

New Dynamic Values

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/79882311) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79882311>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Wyatt Hayes , Luca Haas , Hayden Pike , Harris Drover
Additional Tags:	Omega Verse , Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Mates , Pack Dynamics , Pack Bonding , Past Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , POV Outsider
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of NonTraditional OmegaVerse
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-19 Words: 6,363 Chapters: 1/1

New Dynamic Values

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

feral omega shane and his love stricken alpha mate ilya.

or 5 different outsider POVs of the Hollander-Rozanov family.

Notes

a scared scott and multiple protective pack members.

enjoy!!! i had a lot of fun! i hope they're in character. i haven't read all the books so i went by the game changers wikipedia

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

Scott Hunter has a short bucket list. What was once endless and labeled impossible to complete, was now a road of opportunity, forked to self discovery and accomplishments in life and career.

A devastating chasm haunted him his whole life, corroding his chest and convincing him he has no chance of building a family or finding a pack. He didn't dare to dream of anything but a life of solitude and more loss.

Now, he was an alpha with an omega mate and two beautiful children. A family he never once thought he could have. The same family who was waiting for him in the lobby of this hotel.

While he's here, trapped in a broken elevator with two omegas. One being a very angry, territorial omega parent, and the man's omega daughter going into her first heat.

Scott is going to die in here.

Scott scratches his nose, an unauthorized movement, and Shane Hollander growls at him. Scott sticks his face in the corner of the elevator, and keeps his arms at his sides and in view. The strong, bitter scent of cherries and pissed off omega invades his senses, suffocating him. It acts like a whip, striking his nose and burning his eyes. He dares to cover his nose, resulting in another savage snarl that makes his alpha rumble and cower.

The little girl makes a pained whimper and a hiss, crawling deeper in Shane's lap. Her face nuzzles his neck, breathing him in, searching for comfort and solace. A reprieve from the pain and agonizing sensation shocking her overheated body. Her citrus scent sours, fluctuating and expanding in the small space, bringing tears to Scott's eyes. It demands anyone who isn't pack to leave.

And Scott *can't*. He would tear through the wall if he could. He even glances at the opening on the roof and does the math to see if he could make it out before his neck is ripped out.

"Emergency personnel is on their way," the intercom states. *"Thank you for your patience."*

Thank god.

The hair on the back of his neck rises in alarm. He breathes through his mouth. "Hollander, you two leave first."

"Do not tell me what to do," Shane hisses. The girl - Effy, yeah, that's her name - growls and snaps her jaw. She was wearing a Belle dress, which would be adorable if she wasn't feral with gold eyes and sharp claws that would kill Scott if she put her heart into it. All the more reason to stay perfectly still in the corner.

Shane calms her with a brush to her hair, and cupping the back of her head. It does nothing to reduce her potent citrus smell, which continues to flood out in waves and drive Scott absolutely mad. His alpha is restless, both wanting to soothe the poor kid and get the fuck away. Nausea pools in his stomach, and his head was killing him.

Would it help to slam his head into the wall? He can't smell if he's unconscious. Right?

Scott swallows. His head is trying to murder itself, anything to get out of this torture. "Is there anything I can do? I have Rozanov's number. I can call him and make sure he's right outside the door."

"He knows where we are," Shane grunts. He shuffles for his bag to take out a jacket that reeks of Rozanov. He wraps the clothing around Effy's shaking form. He whispers something in the young omega's ear. Effy cries.

Scott might actually yank the door off its hinges to get out.

"Stop stinking up the place. You're stressing her out."

Shane closes his eyes and counts to five. He keeps his voice steady and calm. "I'm in an elevator with two angry omegas who could kill me. I am taking as little space as I can. My mate and kids are waiting downstairs, and full offense but I would pay an ungodly amount of money to get out of here."

The pained omega cries harder. Distressed pheromones fill the small space, and Shane shushes her and kisses her forehead. He scents her as best as he can to mask her scared, heat scent. Her little, still deadly claws tear holes in Shane's shirt. He guides her face back into the crook of his neck.

