

New Job Values

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New Job Values

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

Nikolai Hollander-Rozanov is a very quiet, sweet boy.

Nobody has any idea where he got that from.

Notes

the summary is heavy with sarcasm.

i had to do another part focused on nikolai <3 baby alpha nikolai protecting his pack. enjoy!!

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

The league was hosting their large annual fundraiser. They lined with multiple different charity organizations, including ones for children in need, programs and scholarships for the underserved communities, cancer research, and tons more. Every player was invited, along with their families and friends. It's a whole ordeal with cocktail dresses and fine suits, and they're served delicious cuisine and top champagne at the open bar.

Ilya goes every year. At the beginning, he went with his teammates to party with them and do some good. The main reason he goes is of course because of Shane, who has some sort of personal mission to be a part of the most charities and community programs. Shane's kind, gold heart is one of Ilya's favorite things about him. He has more than enough money due to Yuna's managerial skills and always signing Shane up for the biggest brand names. Ilya has tons of money, but it's no surprise Shane is the one with the fattest wallet.

Sugar daddy Ilya calls a blushing Shane.

The only bad thing was Shane's lack of social skills and discomfort with speaking with large groups of people. He gets overstimulated and on edge, and most of the CEOs he has to talk to are alphas. The alphas are cocky and act superior, which angers Shane to the point that he goes nonverbal with clenched teeth. He'll power through because he's committed to make a difference, but he won't be happy about it. At least the donors are a good mix of second genders.

Ilya makes a point to stay with Shane during those tense conversations. Either he'll be shoulder to shoulder or he'll stand close by to soothe the omega with his scent. He knows right away when Shane needs him, and he'll cut in with some shitty excuse. Usually related to one of their kids or a made up stranger requesting to speak to Shane.

Shane will give him a grateful look, and Ilya will skim his wrist or neck with his hand to subtly scent the omega. Shane will sigh and calm down before moving on to the next asshole.

Tonight, Ilya finds himself dragged into an endless, and frankly, boring conversation with an older man determined to talk about his company. He wants Ilya to be a part of some middle school program, which will require him to show up at different schools and encourage the kids to spend an hour outside playing. It's supposed to get them out of the house, and Ilya does plan on signing up because he loves kids and enjoys being part of youth programs.

However, Shane has given him multiple signals to come to his side from where he stands with a group of donors. His last strained and uncomfortable glance was ten minutes ago, and Ilya hasn't gotten any closer to finishing this conversation. The man, Ed, was happily yapping about his life and his achievements, practically selling himself to Ilya. Ilya told him he's interested twice, but Ed wanted to finish his speech and describe every detail of his upbringing and how he climbed the ladder in corporate.

If this man's program wasn't centered around helping children, Ilya would've certainly walked away. He doesn't care about people viewing him as the rude asshole title he got branded with since his time on Russia's hockey team. Everyone hates him anyway, so rich old men disliking him hardly meant anything.

He was about to walk away and say goodbye to his chances with helping another kids' program, when finally Ed makes an excuse to leave and get food. Ilya curses under his breath in exasperated relief, and speeds through the crowd for Shane.

He expects for his mate to glare daggers at him when he finally finds him trapped talking to three charitable leaders. Two alphas and a beta. Shane will probably have that look on his face where he's trying to hide his irritability. Mouth pressed in a line, nose flared, and eyes flickering over the room.

Ilya freezes at the sight of Shane, who was talking amicably with the three donors. His face lacked his previous stress lines, and his shoulders aren't curved or tense anymore. He looks relaxed, which was very odd and uncharacteristic. Ilya admires his mate and walks over.

When he gets closer, he understands what caused the change in Shane.

Nikolai has his arms wrapped around Shane's waist, and his face smushed in his suit jacket. His short arms don't reach all the way around, but he does his best. He rubs his cheek on Shane's side.

Shane has his hand on Nikolai's head, softly brushing his dark hair. The little boy's head is tilted upwards, bright blue eyes glued to his dad's face. Vigilant and protective.

