New Life Values

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New Life Values

by newtntommy

Summary

feral omega shane has to teach his omega daughter how to be vicious and be okay with it. his obsessed alpha ilya is just happy to be there and love them all.

Notes

this au again?? whaaatttt i just had to. i got a comment asking for shane's pov and i got inspired! for visuals i like to imagine the inner omega as a machine. always on and ready. this part is focused on shane and ilya and their babies. the dynamics of their pack. i hope you enjoy

this will probably be the last part! unless i get inspired :) feel free to comment ideas.

See the end of the work for more notes

“You drop lisichka, Pike, my Russian ancestors will join forces in my fists and break every bone in your body.”

“I’m not,” Hayden groans. He skates on the ice, moving fast and making precise circles. He speeds up, expertly widening his stance and remaining perfectly balanced. Elizabeth, who sits on his shoulders, lets out a loud squeal and round of giggles. “I have kids, Rozanov. Ellie is safer with me than you on the ice.”

“That is not true. You are big liar. You teach my baby how to lie,” Ilya accuses. “Elizabeth, you trust this man to keep you safe over your own father?”

“Yes!” Elizabeth shrieks. She tugs on Hayden’s hair and stuffs her face to the back of his head. She kicks her feet, clothed in socks with ducks on them.

Ilya clutches his chest. “You wound me! You hurt papa’s heart! Hollander, he should not be godfather. He has ten kids and a failing career.”

“Four kids!” Hayden shouts without missing a beat. Elizabeth kicks harder under his firm grip, laughing with red cheeks. “Failing career? I scored twice last night.”

“Twice!” Elizabeth joins in.

Ilya and Hayden continue to go back and forth. Shane goes to the gate with his hands out. Instantly, Hayden goes to him. He kisses Elizabeth’s cheek and gives her back to Shane.

Shane sets her on her feet and sits on the bleachers. She stands between his legs with her back turned, pressed to his round stomach. He gets started on braiding her hair.

She babbles about her time with Hayden’s kids. She stayed over at his house for the weekend. It was the summer, and Hayden has a big pool for the kids and parties. Shane wouldn’t normally like his child anywhere but home and in their nest when he’s pregnant and on edge, but Ilya of all people convinced him it’d be good.

“Small child is lots of work,” Ilya told him in the kitchen two weeks prior. Shane sat at the counter cutting vegetables for dinner. “You need break. I can give you a massage while we watch that show you like so much.”

Shane’s omega tapped a claw in his chest, agitated. “I don’t need a break. You need a break from our child?”

“Sweetheart, I did not say that,” Ilya reassured. He went to Shane’s side to cup his face and kiss his temple. Shane pinned him with his glare. “You are on edge. I can feel it, yes? My mate’s nerves are my nerves, and they are winded and tense. It is not good to be stressed. The doctor said it is my job as your alpha to keep you carefree and relaxed. Let me help you. For me?”

Shane’s glare lost some of its intensity. Ilya was being gentle and patient. He wasn’t ordering him but instead suggesting, kindly sharing his concerns and offering a solution.

His omega went quiet. Ilya's thumb rubbed his cheek. Shane leaned into him.

"Psych?" Shane asks, naming his current obsession.

Ilya's eyes shined and kissed his lips several times. Shane laughed. "I'll watch paint dry with you."

A man walks into their aisle. He's ten seats away from them. Shane's hackles rise. Ilya joined Hayden on the ice, and they were running drills together with the other kids, leaving Shane alone with Elizabeth.

Elizabeth tenses too.

Shane recognizes the man as a new rookie for Montreal. He was drafted second, and he was snatched quickly by Montreal, who hasn't made it to the playoffs since Shane was with them. They were constantly trading people, desperate to create a team that will finally win them the Cup.

Shane and Ilya make sure they will never win again. They rotate seasons off so one of them will be with Elizabeth and the other can play. Shane has this upcoming season off because he's due to have their second in five weeks. Shane was worried their team would get tired and want to trade them. There's a reason why teams don't like having bonded mates. They signed for Ilya and Shane - not one or the other.

But Coach Wiebe told them having a family is more important than their career. As long as they have one of them, he considers himself lucky. Plus, the other one usually spent most of their time at practices and games. He didn't want them to prioritize anything over themselves and their kid. The rest of the team agreed.

Though, it didn't help that Shane smelled sour and sounded vaguely threatening when he came to his office to tell him he's pregnant and can't play. Ilya stood at his side quietly like a child ready to be scolded.

"I won you two Cups-"

"You only want one season off?"

Shane blinked. "What?"

Coach Wiebe sat back in his chair, unperturbed by Shane's overwhelming scent. "Is one season enough, or do you want two? New parents require more time with their kids, and this will be your first. I am wondering if maybe you'd like two seasons off?"

Shane cocked his head. This reaction was unexpected. "No. One is sufficient."

"Okay," Wiebe said neutrally. "The team will miss you, but maybe you'll visit? Introduce us to the future best skater in the world."

Shane hadn't known what to say, so he said nothing. Ilya intercepted any further questions easily. Wiebe hadn't blinked when Ilya said he'd step away if Shane needed him. Again, no

issue. It was baffling.

“I can’t believe it,” the man says to Shane. A beta. “Shane Hollander?”

The tapping of claws roars in Shane’s ears. His vision turns red. He goes to move Elizabeth behind him, and put space between this stranger and his daughter. *Threat. Threat. Threat.*

Except Elizabeth doesn’t go where he says. She steps forward to stand in front of him. Head tilted high and shoulders set. She’s dressed in a pink hockey shirt with ‘Hollander’ printed on it. Sparkly pink sandals and purple leggings. There’s a bow in her braid.

She’s snarling, baring her teeth. No - not blunt teeth. Fangs. “Go away!” she growls.

The man - Steve his mind provides - backs up three feet. He puts his hands in front of him in surrender, eyes flickering from pregnant omega to newly presented omega. Both very angry and territorial. Shane gets to his feet with his fists clenched, and baring his own vicious fangs. Steve covers his nose with his hand, blocking the bitter stench of sour cherries and citrus.

“Sweetheart? Lisichka?” Ilya gets off the ice with Hayden at his heels. He races over to his family, going straight to stand in the middle. He stops at the sight of Elizabeth, who’s hissing with long fangs and gold eyes.

“Ellie?” Hayden calls tentatively. He softens his voice and squats to be at her level. “You’re okay. You’re safe. There isn’t any danger.”

Ellie stops hissing, recognizing Hayden and pack. Her eyes revert back to brown, and her fangs shorten. They don’t completely disappear, staying the normal length for omega fangs. Her eyes water, confused and scared, and she runs into Hayden’s arms and stuffs her face in his shirt.

Ilya, caught offguard, stares at his not one but *two* omegas. Shane doesn’t take his eyes off Steve. Ilya shoves Steve away. “Why are you upsetting my omegas?”