"Poor kid," Scott says because it's all he can think to do. Closing his eyes makes him dizzy and the headache worse, and any movement might be his last. "I have two kids: a beta and an alpha."

"About to speak in past tense if you don't stop talking," Shane retorts. He sighs and rubs Effy's back. He breathes hard, fangs out and threatening. He squeezes his eyes shut, pushing down his instincts to tear the alpha who wasn't pack into pieces for being too close to his omega daughter.

Because Scott isn't pack. He and Shane are friends, but they're not pack. He met Shane's kids three times max. They have their own packs - Scott's being mostly Kip's mix of pack members and friends. Effy isn't used to Scott's smell, and the foreign aroma throws her off and confuses her body. It makes her want to fight the strange alpha.

Omegas in heat are extremely dangerous and should be avoided at all costs. *Especially* their omega parent who will do anything to protect their vulnerable child. He's seen it in Kip. Not to mention Ilya is somewhere out there, prowling and foaming at the mouth, waiting to reunite with his mate and child.

Scott heard about the attack on Shane at a bar. Some asshole alpha drugged the omega, and led him outside to assault him. He would've succeeded if Ilya hadn't felt the danger through their bond mark. Ilya showed up with fangs and claws out, and he broke every bone in the man's face. He almost killed him in his feral state, and Ilya would have every right to. There are laws out there to protect Ilya's rights to defend his mate, even if the attacker died by his hand.

Two feral people bonded together. Scott should've known someone with the last name Rozanov would be his demise.

"Look, I'll take your things," Scott offers, trying not to breathe in Shane's very angry, *fuck off* scent currently trying to poison him. "I'll drop them off at your room. Just worry about her."

Shane grinds his teeth. Effy tenses and clutches his shirt. She peeks at Scott with murderous intent and glowing gold eyes that promises a swipe at Scott's arteries. She is a spitting image of Shane when he's angry. Same face that revealed more than she wanted, even though she certainly meant to terrify Scott with her glare alone. She wasn't holding back there, and neither did Shane when he was pissed on the ice. Scott would laugh if he was at least a mile away and behind a stone wall. He avoids her gaze.

"Stop telling me what to do," Shane orders. He rubs Effy's back and kisses her temple. Her braided hair was in knots. "You're not helping."

Scott takes a deep breath and thinks about Kip, and how he didn't like to be told what to do either when he was in heat. At least not by anyone who wasn't Scott. "Please let me take your things. I will bring it all to your room. Kip will. Not me."

The door dings as the gear of the elevator comes to life. The doors open, and Scott physically restrains himself from booking out. Shane bares his teeth at his back, as if he could read his anxious thoughts and disapproved of Scott moving at all.

Ilya barges his way into the elevator. Eyes wide and murderous, worried for his mate. He must've been going crazy knowing his omega daughter was having her first heat in a strange place and not home. He cups Shane's cheek and kisses the top of Effy's head. "My Shane, how is my poor lisichka?"

"Papa," Effy sobs and reaches for him. Ilya immediately takes her into his arms. She cries into his shoulder, murmuring unintelligible words that sound Russian. "It hurts. My stomach hurts."

"I know, my baby," Ilya coos. "We will get you nice and comfy in our room. We will watch your favorite movies, and we will get you yummy foods. Anything you want. You tell me, and I get it for you. You want Disney castle? I buy it."

Shane grabs their things and stuffs it all in his bag. Scott can see from the corner of his eye how tense he was. "Where's Nikolai?"

"Yuna has him. Took him to see Mickey and Pluto," Ilya explains. He kisses Effy's cheek and brushes her hair. He pauses at the sight of Scott, who still stands in the corner. "What the fuck? Was Scott Hunter in here the whole time? Did he-"

Ilya's alpha red glare has the fire power of a nuclear bomb, and his fangs grow. His scent spikes, ambushing Scott's senses and making his alpha growl. Scott shakes his head, restraining himself, and finally turns to put his back to the wall. Shane bares his teeth, and so he stays put. God, he wants out of this damn elevator.

