

In the Heat (Where You Lay)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77472091) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77472091>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Omega , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Smut , Omega Verse , Knotting , Orgasm Edging , Cum Slut Shane Hollander , Fluff and Smut , Lemon , My First Smut , Omega Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Pre-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 2,583 Chapters: 1/1

In the Heat (Where You Lay)

by [f4nt45ywh0r3](#)

Summary

Shane forgets to take his heat suppressants before the Montreal v. Boston game. He goes to Ilya's house after the game, and Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

LOL, long-time fic writer, first-time poster. I hope you like it because there are more on the way!

Shane was anxious, but he couldn't put his finger on exactly why—must be pregame jitters. Though he hadn't been anxious before a game in a long while. Being the Captain and star center for the Montreal Voyageurs came to him with ease, for the most part.

The locker room buzzed with anticipation as the whole team got suited up for the game. It was a big one, the games in Boston always were. The Boston Bears were captained by Ilya Rozanov, Shane's supposed arch-rival.

Little did the crowd know, they were so much more than what they seemed.

He almost didn't have the energy for a rousing speech. Being around so many alphas was taxing; pretending to be one of them was even harder.

"Listen up, everybody." All eyes were on him now. The Voyageurs loved their captain, even though things had been rocky at first after he came out as gay. They would probably lose all respect for him, though, if they found out he was an omega, "Boston beat us at home last month, so let's do the same to them tonight!"

The locker room erupted in cheers, and Shane led everyone out, through the hall, and onto the ice.

Warm-ups went by in a blur. Shane's body felt heated, but not because of the exercise. Ilya hadn't been able to keep his eyes off of him. To bystanders, it probably looked as though they were going to fight, but in reality, there was passion behind each glance.

Hayden skated up to Shane and gave him a half-embrace, tapping him on the helmet, "Don't let Rozanov shake you, buddy."

"No, man, I'm not worried about him," Shane squirted some water into his mouth. He could feel eyes on him. Ilya's eyes, but he ignored the urge to meet his gaze. Thanks to the years of pretending to be an alpha, Shane didn't always bend to Ilya's will, although his omega side practically begged him to, "I just feel a little off tonight."

Hayden gave Shane's helmet another tap, "A win tonight will fix that for sure!"

Shane couldn't help but smile. Hayden always cheered him up. If there were anyone on the team he would tell about his secret years-long affair turned committed relationship with Ilya, it would be him.

Before long, there was the blow of a whistle, and the players of each team were taking their positions. Shane and Ilya met at center ice.

The good sportsman he is, Shane reached his hand out to shake Ilya's. Ilya rolled his eyes and compromised with a fist bump. Even touching through their padded gloves sent an electric shock to Shane's cock. He could only hope Ilya felt the same.

"Hollander," Ilya drawled, his accent thicker than normal.

“Rozanov, good to see you again.” This was the game they played. They weren’t Shane and Ilya on the ice. It was Hollander versus Rozanov, and they loved to hate each other.

The referee skated up, and they both dropped into position for the face-off. This was Shane’s favorite part of playing against one another. In this moment, Shane was close enough to his alpha that he could breathe in his scent. He knew Ilya did the same.

The moment before the puck dropped, there was a look of concern in Ilya’s eyes. Shane took advantage of Ilya’s distraction and won the face-off.

Shane felt concerned. Ilya had been more aggressive than usual during the first two periods of the game. Not towards him, of course, but it wasn’t very often that Ilya would be thrown in the penalty box. Tonight he’d gotten a major and a minor, and probably his ass chewed by his coach. Captains did not take penalties like that, but as there was something off with Shane, something was affecting Ilya too.

His phone was buzzing like crazy behind him, and he tried his best to ignore it. The third period started in less than five minutes, and Shane needed his head on straight. He had a strict “no phone” rule during games, and everyone important to him knew that.

Back on the ice, Shane skated lazily near his position at center ice. He was surprised when it wasn’t Ilya who skated up to face him. The second string center sneered at him, then took his position.

As casually as possible, Shane glanced at the Bears’ bench. Ilya was sitting with his head down. Shane could tell that he was anxious about something. His leg bounced uncontrollably, and he seemed to be muttering something to himself in Russian.

For the rest of the game, Shane was distracted. What was going on with Ilya? Despite his distraction, the Voyaguers still beat the Bears 3-1. He knew there would be discourse online about his dodgy performance in the third period, but a win was a win. A win against Ilya was even better.

The locker room wrap-up was quick, but Shane still wasn’t able to check his phone because his coach pulled him to do media. This was fairly normal. After each Montreal versus Boston game, Hollander and Rozanov would do a press conference together. Unfortunately, the league just wouldn’t let their rivalry go.

