Help! I Hired A Prostitute

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Help! I Hired A Prostitute

by IceQueenRia

Summary

Tired of his parents, friends and teammates always trying to set him up with a ‘Nice Alpha’, Omega Hockey Player, Shane Hollander, hires an actor to pose as his date to a fancy Gala in an effort to get people off his back. He fully intended to hire an actor. However, it seems he mistakenly hired an Alpha prostitute by the name of Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

Hi everyone...

So... I know nothing about hockey, but lets be honest, nobody is here for the hockey...

I haven't read the books (so please try not to leave spoilers in the comments)...

This is an Alpha/Omega AU... (don't pretend you don't know what it means, this isn't your first time on AO3)...

Shane is a hockey player... Ilya... is not...

XXX

Chapter 1: ONE

If nothing else, Omega Hockey Player, Shane Hollander, at least knew that his friends and family meant well whenever they tried fixing him up with an Alpha. Some of the Alphas genuinely were decent and attractive guys who would probably make for a wonderful partner. But Shane just wasn't ready.

He had presented as an Omega at age sixteen, later than most of his peers. His first heat locked away in his bedroom had been both painful and intense, yet he didn't feel compelled to find an Alpha to share the next one with. It felt too vulnerable and intimate to share such a thing with a random Alpha as if it were something casual. So Shane endured his heats independently, making good use of his secret dildo. It was purple, if you wondered.

While Shane experienced sexual urges and shyly explored his body in the dead of night, he never particularly felt strong attraction to anybody. He recognised when a person was good-looking, male or female, Alpha or Omega, but he never met anybody who made him leak slick in his boxers.

At age seventeen, he still didn't find himself ever being drawn to anybody. He presumed maybe it was because he had presented later than average, and that perhaps in another year those sexual urges and primal attractions would suddenly come.

They didn't.

By age eighteen, Shane still had no interest in being intimate with an Alpha, whether for something casual or serious. But he felt like he should want an Alpha. So he had put in the effort to try dating. Not because he really wanted to, but because he felt some kind of societal pressure that dating Alphas was what was expected of him.

After a few awkward dates, Shane gave himself permission not to try and force a relationship just because he was expected to have one. He reverted to his single Omega life, focusing on his hockey career. The closer he got to nineteen, the more 'wrong' he felt for not having shared his virginity with an Alpha or having had a proper relationship yet. But in his heart, mind and soul, he knew very well that he just wasn't ready.

Upon turning twenty, those closest to him started trying harder to convince him to meet an Alpha. True, his mother had been recommending potential Alpha mates ever since he first presented, but as the years progressed Yuna Hollander became more intense. She would research Alpha men and compile folders and power point presentations outlining why they would make a worthy mate for her only son. Even his father was getting involved and trying to encourage Shane to give a nice Alpha a chance, though he was certainly far more restrained than his sometimes overly-enthusiastic mother.

His best friend Hayden and his wife Jackie were always trying to set Shane up with somebody. Sometimes, Shane believed Jackie went out of her way to make new friends not for her own benefit, but to simply widen her social circle in the hopes of finding him an Alpha he wouldn't reject.

As for his teammates, they weren't as interested in setting him up with a future mate as they were in simply getting him laid.

Now, at age twenty-one, still single and still a virgin, Shane found himself telling a tiny white lie.

There was an important Gala coming up. According to his Coach, his mother, and just about everybody else, it was crucial that Shane be in attendance. Naturally, his close ones took the Gala as yet another opportunity to try and set him up with an Alpha. Not wanting to endure another painfully awkward fix-up, Shane claimed he was bringing a date.

His words were met with surprise, soon being followed with excitement. As for Shane, his stomach rapidly filled with dread. The Gala was that evening, less than ten hours away. He needed to find a fake date, and he needed to find one fast. Panicked and desperate, Shane took things to the internet, paying two-hundred-and-fifty dollars upfront to hire an actor to pretend to be his date for the night.

Feeling awkward and a little claustrophobic in his formal attire, Shane paced around his apartment, worrying that the actor he'd hired might not even show up. The guy he'd booked could well be a scam artist and Shane might have just thrown money away. Checking the time, his stress levels increased. The actor he'd hired was due to arrive within the next ten minutes. Shane decided that if the Alpha didn't show up after fifteen minutes then he likely wouldn't show up at all. He would then have to face attending the Gala alone, admitting that he'd never had a date or creating an even bigger lie to excuse his fake date's absence, and possibly finding himself forced into some awkward set-up with another Alpha anyway.

With three minutes to go until the scheduled arrival time, Shane truly wasn't sure if he wanted the actor he'd hired to turn up or not. Although this would ultimately be a business transaction (if the man showed), Shane was still faced with the agony of having to perform socially. People would want to meet his 'date' and hear the story of how they'd met. They would be expected to dance together. Dancing was not an activity Shane enjoyed. And if they wanted to sell the 'relationship' they would likely have to kiss. If everybody liked his 'date', Shane would later have to think of a lie as to why they had gone their separate ways. Or could he keep hiring the same actor to continue pretending to be his Alpha indefinitely? Now was that idea insane or genius? Shane truly couldn't tell.

Fingers circling the can of his ginger-ale, Shane gulped down the last mouthful, being sure not to spill any droplets on his tux. Then there was a knock at his front door, further igniting his anxiety. The series of knocks almost created a pattern, but not quite. The missing knocks put Shane on edge so much that he just had to rap his knuckles on the table to complete the sequence before heading to the door.

Along the way, he rehearsed his greeting to the hired actor in his head. 'You must be Ilya Rozanov', he recited in his mind. 'You must be Ilya Rozanov… You must be Ilya Rozanov.'

Answering the door, the words Shane had been practicing internally failed him. He gazed up at the tall muscular Alpha, feeling rather dumbstruck. He took in the curls, the beauty marks on the man's face, the confidence that oozed off of him, and an undeniable sensual aura. As their eyes connected, Shane genuinely thought the Alpha might bend him over and fuck him.

Maybe a part of him even hoped that he would. This was definitely an inconvenient time for Shane to feel his first true attraction towards an Alpha. The Omega Hockey Player was just immensely grateful that he wasn't embarrassing himself by whimpering and dropping to his knees like a bitch in heat.

"Shane Hollander," the man greeted with a smirk, dragging out each syllable.

Shane's knees definitely buckled slightly hearing the Russian accent. And if the Alpha continued raking his gaze up and down his body like that Shane might find himself getting embarrassingly damp, falling to the floor and presenting his ass. Shifting his eyes away, Shane stepped aside, managing to find his voice in order to invite the Alpha inside.

"Um… Ilya, right?" Shane asked as he closed the door. "Ilya Rozanov."

"The one and only," Ilya responded as his eyes swept over Shane's home. "So… where do you want me?" he wondered.

"Want you?" Shane asked.

"Yes, where?" Ilya questioned. "In the kitchen… on the floor… bedroom?"

"Bedroom?" Shane blanched.

"Is that a question or your answer?" Ilya responded.

"I, um, I…" Shane stammered.

"You look very pretty," Ilya complimented, as he reached out to neaten the Omega's bowtie. "Most of my clients do not make so much effort. You requested I wear tux too," he gave a quick twirl, showing himself off, "is this what you wanted? Do I look good for you?"

"Um… you look… good," Shane answered. 'Good' was a massive understatement.

"What are we doing here?" Ilya asked curiously. "Some Prom Date roleplay?"

"Prom, no," Shane shook his head. "It's a Gala."

"Gala, very sophisticated," Ilya said. "So we roleplay Gala and then we fuck?"

"Fuck?" Shane's eyes widened.

"Fuck," Ilya repeated. "Means I put my big Alpha dick in your sweet Omega hole."

"No, no big Alpha dick, and not…" Shane trailed off, face burning, too mortified to finish the sentence. "We're not fucking. That's not what this is, that's not what I hired you for."

"But I am prostitute," Ilya told the Omega.

"Oh no," Shane shook his head, hands coming up to cover his blushing face. "Oh no, oh no, oh no. This can't be happening."

“First time with a prostitute,” Ilya guessed. “Don’t worry. I will make this an incredible experience for you. I bet I can make you cum untouched.”

“You’re supposed to be an actor,” Shane blurted out and Ilya quirked an eyebrow. “I didn’t… Fuck, I didn’t know you were a… a prostitute,” he whispered the word as if his parents were standing close enough to hear. “I meant to hire an actor, to pretend to be my date for this stupid Gala so that the people in my life would stop trying to fix me up with Alphas.”

An amused grin stretched across the not-an-actor’s handsome face.

“This isn’t funny,” Shane grumbled as he panicked over the actor/prostitute misunderstanding.

“It’s a little bit funny, yes,” Ilya insisted stepping closer to the Omega and lightly grabbing his face. “Relax, Hollander,” the Alpha instructed, grip gentle on the hockey player’s chin as he encouraged eye-contact. “I can come to boring Gala with you and pretend we are…” he searched for the word, “lovers.”

“Gross,” Shane grimaced. “Don’t say that, ever.”

“We go to Gala. I play boyfriend,” Ilya offered. “For extra five-hundred dollars,” he added. “I know Mr. Star Hockey Player can afford it,” he winked.

“You are such an asshole,” Shane retorted.

“Ok, you attend Gala alone then,” Ilya shrugged turning to leave.

Shane’s stomach dropped. Partly due to the prospect of having to attend the Gala alone. But the threat of Ilya walking out of the door never to be seen again made Shane release a pitiful whine of distress.

“Fuck, wait,” Shane pleaded. “Don’t go. Come to this stupid Gala with me.”

“Oh, pretty Omega, you will have to ask me a lot nicer than that,” Ilya demanded.

“Please,” Shane said.

“Not good enough,” Ilya criticised. “You can do better. Try again. Make me believe you want me.”

“Please… please come to the Gala with me, pretend to be my date, act like you’re my Alpha and I’m your Omega… please,” Shane begged.

“Ok,” Ilya agreed. “But I just upped my price. You will pay me extra one-thousand dollars,” he smirked.

“Asshole,” Shane hissed. “… Fine,” he relented with a glare.

“Don’t worry,” Ilya told him, the pad of his thumb gently swiping back and forth across Shane’s freckles. “I am worth every dollar and more.”

XXX

XXX

So... worth continuing???

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 2: TWO

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Glad you enjoyed chapter one...

Hope you like the next part...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TWO

Personally, Shane would have been satisfied with driving himself to the Gala or just calling a cab. But naturally his mother had arranged for a limo to pick him up. Not that he was complaining. He rather liked the feeling of privacy that came with the blacked-out windows of a limousine. And he was fully aware that his mother would more than likely hire him an extravagant horse-drawn carriage were it not for his father reining her in.

Sliding into the back of the limo, Shane rested his hands palm-down on his thighs and took a deep breath. He had expected the prostitute he'd accidentally hired to sit across from him or at least leave some distance between them given how spacious the limo was. But the Alpha surprised him by sitting right beside him, casually draping an arm over Shane's shoulders.

"What are you doing?" Shane asked.

"Scenting you," Ilya responded calmly. "We are pretending I'm Alpha boyfriend, yes?"

"Oh… yeah, I guess," Shane acknowledged.

"Relax," Ilya advised, nosing along the column of the Omega's throat. "You are too tense."

"Sorry," Shane apologised.

"No, is ok," Ilya assured. "This is just Gala date. You introduce me as boyfriend, I will be charming, nobody will suspect a thing."

"Fuck, I hope not," Shane said. "Let's get our story straight. How did we meet?"

"In a bar, on dating app, at the gym," Ilya suggested. "Or maybe we met at the grocery store. You needed big strong Alpha to help you carry all those cans of ginger-ale," he teased.

"You know I like ginger-ale?" Shane asked.

“Everybody knows you like ginger-ale, Hollander,” Ilya responded.

“Ok… so that’s our story?” Shane checked. “You helped me carry ginger-ale?”

“I know it sounds terribly boring, but people will love it,” Ilya said confidently. “Now, there is no ginger-ale in this limo, but we do have champagne,” he pointed out as he carefully opened the bottle.

“I’m not much of a drinker,” Shane said.

“Teenage girls drink this at sleepovers, big strong hockey player will be fine,” Ilya claimed. “Besides, you are still stressed. This will help you relax,” he handed Shane a glass.

“You trying to get me drunk, Rozanov?” Shane asked. He intended the words to be playful, but his tone didn’t quite pull it off the way he’d wanted. Instead he sounded awkward and just a touch accusatory. He winced internally as the moment echoed in his mind, knowing it would randomly come back to haunt him during long late nights for the rest of his life.

“Don’t worry,” Ilya told him, thankfully looking amused rather than offended. “I do not intend to take advantage of you. I am not a predatory kind of Alpha. I don’t need to be,” he said calmly. “Do you know why?” he asked as he sipped his own champagne, very much looking like a refined gentleman rather than a prostitute.

“Why?” Shane asked curiously, eyes locking onto Ilya’s lips on the champagne glass, feeling rather jealous of the champagne flute all of a sudden.

“Because… I am hot,” the Alpha boasted confidently with a flirty raise of his eyebrows. “I do not need to chase Omegas down and harass them because they throw themselves at my feet so desperately.”

“Must be tough,” Shane replied in a clipped tone, the thought of other Omegas throwing themselves at the Russian Alpha bothering him far more than it had any right to.

“They beg for me,” Ilya continued, leaning closer to Shane and whispering seductively into his ear. “For my knot… for my claiming bite.”

Shane glanced between Ilya’s legs, the material of the Alpha’s trousers giving just enough of a teasing hint to the surely sizeable cock underneath. Then he lifted his eyes to Ilya’s mouth, a shiver dancing up his spine as he saw the other man’s canine’s extend briefly. A yearning mewl ignited in Shane’s throat, the needy sound filling the back of the limousine.

“You already want me, Hollander,” Ilya grinned triumphantly.

“No, I don’t,” Shane denied.

“Ok,” Ilya clearly wasn’t fooled.

“Fuck off,” Shane pouted before gulping down some champagne, just for something to do. “Shit, we’re nearly there,” he realised before draining his glass and pouring some more to calm his nerves.

“Pace yourself, Omega,” Ilya warned. “Everything will be ok. It’s just one boring Gala.”

“It’s a nightmare,” Shane claimed. “I’m on a date with a fucking prostitute,” he whispered. “If people find out…”

“They won’t,” Ilya assured him. “And it wouldn’t be such a big deal if they did.”

“Maybe not for you,” Shane commented. “But I could lose brand deals over this. My reputation would be destroyed. The guys on the team would tear me a new one. I might even get kicked off the team.”

“Would never happen, you are best player in league, letting you go would be stupid move,” Ilya said. “I’m not going to tell people the truth, you’re not going to tell people, so people will not know. You need to relax, yes.”

“I’m not good at lying,” Shane was on the edge of panic.

“Hey… hey, hey, hey,” Ilya placed one hand to the back of the Omega’s neck, cupping his chin with the other. “Look at me,” he waited patiently for the freckled boy to meet his gaze. “This is all going to be fine. And you don’t have to lie. You can just neglect the truth a little. Ignore the fake date part, forget about the actor-prostitute mix-up. Focus on the attraction.”

“Attraction?” Shane repeated.

“I know you feel it, Omega,” Ilya said. “I can smell your desire for me,” he pressed a barely-there kiss to Shane’s neck.

“It’s not desire,” Shane refuted.

“Oh no?” Ilya quirked an eyebrow in amusement. “What is it that has you smelling so sweetly for me then?”

“Just… I don’t know,” Shane struggled to form words slightly. “I think… maybe you make me a little… curious.”

“Well, pretty Omega,” Ilya’s thumb glided across Shane’s freckles, “you make me very curious. Now, when we walk into that boring Gala tonight, I don’t want you to worry about truth or lies. Just… let your Alpha take care of you.”

“You’re not my Alpha,” Shane pointed out.

“Tonight I am,” Ilya insisted. “And we are curious for each other. Just focus on that truth.”

The limousine pulled to a stop.

“You are ready?” Ilya checked.

“This is such a bad idea,” Shane stated.

Eyes softening, Ilya cradled the Omega's face, leaning in to him. Lips not quite touching, he surveyed Shane's face carefully, searching for any sign of discomfort or rejection. Seeing none, Ilya slotted their mouths together, kissing the hockey player like he was starving for it. With a yearning moan, Shane kissed back just as passionately, the two men practically trying to devour one another.

"We must go now," Ilya said as he reluctantly broke the kiss, neatening Shane's hair and fixing his bowtie.

The Alpha stepped gracefully out of the limo, offering his hand to help the Omega out, and then leading him inside the venue with his hand placed to the small of Shane's back.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Would love to know what you think...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 3: THREE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Here's chapter 3...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THREE

The hockey player and the prostitute entered through the arched double-doors, stepping into the grand hall. Ilya moved with grace and confidence, a friendly smile resting easily on his face and making him look all the more handsome. Shane's shoulders were drawn a little tight, the Omega's eyes down on the polished floor, his thumbs tucked between his fingers for comfort.

"Relax," Ilya said gently. "And hold your head high," he advised. "We have been spotted," he stated calmly and Shane turned to look, finding his mother and father heading determinedly towards them.

"It's my parents," Shane informed Ilya quietly, suddenly unsure what to do with his hands.

"Stay calm," Ilya told him, taking Shane's hand in his own and dropping a kiss to the knuckles. "You will have panic attack."

"I'll be fine," Shane coached himself. "I'll be fine," he repeated looking upwards at the shimmering canopy of crystal chandeliers before turning to face his family. "Mum, dad… I'd like you to meet, Ilya Rozanov… Ilya, these are my parents."

"Yuna," Shane's mother introduced herself extending her arm.

"Pleasure to meet you," Ilya responded dropping a kiss to the back of her hand. "I see where Shane gets his looks."

Yuna's eyes sparkled as she looked from Ilya to her son, and Shane just knew she was smitten.

"David," Shane's father greeted warmly as he shook Ilya's hand.

“David, I’ve heard many wonderful things,” Ilya lied.

“That’s nice,” David smiled politely. “Shane sure has kept his lips sealed about you though, Mr. Rozanov.”

“Ilya, please,” Ilya replied and David gave a nod of acknowledgement.

“Well, you two certainly look handsome together,” Yuna observed, looking very pleased as she admired the pair. “Have you ever done any kind of modelling or acting before, Ilya?” she wondered. “The two of you would look great on a billboard together. It would be a genius marketing move and I think some of the premium brands might go for it.”

“Mum,” Shane interrupted her looking and feeling embarrassed. “No management stuff. Not tonight. Please.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Yuna held her hands up in surrender. “I’m not in manager mode tonight, I am just here to enjoy the Gala,” she stated. “But the two of you really are incredibly handsome together.”

“Mum,” Shane groaned.

“What? It’s true,” Yuna defended.

“Why don’t we all get a drink and sit down?” David suggested. “And maybe you can tell us how you two met.”

“We would love to,” Ilya answered.

Thousands of tiny bubbles of anxiety were expanding inside Shane’s stomach. He was grateful for the warmth of Ilya’s hand on his back as he was guided through the room, just about having the presence of mind to place one foot in front of the other. As they sat down at a table together, Shane rehearsed the fake story of how they met in his head, but he didn’t have to deliver the lie. It seemed his parents were already falling for Ilya’s charms, completely enraptured as the Alpha spun them the ginger-ale story.

“Well look at that, an Alpha who’s tall, handsome and willing to carry your ginger-ale, what more could you want?” David asked cheerfully.

As the evening unfolded, Yuna and David mingled with other guests, as did Shane and Ilya. Given that Shane was formally invited to the event and Ilya was his ‘date’, it ought to have been Shane taking charge of the social situation and leading Ilya around. But it was mostly Ilya who guided Shane through clusters of elegantly dressed guests, offering them all a charming smile and maintaining physical contact with Shane, the touch helping to keep the Omega grounded.

Inevitably, they crossed paths with Shane’s friends and teammates. Clearing his throat, Shane forced himself not to squirm under the attention of the crowd gathered around them. “Everyone,” Shane swept his gaze over the group, giving the impression of making eye-contact though really he was looking at the empty spaces beside each face. “I’d like you to

meet, Ilya," he announced, his voice coming out steady despite the racing of his heart. "My Alpha."

Although he knew the declaration was a lie, it felt strangely good to be able to say it. Ilya shook some hands, kissed some cheeks, and gazed at Shane with such convincing affection and adoration that the Omega felt himself feeling all tingly. If he didn't know the Alpha was really a prostitute, he'd believe the man was a world-class actor with how flawlessly Ilya seemed to play the role of being his new boyfriend.

Shane had expected somebody to see through their deceit, to ask questions they couldn't answer, to catch them out. He had worried his best friend Hayden wouldn't believe the relationship was genuine, that he'd go into protective best-friend mode and make the situation awkward by demanding to know what Ilya's intentions were and then listing reasons why he couldn't possibly be a good mate for Shane. But Hayden seemed as enthusiastic as everybody else, laughing with Ilya like they were old friends and whispering to Shane that Rozanov was a 'keeper'.

"You hear that, Hollander," Ilya whispered into Shane's ear, hands on the Omega's hips as he stepped up behind him, making Shane feel both trapped and protected. "Your Alpha is a keeper."

"Shut up," Shane grumbled back, unsure how to take the other man's teasing. "I need to use the restroom," he lied.

He missed the feeling of the Alpha's hands on him as soon as he stepped away, but he kept walking on. Stepping into the restroom, he quickly checked for any other occupants. Satisfied that he was alone, he braced his hands on the sink, studying himself in the mirror as he took a deep breath.

The night was not going as he had expected and the lack of control made him feel out of sorts. First of all, Ilya Rozanov was no actor. He was a prostitute. Shane Hollander was on a date with an actual prostitute. He could just envision the headlines if the truth ever got out.

Attending the Gala with the Alpha on his arm had been a huge risk. Shane could hardly believe he'd actually gone along with it. If someone told him even just five minutes before Ilya showed up at his house that the man was really a prostitute and asked if he would still bring him to the Gala as his date, Shane would have answered 'no chance at all' without hesitation. But it seemed all the rules went out the window as soon as Ilya Rozanov stepped across his threshold.

There was something about the Alpha. And Shane clearly wasn't the only one taken in by his allure. His parents, friends and teammates had all been delighted to meet Ilya. His stomach lurched uneasily wondering how their opinions might change if they knew about Ilya's occupation. And it wouldn't just be Ilya they judged. They'd judge Shane too, and they'd probably judge Shane harder.

"Fuck," Shane swore out loud to the empty restroom.

His situation felt more complex than he ever intended it to be. He just wanted to avoid having the people in his life try to fix him up with an Alpha. So he lied and said he had a date. The plan had been for an actor to pose as his boyfriend for the evening, shake hands, make polite small talk, no stress, no drama. Then when anybody asked about his new Alpha after the Gala, Shane could shrug and simply say that it didn't work out.

He hadn't taken into consideration that his date would be so charming. Hayden and Jackie had already insisted on having them over for a BBQ. It wouldn't surprise him if Jackie was out there right now getting Ilya's phone number and adding him to the WAGs group chat. After only just meeting him Shane was pretty sure Ilya had just become his mother's new favourite son. So many people had made comments about what a good couple they made and how wonderful Ilya was. Telling everybody things 'didn't work out' probably wasn't going to cut it. There would be follow-up questions. They would want to know what went wrong. They would plead with Shane to try and fix it, to give Ilya another chance. Unless he could come up with some horrible lie that would paint Ilya as the bad guy. Though that didn't seem fair.

Maybe Shane should just admit the truth. Part of it at least. He could just say that he didn't want to be set-up with another Alpha, so he invited a friend to act as his date to keep people off his back. But again, the problem was that everybody adored Ilya. They'd try and persuade Shane that he should be with him for real.

"Oh fuck," Shane sighed wondering how one silly little lie had backfired so horribly.

He didn't know what to do. And hiding in the restroom all night wasn't exactly an inspired solution. Slipping his phone out of his pocket, he looked over his contacts. Tapping on Hayden's name, he started typing out a message to his best friend.

'Help! I hired a prostitute'

He quickly deleted the words. Then he started to retype them. He deleted them again. Started typing again. Delete. Type. Delete. Type. Delete. Type.

"Oh shit," Shane paled realising he'd accidentally hit 'send'.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 4: FOUR

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Here's the next chapter...

Enjoy reading...

I'm off to enjoy another re-watch...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FOUR

Shane’s heart pounded as he stared down at his phone in horror. His legs suddenly felt like some kind of pudding. He staggered towards the far wall, turning to press his back against the cold tiles and doing his best to remain upright. His efforts were successful for approximately two-and-a-half seconds before he admitted defeat and dropped to the floor. It wasn’t like falling on the ice. Whenever that happened, Shane usually felt even more energised and determined. But sitting down on the thankfully-not-too-filthy-but-still-not-at-all-pleasant floor of the men’s bathroom only intensified Shane’s anxiety.

Why the hell had he hit send? Why had he typed the message out in the first place? Maybe he could find a way to steal Hayden’s phone before his best friend could see the text? Or maybe he should just crawl to the nearest toilet stall and drown himself in the toilet water? That way he wouldn’t have to face the consequences of Hayden finding out the truth.

The door swung open with a bang, Shane flinching at the noise. Hayden marched in, eyes wide with concern and phone in hand. It was evident that he’d seen the text. Shane looked longingly towards the toilet. Drowning himself was clearly the superior plan.

“Shane?” Hayden asked. “What the hell is going on here? You hired a fucking prostitute?”

The Omega’s face burned with humiliation and his intestines twisted themselves into knots while his stomach practiced Olympic-gymnast-level somersaults.

“It was an accident,” Shane offered feebly. “Fuck, I’m freaking out, man. Tell me what to do here, Hayd. Please.”

Hayden leaned against the sink, arms folded and shaking his head in disbelief.

“How do you accidentally hire a prostitute?” Hayden wondered. “Jesus,” he sighed.

“I know,” Shane cringed. “Award for biggest moron goes to me.”

“What the hell were you even thinking, man?” Hayden asked, his tone, face and body language entirely disapproving. Shane felt a surge of sympathy for his friend’s children and how they would feel getting told off by their dad when they really screwed up for the first time. “You’re a rich, famous, good-looking hockey player, you don’t need to pay for sex,” he pointed out. “And me and Jackie are always trying to fix you up with nice Alpha’s. Now you have Ilya, a really great fucking Alpha by the way, and you’re potentially going to ruin things with him for some seedy hook-up with a random prostitute?”

“What? No,” Shane mumbled awkwardly.

“Damn right the answer’s ‘no’,” Hayden insisted. “I’m not letting my best friend bend over for some sleazy man-whore. We just need to find this creep, tell him to stay the fuck away, and make sure he doesn’t get anywhere near Ilya, your parents, or the media.”

“Hayd,” Shane sighed as he forced himself to his feet and dusted off his smart trousers. “Ilya is the prostitute,” he revealed. A number of different expressions crossed Hayden’s features, too fleeting for Shane to properly recognise them all, though he didn’t think any of them were positive reactions. “Look, you can’t tell anyone. Not even Jackie.”

“Fuck,” Hayden swore as he began pacing. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Swear jar,” Shane said, hoping to defuse the situation with some humour. The resulting expression on Hayden’s face indicated it had not worked.

“Has he hurt you?” Hayden asked seriously.

“No, of course not,” Shane answered.

“Ok, good,” Hayden looked mildly relieved. “And you were careful, right?”

“Careful?” Shane repeated, baffled.

“Please tell me you made the man-whore wear a condom,” Hayden begged.

“No,” Shane answered and Hayden looked terrified and repulsed. “Shit, I don’t mean no,” the Omega continued hurriedly. “I mean… we haven’t… I only met him a few hours ago.”

“Wait, what?” Hayden just looked confused now.

The door opened again and the two friends tensed up.

“Oh fuck,” Shane swore seeing Ilya step inside to join them.

“I wondered where my Omega had run off to,” Ilya commented looking cautiously between the pair.

“Dude, he’s not your Omega alright, so just back off,” Hayden warned.

“Ah, you have told your friend the truth,” Ilya realised.

Shane struggled not to fidget as the Alpha stared him down. Ilya didn’t look like the happy, charming man who had so easily won over every person on the other side of that bathroom door anymore. The smile that had shone brighter than the glimmering chandeliers was absent. He didn’t look calm, warm and inviting. The man’s guard was clearly up, and it looked quite impenetrable. Shane couldn’t stand it. He felt guilty. He wanted Ilya to smile like the freaking sunshine again. And he wanted Hayden to stop glaring at him with that judgemental gaze.

“I’m sorry,” Shane apologised, eyes on the floor.

“You need to look a person in the eye to show you mean apology, Hollander,” Ilya told him.

The Omega forced himself to lift his gaze, meeting Ilya’s cold unwavering stare.

“Fuck, I’m so sorry,” Shane claimed.

“Hey, you don’t have to apologise to him,” Hayden scoffed shooting Ilya a sneer. “Oh and just so we’re all clear, the prostitute is not welcome in my home when Jackie decided to throw the next BBQ.”

“Shut up, Hayden,” Shane pleaded. “Ilya I…” he trailed off realising he hadn’t actually planned on what to say to the Alpha.

“If you wanted my profession to remain secret then telling your dumb friend was bad decision, yes?” Ilya commented dryly.

“I didn’t mean to tell him, I sent the text by accident,” Shane said.

“Wow,” Ilya whistled. “First you hire me by accident, then you tell him about me by accident… What will you do by accident next, Hollander?”

“You should get out of here, Rozanov,” Hayden spoke up.

“Hollander is the one paying for my services tonight, he decides when I go,” Ilya retorted. “If you want a turn with me you will have to pay for it,” he taunted. “And I am not cheap,” he added.

The door to the restroom opened again, one of the Gala guests coming to actually make use of the facilities. Shane, Hayden and Ilya all awkwardly stood at the sinks, making a show of washing their hands.

“Gentlemen,” the other guest gave them a strange look as he finished up and left.

“Seriously, Rozanov, you need to get your whore ass out of here and keep the hell away from Shane,” Hayden hissed.

“More of a whore dick than a whore ass,” Ilya shot back.