Ilya's heart soars. Their little alpha baby was comforting his omega parent. He was scenting Shane and holding onto him, doing what Ilya does to placate Shane's overstimulated nerves. Nikolai stuffs his face into Shane's jacket and tugs lightly. Shane smiles down at him, eyes soft and full of love. Eyes that match Ilya's stare back at him, smiling wide.

"What a cute little fella," one of the men says with a hearty laugh. He crouches a little to meet Nikolai's gaze. He holds out his hand to shake. "My name is David. Are you proud of your daddies?"

Shane tenses, never one to be a fan of anyone but pack acknowledging his children. He almost starts a fight every time a fan waves at Effy. Nikolai places his chin on Shane's side, brows furrowing at Shane's stress levels rising again.

"What's your name?" David tries again with a chuckle.

Nikolai aims his concentrated stare at the man, and he holds onto Shane tighter. He narrows his eyes, but other than that remains neutrally blank.

Nikolai is a quiet kid most of the time, preferring to listen and watch than talk. He talks a lot to Hayden's kids, easily keeps up with Effy's racing thoughts and rants, and communicates well with the kids on his soccer team. With everyone else, though, he stays comfortably quiet.

"Shy, huh?"

Shane bares his teeth. David jumps back in alarm, taking another cautionary step when Shane hisses. "He speaks when he wants. He's a kid, and you're getting too close."

Both alphas are on the move. Ilya steps in at the same time Nikolai moves to stand in front of Shane with his arms still on his waist. The two acting like barriers between angry omega and strangers. The little alpha's scent smells like candy apple, spiking with deep worry, and he stares up at Shane with intense, watery eyes.

Ilya rubs soothing circles into Shane's back. "Our daughter is on her third shirley temple. She's going to crash very soon. We should probably make our last round and leave."

Ilya wasn't technically lying. She was on her third sugary drink, and Ilya is positive she talked Wyatt into ordering her a sundae from the kitchen. Ilya peeks over his shoulder and finds her rubbing her eyes tiredly. She's with Troy and Wyatt, and she's watching them play pool.

"Of course," the alpha woman tells him, apologetically. Shane is glaring at them all, and she clears her throat. "I'll be sure to email your agent and hopefully set up a meeting."

Ilya thanks them for their donations and throws a half-assed promise to reach out to them tomorrow morning. Nikolai clings to Shane while Ilya guides them away. He kisses Shane's temple. "My - *our* terrifying omega. So scary. You bite their head off."

"He was trying to push Nikolai," Shane snarls. He brushes his son's hair. "He was making him uncomfortable. He didn't need to be talking to him."

"It's okay," Nikolai says. "I'm okay. He didn't make me uncomfortable, daddy."

Shane cups the little boy's face and thumbs his cheek. He smiles at him, fangs poking out adorably. He leans down to kiss the top of Nikolai's head. "I'm going to go talk to my mom," he tells Ilya. "Tell her we're leaving."

"Okay, my love," Ilya says.

Nikolai isn't too happy about letting go of Shane. He adamantly tries to go with him, but Ilya puts a hand on his shoulder. Shane kisses his round cheeks, winning a grin from the boy before walking away. Nikolai watches him go sullenly.

"*Sweet boy*," Ilya says in Russian. They speak Russian when it's only the two of them. Effy too, but she likes talking in French a little more. He crouches down, and Nikolai immediately runs into his arms. "*Taking care of our omega. Making sure your omega daddy is okay. I'm so proud of you.*"

Nikolai beams and nuzzles his face into his papa's neck. "*He smelled funny. He smelled... sour. I didn't like it.*"

"*Such a good job for noticing*," Ilya coos. "*That's what alphas do. We make sure our pack is comfortable and safe.*"

Nikolai nods, rubbing his eye in growing exhaustion from a long night. Ilya kisses his cheek and stands. "*Let's go find your sister.*"

"*Okay, papa.*"

They find Effy falling asleep in her chair. Nikolai pats her arm gently, stirring her awake. Ilya doesn't hear what he says to her, but she sticks her tongue at him and gets out of the chair.

Ilya snorts.