What wasn’t normal was being told that Ilya had denied the invitation, more like an obligation, to speak to the press. This made Shane’s gut twist. He was nauseous and sweatier than usual post-game. He felt like the only thing that would make him feel better was Ilya’s touch.

He answered the press’s question quickly and even cut the interview short, claiming he wasn’t feeling well.

None of the guys were in the locker room when he came back, so he took the opportunity to do some deep breathing. It helped push down the tears that were threatening to spill over.

After taking a moment for himself, he finally checked his phone. He scrolled through the notification with confusion. He had missed calls from his mom, his dad, but mostly from Ilya. This many missed calls made his anxiety worse, but his heart sank to his stomach when he read the texts from Ilya.

Ilya: Did you forget heat suppressant?

Ilya: Shane, you need to come to my house immediately after game. Do no press.

Ilya: I think I'm the only one who can smell it on you because I've been with you for heat before and you've been on suppressants for long time.

Shane was beginning to panic. What was he going to do? He couldn't ride back on the bus to the hotel with his teammates. His phone kept scrolling through Ilya's texts.

Ilya: I called car for you. Is waiting behind arena. Will bring you home to me. Text back, please.

Shane: I'm on my way.

All of the breathing exercises in the world couldn't calm down Shane's anxiety. Now that Ilya mentioned it, he had definitely forgotten to take his heat suppressants this morning.

He sent out a text to Hayden saying the bus could go to the hotel without him. This wasn't necessarily unusual. There were times when he would head straight to "Boston Lily's", as Hayden would say, right after games. It was just usually planned.

The car ride to Ilya's was miserable. Shane was forever grateful that Ilya hired a car with a scent-proof partition. Hopefully, the driver would just think it's because Shane is in rut, rather than the exact opposite.

Now that he realized his heat was coming on, it was happening so quickly. His cock was at half mast, and he was worried his slick was going to soak through his pants and into the back seat of the car.

It took everything in him not to whimper while he texted Ilya updates. He longed for his alpha. It had been almost a month since the last time they touched each other in Montreal.

It had been almost six months since they were able to spend one of Shane's heats together. Fuck, the thought of it made Shane's cock throb, and he just needed to feel full.

Finally, the car pulled up to the gate in front of Ilya's house, and they were immediately buzzed through.

Shane could see Ilya's silhouette at the glass front door. The driver definitely knew he was bringing Shane Hollander to Ilya Rozanov's house. It was reckless, but it was the only option.

He slipped a couple of hundred dollars into the area labeled "Tips," hoping to buy the driver's discretion.

It took all of his will to walk calmly to Ilya's door rather than to run like a horny, lovesick fool.

Ilya opened the door slowly, "Been waiting for you, Hollander."

Shit. Shane is in trouble, and his omega can't be strong anymore.

"I'm so sorry, Ilya. I don't know how I forgot to take my suppressants." The tears Shane had been holding in finally spilled over, and he crumbled into Ilya's embrace.

With gentle hands, Ilya soothed him, "Oh, Shane, is okay. I'm not mad." The feeling of Ilya's touch was so comforting, and Shane breathed in his alpha's scent.

It started with Shane placing quick kisses on Ilya's scent gland. All Shane wanted was to sink his teeth in and give him the mating mark they both yearned for. The trail of kisses led up Ilya's neck, across his jaw, finally landing on his lips.

That's when Ilya lost control, his patience nonexistent. He picked Shane up, strong hands gripping just below his ass. Ilya's hands kneading into Shane's round cheeks made them both groan.

They stopped just before Ilya's bedroom door, "I have surprise for you," Ilya said roughly, his accent thick with desire as he set Shane back on his feet.

Shane gave him a strange look, then pushed the door open. A small gasp escaped his lips, and his hand covered his mouth. He was once again holding back tears.

"You made me a nest?" Shane walked into the room to inspect the blankets, clothing, and pillows that now adorned the bed.

"The start of one," Ilya chuckled as he watched Shane rearrange the nest, "Here, why don't you add these?" He removed his clothing. Shane took the items, breathing in Ilya's scent, then placed the clothes into the perfect spots.

Ilya climbed onto the bed, and Shane could feel himself getting more slick by the second. "We should add these, yes?" Ilya said as he stripped Shane from his suit.

Shane couldn't respond with words, just letting out a choked hum of agreement. His eyes were locked onto the erect cock between Ilya's legs. He lifted his hips up, so Ilya could strip him of his underwear as well.