“Guys, stop,” Shane interjected. “I really just need to get through the rest of the evening without anybody knowing that I accidentally hired a prostitute… Can we… can we go back out there and just… just fake it for a little bit longer… Please?”

“Extra two-thousand dollars,” Ilya bargained.

“No way,” Hayden refuted.

“Deal,” Shane agreed offering his hand, more because he simply wanted an excuse to touch the Alpha again rather than feeling any need to formally seal the agreement.

“Ok,” Ilya shook Shane’s hand before pulling the Omega into his side. “Then let’s head back out to the boring party… Omega,” he whispered into Shane’s ear, throwing a smirk at Hayden over his shoulder as he reached down to grope Shane’s butt before they stepped out of the restroom.

Re-entering the grand hall, Ilya immediately lit up the room again. They circulated the space, mingling, joking and laughing. Hayden often lingered close by, struggling not to scowl too much. Every now and then, Hayden discreetly tried to tug Shane away from Ilya, clearly no longer comfortable with the Alpha putting hands on his Omega best friend now he knew he was really a prostitute. But like a moth to a flame, Shane was consistently drawn back to Ilya.

The panic inside of himself was still present, though it was changing. He wasn’t finding himself worried about the fact his parents and everybody else had taken such a liking to Ilya anymore. Now he was mostly worried about the sad, cold, defensive look that had been on Ilya’s face back in the bathroom. Shane hated being the one responsible for putting the expression there. He didn’t want that look to return once they left the Gala. He wanted the happy and affectionate looks to remain. Even if it meant emptying his bank account for them. He’d get on his knees and beg if he had to.

“Finally, some good music,” Ilya commented draining the remainder of his champagne, setting the glass down on the white linen cloth of a nearby table. “Come on, Hollander,” he took Shane’s hand, leading the Omega to the dancefloor.

“What? Ilya, no, I don’t dance,” Shane tried to refuse.

“Tonight you do,” Ilya answered calmly. He placed one of Shane’s hands onto his shoulder, settling his at the hockey player’s waist, joining their other hands together.

“People are staring,” Shane whispered.

“Let them,” Ilya responded without any trace of embarrassment as he started dancing, simply swaying from side to side with a sensuality that seemed as natural to the Alpha as breathing. “Don’t look at your feet. Just keep your eyes on me.” He pulled Shane in closer and the Omega barely suppressed a whine. “Ah, you like it when your Alpha takes control,” Ilya noted.

“Maybe I do,” Shane said bravely, Ilya’s eyebrow quirked slightly, impressed and amused.

“Then…” Ilya whispered his words into Shane’s ear, for only the Omega to hear, “… it is great shame… that I am only your Alpha for this single night. You will miss me terribly when I leave, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane admitted, the word fragile but oh so honest.

Ilya pulled back a little, considering him, but not faltering in his steps as they continued dancing together.

“Oh Omega,” Ilya sighed cupping Shane’s jaw. “You really do make me so… curious,” his eyes zeroed in on Shane’s mouth. He leaned in for the kiss, halting a few breaths away from Shane’s lips, leaving it to the Omega to close the gap. As soon as he did, Ilya slipped in his tongue, dominating Shane’s mouth. A satisfied roar growled to life in his chest as he made Shane Hollander moan. “Your pet guard dog is glaring at me,” Ilya commented nodding his head in Hayden’s direction.

“Sorry,” Shane mumbled. “I think he’s still in shock about… things.”

“Is no big deal. I’ve had worse reactions about my career choice,” Ilya stated.

“Why is this your career choice?” Shane asked.

“This is not… how do you say…” Ilya took a moment to think, “… appropriate time or place. Unless you want everyone at this Gala to know. Trust me, there will be much worse reactions than your friend.”

“Right, yeah, sorry, not the time,” Shane acknowledged. “Think we can leave yet?”

“No,” Ilya responded. “I am not done dancing with my Omega.”

He spun Shane out before pulling him back flush against his body and dipping him down low before righting him again. Shane couldn’t help himself, he giggled, eyes shining bright and grin fixed on his face as he gazed up at the Alpha.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 5: FIVE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Time to turn the heat up a little...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FIVE

They had finally left the Gala, making polite goodbyes to Shane's parents, his Coach and the Gala hosts. Shane also hugged Jackie goodbye, deliberately ignoring all the pointed looks Hayden was firing at him about leaving with Ilya.

"Our next BBQ, you both have to be there," Jackie reminded them, Hayden glowering.

"We'll see," Shane told her.

"We'll be there," Ilya promised her before throwing a smirk and a wink at Hayden.

Arm draped possessively across Shane's shoulders, Ilya guided the Omega out, leading him back to their awaiting limousine to be driven back to Shane's place. This time, Ilya didn't sit as close, and Shane didn't like the fact there was so much leather seating between them.

"Did you… um… did you have a nice time?" Shane asked trying to subtly shift closer.

"Galas are boring," Ilya concluded. "But you as date… not so terrible."

Shane analysed the words in his head, smiling faintly as he decided that meant Ilya had enjoyed the fake date with him. He wanted to say something else, something clever, entertaining or just plain seductive. But the more he tried to think of something to say, the faster every word he knew disappeared from his brain, and the Alpha did not fill the quiet. Shane wondered if Ilya was also struggling to think of something to say, or if he was expecting Shane to speak up, or if he simply preferred the silence.

Swallowing thickly, Shane unknotted his bow-tie and loosened the top button of his shirt. Ilya mimicked him, though he unfastened multiple buttons, showing off the strong chiselled chest underneath. Shane licked his lips, fantasising about leaning in and sucking at the Alpha's pecs. Would it be acceptable for him to do that? He had agreed to pay Ilya a lot of money

after all. Shane shook his head, mentally berating himself for thinking of Ilya like a… well, like a prostitute. Sure, the man was a prostitute. But that didn't mean Shane had to treat him like some kind of toy he could play with.

Though if he were to, Shane would treat him so well. He would be a cherished toy. A favourite in fact. The kind one keeps forever.

The silence in the back of the limo stretched on between them, broken only by the occasional hum of the city passing outside. Shifting slightly on the leather seat, Shane's thigh brushed up against Ilya's. It was genuinely accidental on the Omega's part. At least at first. But he slid closer to the Alpha, pressing their legs together more deliberately and finding the courage to rest a hand on Ilya's upper-thigh.

The lighting in the back of the limo was rather dim, a shadow cast across the Alpha's sharp jawline. Shane found it impossible not to admire him. As he lifted his gaze to meet Ilya's eye, he realised the other man had been staring at him with equal intensity. Shane's breath caught in his throat for a moment. There was definitely a spark between them. Something electric, magnetic, and plain undeniable.

He knew it wasn't a fabrication he had created in his own mind. While he may not always be the best at picking up on social cues and identifying other people's emotions, Shane was confident he was reading the situation correctly on this occasion. The attraction between them was mutual and very much real. Not just Ilya putting on a show for a crowd. They were alone in the back of the car after all with no audience to perform to. Just the two of them sharing a genuine moment of shared desire after an evening of playing a fake new couple on a date.

Ilya's hand landed on top of Shane's, his fingers teasing over the Omega's knuckles before slowly gliding up the length of his arm, resting briefly on his shoulder, then reaching up to caress his cheek. Neither spoke, the air heavy with words they could not vocalise, every bump in the road bringing them closer together as the journey continued towards Shane's home.

Inevitably, their mouths found one another, Ilya taking his time with each kiss, Shane surrendering fully to the Alpha. He dreaded the time in which the car journey would end, worried that would mean the kisses would stop too.

"What happens next?" Shane found the courage to ask, their lips lingering together, the Omega trying to commit the sound, smell, taste and feel to memory.

"You're the one paying, Mr. Star Hockey Player, you tell me," Ilya responded.

"Just… just keep kissing me," Shane replied. "Please," he yearned.

Somehow, there was a major difference between any kiss Shane had experienced before compared to being kissed by Ilya. Yes, other Alphas had kissed Shane. But Ilya really kissed Shane. He was as skilled and talented at kissing as Shane was at playing hockey, probably even more so.

“Fuck,” Shane swore, whimpering against the Alpha’s lips and squirming against the leather seat of the limo.

“Omega is getting wet, yes?” Ilya asked with a knowing smirk.

“You’re such an asshole,” Shane retorted.

“Ooh, I love it when you try talking dirty to me, Hollander,” Ilya teased.

“Fuck you,” Shane huffed, fingers tangling into the Alpha’s curls as he pulled him back in for another kiss.

“You are dripping wet and rock hard,” Ilya stated.

“You’re hard too,” Shane pointed out.

“I am hard too,” Ilya confirmed. “Is what you do to me, Hollander. You with these pretty freckles.”

They kissed some more before the limousine pulled to a stop and the partition went down, the driver clearing his throat awkwardly to gain their attention and inform them they’d arrived. Climbing out of the back of the car, Shane politely thanked the driver and gave him a more than generous tip. Then he walked up to his front door, hyper aware of the gorgeous Alpha following behind him.

Fitting his key in the lock, Shane tried to leave his nerves outside in the night air, but they stubbornly followed him inside. The front door clicked shut behind them. Shane wondered what he was supposed to do next. He never felt particularly comfortable and confident hosting people anyway, nevermind ridiculously attractive Alphas who happened to be mistakenly hired prostitutes.

Should he be offering Ilya a drink? Leading him to the couch to have a meaningful talk? Or was he supposed to just head straight for the bedroom and share his virginity with someone who had sex with people professionally?

Shane’s heart raced as he noticed the way Ilya’s gaze fell upon him. Despite still being clothed, he felt naked and vulnerable before the more experienced man. He wondered if the Alpha would even be interested in having sex with a virgin Omega. Or maybe Ilya might find it a turn-off and laugh in his face.

Ilya’s fingers lightly brushed against Shane’s arm before he carefully slipped off his smart suit jacket. The man then removed his own, hanging them both on the hooks by the front door.

“Take off your clothes,” the Alpha instructed and Shane felt a thrill go through him at the command.

Any other Alpha, Shane was sure he’d punch them in the face for daring to issue an order like that. But with Ilya, the Omega found himself desperate to comply. He folded his clothes

neatly, Ilya grinning at the quirk, and soon Shane was standing in nothing but his socks and fighting the urge to shield his body with his hands.

“You are beautiful,” Ilya told him, the compliment making Shane feel even more shy.

“Shut up,” Shane mumbled.

“No,” Ilya refuted. He stepped forward, one hand resting at Shane’s bare hip, the other taking his chin and tipping his face up to encourage eye-contact. “You are beautiful,” he repeated. “No look away,” he chided gently when Shane tried to look elsewhere. “Eyes stay,” the Alpha commanded and Shane fixed his gaze onto Ilya’s irises. “You are beautiful,” the Alpha said once again. “Where are your manners, Mr. Hockey Player?” he asked teasingly.

“Th-thank you,” Shane forced out.

“Good boy,” the Alpha approved and Shane grinned bashfully, a pleasant tingle running up his spine, his dick twitching and his asshole leaking.

“Let me see you,” Shane requested. “Please,” he added on.

“Undress me,” Ilya instructed and Shane happily unfastened the remaining buttons on the man’s shirt.

He folded the garment carefully, just as he had done with his own clothes before dropping to his knees and unbuckling the Alpha’s belt.

“Mm, yes, being on your knees is good look for you,” Ilya claimed, his thumb slipping into Shane’s mouth, the Omega instinctively sucking on it. “I think you would look even prettier sucking my dick. Is this what you want?”

“Yes,” Shane nodded, not caring how eager he sounded. He opened the Alpha’s smart dress-pants, discovering that he wore no underwear. “Fuck,” he swore. Given that Ilya was really a prostitute, the lack of underpants shouldn’t be so shocking, but Shane still found himself gaping in awe at the wonderful cock bobbing mere centimetres from his face.

He didn’t wait for further instruction, just took the man into his mouth, sucking and slurping greedily. For so many years his interest in sex had been pretty much non-existent. Now here he was on his knees at Ilya Rozanov’s feet, suddenly ravenous. Shane had no prior experience with pleasuring an Alpha, but he tried to stay out of his own head and just focus on the weighty feel of dick on his tongue.

“Stop, stop,” Ilya tapped his temple gently and Shane pulled away, the Alpha helping him back to his feet.

“Was that bad?” Shane worried.

“No,” Ilya reassured, thumb and forefinger touching his face tenderly. “Much too good, will not last.”

Something grew in Shane's belly, giving a happy little dance, proud and delighted for being able to turn-on the Alpha. Then they were kissing again. Somehow it felt even hotter and more intense than all the kisses they'd exchanged in the back of the limo. They moved further into the living-room, Ilya's hands dragging down Shane's back and squeezing the Omega's ass-cheeks.

"Where do you want me, Omega?" Ilya asked.

"Upstairs… bedroom," Shane answered decisively.

"Lead the way," Ilya replied with a sweet peck to Shane's mouth.

Gripping the Alpha's hand, Shane guided him upstairs, his heartbeat increasing with each step they climbed. It seemed extra intimate and personal to be inviting the Alpha into his bedroom, but Shane didn't particularly enjoy the thought of losing his virginity on the couch or bent over the kitchen counter.

"I, um, I should tell you…" Shane said nervously as they entered his bedroom together, Ilya splashing kisses over his shoulders and the back of his neck while Shane flicked the light on. "I've never… never done this before."

"Don't worry," Ilya responded. "Being with prostitute really no different to one-night-stand."

"No, I mean… I've never done this before," Shane told him pointedly.

"Oh so… first time with a man?" Ilya asked.

"First time ever," Shane clarified, eyes zeroing in on the necklace around Ilya's throat, the piece of jewellery glinting slightly when the light hit it.

"Well then, this changes things, Hollander," Ilya said and Shane closed his eyes, bracing himself for the Alpha gathering his clothes and leaving his life forever. "I will not take your money. Not a single dollar. Look at me," he ordered, hands cupping Shane's face. "Nobody should have to pay for their first time."

He leaned in, claiming Shane's mouth again. Shane returned the kiss, assuming it was a goodbye kiss out of pity. But then Ilya picked him up, hands squeezing his butt as he carried him to the bed, laying Shane down atop the covers before crawling on top of him.

"Is ok?" Ilya checked.

"You're… you're staying?" Shane asked.

"Only if you want," Ilya responded.

"But… I… I…" Shane tried to organise his thoughts well enough to complete a coherent sentence. "If you're not going to let me pay you then why would we still…?"

"I am not letting you pay me to take your virginity," Ilya answered. "Your virginity is a gift. If you are willing to offer it to me then I will be honoured to take it. But not as prostitute for

payment. Just as Alpha and very beautiful Omega with such pretty freckles… Is this what you want, Shane Hollander?" he asked, travelling the palm of his hand from Shane's thigh, over his ribs, across a nipple, up his throat and then resting at the side of his face. "Would you like to let me have your virginity?"

"Yeah," Shane nodded, the word a mere whisper. "Yes," he said clearer. "I want you."

"Good," Ilya approved, giving him another kiss. "I want you too, Omega. Very much."

They kissed some more before Ilya pulled back.

"You have condom?" he asked.

"Um, no," Shane answered, mentally cursing. Still being a virgin he had no use for condoms. And he hadn't expected to be inviting an Alpha into his bed, so he wasn't particularly prepared for any of this. "Shit, sorry."

"Is ok, I have condoms in pocket, will be right back," Ilya said.

He pecked Shane on the lips, then left a trail of teasing kisses down the hockey player's chest and stomach before turning out of the room, Shane getting a good view of the Russian's derriere and fantasizing about biting the man's luscious ass. Soon enough, Ilya returned, a strip of condoms in his hand. He placed them on the dresser before rejoining Shane on the bed, settling his warm weight over the virgin Omega.

"You are sure?" Ilya asked.

"Please," Shane nodded, hands journeying up the expanse of Ilya's strong back. "Want you."

"On your stomach," Ilya guided and Shane shifted onto his front.

Ilya kissed the side of Shane's neck before dropping kisses down the knots of the Omega's spine. Groping Shane's buttocks, he stuck out his tongue and licked up the cleft, tasting the sweetness of Shane's juices.

"Fuck, Rozanov," Shane grunted, Ilya smirking.

"You ever touch yourself here?" Ilya asked, spreading the Canadian's cheeks apart, exposing his hole to the cool air of the room.

"Yeah," Shane admitted, voice quiet, skin flushed, both embarrassed and aroused.

"How many fingers?" Ilya wanted to know.

"Jesus," Shane spluttered. "I use two then my…"

"…Then what?" Ilya prompted.

"My dildo," Shane confided.

“Is big?” Ilya asked curiously.

“Fuck off,” Shane blushed, elbowing him playfully.

Ilya chuckled softly, kissing the side of Shane’s neck again before burying his face in the Omega’s ass. Shane gasped, fingers clenching into the bedcovers, raising his hips and pushing back against the Alpha’s mouth. He whined, long and low, seeing explosions of colour burst behind his eyelids. Every fibre of his being was positively humming, goosepimples popping to life on his flesh. His mind went dizzy as Ilya’s tongue probed his opening, the Alpha enthusiastically exploring the depths of his asshole.

“Holy shit,” he whimpered out, falling apart under the Alpha.

There was a loud slurping noise as Ilya lapped up Shane’s juices before he pulled away, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand before coaxing the hockey player onto his back, settling himself between the Omega’s parted thighs. The Alpha eased in a finger, watching Shane’s face, very pleased with the reaction.

“More,” Shane begged.

“Greedy Omega,” Ilya teased, carefully adding a second finger, flexing them to scissor Shane’s hole.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Shane bucked his hips wildly, hands reaching up to grip the headboard, sweat beading on his forehead as he gasped and panted.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya groaned, pre-cum leaking from the tip of his own dick as he watched the Omega. He added a third finger. “So wet,” he commented. “Just like a girls pussy.”

“Fuck… off…” Shane huffed, his subsequent moan of arousal removing any heat from his words.

Capturing Shane’s mouth in a sloppy kiss, Ilya added a fourth finger, really stretching the Omega out.

“Please fuck me,” Shane whimpered, his eyes wet and body quivering with desperation.

Grabbing his jaw, Ilya kissed Shane deeply, four fingers thrusting into him before he pulled away and stretched across for a condom. Chest rising and falling, Shane gazed down between his spread legs, watching Ilya open the condom and roll it onto his achingly hard dick. Shane’s own cock was just as swollen, and at risk of going off at any second.

“Don’t worry,” Ilya assured as he guided the tip of his fat cock to Shane’s hole. “It will fit.”

“Asshole,” Shane muttered with a roll of his eyes.

“Yes… will fit in asshole,” Ilya smirked, knowing full well the Omega had been calling him an ‘asshole’ and not directing him where to stick his dick.

“Fuck you,” Shane groaned.

“No, no… I fuck you, Hollander,” Ilya corrected smugly.

Placing his hands on Ilya’s back, Shane simply looked up at the Alpha, mouth opening in a silent moan as the curly-haired man pushed his dick inside of him, inch-by-inch.

“Is ok?” Ilya asked softly and Shane gave a subtle nod. “Will go slow,” the Alpha kissed the Omega’s temple. Then his cheek. His jawbone. His neck. His collarbone. His chest. His mouth. “Still ok?” Ilya checked once he was fully sheathed inside of him. Shane nodded back earnestly, fingers carding into the Alpha’s curls as he kissed him needily.

“Nrgh,” Shane mewled, tossing his head back and thrusting his hips upwards.

Everything felt entirely too much but not nearly enough all at once. He was so full, in the best kind of way. Ilya’s Alpha dick definitely put Shane’s dildo to shame. He thought it would be more awkward to share this part of himself with somebody, more terrifying. But the vulnerability of it all only heightened the intimacy. Shane wanted this gorgeous Alpha to take him apart piece-by-piece and absolutely ruin him.

“Alpha,” Shane moaned, licking his way into Ilya’s mouth.

Some Russian words and phrases Shane didn’t understand tumbled past Ilya’s lips. Ordinarily, he might feel paranoid about what the foreign words might mean. But in the moment, the unfamiliar language simply made him keen and stretch his legs wider. Probably something to do with the passion in Ilya’s tone, touch and gaze, all signalling to Shane’s sub-conscious that the words he couldn’t understand were positive.

“Oh fuck,” Shane whined, arching his neck.

“Omega,” Ilya practically growled, dragging his nose down the column of Shane’s throat, inhaling him deeply before licking his tongue back up his neck before playfully nibbling at his earlobe. “Up,” Ilya directed, helping Shane turn over and position himself on his hands and knees. “Mm, fuck,” he groaned approvingly, sinking his dick back into Shane’s ass, fucking him doggy-style. “Hollander,” he panted the Omega’s name possessively, his hands no doubt leaving their mark on Shane’s waist.

“Uh, uh, uh,” Shane gasped and panted as he pushed back against the Alpha, meeting his thrusts with equal want and need.

“Fuck,” Ilya sounded desperate, less confident and in control than he had at any other point in the evening. “Need me to pull out?” he asked. “Or can I knot you?”

“I… I…” Shane whimpered, his dick dribbling pre-cum over the bedding and his slick leaking down his inner thighs.

“Must decide now,” Ilya urged.

“Knot me,” Shane answered. “Fucking knot me, Rozanov.”

“Gah!” Ilya grunted, giving a final thrust, his knot expanding inside of Shane’s hole, filling him up so beautifully.

“Holy fuck,” Shane sighed collapsing onto his front. Ilya crumpled down with him, pressing gentle kisses across Shane’s shoulders as he carefully manoeuvred them into a more comfortable position, his swollen knot still lodged snugly in Shane’s recently de-virginized ass.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Get your hands out of your pants and let me know what you think...

Love and hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 6: SIX

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Here's some more...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

SIX

Their fingers were laced together, conjoined hands settled over Shane's abdomen, the Omega's stomach bulging slightly from the size of the Alpha's knot that was still sheathed inside of him. The idea of being tied to an Alpha in such a way had always made Shane feel uncomfortable. He barely even liked having to hug other people, nevermind having some guy's dick locked inside his own ass. He thought such a thing would make him feel awkward and trapped, that he might panic. But having Ilya spoon him made Shane feel safe and calm, the full-feeling from the Alpha's knot providing him with a sense of peace and relaxation that no amount of Yoga had ever provided.

"You are purring," Ilya teased as the cute sounds escaped Shane's throat.

"Fuck off," Shane blushed.

"Is cute," Ilya told him. "First time was good for you, yes?" he checked.

Shane craned his neck to see the Alpha as best as he could. He offered him a genuine smile and gave a small nod, leaning in to kiss the man's mouth sweetly.

"What, um… what happens next?" Shane asked, fiddling with Ilya's fingers as he snuggled closer to the man he had shared his virginity with.

"We wait for knot to go down so I can pull out of your pretty little hole," Ilya commented, splashing kisses along Shane's exposed neck. "Then maybe we share shower? Change these filthy sheets?" he suggested. "And then we have two choices."

"Oh?" Shane gazed back at him.

"You can ask me to leave," Ilya said, his hand resting on Shane's side, thumb dragging back and forth over the jut of his hip. "And I will go. Maybe find other desperate Omega down

dodgy street, in club, or online… No, you not like sound of that?" he smirked as Shane glared.

"Tell me the second choice," Shane demanded. "And it has to be better."

"Lucky for you, second choice is very good," Ilya told him. "Instead of asking me to leave… you ask me to stay."

"You're staying," Shane responded very decidedly, clutching Ilya's hand against his lower belly.

"I'm staying," Ilya agreed dropping a kiss to the pulse point in Shane's throat.

They lay together silently, just the occasional sigh of contentment leaving them. Ilya stroked Shane's stomach, regularly leaving kisses on his back, neck and shoulders. Several minutes later, Ilya's knot softened and the Alpha carefully pulled out of the Omega, the sudden loss making Shane whine in distress, his asshole clenching pitifully around nothing.

"Ssh, ssh, pretty Omega, did so well for me," Ilya praised.

"My hole's ruined," Shane claimed. "It's never gonna close up again."

"Your hole is perfect," Ilya assured him, dragging two fingers up the Omega's split, smearing slick up his crack. "Tightening up again already," he said as he rolled onto his back and peeled off the used condom. "We will shower now. Can you stand?"

"Yeah, for sure," Shane insisted.

He swung his legs off the edge of the bed and moved to his feet, legs immediately wobbling and promptly falling back, Ilya catching him before he could land on his tender ass. Ilya made no comment, but he did give the hockey player an amused look before climbing off the bed and hoisting Shane up, the Omega wrapping his legs around the Alpha's waist. Ilya carried him into the shower, helping to keep him upright as they stood together under the warm spray.

"Fuck," Shane closed his eyes against the onslaught of water droplets, clinging to Ilya, trusting the Alpha to keep him steady.

Once they were suitably clean, Ilya wrapped a towel around his own waist before affectionately drying Shane off and helping him step into a pair of boxers and pull on an oversized sweater.

"Big strong hockey player… looks so soft and adorable… who knew?" Ilya grinned, eyes sparkling with merriment.

"You're an asshole," Shane grinned back.

Kissing the top of Shane's head, Ilya gently guided him to sit before asking where the spare bedding was kept.

“Stay,” Ilya instructed when Shane made to help re-make the bed. “I will do. You just sit.”

“I can help,” Shane reasoned.

“You sit,” Ilya answered, making quick work of stripping the bed.

Shane watched on quietly, enjoying the way the towel clung tight to the Alpha’s shapely rear.

“Bed is ready,” Ilya announced, even having gone to the trouble of neatly arranging all the cushions. “You have way too many pillows, Omega.”

“Shut up,” Shane rolled his eyes. “Now come here.”

“No, you come here,” Ilya ordered, even as he began stalking towards Shane.

“No, you come here,” Shane echoed, also moving towards the other man.

“You come here,” Ilya reached out for him, pulling him in for an intense kiss, hands reaching up under the sweater to skim up his stomach and grope his pecs.

Moaning into the Alpha’s mouth, Shane reached down and yanked at the towel. Then he pulled back from the kiss just long enough to neatly fold the towel and place it on the radiator. Moving back to Ilya, Shane bit at his lower lip, gazing at the Alpha coyly while wrapping his fingers around the curly-haired man’s cock.

“Is your new favourite toy I think,” Ilya joked.

“Maybe,” Shane gave a gentle squeeze.

They spent the night kissing, touching, talking and laughing before falling asleep in each other’s arms, Shane’s head resting on the Alpha’s chest, Ilya’s hand in the Omega’s hair.

XXX

As relaxed and sated as Shane had been the night before, the same could not be said for how he felt the following morning.

Shane blinked awake, a beam of sunlight creeping in through the curtains, colouring a few of Ilya’s curls gold. At first, waking up in the Alpha’s strong arms with their mingling scents perfuming the air had felt wonderful. But that wonderful feeling was kind of the problem. It wasn’t as though last night had truly meant anything, right? Ilya Rozanov was a prostitute after all. Even if he was taking Shane’s virginity at no cost.

“I’m in serious shit,” Shane murmured to himself, feeling totally lost in the brand new experience of waking up in the arms of an Alpha.

Those strong, warm arms were still wrapped around him, the close hold protective, steady and possessive. A fresh surge of panic rushed through Shane’s chest. The Omega tried not to move, not wanting to disturb the still sleeping Alpha. If Ilya woke up and opened his eyes, then whatever this thing was between them would no doubt come to an end. Maybe Ilya

would stay for a cup of coffee and some breakfast? Maybe he'd have another go on Shane's hole? Maybe they'd share a kiss goodbye? Maybe they'd shake hands? Maybe they would avoid eye-contact and pretend the events of the previous night had never happened? Shane truly didn't know, and he wasn't particularly keen to find out.

Shifting slightly, Shane pressed barely-there kisses to the moles on Ilya's body, trying to commit each beauty mark to memory. His mind seemed intent on making him feel dizzy as his thoughts raced around in chaotic circles. What did last night mean? Had it meant anything at all to the Alpha? Or was Shane just another body on a presumably long list? Had Shane changed somehow now he was no longer a virgin? Did he feel different? Should he feel different? Was this how every Omega felt after their first time, waking up tangled in sheets, entwined with another, body aching in unprecedented ways?

Shane tried to bring locker room talk to the forefront of his mind. His teammates regularly discussed their sex lives, often shamelessly so. The single guys were always bragging about their latest hook-ups. Those in more serious committed relationships tended to be more respectful about their significant others, but they still dished details here and there. Of course, Shane usually tuned those conversations out, choosing to sing a favourite song in his head instead. Suddenly he wished he's paid more attention. Had the guys ever shared specifics about the morning after the sex? What was typical one-night-stand etiquette?

"Mm," Ilya hummed, stretching his limbs slightly, cuddling Shane tighter. "You are staring, Omega," he commented, a smirk on his lips, eyes still closed.

"I'm not," Shane lied.

"Ok," Ilya said, his tone clearly disbelieving.

"Do you, um… are you busy today?" Shane asked. "I understand if you need to take off if you have… plans or clients or something."

"Clients," Ilya repeated, propping his head up on his hand. "Would that make you jealous?"

"Ha," Shane forced out what was surely a contender for the least convincing laugh of all time. "No chance at all."

"You are bad liar," Ilya told him. "And I have no commitments. Not until evening. So… can stay if you like," he offered, reaching under the covers and trailing his fingers up Shane's inner-thigh. "Maybe let you suck my cock some more."

"Ha, let me?" Shane asked, the small laugh genuine this time.

"Yes, let you," Ilya grinned. "You is natural for sucking dick, Hollander."

"Shut up," Shane blushed.

"Is that any way for pretty Omega to thank sexy Alpha for compliment?" Ilya teased.

"Thank you," Shane whispered.

“Better,” Ilya approved. “Now gimme kiss,” he requested.

“We haven’t brushed our teeth,” Shane pointed out in a mild panic.

“Fine,” Ilya relented, pulling back. “But once we are minty fresh you will not have excuse.”

Shane’s heart pounded in his chest as they climbed out of bed, the Canadian leading the Russian to the bathroom.

“Um, I don’t have a spare toothbrush,” Shane said apologetically.

