like a sticker

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by smashkeyboardsmash

Summary

Shane's heat hits at an unexpected time. He almost announces it to the whole world, then glues himself to his alpha and seeks relief.

Notes

another rework! enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's heat starts affecting him in the morning, right before they're set to leave for their next game, an hour long team bus ride ahead of them. His scent fills the air, stirring a reaction from the entire team but mostly in Ilya. It's a surprise. Shane always takes his suppressants, he's in fact the person that goes around the locker room and reminds everyone else that they should take theirs.

Ilya swears that he saw him take his pill this morning, and the morning before, and the one before that. They eat breakfast together and Shane always takes it with the first bite of his oat porridge.

This shouldn't be happening. It isn't unheard of, but it's rare. And it's what now Ilya has to deal with and his mate has to struggle through. He doesn't like it when this happens to Shane.

"We should stay home. Say that we both got injured during practice," he says, concerned about his boyfriend and what might happen if he doesn't stay away from the rink. Heat cycles are motherfuckers. Hormones aren't predictable at all. Shane could end up hurting someone, or getting hurt, which is worse. And though Ilya will be right there to take care of him, it would be best for it not to happen in public.

"We can't. We shouldn't. It's an important match," Shane returns, stubborn about it. Never putting himself first. It's the only thing he and Ilya have fought over. "It's important that we go and that we're all there and that we play."

"I think Ilya's right," Wyatt then says, the rest of the team agreeing with silent nods. "We can cover for you."

"I'll be fine," Shane insists.

Fuck. That stubbornness of his. Today won't be easy at all. Even though Shane knows his body and it turns out that he's right — for the most part.

They do their best to cover for him, because they know the coach and team staff would give them a field day about them taking their suppressants around big games, taking birth control and all that *fun* stuff. And they have it all under control until Shane becomes erratic almost in an instant.

He spaces out, releases pheromones on accident, stares at Ilya until he receives some attention in return. So the talk takes place on the drive to the game. With the fresh lecture in his head, Ilya tries to keep some distance between them as the worst thing that could happen would be for Shane's heat to begin right as they're about to go out in the rink.

The match is distracting enough. Shane outdoes himself, scoring more goals than he has in a single match in his entire career. He is sulky throughout it and Ilya can see it, but it makes him perform well too. His sulkiness makes sense. No omega wants to be ignored by their alpha, not when their body yearns for closeness and touch. But he has to do it. He will give Shane everything he wants as soon as they get a few moments alone.

Things escalate into panic from the team staff once the game is over and it's time to take questions from the press and photos get snapped in the process. The internet gets blessed with not one, but two photos of Shane with his tongue out, panting, redness covering his cheeks and making his freckles somehow darker, sweat covering his forehead, while he is walking towards the lockers. He shouldn't have taken his helmet off. Now as result, Shane in heat, and with everyone speculating that he's hit his cycle, will forever live on the internet.

By the time they're in the lockers and preparing to head back to Ottawa, Ilya can't really do any of it. Shane's sitting in his lap with his head nestled into Ilya's neck. Hands wrapped tightly around the material of Ilya's jersey, he sticks himself onto him so no one can pry him away. He starts to shake, nuzzling his nose against Ilya's skin. Ilya has his arms around him, holding him close enough to feel his heartbeat and to leave a bit of scent on him so it calms him down.

Ilya starts scenting him, as little as he can so it doesn't overwhelm Shane, or disgust their friends who are stuck with them in the locker room. Though it's meant to reassure Shane and help with the pain of his heat as it starts to settle in, it also makes him needier.

"Alpha…" he whispers against Ilya's skin, sending shivers down his spine.

Shane's scent changes and becomes citrusy as it is whenever his heat finally hits. His temperature increases even more, spreading to Ilya's body. The smell of pheromones and slick wakes up Ilya's instincts. He growls, arms tightening around Shane's weakening body to shield him from the others. Claiming him, in more ways than the traditional bite that they did years ago. Making it easier for himself and his omega. But it doesn't have the effect Ilya hoped it would.

"No one disturbs us," Ilya says to the team, as he impulsively decides that Shane won't be able to wait until they're home. It's best that they do it here and make the entire team late than to have to fuck Shane in the back of the bus.

A protest in the form of a soft mewl leaves Shane's lips as Ilya picks him up and carries him to the showers. He clasps his hands on Ilya's nape, holding on as tightly as he can. Ilya walks as fast as he can cause he knows that with every passing moment Shane's pain increases.

