

Ruined Dreams and New Beginnings

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77892711) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77892711>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Arranged Marriage , Forced Marriage , Forced Proximity , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Mating Bites , Mating Bond , Mating , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 3,529 Chapters: 1/1

Ruined Dreams and New Beginnings

by [AmoureuxedeRimbaud](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander's life is over.

No more fame, no more hockey, no more fans.

When Shane awakens latent omega tendencies and triggers a breakthrough heat, Shane has to learn what it means to be, not just an omega, but an omega with Ilya Rozanov as his alpha.

Notes

This show has consumed me (as have all the books!)

Having then gone to AO3 for a continuation of this obsession, the requisite A/B/O arranged marriage/forced mating fic with a happy ending that is always my favorite fic in any new fandom seem not to have been written yet, so here is my contribution to this amazing community!

There are references to expected domestic abuse that does not end up occurring. If this is triggering, please skip this fic.

Please leave comments and kudos, it makes my day and motivates me to keep writing!

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

An omega is an extension of his alpha. To be marked and bound, constrained and silent.

Service and submission is the joy of the omega, and the alpha is the center of their existence.

- The Foundational Rules of the Modern Alpha-Omega Relationship (8th edition)

Shane's life was over. No more fame. No more adoring fans and brand deals. No more hockey.

And all it took was Ilya Rozanov ruining his life.

Okay maybe, Shane thought, it wasn't entirely Ilya's fault that on his first time meeting Ilya, Shane would develop latent omega tendencies and a breakthrough heat.

His body, instantly, *humiliatingly* realizing that actually no thank you, he didn't want to be a hockey player with thousands of adoring fans and a legacy that would last decades, the best hockey player of his generation. Rather he wanted to be Ilya Rozanov's kept omega bitch, bought, paid for and *bred*.

But that was what he was now. He wasn't a person anymore. His bank accounts were Ilya's. He had to leave everything behind and move in with him. Hell, he wasn't allowed a phone. He couldn't even call his parents without Ilya's say so. He was an *omega*.

Shane's eyes darted upwards. He'd been sat on a bench since being told to "stay" sternly by Ilya, the Russian accent roaring over Shane like a torrent, rooting him in place, as everyone else left to decide on the terms of his sale, the Montreal team he planned to dedicate his life to not even having a word for him as they argued how much Ilya would need to break his contract.

There had been no discussion of him staying on, even though, foolishly, Shane had hoped for one painful second that maybe there'd be a way he could stay on the team.

Yes, all his money would go to Ilya, and yes Ilya could still do whatever he wanted to him, but at least he could still *play*.

Shane's hand came away wet as he wiped at his eyes and looked up. An omega was walking towards him on sky high stilettos, eyes darting around to see if anyone was looking. Shane had seen him around before. He belonged to one of the Boston coaches, but Shane had just ignored him, like he was little more than furniture. And now...Now Shane wasn't any better.

The omega had eyeshadow on, and his collar only highlighted the heavy bite against his neck. Would Shane need to start wearing makeup? Did Ilya like that in an omega? And then Shane felt a simmering push of self-hatred. Who cared what Ilya thought?

"Hi," the omega murmured, "I'm Cole."

“Hi...” Shane muttered, “I’m...”

“I know who you are,” Cole said with a small smile, “the others and I were talking after... well everything. And we realized you hadn’t...well you’d never been sent away.”

Cole was saying that very politely. Most omegas had their breakthrough heats and were sent to finishing school, on how to cook, clean and please their alphas. Their scents entered into a database where alphas could find their compatible mate when they were ready. Shane had always thought he’d be one of those alphas pouring through the catalogues one day.

“No...” Shane murmured, “I always...Everyone thought I was an alpha.”

“Right,” Cole agreed, and his voice was soft, like talking to a child. “Of course you did. But you’re an omega now, and we unfortunately can’t squish years of training into a five minute discussion. So...The basics.”

“Basics?” Shane questioned, his hands twisted together until they were white.