“Is ok,” Ilya shrugged, squeezing some toothpaste onto his finger and scrubbing at his teeth. Somehow he still managed to look attractive while doing so.

Once their teeth were clean, Ilya showed no mercy, grabbing Shane’s face with confidence as he guided him in for a kiss.

“So… now what?” Shane asked.

“Up to you,” Ilya responded. “We could get dressed… have breakfast… or we could fuck,” he gazed down at the Omega hungrily, hands squeezing the hockey player’s ass. “Still free of charge,” he clarified. “Just for you,” he winked.

Given that slick was already beginning to trickle down Shane’s thighs, the Omega latched his mouth onto Ilya’s, pressing his body as close against the muscular Alpha as possible.

“Mm, good choice, Hollander,” Ilya praised.

“Just shut up and fuck me, Rozanov,” Shane panted.

XXX

They ended up spending the day together. They kissed a lot. They barely stopped kissing in fact. Shane dropped to his knees and sucked Ilya’s dick. Ilya sucked his dick, rimmed him, fingered up, fucked him, and made him moan like a bitch in heat. After a shower, Ilya made Shane a late breakfast. Then later in the day, Shane ordered in a late lunch for them.

Inevitably, it grew closer and closer to the time Ilya would have to go. Face-down and ass-up as he took Ilya’s dick, Shane clenched tight around the Alpha’s cock. He didn’t want the man to leave. Couldn’t stand the idea of him heading who-knew-where to meet with a ‘client’.

“You sure you won’t take payment?” Shane queried a little later as Ilya was putting on his shoes, getting ready to leave. “It doesn’t have to be for taking my virginity… but you should let me pay for your company at the Gala at least.”

“I am not accepting your money, Omega,” Ilya answered with a note of finality. “Was nice meeting you, Shane Hollander,” he said as he draped his smart suit jacket over his arm rather than wearing it out. “Very… curious,” he smiled.

“I… um…” Shane cleared his throat awkwardly before holding out his hand. “Thank you,” he said.

Ilya looked down at his hand, rolling his eyes slightly as he dismissed it, pulling Shane in for a kiss instead.

“Goodbye, Hollander,” Ilya turned and left, Shane watching from the doorway until the prostitute was out of view.

“Goodbye,” Shane whispered, the word getting lost in the gentle breeze.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

And damn it here comes a migraine...

Cheer me up with a comment...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 7: SEVEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Have a beautiful day/night...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

SEVEN

Realistically, Shane should have expected his mother's call, but somehow it still surprised him when she phoned and mentioned how lovely it had been to meet Ilya.

"He seems such a lovely Alpha, Shane, such a good fit for you," Yuna gushed. "Oh, and so handsome. Though not nearly as handsome as you of course."

"Mum," Shane complained.

"Your father and I really enjoyed meeting him," Yuna continued. "And the two of you were the talk of the Gala. Everybody thought Ilya Rozanov was so charming. All the single Omegas are so jealous of you. Even some of the married ones would love to get their hands on your man."

"Please, stop," Shane begged.

"We should do lunch soon, so we can get to know Ilya better, make sure he really is an ideal mate for you," Yuna said. "We could pick a nice restaurant, or your dad and I can cook. Does Ilya have any dietary requirements?"

"No, um, I don't think so," Shane answered awkwardly. "Anyway, I don't know about lunch. Ilya's pretty busy."

"He'll find time to have lunch with his boyfriend's parents," Yuna stated confidently. "What is it he does anyway, I don't recall it coming up when we met?"

"Um… sales," Shane told her. It was partly true. Ilya did technically sell himself. "He's in sales."

"Don't forget to wear your reeboks when you go jogging," Yuna reminded her son who rolled his eyes on the other end of the phone. "And make sure to tell Ilya about lunch."

“Ok, I’ll ask him,” Shane sighed. “But like I said, his schedule’s pretty busy. My schedule’s busy too. We might not be able to make it.”

“And like I said, he’ll find time to have lunch with his boyfriend’s parents, and so will you, Shane,” Yuna responded.

XXX

After a jog to clear his head, (and rebelliously not wearing his reeboks), Shane spent approximately twenty-four minutes building up the courage to contact Ilya again. Then he spent a further six minutes rehearsing a conversation in his head before chickening out on making a phone call and sending a text instead. After hitting the send button, he stared anxiously at the phone, eager to see a response from the Alpha but dreading a reply at the same time.

They messaged back and forth a little, the Russian prostitute managing to get the hockey player all hot and bothered just through text. But ultimately, the Alpha agreed to act as his boyfriend again and arrangements were made for Shane and Ilya to go to lunch with the Omega’s parents.

XXX

The day of the lunch date came, and Shane woke up an hour earlier than usual with butterflies flapping around in his stomach. He worked through a Yoga routine, hoping to calm his nerves. Then he started getting ready a full two hours before Ilya was set to arrive at his place. Straightening his tie, he turned to look at himself in the mirror.

“What are you doing, dude?” he asked himself.

It was just lunch with his parents and his fake Alpha boyfriend who was really a prostitute. There was no need to dress so formally. Yet there Shane was, glaring at his own reflection for choosing to put on smart trousers with a pristine shirt, a boring tie and a slightly-tight-around-his-biceps suit jacket. He shrugged the jacket off and unknotted the tie, starting all over again.

Glancing at himself in the mirror for the second time, he felt equally as irritated. As comfortable as the joggers and the reebok t-shirt were, it was far too casual. He looked like he was going to the gym. Taking the outfit off, he frantically began looking through his wardrobe.

The Canadian had never much cared about clothes before. Most of his items consisted of sport wear or fancy suits he needed for Gala’s and award shows and such. He wondered if he should hire himself a stylist to help him update his wardrobe.

By the time Ilya knocked on his front door, Shane had changed into a pair of chinos and a hoodie. He hoped the outfit achieved a smart-casual vibe and that he at least looked presentable to the handsome Alpha on his doorstep.

“Hey,” Shane greeted, not at all successful in keeping the nervous edge out of his voice as he invited Ilya inside. “Thanks for doing this. I know the whole fake boyfriend thing isn’t really what you do and lunch with my parents is probably weird and…”

“No need to ramble, Hollander,” Ilya interrupted. “Spending more time together will be... tolerable.”

“Wow, tolerable,” Shane couldn’t help but smile. He found himself gazing deep into the Alpha’s eyes, slowly leaning in to the taller male. He shook his head to bring himself out of the stupor and stepped back slightly. “You have to let me pay you this time though,” he insisted.

“We will see,” Ilya answered playfully. “Ready to go?”

“Yeah,” the Omega grabbed his wallet, phone and keys. “I’m driving.”

XXX

They entered the restaurant, Ilya’s arm over Shane’s shoulders, the limb somehow feeling like it belonged there. His parents stood up to greet them as they approached the table.

“Um, you remember, Ilya,” Shane said.

“But of course,” Yuna smiled, opening her arms to the curly-haired Alpha who easily stepped into her embrace, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

“Ilya, good to see you,” David grinned as they shook hands, clapping each other on the shoulder. “Taking good care of my son, I hope?”

“Always,” Ilya answered. “But really, he takes such good care of me. Is very doting Omega.”

They sat down together, Yuna and Ilya doing most of the talking as they browsed the menus.

“So Shane tells me you’re in Sales,” Yuna commented. “That must be very competitive.”

“Yes, can be,” Ilya acknowledged, going along with the ‘Sales’ lie. “But I’m so very good at it. Best in business probably.”

“Wow, you certainly are a confident young man,” Yuna laughed gently.

“Have to be,” Ilya stated. “Would not sell as much if I wasn’t confident.”

“Yes, I suppose that’s true,” Yuna agreed. “And… do you follow hockey?” she asked, seeming like she had been restraining herself from asking that very question since meeting at the Gala (she more than likely had).

“Mum,” Shane sighed.

“It’s just a question,” Yuna defended. “And hockey is a big part of your life, Shane. This is your career, your passion. You need an Alpha who’s going to support you.”

“We’re just dating, it’s not like we’re getting married,” Shane responded.

“Oh, so the two of you have talked about marriage?” Yuna asked. “You don’t see a long-term future with my son?” she looked to Ilya, arms crossing over her chest.

“Yuna,” David warned gently.

“This conversation isn’t happening,” Shane cringed.

“Relax, is ok,” Ilya assured the Omega, squeezing the back of his neck to soothe him. “Our relationship is still very new,” he told Yuna and David. “We are still figuring out who we are, how we feel, how things fit together… We have not had those big conversations yet.”

“Is everyone ready to order?” the waiter stopped at the table to ask.

“Do you have anything that’ll make me forget the last ten minutes?” Shane asked.

“Tequila, vodka, whiskey,” the waiter listed with a hint of a smirk.

Lunch continued on, Shane wishing for a hole to open up beneath him and offer him an escape. While his dad did his best to keep conversation in safe neutral territory, his mother remained undeterred and kept pivoting back to more serious subject matters. To Ilya’s credit, he handled everything remarkably well, and Yuna seemed to take to him more and more with each answer.

It was all silly and pointless of course. Ilya wasn’t really Shane’s boyfriend so his mother and father’s opinion on the ‘relationship’ didn’t matter.

XXX

“I’m sorry,” Shane apologised when he was back in the car with Ilya.

“Don’t be. It was nice time,” Ilya said.

“Is there somewhere you need to be?” Shane asked. “… Another client?”

“Not today,” Ilya answered. “I cleared my schedule for you.”

“Oh,” Shane was surprised. “Thanks, you um, you didn’t have to. It was just lunch.”

“Just lunch with your parents,” Ilya stated. “But you… I’m not done with you yet, Hollander.”

“What does that mean?” Shane dared to ask, those early morning butterflies making their presence known in his stomach once again.

“Means we’re going to go back to your house,” Ilya let his hand land on Shane’s thigh, giving a meaningful squeeze. “Then you’re going to get on your knees and put that pretty mouth of yours on my cock. Then you will beg me to fuck you.”

“That’s not happening,” Shane denied.

“This is not what you want?” Ilya asked. “Then tell me, Omega…” he palmed his hand over Shane’s crotch, “why so hard?”

“Damn it, Rozanov,” Shane slapped his hand away. “I’m driving,” he pointed out.

XXX

Parking up the car, Shane did his best to act natural and disguise how eager he really was to be intimate with Ilya again. As the Alpha followed him like a shadow to the front door, Shane told himself in his mind over and over again that the situation didn’t mean anything. They were just going to have sex. Just one more time. That was it. Then he’d never see Ilya again. Ever. He’d tell his parents that they had decided to have a serious conversation about their future and it was clear they wanted different things so had agreed to part ways amicably. It was a simple plan, easy to follow, no chance of failure. None.

Less than two minutes later, Shane was on his knees, his mouth stretched obscenely wide around the Alpha’s cock, all sensible thoughts and plans forgotten.

“Ah, fuck yes,” Ilya sighed out, grunting slightly as he gently held Shane’s head, thrusting his hips back and forth, though not wildly enough to make Shane gag and splutter. “Mm, Hollander,” he groaned, pushing his thumb into the corner of the Omega’s mouth along with his dick. “Will you beg for me, Omega?” Ilya asked, gazing down at Shane reverently.

Back in the car, Shane had no intentions of begging. But now he was already on his knees for the Alpha, begging for more seemed the only appropriate thing to do. Because he wanted Ilya inside of him again. He wanted it more than he wanted to win another cup. So he let the Alpha’s cock slip out of his mouth, pressing a gentle kiss to the tip before kissing just under the Russian’s belly button. Sitting back on his haunches, he fluttered his eyelashes, looking up at the prostitute.

“Please,” Shane felt a weird thrill go through him as the word tumbled off his tongue. It felt so intimate and vulnerable, yet the exposed feeling was very addictive. He liked having Ilya’s focus on him, the Alpha getting to see him in ways no other person ever had. “Please, I want… Fuck,” he trailed kisses across Ilya’s hipbone, his hands gripping the backs of the man’s thighs. “Alpha,” he sighed out. “I want you.”

“Up,” Ilya commanded, helping Shane to his feet. His eyes were dark and he looked positively ravenous. Shane imagined he must be wearing a similar expression.

Neither of them spoke, the steady thud of their footsteps echoing on the stairs and mirroring the thrumming of their hearts as they moved through the quiet house, heading towards the Omega’s bedroom. Shane’s breath hitched as Ilya’s hand found the small of his back, steering him along with a possessive confidence that made the slick drip down the back of Shane’s thighs.

As the bedroom door clicked shut behind them, the air seemed to crackle with their combined lustful energy. Clothes were quickly discarded, Shane not entirely sure who started

undressing who first. Then Ilya was gently pressing him down onto the bed, his touch simultaneously gentle and commanding. The Alpha's eyes roamed all over the Omega, as if memorising every inch of Shane's flushed skin.

For a few quiet moments, Shane simply stared up at the Russian, his heart in his mouth before Ilya leaned down and captured his lips in a kiss that was far too tender for how desperately they both clearly wanted more. Hands trembling only slightly, Shane glided his palms up the expanse of Ilya's strong back, one hand resting at the nape of his neck while the other reached up into those golden curls. Then Shane surrendered to the inevitable, letting Ilya guide him through the experience.

"Ah," Shane gasped out, spreading his thighs further apart as Ilya dipped his fingers between his butt-cheeks, carefully opening him up, his slick acting as a natural lubricant.

Then Ilya was putting on a condom before asking Shane a question, something he was clearly supposed to provide an answer to.

"I… what?" Shane blinked up at him.

"This is what you want, yes?" Ilya checked. "You want big strong Alpha to fuck you?"

"Please," Shane begged, arching his body up into him.

Clearly satisfied with the response, Ilya eased his thick cock inside of Shane's tight wet hole, both men groaning as the Alpha sunk balls-deep into the Omega.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned as he gripped Shane's jaw, dominating him with a surging kiss, carefully rocking in and out of him before building up a more intense rhythm.

As Ilya moved above him, Shane's mind spun, the Omega hardly able to identify all the emotions rushing through him. Obviously there was the earth-shattering arousal. Then there was a little hint of a rebellious thrill over the fact he was doing such things with a prostitute. While he certainly wouldn't want to face the consequences of the media finding out his dirty little secret, there was something exciting about doing something (or someone) he shouldn't be. The hockey player also felt an overwhelming sense of vulnerability, his body laid bare before the Alpha.

Shane's heart trembled with the possibility that this might really be just a 'one more time' situation. Despite his earlier self-made promises that it didn't mean anything, it was only sex, it would just be one last time… he was already struggling to deny just how much he wanted and needed to stay in the safety of this Alpha's strong arms. Ilya's scent all around him, his cock deep inside him, their lips and tongues fitting together so perfectly. He didn't just yearn for Ilya physically. His attraction ran deeper than that. So much so that it scared him. He hardly knew the Alpha and yet he longed for closeness, for connection.

Each touch, kiss and whispered word from Ilya made Shane ache not only with intense desire and need, but also with hope that the night would never end and he wouldn't have to watch the Alpha walk out of his front door again.

“You take Alpha cock so well, Hollander,” Ilya grinned.

“Please,” Shane moaned breathlessly, clinging tight to him, clawing up and down the Alpha’s back. What was Shane begging for exactly? Please more? Please harder? Please don’t go? All of the above?

“Mm,” Ilya grunted. “Are you close, Omega?”

“Y-yeah,” Shane stuttered out, Ilya claiming his mouth in another searing kiss.

“Cum with me,” Ilya urged and Shane nodded.

Sweat glistened on their skin, the springs of the mattress squeaked and the headboard thump, thump, thumped as it chipped at the paint of the bedroom wall. They moaned and panted together, kissing deeply as Ilya’s knot swelled, locking their lower bodies together as he spilled his release into the condom. Hips coming up away from the bed, Shane wailed, gushes of juices escaping his hole and soaking the sheets.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 8: EIGHT

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EIGHT

Romance and relationships were not Shane Hollander's area of expertise. But unless he was mistaken (which was entirely possible) he might actually be casually dating a prostitute. Of course, he had hired Ilya Rozanov in error. He had intended to hire an actor to pretend to be his fake date for one stupid boring Gala. Instead, he had hired a prostitute, shared his virginity with said prostitute, taken him to lunch with his parents and slept with him again. Now he was picking the Alpha up so they could attend Hayden and Jackie's BBQ.

Sure, they were attending as a 'fake' couple. But Shane very much wanted for them to have real sex together once the BBQ was over. The truth of the matter was that Shane couldn't stop thinking about Ilya Rozanov. The Russian Alpha was constantly on his mind. The boys on the team were consistently teasing him during hockey practice, making jokes about how whipped he was for his new Alpha. Though for the most part everybody seemed genuinely happy for him. They had all loved meeting Ilya at the Gala after all.

Or almost all of them.

Hayden, knowing the truth about Ilya's profession, wasn't as excited about Hollanov as everybody else seemed to be. He kept trying to get Shane alone, obviously wanting to talk about the elephant in the room (or the prostitute in Shane's bed rather). But Shane was actively avoiding him. He wouldn't be able to evade his best friend forever, but damn it, Shane would dodge him and serious conversations for as long as he could manage.

Parking the car at the address he had been provided with, Shane tried to psyche himself up to go and knock on the door. He fantasized about himself leaning casually against the doorframe and looking effortlessly sexy and nonchalant. But the reality featured him stumbling slightly and scuffing his shoe. Then there was Ilya, calmly opening the door to him and leaning against the frame, easily exuding all the confidence Shane could only day-dream about achieving himself.

They exchanged some banter back and forth, Shane's skin flushing darker with each quip Ilya delivered.

“You’re an asshole,” Shane said.

“I think you like it,” Ilya winked.

Shane didn’t bother denying it, just ducked his gaze shyly. Then Ilya was stepping into his personal space, pressing him against the front of his door, grabbing hold of his face and forcing him to look up. The Alpha locked eyes on the Omega before leaning in, kissing him deeply. Shane surrendered without protest, eagerly wrapping his arms around Ilya to pull him in closer.

As they pulled apart, both panting a little, Shane found himself wishing Ilya would invite him inside. Maybe they had time for a quick fuck before carrying on to the BBQ. He was sure it wouldn’t take long to get slick enough for the Alpha’s cock.

“You are thinking dirty thoughts,” Ilya guessed.

“Aren’t you?” Shane retorted.

The Alpha smirked, moving in for another kiss, trapping Shane’s lower-lip in his teeth and tugging playfully.

“We should be leaving for BBQ, yes?” Ilya asked.

“We can be late,” Shane suggested.

“Omega,” Ilya growled before yanking Shane inside the house and slamming the door. “You do not make it so easy for me to remain professional,” he chided, pinning Shane’s wrists to the now closed door and splashing kisses over his neck. “On your knees,” he demanded and Shane immediately dropped down. “Fuck, Hollander,” the Alpha groaned. “You will murder me.”

“Maybe,” Shane rasped out, mouth already watering at the prospect of getting to taste the man’s cock again. “Mm,” he moaned as Ilya fed his dick past his lips.

The Alpha mumbled under his breath, alternating between Russian and English. While Shane didn’t understand half of the words, he felt confident that Ilya was enjoying things as much as he was.

“Touch yourself,” Ilya ordered.

Still sucking and slurping at Ilya’s cock, Shane awkwardly opened his jeans, shoving them down just enough to grip his own dick. He jerked himself haphazardly, mouth still working on servicing the Alpha.

XXX

Finding a parking spot relatively close to his friend’s house, Shane checked his reflection in the rearview mirror. His lips still looked a little swollen. It seemed so obvious to him that he had so recently been giving head, but hopefully it wouldn’t be so noticeable to anybody else.

“Don’t worry, they can’t tell,” Ilya assured as though he could read his mind, and Shane nodded weakly as they climbed out of the car, Shane grabbing the bottle of wine his mother had insisted he bring. “Is everything ok?” Ilya checked as they walked towards the Pike’s home.

“Yeah, for sure,” Shane answered distractedly. “I just… I’d rather be playing hockey or be at home than socialising. Lots of noise, lots of people… not really my thing.”

“Ah yes, I forget how boring you are,” Ilya teased.

“Shut up,” Shane tried to sound stern, but the effect was lost when he gazed at Ilya with a fond smile.

“It will be ok, Omega,” Ilya said. “Everybody will be far more interested in talking to me. They won’t even remember who Shane Hollander is.”

“You’re an asshole,” Shane shook his head. “But thank you, for doing this. I promise it’ll be the last time. We just need to get through this BBQ, for Jackie. Then afterwards we can have a fake break-up to our fake relationship.”

“What will you tell them?” Ilya wondered. “My Alpha dick too big, made you cry?”

“Too small… couldn’t satisfy me,” Shane suggested as an alternative.

“How dare you? This is lie,” Ilya suddenly resembled an angry kitten.

“I’ll think of something else,” Shane promised as they arrived on the front porch together. Though truthfully he didn’t want them to have a break-up at all, fake or otherwise.

Shane knocked on the door, trying to relax his facial muscles into a natural looking smile. Ilya stepped closer, wrapping an arm around him and pressing a kiss to the side of his head just as a beaming Jackie opened the door looking delighted to see them.

“Sorry we’re a little late,” Shane apologised.

“Not at all, you’re right on time,” Jackie insisted ushering them in. “Um… thank you?” she gave Shane a quizzical look at the bottle of wine he presented her with.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged. “My mum made me get it.”

“Thank you,” she laughed gently giving him a hug. “Ilya, so glad you could make it,” she hugged him too. “Come on,” she guided them through the hallway and into the kitchen, setting down the wine bottle. “We have soft drinks, beer, whiskey, cocktails,” Jackie listed to Ilya. “And ginger-ale in the fridge, of course,” she added to Shane who helped himself to a can while Ilya accepted a cold beer. “Great, come out and see everybody,” Jackie then guided them through to the backyard. “Captain’s here,” Jackie called and there was a chorus of whoops. “And he brought his Alpha boyfriend.” There was some louder cheers at that.

“There he is, Captaine,” JJ quickly stepped towards them on his gangly long legs, clapping Shane on the shoulder before greeting Ilya. “Join us over here, Rozanov.”

“Oh, but…” Shane tried to object, wanting to stay close to Ilya, but Jackie was already leading him to the other side of the garden where the WAGs were seated.

“Tell us everything,” one of the other hockey wives urged eagerly.

Shane gulped down some ginger-ale, suddenly wishing it was something stronger. As he blushed and stammered his way through the WAGs questioning, it occurred to him that Jackie was far too enthusiastic about his ‘relationship’ with Ilya to know that he was really a prostitute. He was grateful that Hayden had kept the secret so far and may have felt just a tiny bit guilty for avoiding him.

Glancing around the garden, he spied Hayden at the BBQ, seemingly just recently making a start on cooking burgers and sausages. He then looked over to the guys from the hockey team and saw they were all hanging on Ilya’s every word. As though sensing his gaze, Ilya suddenly looked right back at him, offering a wink before sipping on his beer.

“So, have you shared a heat or a rut together yet?” one of the girlfriends asked.

“Oh, um, no,” Shane answered. “We haven’t been together that long.”

“You have a heat coming soon though right?” Jackie asked.

“I’m due in two weeks,” Shane acknowledged.

“Are you going to spend it with Ilya?” one of the other ladies asked.

“I don’t know… probably not,” Shane said and they all looked personally offended, like he’d told them their babies were ugly or kicked their puppies in the face. “We haven’t been together long,” he reiterated. “It’s too soon to ask him to spend my heat with me.”

“Alpha’s love to take care of their Omegas during a heat,” somebody else pointed out.

“And it’s obvious that Ilya is crazy about you,” another insisted, everybody else nodding their agreement.

“He definitely is,” Jackie smiled. “But how do you feel about him? Is it getting serious?”

“I don’t know… I don’t think so… it’s casual,” Shane’s leg began to bounce nervously.

“Ha, I remember when I said that about Hayden,” Jackie recalled.

“Burgers are ready!” Hayden hollered.

XXX

Shane had a single hot-dog along with his plate of salad. But he had numerous people asking him more questions about Ilya. Not one person made a joke about him only drinking ginger-ale or commented on his diet. Nobody even mentioned hockey. All anybody wanted to talk to Shane about was Ilya Rozanov. And if they weren’t asking Shane about Ilya, then they were approaching Ilya, laughing at Ilya’s jokes, clapping Ilya on the shoulder, batting their false

eyelashes at Ilya, twirling their hair around their fingers as they inappropriately flirted. Not that Shane cared. Ilya wasn't really his Alpha, so he wasn't even remotely jealous of all the WAGs flocking to his not-boyfriend as if he were the lead member of their favourite boyband.

"Uncle Shane," Jade whispered and Shane turned to the little girl who was sticking her head out of her playhouse down the bottom of the garden, signalling for him to join her.

Glancing around, Shane realised nobody was currently paying attention to him, so he hurried to join Jade, ducking his head to enter her playhouse and sitting cross-legged on the floor, relieved to be away from the other adults.

"Hey girls," he said quietly.

Ruby was there too, brushing her doll's hair.

"Got this for you," Jade grinned brightly, one of her top teeth missing.

"Thanks," Shane smiled accepting the can of ginger-ale from her. He definitely felt more relaxed hidden away in the girls' playhouse than out in the garden surrounded by WAGs and hockey players asking him about Ilya.

"You were looking stressed, so I sent Jade to recuse you," Ruby commented.

"We know you don't like to be around lots of people," Jade added sympathetically.

"Thanks, girls," Shane said appreciatively. It was easy to underestimate children sometimes, but Jade and Ruby definitely had the right instincts about Shane. And for the first time all day, he wasn't being bombarded with questions about Ilya Rozanov. Instead he was handed a teddy-bear and a toy medical kit.

"How's the patient doing, Doctor Shane?" Ruby asked.

"I'm afraid Mr. Peanut-butter has a very serious condition," Shane informed her. "And there's only one cure."

"Oh no!" Jade gasped looking genuinely worried.

"What does Mr. Peanut-butter need?" Ruby asked. "Juice… candy?"

"Cuddles," Shane told them. "Mr. Peanut-butter needs lots and lots of cuddles," he proclaimed as he hugged the teddy-bear tightly before passing him over to Jade who squeezed him close to her chest before passing him to her sister to give yet more cuddles.

They were interrupted by a soft knock on the playhouse door.

"Room for one more?" a voice asked and Shane felt a thrill go up his spine recognising Ilya's voice.

"What do you think, Uncle Shane?" Ruby asked in a loud whisper. "Should we let him in?"

“Yeah, let him in,” Shane answered and soon the curly-haired Alpha was crawling into the playhouse, sitting cross-legged beside Shane, their knees brushing together.

Ruby and Jade stood together, cocking their heads to the side curiously in perfect (and sort of creepy) unison as they studied the newcomer.

“We’ve never seen you before,” Ruby stated.

“Girls, this is Ilya,” Shane told them. “He’s my… friend. And this is Ruby and Jade. Jackie and Hayden’s daughters.”

“Lovely to meet you both,” Ilya said and the girls giggled a little.

“You look like a Princess,” Jade told Ilya.

“You mean a Prince?” Ilya asked.

“Nope,” Jade shook her head. “A Princess,” she said confidently.

Ilya looked to Shane who only smiled in amusement.

“A very pretty Princess,” Shane grinned.

“So, so pretty,” Jade agreed as she invaded Ilya’s personal space and began playing with the curls atop his head. “Wait, I have an idea,” she declared excitedly. “I’ll be right back,” she darted out of the playhouse.

“Hey, wait for me!” Ruby called, chasing after her sister.

“Sweet girls,” Ilya commented.

“Yeah, they’re great,” Shane said.

“They like you very much… Uncle Shane,” Ilya teased affectionately.

“Yeah, well, of course they like me,” Shane replied, “because I’m pretty great too.”

Ilya said something in Russian. Shane didn’t understand the words, but something about the way the other man was looking at him made his stomach flutter. He took a sip of his ginger-ale before offering the can to Ilya, their fingers very much deliberately brushing. Shane watched, transfixed as Ilya took a few mouthfuls before handing the can back, fingers tangling together once more.

Remembering they were in Jade and Ruby’s playhouse, Shane took a breath and looked away from Ilya, forcing himself to calm down before he got hard or wet.

“Are you, um… are you having a good time?” Shane asked. “I know the WAGs can be a bit much.”

“Is ok,” Ilya shrugged. “I am used to Omegas swooning and falling at my feet. A burden I must bear for being so handsome, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed before realising what he had just said. “I mean, err…”

“Too late, you already admit I am handsome,” Ilya smirked.

“Fuck off,” Shane swore.

“Now, now,” Ilya tutted. “We are in girls’ playhouse. No bad language, Omega.”

Before Shane could respond further, the girls returned. Shane couldn’t contain his laughter as they put a tiara on Ilya’s head and wrapped a sparkly pink feather boa around his neck.

“What do you think, Uncle Shane?” Jade asked. “Doesn’t Princess Ilya look pretty?”

“Princess Ilya looks beautiful,” Shane answered.

“Hollander,” Ilya glared.

“No, I mean it, this look really suits you,” Shane assured him.

“Girls,” Ilya said, “will you please cover your ears so I can call your Uncle Shane a nasty name?”

“Hey, no bad language in the playhouse, Alpha,” Shane chided.

“Uncle Shane?” Ruby asked sweetly. “Is Princess Ilya your Alpha?”

“Are you going to marry him?” Jade wondered. “Can I be a bridesmaid?”

“And me,” Ruby demanded. “I want to wear a big sparkly purple dress with my favourite sneakers.”

“Bridesmaids don’t wear sneakers,” Jade scoffed. “Can I have pink hair for your wedding?”

“Whoa, girls, calm down,” Shane said gently. “There’s no wedding.”

“Why? Don’t you love each other?” Jade frowned.

“Ssh,” Ruby hissed suddenly pointing to Shane’s hand. “No ring,” she whispered. “Ilya must be too much of a scaredy-cat to ask Uncle Shane to marry him.”

“How embarrassing,” Jade shook her head in dismay.

“Girls, we’re not getting married,” Shane reiterated. “Ilya and I are just friends.”

“Really?” Ruby asked.

“Yeah, for sure,” Shane nodded and the girls turned to one another with a massive grin as they shared a giggle, like they had their own private joke.