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The summer sun shines over the large plain of grass. Thirty kids ran around in semi chaotic form and practiced routines, all while laughing and giggling with bright smiles. They all know each other, and so they are having fun and competing with benevolent sportsmanship. The coaches cheer them on, along with the loud cheers and claps from the parents sitting in the bleachers.

One boy trips and falls, and Nikolai and another kid run over to help him.

"He's so sweet," Svetlana coos. He pinches Ilya's cheek. "He has your face. It is weird seeing him act calm and caring for everyone. What a perfect little teammate."

"I am best teammate," Ilya huffs. "I am caring too! I love my pack. I treat them very well."

Svetlana raises a brow at Luca. "Does he?"

"He does," Luca insists, blushing. "He is the best captain. Very kind. Very helpful. He gave me tips for dodging hits and stick placement."

"Can you be sure to say that to Shane?" Ilya asks seriously. Svetlana hits his shoulder. "I can record it too."

"Bias crowd," Svetlana teases. "I should ask someone who doesn't have a huge crush on you."

Luca turns beet red and leans forward to appear heavily invested in the game. He stammers, "What? No, I'm not just saying this. He spent three hours with me after practice. I am grateful."

"Ilya has a heart of gold," Svetlana says, smile broadening. She gives Luca a pointed look. "He is not like that for everyone. Get past the hard exterior and see his gooey, lovable self."

"Is that true when you two met?" Luca asks.

"I met Ilya when we were kids," Svetlana explains fondly. She rubs Ilya's shoulder. "He didn't yet have a hard exterior. He was loud and sweet. We went everywhere together."

"Now I'm vicious," Ilya says stoically. His mouth twitches when Svetlana laughs. "Everybody is scared of me, and my mate is scarier than me. We are perfect together."

“And your daughter got your loud, obnoxious personality on the ice,” Svetlana laughs. “She makes exceptional chirps at her young age. Shouldn’t be surprised she’s a mouthy handful. She has Rozanov and Hollander genes. She’s going to sell many jerseys, and I will be the first buyer.”

“That is not true,” Ilya disagrees. He beams proudly. “I will be, and I will have her sign it. I am making her a list of creative things she can say.”

Ilya points at Luca. “Do not tell Shane. He will kill me.”

“I think he’ll be able to figure it out,” Svetlana says. “He already blames you when she gets into arguments.”

“She is my little firecracker,” Ilya says, smiling wide, and causing eye wrinkles and a dimple in his cheek. Fatherly love gleaming bright. “My heart cannot take it. It is so full. I didn’t think I could feel so much love, but my babies prove me wrong every day.”

“Where is Effy?” Luca asks.

“Shane is buying her new skates. She’s getting bigger,” Ilya says. He curses and grabs for his phone. “I promised to take videos and send them to him.”

Ilya pulls out the camera app and hits record. Nikolai is fighting hard for the ball, his face serious and determined. He races for the other boy, kicking between his legs to steal the ball from him. He makes contact after three tries, and Nikolai swiftly turns and runs for the other goal.

While Effy plays like Ilya, Nikolai plays like Shane. With intense concentration and most likely a head full of notes and memorized plays. Once he found his love for soccer, Nikolai was all in. He wanted to play every day, whether it was on their front lawn or the park. He played by himself, or with his parents and friends. Most of the time, it was Shane out there playing with him. Both of them with hilariously serious expressions, kicking the ball back and forth and learning footwork. Shane pulled out youtube and found videos on structured drills and entry-level tricks.

A week later, Shane paid for one of the best soccer trainers in Montreal, and the three of them got together four times a week. He also bought everything Nikolai might need - goal post, cones, cleats, and other equipment. Shane definitely went overboard, but going above and beyond was one of Shane’s things that Ilya found endearing and cute.

Shane would never miss anything his kids are a part of, but Effy’s skates were an emergency. He is no doubt going to get a speeding ticket when he finally leaves the store.

Yuna and David are here too, sitting under chairs with an umbrella to stay out of the sun. Very practical and Hollander style. Yuna was clapping and shouting for Nikolai, and David was taking pictures much to Ilya’s relief.