“No, I didn’t do anything. I just stood in the corner and breathed through my mouth,” Scott grunts. “Can we pretend none of this happened? I’d like to breathe air without the stench of angry Rozanov.”

“Hollander too,” Shane snaps. He brushes his fingers over Effy’s arm. “And he did nothing. I would’ve torn his face off. I did my best to distract her from him.”

Ilya eyes Scott with steel in his gaze. Scott grinds his jaw at the other alpha’s appraisal. After seeing the lack of threat, Ilya goes back to comforting his crying daughter.

Shane pulls out his phone, and he drops a kiss to Effy’s cheek. “I’m calling my mom. Take her to the room. Help her with the nest.”

Ilya coos at Effy and kisses all over her tear stained face. “We will make the best nest, won’t we? All the cuddles in the world.”

Ilya kisses Shane before the omega disappears to make a call. Scott relaxes with the territorial, partially feral omega gone. Unfortunately, Shane’s bitter scent was replaced by Ilya’s alpha parent scent that wasn’t much better. Ilya was practically screaming at Scott to leave, but he was the one blocking the door.

Ilya smiles at the staff, but his heart isn’t all the way in it. The hotel sent a nurse to check Effy’s vitals, and it was taking everything in him to not growl at the woman for getting too close. Effy turns restless, and refuses to let Ilya go. The nurse declares her vitals are good, and says she’s safe to be taken to their room to nest.

Ilya nods and gives Scott a look. Scott stiffens. “I wish I took picture of Scott Hunter cowering in the corner in a small room of angry omegas. My omegas.”

“Go fuck yourself, Rozanov,” Scott barks at him and storms out.

“Little ears, Scott Hunter!”

Wyatt Hayes is happy to be the distraction. He’s really good at it as an alpha, especially with kids. He adores kids, and he loves spending time with the pack’s kids. Ilya and Shane’s kids and Troy and Harris’s kid. It comes naturally to him, and he can’t wait for the day he and Lisa have babies. If they don’t, then that’s fine because he has a litter of them to spoil and interact with.

He unfortunately knows Dallas Kent, and how he’s an incredibly hateful person. Ilya told Wyatt what horrible things he said to him about Shane. Wyatt saw the game where Ilya sliced his leg with his blade, and then the following game where Shane bit Kent on the neck and refused to let go. Blood coated the ice, pouring out of the man’s body as he screamed. People tried to yank Shane off him, but the omega was locked in. Shane dug his fangs deeper, and

Kent wouldn't have survived if it weren't for Hayden calling Ilya to talk him down. As his alpha, Ilya was the only person who can pull Shane out of his feral state.

Such as now.

Dallas Kent showed up at the same restaurant, drunk already from bar hopping and slurring his words. He was kicked out of the league after Shane bit him on the rink years ago. He caused a commotion the second he walked in, shouting cruel words at Ilya and Shane where they stood talking to Shane's friend, Rose. Rose was holding the two's newest baby Millie, and Kent came far too close, setting Shane on edge. He bared his fangs and moved forward.

Wyatt had been drawing pictures with Effy and Luca at the tables. Nikolai was following Hayden's kids around and playing tag. The place was closed to the public, so it was only the team and friends. Kent and some other guys stormed in, pushing his way through the door, intent on getting his revenge. He ran right up to Ilya first, shouted drunken hateful nonsense, and punched him in the face.

In turn, Shane went feral. His snarl shook the paintings off the walls, and he grabbed Kent's arm and bit his wrist. His fangs sank right in like a warm knife in butter, and Kent screamed like nothing before. His features twisted in excruciating pain, and he released a desperate, blood curling scream. He sounded like he was dying, and his muscles grew weak. He fell to his knees, growing pale and screaming weakly, which could only mean one thing.

Shane's bite turned venomous. Venom surged through his veins. Burning him from the inside and shutting down his organs.

