

Media Clearance

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Media Clearance

by [ThePromptWasntThisLong \(shredded_potato\)](#).

Summary

The NHL partners with an omega health organization for a *safe-sex awareness campaign*.

Shane—the league's most prominent omega player—is asked to participate in a filmed segment where a certified alpha health educator demonstrates on an anatomical dummy how to properly prepare an omega outside of heat. Professional. Clinical. Except the educator cancels last minute, and the only alpha already on set who has media clearance is Ilya Rozanov.

The demonstration involves lubricant, careful stretching, and detailed verbal narration of technique. Shane has to stand there and provide "the omega perspective." The dummy is silicone and clinical and *shouldn't* be erotic at all, but Ilya's hands are huge and deliberate and he *keeps* glancing at Shane while describing proper preparation.

Shane would rather take a slap shot to the face than admit what's happening below his waistline right now. *Fuck*.

Notes

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

The call came on a Tuesday, while Shane was stretching in his living room with a podcast about defensive zone coverage playing in the background.

"So," Farah said, in the particular tone she used when she wanted Shane to agree to something before he'd fully processed what it was. "The NHL is partnering with the Omega Athletic Health Coalition for a campaign. Safe sex awareness. Education. Very tasteful, very important."

Shane switched his stretch to the other leg. "Okay."

"They want you to participate."

"Me specifically?"

"You're the most high-profile omega in the league, Shane. You're articulate, you're respected, and frankly, you're the only one with good enough media training not to make an ass of himself on camera."

Shane sat up, wiping his forehead with the back of his wrist. He *did* care about omega health advocacy. He'd done the panel at All-Stars last year about destigmatizing heats in professional athletics. He'd filmed the PSA about suppressant safety. This was firmly in his lane.

"What would it involve? An interview? A talking-head thing?"

"Filmed segment. Very professional. You'd talk about omega health, sexual wellness—nothing you haven't touched on before. They're partnering with certified health educators, so you won't be alone up there. Easy."

"When?"

"Next Thursday. They're filming in Boston—I know, I know, but the production company's based there and they've got the studio booked."

Shane's stomach did something he refused to acknowledge at the word *Boston*. "Fine. I'll do it."

"Wonderful. I'll send you the logistics. Oh, and Shane?"

"Yeah?"

"Take your scent neutralizers. The heavy-duty ones. Studio lights, cameras, you know how it gets. Lots of people, lots of alphas on crew. Just to be safe."

"I always do."

"That's my guy."

She hung up, and Shane went back to his stretching, feeling vaguely virtuous about the whole thing.

The studio was in a converted warehouse in the Seaport District, all exposed brick and trendy industrial lighting. Shane arrived in a black henley and dark jeans, his overnight bag in the car because he had a hotel room booked and a flight home in the morning. He'd applied a double layer of scent neutralizer, just like Farah suggested, and felt perfectly composed.

That composure lasted approximately twelve minutes.

"So for your segment," the segment producer—a brisk woman named Tanya with a headset and a clipboard—said as she walked him through the set, "we'll have you at the demo station first, and then we'll move into the Q&A."

Shane nodded. Then his eyes landed on the demo station.

There was a table. On the table, arranged with the antiseptic cheerfulness of a doctor's office display, sat: an anatomical silicone model of omega genitalia, a row of different-sized silicone toys arranged smallest to largest like nesting dolls, several bottles of lubricant, a pack of latex gloves, and a laminated diagram of the omega reproductive system that was so detailed Shane could see the cross-section of a slick gland.

He stopped walking.

"I'm sorry," he said carefully. "What exactly am I demonstrating?"

Tanya didn't look up from her clipboard. "Self-stimulation techniques for omegas. Proper fingering, erogenous zones, toy use and safety. Then we'll have the alpha educator come in for the partner segment—preparation, communication, all that."

Shane's mouth opened. Closed. Opened again.

"I was told this was a talking-head interview."

"There *is* a Q&A portion."

"Tanya."

She finally looked up. "Hm?"

"Nobody told me I'd be—" He gestured at the silicone vulva on the table. It stared back at him, glistening slightly under the studio lights. "*demonstrating things.*"

"It's all on the dummy. Very clinical. We had Dr. Osei design the curriculum herself, it's extremely professional. You'll have a script." She handed him a stapled packet. The first page was titled *SEGMENT ONE: OMEGA SELF-PLEASURE — TECHNIQUE AND SAFETY*.

Shane flipped to the second page. There were bullet points. *Clitoral stimulation (external). Clitoral stimulation (internal/G-spot). Slick production and arousal indicators. Toy insertion:*

graduated sizing.

He flipped to the third page. There was a diagram of a hand with arrows.

He closed the packet.

"This is..." He exhaled through his nose. "This is important. I get that. I do. But someone should have *told me*. This is—I needed to mentally prepare for this, Tanya. This isn't the same as talking about suppressant brands."

"Your agent confirmed—"

"My agent told me *interview*. Not—" He waved the packet. "*—this*."

Tanya had the decency to look mildly apologetic. "I understand. We can absolutely give you more time to review the material. Dr. Osei specifically requested you because she said, and I quote, 'He won't giggle about it like a teenager.'"

Shane looked at the silicone model again. It sat there, anatomically correct and deeply judgmental.

He *wasn't* going to giggle about it like a teenager. He was a professional. He was the captain of an NHL franchise. He had spoken at the United Nations Sports Summit. He could talk about omega anatomy on camera without imploding.

"Fine," he said tightly. "But I need a few minutes."

"Take fifteen. There's coffee in the green room. Second door on the left."

Shane took his packet and walked to the green room with the measured stride of a man who was absolutely not panicking. He sat down on the leather couch, pulled out his phone, and texted Farah.

Shane: You said INTERVIEW.

Farah: It is an interview! With a practical demonstration component.

Shane: I have to FINGER A SILICONE DUMMY ON CAMERA, FARAH.

Farah: For education!

Shane: I'm going to kill you.

Farah: You're going to be wonderful and help millions of young omegas learn about their bodies. Also the check is very generous. ❤️

Shane put his phone face-down on the couch and rubbed his temples. Then he picked up the packet and started reading, because he was nothing if not prepared.

By the time his fifteen minutes were up, he'd read through the whole thing twice and practiced the hand positions on a throw pillow. It was fine. Clinical. He could do this.

He walked back out to the set, chin up, shoulders square—

And that's when Tanya intercepted him, headset pressed to one ear and a look on her face that Shane had come to recognize from years of PR as the *something has gone wrong and I'm about to make it your problem* expression.

"Small hiccup," she said. "Dr. Osei's flight was cancelled. Weather in Toronto. She can't make it."

"Okay." Shane waited. "So we reschedule?"

"We can't. The studio's booked solid through the quarter, and the campaign launch is locked in. We need to film today." Tanya chewed her lip. "But we have a solution. There's another athlete on-site who has media clearance, alpha designation, and—"

"Who?"

Tanya's walkie crackled. She held up a finger, listened, then nodded.

"Ilya Rozanov. He's here filming a separate spot for the Bears' community outreach program—different studio, same building. Alex from his team already confirmed he's willing to step in for the alpha educator segment."

The floor tilted.

Not literally. But Shane felt the particular full-body lurch of the universe rearranging itself into the worst possible configuration around him.

"Rozanov," he repeated.

"You two know each other, obviously. The rivalry angle might actually give us better engagement metrics—"

"Wait—"

But Tanya was already walking, clipboard raised, speaking rapid-fire into her headset about lighting changes and release forms and *can someone get Rozanov's wardrobe sorted because he's in a backward snapback and we cannot film that*.

Shane stood there. His heart was doing something complicated. He walked mechanically to his chair—one of those tall director's seats near the edge of the set—and sat down, gripping the armrests.