“Always say yes to your alpha,” Cole said promptly, “nothing is worth fighting him on, trust me. You make him food but always give yourself a half portion. Omegas should be skinny, dainty little things, and well...”

Shane flushed. He’d always been considered a handsome alpha, but he was definitely too big for an omega. Did Ilya even find him attractive?

Cole continued, undeterred:

“You’re always interested in what they have to say. Every question should be focused on them. An alpha loves nothing more than to talk about themselves. Let him trust you enough to give you independence. To go to the grocery store on your own. To meet with other omegas. You just have to make him feel important. Valued. The center of your universe.”

“And,” Cole sighed “when you get your first beating, you count and thank him afterwards.”

“Beating?” Shane hissed, and Cole’s eyes softened even more “most alphas prefer a belt. You’re lucky if you get a hand. But you’re always grateful for the correction, alright?”

Shane stiffened at the certainty in Cole’s tone. The knowledge that at some point Ilya would be angry at him and would hit him. But didn’t Ilya already hate him? Would he get his first beating when they got home?

Shane nodded, “you...you don’t sound like you love your alpha?”

Cole’s laugh was harsh, “you will hate him in time, trust me on that.”

“So you just lie...Forever?” Shane questioned, and Cole’s smile smoothed back into that of a perfect omega, “it’s survival sweetheart.”

Shane’s voice pitched lower, “and...and pregnancy?”

Shane could hear the door swing open behind him, the Russian accent seeping in to cloud all his senses, the rustle of feet having decided his fate.

“You love the omegas,” Cole murmured, “and you pray for alphas.”

Cole’s smile was picture perfect as he turned away and Ilya’s hand landed on Shane’s arm. Shane could smell him, sandalwood and campfire, frozen water and pine saplings.

“Let’s go home,” Ilya ordered, and all Shane could do was obey.

Ilya drove a really nice car. It was bright orange and definitely custom, and usually Shane would have given him shit for it.

But, Shane thought despairingly, Omega’s were supposed to be supportive, and maybe he was a wimp, but he really wanted to avoid a whipping while he could, especially from an alpha as tall and strong as Ilya.

Ilya opened the passenger door for him. “Um...Thank you alpha,” Shane murmured.

Weren’t omegas supposed to sit in the backseat? But Shane wouldn’t remind Ilya otherwise.

Ilya looked at him strangely, and Shane flushed. Did Ilya not want him to call him alpha? Should he have called him sir? But Ilya didn’t seem that traditional. Unless...Maybe all Russians were that traditional?

Ilya’s voice was strict, as he put the car into drive. “Do you know when your heat will start?”

Shane bit at his lip, did that mean Ilya wanted to try to get him pregnant immediately?

He could be a father by next year, and Shane felt the overwhelming sadness of what his life would look like crash over him.

Gone was playing hockey, seeing friends, exploring the world. Instead he’d be inside, with a baby – *please be an alpha, please be an alpha* – cleaning the floorboards and watching Ilya win Stanley cups on tv.

“Hollander!” Ilya repeated, “your heat?”

Shane immediately shrunk back at the harshness of his tone. *Please your alpha. Please your alpha.* “No...No alpha...I’ve never had one before.”

Ilya nodded as if he’d expected it, but his eyes still glinted at Shane’s use of his title. “should happen quickly. Pheromones. You will tell me immediately.”

Shane nodded at his tone, the harshness of it, and Shane felt fear sit heavy in his gut. “Yes alpha.” Shane let silence swallow him on the drive home, the stress foreboding, the sun dimming on the horizon.

Ilya's house was nice but cold, glinting modern floors, soulless abstract art and bright overhead lighting. Shane tried to look around as Ilya pushed him into the house. At least it had windows, so he could look out while he cleaned.

"I have to take a shower," Ilya murmured and strode off. Shane stared after him.

What was he supposed to do? Was he supposed to join him? But maybe that seemed...*Slutty?* Shane bit at his lip again.