Wyatt was already gone. He picks up Effy and Jade, and he grabs the other kids' attention to follow him outside. Luca has Millie in his arms, given to him by Rose. She runs back to Ilya and Shane with her phone in her hand. Bood and Barrett grab Kent, and Ilya focuses on Shane. The others go outside.

Effy immediately grows suspicious because she's too smart for her good, and she's a goalie so she notices everything. The screaming inside is muffled, and she peeks through the windows with a worried expression.

"Daddy?" she says weakly. She frowns, turning angry at what she finds. Her fangs poke out of her mouth as she scrunches her face. Her omega instinct to defend her family kicking in. She tries to get inside, but Wyatt intercepts her. "What's wrong with my daddy and papa?"

He crouches in front of her. "They're hunting bad guys! Your daddies are crime fighting superheroes. Your daddy is Nightwing because he looks exactly like him in the comic books. Your papa is Red Star. Have I shown you them? They fight to protect you."

He has to try a little harder to hold her attention, but as soon as Wyatt gets the other kids distracted, she realizes her role as the oldest. She helps the adults distract them with videos and games on their phones. Nikolai creates a game with Luca with each kid as a hero or a villain. They make their own silly powers, and Nikolai insists his power is speaking to all animals. The twins are super strong mermaids that can fight crime on land and in water.

Luca draws out sketches of their costumes. Harris brought a soccer ball because his kid also plays soccer, and all the kids jump in and play. It's a good time. Wyatt glances in the window every five minutes, checking on Shane and Ilya. It was only the two of them now. Bood was dragging an unconscious and too pale Kent outside. Troy was shoving Kent's buddies out, and they were covered in bruises.

Shane and Ilya stand in the corner. Ilya does what he can to calm Shane, who has blood all over his face and mouth. Shane's eyes are a raging gold, fangs sharp and dripping with blood and venom, and he breathes hard. He's trembling with clenched fists, and his nails dig into his palms.

Ilya slowly moves closer, beginning his light touches on the omega's shoulders and arms. Shane snaps at him, fangs out, and trembles harder, refusing to submit. Ilya whispers something, waits, and he tries again. He presses his palm to Shane's cheek. Shane bares his fangs and nips at his hand. Ilya remains calm and level-headed.

Shane's eyes narrow, fighting with his instincts but recognizing his mate in front of him. He watches Ilya take deep breaths and copies him. He slowly blinks, and a tear slides down his cheek. Ilya coos and kisses his wrists. Shane's claws retract in response to the tender touch and his mate's soothing scent enhancing. Shane's gold eyes watch him carefully, opening his mouth to bite but hesitating.

Police show up, and Effy gets nervous again. She doesn't let Wyatt stop her this time, and she runs inside. She goes straight to her parents, and Ilya gets between her and Shane before she can get to him. Shane is still half-feral, emotional and struggling to breathe. Shane whines and shoves his face into Ilya's neck.

"Lisichka," Ilya says, strained. His brows furrow, too distracted by his need to tend to his mate to speak. Shane needs to submit, and Ilya is the only one who can get him to do it. The omega might hurt himself if he stays feral too long.

Ilya will always love his kids, but Shane was his *mate*.

Then Hayden is there. He picks Effy up. "Let's give your parents some time, okay?"

"No!" she screams with tearful eyes. She struggles in Hayden's arms with her fangs out. She uses her strength to no avail. "I want to help!"

"Your papa is helping your daddy," Hayden placates. He rubs her back. "He'll be okay. He loves him very much."

Effy struggles some more, shouting in both Russian and French. Hayden takes her outside, bringing her to her brother. Nikolai reaches for her - the little alpha wanting to comfort his sister. Her face crumples, and she lets him hug her tightly.

Wyatt should help Luca and the rest of the pack outside with the kids. They all gather back there, leaving the alpha to soothe his partially feral omega.

Wyatt leaves the second tears spill over in Shane's bright, glistening eyes, and he snuggles deeper in Ilya's arms, desperate for comfort. He tucks his face in Ilya's neck, scenting him, and his hands clutch his shirt. Ilya kisses his lips and fangs, whispering between each one. His free hand massages Shane's nape. Shane whimpers, finally submitting, and Ilya coos at him and kisses his cheeks and nose. He holds the omega close, and Shane puts all his weight onto him.