This was fine. It was *fine*. Ilya was just going to be the alpha educator for the second segment. Shane's segment—the omega self-pleasure demonstration—was first, and Ilya wouldn't even need to be on set for that. Shane would do his part, fingering the dummy and talking about erogenous zones like a mature adult, and then Ilya would do his part, and they

would be professional about it because they were professional athletes who were more than capable of—

He caught the scent before he saw him.

Mint and black pepper and something underneath that was just *Ilya*, the particular alpha musk that Shane's hindbrain had catalogued against his will. His omega stirred, uncurling in his chest like a cat stretching in a sunbeam. Shane's shoulders, which had been bunched up around his ears, dropped two inches involuntarily.

"Hollander," said a familiar voice from behind him. "Funny meeting you here."

Shane turned. Ilya was walking toward the set in a fitted black t-shirt and grey joggers, his hair still damp from what was probably a shower after whatever community outreach thing he'd been filming. He looked relaxed and amused and like he belonged everywhere he went, which was one of the most irritating things about him.

"Did you know I was here?" Shane demanded.

Ilya raised both hands. "I did not. I was filming thing with kids—street hockey clinic. Very wholesome. Then some woman with headset grabs me and says I need to teach about omega preparation on camera." He grinned. "My English is maybe not perfect for medical terms, but I think I can manage."

"You *think* you can manage."

"I am very good with my hands, Shane. You know this."

Shane's face went hot. He turned back around in his chair, staring fixedly at the set. "Don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't—be *you* about this. This is a real campaign. It matters."

Something shifted in the air. When Ilya spoke again, his voice was different—quieter, with the joking edge stripped away. "I know it matters. I wouldn't have said yes if I was going to be stupid about it."

Shane glanced back at him. Ilya's expression was unreadable, which was unusual for a man whose face was typically a rotating billboard of smugness.

"I read the packet already," Ilya added. "Tanya gave me. I know what I'm doing."

Before Shane could respond, Tanya materialized between them. "We're starting with Segment One in five. Shane, you're up. Ilya, you can wait on the side—we'll bring you in for Segment Two."

"Can he wait somewhere *else*?" Shane asked, but Tanya was already gone, and Ilya was settling into a chair just off-camera with the easy sprawl of a man who planned to enjoy every second of this.

The lights were bright. The camera was a dark eye on a tripod. Shane stood behind the demo table with the laminated script propped on a small stand just below frame, and reminded himself that he'd won the Selke Trophy twice.

"Whenever you're ready, Shane."

He took a breath.

"Okay. So, uhh, for a lot of omegas," he began, his voice steady and practiced, "especially those of us in athletics, there's a tendency to disconnect from our bodies outside of performance. We train them, we push them, but when it comes to pleasure, there's often shame or discomfort. This segment is about getting past that."

Good. Fine. He sounded like himself—composed, authoritative. He glanced at his cue card.

"Self-stimulation is one of the most important things an omega can learn. Understanding your own responses—what feels good, what triggers slick production, where your sensitive spots are—that knowledge is the foundation of safe and satisfying sex, whether you're alone or with a partner."

He pulled on a pair of latex gloves. The snap of the material was loud in the quiet studio. Somewhere off-camera, he was extremely aware of Ilya watching him.

"Starting with external stimulation." He picked up the lubricant—water-based, body-safe, the label cheerfully clinical—and applied a small amount to his gloved fingers. "Most omegas have significant nerve density here—" He touched the anatomical model's clitoris, and absolutely did not think about the fact that Ilya Rozanov was ten feet away watching him stroke a *silicone clit*. "—and here, along the inner labia. The key is variation. Pressure, speed, direction—everyone's different."

He demonstrated, his fingers moving in slow circles on the model. The silicone was high-quality, disturbingly realistic in its give and texture.

"For internal stimulation—" He added more lubricant and slid one finger inside the model, angling upward. "—the anterior wall, about two inches in, is where most omegas will find the most sensitivity. Consistent pressure in a 'come hither' motion—" He demonstrated, his finger curling inside the model. "—tends to be the most effective."

Professional. Clinical. He was doing great.

He made the mistake of looking up.

Ilya was sitting with one ankle crossed over his knee, his chin resting on his fist. He wasn't smirking, exactly. He was just... watching. With those grey eyes that always seemed to see more than Shane wanted them to.

Shane dropped his gaze back to the model. His ears were warm.

"Moving on to toys." He reached for the first in the lineup—a small, smooth silicone vibrator. "For omegas who haven't used toys before, starting small is important. This is about exploration, not pushing limits."

He worked through the demonstrations methodically, inserting the vibrator into the model, showing angles and depths, discussing the difference between toys designed for internal versus external use. When he got to the larger toys, he had to use more lubricant, working the model open gradually the way the script described.

He did not look at Ilya again.

"And that covers the basics of self-stimulation," he said, pulling off his gloves with what he hoped was an air of finality. "The most important thing is patience. Give yourself time to learn what works for you."

"Wonderful," Tanya called out. "Now we'll move into the Q&A. Shane, stay where you are—we've got a few pre-submitted questions from the online portal."

Shane nodded. The Q&A would be easy. Just talking.

The first few questions were softballs. *How do you manage heats during the season? What's your advice for omegas in male-dominated sports? How do you talk to a partner about what you need?*

Shane answered them with the smooth confidence of a man who'd done a hundred press conferences. His heartbeat had settled. He'd almost forgotten Ilya was there.

Then the moderator—a young beta woman with kind eyes—read the next question from her tablet: "This one's from an anonymous user. 'Do you use toys yourself? Not just for educational purposes, but personally?'"

Shane's composure didn't crack, but it developed a hairline fracture. "That's—yes. I think most omegas benefit from incorporating toys into their routine, whether solo or with a partner. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Any recommendations?" the moderator pressed gently. "Types, brands?"

"I—" Shane's neck was definitely pink now. "I think it's very individual. What works for one person won't necessarily—"

"What about size?"

The question didn't come from the moderator. It came from the chair off-camera, in a low, unhurried voice thick with a Russian accent.

Shane's eyes snapped to Ilya, who had uncrossed his legs and was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his expression one of perfect, scholarly interest.

"When you use toys," Ilya continued, as if he were asking about stick flex or skating technique, "do you prefer larger size? Smaller? I think viewers would want to know what

omega actually enjoys, not just what is recommended."

Shane's mouth opened. No sound came out. His cheeks blazed.

"That's—"

"Or the girth," Ilya added, utterly serene. "Do you like thicker ones? Which feels better for you?"

Ilya asked it with a face so neutral and genuinely curious that Shane didn't know whether to answer the question or throw the silicone model at his head.

"I think," Shane managed, his voice only slightly strangled, "that *girth and length* are both factors that depend entirely on the individual omega's anatomy and preference, and there's no one-size-fits-all answer. *Thank you*, Ilya."

"Of course," Ilya said graciously, settling back in his chair.

"Moving on," Tanya said, and Shane could have kissed her.

The Q&A wrapped up without further incident, and Shane stepped away from the demo table with the controlled exhale of a man who had survived something.

But it wasn't over. Because now came Segment Two.

"Shane, we'd love for you to stay on set for Ilya's segment," Tanya said, already steering him toward the chair Ilya had vacated. "The omega perspective will add a lot. You can comment, react, offer your point of view."

"I—"

"Great. Ilya, you're up."

Ilya stood, rolling his shoulders, and walked to the demo table. Shane dropped into the chair and braced himself for whatever fresh torment was coming.

He expected Ilya to be cavalier about it. To smirk through the whole thing, to make innuendos, to turn it into the Ilya Rozanov Show the way he turned everything into the Ilya Rozanov Show. Shane was already composing his glares.