The playhouse door opened, revealing a crouched down Hayden.

“Sorry, daddy, no grown-ups allowed,” Jade placed herself in the doorway, blocking his entrance.

“Oh really? Then why are they in here?” Hayden asked pointing to Shane and Ilya.

“Um…” Jade looked to her sister for a suitable answer.

“Doctor Shane is saving Mr. Peanut-butter’s life,” Ruby reasoned.

“Mr. Peanut-butter needs cuddles,” Shane shrugged hugging the teddy-bear.

“And this is Princess Ilya,” Ruby declared.

“I am Princess,” Ilya pointed to his tiara.

“Right, and who built this playhouse for you in the first place?” Hayden asked.

“Mummy,” the girls answered together.

“What the fuck? I built it,” Hayden huffed.

“Swear-jar,” Shane and the girls said.

“Do me a favour girls, go and introduce Princess Ilya to everybody, I need to have a grown-up conversation with Uncle Shane,” Hayden said.

“But we want to keep playing with Uncle Shane,” Ruby argued.

“Girls,” Hayden’s stern ‘dad’ voice came out, “now.”

“Come on, Princess Ilya,” Jade sighed dramatically and Ilya quickly looked to Shane who nodded that it was ok before the tiara-wearing Alpha crawled out of the playhouse after the girls.

“Make sure you girls wash your hands after,” Hayden added. Ilya rolled his eyes at the insult while Shane positively glowered.

“Cheap shot,” Shane commented as Hayden crawled inside and sat opposite him.

“You’ve been avoiding me,” Hayden accused.

“Yeah,” Shane acknowledged rather than deny it.

“What the hell is that prostitute doing here?” Hayden demanded to know. “In my backyard, in my kids’ playhouse? I might have to burn this thing down when he’s gone.”

“Grow up,” Shane retorted, folding his arms across his chest. “You can’t judge Ilya because of his job,” he defended. “That’s not fair. You don’t even know him.”

“And neither do you, you fucking hired him by accident,” Hayden pointed out. “Who knows what he’s capable of doing?”

“I haven’t known him very long,” Shane admitted. “But… he’s actually been really good to me.”

“Because you’re paying him to be,” Hayden sighed and Shane retaliated with another harsh glare. “Hey, Shane, buddy, come on… don’t look at me like I’m the bad guy just because I’m prepared to be honest about how terrible it is for you to get involved with someone like him.”

Shane’s expression hardened.

“You’re only reacting this way because of his job,” Shane said. “You were practically President of the Ilya Rozanov fan-club before you knew the truth. Something as insignificant as a person’s job shouldn’t be enough to change your opinion on them.”

“Yeah? You ready to go out there and tell everybody he’s a prostitute?” Hayden asked and Shane looked away. “If his job doesn’t matter you shouldn’t be ashamed to tell people.”

“Fuck you, Hayd,” Shane sighed.

“I’m not saying this to be a jerk,” Hayden told him. “I’m just making a point. And whether you want to admit it or not, the fact is that Rozanov’s job does change things. It would be a shit-show if this got out to the media. Your mum would have to work overtime to do damage-control. This guy is dangerous for your career and your reputation. I know you hired him by accident, and I understand why you felt the need to just make it through the Gala night, I do. But what the hell are you doing seeing him again, Shane?”

“I don’t know what I’m doing ok,” Shane confessed. “And I’m only in this mess because everybody keeps trying to set me up with an Alpha. I only hired Ilya because I didn’t want to face another fix-up at the stupid Gala. I’m tired of everyone insisting I need to be in a relationship to be complete or make me happy. I was doing just fine on my own. I’m a grown adult, I can make my own choices, damn it.”

“Ok, but buddy, this is a bad choice,” Hayden scrubbed a hand down his face. “This is gonna piss you off,” he sighed, “but I have to ask.”

“What?” Shane glared.

“Is he blackmailing you?” Hayden asked looking very worried. “Threatening to go to the press?”

“Fuck off, no,” Shane cut in quickly.

“Has he hurt you?” Hayden watched Shane very carefully. “Made you do… things?”

“He’s not like that,” Shane defended.

Hayden didn’t relax. If anything he looked more confused and upset.

“Then tell me what I’m supposed to think right now,” Hayden pleaded. “My best friend is dating a prostitute. You can’t expect me to be calm about that.”

Shane opened his mouth then closed it again, idly picking up Mr. Peanut-butter, taking comfort in stroking his hand over the teddy-bear’s soft fur.

“We’re not dating,” Shane said quietly. “It’s all just pretend. A business transaction.”

“Have you let him touch you?” Hayden looked away as he asked the question.

“That’s none of your business, Hayd,” Shane responded.

“Fuck sake, so you clearly have,” Hayden sighed. “Damn it. You deserve better than losing your virginity to a fucking prostitute.”

“I didn’t lose it,” Shane stated. “It was my decision to give it to him.”

“And how much did that asshole charge you?” Hayden asked looking very disapproving and angry on Shane’s behalf.

“He didn’t,” Shane murmured.

“What?” Hayden frowned.

“Ilya didn’t charge me,” Shane said. “He hasn’t taken a single dollar from me, at all. He’ll probably refuse to take any money from me for tonight too.”

“That makes no sense,” Hayden replied. “Tell me this is the last time you’re gonna see him.”

“Yeah, for sure,” Shane nodded.

“You’re a lousy liar, man,” Hayden stated. “Fuck,” he swore. “I don’t like this. I think it is dangerous, and reckless, and I’m worried that asshole is gonna hurt you.”

“He won’t,” Shane said confidently. “Look… I don’t know what I’m doing. I don’t know what’s gonna happen. Is this situation reckless, yes. Could it destroy my career, maybe. I’m scared, I am. If people found out the truth it could ruin everything, I know that. But… I’m not worried about him hurting me. I feel safe with him.”

“Ok,” Hayden murmured reluctantly, not looking terribly convinced. “I’m not going to tell anyone, not even Jackie,” he promised. “But I need you to understand something… If I think for one second that he is using you, humiliating you, or putting you at risk… then I will make him regret ever laying eyes on you.”

“Oh, Hayden Pike, you’re my hero,” Shane joked.

“Dude, I mean it,” Hayden’s eyes were fierce. “You are not something people get to play with.”

The humour faded from Shane's expression, getting replaced by something more vulnerable and tender.

"Look… I know this situation is more Pretty Woman than Cinderella… but I really like this Alpha," Shane admitted. "I've never liked an Alpha before."

"You're not playing fair when you look at me with those big Bambi eyes, buddy," Hayden sighed. Shane just cocked his head to the side, hitting his friend even harder with the doe-eyed expression. "Damn it, Shane," he complained. "Never teach that look to my kids," Hayden warned, "they already walk all over me. Now… I'm not exactly sold on this Rozanov thing. I think it's a massive mistake."

"I'm a grown adult," Shane pointed out.

"I know," Hayden replied. "You can make your own decisions. Good or bad, right or wrong. And if this thing blows up in your face…"

"You'll be there to say, 'I told you so'," Shane finished with a roll of his eyes.

"Dude, no," Hayden said. "But I will be there to help you through it. And to kick his ass if I have to."

"Thanks," Shane gave a half-smile.

"So… you really like the prostitute, huh?" Hayden grimaced.

"His name is Ilya," Shane stated sternly. "And yeah… I think I really do."

"Well then maybe you should tell him that," Hayden cringed clearly not thrilled about it. "And if he feels the same way, he needs to sort his shit out and get a respectable job."

Shane couldn't really find an argument for that.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Get on your knees for Princess Ilya...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 9: NINE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Here's the next chapter...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

NINE

Crawling out of the playhouse, Shane slowly made his way to Ilya. He was stopped along the way multiple times, other people eagerly telling him how wonderful they thought Ilya was and how lovely it was to finally see Shane in a serious relationship. The emphasis on the word ‘finally’ was mildly insulting. It wasn’t as though Shane was some repulsive unlovable creature unable to find a mate. He had just never been interested in finding one. His life as a singleton had been very deliberate thank you very much.

At last, Shane made his way to Ilya’s side, melting a little as the Alpha wrapped his arm around him and pecked him on the lips in front of those nearby, still dutifully playing up the role of ‘boyfriend’. Just how was Shane ever supposed to ‘break up’ with this gorgeous man?

“Ready to go?” Shane asked and Ilya nodded, kissing him again.

They handed the tiara and boa back to Jade, both men hugging the girls goodbye before stopping to say farewell to Hayden and Jackie. It was a strange situation. Hayden being aware that Ilya was really a prostitute while Jackie believed Shane had genuinely found a boyfriend. But as promised, Hayden played it cool and didn’t give anything away, faking a smile as he shook Ilya’s hand.

“I mean it,” Hayden whispered into Shane’s ear as they hugged goodbye. “He hurts you… I kill him.”

Shane patted his friend on the back, knowing that he at least meant well. Then Ilya took his hand and led them out, heading back to the car. Rather than asking if Ilya wanted to be driven home straight away or checking if he had anywhere else to be, Shane automatically drove them back to his place. He barely even remembered the drive itself. But he suspected he would always remember how stunning Ilya looked sitting in the passenger seat, and how pleasant the Alpha’s hand felt resting on his thigh.

They entered the house, Shane stepping inside first and Ilya closing the front door behind them with a soft click.

“You are pacing, Omega,” Ilya observed.

“I’m not pacing,” Shane frowned. Ilya simply quirked an eyebrow at the three steps Shane took towards the kitchen, immediately followed up with three steps back. “Ok… maybe I’m pacing,” Shane acknowledged.

A hint of a smile tugged briefly at the corner of the Alpha’s mouth, but it didn’t fully form. Ilya shrugged off his jacket and draped it over the back of the couch like it belonged there, as though his presence in Shane’s home was normal and familiar. Like he was a real boyfriend. A real boyfriend who had spent an entire afternoon charming Shane’s teammates and the WAGs into loving him just a little too much.

“Everybody still really loves Ilya Rozanov,” Shane commented.

“Yes, apart from your pet guard dog,” Ilya replied.

“Hayden’s just trying to look out for me,” Shane reasoned. “Make sure I don’t get hurt.”

“You think I could hurt you?” Ilya asked.

“No,” Shane answered confidently just as his phone dinged. “Sorry,” he apologised taking his phone out of his pocket. “We’ve been invited to a quiz night,” he sighed setting his phone on the kitchen counter rather than answer.

“This is bad?” Ilya frowned.

“Yes, no… I don’t know,” Shane dragged a hand through his hair. “It’s just… this is really becoming a problem.”

“What kind of problem?” Ilya asked quietly.

“The kind where Jackie is already acting like you’re going to be at every BBQ she has for the rest of our lives,” Shane muttered. “The kind where my mother has already decided you’re perfect for me and is probably planning a wedding as we speak. Everybody loves you. Everybody’s telling me how wonderful you are, how great it is to see me happy, how good we are together. Even if I told people that it was all fake, that I only hired you to get people off my back for the Gala, I don’t think they’d even believe me.”

“Who cares what people believe?” Ilya asked, leaning his hip against the back of the couch.

“I care,” Shane answered. “This whole situation is getting out of hand, and I don’t know what to do about it.”

“Relax,” Ilya advised. “Stressing will not help. Nobody apart from Hayden ever needs to find out the truth. Just tell people we were casual, not serious, and now we are done. Easy.”

“That’s not going to work,” Shane pointed out. “Nobody will believe we were only casual. Not after today, not after everything, not when…” he cut himself off. Truthfully, Shane didn’t even think their fake situation was a casual thing so he couldn’t expect others to believe it. If the Omega was even more honest with himself, he wanted it all to be a lot more serious and a lot more real.

“Ok, so if they won’t believe relationship was casual, we just have to make them believe break-up is serious,” Ilya suggested. “We could go to quiz night we are invited to and break-up there. I can be asshole Alpha.”

“That doesn’t seem fair,” Shane replied.

“Fine, you be asshole Omega,” Ilya told him. “We could be dramatic. I could find messages on your phone that prove you cheat on me. I can even cry.”

“I’m not going to fake-cheat on you so we can fake-break-up,” Shane said sternly.

“Then what is your solution, Hollander?” Ilya asked. “We just keep fake-dating until… until when… until you meet Alpha you like for real? Until we’re forced to get married, so people don’t get suspicious? Golden wedding anniversary? Are we allowed to break-up when the kids are grown and have moved out or would we have to keep pretending for them?”

“Don’t bring fake children in to this,” Shane complained. “Things weren’t supposed to happen like this.”

“Yeah, no shit,” Ilya commented, something about him looking tense and more sad than Shane had ever seen.

“Sit down, please,” Shane asked quietly as he sat on the sofa, waiting for the Alpha to join him too. When it came down to it, Shane wasn’t sure he even wanted to break-up with Ilya at all, fake or otherwise. Because just talking about it made Shane’s heart hurt as if it were real, as if he were really losing somebody, and damn that was pathetic. “People are invested in our fake-relationship. They like us together.”

“Yes,” Ilya acknowledged, staring straight ahead. His eyes, face, voice and body language were all starting to close off. Shane didn’t usually pick up on social signals all that well, but he could tell Ilya was beginning to shut him out.

“If we suddenly stop seeing each other, if I start showing up to places alone again, they’re going to ask questions,” Shane reasoned and Ilya nodded.

“So you need to give them answers,” Ilya said.

“You make it sound easy,” Shane shook his head.

“It can be,” Ilya commented.

“Not for me,” Shane sighed and Ilya looked at him for a long moment before shifting away, putting more distance between them. Shane didn’t like that.

“Do you mean… the lies are hard for you?” Ilya asked.

“Sometimes, but it’s not just that,” he answered, angling his body towards the Alpha, trying to make eye-contact.

“Then what?” Ilya pressed, avoiding the Omega’s gaze.

“Fuck,” Shane swore. “Why do you have to ask the exact questions I don’t want to answer?”

“Usually those are the most important ones,” Ilya claimed.

“Doesn’t make it any less annoying,” Shane murmured.

“You like when I annoy you,” Ilya claimed, a flicker of warmth in his expression for just a moment.

“No, I don’t,” Shane denied.

“You do, a little,” Ilya bumped him with his shoulder lightly.

“The hard part,” Shane said, staring at the floor, “is that if we have a fake break-up, everyone’s going to treat it like a real break-up.”

“So?” Ilya asked, not seeing the issue. “You will pretend to be upset, they will comfort you. In time, everybody moves on.”

“Maybe,” Shane said quietly. “But maybe I won’t be pretending to be upset. Maybe our fake break-up would feel too real… to me at least.”

He turned his head slightly, daring to look at the Alpha. Ilya didn’t look amused or smug. He looked a little wary and that made Shane nervous.

“This was never a relationship, Hollander,” Ilya said, the words spoken calmly, not cruelly.

“I know that,” Shane felt his throat get tight and his eyes start to sting.

“A fake break-up with a prostitute should not bother you,” Ilya told him.

“Oh, fuck off, don’t say shit like that,” Shane sighed.

“And don’t look at me like that,” Ilya responded.

“Like what?” Shane asked.

Ilya held his gaze. “Like I matter more than I’m supposed to.”

The Omega wished he could come up with a retort. Something confident or comedic. Something to safely steer them back to light-heartedness or playful banter.

“What if you do matter to me?” Shane asked when his throat unclogged and enabled him to speak again. No chance of returning to safe conversation territory now. It seemed Shane’s

mouth was stubbornly dragging them into a swamp of discomfort.

“Trust me, Hollander, I am not what you want,” Ilya’s face looked so sad that Shane had to turn his eyes away.

“But you are,” Shane insisted. “I like you. Do you hear me? I fucking like you.”

“Because I was your first,” Ilya told him. “Happens with Omegas sometimes. They get clingy and think they have feelings. Is no big deal. You will get over it.”

“Don’t be an asshole,” Shane was feeling sad, angry and embarrassed. He didn’t know which emotion to latch on to. As he tried to decide, he felt the beginnings of a panic attack.

“Is not asshole, is just honesty,” Ilya claimed. “Omegas can form brief emotional attachment to first Alpha to knot them. You will find new Alpha and be fine… Hollander?” he asked.

Shane could control a lot of things. He could plan his exercise routines. He could follow a strict diet. Nobody was better than him on the ice with a hockey-stick in hand. But when a panic attack hit, there was very little Shane could do to prevent it. One second he was glaring at the Alpha beside him while hurt, anger and utter mortification battled each other inside of his chest while he tried his damn best not to show it. Then he suddenly felt frozen, vision blurring, sound distorted and struggling to make a breath.

“Hollander?” Ilya repeated looking slightly irritated when the Omega didn’t respond.

Perhaps if Shane wasn’t mentally breaking down he’d have noticed the way the annoyance left the Alpha’s eyes, being replaced by concern instead.

“Shane?” Ilya’s tone was slightly panicked, but Shane couldn’t even hear him. To the Omega, everything sounded like it was coming from underwater. “Shane,” Ilya cradled the hockey player’s face in his hands, concerned by how starkly the freckles were standing out on suddenly pale skin. Shane’s hands were balled into tight fists, shaking from their position on his thighs. His eyes were unfocused, no longer seeing the room all around him. “Breathe, Omega, breathe,” Ilya coached urgently, pulling Shane to sit with his back against his chest. “Feel my heart, breathe with me.”

Slowly, Shane managed to drag in a breath. Then his mouth gaped like a fish as he failed to take another. The room was spinning, his eyes were beginning to roll up.

“Fuck,” Ilya swore before laying Shane gently on the floor, arranging him into the recovery position. The Alpha lay down beside him. “Shane. Shane, look at me,” he pleaded.

Through the dim, Shane heard Ilya’s voice and did his best to focus on it. He tried to regain control of his breathing. Short little puffs of air that were too much and not enough all at once. His body felt weak and his head and limbs felt heavy.

“Shane, please,” Ilya begged.

Breathe in… breathe out… in… out… shudder, gasp, another missed breath, dizzy spell… breathe out… and in… out… and in.

“Shane?” Ilya asked worriedly.

“… ‘m fine,” Shane answered weakly, slowly getting his breathing back under control.

Once his breathing was a bit more steady, Ilya helped Shane back to the sofa. The Alpha then crouched down in front of him, fingers at Shane’s inner wrist to check his pulse.

“Look at me,” Ilya requested. “Not at floor. Look at me.”

First, Shane’s gaze darted to the wall, his own still shaking hands, the table, the ceiling, his hands again, the necklace around Ilya’s throat, back to the floor, then finally he settled his eyes on Ilya’s face.

“There you are,” Ilya whispered looking relieved.

“Sorry,” Shane told him.

“No, is ok, don’t apologise,” Ilya assured him. “Fuck, you scared me, Hollander.”

“Sorry,” Shane said again.

“Ssh,” Ilya soothed. “Let me get you water.”

As the Alpha got up, Shane closed his eyes, wincing in embarrassment over having fallen apart like that in front of the other man. It had been a long time since he’d had such a severe panic attack. It was just his luck that it would happen in front of Ilya Rozanov.

“Here, drink,” Ilya returned with the glass of water.

Shane took a few gulps, the coolness of the liquid grounding him a little. His hand still shook slightly as he stretched to place the glass on the table, but the shaking wasn’t as bad as it had been.

“You should rest, I think,” Ilya said. “Maybe I need to stay and watch over you. Or call your mother.”

“I’m a grown man, you are not calling my mother over a stupid panic attack,” Shane muttered resentfully. “I’ll be fine.”

They were both silent for some time, Ilya occasionally handing the glass back to Shane to drink a little more.

“You should eat something,” Ilya advised once the water was gone.

“Not hungry,” Shane mumbled.

“Should still eat,” Ilya claimed striding towards the kitchen and looking through Shane’s fridge and cupboards. “You like tuna melt?”

“You… wanna make me a tuna melt?” Shane stared at the Alpha in his kitchen a little dazedly.

“Will be ready soon,” Ilya responded bustling around, seemingly unable to be dissuaded from playing chef.

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Chewing down the final bites of tuna melt, Shane tried to think of something to say, imagining all of Ilya’s potential responses. Watching Ilya collect the plates and take them to the kitchen sink, Shane decided not to say anything, and to wait for the Alpha to speak first. His eyes followed Ilya’s journey to the kitchen, watching him intently, mentally willing him to start a conversation. A good one. Something that would lead them upstairs to the bedroom with a promise of Ilya returning many times more.

“Maybe you would enjoy bath, relaxing yes?” Ilya asked.

“Ok,” Shane agreed. The Omega would probably agree to anything if it meant Ilya would stick around a little longer.

Upstairs in the bathroom, Ilya put the toilet seat down and had Shane sit while he filled the tub. The curly-haired Alpha looked through the cabinets, taking out numerous bath supplies. Bath bombs, bath salts, muscle soaks, bubbles.

“You have more bath products than teenage girl,” Ilya teased. “You think you are Disney Princess or something?”

“Fuck off,” Shane grinned.

“Anything else in here?” he asked. “Rubber duck, toy boat?”

Ilya ignored Shane’s glare and chucked a random mixture of products into the hot bath water. He also found some of the scented candles and set them up safely before lighting them, adding to the myriad of aromas and overall ambience. As Ilya prepared the bath, Shane was somewhat reminded of a warlock. A small smile tugged at his lips thinking of Ilya as an all-powerful wizard creating some kind of potion in his bathtub-cauldron.

“Bath is ready,” Ilya announced, the sleeves of his shirt rolled back to his elbows somehow serving to make him look even sexier. “Come,” he commanded and Shane stood, stepping towards him.

A shuddery breath escaped him as Ilya began to undress him. Goosebumps pebbled all over his skin as he was stripped bare and his heart skipped a beat when Ilya went to the effort of folding his clothes for him. Then the Alpha took Shane’s hand, his other hand supporting his back as he guided him into the tub. Shane stood for a few seconds and then crouched down, his free hand cradling his scrotum before slowly sitting fully down in the water and stretching out his legs.

“Water is ok?” Ilya asked, kneeling on the floor by the tub, fingers still tangled with Shane’s underneath the water.

“It’s great,” Shane answered. Though he imagined he wouldn’t care if the water was ice-cold or scalding as long as Ilya was there with him.

“Relax,” Ilya instructed. “Close your eyes.”

Shane didn’t really want to. Closing his eyes would mean he couldn’t gaze at the handsome Alpha. But Ilya had a way about him that made Shane instinctively obey sometimes. So his eyes closed and the bath water felt warmer and the scented candles smelled stronger. Then Ilya was softly singing to him in his native tongue. While Shane didn’t understand the words, he found it very soothing and took it to be some kind of Russian lullaby. Then Ilya’s fingers were working through his hair, rubbing in shampoo and it felt so good the Omega couldn’t help but groan.

Maybe he should be embarrassed for getting hard over such a simple act as Ilya washing his hair, but Shane was too relaxed to be self-conscious about it. He leaned in to the touch of Ilya’s hands, his cock bobbing up out of the water.

“Touch me,” Shane murmured arching his hips slightly, creating a bit of a splash. “Please.”

He purred in triumph as he felt the Alpha’s hand wrap around him, Ilya’s hand gliding up and down until there was something extra to add to all the bubbles and creams in the water.

XXX

“I should go,” Ilya said softly once he had Shane dried and dressed in socks and joggers, the Omega laying back against the many pillows on his bed.

“Stay,” Shane responded.

“Is not good idea,” Ilya pointed out.

“Don’t care… stay anyway,” Shane reached his hand for him and Ilya edged closer, so they were touching. “Please,” the Omega added, pressing kisses to the Alpha’s knuckles.

“Hollander,” Ilya made to argue.

“Please,” Shane repeated, blinking his big brown eyes up at him.

“Just for little while,” Ilya bargained. “Until you fall asleep. Then I must go.”

Shane tugged on Ilya’s hand and the Alpha slipped into the bed behind him.

“Mm, feels nice,” Shane smiled snuggling against the larger man.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you like it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 10: TEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Hope you like the next part...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TEN

Even though Ilya had said he would only stay until Shane fell asleep, the Omega hadn't been prepared to wake up alone. The bed felt too big and too empty. He felt cold. Getting out of the bed, he moved towards the bathroom, just to check the Alpha wasn't in there. Then he made his way downstairs, hoping that maybe Ilya was in the kitchen making him breakfast. But the Omega was alone in the house.

He grabbed a can of ginger-ale out of the fridge, working up the courage to call the other man and planning out what he would say. He even got a pen and notepad and wrote himself a little script to refer to in case he got flustered and forgot his words. Feeling partially anxious and partly giddy, Shane called Ilya's number, eager just to hear the Alpha's voice and that Russian accent.

His hands were shaking with nerves, so he set the phone on the kitchen island, putting it on speakerphone. The call didn't connect, and Shane frowned, confused. He tried to call a second time. Then a third. A fourth, a fifth. Each failed attempt was excruciating. Far more distressing than skating across the ice, aiming for the net and being unsuccessful. Of course, when the Canadian played hockey, his tries for a goal rarely resulted in failure.

Twelve calls later, Shane could no longer deny the painful truth. Ilya Rozanov had blocked his number. The Alpha hadn't missed the call. He wasn't ignoring the phone or too busy to pick up. He had just simply blocked Shane's number. The realisation struck Shane harder than any hockey opponent bashing him against the barriers. Not only had Ilya left Shane at some point between dusk and dawn, but the man clearly had no intention of ever coming back.

Shane stood alone in the cold hush of his kitchen, staring at his phone as though it might magically reunite him with the Alpha somehow. Of course, his phone just lay there on the unit, doing nothing but make Shane feel worse. Grabbing his phone, Shane abandoned his can of ginger-ale, climbing back up the stairs to his bedroom.

His bed was still unmade, a trace of the Alpha's scent still alive on the sheets. His eyes stung, and his throat burned, making it difficult to swallow. His chest tightened, making breathing feel like a laboured chore that was sure to break his ribs. Dropping down onto the bed, he clutched his phone tight in his hand, feeling angry, hurt and humiliated. He knew things with Ilya were confusing, that they had more than likely broken the standard rules between a prostitute and his client. But did Shane even count as a client when Ilya refused to ever take any money? It really hadn't occurred to Shane that Ilya would just leave him in such a way. He knew they weren't really together, that their relationship had only ever been 'pretend'. But the attraction they shared was real, and he believed the growing feelings were too. Now Shane was left alone and miserable with his feelings, and Ilya was gone.

XXX

Jogging, yoga and a session at the local gym didn't lift Shane's spirits or make the emotional ache go away. But it served to make him feel more in control and made him more determined. If he couldn't call Ilya, he would just have to show up at the man's house like a stalking scorned lover.

Parking his car, Shane gripped his hands on the steering wheel, mentally psyching himself up for the confrontation. Stepping out, he tucked his thumbs between his fingers and specifically avoided stepping on the cracks in the pavement as he approached the front door, rapping his knuckles three times against the wood.

'One Montreal Metro… Two Montreal Metros… Three Montreal Metros…' he counted silently in his head to keep himself calm as he waited for Ilya to open the door.

At 'Seven Montreal Metros', Ilya opened the door face turning from polite confusion to impassive when he saw it was Shane. Pulling his eyes away from the Omega, the shirtless Alpha swallowed thickly.

"You should not be here," Ilya stated.

"Can I come in?" Shane asked, voice coming out more steady and confident then he felt.

With a heavy sigh, Ilya gave a quick jerk of his head. Shane shut the door behind him and followed the man through to the living-room, trying to ignore the spot where he had dropped to his knees and sucked the man's cock before taking him to Hayden and Jackie's BBQ. The Alpha was perched on the edge of the sofa, legs spread, arms resting on his thighs, his hands clasped together as he looked down at the floor.

"How much do I owe you?" Shane asked taking out his wallet.

"Put that away. I am not taking your money," Ilya answered.

"When can I see you again?" Shane wanted to know.

"You can't," Ilya replied. "I am not playing 'boyfriend' anymore. You will have to figure out what to tell people."

“Fine,” Shane huffed. “I want to hire you for tonight. Not as my boyfriend. I just want to hire you to come to my house and fuck me so hard I can barely skate tomorrow. I’ll pay you anything you want.”

“No deal,” Ilya answered coldly. “I am busy tonight. Important client.”

“Then I want to hire you to fuck me right here, right now,” Shane demanded sitting down beside the Alpha on the couch. His words had been delivered in a determined tone, but his confidence faded fast when Ilya glared at him.

“You need to stay away from me, Hollander. I am not good for you,” Ilya said.

“You don’t get to decide that for me,” Shane argued, voice shaking just a little. “And you don’t get to leave in the middle of the night, block my number, and then sit there telling me that you’re not good for me like I’m some kind of problem you can solve by pulling an asshole disappearing act.”

“Hollander,” Ilya sighed, dragging his hands through his curls, his jaw clenching slightly.

“No,” Shane interrupted. “You don’t get to break up with me that easily. Saying you’re no good for me, like that makes you some kind of noble anti-hero. If you don’t want me, then be a man and say it properly, to my face. Don’t hide behind some lame excuse about how it’s for my own good.”

The Alpha looked exhausted, like he hadn’t slept at all, and as if he’d already had this heated debate with himself a hundred times and lost every damn one of them.

“Is not about not wanting you,” Ilya offered, voice sad and quiet, still not looking at the Canadian with the beautiful freckles.

“Oh really?” Shane laughed bitterly. “Will you fucking look at me please?”

Slowly, Ilya settled his gaze on him.

“If this thing… if I meant anything to you, anything at all,” Shane said, speaking soft and calm but still sounding emotionally wrecked. “Then how could you try and end it like that? What was the plan here, Rozanov? Just hope I’d be too heartbroken and too humiliated to ever want to be near you again?”

Ilya parted his lips as if to speak before closing his mouth again. His throat moved, like the words were trapped there, struggling to fight their way out.

“Well?” Shane prompted.

“I was trying to stop it before it got worse,” Ilya defended.

“What do you mean worse?” Shane asked.

“Too messy,” Ilya sighed. “You make things complicated, Hollander. I am prostitute. You are Mr. Big Star Hockey Player. Those two things do not go together. Your parents, your friends,

your fans… they would not be so excited about our fake relationship if they knew truth about me. Your friend Hayden is proof enough."