Pack night is one of Harris's favorite things. He has a big family, so he dreamed of a full house with kids and dogs. He has only one kid so far, but he's not in a rush to have more. Not when his pack is massive and a great, big chaos he wouldn't trade for the world.

The whole team is crammed in the living room of the Hollander-Rozanov household. Shane designed an upgrade once Nikolai was born, and they now live in a massive home in Ottawa. It's gorgeous and by the lake. There's an expensive grill out in the back, where Bood cooked them all dinner. The kids swam in the lake before dinner, and then they played soccer and freeze tag. Ilya, Wyatt, and a few others played with the kids. Shane joined in on the soccer with the goal in mind to play with Nikolai. His attention was soon stolen by Ilya, who kept bothering him like a gnat and trying to steal the ball.

Harris spent his time taking pictures of the scenery and posting them on social media. He covered the kids' faces of course.

He also asked each team member an array of questions. There was a trend going around, and he wanted the team to be a part of it.

"Yes!" Ilya shouted excitedly. "Ask away."

"Great. Would you rather cheat on Shane or never have met him?"

Ilya's mouth fell open, gaping like a fish. "Er. I - I."

Harris raised a brow and chuckled. "It's just a fun question."

Ilya's face twisted. "Uh, no more questions."

"Shane? What about you?"

Shane looked to be actively in pain. "No, thank you. Neither of those are happening, so there's no point in talking about it. I don't understand why you'd ask that."

Harris sighed.

Now they're taking up the entire room Shane has specifically for pack. There's a huge closet packed with various blankets, huge pillows, and anything else they could ever need. The kids

played Mario Kart for a few hours with Ilya, Harris, Troy, and Bood. Everyone else either watched, read, or talked.

The kids are all asleep now in the nest. Harris has his son, Matthew, cuddled up to his chest. He's out cold with Troy behind him. Hayden's kids are all huddled up with Nikolai and the other kids, all hidden under the blankets. Hayden and Jackie are in the middle of the nest smiling and talking in whispers. Effy was sleeping pressed to Wyatt's side, while Wyatt and Lisa laid together. Lisa kept throwing fond looks at Effy.

Harris looks over his shoulder and spots Ilya and Shane in the far corner. They're in their own little bubble, and Harris couldn't tell who was who. Millie was safely sleeping in a concave of fluffy blankets above their heads, always close to the pair or Luca, who was sleeping on the other side of her. Unaware to the way her parents were slowly signs of leaving the nest for the bedroom. Shane at least tried to appear unaffected by his alpha's charm. Hence, *tried*.

Shane is lying on his back with Ilya pressed to his side. Ilya hovers over him and whispers in his ear. Ilya's right hand caresses Shane's hair, tugging lightly on the strands, as his head lowers to the omega's neck. Shane's eyes flutter shut, and his lips part in a soundless gasp. He tilts his head back, giving Ilya access to his vulnerable throat. Ilya plants a trail of hot, wet kisses to his flushed skin, leading up to behind his ear and back down again. He scrapes his fang under Shane's jaw, and his mouth moves.

Then Shane stills. He shoves Ilya off him and jumps to his feet. He storms down the hall on soft feet. Ilya is smiling, positively impish and mischievous, and he chases after the omega with a speed that rivals his beloved sports car Shane disapproves of.

"Where are they going?" Troy grunts.

"I don't know," Harris says. "Where would Ilya and Shane run off to in the middle of the night without telling anyone?"

Troy sighs. "Bunch of horn dogs."

"Why do you think they have so many kids?"

"Please stop talking."

Luca Haas misses home. He misses his family and friends. His whole pack is back in Switzerland, and it was with a heavy heart that he left for Canada to play hockey. If he didn't love the sport so much, he would have stayed. His parents told him he would regret not going and chasing his happiness.