Ilya pulled on a pair of gloves. The latex stretched over his knuckles, over the broad span of his palms, tight against each long finger. Shane looked away, then looked back, because looking away felt more conspicuous.

"When you are with an omega," Ilya began, and his voice was—

Different.

Low and steady and completely, utterly serious. No trace of the smirk. No playful lilt. Just a calm, deliberate gravity that Shane had never once heard from him in the five years they'd

been doing... whatever it was they were doing.

"The most important thing is not your pleasure. Is theirs. Always. An alpha who does not understand this should not be touching an omega."

Shane blinked.

"Preparation," Ilya continued, applying lubricant to his fingers with precise, unhurried movements, "is not optional. Is not something you rush. Even if your omega says 'is fine, just do it'—" Something flickered in his expression, there and gone. "—you take the time. Every time."

Shane's stomach clenched. Because he knew exactly what Ilya was referencing. *Come on, just do it, stop wasting time, I don't need—* All the times Shane had hurried them through it, had pushed Ilya's hands away when they lingered too long, because lingering meant tenderness and tenderness meant feelings and feelings meant—

He shut that thought down.

Ilya's gloved fingers touched the anatomical model, and Shane's brain short-circuited.

It wasn't the same as when Shane had done it. Shane had been efficient, clinical, following the script. Ilya was... methodical in a different way. His fingers moved with a slow, devastating patience that suggested he knew exactly what every fraction of pressure would feel like on real flesh.

"You start outside," Ilya said, his fingertips tracing the model's outer labia with a gentleness that made Shane's thighs press together involuntarily. "You let your omega get used to your touch. Omegas are responsive here—" His thumb grazed the model's clit in a slow circle. "—and you should be paying attention to their body. Breathing, muscle tension, scent. An omega's scent will change when they are aroused, when they are comfortable, when they are afraid. You learn the difference."

He looked directly at Shane. Not a smirk. Just a look. Knowing and steady and warm.

Shane forgot how to breathe for a second.

Ilya turned back to the model. "When your omega is relaxed, you begin with one finger." He slid his index finger inside the silicone slowly—so slowly—up to the first knuckle, then deeper. "You go at their pace. Not yours. You are reading their body the entire time. If they tense, you stop. You wait. You let them adjust."

The studio was very quiet. Shane could hear the soft, wet sound of lubricant as Ilya's finger moved inside the model, and his omega was *screaming* at him, a full-body ache of recognition because those were *Ilya's hands*, the same hands that had gripped Shane's hips in dark hotel rooms, the same hands that had pinned his wrists to mattresses, and Shane had never, not once, let those hands do *this*—this slow, careful, reverent thing.

"When they're ready, you add a second finger." Ilya eased another finger in beside the first, spreading them slightly, scissoring with a controlled patience that made Shane's mouth go dry. "You stretch gently. You are preparing them to take you, and if you are a larger alpha, this matters more. Rushing this—" His jaw tightened, barely perceptible. "—is how omegas get hurt."

Shane gripped the armrests of his chair.

Ilya curled his fingers inside the model—the same come-hither motion Shane had demonstrated earlier, but somehow entirely different when Ilya did it, his forearm flexing with each deliberate stroke. "You find the spot that makes them react. Here—" He pressed, and even though it was silicone, Shane's body responded as if those fingers were inside *him*, a pulse of heat between his legs. "—you give consistent pressure. Not too hard. You build them up."

Ilya's voice had dropped even lower, almost intimate, as if he'd forgotten the camera was there. "Your omega should be producing slick by now. If they are not, you are doing something wrong, or they are not comfortable. You check in. You ask."

He glanced at Shane again, and something about the look sent a bolt of electricity down Shane's spine. "Communication is—everything."

Shane swallowed. His skin was hot under the studio lights. His neutralizers were working overtime and he could *feel* them struggling, a faint chemical burn at his wrists where he'd applied them, barely containing whatever his scent was doing.

Ilya added a third finger to the model. Three of those long, thick fingers buried in silicone, stretching it open, and Shane could see the glisten of lubricant, could hear the obscene, slick sound of penetration, and his body was responding with a flush that spread from his ears down his neck to his chest.

"Three fingers," Ilya narrated, his voice rough and sure. "For most omegas, this is enough to prepare for penetration. But you do not assume. You feel for resistance. You feel how their body opens around you." He spread his fingers slightly inside the model, the silicone stretching obscenely around his knuckles, glistening. "If your omega can take your fingers without tension, without pain, they are ready. If there is still tightness—you wait. You add more lubricant. You keep going until they are soft and open and *wanting*."

He said that last word differently. Quieter. Almost private.

Shane's thighs were pressed so tightly together that his muscles ached. He could feel himself getting wet—not a lot, not yet, the neutralizers were still putting up a valiant fight—but enough that he was aware of it, a slippery warmth between his legs that had no business existing in a professional filming environment.

Ilya withdrew his fingers from the model slowly, deliberately, and the slick *pop* of the silicone releasing his fingertips was so loud in the studio that Shane flinched.

"When you withdraw," Ilya said, holding his glistening fingers up to demonstrate, "you go slowly. Same as going in. Your omega should never feel empty suddenly. You are—" He paused, searching for the word. "—transitioning them. From your fingers to your body. That transition should feel safe."

He pulled off one glove with a snap, then the other, and set them aside. Then he looked directly into the camera with an expression of such steady, unsmiling sincerity that Shane felt something fracture in his chest.

"Your omega is trusting you with their body. That is not small thing. You do not take shortcuts. You do not—" A muscle ticked in his jaw. "—treat them like they should just be ready because you are ready. That is not how it works. You earn it, every time."

The studio was silent for a beat too long.

"That's great," Tanya said, her voice slightly different than before—softer, almost moved. "Really great. Let's, um—let's move into the partner Q&A. Shane, do you want to add the omega perspective?"

Shane opened his mouth. His vocal cords felt like they'd been sandpapered.

"That was—" He cleared his throat. "That was very thorough. I think—" *Think, Hollander*. "I think a lot of omegas don't know that's what it should feel like. Preparation is often treated as a formality, something to rush through. But when it's done right—" He faltered because Ilya was watching him with those dark, patient eyes and Shane could feel himself unraveling. "—it makes a difference. A significant difference. In, um. Comfort. And..."

"And pleasure," Ilya finished for him. Not smug. Just truthful.

"Yes," Shane said faintly. "And pleasure."

The Q&A went quickly. Shane answered questions about what omegas wished their alpha partners knew. Ilya answered questions about reading omega body language, about consent, about the biological mechanics of knotting—which he discussed with such clinical precision that Shane wanted to melt into his chair and disappear through the floor because Ilya's knot had been inside him exactly eleven times (not that he was counting) and hearing him *describe how it worked to a camera* was making Shane's skin prickle with heat.

Then it happened.

Midway through a question about slick production, Ilya stopped talking. Mid-sentence. His hands, which had been resting on the demo table, went still.

Shane blinked.

Ilya's nostrils flared—barely, just a fraction—and his eyes cut to Shane.

Shane tensed. "What?"

Ilya held his gaze for a long, suspended moment. Something dark flickered through his expression, something that made Shane's omega whine silently in his chest. Then Ilya shook his head, a quick micro-movement, and turned back to the camera.

"Sorry. Lost my thought." He smiled—the professional, media-ready smile—and picked up where he'd left off.

But Shane knew. He *knew* Ilya had smelled something, and the realization of what that something was—his own arousal, punching through two layers of pharmaceutical-grade scent neutralizer—made his face burn so hot he was sure the camera could pick up the color change.

He spent the rest of the segment staring at a fixed point on the back wall, his jaw clenched, his body a live wire of suppressed need.