"Did Hayden say something to you?" Shane replied. "Is that what this is about?"

"Your pet guard dog said nothing," Ilya dismissed. "Pike giving me dirty judgemental looks I can handle. It's the adoring looks from those who don't know that is difficult. They look so happy for you, for us. It makes me feel wrong, guilty."

"So you decided to leave me like that," Shane frowned.

"The relationship wasn't real, Hollander," Ilya reminded him.

"Maybe not," Shane acknowledged. "But you leaving and blocking my number was real, you asshole."

"Was not easy for me to do," Ilya claimed. "But is for the best. I am no good for you, Omega. Man like me… I just hurt and ruin everything I touch."

"That's just an excuse," Shane accused. "That's something you can say to try and make yourself feel better. Like you're making some big meaningful sacrifice instead of acting out of fear."

"You should go," Ilya said very quietly.

"Why? Did I say something way too honest for the scared little Alpha?" Shane goaded.

"Please… go," Ilya's expression was tight, his entire body tense. Shane could see how desperately the man was holding himself together, how much effort and restraint it was seemingly costing him to just sit there and not truly react with whatever emotions he was fighting.

"You're gonna have to make me," Shane said defiantly.

"Damn it, Hollander," Ilya groaned. "I am trying," his voice was low and uneven, "to do one thing right for once in my life."

"One thing right?" Shane repeated, his eyes filled with tears, but he refused to look away from the Alpha. "What's that exactly? Destroying me? Humiliating me? Making me feel something for you and then ripping my heart out just for fun?"

"I take no pleasure in hurting you, Omega," Ilya replied. "Hurting you is last thing I want."

"Then stop acting like I don't matter enough to fight for," Shane told him.

"You matter too much, that is problem," Ilya closed his eyes and dropped his head into his hands as he realised what he had admitted.

Shane froze, the words hanging between them. Hope began to flicker within him. There was still something to fight for. And Shane was prepared to fight tooth and nail.

“You matter too much,” Ilya said sadly, pain etched onto his handsome face. “And I know what happens to people who get too close. I know what I am, what I do, and how this thing ends. I am not letting it happen to you. I will not have you suffer like that.”

Shane shook his head. His eyes were near overflowing with tears, frustration being the only thing holding them back.

“You don’t get to protect me by hurting me first, Ilya,” Shane chided.

“I know is not fair,” Ilya sighed.

“Then stop,” Shane glared.

“I can’t,” Ilya exhaled.

The answer sounded so small and fragile that Shane fell silent, a few tears finally spilling down his cheeks, mirroring the ones falling down Ilya’s face.

“If I give in to what I want,” Ilya looked wrecked as he furiously wiped his eyes on the back of his hand. “If I had stayed with you until morning… If I let myself have this, have you, then I won’t be able to stop. And when it goes bad, it won’t just hurt a little. It’ll hurt a lot. It’ll ruin us both.”

“You don’t know that,” Shane reasoned.

“I do,” Ilya insisted, speaking with the conviction of somebody who had experienced far too much trauma.

“Ilya,” Shane pleaded.

“We cannot be anything,” Ilya said. It wasn’t just pain in his voice now. But fear and desperation too, so naked and raw. “You think I left and blocked number because I do not care? I left because I couldn’t breathe with how much I care. Every second I am around you, I just want more. And I do not trust what happens when wanting gets that deep.”

Sniffing slightly, Shane brushed away his own tears, stunned by the honesty of the Alpha’s words.

“So what? That’s it?” Shane asked reproachfully. “You care about me, so you leave? You feel too much, so you block my number? And what? I’m supposed to just accept that and stay away?”

Ilya didn’t answer and Shane found the silence excruciating. He stared at the Alpha for several long seconds before standing up and beginning to pace.

“Hollander,” Ilya said tentatively as he watched the Omega stomp back and forth.

“I came here because I thought maybe… maybe if I saw your face, if I heard you say something real, maybe I could understand it,” Shane shrugged, pausing in his pacing. “And if

I could understand it better, then maybe it would be easier to tell you why you're being such an idiot. We could really be something."

"No, we can't," Ilya said, his voice notably cracking. "I am prostitute."

"Yes, you're a prostitute," Shane acknowledged. "But only if you want to be," he pointed out. "We can't control that you're an Alpha and I'm an Omega, or that you're Russian and I'm Asian-Canadian. That's just who we are, no matter what. But you have a choice about whether you're a prostitute or not. So if that's your justification to not let us be together it's pretty fucking weak, Rozanov."

For a moment, Ilya looked like he was about to reach out for him. But he didn't. Shane nodded once, his insides hurting more than he could possibly describe.

"You're a coward," Shane summarised. His words were quiet but spoken with absolute certainty.

"Maybe," Ilya agreed, not protesting.

The Omega wiped at his face with the heel of his hand, angry at the next few tears that spilled, angry at the Alpha, angry at himself for wanting him so much.

"I would have stayed," Shane said. "You know that, right? If my parents found out about you… if the whole world found out that I fell in love with a prostitute… I would have chosen you."

Ilya's face crumpled for one fleeting agonising moment before he forced an expression of stoicism.

"And that's exactly why I need to stay away from you," Ilya stated.

There was no acknowledgement or response to Shane's 'I fell in love' comment.

Letting out a shaky breath, the sound seemingly unable to decide whether to emerge as a laugh or a sob, Shane took a step back. Then he turned, slowly heading for the front door. Ilya quietly followed, his eyes dim as he opened the door to dismiss his uninvited guest. Ilya's hand tightened on the doorknob as Shane stepped over the threshold. Neither of them moved, just stood quietly in the doorway. The world around them ceased to exist. The earth reduced to just the space between them, Shane on one side of the door, Ilya on the other.

It felt like a final chance for somebody to do something, say something. All it needed was for one of them to be brave enough to change the ending. But neither Alpha nor Omega did. As Shane finally turned away, he did so slowly, his body fighting him on every step. But he forced himself to walk away.

Ilya didn't chase after him or beg him to come back.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Welcome to the angsty section...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 11: ELEVEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Switching away from Shane's pov a little bit this chapter...

It's more Hayden's perspective here...

Will be from Ilya's side next chapter...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

ELEVEN

As soon as Shane entered the locker room, his teammates eagerly asked after Ilya, wanting to know if he was in the crowd to support him. Shane gave a mumbled lie about Ilya having to work and commented how he needed to focus. It wasn't unusual for Shane to be quiet and not want to talk much in the locker room, so nobody suspected anything was wrong. Apart from Hayden. He knew his best friend well and recognised right away that Shane's quietness was very different to his usual introverted behaviour.

"Everything ok, buddy?" Hayden asked as they were getting ready to head out onto the ice.

"Yeah, for sure," Shane responded.

That answer was all the confirmation Hayden needed to know that things were not ok. The only explanation that made sense was that something had happened with Rozanov. Hayden felt a rush of guilt for having encouraged Shane to put himself out there and tell the Alpha how he felt. He had thought he would be relieved for Shane's fake relationship with the prostitute to be over, but the fake smile on Shane's lips gave him no sense of victory.

"Let's go win this thing," Shane said, still putting on a performance of being ok.

"Let's do it," Hayden replied and they bumped their helmets together before heading out onto the ice.

Before the whistle blew, Hayden worried that Shane's head might not be fully in the game. That he'd be too distracted by whatever had gone on with Rozanov. It turned out he had no need to be concerned. Shane sped across the ice, playing better than ever. He was playing

rougher than usual too, spending time in the penalty box as well as scoring the team two goals all in the first period.

Then in the latter half of the game, Shane actually ended up throwing his gloves and fighting a member of the opposing team. Well, it wasn't much of a fight. Luckily, Alpha player Cliff Marleau was too much of a gentleman to hit an Omega. Hayden skated faster than the Ref, pulling Shane off of Marleau with an awkward apology.

"Dude, you need to calm down," Hayden hissed in his ear.

"Fuck off," Shane spat before sulkily making his way back to the penalty box.

By the end of the game (a victory for the Metros), Shane had mellowed. Instead of immediately celebrating the win with his team, Shane skated over to Marleau, offering a handshake and an apology.

"No hard feelings, Hollander," Marleau accepted. "You're cute when you're feisty," he teased.

"Fuck off," Shane grumbled, Marleau chuckling faintly.

Back in the locker room, Hayden waited for everybody else to clear out before asking Shane what had happened with Rozanov.

"He doesn't want to see me anymore," Shane admitted, shrugging casually as though it didn't matter. But the upset was etched quite plainly across his face.

"What the fuck?" Hayden asked angrily.

"It doesn't matter, it's probably better this way," Shane wasn't doing a good job of convincing himself or Hayden.

"No," Hayden frowned. "I don't like the guy, but I saw the way he was making goo-goo eyes at you. First at the Gala and then at my BBQ. No chance those loving looks were fake."

"They weren't," Shane sighed sitting down on the bench and focusing on putting his sneakers on. "He has feelings for me. But he doesn't want us to be together."

"That makes no sense," Hayden scoffed.

"He thinks he's protecting me," Shane said.

"I'm gonna kill him," Hayden claimed.

"No you're not," Shane replied calmly.

"Fine… but I will punch him in the face, really fucking hard," Hayden stated.

"No you won't," Shane responded.

“Ok… but I’m gonna fucking yell at him,” Hayden insisted.

“You do that, Hayd,” Shane sighed.

XXX

It didn’t take much to get Shane to reveal Rozanov’s address. In fact, Hayden thought Shane gave in a little too easily and was worried he was going to show up angry at the house of a complete stranger. But sure enough it was Ilya Rozanov standing on the other side of the door. He assumed his best friend must be so upset about everything that he really did want him to go and yell at Rozanov.

“Ah… Hollander has sent his pet guard dog,” Ilya said dryly. “Or is wife not satisfying you lately? You want to try my Alpha cock?”

“You’re a fucking asshole,” Hayden seethed. “I’d totally be hitting you right now if I wasn’t too scared to fight you.”

“Aww, big strong hockey player is too scared to fight me,” Ilya taunted.

“And you’re too scared to be in a real relationship with Shane,” Hayden shot back.

“I do not deserve Shane Hollander,” Ilya said quietly.

“Agreed,” Hayden sneered. “But that doesn’t stop him from wanting you. Can I come in?” he asked, barging his way through before the other man could decline.

“To be clear… we are not having sex,” Ilya stated. “Not enough money in the world to make me get hard for you, Pike.”

“Hey, I could totally get you hard, I’m a very attractive man,” Hayden defended. “And shut up,” he grumbled as he realised what he was saying and how ridiculous it sounded. “How could you end it like that? Leaving Shane in the middle of the night, blocking his number. That’s just cruel.”

“Did not do it to be cruel,” Ilya dropped down heavily onto the sofa, legs outstretched and fiddling with his fingers.

“Shane’s really hurting,” Hayden said. “He’s trying to hide it, but he’s a fucking mess. He trusted you, Rozanov. He let you get a part of him nobody else is ever going to get. I’ve known Shane a long time and he has never been interested in an Alpha before. Sure, I wish he wasn’t suddenly pining over a fucking prostitute but that’s just the way it is. He wants you, he needs you.”

“He deserves better than me, Pike, you know this,” Ilya sighed. “I have been selfish and let myself enjoy him too much. I should never have let myself touch him at all.”

“But you fucking did,” Hayden pointed out. “And now you’re trying to throw him away like he’s yesterday’s trash.”

“He is not trash,” Ilya said.

“Damn right he’s not, but that’s how you’re treating him,” Hayden huffed. “Be honest with me. Do you care about him?”

“Of course,” Ilya answered.

“And you never charged him for the sex,” Hayden pointed out.

“Did not seem right to take payment,” Ilya replied. “Not for Omega’s first time.”

“But you fucked him more than once,” Hayden stated bluntly. “What’s your excuse for not charging the other times?”

“Is not your business,” Ilya scoffed.

“Shane’s my best friend, I’m making it my business,” Hayden claimed.

“You stupid hockey-players,” Ilya grumbled. “Always so dramatic and sensitive. Is embarrassing. All over something not even real.”

“Fuck you, it was real,” Hayden snapped and Ilya turned to fix a glare at him. “I have a wife two daughters and a baby who shits like a full-grown hockey goalie, Rozanov, your angry face isn’t enough to scare me. And I know this thing was supposed to be pretend. Apart from you and Shane I’m the only who knows the truth, so like it or not I’m just as much as involved in this mess as you two are.”

“I charge extra for threesomes,” Ilya quipped.

“You and Shane may have started as an act,” Hayden continued as though the other man hadn’t spoken. “But it stopped being fake. I think it stopped being fake the second you started dancing with him at the Gala.”

“No, was before that,” Ilya confessed. “Second he opened his front door. I wanted him the moment I saw him… Freckles are to blame.”

“Well it didn’t take long for Shane to fall for you too,” Hayden pointed out. “And he never falls for anybody. This is such a big deal for him. He’s fucking in love with you already.”

“Is why I ended it,” Ilya said.

“Do you even hear yourself?” Hayden gaped at the other Alpha in disbelief. “Oh no, the Omega with the pretty freckles is in love with me, I must run away, wa-wa,” he did a terribly bad impression of Ilya’s Russian accent.

“Hollander deserves better than me, better than prostitute who could ruin big hockey career,” Ilya excused.

“He’s too good at hockey for a prostitute to ruin his career,” Hayden objected. “His reputation would take a hit, he might lose some brand deals, but he’d still be the best player

out on the ice. And for fuck sake, man, just give up the whole prostitute thing. Because I'm not letting you be with Shane for real if you're still fucking people for money. Get yourself a real job."

"You think is that simple, that easy?" Ilya asked. "I have tried to get out of prostitution before. Do you know what jobs are willing to hire prostitutes? Sleazy strip clubs and dodgy porn directors. That is all."

"And prostitution is better than stripping or porn?" Hayden judged.

"Better for me," Ilya said. "I make rules and can keep myself safe."

"You can't be a prostitute forever," Hayden pointed out.

"Well maybe I will die young and pretty," Ilya remarked.

"Dude," Hayden shook his head, not feeling comfortable with the dark turn of the conversation. "How the hell did you wind up as a prostitute in the first place?"

Ilya glared mutinously, his expression clearly warning Hayden to back off.

"Nevermind, not my business," Hayden said hastily. "But, um, you're good with kids, right? I mean, my girls loved you. They haven't stopped talking about Princess Ilya."

"I cannot get job working with kids," Ilya looked at Hayden like he was an absolute moron. "Those jobs do thorough background checks. Would never hire prostitute. Parents would be outraged for prostitute to be near their precious children."

"I'd hire you," Hayden said, sounding like he might throw up. "Jackie could use some help around the house and with the kids. I'm not always there to do my part. I have to travel a lot for hockey so…"

"You would hire me to help wife with kids?" Ilya asked disbelievingly.

"We've been talking about hiring a nanny, why shouldn't it be you?" Hayden asked. "If you're Shane's Alpha then you're practically family."

"But I am not Shane's Alpha," Ilya pointed out. "And your wife would not love me so much if she knew truth about me."

"You don't know Jackie like I do, her open-mindedness would surprise you," Hayden replied. Though of course he had no idea how his wife would react to such a thing. But Jackie was smart and always tried to see the good in people. She'd definitely be more open to giving Rozanov a chance than Hayden. And if Hayden was willing to do it for Shane then Jackie definitely would, she loved Shane just as much as Hayden did. "Just… think about it. We'd pay you to help out with the kids. I make good money, I can pay you well. An honest living. And you and Shane… you can work things out."

"And what? If Shane decides to leave me I am no longer welcome in your home or near your children, I have to go back to selling my body. May as well just stick to being prostitute," Ilya

said sourly.

“Ok… maybe being nanny to my kids isn’t the best idea,” Hayden acknowledged. “You need a stable job that gives you independence. Not relying on people Shane knows and worrying what happens to you if the relationship doesn’t work out. But we can figure some kind of job out. Fuck, just lie at interviews. Say you’ve been working as my nanny for years, I’ll give you a glowing reference to help you get a real job if you’ll just do something to get that heartbroken look off my best-friend’s face.”

“Shane is good man, sweet Omega,” Ilya said. “Should not be tangled with an Alpha like me.”

“Ok… ok…” Hayden tried to figure out what to say. “I’m just a hockey player. I’m not a therapist. I can’t help with your self-esteem issues and all your inner demons and why you think you don’t deserve to be with Shane. Fuck… I should have just sent the girls to talk to you. They’d simplify the whole thing with child logic. You like Shane, Shane likes you, so you should hug and kiss. Boom, happily ever after.”

“There is no happy ever after for me,” Ilya said gravely.

“Dude, you are depressing as shit,” Hayden groaned. “Will you at least consider giving things with Shane a fighting chance? And making a real effort to get a proper job?”

Ilya turned away, dragging a hand over the back of his neck before lighting up a cigarette and taking a drag, Hayden cringing as the smoke billowed out of the other Alpha’s mouth.

“Staying away from Shane is what I have to do,” Ilya claimed. “Is what is best for him.”

“Bullshit, it’s just what’s easiest for you,” Hayden criticised.

“Believe me… is not easy,” Ilya’s voice cracked on the last word.

“You’re not protecting Shane the way you think you are,” Hayden told him. “You’re just ruining him in a different way than damaging his reputation or threatening his hockey career. And damn it, you’re destroying yourself here too.”

“I am fine,” Ilya insisted.

“You look like you haven’t slept in days,” Hayden pointed out. “And the place is a mess,” he gestured around the house. Truthfully, it wasn’t that messy. The floors weren’t covered with toys, dropped snacks and there was no spilled juice staining the rug like in the Pike household. But the signs that Ilya was just holed up feeling sorry for himself and missing Shane were all around. “You miss him.”

Ilya said nothing. He just stared off to the side, taking another drag of his cigarette.

“Tell me I’m wrong,” Hayden invited. “Tell me you don’t care about Shane, that you don’t want to see him ever again… Say it and I’ll leave and I’ll make sure you’re never face-to-face with one another again.”

The silence stretched between them, Hayden patiently waiting. Ilya stubbed out his cigarette, eyes on the floor, then the wall, before finally facing Hayden. He didn't say that he didn't care about Shane. It seemed he was incapable of uttering the lie.

"See, you can't even say it," Hayden said. "You want him."

"Doesn't mean I should have him," Ilya replied.

"Doesn't mean you shouldn't," Hayden shrugged. "And why should you be the one who gets to decide what's best for Shane. He's not some fragile helpless little Omega who can't handle a real relationship. Is he hurting right now, yes. But so are you. And is Shane stubborn, definitely. Too forgiving, probably. But he's a grown adult. Not some little kid you need to keep safe from his own choices."

"Hollander trusts too easily," Ilya claimed.

"So what, now you need to prove that he shouldn't put his trust in people?" Hayden asked. "He trusted you. Maybe more than he ever meant to. Probably more than a person should trust a guy they just met. But he still chose to trust you and let you… touch him," he cringed, not wanting to think about his friend's intimacy with the brooding man beside him. "Whether you think you're good enough for him or not, no matter how scared you are, you can't just rewrite what's already happened because you're terrified of being in love and happy or whatever psychological shit is holding you back."

Ilya kept his gaze averted. His face was stoic, but his eyes were brightly expressive, showing off all the emotions he was trying so desperately not to acknowledge and display. Hayden let the silence hang between them for a while before speaking again.

"You know what really pisses me off, Rozanov?" he asked. "It's not that you're a prostitute… or that you took Shane's virginity… or even that you ended your fake relationship. What makes me so angry is that I know you actually care about him, and Shane knows it too. And you're not doing anything about it."

Ilya's mouth tightened, the man fiddling with his fingers and agitatedly running a hand through his hair.

"If you didn't care, or if you'd treated him badly," Hayden said, "then it would be so much easier for Shane to just hate you and move on. But knowing that you care about him, that you think staying away is protecting him somehow… that just leaves Shane hoping for the fairytale ending. And if he has hope, he can't really move on and get over you… And no offence, but it doesn't really look like you're getting over him either."

"What do you want from me, Pike?" Ilya asked.

"I don't know, man," Hayden sighed. "I just want Shane happy. And as much as I hate to admit it, I think you're the answer."

"I am not," Ilya murmured.

“But you fucking are,” Hayden swore. “And you know it, you must do. Shit, the way he fucking looks at you,” he shook his head in bemusement. “I remember how terrified I was the first time Jackie looked at me like that. But I didn’t push her away and make us both miserable.”

“Well one of you wasn’t prostitute so things were less complicated,” Ilya pointed out.

“Maybe,” Hayden accepted. “But you need to stop hiding behind the prostitute thing. You can get a real job, Rozanov. I think the real issue here is that if you don’t push Shane away, if you let him in, if you let him choose you… then that means you have to stop pretending that you’re impossible to love and accept that somebody wonderful can care about you.”

Ilya stared back at him like he’d been struck across the face. Hayden simply looked back at him, giving the words a moment to truly sink in.

“Just… get your shit together, man,” Hayden advised. “And do it quickly.”

XXX

Hayden left the house, leaving Rozanov to his silence and misery, unsure if he’d gotten through to him or not.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 12: TWELVE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Heading into Ilya's pov now...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TWELVE

For a while after Hayden's departure, Ilya just sat still and silent, doing his best to ignore the sparring thoughts in his mind. After another cigarette, he forced himself to stand and tidy the place up a little. Then he took a shower, determinedly keeping his thoughts off of Shane. Once he was dried and dressed, he checked his requests, booking in some clients for the evening.

Having some time to kill, he flicked on the television, scrolling through stations mindlessly before coming across a Shane Hollander documentary on one of the Sports channels. He sat back and watched, mocking different parts of it and convincing himself that it was boring. Then he was heading out. First to a motel to meet a brand new client, with arrangements to see one of his regulars a little later.

Ilya Rozanov was good at his job. Society at large may look down on his profession, but damn it, he was a master at his craft. He exuded sensuality, making his clients feel wanted and desired. While appearing as the tall, strong and confident Alpha that he was, he also knew how to convey gentleness to ensure his clients felt safe in his presence. He would be attentive and charming, making them feel beautiful and valued as he expertly played the art of seduction. Time together would always be about their pleasure rather than his. He never left a customer unsatisfied, being sure to earn every last dollar they paid him.

Or at least, Ilya had been at the top of his game before he met Shane Hollander. But now he was with a new Omega in a motel room, Ilya just couldn't find it in himself to perform. He'd fled the scene, mortified by his inability to even get hard and cancelled his appointment with one of his regular clients knowing he wouldn't be able to form an erection for her either.

Back in his apartment, he thought about his earlier discussion with Pike. Leaving the prostitute life behind him was far easier said than done. Prostitution was all he knew. Back in Russia, after his mother had taken her own life but before Ilya presented as an Alpha, he had sucked cock for the first time. It had been at his older brother's insistence. He would invite

strange men over and force Ilya onto his knees for them, letting them use his mouth in exchange for a bit of money. His brother had gotten away with it for several months before their father found out. The man had been livid. He'd screamed at Alexei until he was almost purple in the face and punched him, breaking his nose with a sickening crush. Then Ilya had been lashed with the man's belt until he ran out of tears to cry.

There were multiple occasions after that incident when Alexei felt brave enough to make money with Ilya's mouth again, feeling confident their father wouldn't find out. He of course knew that Ilya wouldn't risk telling the man given that he would experience a far harsher punishment than that of his older brother.

Mercifully, after a couple of years, Ilya presented as an Alpha. It wasn't so easy for Alexei to force Ilya to his knees anymore. Then as soon as Ilya was old enough, he left Moscow. He didn't travel too far and Alexei, acting on their father's orders, soon caught up to him with every intention of dragging him back home. But Ilya would not go.

They'd fought, and Ilya had fled, not sure if he'd left his older brother alive or not. He hadn't glanced back at Russia since. He had tried making his way by waiting tables and pumping gas, but the money had never been enough to keep him housed and fed. It was with great sorrow and shame that he resorted to dropping to his knees, earning money with his skilled mouth.

Eventually, he made his way to America, settling down in Boston for a while, enjoying a short stint in Florida, and then making his way up to Canada. By that point, he'd discovered that Omegas craved sex just as much as Alphas did. So he made his money off of them, ensuring he treated them with the respect no Alpha had ever given him when he was just a scared boy forced to his knees.

He was safe with the Omegas, and he truly believed his Omega clients were safer with him than some other Alpha sex-worker.

There had been times when he'd tried to change his situation and walk away from prostitution, but he'd never been successful.

Of course, he'd never tried to change his situation for another person before. Maybe making a change for Shane could provide a different outcome. Hell, he certainly needed something to change since it seemed he was suddenly incapable of performing the basic duties required of a prostitute.

"Fuck," he swore, looking around his apartment as though the answer to all his problems would magically emerge.

But even if he could somehow miraculously find a respectable kind of job willing to hire him, that didn't mean things would work between him and Shane, or that there wouldn't be a media circus for Shane and the Metros to contend with if the truth about his past ever got leaked.

While the arrangement he had with the hockey player hadn't been a 'real relationship', the growing feelings had been scarily sincere. Their romance was only ever supposed to be

pretend, with Shane mentioning more than once about their need to break-up. So Ilya had taken the necessary steps to end things, for very sensible reasons. Mature reasons. Sophisticated reasons. Reasons that had nothing to do with him being terrified thank you very much. It was not his fault that his reasoning sounded suspiciously like cowardice to Shane, Pike and even himself regardless as to whether he said them in Russian or English.

What other option had there been for their situation? Wait for somebody to find out Ilya was a prostitute and use that information to humiliate Shane, to blackmail him, to try and damage his reputation and career? Or was Ilya supposed to allow Shane to become a regular client and pretend not to know how much the Omega was devastated anytime he left to meet with another customer? Was he supposed to give up prostitution overnight and just be a kept Alpha, sitting around Shane's house and waiting for Mr. Star Hockey Player to come home and present that beautiful slick hole to him?

How? How could Ilya possibly stay in Shane's life, in his home? To let their emotions intensify, for Shane to keep looking at him with that wide-eyed trusting gaze, as if Ilya was an Alpha worthy of being chosen.

No. It was better to end things before there was too much news coverage on their 'relationship'. Before Shane had a heat and begged Ilya to take care of him through it (because there was certainly no way Ilya would be able to resist a heat-hazed Shane Hollander). It was better for Ilya to leave before Shane's parents viewed him as a son-in-law. Before Pike's wife asked for his number so she could add him to the WAGs group chat. Better to leave before Pike's adorable kids called him 'Uncle Ilya'.

Everything would have been so much easier if Shane wasn't so achingly beautiful and endearing. If he didn't make Ilya's heart race. If Shane had been ugly, or shallow, or rude, or if the sweet Canadian genuinely was boring as Ilya had teased, then it would have been easy for Ilya to remain professional and not completely violate the boundaries of their arrangement by viewing Shane as more than just a client. He'd never even accepted payment from the Omega, so technically Shane had never paid for a prostitute at all and didn't really qualify as a 'customer' or 'business partner'.

Now wasn't that a scary thought that made their fake relationship feel even more earnestly genuine.

It was all supposed to be pretend. A smile here. A hand on the lower back there. A kiss. A dance. Just a performance, nothing more. But the pretence had been ruined in so many ways, in quiet moments when nobody was even watching them. The way everybody on that dance floor disappeared when Shane's hand was in his. All those kisses in the limo that had been for them only. Shane trusting him with his virginity. The way he arched up into him, moaning for Ilya, begging for his knot. It was made real when Shane shifted closer to him in the bed, dazed and half-asleep, as though his body had already decided Ilya belonged there with him.

But Ilya had agreed to the job without understanding that he was needed to pose as a boyfriend for the night. And Shane had hired Ilya not realising he was actually a prostitute. Somehow, through that comedic mix-up, they had found themselves growing emotionally invested in one another far too much and far too quickly.

Ilya knew all too well how to enter a room and command attention. He knew how to sweep his eyes up and down a person and make them feel naked in the sexiest kind of way. He knew how to be desired and wanted for an evening, and how to make a bed partner feel desired and wanted. But Ilya wasn't sure how to love somebody, or how to allow himself to be loved.

So what was he to do now? Stay away from Shane, ensure they both remained miserable? And what would Ilya do now that he seemed unable to get hard for any other Omega? Would he have to resort to performance enhancements? Or just wait until he ran out of money and ended up out on the street, starving to death in the cold, only able to see Shane's face on a television screen through a blurry pub window?

Perhaps the kindest and smartest thing Ilya could do was stay away from Shane. It may hurt the Omega in the short-term, but eventually he would move on, and Ilya would just remain a silly impulsive decision Shane had once made in an otherwise sensibly organised life. He could find a better Alpha. One without a closet full of skeletons.

Ilya's heart ached, an excruciating pain swarming his chest just thinking of it. Shane eventually smiling at someone else the way he had smiled at Ilya. Those moans created in the bedroom belonging to another man. Pike's girls placing a tiara on somebody else's head. Shane winning the cup and pointing to a man in the audience that wasn't Ilya and declaring 'that's my Alpha' before creating a spectacle by kissing him on the ice. Shane's finger adorned with an engagement ring that Ilya didn't so painstakingly decide upon. Shane walking down the aisle, saying 'I do' to another man. His belly growing round and full of pups that wouldn't have Ilya's curls. His parents and teammates not even remembering the name Ilya Rozanov. He would just be a silly mistake Shane had once made, a lesson the Omega had learned and outgrown.

Damn it, both Pike and Shane had been right to call him out on his cowardice. His insistence that he was leaving for Shane's own good was no sacrifice. It was fear. Fear wearing a mask and cape and pretending to be noble. Flicking the ash of a cigarette, Ilya worried that perhaps he was too late already. Maybe the Omega with the pretty freckles had already come to his senses and decided Ilya had no right to touch him.

But if there was even the smallest chance that Shane still wanted something real between them, even if that something was disastrous, messy and terrifying, if Shane was prepared to risk it all then surely Ilya should too. For once he should be brave enough, and kind enough to himself, to at least try to have what he really wanted. And what he wanted more than anything was Shane Hollander. Shane Hollander stealing his covers in the bed. Half-awake in the kitchen eating tuna-melts and drinking ginger-ale. Shane telling him to 'fuck off' in the politest tone, calling him an 'asshole' with the utmost affection, folding his clothes before sex. He wanted it all, and there was still a chance that he could have it.