“I wanted to say hi,” Steve explains guiltily. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know. I really didn’t mean to upset them. I would never have interrupted if I had any idea.”

It’s hard to decipher what the man says. His voice goes in and out, stifled by the loud beats of his rapid heart. Shane is in fighting mode and tracking his every move. His instincts are screaming to protect and defend his small child and his unborn baby. He was going to attack if Steve got any closer, but he didn’t. His alpha is playing mediator, neutralizing the threat and protecting his family.

Suddenly his alpha is shushing him, caressing his hair and neck, thumbing the mating mark. He makes Shane look at him and speaks in a quiet, pacifying tone to coax him to steady his breathing. Shane clutches his shirt, needing his embrace and his mate’s scent. Ilya wraps him in his arms and kisses his hair.

The threat was gone, and it was just the four of them. Elizabeth is asleep in Hayden's arms, her poor body stressed and conflicted from presenting. She's safe with Hayden while Shane is safe with Ilya.

Shane's eyelids are heavy. He's constantly tired when he's pregnant, and taking on a stranger who didn't know any better didn't help. Sometimes being an omega takes a lot out of him, and all he wants to do is fall into his alpha's arms and let him take care of everything.

And Shane does - for the most part. Shane gets itchy with Elizabeth not being in his arms. Noticing, Ilya takes her, and she snuggles into his neck. "Papa," she sighs. Her fangs flash.

Fangs. Oh god. She was an omega. Shane figured that, based on how she acted and held herself, but now it's a fact. His baby was an omega.

Elizabeth freaks out when she's left alone in her seat. Shane sits in the backseat to hold her. She presses into Shane's side during the drive. He brushes her hair and whispers everything is okay. He tells her he loves her, and papa loves her.

She can barely open her eyes when they get home. Ilya coos at her and picks her in his arms. Shane shuffles out of the car, and Ilya immediately goes to his side to get him safely out and his feet on the ground. Ilya uses one hand to hold a sleeping Elizabeth, and with the other he guides Shane into the house.

"Fuck, I hate this," Shane complains.

"I know, lyubimyy," Ilya kisses his cheek. "Get comfy on couch. I put lisichka to bed, and I will come back, and we will take bath and put on comfy clothes and snuggle with Anya in our nest. Unless you would like all of us in the nest?"

"She's exhausted. We'll cuddle tomorrow," Shane says. "I'm sure she'll wake up confused, and I need to explain some things to her."

Ilya grins. "How to be vicious omega. Fuck, I'm so lucky. Two precious omegas who are all mine! I love you so much."

Shane blushes. "Get me to the couch, you sap."

"I can carry my poor, disabled omega lover-"

"Sleep with one eye open, asshole," Shane snaps. Ilya laughs and gets him to the couch. Shane struggles to get his legs under him, and Ilya for once doesn't comment. He situates him comfortably on the pillows and blankets like a temporary nest, all while Elizabeth clings to him. She murmurs something in Russian, slowly waking, annoyed that her sleep was disrupted.

"Is okay?" Ilya asks, ignoring Elizabeth to check in on his mate. Shane nods and tilts his chin up. Ilya caresses his cheek and kisses him. "I love you."

"I love you too."

Ilya leaves with Elizabeth, and Shane sinks deeper in the couch. The lights are dimmed low. He hears the water pipes, and Ilya talks some more in Russian. Elizabeth was getting good at understanding and speaking the language. She communicated to Ilya in Russian, and English with Shane. Shane plans to teach her French during next season. They'll have plenty of time with the new baby and spend most of his time in the nest.

"Shane," Ilya says.

Shane opens his eyes to find Ilya hovering. He must have fallen asleep. "Hm?"

"Time for bed. The nest is far better. Come."

Ilya pulls him to his feet, taking most of his weight. Once they're in the bedroom, Ilya makes him sit on the bed. He removes Shane's shoes and clothes. Shane is too tired to argue, submitting to his alpha taking care of him. Ilya kisses his cheek, jaw, and nose, and Shane sighs into the affection he craves.

Shane is dressed in Ilya's sweatpants and hoodie. The only clothes he can fit in, and Ilya loves seeing him in his clothes. Ilya pulls him close in their nest, and Shane sticks his face in his neck for the comforting scent of *mate*. His hands sink under Ilya's shirt to touch more, craving to be impossibly closer and touch his skin.

Ilya's hand finds his round stomach. His other hand brushes Shane's hair to keep him close. "She wanted a bath before bed. I read Fox in Socks to her. She's back to being herself. She's okay."

"Good," Shane murmurs. "Guess it makes sense her teeth were hurting her the past two months."

"And she would not leave your side for the whole pregnancy," Ilya laughs. "She bosses Hayden's kids around like the army."

Shane grins. "We went to the zoo the other day, and they walked in a single file line. Jackie was ecstatic."

Ilya's eyes crinkle, and he kisses him soft and slow. "You think she will boss her papa around?"

"She can't even look at something at the store without you throwing it in the cart."

"But her little face, sweetheart," Ilya pouts. "She gets so happy. She has freckles. Your freckles and your eyes. Gold omega eyes too. I cannot say no to you, and you expect me to say no to a little version of you?"

Shane rolls his eyes and nuzzles closer to kiss and nip at Ilya's neck. "Big, scary alpha on ice, and a softie at home."

"I'm not the scary one," Ilya says. "How many times have you bit someone?"

“You chucked a puck into the plexiglass because you thought a journalist was flirting with me.”

“He *was* flirting with you,” Ilya huffs. “You bit two people on the neck. One to defend me and the other talked to Elizabeth.”

“You growled at Hayden when you caught him with Elizabeth asleep in his lap. She was a baby.”

“She smelled like another alpha for too long.”

“Hayden is pack so it shouldn’t matter,” Shane says. “Hayden’s kids smell like you the whole season you’re off. Why do you pretend to hate him? You two are friends.”

“And now you’re being mean,” Ilya grunts. “Why are you so mean to me? I make you nice and comfy, yes? I take care of you and our baby, and you so vicious.”

Shane kisses Ilya’s throat. Ilya tilts his head to give him more access, and Shane scrapes his teeth on his sensitive skin. He kisses a trail to his bite mark. Ilya rumbles, pleased. “I can be sweet.”

“Yes, very sweet and plays dirty,” Ilya teases, breathless.

Shane smiles and closes his eyes. He quickly falls asleep with his face pressed to Ilya’s chest and held tightly in his arms.

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Nikolai is born four weeks later. He is small and tiny, and weighs less than Elizabeth. He has black hair and eyes Yuna thinks will turn blue. He is born premature and needs a little extra care, but Shane and Ilya can bring him home six days later. Unlike with Elizabeth, Ilya doesn’t let him go. He hardly sleeps, just stands guard at Shane’s bedside with Nikolai in his arms. Yuna and David take in Elizabeth to let them settle down and focus on Shane’s and Nikolai’s health.