A break is called. Nikolai goes to the other boys and girls, congratulating them and high-fiving. They go to the water table and each grab a cup. Nikolai takes initiative with handing

them out, chatting and checking on everyone.

“He will make good captain,” Luca infers.

Ilya juts out his chin. “Yes, he will,” he says, filled with pride and affection. Nikolai was always taking care of the kids in his pack. He makes sure both his sisters are happy. He’s a loving brother, and always wanted to check on Millie in her room. He’d climb into his parents’ nest to see her and make sure she’s comfy under the blankets.

Nikolai walks over to them in the bleachers, holding three cups of water. He hands the first one to Svetlana, who brings her hand to her chest.

“What a sweetie!” Svetlana gushes in Russian. She takes the cup gratefully. *“The perfect gentleman. Thank you so much.”*

Nikolai smiles shyly and gives Luca a cup. The two are pretty close - both the sweetest in their pack. Luca held him a lot as a baby, and toddler Nikolai followed him around everywhere. Nikolai sought him out when Luca visited or get-togethers after games. Luca kicks the ball with him, always agreeing to a quick game.

Luca thanks him in German, to which Nikolai copies perfectly. He’ll know the most languages once he picks up German. Luca says something else in German.

Nikolai’s brows furrow. “What?”

“I said you are a powerful kicker,” Luca compliments. Nikolai smiles and copies the statement slowly. Luca nods. “Yes! Great job.”

“Thank you,” Nikolai replies. He sets the last one on the bleachers, close to Ilya, and then climbs into his papa’s lap.

“You did so well, pchelka,” Ilya coos, wrapping tight in his arms. He kisses Nikolai’s cheeks, embarrassingly loud to make Nikolai shriek and push at his face.

“Papa!” Nikolai shouts between giggles. “Stop!”

“Why? I am congratulating my son on a job well done!” Ilya says. He kisses his forehead loudly. “I saw that assist. I am so proud. Everyone must see my amazing son kicking butt.”

Nikolai shouts when Ilya picks him up and puts him over his shoulder. Ilya spins around in a circle, and Nikolai screams and clutches the back of his papa’s shirt. He’s laughing, and his face is red and covered in sweat.

Yuna and David come over to congratulate Nikolai. Ilya hands him over to Yuna like a sack of potatoes, and Yuna kisses Nikolai’s scrunched up face. “I was thinking someone deserves ice cream after this game ends. What do you think?”

“Cookies and cream,” Ilya says. “The superior flavor.”

“Chocolate mint,” Nikolai says excitedly.

“Chocolate mint?” Ilya asks, appalled. “Gross. That is toothpaste. You brush your teeth with ice cream?”

Nikolai giggles. His blue eyes shine. “It’s delicious.”

“No, you are liar,” Ilya retorts. “Terrible liar.”

“Nikolai!”

Nikolai’s head shoots up, and he looks over Yuna’s shoulder to find Shane and Effy coming from the parking lot. He wiggles out of Yuna’s grip and sprints over to them. Effy meets him halfway and hugs him.

Shane has Millie in his arms, who was fast asleep with her little head to his neck. Nikolai runs over to them and wraps his arms around his daddy’s waist. He’s in the middle of talking about the game by the time Shane reaches Ilya, who makes grabby hands for Millie. Millie wakes up mad during the exchange, but she closes her eyes when she settles in Ilya’s arms.

Effy knows some of the kids playing and runs over to them. Nikolai pulls Shane to the bleachers so he can sit beside him, snuggled in his side. Shane watches the videos Yuna and Ilya took with wide fascination. Awe paints on his features, and he squeezes Nikolai’s shoulder.

“I’m so proud of you,” Shane says. Nikolai beams at him and snuggles deeper. “Your coordination is impressive, and you’re doing a great job communicating with your team.”

Both affection and technical. Ilya’s mate is adorable. He sits on Shane’s other side, and he kisses the omega’s lips. Shane relaxes, giving off happy omega scent.

“Our son is a sweet, considerate player,” Ilya says. “Not sure where he got that from.”

“I can be nice,” Shane says.

Ilya snorts. “How many people have you bitten?”

“I’m not nice to assholes,” Shane groans.

