amazing.

Shane:
Don’t get cocky!

Lily:
Why not? You like my cock and think I’m amazing.

Shane rolled his eyes at his phone. He loved the banter with Ilya, even though he could be infuriating sometimes.

Shane:
I do. Both.

He was expecting a raunchy answer from Ilya, so he was a bit confused by the next message.

Lily:
Wait, you watched game?

Shane:
Yes?

Lily:
Why questionmark? You know if you watched the game or not.

Shane:
Yes! I watched your game. Of course I did!

Lily:
Why? You should not be watching my game!

Shane:
Why not? What are you on about?

Lily:
Doctor said no screen! And yet you watch television and text me! That is not good! Put the phone away and rest.

Shane blinked at that. What was going on? He gave Ilya an open door to sext him, but instead he was telling him off for watching the game and texting? And more importantly, why did it give him such a warm and fuzzy feeling? Usually he'd give a sassy remark back, but all Shane wanted to do now was be good for Ilya and listen to him.

Shane:
Okay, I will. Phone me tomorrow when you wake up?

Lily:
Good boy. I will. Sleep well.

Shane bit his lip and locked the phone. He set it on his nightstand and started to get ready for bed, while the phrase Good boy kept running through his head. Luckily, the thought of his mum having to come to help him out of his sweater killed the lingering arousal he'd felt during the phone call.

Once his mum had helped him get changed, he slipped into his bed, sleepily. It didn't take long for him to fall asleep.

Chapter 6

The days passed slowly. Shane spent most of his time lying on his bed, the living room sofa or outside on the garden swing. The first couple of days he listened to music and podcasts, trying to follow the doctors advice and minimise screentime. He played cardgames with his dad and boardgames with his mum. And he thought a lot. About his future, the baby and, of course, about Ilya.

They texted daily and phoned a couple of times a week. Ilya hadn't mentioned coming to the cottage yet, but Shane gave him time and space to think about it. Also because thinking about Ilya coming to stay with him made him feel anxious. He wanted to be with Ilya so badly, but he was scared that the whole situation would blow up in his face. That Ilya would leave him before they could even start anything real.

He started noticing subtle changes in his body. He'd feel nauseous most mornings. Luckily not bad enough to make him sick, but it was still annoying. Especially with his mum making a big deal out of all three of them having breakfast together. Even though he was usually on a strict low carb, high protein diet, the doctor had told him that his body needed all nutrients to be able to heal properly. So every morning she made him a big breakfast. Pancakes, waffles, eggs, bacon. Basically anything that would make his stomach churn at the smell. But miraculously, he seemed to have done an okay job hiding it from his parents. He just pushed the food around his plate, only taking tiny bites, and then pretending to be full after a while. It would also serve as a good explanation as to why he was gaining some weight.

Because he definitely was. He still had his defined abs, but he couldn't deny that the part of his belly just under his navel was starting to swell slightly. Not huge yet, but Shane could see and feel it.

One of the podcasts about pregnancy he'd listened to, said that talking to your unborn baby would help the bonding after birth. The first time he did it, he felt a bit silly. He was lying on his bed with his shirt pulled up slightly and a hand on his belly.

"Hello little one," he whispered and then grimaced at himself.

It felt weird. What do you even talk to a baby about? But then he remembered that it wasn't about what you said, but about the baby hearing your voice, so he started talking about the things that mattered most to him. Hockey and Ilya. He explained all the game rules while gently rubbing his tummy. He talked about the things he liked most about Ilya. His curls, his humour, how absolutely magical he looked on the ice, as if he was born with skates on. After a while, he really started to enjoy these little moments, just him and his unborn baby.

Without realising it, he'd started making himself more comfortable on his bed during those baby bonding moments. He would lock his bedroom door, turn the lights down and lie on the bed, surrounding himself with as many pillows he could find. He'd snuck the two fleece blankets from the living room into his bedroom. He rolled them up so he could lay one on

each side of him, cocooning him in. Then he'd start gently rubbing his belly and talk, sing or hum to his baby.

One time, he was curled up in his pile of cushions and blankets when Ilya rang him. Hearing Ilya's voice calmed him, making a feeling of safety settle over him. He let Ilya talk about practice, the hotel he was staying at, and a funny story about a prank Connors had played on Marleau. But when Ilya wanted to know how Shane was doing, if he was resting enough, eating properly, and minimizing screen time, Shane started to feel fuzzy in his head, as if he was floating. The thought of Ilya caring so much about his wellbeing, and using a strict voice when asking him these questions, made him feel taken care of. A sound welled up in his chest, and before he could stop it, he whined into his phone.

Ilya stopped talking. "Shane, are… are you okay?" he asked worriedly.

Shane closed his eyes, trying to ground himself. "Yes, sorry, I moved too fast and jostled my shoulder. Sorry."

There was a short silence, and Shane held his breath. Then… "You should be more careful, I don't want you to hurt yourself," Ilya chastised him.

Shane pinched the skin on his arm to keep himself from letting out another whine at the sound of Ilya's dominant voice. He managed to finish the conversation without making another sound, but he was relieved when they hung up and he could let himself sink into the warm, fluffy feeling, replaying their conversation in his head. And yes, maybe he whined again, but there was no one there to hear it.

Chapter 7

“Ilya, you promised me we’d talk,” Svetlana stated while he put away the groceries. He had his phone pressed between his shoulder and cheek.

“I know, we will,” he said dismissively, but she wasn’t letting him get away with it again.

“I’m on my way to your apartment. I’ll be there in fifteen minutes. I know you’re home because you just told me, so don’t you dare pretend you're not there when I ring the doorbell!"

Ilya chuckled. “I only did that once.”

Twenty minutes later, Svetlana was there, wrapping her arms around his neck. She pressed a kiss to his cheek. “Congratulations Ilya! Winning the Stanley cup again! I’m so proud of you!”

Ilya smirked at her. “Of course we win again! Easy with Hollander not there!”

As soon as he said it, he realised his mistake. Svetlana grinned at him mischievously.

“Yes, let’s talk about Hollander,” she said, pouring a glass of red wine for herself and a glass of vodka for Ilya. He sighed, took the glass she offered him and followed her into his living room. They settled on the sofa, Ilya in the corner with his legs stretched out in front of him, and Svetlana leaned into his side, swinging her feet up onto the coffee table.

“So….” she started. “Jane is Shane.”

“Yes.”

“How and when did this start?” she asked him.

“I suppose the year before our rookie season…” Ilya started and proceeded to tell her the whole story. He talked about the first time they hooked up, how it was just casual for them both. That they would see each other when they were both in the same city. He told her about the fight on the rooftop, how he had ignored Shane for over 6 months after that, because of everything that was going on in his life with his father and brother at the time. But also that they fell back into their routine after presenting the award in Vegas.

They talked about when his father had died and Ilya had gone back to Russia. How Shane had helped him through that, just by being there for him, even from thousands of miles away.

Then he told her about the time Shane came to his apartment, and had freaked out all of a sudden when Ilya had called him by his first name. Then the whole story with Rose and how that made Ilya feel. How jealous, frustrated, and lonely he had felt. It had made him turn into such a dick to Shane, being extra aggressive to him on the ice.

And lastly, how Shane had reached out to him during the All Stars and told him he accepted his own sexuality and admitted he liked him. And then the accident happened.

Svetlana listened to him, stroked his arm at the moments he was struggling with his emotions. She told him a couple of times that he was an idiot, which he supposed he couldn't blame her for.

“So now what?” she asked, after Ilya had told her about Shane inviting him to his cottage. “Did you say yes?”

“No, I haven’t given him an answer yet, actually,” Ilya admitted sheepishly.

“Why not? You have to go!” she exclaimed.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea, Sveta!” he replied with sad eyes.

“Why isn’t it a good idea? You really like him, don’t you?”

Ilya chuckled wryly. “Yes, I do really like him. More than I should. But we cannot be anything, ever. We are rivals, we are both men, we are both Alphas. I would never be able to go back to Russia. And he won’t be able to give me what I need, you know that.”

“Do I? Won’t he be able to give you love? Give you happiness? A future?” She glanced at him with a tentative look. “Would it be so bad if you could never go back to Russia? What do you have there? Is there someone there to love you? Hold you? Make you laugh?”

Ilya stared at the wall in front of him. He shook his head and sighed. “No, there isn’t. I only have an asshole brother and other people that only want my money and fame.”

She took his hand and entwined their fingers. “Ilya,” she said softly, “don’t give up the possibility of a happy life with someone here, for the assholes that don’t care about you there.”

Ilya nodded slowly. He took a deep breath to calm himself.

“Do you know what’s strange?” he asked.

Svetlana shook her head and waited for him to continue.