Elizabeth falls in love immediately at meeting her little brother. She coos at him and kisses his chubby cheeks. She talks to him about everything, shows him her toys and the friends she made at school.

She even started learning how to cook. Not much, and it’s not the best, but she can make cereal and toast for mornings Shane makes Ilya go to practice.

Elizabeth comes in with a plate of slightly burnt toast and cereal. She sets it on the bedside table. “Here, daddy.”

“Thank you, ma puce,” Shane says. Nikolai finishes eating, and he moves him from his chest to the bedding on his back.

She joins him in the nest. She kisses Nikolai on the forehead. “Am I going to have babies?”

“If you want,” Shane says. She doesn’t respond right away, and he frowns. “Why?”

Elizabeth shrugs and plays with his little fist. “A kid in school said I’m going to have lots of kids. I have to because I am an omega.”

The *click click click* of a claw scrapes his chest. Shane clenches his jaw. “You have kids if you want to have kids. You don’t need to. Your second gender has nothing to do with it. It’s your decision.”

Eyes similar to his own look up at him quizzically. “They said my alpha will want kids.”

He’s having a meeting with her teacher.

“Your papa is your alpha,” Shane tells her, keeping his tone calm so he doesn’t sound as pissed as he is. “Forever if you want. Your papa is your alpha until you find a mate - if you want one. He’ll take care of you. He would never force you to do anything.”

Elizabeth’s lips wobble. “He wouldn’t?”

Shane knows she’s not actually scared of Ilya. It was those fucking kids brainwashing her. “No, he wouldn’t. He’d rip people to shreds to get to you. Nobody does anything you don’t want. Not if your papa, me, or you have a say, and we do.”

Elizabeth’s lips curl, and she taps her teeth. “Because I have fangs.”

“Yes, you have fangs,” Shane says. “And claws. Sharper than alphas. You’re stronger than them.”

Her brows shoot to her forehead. “I am?”

Shane takes her hand in his. He makes his claws grow, sharp and powerful. She widens her eyes in awe. “Yes. It doesn’t matter what they say. They’re wrong. You’re stronger than them.”

Her claws lengthen and shorten rapidly, unable to control them yet. Shane kisses her palm.

“Your papa is our alpha,” Shane says. “When we go feral, he’ll be the one to help calm us down. Sometimes he’s the only one who can. Most of the time other alphas in our pack can, but it depends on how much you trust them and whether you feel safe. That time in the arena, Hayden brought you down. If you didn’t trust him, that wouldn’t have worked.”

“Feral?” she asks, startled.

Shane taps her chest. “Your omega can go feral when it feels threatened. It’s how we’re strong. It is what alphas are scared of.”

Elizabeth's eyes water. Her face contorts with fright. "Is it scary?"

"It can be," Shane says honestly.

He remembers the first time he went feral. He was attacked by another kid on the ice. He was seven years old, and he'd been terrified. There was blood on his hands, and the other boy was knocked out cold. He thought he was going to be in trouble. He thought his parents were going to be mad and ground him forever. He wouldn't ever play hockey again.

But when the boy's mother yelled at Yuna and demanded for Shane to be kicked off the team, Yuna simply said, "Tell your kid not to pick on my son, and he'll be fine."

The mother raged. "Your son should be at home learning how to be a proper omega!"

"You dare kick my son off the team, and I will have every lawyer and the entire district pounding on your door," Yuna threatened, standing in front of Shane. "Prepare to be hassled every day and have your license taken away by the Board of Canada."

Yuna took Shane straight home to snuggle in the family nest. They didn't talk until Shane stopped shaking and sobbing in his mom's arms. Shane was confused and scared of himself, and he pressed to her side with tears streaming down his cheeks. "I don't know what happened."

"You went feral, honey," she explained, brushing his hair and scenting him. "Perfectly natural. Your omega was protecting you. It is good. I'm very proud of you."

"But I hurt him," Shane cried. He sobbed when his mother washed his bloody hands with a wet towel.

"He was going to hurt you," Yuna said, more gently this time. "He had you cornered. He was bigger than you. He knew what he was doing."

Shane stuffed his face into her neck. His chest was tight, and he couldn't stop shaking. His hands felt foreign. "I hurt him badly. I don't remember what I did. I-I'm scared."

Yuna kissed his head and rubbed his shoulder. "I know, honey. I'm sure it's so scary not to remember defending yourself. You know what's scarier?"

Shane blinked up at her. Her face, that was once furious, was serious.

"Letting some alpha tell you what to do," Yuna said. "He made the conscious decision to threaten you. Hurt you. Lots of alphas think they can get away with anything and act on it. You made the unconscious decision to fight back even harder. I'm sure he won't mess with another omega again. That is power."

Shane laid next to her covered in blankets and pillows that smelled like pack. She hugged him, touched his neck and shoulders, covered him with her scent to calm down. Breathing became easier.

"I'm not in trouble?" Shane asked.

“Far from it,” Yuna said with a smile. “You don’t need it, but you have my permission to fight any alpha who threatens you. You stand your ground. You’re stronger than them. You could fight three alphas if you’re threatened enough.”

Shane looked at his hands. “How do you know when to trust an alpha?”

“Let your omega decide. Your gut instincts are there for a reason,” Yuna said, not hesitating even as an alpha herself. “If an alpha truly wants to be your friend, or a mate, they’ll prove it. Make them prove themselves. Don’t let them in until they do. They’re not in any way superior to you. This isn’t the middle ages, hon. They treat you with respect. You’re the pack leader and protector.”

Since then, Shane listens to his omega. He doesn’t enjoy fighting, but he doesn’t hold back his instincts. It can be disorienting to go feral and come back to his senses with blood on his hands and in his mouth. It’s fucking terrifying sometimes. He doesn’t ever plan on going feral and getting into a fight, but he does it when someone gets too close for comfort or tries to push him or his mate.

He knows the fear Elizabeth is feeling all too well.

“But you know what’s scarier?” Shane asks in a whisper. Her big brown eyes widen. He kisses her forehead and tickles her side. She giggles. “Letting some alpha tell you what to do.”

Elizabeth shrieks in laughter when he tickles her belly. Nikolai starts to fuss, and Shane shushes him and holds him to his chest. It takes a bit to rock him back to sleep. Elizabeth kisses his nose.

“Omegas are leaders, not followers,” Shane whispers. Elizabeth snuggles into his side, giving him her rapt attention. “We can be feral if we need to, but we lead and protect with our heart. Love is why we’re strong, and I love you. I’ll protect you, papa, and Nikolai.”

“I protect you too,” Elizabeth says with a laughably serious expression.

“You don’t need to,” Shane says. The words fall on deaf ears. There’s a gleam of pride on her face. A stubborn determination he’s well aware she got from him.