“What about that sweet kindergarten teacher who went to hug Effy?”

“That teacher was an alpha, and she should’ve known not to hug an omega’s kid she didn’t know,” Shane says.

Ilya grins. “And that rookie who talked to Nikolai through the plexiglass?”

“He should’ve been paying attention to the game.”

Ilya’s cheeks ache from smiling at his mate. He’s glad Nikolai is distracted with talking to Luca. They speak in English and German; Luca switching between the two. “And that reporter who touched my arm?”

Shane narrows his eyes. "I should've done more than break her wrist."

"There was a crowd, and she was moving me out of the way," Ilya says. "And what about--"

"Like you're any nicer," Shane snaps. Ilya chuckles and plants kisses to his nose and cheeks. "I thought you love how vicious I am."

"Oh, I do," Ilya purrs. He nips at Shane's jaw and brings Shane's hand to his lips to scent him. Shane watches him, amused and blushing. Ilya bites his shoulder. "I hate when you're stressed, but I adore your fangs and claws. You put alphas in their place, and it makes me all warm inside, especially when you're so pliant and soft for me."

Shane's eyes darken, eyelids fluttering when Ilya's nose grazed his neck. Shane tilts his head to allow more access. Ilya can hear his heart race. The small tremble of his body. Ilya wants to bite him hard, but he refrains. "I'll put you in your place, alpha."

Ilya trails kisses to the small area behind Shane's ear. Shane trembles more, and Ilya watches him swallow. "Please do," he breathes sensually. "Omega."

"Nikolai!" the coach shouts.

Nikolai jumps off the bleachers and rushes over to his team. The break was over, and it was time to play again.

Ilya pulls Shane into his side and kisses him passionately. Shane nuzzles into his shoulder. Ilya smiles, alpha rumbling with his omega happy and a little horny at his side and his sleeping baby in his arms. All here to watch his other kid play like a star.

Nikolai scores a goal, and the entire pack leaps to their feet to shout in victory.

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Mate. Mate. Mate.

Ilya trails kisses over Shane's sweaty skin, moving back and forth over the omega's neck, shoulders, and ear. Tenderly pressing his lips anywhere he can reach, including Shane's soft cheeks and nose. Shane adorably scrunches his nose and shuts his eyes when Ilya kisses his eyelids. He tries to avoid Ilya's thousands of kisses, but Ilya easily follows him.

Shane whines, a tad disgruntled, and Ilya chuckles at his precious mate, who was trying to sleep. The omega was near the end of his heat, and he was exhausted.

Ilya woke up to Shane yanking Ilya's pants off and sinking onto his cock with tear stained cheeks. Shane's scent was enough to have Ilya hard within seconds, cock already thick with blood before he even woke up. Shane's claws were half-formed, sinking into Ilya's skin where he had the alpha pinned by his chest. His movements were erratic and desperate, as he

chased his orgasm with addictive, breathless gasps and whines. Ilya was in awe of him, cursing by how tight Shane's burning body was around his cock. He pet Shane's overheated thighs and waist, guiding him into a better and a more satisfying angle to hit his prostate.

Shane came hard with tears in his eyes, riding with a throbbing need and begging for his alpha's knot. Shane's overwhelmingly sweet heat scent and his slick hole clenching around him pushed Ilya to the edge, and he grabbed the omega and thrust his knot deep inside him.

Ilya traces the mating mark on Shane's neck with his finger, and because he can, he does it with his tongue. They're sitting in the bath, with the water cool on Shane's burning skin. He wasn't as hot as he was earlier, which was a good sign. Shane was completely docile, letting Ilya wash his hair and body with attentive care. Shane moans, still asleep, when Ilya massages his lower back and neck.

They stay until their skin prunes, and then Ilya carries Shane out of the bath and dries him off as he sits on the bathroom counter. Shane blinks at him, head still floaty and warm, and Ilya praises him while he dries his hair.

When he's done, Ilya kisses Shane's nose. Because he can, he also licks into Shane's mouth to kiss his fangs. Shane whines and glares pathetically, and Ilya laughs.

"Let's get you to our nest."