“I’ve been with male and female Omega’s, and never have I ever felt so protective and ‘Alpha-like’ as I feel about Shane. When the accident happened and I saw him lying on the cold ice, not moving, I went out of my mind. I could hardly breathe. I wanted to swing my hockey stick around and smack away anyone who came too close. I wanted to kill Marleau. I wanted to sink to my knees and scent Shane, hoping it would make him feel better. There were so many emotions, Sveta, I don’t know how to handle that.”

Svetlana looked at him and he saw her eyes were watery. She turned to face him completely.

“Ilya, I love you. You are my best friend and I want you to be happy. You deserve to be happy. Please go to Shane’s cottage and talk to him. Be honest with him about how you feel. I

know that some of the doubts and fears you have are valid. Though some come from your upbringing and the pressure that your father has put on you your whole life. But you are also one of the bravest, no scrap that, THE bravest man I know. You've always had to fight for everything in life. It's not fair, I know that. But please promise me you will fight for this too."

She cupped his jaw with her hand and softly turned his face so he had no choice but look her in the eye.

"Yes, it will be challenging and difficult," she continued, staring into his soul. "Society is not kind to two men being together, let alone two male Alpha's. Especially in sports. But there are options to make it less difficult. Neither of you are out as bi or gay. You could choose to keep your relationship a secret while still being active in sport. And about the other thing you mentioned… you know there are options for that too, right? Two men can adopt or use a surrogate. I know you feel you need to produce an heir for the family name, but that's just because you've heard your father tell you this your whole damn life. It should be your own decision if you want a child or not. And if you do get together with Shane and he wants a child too, then you go from there!"

Ilya looked at her intensely, before wrapping his arms around her tightly and burrowing his face in the crook of her neck. She could feel tears soak into the fabric of her t-shirt, but she didn't care about that. This was the first time in their 20 years of friendship that she had seen him cry, so she was going to let him get it all out.

After a couple of minutes, his breathing calmed down and he slowly pulled back from her. He wiped his face on the sleeve of his jumper and let out a laugh. "Look at me now. The big Alpha male crying like a baby."

She smiled at him. "Don't do that, darling. I'm glad you let it out. You needed that. Real men aren't scared to show their feelings, no matter what your father has told you."

He gave her a loving kiss on the tip of her nose. "Why couldn't we just fall in love. It would be so much easier. We could get married, have lots of beautiful babies, because they would look like me…"

"Hey!" she shrieked indignantly, elbowing him in the ribs. "They'd have their beauty from both of us, you dick!"

He laughed and got his phone out of his pocket.

"What are you doing?" Svetlana asked, taking a sip of her wine.

"Phoning Hollander," Ilya stated as he stood up and walked towards the kitchen.

He dialed Shane's number and put the phone to his ear, his palms turning sweaty and his heartbeat picking up.

He heard the sound of the line connecting, and without giving Shane a chance to greet him, he took a deep breath and said, "I'm coming to the cottage."

Chapter 8

“I’m coming to the cottage,” was the first thing Shane heard when he answered his phone. He was momentarily stunned, he hadn’t expected Ilya to bring it up again himself, let alone say yes so easily.

“Shane, are you there? Or ehm, if you don’t want me to come anymore, that’s okay too,” he heard Ilya stammer.

“No!” Shane exclaimed quickly. “I definitely want you to come!”

“Oh, thank goodness, for a minute I thought I’d made a fool of myself, because you didn’t remember even asking me or something. You did seem pretty high when you did.” Ilya chuckled.

Shane laughed at that. “I was very high, but not just on the meds,” he said.

“Well Mr. Hollander, are you flirting with me?” Ilya exclaimed and then he giggled. He actually giggled and the sound made Shane feel weak in the knees.

“What if I am?” he breathed out.

“You have lot of talk,” Ilya replied, and Shane could almost hear him smirking. “Maybe you should put your hands where your mouth is!”

Shane barked out a laugh.

“What?” Ilya asked, confused. “Is that not the saying?”

“It’s ‘Put your money where your mouth is’,” Shane replied, still laughing.

“I don’t want your money, just your hands and mouth on me would be fine,” Ilya declared with a deep voice that made Shane shiver.

“Next week…” he whispered.

“Yes, next week,” Ilya answered. “I can’t wait.”

Shane sat on the floor in his shower, letting the warm water fall down over him.

In 1-2-3-4
Out 1-2-3-4
In 1-2-3-4
Out 1-2-3-4

Slowly, his breathing evened out, the ringing in his ears reduced, and he became aware of his body again. This was his third panic attack this week, ever since Ilya had phoned him, saying he was coming to stay with Shane for two weeks.

At first, he just felt excited about seeing Ilya again. He longed for him, craved his touch. But slowly the fear crept in. He knew there was a chance that Ilya would'ot stay after Shane told him the truth. It was a lot to deal with after all, and although Shane thought Ilya's feelings for him were deeper than just a fling, he couldn't be sure he'd want a future together. Because no matter what happened, they would forever be connected because of their child. Even if Ilya wouldn't want anything to do with them.

Shane had decided he wouldn't force Ilya into anything. If he didn't want a relationship with Shane or with the baby, then he could leave, no hard feelings. Well, except for a broken heart of course, but Shane would just have to deal with that. He was also afraid Ilya would be furious for never telling him that he was an Omega.

He was supposed to go and pick Ilya up from the airport in an hour. He needed to get his act together if he didn't want Ilya to immediately notice something was wrong.

He slowly got up from the floor, grateful to be able to use both arms again, though his right shoulder was still a bit stiff and tender.

After brushing his teeth and putting on his carefully selected clothes, he styled his hair and put on his shoes. He glanced at himself in the mirror. He looked good. He could do this.

He turned sideways, smoothing the fabric of his t-shirt over his belly. He wasn't really showing yet, just a tiny bump he could feel when rubbing his tummy. He wondered what he'd look like in a couple of months, and whether he'll be staring at his bump alone, or if Ilya will be there to hug him from behind and hold his baby bump, while gently kissing his neck.

Shane sighed. He needed to leave or he'd be late, and it would be risky to have Ilya hanging around the airport longer than necessary… He quickly checked if he had taken his suppressants, grabbed the car keys and walked out the door.

At the airport, he waited in his car at the pick up spot they'd agreed on. He nervously strummed his fingers on the steering wheel, looking in his rearview mirror for Ilya. He let out a sigh of relief when he finally spotted him walking toward the car. He was wearing grey joggers with a black tank top, and he had a black cap on backwards and a pair of dark sunglasses. He looked dropdead gorgeous.

He opened the door and slid into the passenger seat.

"Goodday Mr. Taxi driver," he said. "What an ugly car you have."

Shane rolled his eyes at him, but he couldn't help the smile that threatened to lift the corners of his mouth.

"Always so delightful and polite," Shane deadpanned, as he pulled out of the carpark.

Ilya smirked at him, but then his face softened and he leaned over to Shane and placed a soft kiss on his shoulder.

Goosebumps erupted all over his body.

“How’s your shoulder?” he murmured as he placed another kiss on it.

Shane cleared his throat and glanced at Ilya, who was looking back at him with his big blue eyes.

“Ehm, good. Still a bit stiff and sore, but I can do almost everything again. Except lift it above my head. Still need to work on that with the physio,” he replied.

“So no tying you to headboard then?” Ilya murmured against his skin.

“I don’t have a headboard that you can tie anything to,” Shane replied seriously. “It’s a solid wooden board that's been upholstered with fabric.”

Ilya snorted and sat back up again. “You are such a good flirt,” he said with a fond smile tugging at his mouth.

When they got to the cottage, Ilya carried his suitcase up the steps to the front door. Shane unlocked the door, and as soon as they stepped in, Ilya slammed the door shut behind him and pressed Shane against it.

“I want to kiss you,” he stated, looking at Shane with hungry eyes. Shane only nodded once before Ilya crashed their lips together, cradling Shane's face with a big hand.

Shane closed his eyes and let Ilya take control of his mouth, their tongues sliding together passionately. He melted into Ilya with his whole body and let the feeling of contentment settle into his bones. After kissing for a couple of minutes, Ilya’s lips wandered over his jaw to his ear, where he nibbled on his earlobe, before sliding his lips down his neck. He pressed his nose there and breathed in.

“My god, you smell so good. Different. Fucking delicious,” he breathed into Shanes neck.

Shane's breath hitched and his eyes flew open. He froze for a second before composing himself, but Ilya noticed the slight change in his posture. He pulled back and looked at Shane.

“Are you okay? Did I hurt you?” he asked, searching Shane’s eyes worriedly.

“No,” Shane said quickly, “but I think maybe we need to talk a bit first?”