Ilya comes home hours later, and Elizabeth dashes over to him. “I’ll protect you, papa!”

“Oh?” Ilya laughs, fondly. He picks her up and over his shoulder. He lightly hits her butt and spins in a circle. She laughs and kicks her feet. “Big, strong daughter of mine! So courageous! Everyone take cover!”

Nikolai watches them with big blue eyes and a gaped mouth. Curiously watching them play from Shane’s arms. Ilya pretends to be wounded and falls on the ground. Elizabeth giggles at him and hits his chest.

Ilya gasps, coming back to life, and tugs Elizabeth to him. “You saved me. My little omega. My savior!”

Elizabeth shows off her fangs, smiling wide. He kisses her nose and pretends to bite her neck. She shrieks and tries to push him away, still laughing.

“Mine,” Shane says in Nikolai’s hair.

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“Hayes, my daughter guards her goal better than you!” Ilya chirps.

Hayes looks down at the giggling girl dressed in goalie pads and helmet. Ilya is pulling Elizabeth by her hockey stick, taking turns spinning the kids between goals. “She’s just too good, Roz. Maybe write up a contract for her. Put her in as an alternate.”

“She’d sell more jerseys than you, that’s for sure,” Ilya teases. “Hollander-Rozanov. It has a nice ring to it, yes?”

“Too long of a name,” Shane says where he stands on the ice with a sleeping Nikolai. “Just Hollander.”

Ilya gasps. “Lisichka, you would not do this to your papa. You break my heart like this?”

She giggles and says something muffled in Russian. Shane spends much of his time learning Russian and teaching Elizabeth French, so he only catches a few words. Never…Both…I love you.

Ilya smiles wide. “My baby would not betray me. She has two papas, and she’ll wear both of our names.”

Luca joins Shane on the sidelines. It was his first summer coaching at the hockey camp. Shane’s shoulders tense at his close proximity. The instinct to hide Nikolai roars in his ears, but he stays still. A small growl vibrates in his chest.

Luca gives him a weak smile. His cheeks tint pink. “How’s the little guy?”

“Just sleeping,” Shane says. “He’ll nap anywhere. Guess it was a good thing he spent the first year listening to games on the tv. Makes it easier for him to sleep during anything.”

“You should tell Harris that,” Luca says. “He’ll take all the advice you have. He’s six months along and freaking out.”

Shane peeks over at Harris sitting with Troy. “He’s here more than me nowadays. I’m sure that baby can already sleep through a tornado.”

“Are you playing this season?”

“Yeah, I’m on this season,” Shane says. “Ilya is itching to stay home with the kids.”

“Works for us. He plays hard because he wants the game to end,” Luca jokes. “He scored three times on average.”

Shane smirks. Every home game Ilya rushed home the second it was over. He never stayed out to celebrate, begrudgingly only doing so for away games and if Shane was too busy to do a facetime call. Ilya still texted him at least ten times to check in, and Elizabeth begged Shane to call him.

Ilya loves winning games, but he cared more about spending time with their kids. He was always saying he’d love to be a stay at home papa. Shane loves having both. Best of both worlds. “I’ll be sure to score four.”

Luca laughs, shaking his head. He looks at Nikolai, hands fidgeting. “The second you’re okay with it, let me hold the little guy? He looks like my nephew, and I haven’t seen him in months. Rafe. He was very tiny.”

Nikolai is a little older than one. His birthday party had the whole team taking turns saying hi to a drooling Nikolai in a very tense Shane’s lap. Ilya watched him like a hawk, ready to jump in, agitated by Shane’s stress levels. Elizabeth was too, hissing sometimes when Shane was especially on edge.

Ilya suggested they have a small, more intimate party instead, but Shane knew Ilya would like to celebrate with their friends. They decided on two parties. Shane relaxed the longer the party went on.

Shane looks between Nikolai and Luca before handing his son over. He saw Luca with his nephew. He doesn’t have to, but he tells Luca how to hold Nikolai. Nikolai’s eyes flutter open, but he falls back asleep as soon as Luca gets his hands right.

Luca smiles, eyes bright and slightly shy. “I didn’t think you’d let me.”

“Don’t get any funny ideas,” Shane says. He gets off the ice to put on his skates. “Walk out of my line of vision, and I’ll hunt you down and tear you apart.”

Luca blanches. “Roger that.”

Shane joins Ilya on the ice. Ilya frowns at his empty arms, and he scans the room like a hunter. Eyes sharp and nose flared. He finds his son in Luca’s arms, and surprise flickers across his face. He takes off his glove and cups Shane’s face. “Are you feeling alright?”

“Shut up,” Shane grunts. “Before I decide to take the season off.”

“You wouldn’t dare give up ice time,” Ilya says. He grins knowingly. “You’d go stir crazy.”

Shane uses his stick to slap the puck out from under Ilya. He takes off with it, going straight for Wyatt and Elizabeth. He slows his stride at the last second, moving the puck left and right of Elizabeth. She tries to follow the puck, and she does a good job at keeping track and guarding the goal. Her reflexes are spot-on.

Shane bares his teeth at her, and she makes the same face. Her's is far cuter, and Shane fakes and then shoots through her knees. She jumps to stop it but not fast enough. "Dad!"

"Your daddy is so mean!" Ilya says, skating over. "So competitive, he will not even let his baby win."

"She doesn't want me to go easy on her," Shane says. "Do you?"

Elizabeth pouts. "No, I want to be the best. I can't be the best if you make it easy."

Ilya dramatically rolls his eyes. "That is your daughter, Hollander."

Elizabeth laughs and skates over to the other group of kids. They all surround her, and then they're off doing drills with Ryan Price while laughing and chasing after each other. As usual, Elizabeth takes the lead, making jokes and congratulating good goals scored and form.

"That is your daughter, Rozanov," Shane says, voice soft.

Ilya beams.

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Shane loves his children. He wants two more one day. Ilya wants a whole hockey team full of kids. While Shane thinks that number is a little horrifying, he understands Ilya and his desire to have a big pack. Neither one of them had it with Shane as an only child and Ilya coming from an abusive, cold household. Their home will be large with a never ending supply of love. It'll be everything Shane wanted and Ilya needed.

Though none of that meant Shane loves being pregnant. He can't play hockey, for one. He'll skate for three months in, but he won't touch the ice unless Ilya was there to make sure he doesn't fall or hurt himself due to his fucked up balance.

Besides the normal, pain in the ass pregnancy symptoms, he can get over those. He had issues with his weight, but through safe exercise and a diet approved by a nutritionist, he slowly recovered partially from his toxic thoughts about eating. He's in good shape, pregnant or not.