Too bad he was still a coward.

XXX

Misery and loneliness were companions Ilya knew much too intimately. Over the years, he'd learned to repurpose those emotions and play them off as mysteriousness and a charismatic confident charm. Leaving his home country behind did not matter to him. Having no contact

with his horrible family was a blessing. Not opening up to people and ever making true friends and connections made Ilya believe he was stronger somehow. A person could not hurt him if he did not let them in. And laying down with different Omegas in exchange for money had always been fulfilling enough for him. He was pleased to please them and did not yearn for anything more, for anything real. He was content to be the dirty desire, the itch that needed to be scratched, the forbidden fantasy.

Then he had set eyes on Shane Hollander and been ruined completely. Of course, he'd seen the man on television before, and he'd noticed the Omega was good-looking. But a television screen hardly did the man justice. Up close, in the flesh, those freckles were fatal and Ilya had been doomed immediately. It was impossible for him to ignore how desperately sad and lonely he was now that he'd stepped away from Shane.

Sitting alone in his apartment with nothing to distract him from his thoughts, all Ilya could do was wait for the tears on his face to dry. The word 'depression' flitted through his mind. He clutched at his necklace, thinking of his poor sweet mama, wondering if her heart had ached as his did now.

Lighting up another cigarette, he simply held it between his fingers, watching it burn rather than taking a drag. Then he let the ash fall into his other hand, mildly burning his palm. He appreciated the respite of a different more physical kind of pain, however brief.

Three precise knocks sounded at his front door, the sudden unexpected noise tearing through the quiet of the apartment like a gunshot. Ilya froze, as if keeping still enough would encourage the person to just go away. But the knock came again, just as determined as the first set. One knock, two knock, three. Instinctively, Ilya just knew it was a certain hockey player on the other side of his door.

Stubbing his cigarette out in the ashtray, Ilya wiped at his eyes, hoping he didn't look too teary. Standing up, he grimaced glancing down himself and the stains on his t-shirt. He took it off and tossed it out of sight, his joggers riding low on his hips. Walking towards the door, he imagined himself opening up, telling Shane that he was sorry and hearing the Omega assure him all was forgiven. He envisioned Shane standing tall and confident, telling him 'You can't get rid of me that easily, Rozanov' before jumping into his arms, legs locking around his waist. He fantasized about Shane strumming a guitar and singing a love song. He worried the Canadian hockey star might punch him in the face and tell him that he regretted everything. Or perhaps he'd be standing there, hand-in-hand with some other Alpha, rubbing it in Ilya's face that he'd already moved on.

Taking a breath, Ilya opened the door to reveal Shane. None of the suggestions his mind had conjured came to be. Instead, they stood silently staring at each other for a while, both looking a little worse for wear. Shane's shoulders were drawn in tight, his arms crossed, cradling himself. His hair was a little mussed from the breeze and he looked a little clammy.

Ilya's hand tightened on the edge of the door, wondering if it was a mistake to have opened it in the first place, but knowing he didn't have it in him to just shut it on the Omega's face.

"I didn't know where else to go," Shane said. The words were spoken quietly, but they still rang loud and shrill in Ilya's mind.

“Hollander…” Ilya began.

“Don’t,” Shane interrupted, swallowing hard, and Ilya shut his mouth. “Don’t tell me I shouldn’t be here,” the hockey player continued. “Don’t tell me what we had wasn’t real. Don’t tell me this isn’t killing you too.”

“You shouldn’t be out,” Ilya commented as he surveyed the Omega. “Your heat, it is close, yes?”

“I’m fine,” Shane insisted, more sweat beading on his forehead, eyes glazing over slightly as his body trembled, his scent stronger than usual.

“In,” Ilya commanded, stepping aside so Shane could enter. “Did you drive?”

“No, I walked,” Shane answered, arms still cradled around himself, grimacing as he was presumably hit with a heat cramp.

“So dangerous, Hollander,” Ilya chided. “If you had crossed paths with wrong Alpha.”

“I didn’t, I’m fine,” Shane wiped some sweat off his brow.

“Where’s your phone?” the Alpha asked holding out his hand. “Give. I will call your mother.”

“Left it at home,” Shane replied.

“Damn it, Hollander,” Ilya groaned. “What am I supposed to do with you?”

“…I think you know,” Shane murmured. He was stood awkwardly in the middle of the living-room, shifting from foot-to-foot, his breathing just a fraction faster than normal, eyes fixed somewhere over Ilya’s shoulder. Licking his lips, he craned his neck to the side, lifting his hand and rubbing against the column of his throat. The action made his scent permeate the air, Ilya able to taste it on his tongue from across the room.

“You are asking for trouble, Hollander,” Ilya warned.

“Maybe I want trouble,” Shane replied. He dragged a hand through his hair before reaching for the hem of his hoodie, slowly lifting the garment up over his head.

“Hollander,” Ilya said sternly.

“I hate that I came here,” Shane told him, peeling off his sweat-soaked t-shirt, his nipples pebbling up as they were revealed to the room. “After the way you tried to end things… coming back… looking you in the eye… it’s humiliating,” he claimed folding his shirt and placing it neatly atop his folded hoodie. “But I can’t stay away. Fuck, Ilya, I don’t want to stay away.”

“But you should,” Ilya responded, the words causing the Omega to whine in distress. The Alph mentally scolded himself. It wasn’t a good idea to say such things when Shane was so close to heat. The poor Omega’s emotions were surely a mess right now.

“It’s driving me crazy not seeing you,” Shane said. “I never cared about finding an Alpha before. I was fine being on my own. But now… I’m so lonely without you. I’ve been fucking miserable.”

Ilya’s throat tightened, a thick lodge forming in his throat that made it near impossible to swallow.

“Don’t just stand there,” Shane said irritably. “Say something.”

“I…” Ilya hesitated. He cast his eyes over Shane, seeing the sweat glisten all over his stomach, chest, arms and shoulders. Even if he tried to call someone to come and collect Shane, the Omega would definitely be in heat before anyone arrived. “I have been miserable too,” he admitted, words barely more than a hushed whisper.

“Good,” Shane responded. “You should be miserable without me. Asshole,” he said the word with such affection that Ilya couldn’t help but feel a warmth spread through his chest. “I want you to help me through my heat. I know I can’t get through it alone. Not anymore. Not now I know what it’s like to be with an Alpha.”

“There are plenty of Alphas who could help you with heat,” Ilya pointed out.

“No, it has to be you,” Shane told him determinedly. “There isn’t anyone else I trust, not like that.”

“The heat will be in full effect soon,” Ilya speculated. “For your own safety I cannot let you leave. You must stay… But maybe I should go?” he suggested.

“Don’t,” Shane glared at him, hands balling into fists. “Just… just don’t.”

Quietly, Ilya moved to the kitchen to fill a glass with water. He brought it to Shane, their fingers brushing and sparks igniting over the touch as the glass exchanged hands.

“I will stay,” Ilya agreed. “And I will take care of you. Will bring you water, snacks, help you shower, change sheets.”

“That’s not enough,” Shane took a shaky gulp of water before setting the glass down and placing the palms of his hands against Ilya’s chest. “You know what I need,” he dragged his hands up to Ilya’s shoulders and pressed their bodies flush together, making direct eye-contact. “Don’t you?”

“I know,” Ilya confirmed, very aware of the warmth radiating from Shane’s skin. “But is bad idea, Hollander.”

“I don’t care,” there was a hint of a growl to Shane’s tone. “You don’t get to make me fall in love with you and then act surprised and scared that I want to keep you in my life.”

“You don’t love me, you’re just confused,” Ilya told him.

“I’m not,” Shane responded. “I fucking love you, you asshole. And I know you care about me too so stop trying to push me away. Please can you just… can you just be kissing me now?”

he begged desperately, forehead pressing into the side of Ilya's neck. He whined again, another wave of his heat-heightened Omega scent perfuming the air, breaking Ilya's resolve.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned grabbing Shane's face and slotting their mouths together, kissing him hungrily. He picked the Omega up, carrying him to the bedroom and placing him carefully on the bed. He kissed his way down Shane's chest and stomach, thumbs hooking into the waistband of his joggers and yanking them down his strong thighs. "Look at you," he sighed reverently as he peeled off Shane's soaked boxers. "Absolutely dripping," he dragged a finger teasingly through Shane's slick ass-crack. "I will take care of you. Pleasure you through heat. Give you my knot. This is what you want, yes?"

"I want," Shane nodded eagerly.

"Is just to help through heat," Ilya emphasized. "This does not mean anything more than that."

"Just shut up and fuck me," Shane whined impatiently.

"I need you to understand, Hollander," Ilya gripped Shane's jaw to make sure the hockey player was looking at him and properly listening. "We are not anything. Is just for heat."

"Yeah, for sure," Shane answered distractedly.

XXX

For the next four days, Ilya rimmed Shane's asshole, sucked his cock, jerked his cock, gave him his knot and kissed him senseless. He knew the hockey player was athletic and had impressive stamina, but during the heat he was discovering how flexible Shane was thanks to all the Yoga.

"Give me another fucking knot, Rozanov," Shane commanded.

Ilya claimed his mouth in a searing kiss, slotting his dick back into Shane's sloppy hole.

"Oh, fuck, Hollander," Ilya grunted as the Omega raked his nails down his back.

Groping at Shane's pecs, Ilya pounded into him harder, the volume of Shane's desperate moans increasing. It was like music to his ears, and the Alpha wanted to play it on repeat forever. He kissed and licked at Shane's neck, eagerly thrusting into him as the Omega tugged at his curls, pulling him back for a demanding kiss.

"Alpha," Shane groaned and Ilya shuddered as he fucked into him, his knot beginning to swell.

"Shane," Ilya whispered.

"Oh, oh, fuck," Shane moaned, throwing his head back, cum spurting out of his cock as Ilya's knot expanded inside his asshole. "Alpha," he whimpered. "Love you."

"Ssh," Ilya soothed. "Rest Omega, heat is very hard on you."

By the time Ilya's knot went down, Shane was passed out. Carefully pulling out of him, Ilya placed a tender kiss to his forehead and moved off the bed. He disposed of the used condom and got a damp flannel to clean Shane up a little. Then he cleaned himself and gave a quick tidy of the bedroom before getting a fresh bottle of water and preparing some snacks for when Shane woke up again. He suspected the heat was nearly over.

XXX

Shane's heat was definitely over. But the Omega was pretending to still be hazy. Having assisted many Omegas through their heats through his prostitution work, Ilya was very familiar with all the signs and knew the difference between a genuine heat-haze and a false one. Yet he acted as though he believed Shane's heat was still at play and crawled on top of him again, splashing kisses all over the hockey player's skin as he penetrated him once more. Just one more knot and then he and Shane would go their separate ways, never to see each other again.

"Holy fuck, Rozanov," Shane panted out underneath him.

"Omega," Ilya yearned, trying to savour the moment, cherishing every gasp and whine from Shane's lips, committing the taste of his tongue, the touch of his skin and his sweet Omega scent to memory. Three words slipped out, the Alpha unable to hold them back. But he spoke them in Russian, whispering them repeatedly against the side of Shane's neck. "Fuck, Shane," he keened as his knot swelled, tying them together.

"Ilya," Shane whispered breathily in his ear, fingers tangled in Ilya's hair, his other hand dragging down his back. "Kiss me," Shane requested and Ilya complied, selfishly claiming as many final kisses as possible.

XXX

They showered and Ilya made sure Shane had plenty to eat and drink before he insisted on walking the Omega home. As they arrived at Shane's house, the hockey player invited Ilya inside with a hopeful expression.

"I cannot," Ilya declined and Shane looked a little annoyed but not entirely surprised.

"I have a home-game on Saturday," Shane informed him. "You could come," he offered tentatively. "The other WAGs would be happy to see you. And the guy's on the team too."

"Hollander, you know I cannot do that," Ilya sighed.

"Just… think about it," Shane pleaded. "We can't pretend this isn't real forever."

"It is very real," Ilya said quietly. "But we cannot be anything. You know this."

"Think about the game," Shane said. "Please," he added and Ilya found himself nodding. "Goodbye, Ilya," Shane brightened a little, pressing a kiss to the corner of the Alpha's mouth.

"Goodbye, Shane," Ilya responded.

The Omega opened his door and stepped inside slowly, giving the Alpha plenty of time to change his mind and step in alongside him. Ilya certainly fantasized about it. But he forced himself not to move, not until the door closed. Then he turned and walked away, no intention of attending the hockey game. He shouldn’t. He couldn’t.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Would love to know what you think...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 13: THIRTEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Chapter 13...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THIRTEEN

Everything was packed up. Just two suitcases and a large duffle bag. He was really going to leave. Glancing around his empty apartment, there was no indication that Ilya had ever lived there at all. It was sad really. But the place had never truly been a home. Just a safe space to rest his head. Something he had achieved by himself. In that sense, he was proud of it. But he doubted he would particularly miss it.

Of course, he would miss Shane Hollander. So terribly much. But leaving was the best thing for him. His actions were cowardly rather than noble, Ilya knew that. But his departure really would make things so much easier for Shane's hockey career. Looking through his duffle, Ilya double-checked that he had his wallet, passport and plane ticket.

He was heading back to Russia. Not forever. Just a few days while he figured out his next steps. He wouldn't seek out his family or anybody he used to know. Though he would stop to visit his sweet mother's grave. Hopefully talking to her would offer him some inspiration as to where he should venture next. Perhaps Paris, or Rome. Maybe England, or Australia. If he was lucky, maybe he could find his way out of prostitution somehow. Prove to himself that he could be a stand-up member of society. Not a deviant. If he could achieve something semi-respectable, maybe he could eventually return to Canada. Maybe he would truly be worthy of Shane. Some day in the future when Shane retired from hockey and his dating choices wouldn't be at risk of ending up splashed across news outlets and gossip columns.

Though Ilya held little hope for a happy romantic reunion. No doubt the Omega with the beautiful freckles would find himself a new Alpha. One who wasn't just a broken little boy faking confidence to get through a lonely and miserable life. Shane could find the most perfect kind of Alpha to dote on him. The Metros Captain certainly deserved to be happy with a worthy Alpha. Dragging a hand through his curls, Ilya tried not to dwell on the fact that he couldn't be the one to dote upon Shane.

Checking the time, Ilya still had over three hours before his flight and it would take less than forty minutes to get to the airport. However, since he didn't have anybody to say goodbye to

he may as well just call a cab and head to the airport now. Just to make extra sure he wouldn't miss it.

XXX

Twenty-four minutes later, Ilya had left the keys with the neighbour per the agreement with the landlord and was clambering into the back of a cab. At first, the driver attempted to make small-talk, but after two one-word answers, three grunts and a glare he stopped trying. Instead, he turned the radio on. As if to spite him, it was a sports station, giving live coverage of Shane's hockey game.

Staring out the window, Ilya did his best not to listen.

'Oh no!' the commentator gasped. 'Ouch, that was a rough hit. He's not getting back up. Looks like he's really hurt. This is not good for the Metros team.'

Ilya froze, turning to stare at the car stereo, willing the commentator to clarify who had been hurt and how bad it was.

'You hate to see this… the medics look very serious right now… Pike is still on the ice looking very concerned.'

Panic began to erupt inside of Ilya, exploding like a volcano, lava seeping into every part of him. He gripped the cross around his throat, the bars digging into his palm. He silently prayed for it not to be Shane. Please, please. Anyone but Shane.

'Too soon to tell if Hollander's going to be ok,' the commentator said gravelly and Ilya's heart plummeted.

"Turn around!" Ilya snapped at the driver who startled.

"Whoa, calm down, man," the driver said. "This is the quickest way to the airport. We'll get you there in time, don't worry."

"No, you must turn around," Ilya insisted.

"But, Sir, your flight…" the driver hesitated.

"Fuck flight!" Ilya ranted before giving the man Pike's address.

They arrived outside the Pike household. Ilya tossed the driver some money and climbed out with his duffle, grabbing his two suitcases from the boot of the car before dragging them up the driveway and forcing himself to knock calmly on the door rather than kick it open. Shane could be taken to any hospital. He had no way of knowing which one. He didn't have a contact number for Shane's parents (that was something a real boyfriend might have maybe, not a mistakenly hired prostitute). But surely Pike would know which hospital Shane was at. The other Alpha may even be at said hospital watching over the Omega right now. But Hayden Pike would surely keep Jackie Pike updated. She didn't know Ilya was really a prostitute, she had liked him when they met, she'd tell him where he could find Shane. He hoped.

The door opened a fraction, a teary-eyed Jackie dissolving into more tears when she saw him. She was struggling to comfort the baby in her arms, looking close to falling apart. A perfect visual for how Ilya felt himself.

“Is he…?” Ilya asked nervously, worried that Shane had died on the ice. “He’s not… he can’t be… tell me, please,” he begged.

“Ssh, ssh,” Jackie desperately tried to soothe the wailing baby.

“Mummy?” Ruby asked, holding hands with Jade as they appeared behind her in the hallway. “Is Uncle Shane going to be ok?”

“Uncle Shane’s head hurts,” Jade sniffled.

“Girls, go… go upstairs… please,” Jackie begged. “Just go and play.”

“Don’t want to play,” Jade murmured.

“Want to see Uncle Shane,” Ruby’s lower-lip wobbled.

“Girls,” Jackie shook her head, the baby becoming more distressed.

“Here… let me,” Ilya offered holding his hands out.

With a choked sob, Jackie passed baby Arthur over to the Alpha before she collapsed to her knees. The girls moved to wrap their arms around her, Ruby stroking Jackie’s hair.

“It’s ok,” Jade said determinedly, eyes welled with tears but trying to be brave. “Uncle Shane’s big and strong… he’ll be ok?” it came out more as a terrified question than a confident reassurance.

“Everybody go sit,” Ilya directed, baby Arthur cuddling into him, his tears subsided. Ilya set down his duffle bag inside the hallway, then carried his suitcases inside one-by-one before closing the door.

“Good girls, you help mummy,” he approved as Jade and Ruby took Jackie’s hands, leading the way to the living-room. “That’s it, sit nicely,” Ilya encouraged as the girls sat either side of their mother. “Now, I have very important jobs for you. Ruby… give your mother the best cuddles you can give. That’s it, perfect,” he commended. “And Jade, I need you to hold your brother, be very careful. Yes, sweetheart, just like that… I will make drink,” Ilya said. “What do you like? Juice, hot-chocolate, vodka?”

“Ilya, don’t be silly,” Jade chuckled faintly. “We’re too young for vodka.”

“Ah, yes, then we better save vodka for baby Arthur, yes?” Ilya joked.

“No, he’s a baby,” Ruby told him, the silliness distracting her from the seriousness of the situation with Uncle Shane.

“Sorry little buddy,” Ilya tickled Arthur’s chest. “No vodka for you. What does everybody want?”

“Hot-chocolate, with the whipped cream and the marshmallows, but only the pink ones,” Jade said.

“I would like to order a latte,” Ruby said.

“You can order a hot-chocolate,” Jackie said, still dabbing at her eyes.

“Hot-chocolate,” Ruby amended. “With whipped cream and a crushed up Oreo cookie on top,” she licked her lips and rubbed her stomach.

“For you, Jackie?” Ilya asked.

“I’m fine,” she shook her head.

Stepping away, Ilya made his way around the kitchen, not having too much trouble finding what was needed. He made hot chocolates for the girls and brought Jackie some water. Taking baby Arthur back into his arms, Ilya roamed around the living-room, gently rocking the boy for his own comfort. He was still desperate to know about Shane but was uncertain how to ask in front of the children. Thankfully, the girls asked the question themselves.

“Mummy doesn’t really have the answers right now,” Jackie told them in a shaky tone. “But Daddy will call as soon as he has some news to share.”

Ruby started to cry first. Then Jade soon after. Seeing the girls cry caused Jackie to fall apart again, and then Arthur was fussing in Ilya’s arms. Unsure what to do, Ilya swayed from side-to-side with Arthur, whispering soft reassurances to him. The soft whispering turned into him singing one of the lullaby’s his mother use to sing at his bedside. The side-to-side swaying morphed into some semblance of a waltz. As Arthur calmed slightly, he set the baby boy down in his bouncer seat. Then he offered his hands to Jade and Ruby, dancing with them. He twirled them around and lifted them into the air. It was enough of a distraction to garner some sweet little girl giggles and smiles.

Encouraging the girls to dance together, he pulled Jackie to her feet. She wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her face on his shoulder. He rubbed her back comfortingly as they swayed on the spot.

“What do you know?” Ilya asked.

“Hayden’s scared,” Jackie whispered back so the girls wouldn’t hear. “Shane’s pulse was weak and he wasn’t conscious when they left the rink.”

Hearing that made Ilya feel like he was submerged in ice-cold water. A weak pulse. Unconscious. No further updates as of yet. He felt sick and more than terrified. As a tear leaked from the crease of his eye, he turned his face away so the girls wouldn’t see, or Jackie, but the woman caught sight of it.

“Hey,” she said soothingly.

“Sorry,” Ilya mumbled out an apology, turning his body away from her, shamefully letting the tear fall.

“Hey, it’s ok,” Jackie told him. She cupped his face tenderly, brushing the tear away, her touch so gentle Ilya felt his heart clench. “It’s ok,” she repeated holding him like he was one of her kids. “I should call Hayden, see if there’s any news. Or at least find out what hospital he’s at. You should be there with him.”

“I may not be welcome,” Ilya replied. “Shane and me… we are not… we were never… I am not really boyfriend.”

“What?” Jackie looked to him in confusion before shaking her head. “No, I don’t need to hear it. Now is not the time. Whatever it is you two are going through right now, you’re his Alpha, Ilya. And he’s your Omega. He needs you. Just let me talk to Hayden,” she touched his arm gently before heading upstairs to take the call privately.

Taking a few breaths, Ilya forced on a pleasant smile as he turned back to the girls. He picked baby Arthur back up and asked the girls if they had any art and craft supplies.

“I bet you two draw such beautiful pictures,” Ilya told them. “You should make… how do you say… ‘get good soon’ cards for Uncle Shane.”

“Get well soon,” the girls corrected him.

“Ok,” Ilya nodded. “Get your crayons and your glitter and make some beautiful cards. That will cheer Uncle Shane up very much, yes.”

The girls selected a piece of card each and got to work. Ilya gazed down at Arthur in his arms.

“Do you think Uncle Shane will be ok?” Ilya asked the baby, making sure the two sisters couldn’t hear. Arthur gargled some baby jargon and blew some spit bubbles. “You make excellent point,” he replied as if they were having a real conversation. “Now, tell me all of Pike’s secrets,” he requested. “Ah, sorry, you know Pike as ‘daddy’. Smart boy,” he commented as Arthur threw up a little after Ilya said ‘daddy’.

Jackie returned to the living-room, and everybody turned to look at her.

“Is Uncle Shane all better?” Jade asked hopefully.

“Not yet,” Jackie answered honestly. “But he’s awake,” she announced and Ilya breathed a sigh of relief, cuddling Arthur closer and kissing the top of the baby’s head. “Needs to stay in hospital for a little while under observation for his concussion. Two cracked ribs, a fractured collarbone, a sprained wrist and a lot of bruising. He won’t be playing hockey for the rest of the season but no permanent damage. He needs a lot of rest but he’s going to be just fine,” she smiled.

“Yay!” Ruby cheered jumping up and down excitedly, accidentally knocking over a pot of glitter. “Oops.”

“Sorry, that is being my fault,” Ilya apologised. “I thought it would be nice if they make cards for their Uncle Shane.”

“It’s just spilled glitter, no worries,” Jackie assured. “You should get to the hospital,” she told Ilya.

“Can we go too?” Jade asked.

“Not tonight,” Jackie told her. “Maybe we can see him in the morning if Daddy thinks Uncle Shane’s up for more visitors. But right now Uncle Shane needs his rest, and he needs his Alpha,” she turned pointedly to Ilya. “I’ll call you a cab,” she stated in a tone that didn’t leave any room for argument.

“Not yet, mummy, we need to finish our cards so Uncle Ilya can take them to Uncle Shane,” Ruby pointed out.

Ilya stilled hearing the little girl call him ‘Uncle Ilya’. Not knowing how to respond to it, he chose to ignore it, keeping his face stoic. He had been without family for so long, and now a little girl he hardly knew was affectionately referring to him as ‘Uncle’. It made him feel warm. Accepted. He felt like he could cry.

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A short while later, Jackie was seeing Ilya to the door, the two hand-crafted cards from Jade and Ruby in his hand.

“We’ll be having a conversation about all this later,” Jackie promised Ilya, gesturing to his packed suitcases that were still sitting in her hallway. “Give me your phone,” she demanded and Ilya handed it over, letting the woman add her name and number to his contacts. “Keep me updated,” she said sternly.

“Of course,” Ilya nodded. “Bye girls,” he said.

“Bye Uncle Ilya,” Jade threw her arms around his legs, squeezing tight, Ruby joining in from the other side. The Alpha had to grab a hold of the wall so as not to lose his balance. Once again, he found himself tearing up at the ‘Uncle’ endearment.

“Ok, bye-bye,” he patted their heads. “Thanks for the heart-to-heart, Arthur,” he said to the baby boy in Jackie’s arms. “You are very wise for such tiny boy. Hayden Pike cannot be your real father,” he joked and the baby grinned as though he understood the humour.

Then Ilya was getting into the back of the car and being driven to the hospital to see Shane.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Yeah, I did that...

Love, Hugs and Unapologetic Evil Laughter, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 14: FOURTEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading/commenting...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FOURTEEN

Walking into the hospital, Ilya clutched the ‘get well soon’ cards to his chest like they were some kind of armour. There was a television screen up high on the wall behind the main reception desk. His eyes instinctively gravitated towards it. The screen was playing a recap of Shane’s accident. The volume was muted, but the visual was still horrific. Though Ilya couldn’t hear the thud of Shane landing on the ice, his mind cruelly supplied him with disturbing sound effects. There was blood seeping out onto the rink. Shane’s blood. Ilya felt sick.

He turned back out of the hospital, gagging and heaving a little, people giving him a wide berth and curious glances. It took several minutes for him to calm himself down, forcibly taking in the fresh air. Fresh air he then polluted with a much needed cigarette from one of the orderly’s out on his break.

Then Ilya made himself step back inside, wisely keeping his eyes away from the T.V lest it be playing Shane’s accident again. The Alpha found his way to the correct floor, having opted to take the stairs rather than queue for the elevator. Moving down the corridor, he was stopped on his way towards Shane’s room. His English seemed to fail him as he tried to explain to the Nurse that he needed to see Shane Hollander. It became apparent that she thought he was some crazed fan (the glittery ‘get well soon’ cards probably weren’t helping his credibility) and Ilya just couldn’t operate his brain well enough to correct her and justify his presence.

Luckily for him, Hayden Pike seemed to have heard the commotion and poked his head out of the hospital room.

“It’s ok,” the Metros player said. “He’s Mr. Hollander’s Alpha.”

The Nurse nodded in acceptance, standing back to let Ilya by. Embarrassingly, Ilya seemed to have forgotten how his legs functioned. Baby Arthur would have probably had more luck walking than Ilya right now. The curly-haired man was rescued by Pike once again, the other Alpha walking to meet him and grabbing his arm, guiding him into Shane’s hospital room before he could humiliate himself by tripping over his own feet.

Stepping inside, Ilya was a little taken aback by the wires, tubes and machines. Seeing the sling and all the bruising was also very difficult. He would have likely crumbled into a heap on the sterile hospital floor if not for Pike holding him up. A small sound slipped out of Ilya's mouth, something akin to a wounded animal. It echoed around the hospital room, drawing the attention of the patient on the bed.

"Hey," Shane smiled slightly as his gaze settled on Ilya. "Heeyyy," he dragged out the word, extending his good hand.

With a lump lodged in his throat and a tear sliding down his cheek, Ilya managed to make his feet move, carrying himself to Shane's bedside. He took a gentle hold of the Omega's palm, too scared to hold him too tightly lest he cause more injury.

"Yes, bet-ter," Shane sighed looking far too happy for an injured hockey player.

"You scared me," Ilya admitted, trying not to blink, afraid if he did that Shane might disappear.

"All part of the job," Shane said airily. "It doesn't even hurt."

"That's the drugs, buddy," Pike pointed out. "What's that?" he asked Ilya, gesturing to the home-made cards still clutched in his free hand.

"The girls, they made these for you," Ilya explained and Shane smiled fondly as he took a look, squinting his eyes slightly as he read the messages inside.

Pike took the cards and put them up on the unit beside Shane's bed.

"I'm gonna give you guys a minute," he said.

"Ok, bye-bye," Shane giggled before grabbing at Ilya's hand again.

"Your parents?" Ilya wondered.

"Away… trying to get a flight back," Shane mumbled, blinking his eyes rapidly several times. "This is really good stuff, we should mix it with ginger-ale," he suggested in reference to the pain medication.

"Look at your beautiful face," Ilya sighed as he surveyed the heavy bruising, thumb tenderly caressing Shane's freckled cheek, the Omega nuzzling into the touch. "What asshole hockey player did this to you?"

The sound of somebody awkwardly clearing their throat sounded from the doorway. Ilya turned, taking a few seconds to recognise the Admirals Captain.

"Um, the asshole hockey player would be me," the handsome man offered apologetically as he cautiously entered the room. "Scott Hunter," he introduced himself, sounding nervous and uncertain. "You must be his Alpha," Hunter commented as he eyed their conjoined hands.

"He has curls," Shane boasted proudly, reaching up to tangle his fingers in Ilya's hair.

“He sure does, Rook,” Hunter acknowledged. He moved to stand at the other side of Shane’s bed, still casting Ilya uneasy glances. The Russian made no effort to appear welcoming or friendly, choosing to glare at the man responsible for Shane being in a hospital bed. It would have probably been more menacing without Shane petting his head like he was a puppy, but Ilya wasn’t going to push the Omega’s hand away. “How are you feeling?” Hunter asked.