Finally, there was no barrier between them. Ilya climbed onto Shane, closing him in, surrounding him with his scent. His eyes smoldered with lust, a gaze so heated that Shane whimpered in need.

"You need something, Shane?" Ilya kissed around Shane's gland, teasing him.

Shane let out a groan, "You."

Ilya chuckled again, “What you need me to do?” His hands roamed over Shane’s body, never touching him exactly where Shane wanted.

“Fuck me, Ilya!”

“With?”

“You’re cock!”

“And?”

“Fill me up with your cum and knot me!”

“Anytime,” Ilya reached down to Shane’s hole and easily slipped two fingers in, “So wet for me I’ll be able to just slide right in.” His cock nudged at the hole, and then in one painstakingly slow motion, Ilya thrust into Shane.

“Holy fuck!” Shane yelled as he clutched onto Ilya, eyes shut tight.

“Eyes on me, pretty boy,” Ilya tipped Shane’s chin up and kissed each of his eyelids. Shane’s gaze met Ilya’s, and he felt so much pleasure it was almost painful.

Ilya wasn’t thrusting; he just stayed balls deep in Shane’s ass, staring into his eyes, thumbs stroking lazily over his lover’s nipples.

“You are so beautiful.” Ilya said so quietly, Shane barely heard him. “Love you so much,” he said louder this time.

Shane couldn’t take the stillness anymore. He grabbed Ilya by the hair, pulling their lips together in a deep kiss. He thrust his hips quickly, fucking himself on Ilya’s cock. Ilya groaned into his mouth and began rutting in time with Shane.

The sounds of their skin slapping together and moans of pleasure filled the room.

Shane needed more friction on his cock, and as if Ilya could read his mind, he reached down to gather some of Shane’s slick and then stroked his cock.

“Fuck, Ilya, just like that!”

“Should let you cum, Shane?”

“Yes, sir, please!”

Ilya took a moment to respond, bringing Shane so close to the edge of orgasm, “Not yet,” letting go of his cock, but thrusting even harder into him.

Shane’s eyes rolled, and he let out a disappointed sound. Ilya stopped thrusting.

“Don’t be brat,” Ilya slowly started to pull out of Shane.

“No, no, don’t stop!” Shane was so desperate to be full of Ilya’s cock that he reached out to grab Ilya’s hips and pull him back in.

Ilya paused, his cock halfway inside of Shane, “It seems someone forgot they must listen to alpha.”

The words tumbled from Shane’s mouth, “I’m so sorry, sir. It won’t happen again. Please keep fucking me.”

Ilya smiled, sinking back into Shane’s heat—they both moaned.

“You will listen now?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You will only cum when I say so?”

“Fuuuck, yes, sir.”

“Good,” Ilya reached back down to Shane’s cock. He gripped the top, brushing his thumb over the pink tip that was leaking pre-cum. Shane’s hips bucked involuntarily.

With a little tap to the tip, Ilya let go of Shane’s cock and began thrusting again. This time, he started slow and stayed slow.

Shane’s mouth was hanging open; he couldn’t take this much longer. He needed to cum. Ilya pinched his nipple, rolling it between his fingers, and Shane cried out.

The pain and pleasure were overwhelming. Shane cried out again, and this time, Ilya swooped down, connecting their lips, muffling the cries.

Ilya broke the kiss and brushed Shane’s cock, “Cum for me.”

Shane felt his orgasm deep in his core. He came so hard that he couldn’t even make a sound. The breath was stolen from his lungs. His cum painted Ilya’s stomach and chest white.

Ilya felt his knot begin to form. He grunted as he felt Shane’s walls flutter around his cock. The combination of his forming knot and Shane’s clenched hole made it hard for him to keep thrusting.

“Cum inside of me, Ilya, please knot me, please,” Shane begged, holding onto him so tightly.

Finally, he found release, spilling his load into Shane, moaning his name. As Shane felt Ilya’s cum fill him and knot tie them together, his hips bucked and one last shot of cum leaked from his cock.

Ilya smiled, wiping the cum from his stomach, then licking it off his hand. He leaned down to kiss Shane again, lowering onto his body, then rolling them so Shane was resting on top.

They kissed lazily, occasionally whispering words of praise to one another—basking in their pleasure

Both of them felt when Ilya's knot went down enough that Shane could have slipped off of him, but they stayed right where they were. Shane's head rested on Ilya's chest, listening to his heart beat. Ilya's fingertips grazed over Shane's back, giving him shivers.

"I love you," Shane whispered.

Ilya kissed the top of his head and said into his hair, "I love you too."

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