Shane doesn't like being weak, and he's weak when he's pregnant. Not completely, but frail enough to be annoyed and defensive. He can fight until he's around four months along, but even then Ilya asked - *begged* to be exact - Shane to let him protect him. Fight for him as needed. Let him be the fighter while Shane is otherwise compromised making their family. Shane agreed, and Ilya didn't leave his side, always keeping close. He doesn't need to do it often because they time his pregnancies specifically to fit around their schedules.

Lactating is another hang-up. It's an annoying hindrance when he's at practice, and his chest leaks. He isn't comfortable no matter how he breastfeeds or pumps. How he arranges his

baby or how often he feeds them. He does it, though, because his chest hurts, and it's nice to cuddle with his child afterwards. If he sits in his nest alone with a random hockey game playing at full volume, breastfeeding isn't too bad. He can compartmentalize and dissociate while his baby eats.

Nursing assistants tell him it's okay if he doesn't breastfeed, but them saying that stresses him out more, and he'd much rather just shut off his brain and do the task. He doesn't get mad or depressed - just uncomfortable and that wasn't the end of the world.

It's unfortunate when he has to pump during the season. Sitting on the hotel bed alone with the tv playing a random show with no baby and a machine on his chest is the closest he gets to being depressed. If it gets especially bad, he'll text Ilya and tell him he's pumping. Ilya will check on him twenty minutes later and make sure he's okay mentally and emotionally. They'll talk for an hour about anything, and then Shane will tell him when to get the bottles after or before a game before texting Luca or Wyatt to tell them they can come back.

Jackie is also a nice help. He's always happy to see her when they play Montreal. He sees her now after the game, and she runs over to hug him. "Hey. How are you feeling?"

"I'm good," Shane says. He pats his backpack. "Feel like a cow."

"A handsome cow," Jackie teases. "Great game tonight. You and Barrett are getting to be quite the lineup. I'd appreciate it if you give my poor husband a break."

"He scored twice," Shane says. "It's not my fault he's here for the game and not to beat the omega like the rest of them."

"I can invite them over for a party, and you can have your pick of the litter," she offers conspiratorially. "Bite or scratch them."

"Comeau could stand to be bit."

Jackie laughs. She goes to say something else, but Shane catches a whiff of honey and cherries, and he takes off. He dodges fans and his teammates, and he doesn't stop until he finds his target. He grabs them and sticks his nose to their neck.

"Alpha," he sighs into Ilya's throat. He kisses the skin, and he takes long, deep breaths. Ilya's scent grounds him, mitigating the last gusts of adrenaline and nerves going haywire. Three days ago was his first away game, and far from his mate and kids. Being apart from them was excruciating the first time, and it hurt a little less this time.

He doesn't call Ilya alpha except at home. It's an intimate thing, shared in a safe place. Ilya knows this, which is why Ilya wraps him tightly in his arms. He kisses Shane's temple and ear, anywhere he can reach. "You're okay, sweetheart. You did fantastic tonight. Kicking ass but not as much as I do. Effy wouldn't stop shouting and jumping about her daddy. I took plenty of videos. Do not worry."

Shane chokes out a laugh, feeling a little jealous and sad he wasn't there to witness but see from afar. Elizabeth, according to her, was too long, and she wanted to shorten it. She was

fine with Ellie, but then she watched a show with a character named Effy. She loved it, and she goes by that now.

Shane nuzzles Ilya's gland, needing to be drenched in his scent. When he feels better, he pulls back, and Ilya cups his face and kisses him. Long and slow, and Shane sighs into it happily. Smelling home, safety, and pack-

Shane frowns. "Where? Oh."

Niko is strapped to Ilya's back. He's wiggling around, and Shane takes him into his arms. "My baby."

He spots Elizabeth running straight to Hayden, Jackie, and their kids. "Hi, sweetpea," Jackie says.

Shane scents Niko. His little hands grasp his nose and mouth. "I have bottles in my bag for you to take. I'll feed him in the hotel room. I should probably go do that now."

"Come with us to Jackie and Hayden's," Ilya says. "They have an extra room. Jackie helps by being there, yes? I don't want you to be alone."

It does help. "Yeah, alright. Let me get my bags from the room."

"I'll go with you," Ilya says. He looks around the parking lot behind the arena. Shane sees Voyageurs and Centaurs interspersed. "Effy is getting into Jackie's car. We'll meet her there."

Shane is too distracted by his son and his mate to pay attention to loud footsteps coming straight for them. Ilya is looking for the car over the crowd of people, and he goes to unlock it for them. Neither one of them expect a deep, patronizing laugh.

"It really is a relief we don't have an omega in the team anymore," Comeau sneers. "You take every two seasons off, and then all the breaks you need. It shouldn't be the team's fault you're an omega and can't get off your knees for the other team."

Loud clink of claws tick in Shane's chest. The metallic sound rings in his ears like a conveyer belt, muffling all the surrounding noise. Nikolai is still in his arms.

"What?" Shane asks, but it wasn't a request to repeat. It was a chance to take it back.

Comeau doesn't hear the way his voice quivers, or the way Shane isn't breathing and watching him like a predator. He steps closer, and blood roars in Shane's ears. The loud scrape of metal thrums in his chest.

"How many times are you going to let Rozanov knock you up? You open your legs a lot," he hisses. "Omegas want to be treated equally, but at the end of the day, omegas just want to be knotted and bred. Then they want to be paid equally when they spend all their time with their brats."

Shane can't remember if Comeau has treated him like this before. They weren't exactly friends, but they certainly weren't enemies. He'd been particularly vile the day Shane came

out and told them Ilya is his mate, and that they'll be joining the Centaurs to play together. He hadn't thrown any punches, spouting colorful language.

"Your oldest is an omega, right?"

The strong scent of honey is at his side. His mate. His mate is saying something, lots of angry quips, but Shane doesn't process any of it. No, all he can do is silently hand him their baby. His mate takes him without another word, or maybe his mate is asking him a question. Shane can't hear anything, only the harsh taps of claws echoing in his head.

Click, click, click.

Shane's fangs extend past his lips. His gums ache and throb, and his claws pulse in his fingertips. He shifts into a full predator, and he watches the threat with piercing gold eyes.

Someone steps between them to block Shane's prey from him. Angry, bitter honey wafts in the air, and he knows from the back of his mind, where he's still human, that it's his mate protecting him from himself.

The prey without a name snarls. "Where is that little omega? I'm sure she'd like to know her dad is a traitorous slut-"

And Shane is *gone*. Mind shifts and locks away his humanity into a vault and snaps the key in half. He vaguely catches the blurry form of his mate moving out of the way, maybe shouting, but certainly not intercepting because he knows better.

Time is slow and fast at the same time. One moment he's snarling and snapping his teeth, and the next he's in his mate's arms. He's shaking like a leaf, tearing into his mate's clothes to be skin to skin. He tastes iron in his blood, and his nose is pressed into a familiar scent gland to inhale pure honey laced with dark chocolate. Someone is screaming - a man whose voice makes Shane hiss and bite his alpha's neck.