Luca was happy, and honestly he was having the time of his life. After feeling homesick for the first three years, he finally started accepting his new life with the Ottawa Centaurs. They welcomed him with open arms, and they treated him like family. They got him out of his head and supported him every step of the way. Soon enough, Luca started seeing them as pack.

If he told his younger self his pack would include *Ilya Rozanov*, he would pass out. He would blush at the poster on his bedroom wall. God, he can't believe he told Ilya that. Ilya teased him about it, which Luca expected, and he couldn't look him in the alpha's eye. He hadn't expected Ilya to stand up for him when someone else taunted him over it. If anything, Ilya looked proud to have Luca as a fan. They talked for a little bit about homesickness and moving to a different country. Luca confided in him, and Ilya reciprocated with his own complicated history. It was like a weight lifted off Luca's shoulders.

Later after the first season game, Ilya insisted that Luca keep the puck for his first ever goal, stating it was the first of many.

Luca blushed red as a tomato. Ilya smiled. The alpha's smile was beautiful.

Luca was scared to death when Ilya's mate, *the* Shane Hollander joined the team. The omega immediately caught onto Luca's crush on his mate and made it his personal mission to glare daggers into Luca. Luca was horrified and didn't look at Ilya or Shane, too scared the omega was going to hurt him.

It's not as if Luca felt anything more than a crush on Ilya. It was a boyish crush he's had since high school, but he doubts Shane would listen. Luca walked on eggshells around the omega, careful not to be too noisy or be a bother. He avoided Shane like the plague, which was insanely hard on the ice.

He didn't look at Shane until one night at dinner with the team. Luca had walked away from the table to search for the bathroom, and he walked in on Ilya talking quietly to a very red Shane. Shane was blushing, rolling his eyes that were filled with pure yearning and adoration. Ilya caressed the omega's face with the sort of love infectious smile that made Luca's stomach flutter with butterflies. They were cute. Bond mates living in their own world.

Ilya can always calm Shane down. It didn't matter what happened or how bad it got, Ilya can always bring Shane from the brink. Comforting the omega without fail and being exactly what Shane needs. He makes Shane feel safe and loved to submit. It was like there was a certain part of him constantly attuned to Shane, tracking his moods and wired to his emotional and physical state. He knew the second Shane needed him, and he was a man on a mission to make him happy and content.

Even their banter was layered with fondness and warm affection. Loud voices and colorful language, switching from Russian to English. Sometimes Shane will throw in French, and Ilya retaliates by speaking faster in Russian. It was entertaining, and some of the guys would place bets on who caves first.

It was always Ilya.

Sometimes Ilya will purposely bait Shane into an argument. He'll hide Shane's lucky stick tape or steal his laces. Sometimes he'll do a drill wrong, Shane will yell at him with his fangs out and eyes sharp, shaking with rage. Ilya never looked scared though. He met Shane's thunderous glare with a wide smile, and Luca was convinced the alpha was mentally insane without a drop of self preservation.

Luca was relieved the day he and Shane made a crack in their complicated friendship. The team had a friendly skills game during practice, and eventually Luca had to go against Shane. Shane was very good, and three rounds in, he was giving Luca advice. Luca was honored, and he smiled shyly at Shane. Shane smiled back and skated off.

Luca almost fell to his knees in relief. He finally got the omega's approval.

Apparently also the omega's protection. Luca got shoved hard into the boards with more aggression that was necessary. Then the same player went at him again, only to be intercepted by Shane. Shane came at him like a bullet and crashed hard into the other player with a snarl. The player fell to the ground with a pained shout.

Shane checked on Luca. "Are you okay?" he asked through his fangs.

Luca hurriedly nodded. "Yes. Yes."

Luca didn't want anyone getting hurt because of him, but Shane defending him like pack warmed his heart.

Then Shane willingly let him hold his baby, Nikolai, and Luca felt completely accepted. He loves the little Hollander-Rozanov babies. Effy is exceptional on the ice, and she followed Wyatt around like a puppy dressed in all her goalie gear. He was excited to have a little copy cat, often calling her his little sidekick. Wyatt gifted her comic books, and Luca drew her superheroes. She was an extraordinary kid and a Rozanov specific menace with Hollander specific IQ on the ice.