He guessed he could make dinner. He found some healthy stuff in the fridge, steak and kale, some other vegetables, although weirdly crammed next to a takeout box. Maybe Ilya had had a friend over the night before? And then Shane started spiraling even more as he started cutting the onions.

Alphas and omegas couldn't cheat on each other. That was the whole point of the bite, and why alphas waited before looking for their omegas. But Ilya was...*Experienced*. Shane had had a few kisses and a fumbled makeout with a girl at a party.

What was Shane supposed to do about that? Bend over and take it, Shane's mind hissed at him as he started to stir fry the vegetables, careful to plate only half of the amount he gave Ilya onto his own plate. He really needed to start losing weight, and quickly.

Shane placed the plates on the table and went to his knees as Ilya came up to the table, his scent once again overriding Shane's waking thoughts. "Hollander, what are you doing?"

"I made dinner, alpha," Shane said.

Ilya arched a perfect eyebrow, "you plan to sit or you want me to feed you?" Shane scrambled to his feet. By Ilya's tone Shane guessed that wasn't in the cards, which was great because Shane really wanted to be able to sit at a table for the rest of his life. Maybe that was a privilege Ilya could take away?

"Thank you alpha," Shane added awkwardly.

Ilya nodded, and Shane started carefully picking at his food, as Ilya ate, and then went back for seconds.

"You are not hungry?" Ilya said, shaking his head, and Shane's hands curled around his fork, "oh no alpha, I am hungry. I just..." Shane's voice trailed off, "sorry alpha." Was that going to be Shane's vocabulary for the rest of his life? *Yes, alpha. Please, alpha. Thank you, alpha. Sorry, alpha.*

"I will be busy, the next few days," Ilya said sternly, and Shane's stomach dropped. God, with that voice alone, Shane would beg on his knees for forgiveness, "let me know what you need."

Shane just nodded. *I need to go back to my life, before you ruined it. I need to talk to my mother. I need..* Shane stuffed kale in his mouth, and he kept quiet, even as Ilya cleared their plates.

And god, Shane was already failing at being an omega, even as he scrambled after Ilya to put them away.

Then awkwardly, Ilya took his hand and led him to the bedroom. Shane thought maybe Ilya would take him outside of his first heat, push him down into the bed, even though it wasn't customary, but instead Ilya let him wear a pair of his pyjamas, tugging it over his head even as Shane blushed at his own nakedness and the scent was comforting, even as it hung off Shane's frame.

And when Ilya's arms curled around him as he slept, Shane didn't fight it.

Shane stared at the glistening tapware. Ilya had left every morning with a quiet kiss to Shane's cheek, seemingly endless meetings with Boston on the phone.

Shane, who seemed to be unable to be anything but be paralyzed in the face of his alpha's decisiveness, blushed red every time.

And then every day he would clean the house until it shone and then sit, bored. He wasn't sure he was allowed to watch tv without Ilya... Weren't there restrictions on what omegas could watch? And he was too scared to touch a book and ruin it somehow, earning himself a punishment.

So instead, Shane sat, and thought about all the ways his life had gone to hell. Everything he'd never be able to do again. Travel. Play hockey. See his parents.

And then he wondered about Ilya. Why all the meetings? Was he planning on transferring from Boston? Would Shane have to move even further away from his family? Would he ever see them again?

And the first time Ilya had come home, Shane had gotten on his knees. He'd even fearfully, quietly, poured him some vodka that if broken would definitely be taken out on Shane's ass.

Ilya had dragged him to his feet with some muttered words in Russian.

“Я тебя пугаю, милый?” he asked softly.

When Shane didn't answer right away, Ilya exhaled and leaned closer, his voice dropping. “Скажи мне... что я могу сделать, чтобы ты сам захотел меня?”

Shane had just shrugged and gone to make dinner. An endless parade of the same days and nights, over and over again. And then, one terrible afternoon, Shane's heat came.