When Tanya finally called "That's a wrap on Segment Two," Shane was out of his chair before the words finished leaving her mouth.

"I need—bathroom," he said to no one in particular, and walked—did not run, *walked*—off the set, down the corridor, past the catering table, and into the green room.

The door closed behind him. The electronic lock beeped.

Then he just stood there.

The room was dim, lit only by a soft ambient lamp in the corner. A leather sofa against the far wall. A vanity with a mirror. His bag on the counter. Quiet.

Shane pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes and breathed. In. Out. In.

His pussy clenched around nothing, another warm pulse of slick sliding down his inner thigh, and he made a sound — a small, wretched, involuntary *whimper* — that he immediately tried to swallow.

Fuck. Fuck.

His hands were shaking. His entire body was trembling with a low, persistent vibration, like a tuning fork struck against something solid. He could still see Ilya's fingers sinking into that model, could still hear the wet sounds, could still hear that voice — *cherished, patience, do it right* — and his body was screaming at him with a clarity that bypassed every rational thought he had.

I want that. I want him to do that to me. I want him to slow down and take his time and—

Shane bit his lip hard enough to taste copper.

He shouldn't. He absolutely should *not*. He was in a production studio, for God's sake, surrounded by crew members and cameras and—

His hands were already moving.

He sank onto the leather sofa, his knees falling apart, and fumbled with his belt. The buckle clinked and he tugged his jeans and briefs down in one frantic motion, kicking them off one leg so they dangled from his ankle. The cool air hit his bare skin and he hissed, but the relief of not being *constricted* anymore was immediate. His pussy was swollen, glistening, slick coating his inner thighs in a mess he'd have been mortified by if he'd had the capacity for anything beyond desperate, shaking *need*.

Shane leaned back against the sofa cushions, spread his legs wide, and slid his hand down.

The first brush of his fingers against his clit punched a moan out of him — a real one, breathy and high and *aching* — that he immediately muffled by biting down on his own forearm. His hips jerked up into his touch and his eyes fluttered shut.

He circled his clit with two fingers, fast, graceless, nothing like the measured demonstrations he'd just given on camera. This wasn't educational. This was *survival*. He was so wet his fingers slipped and slid, the obscene slick sounds filling the quiet room, and he whimpered against his own arm as he worked himself.

More. Need more.

He sank a finger inside himself and his back arched off the sofa, a choked "*Nnnhh*—" vibrating against the teeth marks he was leaving in his own skin. He was so open, so ready, that the single finger wasn't enough — he added a second immediately, pressing deep, curling them the way Ilya had demonstrated, finding that spot—

"*Ahh*—" His hips bucked. His thighs trembled. He fucked himself on his own fingers with short, desperate thrusts, his free hand gripping the sofa cushion, his head thrown back, eyes rolling behind his closed lids.

It wasn't enough. It wasn't *Ilya's* fingers. It wasn't those thick, patient, careful hands, and his body knew the difference, kept clenching and grasping and demanding *more, bigger, alpha, please*—

Shane added a third finger, stretching himself open, his wrist aching from the angle but the burn of it sending a shudder up his spine that was almost relief. Almost. He ground down onto his hand, his hips rolling, chasing the feeling, his socked feet pressing against the leather as his toes curled. His mouth had fallen open against his forearm, panting, saliva slicking his skin where his teeth had been.

"*Hahh — nnh — f-fuck*—"

His whole body was coiled tight, shaking, sweat dampening his hairline, his henley rucked up around his ribs. He was close — trembling on the edge of it — his fingers pumping in and out of his sopping pussy with frantic, squelching thrusts, his palm grinding against his clit with every stroke. His head was thrown back, eyes rolled back, mouth slack—

A beep. The soft electronic chirp of a keycard against a lock.

Shane didn't hear it. He was too far gone, too deep in the frantic rhythm of his own hand, a thin, keening whine building in his throat. His hips lifted off the sofa as he fucked himself harder, his fingers curling deep—

A low chuckle.

Shane gasped. His head snapped forward, eyes flying open, and his heart detonated.

Ilya was leaning against the door. One hand held a keycard—probably charmed off a PA with nothing more than a smile. The other hand was tucked in the pocket of his hoodie. His expression was—

Hungry. There was no other word for it. Dark eyes half-lidded, lips slightly parted, his chest rising and falling with a controlled steadiness that suggested he was exerting significant effort to stay exactly where he was.

"What are you—"

Shane slammed his knees together, yanking his hands away from himself and sinking deeper into the couch as if he could disappear into the cushions. Slick smeared between his thighs, glistening. His face was on fire. His body was on fire. Everything was fire and he wanted to die.

The tears came before he could stop them.

They welled up hot and sudden, spilling over his lashes and streaking down his cheeks, and Shane made a broken sound of mortification and covered his face with both hands—both wet, slick-covered hands, which meant he was smearing his own arousal on his face, which made the tears come faster.

"Don't—don't look at me—"

He heard Ilya move. Not toward the couch—sideways, toward the wardrobe rack. The soft rustle of fabric. Then footsteps, closer.

Something warm and soft settled over Shane's lower body—a blanket, pulled from somewhere, draped carefully over his bare legs and hips. Covering him.

Then hands—large, warm, impossibly gentle—slid under his shoulders and knees.

Ilya lifted him like he weighed nothing, which—Shane was six feet tall and two hundred pounds of NHL muscle, but Ilya was six-three and built like a wall. Shane found himself resettled on Ilya's lap, facing Ilya, his face buried in the curve of Ilya's neck before he'd consciously decided to put it there.

His arms locked around Ilya's neck. A whimper escaped him—thin and involuntary—and he pressed closer, inhaling Ilya's scent in desperate, shaking breaths. Cedar and pepper and *alpha* and *safe* and—

"Shh." Ilya's hand cupped the back of Shane's head, fingers threading into his hair. His other arm wrapped around Shane's waist, holding him close. "You're doing good. So pretty for me. Don't be shy." His lips brushed Shane's temple. "Is just me."

Shane shuddered. The tears were slowing, his breathing hiccupping into something less panicked as Ilya's pheromones washed over him—steady, warm, deliberately calming. Ilya nuzzled against his neck, nosing along the tendon until he found Shane's scent gland, and pressed his lips there in a soft, lingering kiss.

Shane melted. Every rigid, clenched muscle in his body went liquid.

Ilya kissed his scent gland again, then his jaw, then the hinge of his ear. Feather-light. Patient. His thumb traced slow circles on Shane's hip, over the blanket.

"Ilya—"

"Shh. Is okay."

More kisses—the corner of his eye where the tears had tracked, the bridge of his nose, his flushed cheekbone. Each one so gentle that Shane's chest ached with something he absolutely refused to name.

Gradually, his scent settled. The sharp spike of distress rounded out into something warmer, the chemical panic ebbing as Ilya's alpha presence smoothed over it like a hand over rumpled sheets.

Ilya's thumb kept circling on his hip. Slow. Steady.

"Do you want to continue?" Ilya murmured against his hair, and Shane could *hear* the smirk returning, creeping back into his voice like sunlight under a door. "I would love to watch."

Shane groaned, pressing his burning face further into Ilya's neck. "You're the *worst*."

But his pussy clenched at the words—a sharp, involuntary squeeze that pushed a fresh trickle of slick out of him. He squirmed, and Ilya's arm tightened around his waist. Ilya's lips found his scent gland again, and this time he didn't just kiss it—he *sucked*, gently, a warm, pulling pressure that sent a cascade of shivery heat down Shane's spine.

"Nnnh—"

Shane trembled. His hips shifted restlessly. More slick—he could feel it seeping through the blanket, soaking into Ilya's joggers, and a distant part of his brain registered embarrassment at that but the rest of him was too far gone to care.