There was something oddly satisfying for the child of Ilya Rozanov being goalie and thus having the no touch rule. She was sure to piss off opponents.

She does so now. She is playing goalie, and even from here on the bleachers, Luca can see her chirping at the other team from where she stood at the goal. She was fast and coordinated, stopping nearly all the pucks thrown at her. She only let one get by her the whole game.

Ilya was jumping and cheering her on. Shane sat beside him, smiling proudly and clapping. Wyatt was standing in the bleachers with his wife behind the goal holding a pink poster with her name on it, and Effy beams at him every time she blocks a goal. Shane's parents sat with Nikolai higher up. Nikolai could skate very well too, but his interest lied with soccer. Shane already locked down the best trainer, best gear, best cleats, best everything. Within a night, Shane learned every rule and terminology, and could explain the game better than a professional soccer player.

The third and supposedly last of the Hollander-Rozanov babies sat on Luca's lap. Little Milana, or Millie, was asleep in the loud arena. She was cute as a button with blonde hair and

blue eyes. Bundled up in warm clothes and shoes the pack bought her. She looks the most like Ilya.

Ilya and Shane make beautiful babies, but Luca is very excited to play with both of them rather than one. Once Milana is two and Shane is back in shape - his words - then the bonded pair will be the ultimate weapon for Ottawa. They play like a machine, working with each other as one single unit. Shane usually in the lead, and Ilya right behind him. Luca doubts they even have to think about it, sensing the other's next move and knowing how to respond to it.

Luca wasn't there the night Shane was attacked, but the team described Ilya as a whole other entity. Feral in every way, and unlike anything they've ever seen him. Sure, they've seen him mad on the ice, but they've never witnessed that primal side of him. The protective, violent side that would murder anyone who hurt Shane. Everyone knew it was there, but it didn't come out. Alphas very rarely go feral.

Shane is the fighter, defending the whole pack with razor sharp poisonous claws and invincible fangs. Omegas are built to be fighters and leaders. Shane is nice and patient, but he'll go feral at the drop of a hat.

But the second Shane is unable to defend himself, forced to submit by a stranger like that night, it's Ilya who steps in. It's Ilya who goes ballistic and feral. Bloodthirsty and a shell of himself, driven by vengeance for his mate. Their bond ran deep, proven by how Ilya was able to sense the second Shane felt off. Nobody knew when he was drugged, but Ilya's alpha was so attuned to his omega that he was able to tell when Shane needed him.

Luca looks at them now. Ilya kisses Shane on both of his cheeks. Shane slaps his arm, fighting a smile, and Ilya nips at his jaw. He whispers something to make Shane blush.

Luca can't wait to see them on the ice. Their team will be unstoppable.

Hayden was in a battle zone. A bloodbath. He expected it, but there's a difference between expecting an outcome and witnessing it.

His whole team was getting annihilated. Ilya spent nearly all his ice time in the penalty box. Shane was one bite away from being kicked out of the building. Barrett was backing up Shane and his tactical offense. Luca was the only Centaur playing with a normal amount of sportsmanship and focus on scoring. Shane was too, though he walks the fine line between his brutally exceptional hockey performance and savagery. He was dominating the rink, and every Metro was his prey and free game to crash into.

Except for Hayden. Hayden and his safety bracelet Effy made him one afternoon. She simply smiled toothily at him and told him to wear it during games against her daddies. *You will be*

safe, Uncle Hayden!

That he was. He catches chirps from Ilya, the regular kind and not the ice cold words reeking of resentment. He receives the 'nice' Rozanov persona when he skates by, clicking back into predator when Comeau comes at him.

There are times when Hayden gets the opportunity to score, and he gets a goal once or twice. That's if he gets past Hayes who is pretty much a fortress.

Hayden winces when Shane slams into his teammate right in front of him. Shane bares his teeth at the tackled man. Then he blinks at Hayden, and his features turn friendly and soft.