It wasn't like the movies, reddened cheeks and soft lightning. It was awful burning pain, an all consuming heat that overwhelmed his senses. He needed his alpha. Desperately. Intensely.

But Shane didn't call Ilya. It was stupid. Foolish. It was the one thing Ilya had ordered him to do. But the minute Ilya bred him, biting him and collaring him and ruining his life.

Well, everything would be over. Shane as a person would disappear like a puff of smoke.

So Shane didn't call him. He cleaned the tapware again until it shone, and felt a roiling pulsing heat in his gut, until a text popped up on his phone.

Boys want to go out – I will be home late.

Alpha my heat started... Shane deleted it.

Alpha, I just realized my heat... Lie. Ilya would smell it on him from hours before. Delete.

Alpha please don't be too angry. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want. Please just don't make it hurt too badly... Pathetic. Delete.

Yes, alpha. Shane wrote. *Please let me know if you need dinner.*

Read receipt. The three dots disappeared.

And then, Shane went to lie in bed. He'd started shaking after sunset, an all-consuming, burning heat overwhelming his senses until all that remained was blistering heat.

Alpha. Alpha. Alpha. Shane never hated his omega more, its weak, pathetic neediness.

And then, when the twilight had started creeping back in, Shane heard the rustle of heavy feet, the throwing of an expensive jacket on the back of a chair. All Shane could do was scramble onto the satin sheets and *present*.

The door swung open, and the scent hit Shane first. Sharp, commanding, utterly consuming. His alpha. *Finally*.

"Shane..." Ilya's voice was low, rough with barely restrained need. His hands pressed against Shane's hips, warm and steady, grounding him. "You're burning up. Heat."

Shane's body shivered, bending closer, desperation in every movement. "Please, alpha. Please. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want. *Please*."

Ilya's hands withdrew for a heartbeat, and panic flared through Shane. Tears pricked his eyes. "Please. Please, alpha. Please." Was he not enough? Not pretty enough? Why would his alpha not take him? He would give everything. He would do *anything*.

A cool clink made Shane look up. A water bottle hovered in front of him. "Drink it. All of it, omega." Ilya's voice was a low growl that made Shane's knees weaken. He swallowed greedily, suddenly aware of how parched he was, how starving.

When Ilya's hands returned, tracing the line of Shane's neck, Shane shivered again. "Here for the bite, hmm? Omega?"

Shane could only nod, lost in the pull of his alpha, letting himself being consumed.

Shane woke up with a pounding head and a knot in his stomach. Okay, so maybe the heat was better than he thought it was going to be.

Maybe Ilya had checked in, and even let him cum, all while he took him like any alpha took his omega, hard, rough, until all that mattered was the intoxication of his alpha's skin against his, his hands tracing through his hair, the push of his hips.

Even when he'd bit him, he'd been careful, and the few drops of blood and the short moan of pain had been shushed by Ilya's lips in his hair, his touch soft, a cold cloth come to wipe at the bite.

But still. Shane had been everything an omega shouldn't be. Needy. Clingy. Demanding. Inexperienced. And above all he'd lied. To his *alpha*.

Shane got up on heavy feet, careful to not wake Ilya, who slumbered like a golden god, the sunlight making his skin sparkle golden.

He walked into the closet. Shane's was still pretty empty of all but a few packs of shirts and a pair of sweats.

Shane shuddered at what Ilya could dress him as. Frilly pinks, tearable material.

But, Shane thought guiltily, hadn't he seen omegas dragged around in the past, naked except for a collar? He'd never even thought about the omega, assuming their alphas had a good reason to humiliate them.

Ilya had been good to him, letting him wear clothes, and Shane should be grateful. Ilya's closet was full of clothes, a explosion of colors and pattern, plum red and purple ochre next to leopard and sparkling silver.

Next to the fabrics as colorful as a peacock's plumage hung a collection of thick leather belts.

Shane considered them for a moment, skimming over a red leather one made of snake skin with a very small metal clasp, a green one made of leather with spikes dotting its surface. Shane settled on one as blue as the Canada sky in the early fall, with a thick silver clasp dotted with pearls.