Ilya tilted Shane's chin up with one finger. Shane blinked at him, dazed, lips parted and wet, and Ilya kissed him.

Not the way they usually kissed—hard and biting and competitive, teeth and tongue and someone always trying to win. This was slow. Ilya's mouth moved over his with a deliberateness that echoed everything he'd done at the demo table, his tongue sliding past

Shane's lips and licking into him with patient, thorough strokes. Shane clutched Ilya's shirt in both fists and kissed back, shuddering, making soft, wet sounds into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya caught Shane's lower lip between his teeth—not hard, just a light tug—and pulled back. Shane chased his mouth, swaying forward, and blinked when he found only air.

"Wh—"

Ilya watched him. Shane's pupils were blown so wide his eyes looked black. His lips were swollen and glistening. He looked—

Ilya gave him another light peck, just a brush of contact, and murmured against his mouth: "Come on. You're gonna be good for me, right? Show me."

Shane, still blinking from dizziness, nodded.

He wasn't even sure what he was agreeing to until Ilya was lifting him again, settling him back on the couch, arranging him against the cushions. The blanket was pulled away. Shane's legs fell open—instinct, reflex, his body responding to his alpha's unspoken command—and the cool air hit his wet, swollen folds and made him gasp.

Ilya sat on the opposite couch. He spread out with obscene casualness—legs wide, one arm draped along the backrest—and reached for a water bottle on the side table. He uncapped it, took a long drink, his throat working, his eyes never leaving Shane.

Shane sat there, bare from the waist down, his henley pushed up his stomach, his thighs spread apart and slick dripping onto the leather, and stared at Ilya with glazed, uncomprehending eyes, his chest heaving, the alpha's pheromones making everything soft and hazy.

Ilya screwed the cap back on and placed the bottle on the adjacent table. He leaned back into the couch, settling in, and regarded Shane with an expression of calm, absolute authority.

"Go on," he said. "Just like earlier. Show me how you like it."

Shane's hand trembled as he reached between his legs. The moment his fingertips grazed his clit, his eyes fluttered shut and his mouth fell open—"Aah—"

"No," Ilya said, and Shane's eyes snapped open. "Don't close your eyes. Look at me."

Shane looked at him. His fingers circled his clit—slow, wet, slippery—and a moan climbed out of his throat, high and sweet. He tried to press his lips together, to swallow it down.

"Don't hold back," Ilya said. "I want to hear you."

"Nnh—Ilya—hhh—"

"There you go. Feels good?"

Shane nodded jerkily, his fingers speeding up. His hips rolled up into his own touch, his thighs trembling, slick squelching softly with every motion.

"Slower, Shanya." Ilya's voice was a low command that resonated in Shane's bones. "Make it last. Feel how wet you are?"

Shane whined—a thin, desperate sound—but obeyed, his fingers dragging through his folds in long, languid strokes, spreading his own slick up and over his clit. He could feel it—could hear it—how impossibly wet he was, drenched, his fingers gliding without any friction at all.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured, and Shane's pussy *clenched*, a visible squeeze that pushed out a thick trickle of slick. "Now put your fingers inside. One first."

Shane slid one finger inside himself, biting his lip at the stretch that wasn't really a stretch at all—he was so relaxed, so open, so ready—

"Deeper."

He pushed in to the last knuckle, curling against his front wall, and a broken "Ahh—hahh—" spilled out of him.

"There you go. Now, add one more finger."

Two fingers. He fucked himself slowly, the way Ilya had ordered, each stroke deliberate and dragging, his walls gripping his fingers greedily. His clit throbbed under its hood.

"Too much?" Ilya asked, his tone shifting into something softer. "Should we stop?"

Shane shook his head frantically. Sweat was beading at his temples. His thighs were shaking with the effort of keeping them open.

Ilya smirked—slow and knowing. "What is it, then? Not enough?"

Shane nodded, his face crumbling with want. He whispered, barely audible: "Please?"

"Hm?" Ilya was already standing, already walking toward him, and Shane's body reacted like a compass finding north—arching, opening, reaching. "What was that? I couldn't hear you."

Shane watched him approach. Ilya's pheromones thickened with each step closer—heavy, dominant, intoxicating—and Shane's vision blurred at the edges, his lips parting on a desperate whimper.

"Want more," he panted, his fingers still buried inside himself, his hips twitching. "Not—not enough—nnn—"

Ilya stopped at the edge of the couch and looked down. Shane was spread open beneath him—flushed from his ears to his chest, his henley rucked up under his arms, his pussy on full display, pink and swollen and gleaming. As Ilya watched, it clenched around Shane's fingers, and another gush of slick dripped down his perineum.

Ilya leaned down, planting one hand on the backrest beside Shane's head, the other on the armrest, caging him. Shane's eyes fluttered, his teeth sinking into his bottom lip, his entire body trembling with anticipation.

Ilya took Shane's chin between his thumb and forefinger—gently, tilting his face up—and kissed him.

Shane melted into it instantly, a soft "mmh" vibrating between their mouths. He kissed back sweetly, yielding, his lips parting for Ilya's tongue. He shuddered when Ilya licked into him, slow and deep, tasting every corner of his mouth. Shane's fingers slipped out of himself so both hands could grab fistfuls of Ilya's shirt.

Ilya broke the kiss. Shane chased him again, dazed, blinking.

"I got you," Ilya said.

Then Ilya sank to his knees.

Shane stopped breathing. Ilya's hands—those *hands*—gripped the insides of Shane's thighs and pushed them wide apart, spreading him open. The cool air hit Shane's exposed, dripping center and he whimpered, his stomach muscles jumping.

Ilya settled between his legs like he belonged there—which, some treacherous part of Shane's brain supplied, he did—and looked at Shane's pussy with undisguised hunger.

"So wet for me, Shanya." His thumb traced along Shane's outer lip, feather-light, and Shane jolted. "All this from watching, hm? From watching my hands?"

"Sh-shut up—"

"Look how pretty you are. Look." Ilya used both thumbs to spread Shane's folds apart, exposing the slick, flushed interior, the swollen bud of his clit, the fluttering clench of his entrance. Shane couldn't look. Could absolutely not look. He threw his arm over his eyes and felt Ilya chuckle against his inner thigh, the vibration traveling up his spine.

"Going to touch you now," Ilya murmured. "Like I showed them. Properly."

His index finger traced Shane's entrance in a slow, circling tease. Shane's hips jerked, trying to push down, to take it inside, but Ilya's other hand pressed flat on his lower belly, holding him still.

"Patience," Ilya said. "I told you. We don't rush."

"Ilya, *please*—"

"Shh." One finger slid inside. Slowly—so slowly—and it was thicker than Shane's, longer, reaching places Shane couldn't reach on his own. Shane's mouth fell open in a silent cry. Ilya's finger curled, pressing against his front wall, finding the spongy ridge of his g-spot with the unerring precision of a man who had literally just described its exact location on camera.

"There?" Ilya asked, though they both knew the answer. Shane's body had already given it—his walls clamping down, his clit pulsing, a fresh wave of slick coating Ilya's finger.

"Y-yes—there, there, please—"

"Good boy. Telling me what you need." Ilya stroked that spot in slow, rhythmic pulses, and Shane writhed, his hips rolling helplessly against Ilya's hand. "You feel this? How soft you are inside? How your body opens for me?"

"Hhh—hahh—"

A second finger joined the first, stretching Shane wider, and the sound that came out of him was animal—a guttural, breaking moan that bounced off the green room walls. Ilya scissored his fingers, spreading them, and Shane could feel himself *opening*, his body unfurling around Ilya's touch like it had been waiting for this specific permission.

"One more," Ilya said, and didn't wait for Shane to respond before easing a third finger inside.