"You're okay," his alpha soothes. He rubs Shane's back and nape, coaxing him to calm down and scent him. Shane grumbles, and he shushes him. "You're perfect. Sweetheart, focus on me and my breathing. In and out. You're such a good omega. Let's go nest, yes?"

Shane nods, eager to get far from these terrible smells that don't smell like pack. His alpha moves to let him go, but stops when Shane growls and scrapes his fangs over his jugular. His gums and hands hurt, and the metallic clicks won't stop. It makes him antsy, shaky and emotional. Only his alpha can quiet those thoughts and stop the roaring in his ears.

"Okay," Ilya says softly. "I'm not going anywhere. We do like this, yes? In my arms."

Shane jumps into his arms, and Ilya carries him easily. They're in a car, he thinks. Shane doesn't care where they're going, as long as -

"Babies?" Shane croaks.

A warm hand brushes the hair on the back of his head, large enough to squeeze his neck. The comforting touch sends a wave of relief through his bones, and he succumbs to the floaty

haze starting to take hold.

“Jackie and Hayden has them. We’re going to their home, and we will shower quickly. They have a scentless room. They’ll add some of their clothes, and our clothes will make a nice, safe nest. You’ll love it. We will cuddle with our babies, and then make a big cuddle pile in living room.”

Shane’s eyes burn, and he mouths at his alpha’s neck. He wiggles uncomfortably. “It hurts.”

His alpha kisses his forehead. “What hurts?”

Shane’s face is too hot. “My chest,” he whispers.

“Oh.” His alpha’s hands massage his scalp and upper back. Shane’s eyes flutter shut, centered by his touch. “Then you nurse Nikolai, and me and Effy will join nest after.”

Talking takes a lot to do, and Shane just whines and snuggles deeper in his alpha’s chest. He wants to submit so badly, but he can’t do that yet. He needs his alpha to take care of him, watch over him so he can submit and bend to his alpha’s will. Make him happy and be a good omega. His alpha makes it easy for him.

They get to their house, and his alpha - *Ilya* his mind finally recalls - steers him to the shower. Ilya cleans his bloody nails, and the dirt and blood on the rest of his body. Shane almost falls to his knees right then when he washes his hair. Ilya holds him by the back of his thighs, and he kisses Shane’s parted, gasping lips and freckled cheeks. Shane whimpers, and he’s starting to cry harder. He feels good and overwhelmed, and his nerves are ricocheting and buzzing. He wants to calm down, and he is, but it takes a lot to unwind after being feral.

Ilya kisses him lovingly, peppering his heated face and neck with kisses and small bites. He helps dress him, and they gather into the bed. Shane glues himself to Ilya’s side, needing him everywhere. His stability and scent, *home and mate*. His safety net, saturated with his mate’s scent that’s masking Shane’s the more he yields. Ilya wipes his tears, and cages him with his arms and intertwines their legs.

Shane nuzzles into Ilya’s neck and paws at his chest. Ilya removes his shirt, and Shane kisses down his neck to his nipple. He bites right under the nub. Ilya grunts and shoves Shane by his shoulders onto his back. Shane tugs on his pants, claws cutting into the fabric, and he parts his legs. Ilya lines his cock with his slick covered hole and sinks into him, and Shane mewls.

“*Precious omega*,” his alpha praises in Russian. He covers Shane in kisses, and digs his fingers in his thigh possessively, rocking into him in a languid, steady pace.

Shane tugs on his curly blonde hair and chases Ilya’s lips, heart full and need high to taste him. Ilya licks into his mouth as he thrusts deeper. Shane moans and whines, desperate to have him everywhere. His knees dig into Ilya’s sides, and he nips harshly on Ilya’s scent gland and mating mark. Ilya curses and fucks him harder.

“Knot?” Ilya breathes in his shoulder. He switches from English to Russian. “*You want my knot, omega*?”

Shane nods, but then changes his mind. He wants that but they're not home. He whimpers. Ilya shushes him, eyes dark and devastatingly tender.

"Just let me make you feel good."

Shane doesn't last long, too wound tight and sensitive. Ilya fucks him through his orgasm, while Shane clings to him. After Ilya comes, Shane whimpers at the pressure in his chest.

"*I'll go get Nikolai*," Ilya says in Russian with a peck to his lips. Shane snaps awake when he moves to get out of the nest. He grabs Ilya's wrist, digging his nails in. Ilya immediately gets back under the covers. "Okay, okay. I text for him."

Someone, either Hayden or Jackie, brings Nikolai and Shane's bags. Ilya gives Shane their son and awkwardly stands at the door. "I can go."

Shane growls. He can't explain what he wants. He doesn't like nursing with an audience, but he hurts and Nikolai needs to eat. He also doesn't want Ilya to leave.

He doesn't have to worry for long because his alpha is the best. Ilya gets dressed and turns on the tv. He gets a chair and sits right in front of the screen, probably doing damage to his eyes. He pulls out his phone and aims all his attention away from Shane to give him privacy. Shane situates the blankets into a fortress and gets settled in the pillows with Nikolai latched to his chest.

Later, Shane and Ilya join Hayden, Jackie, and Elizabeth in the living room. There's a halfway formed nest on the floor and couches. Elizabeth jumps up. "Daddy!"

"Baby," Shane says and picks her up. He kisses her cheek.

"Are you feeling better?" Hayden asks.

"Yeah," Shane says. "How's Comeau?"

Jackie snorts. "Out for the season. You broke his face and an arm."

Shane grimaces. "Sorry, Hayd."

Hayden waves a hand. "He was trying to goad you to get you in trouble. His drunk friend told me after Comeau was taken to the hospital. The whole thing was recorded by at least five people."

"Hopefully he's out of the league," Ilya grunts from Shane's side on the blankets. Elizabeth is climbing all over him, and he pretends to bite at her leg. "Get Yuna after him. She'll have him kicked out and in jail."

"Probably," Shane huffs. He helped Comeau with drills. He won Montreal the Cup multiple times, and Comeau wants to get him kicked out?

"She is classy lady like that," Ilya says proudly. He holds Elizabeth over his head. She giggles, and Hayden's kids join the nest to take down Ilya. "Ah! I'm being attacked! Help!"

“Get him!” Hayden shouts. “Tear him apart! Pull no punches, Jade. He’s free game.”

Shane rolls his eyes, smiling fondly at the scene. Hayden gets into the squabble, picking up one of his kids and pretending to bite her arm. The kids are giggling, having the time of their life.

“Is this why you’re pregnant again?” Shane asks Jackie.

Jackie laughs and winks. “Maybe.”

+++++++

The whole family is together for a weekend during the season. They go to the store to stock up. Shane walks into the healthy alternative aisle with Nikolai on his chest and holding Elizabeth’s hand. He grabs the gluten-free pasta noodles, wheat bread, brown rice, canned veggies and fruits, and yogurt snacks. He has a list for this week’s meal plans, and he arranges the cart to see what all he needs.