Shane doesn't respond, but he nods faintly. He pouts when Ilya walks away to grab clothes, and Ilya hurries back to kiss his lips. He helps Shane into his clothes, carefully pulling one of Ilya's soft sweatpants and old hoodies on.

His face crumples when Ilya grabs clothes for himself. Ilya nearly trips putting his shorts on, and Shane pulls him in close and wraps his arms and legs around him.

"Is okay, sweetheart," Ilya soothes. He cups Shane's face and kisses him all over. "Such a good omega. Let's get you to our nest. I have food prepped."

Ilya eventually convinces Shane to stay in their nest. Shane sinks into the warm blankets and pillows, and every muscle in his overworked body goes slack. He closes his eyes and falls asleep. Ilya pecks his cheek and leaves for the garage, where they keep the emergency meals and drinks. He grabs a handful of ginger ale cans and two meals, and he goes back to their bedroom.

Ilya freezes in the doorway. Nikolai was in the nest, wrapped in Shane's arms. He hadn't expected him to be here. Ilya gets his phone and checks for messages.

Yuna: Niko was missing his parents. I thought Shane would like to have one of his babies with him. I know it's near the end of his heat, so Shane is probably sleeping.

Yuna: I'll come get him if you need me to. Millie is good! She's missing you two, but pictures are good enough for her. Love you!

Shane gets cuddly at the end of his heat, and the omega will be more than happy to have one of his kids while he sleeps.

Ilya: No problem. They're cuddling right now. Thank you. I'll come get Millie in a couple of hours. Love you too. 😊

Ilya sets the food down. Shane really should eat. He hasn't eaten or drank anything since last night. All he wants to do at this point of his heat is sleep, but his body needs nutrients.

Ilya stands over the sleeping omega. "Shane? You should eat a little--"

A growl fills the room. A dangerous back off sound that Ilya doesn't immediately recognize. He tenses, going onto defense because this is home and his vulnerable mate was sleeping.

Then he realizes who it is.

Nikolai. The younger alpha was glaring at him from where he's tucked against Shane's chest. He's baring his teeth, growling through his short fangs. His angry, protective scent sharpens, and Ilya's nose crinkles at the attack to his senses.

Ilya's eyes glow red in response to the hostile alpha, but his own alpha was confused, pacing in his chest and smelling pack. He recognizes it's his son telling him to leave his sleeping omega parent alone. Warning him off.

Once Ilya's primal mind catches up, he huffs a laugh. He's never seen his little alpha son this angry before. This might be the first time since he presented that Nikolai went feral. It had happened when Effy got hurt at practice. She twisted her ankle badly, and another player was looming over and pushing her down onto the ice. Nikolai ran out on the ice and shoved them off his sister. He was pulled out of it when Effy said his name, and he helped her off the ice.

Ilya expected Nikolai to be an alpha based on the way he acted. He was the first to calm Effy down when Ilya wasn't there. He followed Shane constantly, always offering to help. He was gentle and patient with the other kids.

Shane being in heat sparked this reaction, and Ilya was proud. Inconvenienced, but proud.

"Are you protecting your daddy?" Ilya coos in Russian, charmed. *"From your papa?"*

Something flickers in Nikolai's eyes. A flash of recognition, though not enough to snap him out of this trance. Ilya shushes him, smiling at his son. *"I'm so proud of you. Your little fangs. You're doing what you're supposed to. Being there for your pack; protecting your omega daddy. I love you."*

Nikolai squints at him, confused. His scent wavers, masked by Ilya's much stronger and more territorial honey scent with a small tinge of intimidation in his mostly pacifying voice to make him submit. Nikolai blinks, eyes flashing blue, and his fangs retract.

"I love you," Ilya soothes. He moves in slowly and kisses Nikolai's forehead. *"My little alpha baby. You want to cuddle? Water?"*

Nikolai sniffs and nods, reaching out to him. Ilya smiles and joins them on the bed. He gives Nikolai water, and then sandwiches him in between him and Shane. Shane was still asleep, and Nikolai stuffs his face in his neck. Ilya runs his fingers through his son's hair and kisses Shane's slack mouth.