“You have worst ideas!” Ilya groaned. “First sex, then talk?” he tried and adopted an innocent look.

Shane chuckled and pressed their foreheads together. “You’re making it hard for me, but no, first we talk.”

Ilya sighed in mock irritation pulled away from Shane. “You’re making me hard, but okay. Let’s go talk.” He pecked Shane’s kiss swollen lips one last time, grabbed his suitcase and walked further into the cottage.

After taking a deep, shaky breath, Shane followed him. He showed him around the house briefly, before they settled down on the sofa with a coke and a ginger ale.

Chapter 9

Ilya could sense that Shane was nervous, so he pulled him into his chest and combed his fingers through his hair to sooth him. He felt Shane let himself melt into his body and that calmed Ilya too.

From the moment he'd gotten inside the car, he noticed something different about Shane. He couldn't exactly pinpoint what it was. He had a golden glow over him, but that could be from resting a lot. He smelt different too, more flowery than usual, although he always had a soft flowerey scent. Though usually it wasn't this strong.

He picked up on Shane's anxiety immediately too. The finger tapping on the steering wheel, rubbing his hands up and down his thighs, clammy hands. At first, he thought it was just excited nerves from being together, but now that he was so adamant to talk, Ilya was starting to get a bit anxious himself. Surely Shane wouldn't let him come all this way just to tell him he didn't want to see him anymore?

But with Shane leaning against his chest, his ear almost on Ilya's heart, he could feel the tension slowly leave him.

"You want to start?" Ilya asked softly, still combing his hands gently through Shane's hair.

Shane nodded nearly imperceptibly and cleared his throat.

"What are we, Ilya?" he asked softly. He lifted his head off his chest and looked Ilya in the eye.
"What am I to you?"

The question caught Ilya off guard, though he should have expected it from Shane. He was always the one asking the difficult questions.

"Ehm, I'm not sure what we are now," he started, "but I know what I want us to be. I'm just not sure how to get there."

Shane squinted his eyes, as if he was replaying his words in his head to process them.

"Okay, then what do you want us to be?" he pressed.

Ilya swallowed hard, a fluttering feeling starting in his tummy. Whether they were nerves or butterflies, he wasn't sure.

"I want to be with you. Not just when we're in same city, but also when we have days off or holidays. I want to hold you whenever I can, I want to kiss you all the time. I want to wake up with you in the morning, and go to bed with you at night. And I know we can't always do that because of our jobs. But I don't want to see you only when we have games together. I… I don't want to be casual. I want to be serious."

Shane just stared at him for a couple of seconds, but then he lunged at him and started kissing him all over his face.

“Oh… my… God… I… want… that… too…” he mumbled in between kisses.

Ilya laughed and took Shane’s face in his hands, forcing him to look at him. “You do? All of it?” he asked, just to be sure. Shane nodded, and this time it was with so much force, Ilya had trouble keeping his face in between his hands.

“Yes! I do! All of it!” he breathed.

“It will be difficult, you know that,” Ilya said, and it was a statement, not a question. Shane nodded again. “We will have to keep it secret,” Ilya hesitated.

“I know,” Shane agreed, “but I want to try. Because I want you more than anything.”

“Even more than Stanley cup?” Ilya asked with a grin.

Shane looked at him, a soft smile settling on his face. “Yeah, even more than another Stanley cup.”

Ilya kissed him gently then, pulling him close and wrapping his arms around him.

“I like you very much, Shane Hollander,” he murmured against his lips. “Now can we fuck?”

Shane pulled back from the kiss. “There’s something else I wanted to talk about,” he said hesitantly.

Ilya let his head fall backwards dramatically. “No, Shane Hollander, I cannot wait any longer. My body needs you, I want to feel your hands and mouth on me, I want to taste you and I want to show you how much I need you,” he groaned, but lifted his head again and looked at Shane, who was staring at him with a fond look. “Let me take care of you first, then we talk more, please?”

He gave Shane another kiss, deep and sweet, while gently rubbing his thumb over Shane's bicep.

“Okay,” Shane mumbled against his lips. “Take me to the bedroom.”

Chapter 10

That was all Ilya needed to pull Shane in his lap and carefully lift him off the sofa. Shane instinctively wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist, and they made their way to the bedroom, where Ilya gently lowered him onto the bed.

As always, Ilya didn't waste any time before getting naked, pulling his t-shirt over his head in one smooth move before shucking his joggers and briefs down and stepping out of them. He pulled down Shane's trousers and boxers, and carefully helped him take off his t-shirt. Then Ilya crawled on top of him, grabbing the back of his neck as he planted a searing kiss on Shane's lips.

Shane moaned into it, feeling his whole body light up. Every part of his skin where their bodies touched felt electric. Ilya's hands started roaming his body, touching, caressing, and squeezing every part of him as if he couldn't get enough. They broke apart, both panting. Ilya planted a soft kiss on Shane's cheek and then slowly kissed his way down his jaw to his neck. He licked a stripe over Shane's scent glands, and Shane let out an involuntary whine. He froze for a second, afraid of Ilya's reaction, but it only seemed to spur him on, because he started sucking on the soft skin under Shane's ear, leaving bruises that he then licked over, soothing the hot skin.

"Oh, Jesus, Ilya," Shane groaned, grinding his hips up, chasing the friction.

"Shane, Shane, fuck you're so good," Ilya murmered against his collar bone, slowly making his way down Shane's body. He kissed his pecs before licking a nipple. Sparks of pleasure erupted through Shane's whole body, making him moan.

"Holy fuck, do that again," he panted. Ilya took the bud in his mouth and sucked on it. Shane arched his back in pleasure.

"Fuck, Shane, you're so hot," Ilya groaned, as he continued kissing his way down to Shane's stomach.

"Please, Ilya, please. I need…" Shane cried out.

Ilya looked up at him then, his hungry eyes locking onto Shane's. "Tell me what you need," he said in a demanding voice, and Shane almost whimpered at the sound.

"I need your mouth. Suck me off, please," he begged, pushing his hips up desperately.

Ilya chuckled. "I love it when you beg," he said, before ducking down and placing a kiss on the tip of Shane's cock. He lay a hand on Shane's hip to keep him pinned to the bed and took his cock in his mouth. He bobbed his head up and down a couple of times, reveling in the taste of Shane's precum on his tongue.

Shane's hands found their way into his curls, grabbing at them and gently pulling. He groaned at the sensation and Shane whimpered as the sound vibrated through his body. Ilya stopped

bobbing and let Shane's hip go. He looked up at him through his lashes and hummed. Shane's eyes flew open, and as he looked down at Ilya, he was puzzled, not understanding why he'd stopped. But when Ilya placed a hand over one of his, he understood what he meant. He swallowed hard. They'd never done this before. It had always been Ilya taking charge, Ilya fucking Shane's throat, never the other way round. It was an exhilarating idea. He nodded once and Ilya let his hand fall to his chest, grabbing onto Shane's pec and squeezing firmly.

Slowly, Shane started thrusting up, careful at first, not wanting to hurt Ilya. But when Ilya seemed fine, he sped up and started thrusting a bit deeper. Ilya moaned and that spurred him on even more, so when Ilya suddenly pulled off, it surprised Shane, and he was about to protest, when Ilya crawled back up again to kiss him passionately.

When he drew back, he rolled off Shane to lie next to him. Shane looked at him in confusion.

"Easier for you to fuck my mouth on top," was all Ilya said. It took a couple of seconds for Shane to catch up with his words, but then he scrambled up and straddled Ilya's chest.

"Tap my leg if you need me to stop," he said, breathless, as Ilya cupped his ass and guided him closer. Shane quickly grabbed a pillow and placed it under Ilya's head so he wouldn't have to strain his neck too much.

"Finally some good use for your ridiculous amount of pillows," Ilya mumbled, before wrapping his lips around Shane's cock again.

Shane burst out laughing at that, but it quickly turned into a moan when Ilya took him in deeper and encouraged Shane to start thrusting. Ilya looked up at Shane and couldn't believe he could have him like this. Have this gorgeous man all to himself. He kept his eyes on Shane's face, watching as the other man started losing himself in pleasure. Ilya brought his hand down to his own cock, which was hard and steadily leaking precum. He started stroking himself in the rhythm of Shane's thrusts, and it wasn't long before Shane started moaning louder, his movements starting to become more jagged, less controlled.

"Shit, fuck, I'm almost there," Shane panted, "do you want me to pull out?"

Ilya gave a tiny shake of his head, and that was all Shane needed to come down his throat, holding on to the headboard to keep himself from collapsing. He shuffled down a bit till he was sitting on Ilya's stomach and kissed him deeply, tasting the remnants of his pleasure on Ilya's tongue.