Shane takes the cart to go to the deli, but he freezes when he doesn’t see Elizabeth. “Effy?” he calls out.

She’s not in the aisle, and he doesn’t hear her. His heart pounds. “Effy!”

He checks the neighboring aisles, and she’s nowhere to be seen. He’s shouting now, and everyone dodges out of his way. “*Elizabeth*!”

He finally finds her, and he sighs in relief when he spots her with Ilya. Standing at his side and clutching the bottom of his shirt. She’s glaring at someone, baring her teeth. Her adorable fangs poke out. Shane gets closer to see who the heck has her stressed out.

Svetlana. Oh.

She looks beautiful as always, standing out in the grocery store. She’s dressed in brand name clothes with stunning shoes and hair done. She’s talking to Ilya at a respectful distance, and she keeps glancing at Elizabeth. She smiles at the little girl amicably, but Elizabeth continues glaring.

“Hello, Svetlana,” Shane greets with a smile. He brushes Elizabeth’s hair and gives her a look. “How are you?”

Svetlana breaks out in a smile. “I’m good, Shane Hollander. Oh my goodness! Such an adorable little boy. What’s his name?”

“Nikolai,” Ilya says. “I have new baby.”

“Yeah, thanks for telling me.” Svetlana rolls her eyes. “Pretty babies - both of them. So vicious. I love babies. Can I hold him? I give him right back.”

If Nikolai was any younger, or if Shane didn’t know Svetlana was sincere and kind, Shane would say no. She’s a beta, so her scent isn’t strong. Her eyes are lit up, as she makes faces at Nikolai to make him laugh.

“Sure.”

Elizabeth’s mouth twists in displeasure, and she hisses at Svetlana holding her brother. Ilya moves her behind him, and he chuckles. He kneels down and brushes her hair. “My little omega baby. Is that you hissing or was that a cat? Orange cat or black cat? Svet, you ever see a cat hockey player? She has nine lives.”

Svetlana laughs, and she presses her cheek to Nikolai’s. She waves his hand for him. “*That is champion. She will win all the Cups like her daddies*.”

Elizabeth perks at the Russian, always proud to show her skill. Apparently she forgot she didn’t like Svetlana. “*All the Cups! I am the goalie*.”

“Ah, the weird one,” Svetlana teases in English. Elizabeth laughs. “I will bet money on little Rozanov-Hollander. I will be the first to buy your jersey.”

“It’ll just say Hollander.”

Ilya gasps at Shane. “What? No! I am her papa. She needs both names. No one will know who Hollander is.”

“Fu- Screw you,” Shane stutters.

Ilya grins with Elizabeth sitting on his shoulders. “Need to get Pike to make us curse jar.”

“That thing will be full in one day,” Svetlana says, giggling into Nikolai’s hair and chubby cheeks. She bounces him, and he shrieks in laughter and grabs her hair.

Shane moves without thinking and helps detangle her hair from his fingers. “Hey! Sorry, he likes grabbing everything in reach.”

“Do not worry.” She kisses his fist. “He is still gentleman. You are his daddy.”

Shane smiles. “Ilya is a bigger gentleman than me lately.”

“You are when he is not. He is when you are not. Perfect balance. Perfect family.”

“Pack,” Elizabeth says on Ilya’s shoulders. “You’re not pack.”

Ilya kisses her ankle. Shane grimaces. Ilya laughs. “She is an omega.”

“Yeah, I couldn’t tell when she was growling at me for talking to you,” Svetlana laughs. “It’s okay. I get her gift next time. A pretty dress or shoes. They make pink Gucci shoes for

toddlers. I know your daddies buy you the best hockey gear. Would you like that? Make you smile?"

Elizabeth's face lights up, and she shyly looks at her. She nods with pink cheeks. Svetlana smiles at her.

"You're going to spoil her," Ilya says.

Both Shane and Svetlana turn to him.

"You spoil her!" Shane exclaims.

Ilya smiles, beaming. He leaves the aisle, walking in circles. "I do! It is what she deserves. I tell you, Hollander, I cannot say no to omega."

Shane sighs. "You did say that."

Ilya spins in circles, and the whole store hears Elizabeth's shrieks.

+++++++

Shane feared the day he would get a call from Elizabeth's school. His mother expressed her own worries every time he dropped Shane off at school. She told him about her concerns raising an omega, considering people still viewed omegas as inferior to other second genders. Close-minded people go as far as believe omegas were purely there to procreate and take care of the family. These people teach their children that it was okay to treat omegas poorly, and that behavior shows at school.

Yuna Hollander told her son to always protect himself. She waited for the day Shane did just that. Shane did the same for Elizabeth, and it was only a matter of time before something happened. He didn't want it to, but he needed to be realistic.

Today was the day. Shane's phone rings. It is Elizabeth's principal, and she needs Shane or Elizabeth's alpha to come to the school right away. Another student, an alpha, tried to harass her. He cornered her in the art room, and she lashed out. She was trembling and scared, baring her fangs, and she wouldn't calm down. She was feral.

Shane quickly gets Nikolai dressed, and he jumps into the car. He calls Ilya on the way. He's out with Scott Hunter and his husband, Kip.

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," Ilya says, voice hoarse with worry. He mutters something in Russian, angry and stressed. "Fuck, okay."

Shane gets to Elizabeth's school within fifteen minutes. Elizabeth and a bunch of teachers are in the art room. Most of them are women and half of them are omegas. They were trying to calm her down, but Elizabeth was panting in the corner with gold eyes wet with tears. Her

fangs are long and deadly like needles. Shane is relieved to see the absence of blood, though her claws are sharp and pointed.

Shane tries to get her to look at him. She acknowledges his presence, but her little body doesn't stop heaving. Her face doesn't lose its redness, and her shoulders are stiff and tense. Her bitter citrus scent engulfs the room, crying out in a crisis. Her fear permeates the air, and Shane chokes on it. It physically hurts to see and smell her like this. His daughter was in pain, and he couldn't make it go away. If he could kill whatever snobby alpha kid did this, he would.

An alpha is not required to subdue a feral omega. Not all omegas have an alpha. Shane can succeed, he just needs a little more time. He does what he can, and she's starting to make progress. Her scent wasn't as overwhelming, but just as bitter. It wasn't going fast enough, and he was doing everything that helped soothe him. "My baby, you're okay. I'm here."

The smell of honey hits his nose, and relief fills Shane's chest. An alarmed Ilya runs inside, eyes large as he scans the room. Shane sees the panic dwindle out of him at the sight of Elizabeth standing in the corner unharmed. His face crumples. "Lisichka."

Elizabeth looks at him then, lips wobbling, and she curls into herself. She cries another sheet of tears.