"Oh f—*fuck*—" Shane's spine curved off the couch, his head pressing back into the cushion, every muscle in his abdomen pulling taut. Three of Ilya's fingers were inside him—thick and long and relentless—and Ilya was doing exactly what he'd demonstrated on the model. Slow, deliberate strokes. Curling pressure against his g-spot. Patient stretching. The care of it was almost worse than the pleasure—this unbearable tenderness that

Shane had never allowed himself to want, because wanting it meant admitting that this was more than just a convenient arrangement between two rival athletes who happened to have compatible biology.

"Ilya—" His voice cracked. "Ilya, that's—I can't—"

"You can." Ilya's free hand stroked his inner thigh, soothing. "You're doing so good for me, Shanya. So perfect. Feel how your body wants this? How easy you take my fingers?"

Shane sobbed—not from pain, from the overwhelming *fullness* of it, from the maddening patience, from the way Ilya was looking at him like he was something precious rather than something to be fucked and forgotten. His walls pulsed around Ilya's fingers, clenching rhythmically, and he could hear the wet, obscene sound of his own slick with every stroke.

"So much slick," Ilya murmured, almost reverent. He withdrew his fingers halfway—Shane keened at the loss—and pushed them back in slowly, watching the way Shane's body swallowed them. "Your pussy is so greedy. Pulling me in. You want more?"

"Y-yes—please, please—"

Ilya twisted his wrist, changing the angle, and ground his fingertips against Shane's g-spot with firm, circular pressure. Shane's vision whited out. His thighs clamped around Ilya's shoulders, his heels digging into Ilya's broad back, and a sound tore out of him that was barely human—a wrecked, sobbing moan that he felt in his molars.

"AHH—hah—oh god, oh *god*—"

"That's it." Ilya's voice was gravel and heat. "Let me hear you."

Then Ilya leaned forward and licked a long, slow stripe from where his fingers were buried inside Shane all the way up to his clit.

Shane *screamed*.

Not loudly—a choked, airless scream, his hand flying to his mouth and then falling away because Ilya had told him not to hold back. Ilya's tongue was hot and wet and impossibly soft against his oversensitive flesh, dragging through his folds, lapping up the slick that had pooled in every crease and hollow. He licked like he was savoring it—long, languorous strokes interspersed with quick, pointed flicks against Shane's clit that made his hips jerk off the couch.

"Taste so good," Ilya growled against him, the vibration buzzing through Shane's clit.

"Always taste so fucking good, Shanya."

His fingers kept working inside Shane—three thick digits pumping in a steady rhythm—while his mouth closed over Shane's clit and *sucked*.

"NNHH—!" Shane's hand flew down and grabbed Ilya's hair, fingers twisting into the dark strands, torn between pushing him away and pulling him closer. His hips bucked against Ilya's face, riding his mouth, and Ilya let him—held his thighs open with bruising strength and let Shane grind against his tongue while he sucked and licked and devoured him.

Ilya flattened his tongue and dragged it in a broad, wet circle around Shane's clit—once, twice—then pointed the tip and flicked it rapidly back and forth over the swollen nub. Shane's thighs quaked. His abs contracted so hard he nearly sat up. His fingers tightened in Ilya's hair until his knuckles went white.

"Gonna—I'm gonna—Ilya, I'm—"

Ilya curled his fingers hard against Shane's g-spot and sucked his clit into his mouth at the same time, and Shane came apart.

His orgasm hit like a wave breaking—his whole body locking up, spine bowing, mouth open in a silent wail as his pussy clamped down on Ilya's fingers in rhythmic, milking pulses. Slick gushed out of him—he could feel it flooding over Ilya's hand, dripping down to the couch—and Ilya lapped it up with greedy, slurping sounds, his tongue chasing every drop, his fingers still pumping gently to draw it out.

"Mmmm." A low, satisfied rumble from deep in Ilya's chest—practically a purr. He pressed his mouth against Shane's twitching cunt and drank from him, tongue pushing inside alongside his fingers, and Shane shuddered through the aftershocks with broken little gasps—"Ah—ah—ah—"

Ilya pulled his fingers out slowly—*transitioning*, Shane's delirious brain supplied—and gave his pussy one last, long, filthy lick from bottom to top before sitting back on his heels.

His mouth and chin glistened. His eyes were nearly black.

Shane lay there wrecked, chest heaving, legs still spread open and trembling, and watched Ilya stand up and pull his shirt over his head in one smooth motion. Then his joggers. Then his boxer briefs.

Shane's breath stuttered.

He'd seen Ilya's cock before—of course he had, he'd had it inside him eleven—*twelve, after tonight*—times. But in the haze of his post-orgasm vulnerability, with Ilya standing over him radiating alpha pheromones so thick Shane could practically taste them, it was—a lot. Long and heavy, curving slightly upward, already flushed dark and leaking from the tip. The knot at the base was barely swollen yet, just a subtle thickening, a promise.

Ilya braced one knee on the couch between Shane's legs, then the other, settling between Shane's spread thighs. The blunt head of his cock nudged against Shane's folds and they both hissed—Ilya through his teeth, Shane in a thin, high whine.

"Look at me," Ilya said.

Shane looked at him. Ilya's face hovered inches above his own—flushed, intent, his jaw tight with restraint. He looked like it was costing him everything not to just shove in and take what he wanted. But he didn't. He held himself there, the tip of his cock barely parting Shane's swollen lips, and waited.

"I got you," Ilya said again. "Yeah?"

Shane nodded, his eyes stinging. "Yeah."

Ilya sank in.

One long, continuous slide, his cock pushing through Shane's slick, stretched channel inch by inch until his hips met Shane's ass and there was nowhere left to go.

Shane's eyes crossed. His mouth fell open, tongue pressing against his lower lip, and a sound came out of him that was guttural, broken—"HHnnnghhh—"

Full. So *full*. He could feel Ilya everywhere—the thick stretch of him, the heat, the pulse of his cock against Shane's fluttering walls. Ilya's pelvis pressed flush against Shane's clit and even that slight contact sent sparks cascading through his already over-sensitized body.

"Yeshhh," Shane slurred, his head lolling on the cushion. "So—nghh—so deep—"

Ilya groaned—a raw, rumbling sound—and dropped his forehead to Shane's shoulder. "Fuck. Fuck, Shanya. You're so tight. So hot and wet—*blyad'*—"

He pulled back, and Shane whimpered at the drag—that exquisite friction against every nerve ending inside him. Ilya thrust back in, harder this time, and Shane's whole body jolted up the couch.

"Oh! Oh god—more—"

Ilya set a rhythm—deep, rolling thrusts that punched the air out of Shane's lungs, each one bottoming out with a slick, filthy slap of skin. He kept his weight on one forearm beside Shane's head, the other hand gripping Shane's hip hard enough to bruise, and Shane clung to his shoulders with both hands, fingernails digging crescents into muscle.

"Feel so good around me," Ilya panted, his accent thicker now, consonants blurring. "Like you were made for my cock. Hmm? Like your pussy knows exactly who it belongs to."

"Hahh—hahh—"

"Tell me." Ilya punctuated the command with a sharp snap of his hips. "Tell me how it feels."

"G-good—so good—don't stop, *please* don't stop—"

"Not going to stop." Ilya's mouth found his neck, teeth grazing his scent gland, and Shane convulsed—his walls clenching hard enough to make Ilya groan. "Gonna give you everything, baby. Everything you need."

"More—" Shane was babbling now, words spilling out unfiltered, his inhibitions drowned in pheromones and pleasure and the relentless drive of Ilya's cock inside him. "More—again—*daddy*—"

Ilya's hips stuttered. A sound ripped out of him—dark, possessive, almost a snarl—and his hand moved from Shane's hip to his jaw, gripping, tilting Shane's face toward him. His eyes were *blazing*.