"Are you still coming over tomorrow night? Ilya and I found a good recipe to try."

Shane's fangs are always out, but they're a higher degree of terrifying here in the center of all the chaos. Hayden nods. "Yeah."

Shane's smile makes his eyes crinkle. The same eyes that turned to molten lava within seconds. Also the same eyes that looked to Hayden when he was confused or anxious because he trusted him. He's the same Shane who went with Hayden on errands and spent time with him and his kids. Shane was one of his first friends, even when Shane was volatile and defensive for the first year because it took awhile for omegas to warm up to any alpha.

He's not scared of Shane. He will be the first to help calm him down when he goes feral. Shane is not going to submit to him, but that's not Hayden's goal. He just wants his best friend to be okay, and he hates to see him stressed.

That doesn't mean Hayden doesn't freeze when the omega slams Hayden's teammate into the boards mere feet from him. Because holy shit - okay - that could be him but Shane wouldn't hurt him. Then he's expected to have a normal conversation.

"Pike! Stop ogling my mate," Ilya shouts from the penalty box.

"I'm not! I have a wife!" Hayden chokes. Then he plasters a sarcastic grin on his face. He puts his arm around Shane's shoulders. Ilya clenches his jaw and his eyes narrow where Hayden touches Shane. "It's too bad you're stuck in there, though, huh?"

Ilya pounds on the penalty box's window, lips curled. "When I get out of here, Pike--"

"You will do *nothing*," Shane growls. He pushes Hayden off him. "You two are insufferable. Oh my god."

Ilya pouts and folds his arms like a child. Hayden flips him off, still smiling. "You look good in there, Rozanov!"

"Do you hear that, my love!" Ilya shouts. "Hayden is being so cruel. I let him live, and he repays me with rudeness."

Shane skates over to him and gives him an unimpressed expression. Ilya paws at the plexiglass and puckers his lips for a kiss. Shane shakes his head at his pathetic mate. He

doesn't kiss him, instead he removes a glove and brings his hand to the plexiglass. Ilya grins and reciprocates, batting his eyes and mouths *I love you*.

Shane says it back in Russian, Hayden guesses, and you would've thought the galaxy lived inside Ilya's chest by the way his eyes shine at his mate with the light of a thousand suns. The world stopped for Ilya, turning everything black and white, muting all the sounds, and erasing people who didn't matter. Because none of it held a drop of significance or weight compared to Shane's hold on Ilya's heart. Ilya looks at him with hearts in his eyes.

Shane is way more expressive than he thinks he is. His mouth twitches to swallow the emotions pooling in his chest, coloring his cheeks and blooming on every inch of his face. His *happy-omega in love* scent spikes, sinking in his clothes and the air around them.

The referee blows his whistle, and Shane blushes and skates off. Ilya's head falls forward and hits his forehead on the glass.

The next time he's out and Shane is in, Hayden notices a man talking to Shane. Well, he's trying to. Shane is too focused on the game and Luca with the puck to notice someone is trying to get his attention. Luca passes to Ilya. The man looks Shane over appreciatively.

A puck soars through the air and smacks into the glass. Shane shouts in surprise, and the man jumps back and trips on a step and falls.

"Rozanov!" the referee yells.

"Sorry," Ilya says, not sounding apologetic in the slightest. "I think my mate is out of the box and away from ugly man."

Then Ilya *points* at the man, and Hayden can't help but laugh. Shane hisses at Ilya, irritated at his mate, and he exits the penalty box. Ilya grins and follows him. Hayden wonders which one is faster and if Ilya could catch him. Shane wouldn't go easy, and Ilya was highly motivated to give chase.

Which is when Hayden stops wondering.

The Metros tiredly watch Ilya skate around the feigned annoyed omega in tight circles, like a damn bird dancing to impress. He chirps at his mate and Shane blushes red and chirps back. Hayden can't say Shane has improved with his insults.

Montreal scores zero goals.

End Notes

next part: focus on baby alpha nikolai ❤️

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