Ilya walks over to her, passing Shane with a fleeting kiss to his temple. He keeps his gaze on Elizabeth with open attentiveness. He speaks with a soft, loving tone. "*Elizabeth*."

Elizabeth freezes. Her mouth twitches with furrowed brows. Her instincts to fight are suffocating.

"*Elizabeth*," Ilya repeats, alpha voice hard as steel. Both demanding and anchoring. This time, Elizabeth makes eye contact. "Good. Good Elizabeth."

Elizabeth looks disheveled and frantic. Her emotions are tangled and pulled thin, and it has to be terrifying to experience this much confusion and lack of control. She doesn't look away from her papa. Ilya makes deep inhales, exaggerating the way he moves his shoulders to encourage her to copy. He continues it, calm and steady, and he takes many steps closer.

Elizabeth hesitantly copies him, gaze glued to Ilya, lured by her alpha's calming voice and slowly rising scent. Her snarls and growls quiet down, and her fangs shorten to their regular length. They sit adorably between her lips. Shane understands why Ilya is obsessed with his fangs.

Ilya dares to step closer, and keeps going until he's crouching in front of her. His blue eyes clashed with her gold ones. He takes her hands, skimming her arm and shoulders to get her used to the sensation. He silently gets her used to his familiar touch, scenting her with a warm cocoon of security and love. *Safe, safe, safe.*

The second he takes her tiny hand in his, she whimpers and falls into his hold. Her now brown eyes shut, exhausted and going limp. Her fight is wiped, submitting completely, and

she sticks her face in her alpha's neck. Her arms and legs wrap around him, and Ilya kisses her head.

"You're perfect," Ilya whispers. "I love you. I take care of you."

By the time they get to the car, she's asleep and purring. Ilya gets in the back in order to not disturb her in this state. Nikolai tries to reach for his sister from his car seat. Ilya kisses his hand. It takes a second for Shane to start the car, too distracted by his alpha being a perfect papa to their kids.

It's not a shock to Shane or Ilya when Shane jumps Ilya at the first opportunity the next day.

Which is the next morning. Shane wakes him by sinking on his cock after blowing him. Shane rides him hard, one hand on the headboard and the other in Ilya's on his chest. He has his teeth in his alpha's neck when he comes, biting the mating mark that makes this man his.

"Fuck, omega," Ilya groans.

Shane tastes blood on his tongue. It tastes like heaven. Tastes like his. His alpha.

"I'm yours," Ilya murmurs. Shane must've said it out loud. Ilya grabs his hair and yanks, bringing Shane's neck to his mouth. He bites the matching mating mark under his jaw, sinking his short fangs through skin. "But you're mine too."

Shane shouts and comes.

Ilya knots deep inside him.

+++++++

Shane doesn't realize at first what he's doing. He doesn't catch how little conversation happens in the house. He just figured words had to be being said because the kids and Ilya were listening to him fine. The kids pick up their clothes and toys when he tells him to. Ilya washes the dishes. Effy gets off the ice without Shane having to get loud over the other laughing kids and coach whistles. Nikolai and Effy stop arguing over a toy, and he thought it was because they were communicating well.

He didn't guess for one second he wasn't actually saying anything.

They're at Troy's house having dinner, and the kids come running in from outside. Harris laughs. "You know, I haven't gotten good at that yet. I'm hoping soon, so I don't have to lose my voice."

Harris was looking at Shane. Shane frowns. "What?"

“You called for them without having to say anything,” Harris says with a delighted laugh. “That’s impressive.”

“But I did say something,” Shane insists. Harris gives him a weird look. “Didn’t I?”

“I mean, you made a sound,” Harris says. “A chuff. You make lots of sounds. A hum there, a chuff here, and the looks! I’m terrified for the day you look at me like you did at Ilya when he was talking about some girl he met at a bar. I almost duck and covered.”

“He almost did,” Wyatt laughs. “Remember when Shane wanted your old jacket? You told him no, and Shane got antsy and scarily quiet. You would have thought you stole his tape or lost his skates. He was preparing to go to war.”

Shane’s ears are burning. “I don’t remember this.”

“My omega was building nest,” Ilya says. “The second one for our upstairs loft. The pack one.”

“Oh my god,” Shane groans. He puts his face in his hands. He did go to his teammates and asked for an article of clothing that smells like them. No wonder they were all agreeable to the request. “I am sorry. I was preparing for my heat, and I like smelling pack near the end of it. I can give it back.”

He’d rather not though. The offer comes out sour to his own ears. Thankfully, Harris quickly shakes his head. “No! No, it’s okay. I get it. I took your fleece for mine, so it’s only fair.”

Shane pales in embarrassment, and Ilya rubs his shoulders. The conversation moves onto Harris and his nesting material. He talks quietly, “Do I really make…sounds?”

“You make tons of sounds,” Ilya says with a smirk. Shane slaps his chest. “Yes, you make lots of sounds. Our babies can differentiate them most of the time. The other day, I was in the living room, and you made a deep croon. Little Niko and Effy were trying to decide if you were telling them to clean their room or get ready for bed. It was adorable.”

Shane tries to recall that night, and he swore he said something. No wonder it took a minute for Effy and Nikolai to come up and get ready for bed.

“It is not a noise every time,” Ilya explains. “Last month you were getting overstimulated, and you gave me this look. I nodded at you, and I distracted Elizabeth by having her paint my nails. You were fine after twenty minutes.”

“Huh,” Shane replies, perplexed. “I guess that explains why I didn’t hear anything for a while. I was about to rip out my hair. I’m sorry, you just got home, and it was a long day-”

Ilya interrupts him with a hard kiss. “No, no. Do not worry. I am happy to help. I miss my babies and Anya. I take them out to park or wear them out somehow.”

“That’s why you come home and immediately leave with them?” Shane asks, shocked.

“Yes,” Ilya says bluntly with a big smile. “I know my mate, and he needs time to himself. I help with that.”

Shane hadn’t realized. God, how could he have not figured that out? He thought it was excellent timing that every time he was getting a bit overwhelmed, Ilya came in just in time to relieve him of parent duties. All to find out, his alpha did this on purpose because he was thoughtful and very considerate of his limits.

“I love you,” Shane whispers, eyes brimmed with tears.

“I love you too, luchik.”

+++++++

“Now you’re just fucking with me.”

Shane puts his hands in his pockets. Hayden didn’t even get the door all the way open, before the scent hit his nose. Shane blushes.

Hayden groans, and his head hits the doorframe. “You know how many fucking kids already live here on a semi-regular basis?”

Shane bites his lip. What is he supposed to say? Sorry, tell my alpha to stop being so hot. Stop being the perfect dad to their kids. Stop looking gorgeous with or without clothes.

“Two for the curse jar.”

End Notes

lisichka - little fox
lyubimyy - darling

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