"Alpha, please," Shane cries out when they're finally in the showers. Ilya turns the hot water on before he places him on the tiles, his back against the hard, cold floor. The water should make it more comfortable, and hopefully drown out some of their sounds.

It's only then, once Shane is lying and waiting for him, that he finally gets a chance to see the shape his boyfriend is in. Behind closed doors Shane loses all restraint, he drops the act and shows his desperation. He whimpers when Ilya lets go of him, a sound that breaks Ilya's heart in context.

"I need you."

The pout on Shane's lips displeases Ilya. It should be kissed as soon as possible.

“What do you want, sweetheart?” Ilya asks. He figures that keeping him talking will buy everyone in the lockers next door some time to get their stuff and move. To make an excuse and get things sorted with the team staff. Him and Shane need privacy. Shane gets loud during sex. He gets even louder during his heats. Ilya doesn’t want anyone else to hear how beautiful Shane sounds when he’s in heat. That’s for his ears only.

“I want you to fuck me,” Shane hisses out the words. Ilya takes the time while Shane answers to start undressing him. To replace the scent he’s transferred on the layers of fabric covering Shane’s body with one directly on his skin. “And I want you to knot me. Please.”

The final please breaks him.

Within seconds Ilya’s ripping off Shane’s clothes, his head going fuzzy with arousal. Shane moans and whimpers each time an item gets removed off his body. His noises never fail to turn Ilya on.

He undresses himself next as frantically as he can. Seeing Shane as he is — a restless mess with slick oozing out of him is the biggest turn on he’s had in a while. Since the last time Shane experienced a heat, many moons ago.

Shane waits for him, occasionally whimpering for contact while the water from the shower offers him as much comfort as it can. But it's not their first rodeo, so he has a fairly decent idea of how it goes between them, which is why the moment Ilya gets himself naked, Shane spreads his legs and hisses, anticipating.

Before lining himself up, Ilya slides two fingers into Shane’s entrance. He loves opening his boyfriend up, making him lose it with nothing but a pointer aimed at just the right angle. But there’s no time for that now. And Shane doesn’t want it either.

“I’m loose enough. Please. Give it to me as hard as you can,” he urges.

Ilya will do exactly that, but he’ll do it his way.

With his hands firmly on Shane’s tiny waist, Ilya pushes in. He buries himself inside and waits a few moments, feeling how good his boyfriend feels and soaking in his heat. Then he withdraws and snaps his hips sharply, giving Shane exactly what he wanted.

A choked moan escapes Shane’s lips. He extends his arms over his head, fingers pushing against the headboard. Ilya’s careful, usually. And Shane doesn’t go in heat unless he forgets his suppressant, usually. This is a special circumstance and it’s hot. So hot that Ilya can feel his knot forming from the get go.

“How’s that?” he asks.

“Perfect,” Shane manages between thrusts.

“You’re perfect, my omega,” Ilya returns.

When he finds the right spot, he speeds up into a rhythm that works better for them both, and Shane gets louder. He gets even louder once he feels the knot at the base of Ilya cock.

“Knot me. Please, I need it. I’m so close. Please”

Shane sounds breathless and shaky. He’s close. Luckily Ilya isn’t too far behind.

Neither of them lasts any longer once the knot is inside. Shane cums immediately, painting his abdomen and chest as more slick gushes out, making the last of Ilya’s gyrations deliciously noisy.

When he releases, hot ropes of cum painting Shane's insides, Ilya loses his balance and falls forward on his hands, shielding Shane from his weight. He stills for a few minutes, catching his breath before he lays himself and his omega to their side with a careful maneuver. Despite being slow and cautious, he can see that the change isn’t easy on Shane, his tightly shut eyes a sign of discomfort. It never is, it’s the one thing they haven’t gotten better at.

But once they’re comfortable, the mood changes. Shane appears to be his normal self.

“It broke already?”

“It shouldn’t have happened at all. I always take my suppressants, I’m a good boy.”

“Yes, you are,” Ilya gives him a smile, then places a kiss on his lips. “My best boy.”

“But I’m sweaty and disgusting.”

“We’re literally under hot water. And we’re stuck like this for a while.”

Shane grins at him. “Kiss me, my alpha," he says with a sultry tone of voice.

Who’s Ilya to say no to that demand?

End Notes

more hollanov coming soon!
in the meantime check out my other fics

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