Ilya was still jerking himself off. Shane could feel the muscles in his abdomen tense up. "Can I come on your back?" Ilya mumbled into Shane's mouth.

"Fuck, yes," he nodded. It only took him another three strokes, before he came and painted white strips over Shane's back and ass. They lay there for a couple of minutes, catching their breaths.

"Holy shit, that was hot," Shane whispered.

“That is the boyfriend treatment,” Ilya stated, solemnly. “You get it, now you’ve upgraded.”

Shane sat up to look at him. “You’re such an asshole,” he stated, but there was no bite to it. He leaned down to press a kiss to Ilya’s lips and got off the bed to clean himself up. He walked back to Ilya with a damp towel and gently cleaned his abdomen and groin. Ilya watched him with a gentle smile.

They decided to make some food, because they both had worked up an appetite, so they quickly got dressed and walked to the kitchen.

“What would you like?” Shane asked him, opening the fridge and letting his eyes roam the shelves. “I could make us pasta, or a salad? Or I could heat a tourtière?”

“What is that? Why would you make your food sound painful? You Canadian people are weird,” Ilya exclaimed.

“Tourtière? It’s a pie with minced meat! It’s delicious!” Shane rolled his eyes at Ilya. “We’ll leave the torture to the Russians,” he chuckled.

Ilya stepped behind him, pressing his chest against Shane’s back, and wrapped his arms around his waist.

“You want that?” he murmured, pressing a kiss on Shane’s shoulder. “Want me to show you Russian way? Make you go crazy till you beg me to fuck you?” He moved a hand up Shane’s chest and gently pinched one of his nipples through the thin fabric of his t-shirt.

Shane let out a gasp, his body reacting to the touch immediately. He leaned back against Ilya’s firm chest, and moaned softly.
“I could make you fuck yourself on your fingers, desperate, wishing it was me. Like in Vegas. You were such a good boy then,” Ilya murmured into his ear as he cupped Shane’s half hard dick with his other hand.

Shane froze. Ilya noticed the change in his posture immediately. He quickly turned Shane around in his arms and looked at him with concern.

“What is it?” he asked, searching Shane’s face for an answer, but Shane diverted his eyes and looked out of the large window overlooking the lake.

“Shane,” Ilya said tentatively with a soft plea in his voice. He placed his hand on Shane’s jaw and turned his head so he faced him again. “Tell me what happened.”

“It’s, ehh,” Shane started with a shaky voice, “it’s nothing.”

“Shane,” Ilya said again, this time with a stern look. “Don’t do this. Don’t shut me out. Talk to me. Did I hurt you? Did you not like it?”

“No,” Shane said softly, his big brown eyes staring up at Ilya with a hesitant look. “It was hot. And you’ve never hurt me physically,” he paused, “off the ice, I mean.”

Ilya chuckled and stroked Shane's cheek gently with his thumb, encouraging him to continue.

"But when I left, I realised we hadn't kissed at all, and it bothered me. I really wanted you to kiss me afterwards, when we were lying in bed together," he huffed and rested his forehead on Ilya's shoulder. "It confused me. I didn't want to feel that way. Looking back, I think it was the first time I realised it wasn't casual anymore, at least to me. But I pretended it was nothing, that it didn't matter anyway because it was obviously just casual for you."

There was a beat of silence, Ilya staring into Shane's eyes with an unreadable expression.

"You really thought that? That it was just casual for me?" he then said in a low voice, his blue eyes boring into Shane's. "It was never casual to me."

Shane's eyes widened with shock. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I wanted you from the first time I saw you. When you introduced yourself to me." He smiled at the memory. "You were standing there, talking to me in a language I didn't really understand yet. And all I could see were your pink cheeks, your beautiful brown eyes and those gorgeous freckles." He chuckled. "I wanted to kiss you right there and then."

Shane opened his mouth, but closed it again, lost for words.

"But… what about…" he swallowed audibly and looked away for a second, before returning his gaze to Ilya. "What about all the girls you were always seen with? I couldn't open Twitter without seeing pictures of you with a beautiful girl at a party. And a different one every time!" He blinked a couple of times to stop the tears welling up in his eyes. "I thought I was just one of your many casual hookups."

Ilya looked at him and smiled softly. "I have this problem," he said.

Shane stared at him for a beat. "What's the problem?"

Ilya leaned in closer and brushed a strand of hair from Shane's forehead. "I like women, yes?"

Shane felt his heart clench at the words. "Yeah, I know."

"And everywhere I go, I'm surrounded by beautiful women, and they love me," Ilya continued, still staring into Shane's eyes.

Shane looked away, starting to feel annoyed. "That sounds rough," he said sarcastically.

"Yes, it is," Ilya said, gently turning Shane's face back to him. "And these women are so sexy and fun," he carried on, and Shane tried very hard not to start crying, every word feeling like a punch to his gut.

A small smile appeared on Ilya's face. Shane wanted to slap it off him, but then Ilya continued talking.

“But I’m always thinking about this slow fucking hockey player with beautiful freckles.”

Shane stared at him, feeling the weight in his stomach slowly lift up as the meaning of Ilya’s words sink in.

“With a weak backhand,” Ilya then smirked.

Shane let out a huff, his lips twitching. “A weak backhand?” he guffawed.

“Yes!” Ilya answered as he walked Shane backwards until his back hit the kitchen counter. “And he’s so boring, and he drives this terrible car!”

“It’s a normal car,” Shane retorted, his smile widening.

Ilya’s gaze turned more serious again as he locked his eyes back on Shane’s.

“I am always wishing that those women were him,” he said. “It’s a terrible problem.”

Shane reached up to cradle Ilya’s jaw in his hand. He stared at him and took a deep breath, then asked, “Do you want that problem to go away?”

He felt his heart beating out of his chest, scared to hear Ilya’s answer, but he needed to know.

As he looked Ilya in the eyes, he could see determination there. And he felt the answer before the words were said.

“I don’t ever want that problem to go away,” Ilya said, a small shake of his head emphasising the meaning of his words.

Shane surged forward and kissed him. It was a messy kiss, full of emotions. It was want, relief, happiness, and passion. Ilya kissed him back with the same eagerness, grabbing Shane’s thighs and lifting him up to gently set him down on the counter, without breaking their kiss.

After a couple of minutes, Shane broke the kiss and leaned his forehead against Ilya’s. “You’re such an asshole,” he said, breathless.

Ilya chuckled and pressed a kiss to the tip of Shane’s nose. “How about this food you promised me? Do you want me to starve?”

Shane swatted his shoulder, pushed him away and moved to jump off the counter, but Ilya quickly grabbed his waist and gently lifted him off. “No jumping!” he scowled.

Chapter 11

After Shane had made them a pasta meal, they settled outside on the porch overlooking the lake. They sat in comfortable silence, Ilya's head resting in Shane's lap, just enjoying being in each other's company. Every now and then, Shane would point out a bird in the trees or Ilya would ask him if they could go swimming in the lake later.

Shane realised he'd never felt this happy and comfortable. Ilya's words from earlier had made him think that maybe they would be alright. That maybe he would stay, even after Shane revealed his secrets. He was mustering up his courage to tell Ilya, when he sat up and said he needed to use the bathroom. He pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek and walked inside the house.

Shane sighed contently. He'd talk to Ilya when he came back.

Inside the cottage, Ilya walked to the back of the house, heading for the bathroom. He opened the door and walked inside, only to realise he had the wrong room, this was a small study. He turned around to leave the room and search for the bathroom, when something caught his eye. Behind the desk, he noticed a pile of clothes. It was so out of character for Shane to have clothes lying around on the floor, that he stepped around the desk to take a look. He then realised it wasn't just a pile of clothes. There were cushions, blankets and a couple of t-shirts and hoodies, all laid with care and precision to form a round circle. Ilya had seen this before, at Svetlana's and at home, when his mother was still alive. It was an omega's nest. Why the fuck did Shane have an omega's nest in his house?

Then a shirt caught his eye. It was folded neatly and tucked in between two pillows. It was the All Stars shirt they'd played in this year. He pulled it out from between the cushions and brought it to his nose. It smelt of sweat and a distinct male scent that was familiar. So Shane had given his worn All Stars shirt to an omega for their nest... You only do that when you're serious about the Omega!

Ilya felt his whole world tilt on its axes. Was Shane seeing an Omega that he hadn't told Ilya about? Were they in love? Why would the nest be in Shane's house otherwise?
Ilya felt like such a fool. What had he been thinking? That they'd ride off into the sunset together and live happily ever after? That didn't happen in Ilya's life. Nobody had ever stayed for him, and nobody ever would. He'd been delusional to even consider a future with Shane. He kicked at the nest, clutched the shirt to his chest and stormed out of the room.