He held it with both hands, shaking as he kneeled on the wooden floor, knees spread wide, back straight, belt heavy in his hands, palms up like a supplicant to a saint.

Ilya awoke like a lion, all glistening muscles and pulsing heat. Shane kept his eyes fixed on the floorboards.

"Alpha please punish me," Shane murmured, "I apologize for my mistakes and I wish to learn alpha."

Ilya was faster than Shane thought, until he was towering over him. For one painful moment Shane thought Ilya would hit him with a closed fist, and he flinched, as Ilya, hands now painfully slow, came to grasp the belt and throw it, until it hit the corner of the room with a harsh thunk.

"What are you doing, Shane?" Ilya's accent was thick in his mouth. "Why..." Ilya's voice was trembling. "Why would think I beat you?"

“I...” Shane’s voice stumbled. “I lied to you about my heat...I...I didn’t call you right away.”

“You scared of me,” Ilya’s voice was mournful. “Did I hurt you last night?”

“No.” Shane shook his head rigidly. “I just...I lied to you alpha.”

“Because you were scared of me,” Ilya repeated, and his voice shook, “did...Is there another alpha in love with? Someone else?”

“What? No!” Shane’s voice cried out. Cheating on his alpha? His omega recoiled. And anyway Ilya was... Handsome and kind. Nice to dogs and his teammates. He called his Russian friend every week and sent her flowers after her last breakup. He was a good alpha.

“No.” Shane repeated softer, “I’m...I’m sorry I’m scared alpha. I just...Am getting used to everything. Leaving hockey and...Being pregnant soon and having a family. Not that I’m not grateful alpha. I just...I’m just adjusting.”

Ilya’s eyes widened, “why think leaving hockey? Or getting pregnant?”

“Because...That’s what happened now?” Shane says. “I stay home and I get pregnant. I’ll be grateful I promise. I’ll learn to be good. Please forgive me alpha.”

Ilya shook his head, “think...there’s been confusion. Yes, the Metros gave up your contract, but I’ve been trying to find contract for both of us. Ottawa.”

“Ottawa?” Shane repeated, dumbfounded. “You’d leave Boston for Ottawa? Ottawa is terrible.”

“Can afford both our cap,” Ilya shrugged, “and we can win Stanley Cup for Ottawa. I will play wing for you. If you want to get pregnant...Then of course,” Ilya blushed, “but if not we wait until we win few more cups.”

“But my heat, alpha..” Shane said.

“Omegas never pregnant during first bonding heat,” Ilya said, “and you can get pills for omegas with alpha permission in Canada. You start before the season starts.”

“And...” Shane’s eyes were wide. “I can play hockey?”

Ilya nodded, “I want..To be good alpha for you Shane. Want you happy. Hockey makes you happy. Babies...Later. If you want.”

Shane’s hand trembled, but his voice shone, “thank you...Ilya.”

Vanity Fair Cover Story

Congratulations to NHL superstars Shane and Ilya Rozanov-Hollander, three time Stanley cup winners, Olympic gold medalists and all around heartthrobs, on the birth of their first child!

The picture of hand of the baby, rumored to be a boy, was discreetly published on Instagram by Ilya Rozanov-Hollander.

You'd think the couple, between winning championships and advocating for omega rights (see our coverage of the new Canadian Omega Rights bill, and our coverage of the Omega Rights National March, which Shane Rozanov-Hollander led) wouldn't have much free time, but they still surprise their fans.

Ottawa Centaurs noted Shane intends to be back next season, and intends to center Ottawa for another back-to-back Stanley cup.

As always, the memes of the Montreal Metros struggling after the loss of their star permeates the internet. Congratulations to the happy couple!

End Notes

Ilya says in Russian: “Am I scaring you, my sweet?”

He continues: “Tell me... what can I do to make you want me?”

Thank you to everyone who worked on this TV show and books. You really have brought me and so many others joy and happiness!

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