“I feel great,” Shane beamed and Hunter smiled fondly. The fondness was understandable given how charming and adorable Shane was on drugs, but it still ignited a jealous little beast in Ilya’s chest.

“I’m glad to see you’re ok,” Hunter told him.

“Ok?” Ilya glared. “He is bruised… broken… out for playoffs.”

“Could have been worse,” Shane reasoned.

“Any worse I would be killing old man Hunter right now,” Ilya scowled.

“Hey, I’m not that old,” Hunter defended.

“And he’s hot so…” Shane trailed off.

“Is lie, drugs make you say this,” Ilya glowered.

“I really am sorry,” Hunter spoke up earnestly. “I never meant to hurt you like that, or at all,” he told Shane. “One second we were both skating, then you suddenly stopped but I couldn’t stop in time and… I’m sorry, Rook.”

“No hard feelings, Mr. Hunter,” Shane assured him.

“Not so sure about that,” Hunter commented. “Your Alpha still looks like he wants to murder me.”

“No murder… torture only… much more suffering,” Ilya responded, still fixing the New York player with a frosty stare.

“Your boy’s quite the romantic, huh?” Hunter jested to Shane who grinned.

“He made me a tuna melt,” Shane told Huner as if it was single-handedly the most beautiful and romantic act any Alpha had ever done for any Omega. Looking at the expression on the Asian-Canadian’s face it was easy to believe that it in fact was, at least to Shane Hollander anyway.

“Hunter, you motherfucker!” Pike seethed as he returned to the hospital room and saw the Admiral’s Captain.

“Ok, calm down, Pike,” Hunter placated.

“You could have killed him you asshole!” Pike swore making a lunge for Hunter, but Ilya intervened. As much as he would enjoy seeing the two men fight, he would not risk them

potentially crashing into the bed and causing further injury to Shane.

“This is not what Shane needs right now,” Ilya reasoned.

“I should go,” Hunter said.

“Yes,” Ilya and Pike agreed, the pair both looking annoyed for agreeing with each other.

“Take it easy, Rook,” Hunter told Shane. “I’ll see you next season.”

“Gonna kick your ass,” Shane grinned.

“We’ll see,” Hunter smiled. “Sorry again. And um… nice to meet you… err…?”

“Ilya Rozanov,” Shane sighed dreamily.

“Ilya,” Hunter nodded, clearly not dumb enough to try for a handshake. “You take good care of your Omega. He’s a special one.”

“Is too young for you,” Ilya glared.

“Well as fun as it is being glared at and threatened,” Scott commented sarcastically, “I’m just gonna get out of your hair.”

“Curly hair,” Shane said brightly.

“Curly hair,” Scott acknowledged. “Get well soon, Hollander.”

Ilya and Pike continued to glare at Hunter’s retreating back until the man closed the door behind him.

“I hate that asshole,” Ilya declared.

“He’s a nice guy,” Shane claimed. “You’re just jealous because I said he was hot.”

“He is not hot, and I am not jealous,” Ilya denied.

“He’s a little bit hot,” Pike admitted begrudgingly. “I’m pretty sure Jackie’s fantasized about him when I’ve knotted her.”

“But I bet she was thinking of me when you knocked her up,” Shane joked, giggling cutely at his quick-witted chirp.

“Dude,” Pike frowned while Ilya’s lips twitched in amusement. “And by the way,” he pointed at Ilya. “You’re totally jealous, man.”

“Shut your idiot face, Pike,” Ilya retaliated.

“Whatever,” Pike rolled his eyes. “Have you two sorted your shit out?”

“I… um… this is being… this is not… I mean…” Ilya struggled to put a sentence together. “Is complicated.”

“It’s not,” Shane smiled up at him from the hospital bed, his eyes sparkling with merriment (and drugs). “It’s so simple,” he beckoned Ilya back to his bedside then linked the fingers of his good hand with Ilya’s. “I love you. You’re my Alpha. So stop trying to break up with me ok? Okkaayy?” he repeated more insistently when Ilya didn’t answer.

“Ok,” Ilya responded quietly, pressing a kiss to Shane’s knuckles. He wanted to tell Shane that he loved him too. But he was much too scared. And he didn’t want to say it when Shane was high on medication anyway. And certainly not in front of guard dog Hayden Pike. So he whispered it in Russian, knowing neither man would understand, and he pressed a tender kiss to a part of Shane’s face that wasn’t too badly bruised.

XXX

They were asked to leave the room while a Doctor checked Shane over.

“I’d better call Shane’s parents, give them an update, see how long they’re going to be,” Pike said. “And shit I need to call Jackie too.”

“She gave me her number, I can call,” Ilya offered.

“Alright,” Pike nodded before moving down the corridor for privacy.

Ilya walked in the other direction and called Jackie, letting her know how Shane was doing.

‘How are you and the kids?’ Ilya asked.

‘Arthur’s down for the night and the girls are sleeping in mine and Hayden’s bed,’ Jackie answered.

‘What about you? You take care of yourself too, yes?’ Ilya checked.

‘I’ll be fine,’ Jackie told him. ‘I’m just glad Shane’s ok.’

‘No thanks to asshole Hunter,’ Ilya grumbled.

‘It was a clean hit, just a bad accident,’ Jackie said fairly.

‘Very bad,’ Ilya insisted. ‘Poor Shane hit head so hard he thinks Hunter is hot.’

‘Scott Hunter is hot,’ Jackie stated, releasing a dirty giggle that suggested she had some very filthy thoughts about the man.

‘Scott Hunter is 100,000 years old,’ Ilya scoffed.

‘Still hot,’ Jackie claimed.

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Finishing the call with Jackie, Ilya headed back towards Shane's room, leaning against the wall outside of it and patiently waiting. Pike returned from his call with Shane's parents.

"Yuna and David should be here in the next half an hour depending on traffic," Pike said. "So… um… how are you holding up, buddy?"

"Buddy?" Ilya repeated.

"Fuck off, I'm trying here," Pike pointed out.

It was true. Shane's best friend, who had freaked out upon learning Ilya was a prostitute, was trying to put in the effort to not be bitter enemies. It was only appropriate for Ilya to meet him halfway.

"I feel better now I have seen Shane," Ilya answered.

"And where were you?" Pike asked (or should Ilya acknowledge him as Hayden now?).

"Where?" Ilya frowned at the hockey player, not understanding.

"The game," Hayden said. "He was hoping you'd show. He kept looking out to the crowd, trying to find you."

"Oh," Ilya mumbled guiltily. He thought back to what Hunter had said, how they had been skating and then Shane had suddenly stopped, causing Hunter to crash into him. Had Shane been checking the crowd for a sign of Ilya? Is that the reason he got injured? Was this all Ilya's fault? "I, um… I was not at game."

"So where were you?" Hayden asked. His tone didn't sound accusatory, or even particularly interested. He was likely just making small talk to fill the silence.

Ilya was spared having to provide an answer when the Doctor stepped back out, letting them know the patient was asking for his Alpha.

"That's you, Rozanov," Hayden pointed out. "I'll wait out here for his parents."

Ilya gave a nod of acknowledgement before returning to Shane's bedside, holding his hand gently and kissing him lightly on the mouth.

XXX

Judging by the way Yuna hugged him and David squeezed his shoulder when they arrived, Ilya thought it was safe to assume that Shane's parents did not know he was really a prostitute and believed they were a real couple, having no idea that they had 'broken up'. Ilya and Hayden left the hospital room, giving Shane some time alone with his concerned parents. Hayden headed towards the nearest vending machine, Ilya stepped outside hoping to get a cigarette from somebody.

He was down to the last few drags when Hayden came to stand alongside him carrying two bottles of coke, two candy bars and two bags of chips. Ilya dropped the cigarette to the

ground and stubbed it out, accepting the bottle and taking a few large mouthfuls, suddenly realising how thirsty he was.

“Here, eat,” Hayden insisted handing over the candy bar and chips.

Ilya blinked at the stern dad-like tone.

“Did you just use your dad-voice on me?” Ilya asked.

“I did,” Hayden confirmed. “Now eat,” he insisted. “Don’t make me fucking count to three,” he warned. “Dude, at least chew,” he pulled a face of disgust as Ilya made a point of stuffing the entire candy bar into his mouth.

XXX

They briefly returned to Shane’s room and Yuna insisted they both go home for the night and get some proper rest. Her motherly tone was considerably sterner than Hayden’s dad voice and not something Ilya or Hayden (or David for that matter) were brave enough to ignore or argue with.

“Let me know how he’s doing in the morning?” Hayden asked. “I know the girls want to see their Uncle Shane but if he’s not up for it…” he trailed off.

“We’ll call in the morning, don’t worry,” Yuna assured him. “Ilya. I need to take your number so I can contact you. I can’t believe we don’t have it already.”

Ilya smiled weakly, awkwardly mumbling his phone number to her and watching her type it into her phone. He still wasn’t too sure what was happening with himself and Shane, or whether or not Yuna would need to keep his number or delete it.

Shane was sleeping again, so they couldn’t give a proper goodbye. But Ilya pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead. He told himself it was for show, for the benefit of Shane’s parents. Truthfully it was his own selfish need, and his concern that Shane would come to his senses when the drugs were out of his system and that Ilya wouldn’t be welcome to visit him again.

“Need me to drive you home?” Hayden asked as they left the hospital, the cool night air hitting their faces.

“No, I um… I don’t… I don’t live there anymore,” Ilya answered awkwardly.

“What?” Hayden frowned in confusion and Ilya avoided the man’s gaze. “You know what, it’s been a long day, I’m too tired for this. Just get in the fucking car, Rozanov.”

Quietly, Ilya climbed into the passenger seat and Hayden put the radio on to cover the awkward silence. They pulled up in the driveway and Ilya followed Hayden up the garden path. His suitcases and duffle bag were still in the hallway, Hayden nearly tripped over the bag and stubbed his toe on the wheel of one of the suitcases.

“Motherfucker,” he hissed shaking out his foot. “This yours?” he asked Ilya.

“Yes,” Ilya confirmed.

“Fuck it, I don’t care, too tired,” Hayden shook his head. “Come on,” he whispered, leading Ilya upstairs.

The door to his and Jackie’s bedroom was partially open. Peering in, he saw Jackie and the girls sleeping soundly on the bed. Baby Arthur was snoozing in his crib. There wasn’t really room for him in his own bed tonight, and both he and Rozanov were definitely too big for the girls’ beds. So Hayden led Ilya to the guest bedroom. The guest bedroom with one bed.

“You can’t be serious?” Ilya stared at the bed with dread.

“Wish I wasn’t,” Hayden sighed and be began stripping off, Ilya averting his gaze. “Just get in,” he said as he crawled onto one side of the bed, leaving space for the other Alpha. “Or don’t,” he shrugged. “I’m too exhausted to care, man.”

Ilya grumbled moodily as he stripped to his boxers before climbing onto the other side of the bed. “This is weird, yes?”

“Ssh,” Hayden hushed. “Sleep time.”

Hayden was out like a light, but Ilya took a long time to fall asleep. When they woke in the morning, they were absolutely not cuddling each other like teddy-bears.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 15: FIFTEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Enjoy the next chapter...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FIFTEEN

It was very loud and lively in the Pike household. Ilya wasn't really too sure what to make of it all. But he appreciated the company. With so much going on, it was practically impossible for him to succumb to the loneliness and misery of his own intrusive thoughts. He had been allowed to take a shower, and being physically clean helped him feel better psychologically too. Then he was joining the Pike family at their dining table and eating breakfast with them. It was just coffee, toast and cereal, but to Ilya it may as well have been a glorious banquet.

He had never had such a meal before. Sure, he'd eaten toast before, and cereal, and drunk plenty of coffee. Yes, he had sat at a table for breakfast back when he still lived in Russia. But that had been different. Even when his sweet mama was still alive. Family meals had never been happy or light-hearted. Those occasions had always been tense and they either sat in a deathly silence or listened to Ilya's father curse and rage. Sometimes items would be thrown across the room, and his mother would cry before being ordered to clean up. For Ilya, family meals were a time of chaos, danger and deep uncertainty. While he had always known it wasn't normal, he'd never actually experienced a normal version of a family eating a meal together before. He recognised the mood was a little subdued given that Shane was in the hospital, but the family table still offered a sense of love and safety.

Finishing the last of his coffee, Ilya insisted on cleaning up. Jackie assured him he didn't have to, trying to take over, Hayden gently guiding his wife to sit in his lap and kissing the side of her neck.

"He wants to help, let him," Hayden said.

"He's a guest," Jackie argued.

"It's ok, I do not mind," Ilya resumed the task of cleaning up, absentmindedly listening to Jade and Ruby playing with their baby brother. Then his phone was ringing. He dried his hands quickly before taking his phone out of his pocket, answering the call from Yuna.

“Shane is doing better,” Ilya told them once he finished the call. “More colour in his cheeks, his mother says.”

“What colour?” Ruby wondered. “Pink, blue, green, purple?”

“Silver, gold, tortoise?” Jade asked.

“I think you mean turquoise,” Hayden told her.

“No I don’t,” Jade replied stubbornly.

“She thinks it will be nice for the girls to come and visit their Uncle Shane,” Ilya continued. “As long as they know to be very, very careful.”

“That’s right, girls,” Jackie told them seriously. “Uncle Shane is still sore from his injuries. You can’t run up and hug him or climb on him like you usually do.”

“We won’t,” Jade promised.

“We’ll be so good,” Ruby added.

“Then you’d better go and get dressed,” Hayden said as he picked Arthur up out of his high-chair. “I bet I can get Arthur dressed before you two can get dressed.”

“No way!” Ruby took off, Jade hot on her heels.

“I’m gonna beat you,” Hayden insisted, carefully carrying Arthur out of the room, clearly having no intention to actually ‘win’.

“Are you ready to tell me what those packed suitcases are all about?” Jackie asked Ilya.

With a sigh, Ilya turned back to the kitchen sink and resumed washing up the plates and bowls.

“I was planning to head back to Russia for a little while,” Ilya answered.

“Oh, visiting family?” Jackie guessed.

“Yes,” Ilya replied awkwardly, part-lie, part-truth. He had been intending to visit his mother’s grave.

“Do you have a big family?” Jackie asked. “What are they like?”

She sounded genuinely interested but seemed to understand Ilya’s reluctance to discuss it as he mumbled and stammered. She smoothly changed the subject, for which Ilya was grateful. Then the girls were bounding down the stairs, all dressed up in their most sparkly dresses because they had wanted to look extra pretty to cheer up Uncle Shane. Hayden was soon back down with baby Arthur, and they were all climbing into the mini-van to make their way to the hospital.

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As they arrived, David stepped out of Shane's hospital room, offering a tired smile, but one still full of warmth. He gave them a brief update on how Shane was doing, not seeming to mind the way the girls took turns crawling under his legs. They crawled through Hayden's legs too, then Ilya's.

"Well don't you two look beautiful in your sparkly dresses," David commented, smiling down at the girls. "Shane will be really glad to see you."

"Of course he will, we're his favourite people," Ruby declared proudly. "Uncle Shane doesn't like most adults."

"They're annoying," Jade claimed.

"They're loud," Ruby added.

"They don't mind their own business," Jade listed.

"But we're adorable," Ruby boasted as she curtseyed.

It was strange for Ilya, seeing David be so naturally kind and gentle with the girls. The man would be of a similar age to his own father, but his temperament could not be more different. And despite being tired and stressed for his injured son, David Hollander was able to maintain a soft demeanour, one that felt safe. His own father would have no doubt considered the man weak. He'd have looked down on Hayden too, balancing a baby on his hip instead of having his wife manage the infant. Not to mention the poorly applied nail polish currently coating Hayden's fingernails courtesy of the two girls. At least, Ilya assumed it was the girls who had painted them, but maybe Hayden Pike just wanted his nails to look pretty.

"See, honey, everybody's here," David smiled, wrapping an arm around Yuna as she exited Shane's room, looking incredibly tired. "Plenty of people to keep Shane company while we get a few hours rest."

"I really should stay," Yuna said through a yawn.

"You're no good to Shane if you can't keep your eyes open," David reasoned.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Hollander, I've got everything under control," Hayden told her.

She didn't look particularly reassured.

"He should really have an adult around," Yuna said not-too-quietly.

"These are adults," David pointed out, speaking out of the corner of his mouth.

"You know what I mean, real adults," Yuna replied.

"I'm a father to three kids," Hayden pouted. "And Ilya… has curls."

Everybody stared at him for the silly comment, even baby Arthur.

“Ok, Pike is idiot,” Ilya acknowledged. “But his heart is in right place, we are doing our best. And don’t forget, Jackie is here,” Ilya reminded Yuna. “She is proper responsible adult.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep everybody in line,” Jackie promised.

“Call us if anything changes,” David said before Yuna could protest further. “Behave yourselves, girls,” he added before giving Jackie a smile, Hayden a pat on the back, a playful pinch to baby Arthur’s cheek and then giving Ilya’s shoulder a squeeze. “Come on, Yuna,” he forced his wife along so they could get some much needed rest.

“Ok, now remember, Uncle Shane is still hurt,” Jackie told the girls very seriously. “You don’t run at him, you can’t hug him and try not to be too loud because he has a very bad headache from his concussion.”

“If you get too loud or accidentally hurt Uncle Shane I will be taking you straight home,” Hayden warned them. “Is that understood?”

“Yes,” the girls nodded together, looking very serious, and also a little worried about seeing their Uncle Shane rather than eager and excited.

“Good girls,” Ilya smiled at them comfortingly. “You are very pretty for Uncle Shane. Let’s go in and cheer him up, yes?” he held his hands out to them and they each took one, their little fingers linking with his much larger ones. Having the young girls either side of him helped him feel a little braver about seeing Shane.

They stepped inside, Jade squeezing Ilya’s fingers tight as her eyes landed on Shane, Ruby covering her mouth as a shocked gasp slipped out. The bruises on the Omega’s face were a darker colour than the previous night. It must have been a little frightening for the young children to see their Uncle Shane that way. Ilya gave a reassuring squeeze to their hands.

“It’s ok,” he told them in a soft tone, guiding them closer to the bed. “Uncle Shane is really happy to see you.”

“Heyyy girls,” Shane greeted lucidly. “Don’t be scared. Uncle Shane’s just fine.”

“I wish we were allowed to hug you,” Ruby whispered.

“Me too, sweetie,” Shane replied. “C’mere, you can hold my good hand.”

Ruby looked nervously at Shane’s outstretched fingers, then glanced up quizzically at Ilya.

“It’s ok,” Ilya forced a calm smile. “Here, we can gently hold a finger each,” he said as he linked his pinkie with Shane’s. He nodded to the girls encouragingly. Ruby latched onto Shane’s middle finger and Jade tentatively held his thumb.

“Good to see my two favourite girls,” Shane spoke softly. “Three favourite girls,” he amended as Jackie moved further into the hospital room, Hayden right behind her with baby Arthur.

“Don’t you dare ever scare us like that again ok?” Jackie whispered, gently brushing her hand through Shane’s hair.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Shane agreed.

“You’re looking better, buddy,” Hayden said. “Isn’t that right?” he cooed at Arthur. “Say ‘get well soon Uncle Shane’.”

Arthur dribbled a little and made some goo-goo sounds.

They all sat around Shane’s bed, talking quietly occasionally, but mostly being silent and just keeping him company. Then a nurse entered carrying a tray of food for Shane. Jade and Ruby volunteered themselves to help feed the patient. It had to be a little annoying and demeaning to have children feeding him bites of sandwich with their fingers, but Shane didn’t complain, letting his beloved pseudo-nieces help.

Understandably, the kids got a little restless being in the boring hospital room. So Hayden and Jackie took them out to the hospital play-area, giving Ilya and Shane some time alone. They still had their pinkie fingers linked together.

“They should be letting me home tomorrow… or the day after,” Shane informed him.

“Good,” Ilya murmured.

“I, um… I might stay with my parents,” the Omega continued.

“Yes,” Ilya nodded. “They will take good care of you. Should not be alone right now.”

“Yeah… gonna need some help,” Shane conceded. “Jerking off’s gonna be a nightmare.”

“Ah, yes, you will be getting… how do you say… blue balls,” Ilya grinned.

“Blue balls,” Shane nodded. “Unless…”

“Unless?” Ilya prompted, feeling his heartbeat quicken.

“Unless… I didn’t stay with my parents,” Shane suggested. “I could have my Alpha look after me instead… You are my Alpha, Ilya… Aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Ilya answered quietly. “I am Alpha.”

“So…” Shane lifted Ilya’s hand up to his lips, kissing his knuckles delicately, Ilya’s eyes fluttering shut at the tender contact. “Willyoucometomycottage?” he asked in an excited rush.

“Cottage?” Ilya asked.

“We’ll be completely alone… get some peace and quiet… you’ll take good care of me… it’ll be perfect,” Shane claimed. “You can even help me jerk off,” he grinned.

“You are difficult to say ‘no’ to, Omega,” Ilya told him.

“That a yes?” Shane asked hopefully.

“Maybe,” Ilya sighed.

“Uh-oh,” Shane responded. “I don’t want a ‘maybe’. I want you to say ‘yes’.”

Ilya wanted more than anything to say ‘yes’. Being in the cab on the way to the airport, hearing an account of Shane’s accident over the radio. That had been terrifying. Shane’s injuries could have been worse. Ilya could have got on the plane, gone back to Russia and not even known that Shane was in the hospital.

“I was not at your game, Hollander,” Ilya let him know.

“That’s ok,” Shane replied.

“No, is not,” Ilya disagreed. “I should have been there.”

“You can always be at the next one,” Shane pointed out.

“We will see,” Ilya cupped the Omega’s face gently, thumb brushing over some unbruised skin. “And if dinosaur Hunter comes anywhere near you I will beat him with his own hockey stick.”

“Ilya,” Shane reprimanded fondly.

“I mean it, I will make old man hurt,” Ilya insisted.

“He’s a good guy,” Shane defended.

“Maybe you want him to jerk you off,” Ilya grumbled.

“Haha, no,” Shane laughed. “Just you.”

He gazed at Ilya with those expressive brown eyes of his, making Ilya feel like he was the only other person in the room. Ok, technically he was the only other person in the room, but still. Something about the way the Omega looked at him made Ilya feel like he was someone worth being seen.

“I need to tell you,” Ilya released a guilty sigh. “I was on way to airport. Coverage of hockey game was on radio. Heard about the accident so made driver turn around.”

“Airport?” Shane repeated, shaking his head lightly in confusion.

“I was going to go back to Russia,” Ilya admitted.

“Russia!” Shane exclaimed, hurting his own head with the volume.

“Ssh, ssh, careful,” Ilya told him.

“Russia?” Shane repeated. “Without telling me or saying goodbye?”

“Yes,” the Alpha admitted shamefully. “It was wrong of me. Cowardly.”

“Really cowardly… asshole,” Shane said.

“I know,” Ilya replied. “I’m very sorry.”

“It’s ok,” Shane told him. “And I’m sorry you missed your flight. I can pay you back for the plane ticket… and the vacation money… anything you need.”

“Hollander,” Ilya shook his head, not wanting money from the hockey player and also realising that the Omega hadn’t fully understood him when he said he was going to Russia.

“I won’t be playing hockey for the rest of the season so I’m gonna have more free time than usual,” Shane said. “When I’ve recovered a little more maybe we could go to Russia together.”

“Hollander,” Ilya repeated. “I was not intending to go for vacation.”

“What do you mean?” Shane asked, his big brown eyes beginning to well up. “Were you… leaving, leaving?” Ilya looked away, his own eyes filling with guilty tears. “Like, for good?” Shane asked. “Leaving… leaving me?”

“Was mistake,” Ilya fixed his gaze back on Shane. “Stupid cowardly mistake. I am very sorry.”

“You were leaving me… and no goodbye,” Shane looked devastated.

“I am so stupid, Hollander,” Ilya said.

“Yes, really fucking stupid,” Shane told him. “You fucking asshole.”

“Should I… should I go?” Ilya forced himself to ask.

“Don’t you fucking dare, Rozanov,” Shane warned him. “You’re coming to my cottage,” he commanded. “I’ll chain you up to the bed if I have to. My friend JJ definitely knows how to get hold of good chains and stuff.”

The Pike’s returned, Ilya quickly wiping the tears off his face.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Would love to know what you think...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 16: SIXTEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks so much for reading...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

SIXTEEN

Jackie took the kids back home, Ilya and Hayden sticking around to keep Shane company. A few team members made an appearance throughout the day to check on Shane. Then later on, David and Yuna returned. They still looked rather tired, but they at least appeared to have managed to get some rest.

“Now it’s time for you two to go, get some decent food and a proper night’s sleep,” David stated. “And you need to get back to Jackie and the kids,” he added to Hayden.

“Yeah, yeah,” Hayden nodded. “See you tomorrow, buddy,” he told Shane. “Love you, man.”

“Love you too, Hayd,” Shane replied.

“So… you love Hayden,” Ilya mumbled just a touch enviously, Shane grinning brightly.

“Shut up, asshole,” the Omega said affectionately. “You’ll be back in the morning?”

“Back in the morning,” Ilya confirmed.

“Promise?” Shane asked.

“Promise,” Ilya vowed.

“Good,” Shane approved, hand tangling into Ilya’s curls as they shared a soft peck on the lips.

“Get some rest, Ilya,” David ordered gently gathering Ilya into a hug. Then Yuna was hugging him, running a hand through his hair and cupping his cheek, reminding him to make sure he ate properly.

He hummed in acknowledgement, murmuring a goodbye before following Hayden out of the hospital where the other man was calling them a cab. They rode in silence, their driver awkwardly asking them if they were having a lover’s spat.

XXX

Back at the Pike house, Jackie was pacing the living-room with a fussy Arthur in her arms, the girls already upstairs in bed.

“Sorry we took so long,” Hayden apologised, kissing his wife on the cheek and taking his son, trying to soothe him.

“No, you needed to be there,” Jackie said. “Sit down, I’ll make you some dinner.”

“You’ve been looking after the kids all day, you sit, I’ll cook,” Hayden replied. “Let me just try and put the little man down.”

“I could cook,” Ilya offered.

“You’re our guest, you sit,” Jackie told him guiding him towards the sofa.

Hayden managed to get baby Arthur to settle then came back down and threw some frozen pizzas in the oven.

“So…” Hayden pried once he was two slices into the pizza. “You and Shane sort things out?”

“I think so,” Ilya answered. “He invited me to his cottage.”

“What the hell? He’s never invited me to the cottage,” Hayden pouted.

“Not about you, babe,” Jackie pointed out.

“Right, yeah… sorry,” Hayden mumbled. “And… those suitcases in my hallway, what’s that about, man?”

“Ilya was supposed to be visiting his family in Russia, but he missed his flight because of Shane’s accident,” Jackie explained.

“Oh, sorry, that sucks,” Hayden said. “You must have been excited to see them.”

“Um… not really… I did not tell Jackie whole truth before,” Ilya replied.

“What do you mean?” Jackie asked.

“My family…” Ilya shook his head. “I do not have a father like David Hollander, or a father like Hayden. I was not that lucky. My father… he was terrible man. My brother too.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Jackie said.

“What about your mum?” Hayden asked cautiously.

“Mama was so beautiful, so smart, so funny,” Ilya answered.

“Was,” Jackie noted.

“Was,” Ilya confirmed. “She died long time ago.”

“Sorry, man,” Hayden sighed sympathetically.

“I was going back to Russia for a little while, not to see family,” Ilya said, “just to visit her grave. Then I was going to go somewhere else.”

“Somewhere else?” Hayden frowned.

“For vacation?” Jackie asked. “You could still go. When Shane’s feeling better you could take a trip together. It’ll be so romantic.”

“Was not for vacation,” Ilya told them.

“I don’t understand,” Jackie said.

“Shit, I think I do,” Hayden groaned. “The other night, you said you didn’t live in your house anymore. You were gonna leave Canada. You were gonna leave Shane.”

“What? No, that’s not what he was doing,” Jackie objected. “Right, Ilya?”

Ilya gave her a significant look, expressing without words that he had indeed been intending to leave Shane.

“And without saying goodbye?” Jackie looked shocked and distraught.

“Does Shane know?” Hayden asked, his expression hard, looking like he was forcibly holding back a lot of anger.

“Yes,” Ilya said quietly. “He told me I was stupid and asshole.”

“You definitely are,” Hayden agreed.

“Babe,” Jackie reprimanded.

“No, pet guard dog is right,” Ilya acknowledged.

“But Shane still wants you to go to his cottage?” Hayden asked.

“Yes,” Ilya confirmed.

“And you’re sure about this?” Hayden pressed. “Because if you’re gonna be a cowardly little asshole I’d rather you break his heart and run off to Russia or wherever now. Don’t let him believe this thing between you can be real and then take it all away. If you’re gonna go to that cottage then you’d better be sure that you’re planning to stick around.”

“I am,” Ilya said. “As long as he wants me I will be here for him.”

“And what about the um… the other thing,” Hayden said shooting an awkward look to Jackie.

“What other thing?” Jackie asked.

“Don’t worry about it, guy stuff,” Hayden lied. “That other thing, that’s over right?”

“Yes,” Ilya answered. “For Shane it will be over.”

“What will be over?” Jackie looked between them in confusion.

“So this is all real now?” Hayden checked. “You two are together, proper boyfriends?”

“Um, I think so, yes, probably,” Ilya said.

“What am I missing here?” Jackie wanted to know. “Hayden Pike, if you’re lying to me about something…”

“I’m not lying about anything,” Hayden insisted and his wife narrowed her eyes at him. “I’m not. I’m just… omitting the truth. But it’s not my truth to tell, and if it’s somebody else’s secret that I’m protecting you’re not allowed to be mad at me.”

“Hayden,” Jackie’s voice came out in a warning tone and Ilya genuinely felt bad for the other man.

“Shane and I were not really couple,” Ilya revealed. “He was frustrated with everybody trying to set him up with an Alpha all the time. Was worried people would try to set him up at boring Gala. So he hired me to be Alpha for… for fake… for pretend.”