He flung the backdoor open with a force that almost knocked it out of the frame. He saw Shane jump up in surprise. He stalked towards him, his face contorted with anger. He saw the exact moment Shane noticed the shirt in his hands, his eyes going wide and a glint of fear passing through them. Shane opened his mouth to say something, but Ilya beat him to it, his anger fueling him.

"What the fuck is this, Hollander?" he yelled, holding out the shirt. "Have you been sleeping with a pretty little Omega this whole time? Letting me believe we were something real, but in the meantime you have an Omega nesting in your fucking house?"

He threw the shirt into the garden, and took another step closer to Shane, who stood there frozen, shock, fear and confusion written all over his face.

“You made me feel like I was someone that mattered, when you told me at the All Stars that you liked me… I’ve never felt more seen before. I haven’t touched or even looked at anyone else since then. Only you. You are in my mind all day, every day. But you? You have an Omega nesting in your house? With your sweaty shirt? Is it Rose? Did you lie to me about breaking up with her? Do you fuck her like I fuck you?”

Ilya grabbed his own hair, pulling at it in desperation. All the hurt his father and brother had put him through hadn’t felt as painful as this. He growled, making Shane snap out of his stupor.

He took a step closer to Ilya, tears shimmering in his eyes. “Ilya, no, it’s not… Let me explain,” he tried, but Ilya took a step back and glared at him.

“I don’t want to hear your fucking explanation!” he snarled. “I am idiot! I should have listened to my father and find a good Omega wife. Make babies. Be a good son. But no, I had to fall in love with you!” He pointed at Shane, tears starting to roll down his face. He quickly wiped them away with the back of his hand.

“Tell me….” he said in a low and dangerous voice. “Who is your Omega? I need to know who it is that can give you everything I can’t.”

Shane was crying now. He stepped closer to Ilya, wanting to comfort him, but too scared to touch. “It’s me, Ilya,” he said, a sob escaping. “It’s my nest. I… I’m an Omega.”

Ilya froze. His eyes snapped up to Shanes.

“You what?” he whispered.

Shane hesitantly took a step closer. “I’m sorry I haven’t told you before. I was planning to tell you today. But yes, I’m an Omega.”

Ilya blinked at him. “But… how is possible? I… I’ve known you 10 years. You play NHL. No Omega plays in HNL. And, I have fucked you!” He looked at Shane in complete and utter shock.

Shane wiped away his tears and took a deep breath. “I’ve always hidden it from everyone. Only my parents and a handful of people know. I’ve been taking suppressants ever since I presented as an Omega. I was very late presenting, I was 14. Everyone always assumed I’d present as an Alpha. So did I. And I loved hockey so much, it was my life since I stood on skates for the first time when I was three. So when I presented as Omega, I was heartbroken. I locked myself in my room and cried for days. I was already getting attention from NHL teams and was being named as a potential big player. My parents didn’t know what to do to console me. They took me to the doctor. And then I said I wanted to stay in hockey and I couldn’t be an Omega. Eventually, we found a clinic that helps people in these situations, and I got medication to suppress my Omega tendencies and scent. I’d only stop taking the medication in the summer break when I was home with my parents.”

Shane looked at Ilya through his damp lashes. “When I got drafted, I had to tell the coach. He’s the only one in my team that knows,” he said, stepping closer towards Ilya. This time Ilya didn’t step away, and Shane felt a tiny spark of hope. He took another step closer and reached out to Ilya. He placed a hand on his forearm. “Can we please sit down and talk about this?” he whispered.

He saw Ilya’s skin form goosebumps at his touch and felt him shiver slightly.

“Okay,” Ilya replied, and all the anger seemed to have deflated. He looked hurt and confused, and Shane could understand that. They walked back inside the cottage and sat down on the sofa, each on one end. Shane had never felt so much space between them, not even when they were miles apart.

He could see that Ilya was in his head, trying to process what Shane had just revealed to him.

“Ilya, can you please tell me what’s going through your mind?” Shane asked tentatively.

Ilya looked at him, and for a beat there was a loud silence. Shane held his breath, not sure if Ilya would talk or not. But then he saw Ilya’s shoulders lower, and he seemed to lose some of the tension.

“I don’t know what to say and think,” he murmured. “English is difficult for me now, with many feelings and thoughts.”

Shane nodded in understanding. “I wish I spoke Russian,” he said softly, realising he’d said that before. He promised himself then that if Ilya decided to stay in his life, he'd start learning Russian.

He tried to think of a way to make it easier for Ilya. “Would it help you to write what you want to say down in Russian? We could use Google translate so I can read it in English.”

Ilya cocked his head, contemplating the idea, and then nodded in agreement. Shane got up and picked up his laptop from the dining table. He opened and unlocked it, then clicked on Word for an empty page and changed the settings to Russian. He handed the laptop to Ilya and sat back down on the couch.

First Ilya stared at the screen with furrowed brows, then he started typing. Initially slow and contemplative, but soon his fingers were flying over the keyboard, only lingering there for a couple of seconds before starting up again.

Shane watched him nervously. He couldn’t read anything from Ilya’s stance. He couldn’t make out if he was angry, sad, disappointed, or relieved, happy… It was driving him crazy.

After what felt like hours, Ilya looked up from the screen and said, “Done.”

He passed the laptop to Shane who looked at the illegible words on the screen, and then turned them into English with a few clicks.

He took a deep breath and started reading, but Ilya interrupted him. “Out loud, please.”

Shane gulped but nodded, and turned his attention back to the screen to start reading.

Shane, I have so many feelings. Some good, some bad. I am relieved that you are not seeing someone else, because that would have killed me. I am also very shocked and I am hurt, because you weren't honest with me and lied to me for years about something so fundamental.

But if I think about it and try to position myself in your shoes as a child, I maybe understand a bit. I would not have wanted to live without hockey. It is my life and has been since I was very young. I don't like that Omega's are not allowed to compete in NHL. Just like I don't like that men being together is taboo in sports. So if I look at it that way, I understand why you hid being an Omega from the world. But it still hurts that you didn't tell me.

Is this what you wanted to tell me when I arrived? When you said you wanted to talk and I persuaded you to have sex first? Because if so, I am very sorry. I can see that this is hurting you too, and maybe it would have been better if you told me yourself, before I found out another way.

Shane looked over at Ilya, who was already staring back at him. "It was," Shane whispered.

Ilya nodded slightly and looked back at the screen, so Shane took that as a sign to continue reading.

So that is my fault, but you are so damned irresistable, I always want to fuck you when I see you.

Shane let out a laugh at that. His eyes flicked over to Ilya, catching the way his mouth twitched into a tiny smile.

I don't know what this means for us, but I do know one thing. I want you in my future, preferably as my Omega. And maybe it will all work out.

Do you know what made me decide to come here? It was Svetlana. We talked about you…

Shane whipped his head up at that. "Svetlana knows about us?" he asked.

Ilya nodded. "Yes, she guessed you were my Jane," he replied with a soft smile.

Shane huffed. "She's very observant then." he said.

"That she is," Ilya agreed. "And very wise. And bossy." Then he nodded toward the laptop. "Read."

…and I told her that I have feelings for you, but that it's difficult because we were not only both men, but also both Alpha's. She told me to suck it up and not let anything or anyone tell me it wasn't okay to follow my heart. She basically bullied me into coming here.

But she was right. I was willing to try with you. As two men and two Alpha's, knowing full well what we would have to face in the future. So you being an Omega doesn't change that. For me at least. I want to be with you no matter what.

Shane's eyes filled with tears and he sniffled as he read Ilya's confession. He looked over at Ilya again, who was looking at him with a softness that made his heart skip a beat. He wanted to say something, but Ilya nodded at the laptop again, gesturing to him to continue reading first.

We need to talk about the future, but maybe not today. Now, all I want to do is hold you. We are alright. We will be alright. We can do anything together, because we are Hollander and Rozanov, power couple on ice and also power couple off the ice. I love you.

Shane stared at the last three words for a couple of seconds, before he slowly shut the laptop and placed it on the coffee table. Only then did he let himself look at Ilya, who was sitting crosslegged, looking at him nervously.

"You love me?" Shane whispered.

Ilya nodded. "I do," he confirmed.

Shane let out a sound, something between a sob and a laugh. "That's good," he breathed, "because I love you too."

Chapter 12

As soon as the words left his mouth, Ilya moved towards him on the couch. He gently pushed Shane backwards and straddled him, burying his face in the crook of Shane's neck.

"Ya lyublyu tebya," he mumbled between kisses. "Ya lyublyu tebya."

They sat there for a while, just holding each other, pressing soft kisses, and whispering sweet nothings.

After maybe half an hour, Shane sighed, and Ilya instinctively looked up at him with a questioning look.