"Say that again."

Shane's cheeks burned. His eyes were hazy, tear-streaked, his pupils swallowing the hazel. "Daddy—please, daddy, I need—"

"*Fuck*." Ilya kissed him—hard, this time, biting and claiming, his tongue plunging into Shane's mouth with the same rhythm as his cock in Shane's cunt. Shane moaned into the kiss, high and sweet, and Ilya swallowed every sound.

"What do you need, sweetheart?" Ilya panted against his lips. "Tell daddy what you need."

"Nnghhh—want—" Shane's legs wrapped around Ilya's waist, pulling him deeper, his heels pressing into the small of Ilya's back. "—want your pups, daddy, please—fill me up—breed me—"

The words hit the air and some distant, rational corner of Shane's brain started screaming, but the rest of him was beyond reason—locked in the white-hot circuit of Ilya's body against his,

Ilya's cock stroking every perfect spot inside him, Ilya's scent and warmth and the overwhelming *rightness* of it—

"Yeah?" Ilya's voice was shredded. His thrusts grew harder, sharper, punching in deep enough that Shane felt him against his cervix. "Want me to breed this pretty pussy? Give you my pups, Shanya? Fill you up until you're dripping?"

"Y-yesyesyes— *please*—hhh—"

Then Ilya pulled out.

All the way. Until only the fat, flushed tip of his cock rested between Shane's swollen folds, stretching his entrance just barely, the sudden emptiness so shocking that Shane sobbed—a ragged, desperate sound, his hips chasing—

And Ilya slammed back in to the hilt.

Shane's eyes crossed. His tongue lolled out, a thread of saliva connecting his lower lip to Ilya's mouth, and the sound that tore out of him wasn't a word—it was pure, animal need—"AAAHH—"

"There it is," Ilya breathed, watching Shane's face with dark fascination. "There's my pretty boy."

He did it again. Pulled out to the tip—Shane whining, clutching at his shoulders—and drove back in with a force that rocked the entire couch. Again. Again. Each time watching Shane's expression shatter and reform, eyes rolling back, mouth slack, completely, beautifully cockdrunk.

"Nnn—hhnng—can't—'s too much—so *big*—daddy—"

"You can take it. You're taking it so well. Look at you—" Ilya groaned, his rhythm faltering as Shane's walls began to ripple around him, tightening in waves. "—fucking perfect—squeezing my cock like that—you want to cum, baby?"

Shane nodded frantically, tears streaming, his body wound tight as a spring. "Please—please please please—"

Ilya shifted his angle—just slightly, tilting Shane's hips up—and started hitting his g-spot with every thrust, the head of his cock dragging over that swollen ridge in a merciless, rhythmic assault.

"Cum for me," Ilya ordered, his hand slipping between them to press his thumb against Shane's clit. "Cum on daddy's cock, Shanya. Let me feel it."

Shane broke.

His orgasm crashed through him like a shockwave—his back arching off the couch, his mouth open in a silent scream, his pussy clamping down on Ilya's cock in hard, pulsing contractions that were almost violent in their intensity. Slick flooded out around Ilya's shaft,

soaking them both, dripping onto the leather in an audible patter. Shane's thighs shook so hard his muscles cramped, his toes curling tight enough to ache, his fingernails raking red lines down Ilya's back.

"Oh—fuck—*Shane*—" Ilya's composure crumbled. He buried himself to the root and ground his hips against Shane's ass, and Shane felt it—the knot swelling, thickening at the base of Ilya's cock, stretching his entrance wider, wider—

"Take it," Ilya snarled, his forehead pressed to Shane's, their breath mingling. "Take my knot, *malysh*, that's it—"

The knot caught. Locked. Shane felt the stretch crest into something enormous and perfect and then settle, sealing them together. Ilya groaned—long and low and shaking—and came. Shane felt the first pulse of it deep inside him, hot and thick, flooding his channel, and his body responded with another wave of clenching pleasure, milking Ilya's cock in greedy, rhythmic squeezes.

"Hhh—oh *god*—" Shane was panting, trembling, his whole body wracked with tremors. He could feel Ilya's cock pulsing inside him, each spurt of cum making him twitch and clench anew. He was so full it was almost painful—the knot stretching him wide, the cum filling him with nowhere to go—and he loved it, loved it so much his chest ached—

"That's it," Ilya murmured against his temple, still shaking. "That's my good boy. So good for me. Taking everything."

They lay there tangled together, locked by the knot, heartbeats gradually slowing. Shane's legs had gone limp around Ilya's waist. His hands unclenched from Ilya's shoulders, fingertips tracing the scratches he'd left without really thinking about it.

Ilya shifted them carefully—moving without separating, a practiced negotiation of locked bodies—until Shane was draped on top of him, straddling his lap with his face tucked into Ilya's neck. Shane's preferred position, though he'd never admitted as much aloud. Ilya seemed to know anyway. He always seemed to know.

"Good?" Ilya's hand cradled the back of Shane's head.

"Mm." Shane didn't have words. His mouth pressed against Ilya's pulse point, feeling the steady thrum of it.

Ilya kissed his forehead. His eyelids. The tip of his nose. The corner of his mouth. Small, soft, aimless kisses scattered across Shane's face like he was mapping it. His other hand ran up and down Shane's spine in long, warm strokes.

"So beautiful," Ilya said quietly. "You know that? Most beautiful omega in the whole league. In the whole world, maybe."

"Stop." But Shane's scent bloomed warm and sweet, betraying him.

"Not going to stop." Ilya kissed his scent gland, gentle and lingering. "You were so perfect, Shanya. So brave on set today, and then so good for me just now. I'm—" He paused, and something complicated moved through his scent—something tender and aching that Shane didn't have the courage to examine. "I'm proud of you."

Shane's eyes stung. He pressed his face harder into Ilya's neck and focused on breathing.

Ilya kept stroking his back, murmuring soft things—some in English, some in Russian—and kissing whatever skin he could reach. The knot pulsed between them, still swollen, still locking them together, and Shane felt himself sinking, his thoughts going gauzy and warm, his limbs heavy.

"Tired," he mumbled.

"Sleep." Ilya's arms tightened around him. "I have you."

Shane slept.

He woke to fingers in his hair.

Not the brisk, purposeful touch of someone trying to rouse him—a slow, repetitive stroke, gentle as breathing, thumb tracing the curve of his ear before sweeping back through the strands. Shane stirred, blinking, the world reassembling itself in fragments: warm skin against his cheek, the steady rise and fall of a chest beneath him, a scent that was cedar and pepper and *home*.

Wait.

He blinked again, lifting his head. He was on Ilya's lap—still—his face pressed into the curve of Ilya's neck, his legs curled against Ilya's side. But the leather couch was gone. The green room was gone. Instead, he was cocooned in a thick duvet on a wide bed, and through the window he could see the familiar skyline of—

Boston. Ilya's house in Boston. The bedroom Shane had been in exactly four times and pretended he didn't recognize each time.

He was wearing one of Ilya's t-shirts. It smelled overwhelmingly like alpha. Shane chose not to examine how he felt about that.

Ilya looked down at him, dark eyes soft in the lamplight, and kissed the space between his eyebrows. Then his left eyelid. Then his right.

"Hi," Ilya said. "Hungry?"

Shane shook his head. He was still surfacing, slow and syrupy, the post-orgasm, post-knot heaviness clinging to his limbs. He felt hollowed out and filled up all at once—wrung dry and impossibly content. His omega was purring somewhere deep in his chest, satisfied and smug.

"How about water?"

Shane considered this. Thought about his dry throat, the lingering taste of sleep and tears and Ilya's mouth.