"I love you, papa."

Ilya's heart soars, pleased by the scent of his mate and son in their nest.

Shane shifts under the blankets. His nose twitches at the new scent of his son. He opens his eyes, sees who's here, and then rubs Nikolai's cheek with his. Nikolai preens under the attention.

"My little alpha."

Ilya makes a disgruntled sound. Nikolai smiles.

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"Hurry up, lisichka!" Ilya calls out. He finishes making Effy's and Nikolai's school lunches, and he stuffs it in their backpacks. Today was the first day of summer camp, and Ilya's heart aches at being away from his kids for a whole week.

He looks out into the yard to find his mate and son on designated blue and purple mats by the lake. Shane wasn't the only one to do yoga first thing in the morning. Shane loves yoga and the way it relaxes his mind, and Nikolai does it with him because everything Shane loves, he loves too.

Ilya appreciates the view of his mate's ass arched in the air. He is gorgeous in the sunlight. He can't get enough of him. He'd live in this morning forever if he could.

But he can't. He has to go help Effy bring her things to the car, and then get told by Nikolai that he needs to bring his yoga mat to camp. It's bizarre staring at a kid with his face and moles have the same hobbies and interests as Shane. Maybe he'll give yoga a try.

Ilya chuckles at himself. No. He'd much rather watch Shane do yoga and reap the rewards of the omega's flexibility.

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New York is nice when Ilya isn't scheduled to play a game, and he doesn't have to deal with Admiral fans spewing hatred at him. He was nervous coming here with his family, because he

can't be blamed for his actions if anyone directed that hostility towards his kids or mate. He'd have to start throwing punches and hope Shane is nice enough to bail him out of jail.

It's Christmas time, and Effy wanted to see the large Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center. She especially wanted to see all the huge lights and skate around the massive rink. Effy begged to go, and for once she had to convince Ilya and Shane. Of course, it really only took her pleading face and smile for Ilya to agree. He had to then convince Shane because the omega would rather lose a game than be surrounded by hundreds of strangers in one of the busiest cities in the country.

Alright, maybe not to that extreme, but his point still stands.

Effy was wearing a Frozen beanie with Ana, and a thick coat, leggings under pants, gloves, and a scarf. She was skating on pink blades, holding hands with a similarly covered up Nikolai. Apparently he wasn't skating fast enough, so they were holding hands as they skated in circles. Hayden's kids are somewhere nearby because of course the Pikes had to go.

"I can't believe I carried Millie for nine months, and she came out looking like your twin."

Ilya gives an annoyed Shane a wide, wicked grin. Millie was at his side drinking hot cocoa, dressed in Bluey coats and boots. She wasn't old enough to skate.

Millie has blonde hair and blue eyes, as well as some moles on her back and arms. Shane wasn't kidding. She looks a lot like Ilya.

"I can get you pregnant again," Ilya offers, voice low and sultry. Effy looks like Shane's twin, except for the hair, but if Shane wants another... "Keep going until we get your twin."

Shane bites his lip and shakes his head, trying to hide his pink cheeks. Millie clutches both of their hands. She has foam with sprinkles on her upper lip. Ilya takes a picture.

He takes several of Shane. He has a new wallpaper of Shane on his phone every week. The colorful lights cascading from the tree makes his face glow, and he looks absolutely stunning. Ilya wants to eat him.

Ilya wonders what he has to do to convince the Pikes to take their kids while he defiles Shane on every surface level in their hotel.

Nikolai comes over to them, and he takes Millie over to see the tree better. Both Ilya and Shane keep their eye on them.

Millie's hands must be cold even with her pair of gloves. Nikolai frowns and gives her his gloves. He helps her put them on.

"Seriously, where did he get all the nice qualities?" Ilya asks, flabbergasted. "Maybe we picked up the wrong baby at hospital."

"Maybe." Shane nods. A beat. "I'm pretty cold."

In a flash, Ilya removes his top layer jacket and wraps it around Shane's shoulders, and he rubs his arms to warm him. "Better?"

Shane's mouth twitches. "Yes, thank you."

End Notes

Pchelka - little bee

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