"I need to take my meds soon," Shane explained. "The suppressants," he clarified when he saw Ilya's confusion.

"No!" Ilya shot up immediately. "I don't want you to take those around me anymore. I want you the way you are, Shane, no more hiding your true self from me."

Shane nodded. "Okay," he whispered.

He looked away and stared outside for a minute. Then he cleared his throat nervously.

"There's something else I need to tell you."

Ilya stiffened and looked at him wearily. "I don't know if I like the sound of this," he muttered. But he sat back down, next to Shane this time, placing his hand on his thigh. "Okay, tell me."

Shane nodded to himself. He could do this.

"I don't have to explain to you that me being an Omega also means I have other bodily functions than an Alpha," he said.

Ilya snorted. "Shane, I have been with enough Omega's to know about the flies and the bees!"

"Birds and bees," Shane rolled his eyes at him fondly.

"Whatever, but I don't need you to explain it to me! It is even very good, because I was telling Svetlana that one of the things I found difficult to come to terms with in an Alpha-Alpha relationship, was that we wouldn't be able to have children of our own. She told me I was being an old-fashioned Russian dick, and that we would have other options. But we don't need them anymore. We can make our own babies, with your freckles and my curls…" He smiled at Shane who looked utterly shocked.

"You want babies?" Shane stuttered.

“Yes! Of course I want babies,” Ilya declared, then added, “Not now of course. When we are both ready. In the future.”

Shane swallowed. “And what if that future is closer than you think?” he whispered, flicking his eyes up to Ilya’s with a hopeful look.

“Well, would not be easy with hockey, and…” Ilya started, but then something clicked.

He stared at Shane and thought about the little things he’d noticed about him since he’d arrived at the cottage. His glow, his delicious smell, the way he reacted to Ilya playing with his nipples, the softness of his tummy.

“Wait, are you…” his gaze flicked down to Shane’s tummy and then back to his eyes. “Are you pregnant?”

Shane nodded hesitantly. “Yes, I am,” he whispered. Ilya stared at him for a beat. Then Shane saw a tear roll down his cheek.

“You have my baby?’’ he choked out.

Shane nodded again, a small smile forming on his lips. “Yes, I’m carrying your baby.”

Ilya literally threw himself at Shane, covering his whole face with sloppy kisses. Then he ducked down, shoving Shane’s shirt up in the process. He pressed an almost reverent kiss to Shane's tummy, murmuring Russian words into his skin. When he looked back up, Shane was staring down at him, a look of relief mixed with adoration on his face.

“You’re happy?” Shane asked softly.

“So fucking happy!” Ilya said, leaning back up and pressing a kiss to Shane’s lips. Shane couldn’t help the whine that escaped him, making him realise the suppressant had worn off. He looked at Ilya with embarrassment, but Ilya’s eyes only turned hungrier. Then he heard a low rumble and realised it was coming from Ilya’s chest. They locked eyes and all of a sudden the air around them was filled with tension.

Ilya surged forward to kiss Shane again, gripping his hips with strong hands. He slid his tongue over Shane’s lips, asking for entrance, and Shane opened up for him easily. Ilya licked into his mouth, like he was starving for him. He slid his hands down to Shane’s thighs, his grip grounding.

“Let me take you to the bedroom,” he mumbled against Shane’s lips. Shane nodded and let out another wine when Ilya gently tugged on his lips with his teeth.

Before he realised what was happening, Ilya picked him up by his thighs. He quickly wrapped his legs around Ilya’s hips and pressed himself against his chest. Ilya walked them through the hallway, kissing him all the while, but when they stopped at Shane’s bedroom door, Shane shook his head.

“Take me to my nest,” he pleaded. Ilya shuddered. He knew how much a nest meant to an Omega, and being invited into one was a big deal.

“Are you sure?” he whispered, searching Shane’s eyes for signs of hesitance, but all he saw were brown orbs, staring back at him filled with love and trust.

“Yes, I need it to smell like you,” he said, and that was all it took for Ilya to start walking to the study. When they got inside, he walked around the desk. Shane sucked in a breath when he saw the ruffled up side, where Ilya had kicked it. Ilya winced at the realization.

“I’m sorry,” he said, but Shane shook his head and kissed him.

“It’s okay,” he mumbled, “I understand, and we can fix it. But I need the shirt.”

Ilya gently lowered Shane to the floor and ran out to the garden to find the shirt he’d thrown away. He glanced around and spotted it near one of the garden chairs. As he picked it up, it unfolded, and the name on the back caught his eye. ROZANOV. It was his shirt.

He ran back inside, the shirt clutched to his chest, and burst into the study, where he found Shane already lying in his nest. He’d rearranged some cushions to fix it. He looked absolutely beautiful as he lay there, looking up at Ilya with flushed cheeks and hungry eyes. He gave him the shirt and watched as Shane folded it carefully and tucked it into the nest.

“It has my name on it,” he blurted out. He watched Shane’s cheeks turn a darker shade of red.

“Yes,” he chuckled softly. “I must’ve picked up the wrong one in the locker room after the game.” He glanced at Ilya shyly. “It smelt so much like you, so I kept it.”

Ilya’s stomach swooped and he wanted to devour Shane, but he was hesitant to step into the nest. Shane seemed to have noticed his reservation, because he reached out a hand to him.

“Come, my love, I need you.”

Ilya’s heart skipped a beat, and he quickly stepped into the nest , carefully lowering himself so he was lying on top of Shane. Their mouths found each other instinctively. The kiss was gentle at first, sweet and loving. Tasting each other, tongues playing together. But then Ilya moved and their hard cocks brushed together through the fabric. Shane’s breath hitched at the feeling and arousal curled into his veins. He pressed his hips upwards, chasing the sensation, while Ilya pushed down, and they both moaned at the delicious friction.

Shane tugged at the hem of Ilya’s shirt, so he sat up and pulled it up over his head. Then he leaned down and did the same with Shane’s shirt. He decided not to waste anymore time, and quickly got rid of the rest of their clothes. He lowered himself back down and kissed Shane's neck, licking over his scent glands.

“You smell so good, baby,” he panted into his neck. He kissed his way down to Shane’s chest, remembering how sensitive his nipples were that morning. He carefully licked one of the perky buds, and Shane let out a small whimper.

“You like that, baby?” Ilya asked.

Shane nodded. “So sensitive,” he mumbled.

Ilya looked up at him. “Tell me to stop if it gets too much, I don’t want to hurt you,” he said.

Shane nodded and Ilya ducked back down to lick and suck on his nipple, while he gently squeezed the other one with his hand. Shane writhed underneath him in pleasure. He let out a shaky moan, and started to rut his hips up. Ilya chuckled.

“You’re such a needy little Omega,” he said smugly when Shane let out a loud whimper.

“Please, Ilya,” he panted, “I need more. Need you inside me!”

“Patience, darling!” Ilya said, smiling into the skin of Shane’s chest. “We’ll get to that soon.” He slowly moved down, pressing kisses and licking over Shane’s chest and stomach. When he got to his tummy, he gently caressed it before placing a reverent kiss. Then he looked up at Shane again, and a worried look crossed his face.

“Won’t I hurt the baby if we have sex?” he asked.

Shane shook his head. “No, it won’t feel anything,” he tried to reassure Ilya.

“Are you sure?” Ilya grinned at him. “It’s 9 inches!”

Shane snorted. “Oh come on, just fuck me already!”

Ilya kissed his way back up to Shane’s mouth for some more loving kisses. When he pulled back, he looked around.

“Do you have lube and a condom here?’’ he asked, looking down at Shane.

Shane’s face turned scarlet. “Ehm, I don’t think we’ll need either.” He chuckled at Ilya’s puzzled face. “I think I’m wet enough with slick, and you’ve already knocked me up,” Shane deadpanned. “You said you hadn’t been with anyone since All Stars when we’d both just had our mandatory checkups. Which, by the way, was our first and only time without protection, and the result of that is growing inside of me…”

Ilya smirked. “I always score,” he said with a wink.

Shane groaned. “You’re such a dick. If you don’t fuck me now, I’ll kick you out of my nest.”

Ilya chuckled and ducked down to kiss Shane’s jaw. “You wouldn’t. You want me too much.”

Shane rolled his eyes but pushed his hips up, rubbing their hard cocks together. Ilya gave him another kiss and rolled off Shane to lie next to him, his chest pressed to Shane’s side. He pulled Shane’s leg over his, and let his hand gently glide up the inside of his thigh, until he reached the curve of his ass. He gently nudged Shane’s legs further apart, and dipped his finger between his cheeks. He growled when he felt how wet his hole already was, all

slippery and ready for him. He pushed a finger in, feeling the wet heat of Shane's body. He could smell the sweet scent of slick, and it was driving him wild.