He nodded.

Ilya chuckled — a low, fond sound — and reached to the bedside table without displacing Shane from his lap. His hand returned with a glass of water, and Shane took it, wrapping both hands around it, and sipped. Small, careful sips, his eyes still half-closed, still waking up.

"Cute," Ilya murmured, watching him drink.

"Shut up," Shane mumbled into the glass, but there was no heat in it.

His gaze drifted — lazy, unfocused — across the bedside table, the lamp, the charging cable, and landed on Ilya's phone lying face-up on the rumpled sheets beside them. The screen was lit.

Shane blinked. His eyes narrowed, trying to focus.

The screen showed a Twitter timeline. The top trending hashtag was **#NHLOmegaHealth**. Below it, a thumbnail image from the campaign video — Shane standing at the demonstration table, Ilya seated beside him, both of them lit in that warm studio glow. The post had forty-seven thousand retweets.

Shane's eyes widened.

He snapped his head toward Ilya, who was already grinning. Wide and unrepentant and *delighted*.

"Ah," Ilya said, his eyes crinkling. "You already saw."

Shane shoved the glass of water onto the nightstand with a *clunk* and snatched Ilya's phone, Ilya already dissolving into giggles beside him.

Shane scrolled. His horror mounted with every swipe.

@hockeygirllex: ILYA ROZANOV TALKING ABOUT OMEGA PREP WITH THAT MUCH DETAIL AND FOCUS... SIR. SIR. I AM LOOKING RESPECTFULLY. (I AM NOT.)

@omegahealthnow: This is genuinely one of the most thoughtful, comprehensive safe-sex demonstrations we've ever seen from a professional athlete. Rozanov's emphasis on consent and patience is everything. 🙌🙌

@shanesbiceps: the way shane was BLUSHING the entire time Ilya was demonstrating... the way Ilya kept LOOKING at him... i am going to lose my mind

@pucksandprose: "If your omega is enduring it, you have failed them" ILYA ROZANOV SAID THAT. ON CAMERA. I AM NOT OKAY.

@tacticalthirst: ILYA ASKING SHANE ABOUT TOY SIZE PREFERENCES DURING A LIVE Q&A WITH A COMPLETELY STRAIGHT FACE IS THE FUNNIEST AND HOTTEST THING I HAVE EVER WITNESSED IN MY LIFE

@bruinsbabe99: not the way shane literally couldn't look at ilya during the alpha demo portion. not the way his ears were RED. not the way ilya paused in the middle of the Q&A and looked over at shane like he could SMELL him. i'm deceased. i'm in the ground.

@sportscenterupdates: NHL Omega Health Campaign video goes viral with over 2M views in 3 hours. Stars Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov praised for frank, stigma-breaking approach to omega sexual wellness.

@rozanovsgirl: someone check on shane hollander because that man VIBRATED through that entire segment and ilya rozanov sat there like a panther watching a gazelle drink water

Shane scrolled faster, his face cycling through approximately seventeen shades of red.

@queerhockeystan: THE TENSION IN THAT STUDIO COULD POWER A SMALL CITY. i don't care what anyone says those two are FUCKING.

"Will you *stop laughing already?!*" Shane snapped, shoving at Ilya's chest with one hand, but Ilya caught his wrist and pulled him backward, and Shane yelped — a sharp, undignified *squeak* — as he was dragged back into Ilya's lap. The phone tumbled to the sheets between them.

Ilya wrapped both arms around Shane's waist from behind and pressed a kiss to the back of his neck, right at the top of his spine, still shaking with laughter.

"What they say, hm?" Ilya murmured against his skin, warm and teasing and insufferably pleased with himself. "All very complimentary. I think they're in love with you, Shanya."

Shane's face burned. His ears burned. His entire body was one continuous, incandescent blush, and he

couldn't even finish the thought, because Ilya's mouth was still on the back of his neck, warm and unhurried, pressing kiss after kiss along the bumps of his spine like he was counting vertebrae.

"They're not in love with me," Shane muttered, slumping back against Ilya's chest despite himself. "They're in love with *you*. You're the one who—said all that stuff. On camera."

"What stuff?"

"You *know* what stuff."

Ilya hummed against his skin. His arms tightened around Shane's middle, pulling him closer, and Shane let himself be held. The phone lay forgotten on the sheets. Outside, the Boston

skyline glittered through the window, distant and indifferent to whatever was happening in this room.

"The earning it thing," Shane said quietly. "Every time."

Ilya's mouth stilled against his neck.

"Did you mean that?"

A pause. Ilya's thumb swept a slow arc across Shane's stomach, over the soft cotton of the borrowed shirt.

"Yes," Ilya said. Simply. No joke underneath. No smirk in his voice.

Shane's throat tightened. He stared at the window, at the blurred city lights swimming behind the sudden sting in his eyes, and pressed his lips together hard.

"Because we don't—" He stopped. Swallowed. "We never do that. The slow thing. The—preparation thing. I always just—"

"I know."

"I told you not to."

"I know, Shanya."

"So why did you—on set—why did you talk about it like—"

Like it mattered to you. Like I mattered to you.

He couldn't say it. The words sat in his chest like a stone, too heavy to lift.

Ilya's chin settled on his shoulder. His breath was warm against Shane's cheek. For a long moment, he didn't speak, and the silence between them was full of all the things they'd been outrunning since this started—since the first time they'd fallen into bed together after a game and told themselves it meant nothing.

"Because," Ilya said finally, his voice low and rough and careful, "maybe I am tired of rushing too."

Shane closed his eyes.

Something cracked open inside him. Shifting. A door he'd been leaning against with all his weight, easing open an inch.

He turned his head. Ilya was right there, close enough that their noses brushed. Shane looked at him—really looked—at the dark eyes and the strong jaw and the mouth that had taken him apart an hour ago, and saw something unguarded there. Something patient and steady and wanting, held in check by the same fear Shane carried.

Shane kissed him.

Soft. Just a press of lips. No urgency, no teeth, no competition. Just Shane's mouth against Ilya's, gentle and deliberate and slow—the way they never kissed.

Ilya made a quiet sound against his lips. His hand came up to cradle Shane's jaw, thumb resting in the hollow beneath his ear, and he kissed Shane back the same way. Tender. Careful. Like they had all the time in the world.

When they broke apart, Shane kept his eyes closed for a beat longer than necessary.

"Don't make it weird," he whispered.

Ilya huffed a soft laugh and kissed his temple. "I would never."

"You always make it weird."

"Shh. Drink your water."

Shane reached blindly for the glass on the nightstand, and Ilya's hand was already there, guiding it into his grip. Shane took a sip, both hands wrapped around it again, and leaned back against Ilya's chest, and Ilya's arms settled around him like they belonged there.

Neither of them said anything else. Ilya's thumb traced slow circles on Shane's hip. Shane drank his water in small sips and watched the city lights blur and sharpen through the window.

They'd figure it out. Or they wouldn't. But tonight, in the warm dark of Ilya's bedroom, with Ilya's heartbeat steady against his spine and the ghost of tenderness still buzzing on his lips, Shane let himself have this.

Just this.

Ilya pressed one last kiss to the curve of his ear and murmured something in Russian that Shane didn't catch.

"What?" Shane asked drowsily.

"Nothing." Ilya's arms tightened. "Go back to sleep."

Shane did.

End Notes

This fic is posted on [twi](#) if you want yo share!

Today's treat is *drum rolls* CUNNILINGUS!! 🎉

When I created this series, I knew that at some point, gold ol' cunnilingus would have to make an appearance. I just haven't come up with a good plot to match it until now hehe 😁

Hope you like this one, too! Would LOVE to hear your thoughts about it! 💕💕

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