"Fuck, baby," he groaned, his own dick throbbing in anticipation, "you feel so good. And you smell delicious. Can I taste you?" he asked, looking at Shane with lust in his eyes.

Shane felt so overwhelmed with feelings and want, he could only nod.

"Turn around for me, baby," Ilya told him. Shane immediately turned over and got on all fours.

"No, you'll hurt your shoulder like that," Ilya said, while kissing Shane's back. "Lie down. Can I put one of your cushions under your belly?" he asked.

Shane nodded and looked around at his nest. He pulled a thick cushion from one of the sides and gave it to Ilya, who gently lifted Shane's lower half up to slide the cushion under him, so his ass was up in the air. Ilya positioned himself between Shane's legs, spreading them wider. He ducked down and licked a fat stripe over his hole. He revelled in the sweet, sticky taste. Shane gasped audibly, wiggling his ass slightly in an attempt to push back. Ilya grabbed his cheeks with both hands, holding him open, and started licking and sucking as if his life depended on it. He dipped his tongue inside, feeling Shane's moans reverberate through his whole body. He fucked his tongue in and out a couple of times, before returning to licking.

Shane was losing his mind, all of his senses were in overdrive, and he felt like he was going to explode. He'd never experienced sex as an Omega before, always having to hide his true self, so this felt so liberating. And the fact that Ilya seemed to get even more turned on than ever, made him feel so loved and wanted.

"Ilya, baby, I need you in me now," he gasped.

Ilya gave him a last lick and sat up between his legs, watching Shane wiggle his ass in desperation.

"Come on, I'm ready for you!" Shane exclaimed impatiently.

"Turn around, I want to see you and kiss you," Ilya said, giving Shane the space to maneuver himself till he was lying on his back, immediately spreading his legs again.

Ilya let out a low rumble at the sight of Shane, lying there, open and vulnerable, staring up at him with so much trust and affection. His hair was tussled, his cheeks pink, his lips swollen. His chest was glistening with sweat, heaving rapidly, and his cock lay heavy on his stomach, leaking precum. He looked like a work of art.

He crawled on top of him, placing his hands on either side of Shane's head and ducked down to kiss those sinful lips. Shane snaked his hand in between them and took a hold of Ilya's cock, guiding it to his entrance. Ilya pushed in slowly, feeling Shane tense around him. He paused, looked at Shane and asked if he was alright.

“Yeah,” Shane replied, “it feels different without the suppressants.” He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “It feels so much more intense. It’s like I can feel you everywhere. Your scent is so strong now, it’s making me feel dizzy and floaty.”

“Is that a good thing?” Ilya asked.

“Mmmm, very good,” Shane responded, and he opened his eyes again, before pulling Ilya back down for a searing kiss. He brought his legs up around Ilya’s hips and nudged him to continue. Ilya slowly pushed in further, till their hips were flushed.

“Oh fuck, you feel heavenly,” Ilya panted, kissing down Shane’s jaw to his neck, were he licked over the scent glands. Shane keened at that, a purr escaping his throat.

Ilya started to move his hips, slowly pulling out almost all the way, but then pushing back in again. The drag made Shane feel feral, he could feel every inch of Ilya moving inside him. He encouraged Ilya to go faster, tightening his grip with his legs. As they moved in sync with each other, Shane reached up and carded his fingers through Ilya’s hair. He tugged at the strands lightly, pulling Ilya’s face from his neck. Their eyes locked and Shane stared into the blue orbs.

“I love you so fucking much,” he whispered.

Ilya stared back at him for a beat, then he caressed his cheek softly, and said, “Ty dlya menya tselyy mir.” He leaned down and kissed him deeply.

“What does that mean?” Shane asked.

“You mean the world to me,” Ilya murmured and started thrusting faster again.

Shane could feel the heat coil at the bottom of his spine, the telltale signs of his impending orgasm. He didn’t want it to be over yet, he wanted more, he wanted to be even closer to Ilya.

“Babe, I need you to slow down,” he panted, gently pushing against Ilya’s chest. Ilya looked at him questioningly. “I want to ride you,” Shane said, but Ilya shook his head.

“Won’t that be too tiring for you?” he asked. Shane looked at him with adoration. How could he be so caring and protective, even in a moment like this. His heart swelled with love.

“I have an idea,” he mumbled. He gently pushed Ilya off him, so he would pull out. Then he maneuvered him into a sitting position and climbed into his lap. He reached behind him, to steady Ilya’s cock, and slowly sank down on it, until he was completely seated. He moaned, letting his head fall back in ecstasy. He felt so full!

Ilya wrapped his arms around him, and they started moving together, slow and sensual. He kissed and licked Shane’s neck, resisting the urge to bite him there. They started speeding up their movements, both getting lost in the sensation. When Shane leaned back a bit, the change in angle caused Ilya to hit his prostate. He let out a high whine, and Ilya started thrusting into him hard.

Shane felt the tension build in his body, his hard dick throbbing between them, weeping for release. He could feel Ilya tense up too.

“I’m so close,” Ilya moaned and tried to pull out a bit. Shane stopped him and sank back down completely, feeling the knot starting to form at the base of Ilya’s cock.

“I want you to knot me, make me yours for real,” he groaned into Ilya’s ear.

Ilya turned to look at him in shock. “You sure?” he checked, and Shane nodded.

“Yeah, I need your knot,” he whined.

Ilya growled and slammed back up into Shane’s tight heat, hitting his prostate hard and fast. Shane clung to him, lost in electric sparks running through his body. Then he tensed up and cried out, when his orgasm hit him hard. He shot hot white stripes over both their stomachs. It was all Ilya needed to pull him over the edge too, and he came deep inside of Shane, while his knot popped and locked them together.

“Holy fuck!” Shane let out, reveling at the feeling of the knot stretching him further. They fell into each other, both exhausted but satisfied. Shane nuzzled his face in the crook of Ilya’s neck, inhaling his scent and letting it fill his senses. He felt so good, it was as if he was floating on air. He could feel Ilya everywhere.

Ilya held Shane tightly. He couldn’t believe how lucky he was. He’d had plenty of sex before, but it had never felt like this before, not even with Shane. He could feel Shane was slumped against him, sleepy and sated.

“May I scent you?’’ he whispered in his ear.

First he thought Shane hadn’t heard him, but then he heard a soft, “Yes, please.”

Ilya stretched his neck a bit, so Shane could snuggle in closer and he let his scent free. Shane breathed it in, the heady scent of tobacco and dark chocolate. He heard a soft purr coming from Shane’s chest, and he felt so intensely happy.

They sat there holding each other for a while. Ilya draped one of the blankets around Shane so he wouldn’t get cold. After Ilya’s knot shrunk down, they got up and had a shower together, still cuddling and holding on to each other.

Ilya could see Shane was tired, so he persuaded him to lie on the bed together for a while. “But no funny business,” he told Shane.

As they lay on the bed together, Shane curled into Ilya’s side, his head resting on his shoulder, while Ilya thought about everything that happened today. In one day he got a boyfriend, an Omega, and a baby. Maybe it should freak him out, be too much and too soon, but it didn’t. He felt like he had finally found his home. Not the cottage, not Canada, but Shane, who was carrying their baby. He knew there were some hard times ahead, but they were going to be alright. He'd never been more sure of anything in his life.

Chapter 13: Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Irina, come on darling, you need to come eat your breakfast or we'll be late for practice!" Ilya called down the hall. He walked back to the kitchen and slid his arms around Shane's waist from behind.

"I wish our daughter was more like you when it comes to punctuality," he mumbled, kissing Shane between his shoulder blades.

Shane leant back against his husband and smiled. "She's a carbon copy of you, so you have no one else to blame than yourself."

Ilya grabbed his waist and turned him around so they were facing each other. "Maybe we should try for the next one to be a copy of you," Ilya said with a smirk.

"Next one?" Shane asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Yes!" Ilya exclaimed. "Irina is almost 4, she'll be going to school soon. What am I going to do with all that free time?"

Shane eyed him carefully. "You know, you could go back to hockey if you wanted to. The coach asks me if you're ready to return almost every other week!"

"I know," Ilya replied. "I've thought about it, but I love my life as it is now. With you and Irina. I love being a stay in the house dad."

"Stay at home dad," Shane corrected him without thinking, earning an eyeroll from his husband.

They looked up when they heard little feet running down the hallway, and saw Irina skidding to a stop just in time to avoid hitting the kitchen island.

Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's nose, before letting him go to lift his daughter into her highchair. He gave her a plate with the pancake Shane had just baked, and poured some maple syrup over it.

"More, papa!" Irina said when he was about to put the syrup back.

He arched his eyebrows at her. "What's the magic word, puppet?"

"Pozhaluysta," Irina said dutifully.

Ilya grinned at that. "Well done!" he said, pouring a little extra syrup over her pancake.

"You're spoiling her," Shane chastised him but there was no bite to it.

“Hey! I already have to be the stern dad when you’re away for games, so let me be the fun dad when you’re home!” Ilya retorted. “Talking about games, when’s your next one again?”

Shane turned to the fridge to look at the schedule. “I have a game on Wednesday in New York, so leaving on Tuesday. From there, we go on to Washington for a game on Friday, back home Saturday,” he announced.

“Daddy, you go away?” Irina asked him, before stuffing the last piece of pancake in her mouth, syrup dripping down her chin.

Shane grabbed a wet cloth and wiped her face. “Yes, but I won’t be away very long. Just 4 nights. Can you show me four on your fingers?”

Irina stuck four fingers in the air. Ilya applauded, making her grin from ear to ear.

“Well done!” Shane praised her and took the opportunity to wipe her sticky fingers while they were still lingering in the air. “Go get your shoes and coat, puppet,” he said as he lifted her out of the chair. “We have to go.”

He turned to Ilya. “Are you coming along, or do you want some peace and quiet at home?”

“No, I’m coming,” Ilya said.

He quickly put the dirty plates in the dishwasher and followed Shane and Irina to the hallway, where they all put on their coats and shoes. Ilya helped Irina to tie her laces and carried her out to the car. Shane chucked Irina’s bag in the boot of the car and got into the driver's seat. When Irina was safely strapped into her carseat and Ilya had climbed into the passenger seat, Shane started the engine and drove away.

—----------

It wasn’t busy at the ice rink, but still enough people noticed Shane being there. Some just looked and whispered, some said hi, and one girl even asked for a photograph with him.

Shane loved his fans, but it always made him uncomfortable when he was with Ilya and Irina. He just wanted to be Shane, the husband and father, not Shane the world famous hockey player. So he politely declined andtold her to get in touch with the team’s PR people for a signed autograph.

Ilya watched it all with a gentle smile on his face. He knew Shane found being famous difficult sometimes, but he was so proud of him. Ilya’d had the same problem in the beginning when Irina started her lessons at the rink. People would recognise him and ask for pictures and autographs, or just wanted his attention. He wasn’t as subtle as Shane was though, so he made it clear from the start that he didn’t want to be bothered when he was here with his daughter. And now he was just one of the dads. Nobody treated him differently anymore.

After helping Irina get changed and onto the rink, they took their seats on the stands. Soon they saw Irina's class coming into action. First they did some warming up exercises. Skating in small zigzags, bending their knees and touching their toes while skating.

Ilya took Shane's hand in his as they watched their daughter skating around like she was born in skates. Which, to be fair, she practically was. She'd learnt to skate before learning to walk! And now she was gliding on the ice, doing twirls and figures.

"She's so beautiful," Shane said in awe.

"Yes, she is. You did say she was a copy of me, so…" Ilya teased.

Shane snorted. Then he looked at Ilya with a soft smile and gently rubbed his thumb over the back of his hand.

"I'm so proud of her. Our little icedancer. You've done so well with her!" he said, his voice a bit hoarse with emotion.

"Hey, she's learnt a lot from you as well!" Ilya replied. "You spent your whole Christmas break helping her with that backward stepover. She excels in that now. Teacher said so herself a couple of weeks ago. Made her show the rest of the class how to do it!"

Shane smiled at that. He'd had so much fun on the ice together with Irina. He sometimes felt a bit sad that he was missing so much time with her., but luckily, Ilya was always there for Irina. He was so grateful for that.

It was something he'd had a hard time figuring out during his pregnancy. He'd have sleepless nights trying to come up with plans and ideas how they could both still play hockey in the NHL after the baby was born, but it just seemed rather impossible.

One night he'd written a whole plan out on paper and woken Ilya up to show it to him. At first, Ilya had just stared at him confused. Then he looked at the plan and back at Shane, and said, "This very difficult. I will stay home with baby. Now can I go sleep, please?"

And that was that. Ilya had just decided to stop playing, so Shane wouldn't have to. Shane had tried to change his mind numerous times, afraid that Ilya would regret it and maybe even resent Shane for it in the future. But Ilya was determined and gave it his everything to be the best stay at home dad he could be, and there was never a moment of regret for him. He wanted to be the loving father he'd never had for Irina.

Because of the accident, Shane had a good excuse not to play till the end of the season. When the new season started, Irina was 6 weeks old. He started as reserve player at first, which gave him the opportunity to train and rebuild his strength, but soon he was back on the ice as Montreal's star player. They won the Stanley cup that year.

All that time, they had been able to keep his Omega status, their relationship and Irina a secret. Only the coach, Hayden and JJ knew it all. Of course, his two friends had been completely shocked at first. There was a lot to unpack for them. Shane being an Omega, gay, pregnant, but worst of all in their eyes, in a relationship with Ilya Rozanov!

But after a couple of awkward get-togethers, the tension between the three of them had ebbed away. Jackie, Hayden's wife, had become very close with Ilya after they started doing baby playdates together. Shane was glad Ilya had someone to talk to when he was away. Someone who knew what the hockey world was like.

Just before Irina turned one, Shane was photographed and filmed with her at a playground. She was clearly heard calling him Daddy, and the media was all over it. Stories came out that he'd knocked up a one night stand, that he only saw his daughter a couple of times a year, that he was refusing to pay alimony. It was horrible. Shane had been devastated.

After a lot of conversations with Ilya, his parents and his coach, Shane decided to come out publicly. They'd taken a lovely picture of the three of them together at the lake. Irina's little face covered in ice cream, Ilya laughing as he looked at her, and Shane looking at them both with a loving smile. The photo was posted on his Instagram with the caption "The two loves of my life. Happy family." and the sign for Alpha under Ilya and for Omega under Shane in the picture.

The response was crazy. Luckily, most people were surprised but happy for them. Of course, there were haters too. Unfortunately a lot of them were from Shane's team. He supposed he could understand some of the resentment they felt towards him. He'd hidden a lot of things from them for years, but it was still painful. So after a hard season, where Shane had been ignored, excluded, roughed up on the ice, and had to endure homophobic and Omegaphobic slurs on and off the ice, he asked for a transfer. The Ottawa Senators had been more than happy to have him on their team, so they sold their Montreal apartment and bought a lovely house with a garden in Ottawa. Close enough to Shane's parents to be convenient, but far enough to make sure they wouldn't come over every day to dote on their granddaughter.

The Ottawa team was lovely. They accepted Shane unconditionally, and it even turned out there was another Omega on the team. Together, they started a campaign to get Omega's in professional sports more visibility and acceptance. They got a lot of media attention, not only in Canada and the US, but also in the rest of the world. Shane had been on countless talkshows, and had been interviewed by papers and magazines. It had made him the ambassador for Omega sporters. He was proud of the change they were slowly making in the business.

"Look, daddy, look!" He watched as his daughter did a one-foot spin. He clapped while Ilya whistled at her.

"When did she learn that?" he asked Ilya, still smiling. "Two weeks ago, she only just managed the two-foot spin!"

"She's a very fast learner," Ilya said proudly. "And we practiced for more than an hour the day before yesterday, just before you came home. She wanted to surprise you with it." He squeezed Shane's hand.

Shane hummed and watched his daughter in adoration. "She's the best…"

"After New York and Washington, you have two home games, yes?" Ilya asked, changing the subject.

“Yeah, thank goodness. I feel like I’ve hardly been home at all the last couple of weeks. But we have three home games now, and then a short break, so at least three weeks at home.” Shane said, looking relieved.

“Well, Mr. Six-time-Stanley-cup-winner,” Ilya murmured into Shane’s ear. “When you have your break, I’m going to take Irina for a sleepover at her grandparents, and then I’m going to take my very good looking, hot and sexy husband to the cottage.” He brought their clasped hands up to his lips and kissed Shane’s fingers.

“Oh yeah?’’ Shane chuckled. “And then what?”

“Then we’re going to practice making another baby.” Ilya whispered.

Shane looked him in the eye, searching for signs that he was joking, but all he saw was love and honesty.

“You really want that?” Shane asked softly.

Ilya nodded, reaching up to caress Shane’s cheek with his thumb. “I really do,” he said.

A slow smile spread over Shane’s face, and he leaned over to his husband to press a gentle kiss on his perfect lips.

“Me too,” he murmured. “Let’s do it.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this story. My other fics are Larry, so if you like that to, do check them out!

Kudos and comments are very much appreciated!

And Sarah, I'm sorry for not making Shane chirp, but that was just a step to far for me! 😂

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!