“Oh,” Jackie seemed genuinely surprised. “So… you’re an actor?”

“Yes,” Hayden said with a suspicious amount of enthusiasm. “Yes, Shane wanted to hire an actor to pretend to be his Alpha for the evening. But then they actually really liked each other. It’s a beautiful story.”

“Maybe a little too beautiful,” Jackie commented. “What’s the twist?”

“No twist,” Hayden denied.

“Hayden Pike,” Jackie warned.

“I am not actor,” Ilya said.

“Oh fuck, don’t say it,” Hayden sighed.

“Shane meant to hire actor,” Ilya continued.

“Shit, you’re gonna say it,” Hayden hid his face in his hands.

“But he hired me by mistake,” Ilya told Jackie. “I am prostitute.”

“He said it,” Hayden cringed.

Jackie stared between the two of them in shock, looking as though she was expecting some kind of punchline. When it didn't come, the realisation that Ilya Rozanov was in fact a prostitute slowly started to sink in. Her lips twitched upwards in amusement before she started to laugh.

"Sorry," Jackie apologised. "But… Shane hired a prostitute? Shane Hollander? Our Shane?"

"It was by mistake," Hayden defended.

"I know, that's what makes it so precious," Jackie laughed.

"So… you are not mad at me?" Ilya asked.

"Mad?" Jackie repeated.

"With me being prostitute and having been near your children, in your home, sharing bed with your husband," Ilya pointed out.

"You slept with a prostitute," Jackie pointed at her husband, laughing a little harder.

"Babe, that's not funny," Hayden frowned.

"No, it's hilarious," Jackie wheezed taking a while to compose herself. "Now obviously, if you're going to have a serious relationship with Shane you do need to find an alternative career," she told Ilya.

"Yes," Ilya murmured.

"Any idea what you might like to do?" Jackie asked.

"No idea," Ilya sighed.

"That's ok. We can figure things out," Jackie assured him. "No rush. And I'm not mad about the prostitute thing. I'm surprised," she admitted. "But… that's not my business. However, I am mad that you tried to leave for Russia without saying goodbye to Shane," Jackie told him. "Try to pull a stunt like that again and I will chew your testicles off and spit them into your mouth like I'm feeding a baby bird," she threatened. "Who wants hot cocoa?" she asked getting up and heading to the kitchen.

"Your wife… she is terrifying, yes?" Ilya said to Hayden who nodded emphatically.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 17: SEVENTEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Now that Jackie has made her threats, let's continue...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

SEVENTEEN

With the girls sleeping in their own beds, Hayden and Jackie had been able to share their bed as normal, meaning that Ilya had the guest bedroom to himself. He managed to sleep much better without Hayden Pike trying to cuddle him. However, he did not wake up alone. He was poked awake by Jade and Ruby, one holding a teddy-bear, the other holding a doll.

“We’re hungry, Uncle Ilya,” Ruby whispered.

“Can you make us burgers?” Jade asked.

“Burgers… this is not breakfast food, girls,” Ilya responded groggily as he wiped his eyes and sat up. “But, I could make you pancakes,” he offered and their eyes lit up.

“Yes, yes, pancakes,” Ruby jumped on the bed excitedly.

“Careful,” Ilya grabbed her before she could fall off. “Why don’t you wait for me downstairs? Give me some privacy to get dressed.”

“Why do you need privacy?” Ruby wondered.

“Because he has a dangly thing between his legs like daddy,” Jade giggled.

“No, not like your daddy, mine is much bigger,” Ilya claimed.

“But I bet Uncle Shane’s is bigger than yours,” Jade said.

“Go,” Ilya ordered pointing to the door.

The giggling girls skipped out together and Ilya quickly got dressed. As he was about to make his way downstairs, he heard baby Arthur stirring. So he tip-toed into the bedroom, making light shushing noises as he picked the boy out of his crib, leaving the parents to snooze as he carried on downstairs.

“I have made mistake,” Ilya realised smelling the stench coming from the little man. “Girls?” he asked. “Which one of you wants to change your brother? He has pooped.”

“We can’t do it,” Ruby replied. “It has to be an adult.”

“I can wake mummy and daddy for you,” Jade offered.

“No,” Ilya sighed. “Should let them sleep. I am adult, I can do this. Clean diaper, where?” he asked.

“Over here, Uncle Ilya,” Jade showed him to Arthur’s changing table and pointed out where all the supplies were. “Don’t forget to put the cream on his butt.”

“Ok, ok, little man, we can get through this,” Ilya said soothingly as he began to un-pop Arthur’s onesie. “What fresh hell is this?” Ilya asked, eyes widening in horror at the amount of poop in the baby’s diaper. “Argh, he’s peeing!” he ducked out of the way of the stream, blindly grabbing for a wet wipe and dropping it over the baby’s penis to stop the flow getting everywhere. “You are monster,” he told Arthur as he stood up once the peeing had stopped. “Eww, gross,” he gagged as he cleaned the boy’s butt, Arthur laughing up at him as he kicked his legs around. “Hold still please… hold still… you are not making this easy… you are evil, devil child. No, no, no, don’t poop more.”

Oblivious or unbothered by Ilya’s diaper-changing nightmare, the girls sat nicely in the living-room watching early morning cartoons. After cleaning up all of the poo, Ilya picked up the pot of cream and scooped some onto his finger. He grimaced as he wiped it onto Arthur, the baby farting on his finger-tip.

“We will never speak of this,” Ilya warned before finishing the job and wrestling the baby boy into a fresh diaper.

He picked Arthur up and set him in his bouncer seat to watch television with the girls. He then washed his hands thoroughly at the kitchen sink before searching through the cupboards for everything he needed to make pancakes.

He was just serving them up, Jade and Ruby seated at the dining table with baby Arthur in the highchair when Hayden and Jackie came down. Hayden was in mismatched socks, boxers, an old t-shirt and a severe case of bed-head. Jackie was fully dressed with her hair and make-up looking effortlessly flawless.

“Hey, you didn’t have to do all this,” Jackie told him.

“The girls wanted burgers for breakfast,” Ilya said. “Pancakes was my compromise.”

“Burgers aren’t for breakfast,” Jackie reiterated to her children.

“Dad let us have burgers,” Ruby said and Jackie shot her husband a disapproving stare.

“That was one time,” Hayden defended. “And you said you wouldn’t tell,” he added to Ruby who poked her tongue out at him. “Mm, dude,” he bit into a mouthful of pancake. “This is good. Like, better than my wife good. No offence, babe.”

“Mmm, I would totally divorce you to marry these pancakes,” Jackie sighed as she swallowed down a mouthful.

XXX

Shortly after breakfast, Ilya got a call from Yuna. The Doctor had permitted for Shane to leave the hospital. The plan was for David and Yuna to drive Shane to his cottage in Ottawa, and for Ilya to collect some essentials from Shane’s Montreal apartment and meet them there. So Ilya’s suitcases and duffle were placed in the back of Hayden’s car, the other Alpha driving Ilya to Shane’s apartment. Hayden had a spare key to let them in and pack up a few things that Shane would need.

“He’s got plenty of other stuff at the cottage,” Hayden told Ilya. “And I’m sure David and Yuna will stock up on groceries. But there’s just a few little things he likes to take everywhere.”

“Shane wears glasses?” Ilya asked in surprise as Hayden packed the case into the bag.

“Just for reading,” Hayden shrugged.

“That’s hot,” Ilya said. “When he is better I will fuck him while he wears glasses and nothing else.”

“Dude,” Hayden cringed. “Too much info.”

Having everything that was needed, they returned to the car and began the drive to Shane’s cottage.

“Can’t believe he’s inviting you to the cottage when he’s never invited me,” Hayden sulked. “I’ve been his best friend for years, he’s known you for five minutes.”

“Maybe he just likes me more because of my big Alpha cock,” Ilya suggested.

“Gross,” Hayden shuddered. “Can we maybe not talk about you defiling Shane Hollander’s ass with your big fat dick? Shane’s like a brother to me, it’s weird.”

“Prude,” Ilya rolled his eyes.

“Prostitute,” Hayden shot back.

“Former prostitute,” Ilya corrected.

“Fine, former prostitute,” Hayden amended. “You’re seriously giving that shit up?”

“For Shane,” Ilya answered. “He deserves better. So I will try to make myself better for him.”

“Good, that’s good,” Hayden said. “Shane deserves the best.”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed. “But the best is not me.”

“Hey, I didn’t say that,” Hayden replied.

“But you think it,” Ilya stated.

“No, man,” Hayden sighed. “Look, you’re a good guy, Rozanov. You treat Omegas with respect. You’re great with kids. People like you. And you make Shane happy. You know, when you don’t make him and yourself fucking miserable when you try breaking things off with him. But… the prostitute thing, it’s hard not to judge that shit.”

“I know,” Ilya accepted. “Have been prostitute for many years. Have experienced much judgement and hate. Especially when the Omegas are married and their Alpha returns home early.”

“Dude,” Hayden shook his head in disappointment. “Married Omegas, really?”

“It paid rent,” Ilya defended. “And these poor Omegas were unsatisfied by their own Alpha. They needed me.”

“Well, on behalf of married Alphas, screw you, man,” Hayden said. “If I found out some other Alpha put their hands on Jackie, my Omega…” he trailed off threateningly.

“Ah yes, I knew I had met Jackie before,” Ilya joked. “She was lonely because her small-dicked Alpha was off playing silly hockey game, so she hired me to cheer her up. Let me think, when was it, when was it? How old is Arthur again?”

“Fuck you, not funny,” Hayden replied.

“Arthur is adorable baby, he’s clearly mine,” Ilya claimed.

“You are an asshole,” Hayden sighed.

“Yes, maybe,” Ilya acknowledged. “And you are not wrong to have your concerns. Someone like me being involved with Shane… it is understandable for you to be protective.”

“I don’t know, sometimes I think I’m too protective,” Hayden kept both hands on the wheel, his attention fixed firmly on the road ahead. “And if this is how I behave with Shane, who’s like my practice kid, how much of a nightmare am I gonna be when it’s my actual children?”

“Oh, you will be terrible nightmare,” Ilya affirmed. “Kind of dad who is conveniently polishing shotgun when girls bring home boyfriend, yes.”

“Sounds like me,” Hayden nodded with a laugh. “With the whole hockey team in the room with me. All the guys sharpening knives and polishing guns. But let’s not talk about my shit right now. We need to talk about you and how you’re gonna handle things with Shane. He’s in a vulnerable state right now, all injured. You need to make sure you take care of him.”

“I know, I will,” Ilya said, sitting stiffly in the passenger seat, arms folded tight across his chest like he was trying to forcefully hold himself together. “Didn’t we already have this conversation with your scary wife threatening my testicles?”

“We did, but it’s a long drive, we may as well talk about you and Shane some more,” Hayden said. “I get the impression you’re not the kind of guy who really takes the time to talk about his feelings that much.” Hayden glanced sideways briefly, seeing Ilya staring out the car window, his jaw tense and knee bouncing with restless energy. He looked more like a man on his way to some kind of intense fighting match rather than headed to a quiet cottage by a lake.

“Russian men do not discuss feelings,” Ilya claimed.

“Maybe not, but for Shane Fucking Hollander they’ll damn well learn,” Hayden insisted.

Ilya grumbled some choice insults in Russian, then added several in English to ensure Hayden picked up on his irritation.

“You know, most people would just say ‘hey buddy, thanks for the lift’,” Hayden pointed out.

“Hey buddy, thanks for the lift,” Ilya drawled sarcastically.

“Whatever, it’s progress,” Hayden snorted, Ilya just scowling. “So… you planning on telling him?”

Ilya turned to stare at the man driving, unsure what he meant.

“Tell Shane what?” Ilya asked.

“Come on, man, don’t do that,” Hayden gave him a look.

“Do what?” Ilya huffed. “Damn it, Pike, I genuinely don’t know what you mean. I am not brain reader.”

“You mean mind reader,” Hayden corrected.

“I mean fuck you Hayden Pike,” Ilya glared, Hayden rolling his eyes.

“You love him,” Hayden said. It wasn’t a question. “It’s so fucking obvious. I can see it in your eyes. But you haven’t told him yet. Why not?”

“Because that moment when I choose to say it is just for us, for me and Shane,” Ilya replied. “Not you, or his parents and nurses in a hospital room when Shane’s so high he may not remember.”

“Fair enough,” Hayden acknowledged. “Are you gonna tell him the other thing?”

“Other thing?” Ilya frowned.

“About us and our blossoming affair?” Hayden asked completely deadpan. “We slept together, Rozanov. Don’t tell me it didn’t mean anything to you. Because it meant everything to me,” he sighed, somehow managing to say the cheesy lines with a straight face.

“You are…” Ilya shook his head, unable to think of an appropriate word.

“Funny,” Hayden suggested. “Charming, handsome, your new best friend.”

“Almost funny,” Ilya told him. “Not remotely charming. Mildly attractive in the right light. And absolutely definitely not new best friend. Shane can keep you as best friend pet guard dog fanboy. I’ll take Jackie.”

The road curved, the sides edged with hedges and fields of green. They were getting closer to the cottage.

“You know, for what it’s worth,” Hayden said, “I did really like you at first. At the Gala, before…”

“Yes, before you found out I am prostitute, then you decide not to like me,” Ilya huffed a quiet laugh. “Pretty sure you still don’t.”

“Hey, I like you a lot more than I did a few days ago,” Hayden told him.

“Wow, glowing review,” Ilya remarked.

“I’m capable of worse,” Hayden pointed out.

That managed to pull a genuine smile from Ilya. It was brief, but real all the same. And when Ilya smiled, it really changed his whole face and demeanour.

“It’s good to see you smile,” Hayden admitted. “You really remind me of a kicked puppy when you’re sad. But when you smile it kind of lights up the room.”

“But we are in a car,” Ilya replied.

“Fuck off, just take the compliment you jackass,” Hayden laughed and Ilya laughed softly too. “See, that look on your face right there, when you do that I can kind of see why Shane fell so hard for you.”

“You are hitting on me now?” Ilya asked. “Want to get back in bed with me, yes?”

“Dude, fuck off,” Hayden shook his head in amusement.

“No, is ok,” Ilya told him, continuing on with the joke. “Our special night together changed you. Helped you discover new things about yourself. Made you realise you are curious for some Alpha dick. Tell you what,” he landed his palm on Hayden’s upper-thigh. “If things don’t work out with Shane and me, I will give you a pity fuck.”

“You really are just a hopeless romantic aren’t you,” Hayden said, lightly pushing Ilya’s hand away from his leg.

The following silence was more comfortable than the previous ones they’d shared. Companionable even. Almost like they were real friends who genuinely enjoyed each other’s company.

At long last, the cottage came into view.

“So, you ready to go and play Nurse Rozanov?” Hayden asked parking up the car.

“Why Nurse? Why not Doctor?” Ilya asked.

“I don’t know, Nurses are sexier,” Hayden shrugged.

“Ah, so you admit you find me sexy,” Ilya smirked.

“You’re dating my best friend now, you need to stop flirting with me and trying to get in my pants,” Hayden jested.

“Yeah, ok,” Ilya rolled his eyes as he unplugged his seatbelt.

“And hey,” Hayden touched the other Alpha’s arm briefly. “Seriously now, you don’t have to have everything figured out before you walk through that door,” he gestured to the cottage, speaking in a gentler tone. “But Shane’s hurt, he might be drugged up on pain meds again, or just bored and miserable, maybe a little grumpy. Recovery time is probably gonna be stressful for you both. It’s just important that you’re here.”

“What if he doesn’t really want me here?” Ilya asked uncertainly. “He was still all high and adorable at hospital when he invited me to cottage. Maybe he is changing his mind when he can think more clearer.”

“Trust me, he wants you,” Hayden told him.

“You can’t know that,” Ilya objected.

“Actually, I do,” Hayden said confidently. “Because when he got hit by Hunter on the ice, before he lost consciousness, he asked for you. Not for me, or Jackie, not for his parents. He asked for you, Ilya.”

Still sitting in the car, Ilya stared silently at the cottage in front of them. Almost as though he was afraid of it. Unbuckling his own seatbelt, Hayden opened the door, setting one foot outside.

“You can still run, if you want,” Hayden pointed out.

“I don’t want,” Ilya let out a shaky breath.

“Good,” Hayden stepped out of the car fully and moved round to the back to grab the bag he’d packed for Shane as well as one of Ilya’s suitcases.

Quietly, Ilya grabbed his other suitcase and his duffle before following Hayden to the front door where David had appeared to greet them, already taking the bags from Hayden.

XXX

After a great deal of fussing around on Yuna’s part, and Hayden finally getting to explore his best friend’s cottage, David insisted it was time to leave Ilya and Shane alone so Ilya could get settled and Shane could rest.

“We’re just a ten minute drive away,” David told Ilya. “There’s ginger-ale for Shane, we also got you some cokes. But the water’s pretty good too, Shane has his own well. There’s plenty of food. Medication is in the bathroom. But if you need anything, just call us.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hollander,” Ilya replied politely.

“You need to start calling me, David,” the man said. “We’re family now, son.”

Family. That was something Ilya hadn’t had in a painfully long time. He could feel himself getting emotional (something he wasn’t supposed to do as a Russian). So he made a light-hearted joke and saw everybody out before closing the front door. Now he was alone in a cottage with Shane Hollander.

He turned around, and there Shane was. His arm was in a sling, he wore sunglasses (presumably because the light still bothered him due to the concussion), there were socks on his feet and a pair of joggers riding low on his hips. His chest was bare, still badly bruised, but slowly healing. Despite the injuries, he still looked like the strong and fearless hockey player that he was. Something about him seemed more relaxed and confident too. Ilya wasn’t sure if it was down to medication, being in the cottage, or something else.

“Hello, Shane,” Ilya greeted, not having had a chance to really see or speak to the Omega since arriving. “Is… is still ok that I’m here?” he checked.

“Yeah,” Shane smiled gently with his lips, taking off the sunglasses, his expressive eyes really sparkling as he stepped closer to the Alpha. “I’m glad you’re here,” he gripped Ilya’s shoulder with his good hand, resting their foreheads together and peering up from underneath his eyelashes, silently asking for a kiss.

Taking a light hold of Shane’s jaw, Ilya carefully wrapped his other arm around the Omega’s waist, pulling their bodies even closer (though being mindful of Shane’s slinged arm). Their lips met, Shane releasing a soft contented purr as Ilya slipped in his tongue, kissing until they were both breathless and a little lightheaded.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it... but tough shit if you didn't...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 18: EIGHTEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Back to Shane's POV...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EIGHTEEN

Shane was greatly relieved to be out of the hospital. He was even more elated to be in the comfort of his cottage, with Ilya Rozanov there to take care of him. The car journey with his parents had seemed to go on forever. Every corner they turned, every bump in the road, Shane was worried that the Alpha might not show, that he might run away and get on the next plane to Russia instead. He was so relieved when Ilya finally turned up with Hayden. Then he was just counting down the seconds until Hayden and his parents left, finally leaving him alone with the man who had so effortlessly stolen his heart.

“Fuck, I missed you so much,” Shane admitted, burrowing as close to Ilya as he could without irritating his injuries.

“Is lunch time, should eat,” Ilya said.

“Probably,” Shane agreed, gripping the fingers of his good hand into Ilya’s hair as they kissed some more.

“Should eat,” Ilya repeated more sternly. “Sit,” he instructed before moving to the kitchen to fix them some food.

Shane obediently seated himself on the couch, his eyes following the Alpha as he moved around his kitchen. Normally, Shane enjoyed the solitude of his cottage, considering it his own little sanctuary where he could escape the world. But now he was listening to Ilya’s footsteps echo around the kitchen, he never wanted them to go away. He wanted the Alpha to stay. His Alpha. Hopefully Ilya wanted to stay too, and that he didn’t just feel obligated to look after Shane throughout the recovery process.

A few minutes later, Ilya joined him, opening his can of ginger-ale for him and watching him take a sip.

“Is ginger-ale cold enough?” Ilya checked.

“Yeah, it’s great,” Shane nodded setting the can on a coaster on the table and wiping his mouth. He then made to reach for his sandwich, but Ilya grabbed his hand, stopping him. “What are you…?”

“Let me feed you?” Ilya asked kissing Shane’s knuckles gently.

Given the sling, it would be easier to allow the Alpha to assist him, though Shane could still manage the task of feeding himself. But the look in the Russian’s eyes suggested he needed to be taking care of Shane as much as possible, at least for now. So Shane nodded in acceptance, letting the other man feed him. He may have sucked on Ilya’s fingertips unnecessarily after each bite.

“How are the headaches?” Ilya asked.

“Not as bad but still not great,” Shane answered. “Still not allowed screen-time but…” he shrugged.

“Is ok,” Ilya said. “Will give us time to get to know each other better. See if we really are…”

“Compatible,” Shane supplied.

“Compatible,” Ilya repeated gazing at Shane softly. “Open,” he instructed, feeding Shane another bite of sandwich.

XXX

After eating lunch and Ilya giving Shane some more meds, Shane put his sunglasses back on and took Ilya outside, showing him the greenery and the lake as he told him how he’d had the cottage built. They sat together on a rock, looking out at the calm water. Ilya placed his arm around Shane, carefully guiding him closer, always mindful of the Omega’s injuries. Shane happily leaned in to him, taking comfort in the warmth and support of Ilya’s body as well as his Alpha scent. The Alpha smelled like a nighttime bonfire with a faint hint of something floral underneath, perhaps lilies. And there was something else about Ilya Rozanov’s scent, something Shane could only define with one word.

“You smell like you’re mine,” Shane vocalised. He cringed at himself a little for the cheesy declaration. He hadn’t meant to say the words out loud. But he definitely meant them.

“I am yours,” Ilya confirmed, lightly holding Shane’s jaw before pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss. “Tell me about your parents,” he requested as they returned to gazing across the peaceful stillness of the lake. “And your childhood,” he added.

“Um… ok,” Shane hesitated on where to start. So he went with the subject matter that came easiest to him. Hockey.

He told Ilya about his first time on the ice, and how at home he felt when playing. The ice was comforting. Things made sense when he was skating. His mind was calm when he raced around the rink with a hockey-stick. He recalled the excitement of being drafted and playing

for the Metros for the first time. Winning his Rookie of the Year award and celebrating by drinking shots with The Scott Hunter.

“He’s a nice guy,” Shane laughed when Ilya scowled at the mention of the Admirals Captain.

“Nice guy is reason for sling, for bruises,” Ilya gestured.

“Professional hockey, it happens,” Shane told him. “He came to visit me, he said he was sorry. I forgive him.”

“I do not,” Ilya grumbled. “Scott Hunter is now my arch-rival.”

“He’s the reason you’re here with me right now and not in Russia,” Shane pointed out.

Ilya glanced away, his expression guilty. Then he turned back to Shane, holding his face delicately in his strong hands. Shane smiled feeling the Alpha’s thumb swipe over the freckles dusting his cheekbones.

“Ok, Scott Hunter is not arch-rival,” Ilya accepted. “But he is a thousand years old.”

“Still hot,” Shane smirked.

“Poor Omega, concussion make you say such crazy things,” Ilya claimed kissing the hockey player’s temple.

“If you say so,” Shane replied. “You and Hayden… you’re getting along better?” he asked hopefully.

“Your pet guard dog has calmed down,” Ilya acknowledged. “Also, you should know, Jackie knows the truth. That I was prostitute, not boyfriend.”

“Oh. Um, how’d she take it?” Shane asked.

“Better than Hayden,” Ilya answered. “She actually found it funny that Shane Hollander mistakenly hires prostitute. But my plan to go to Russia, she did not find this funny.”

“Did she threaten to BBQ your penis?” Shane guessed.

“No… to chew my balls off and spit in my mouth like feeding baby bird,” Ilya pouted. “Did she threaten to BBQ your dick?”

“Yeah,” Shane chuckled fondly. “After we went to their place for the BBQ. She said if I messed up this relationship with you she would BBQ my dick and feed it to the WAGs.”

“Ah, so you are only with me because you are scared of Jackie Pike,” Ilya joked.

“Fuck off,” Shane replied affectionately. “Tell me about your family, about Russia?” he requested.

“Enough talk,” Ilya decided, stealing a kiss from Shane’s lips before he could protest. “Should go back inside. You need to lay down and rest.”

XXX

Typically, Shane preferred to be more active. But with two cracked ribs, a sprained wrist, fractured collarbone, a mild concussion and multiple bruises scattered over his body, he really did have to lay back and let his body rest. Laying down in the hospital bed hadn’t been particularly comfortable. The hospital lights bothered his eyes. The smell was so sterile it was off-putting. There was always so much noise going on, even at night. And the hospital gown just felt itchy and wrong against his skin.

But now Shane was in his cottage. He pressed a button on the remote to bring down the blinds, blocking out any trace of daylight. He was in a much comfier bed with a better quilt and pillow. The only noise was Ilya breathing softly beside him, and Shane would be content to hear that sound in his ear forever more. Plus there was Ilya’s bonfire and lily scent that made Shane feel so comfortable and safe. Getting to lay cuddled up to Ilya Rozanov in his cottage was easily better than being bed-bound in a hospital room. All he really needed now was for Ilya to touch his dick. Sex would be impractical given his current injuries, but surely Shane was able to be on the receiving end of a hand or blow job.

“You are thinking dirty thoughts,” Ilya guessed, always seeming to know somehow.

“What? No, I’m not,” Shane denied, Ilya just quirking an eyebrow at him as an amused smirk stretched across his lips. “How’d you know?” he asked.

“You are hard,” Ilya pointed out, blatantly eyeing the bulge between the Omega’s legs. “I can smell that you are a little wet too.”

“A little,” Shane acknowledged. “You gonna do something about it?”

“Ok,” Ilya agreed, kissing him sweetly before shifting down the bed.

The Alpha practically ripped open Shane’s shorts, dragging them down his legs and tossing them aside. His boxers went next, Shane frowning a little, his fingers flexing with the need to pick them up.

“Oh my god, Hollander, you are so boring,” Ilya rolled his eyes and got off the bed. He picked up the discarded clothing items, making a show of folding them and placing them neatly aside. “Happy?”

“Yes,” Shane gave a small nod, endeared by the other man’s actions.

“Good, now will you please let me suck your fucking dick?” Ilya growled crawling back onto the bed between Shane’s legs, awaiting verbal confirmation before wrapping his lips around Shane.

“Oh, fuck, Rozanov,” Shane groaned, thighs parting as Ilya bobbed his mouth up and down on his cock. “Holy shit,” he sighed, bucking up slightly, dick throbbing and twitching inside

the Alpha's warm wet mouth. There was a twinge of pain sparking from his ribs, but Shane ignored it, focusing on the euphoric feeling of Ilya's wicked tongue dipping into the slit of his penis, lapping up the pre-cum that was no doubt gathering there. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he sighed, his face twisted in a mixture of blissful pleasure and pain.

"You are so wet," Ilya told him with a smirk.

"Don't… don't fucking stop," Shane grumbled.

"Don't worry, Omega, just getting started," Ilya winked at him. He dragged his fingers through Shane's ass-crack, gathering up his slick and then smearing the juices over Shane's cock before taking him back in his mouth.

"Fuck yeah," Shane moaned. "Ah," he grunted in pain. He was so desperate to touch Ilya that he forgot about his sling and tried to move his arm. He breathed through the aching twinge, once again focusing on how good Ilya was making him feel with his oh so talented mouth. "Oh shit, Rozanov… I'm gonna… Alpha, I'm gonna… ah, ah, uh," he spilled his release down Ilya's throat, the other man easily gulping it down.

He gasped and panted for breath. His head pounding and his ribs feeling like they were on fire, but it was more than worth it. The Omega felt wrecked in the most beautiful kind of way. Then Ilya was looming over him, checking he was ok, eyes wide with arousal, but also concern for his wellbeing.

"I'm good," Shane smiled. "More than good," he laughed a little. "Fuck," he swore, still feeling dazed. "You," he pointed to the bulge in Ilya's pants. "You need…"

"No," Ilya stopped him. "You need rest."

"But," Shane made to object.

"Ssh," Ilya pressed their lips together. "I am in charge. Is rest time."

"Bed's all dirty," Shane complained.

"So you rest in guest room," Ilya told him as he carefully helped him up and into a pair of clean underwear before he guided him to one of the other rooms.

He set the blinds down to block out the light and carefully tucked Shane in. As he made to leave, Shane whined deep in his throat, not wanting the Alpha to go.

"I'll be back," Ilya assured him, kissing his forehead, Shane purring slightly as he leaned in to it. "Need to sort dirty sheets. Rest, Omega," he ordered and Shane found his eyes drooping.

XXX

He had been under Ilya's care for five full days, and it was simultaneously wonderful and frustrating. It was wonderful because the Alpha was so patient and gentle with him, and Shane could hardly stop himself from making big goo-goo eyes every time Ilya looked his

way. But it was frustrating because all Shane wanted was for Ilya Rozanov to pound him into the bed and knot him. Of course, Shane was still out of commission when it came to sex. Maybe Scott Hunter was an asshole for injuring him after all?

So instead of taking his clothes off, folding them neatly and impaling himself on Ilya's big fat Alpha cock, Shane opted to broach the subject of Ilya's future instead.

"You're great with kids," Shane pointed out.

"Hayden said so too," Ilya replied. "But nobody is going to hire former prostitute to work with children. Nor should they," he shrugged.

"What about health care?" Shane asked. "You've done a great job looking after me."

"Ah, yes, but that is only because you are so beautiful and will owe me lots of blow-jobs when you are better," Ilya smirked.

"I promise, you're getting so much more than just a blow-job when I can get this sling off," Shane told him and Ilya grinned, cupping his face as he leaned in to kiss him. "Mm," Shane groaned. He'd never kissed many people so didn't have a lot to compare to, but even so, Shane just knew that Ilya Rozanov was a damn amazing kisser. The man didn't just kiss with his mouth, he kissed with his entire body, with his heart and his soul. Perhaps it sounded a little corny and ridiculous (which is precisely why Shane was only thinking it internally and not vocalising it out loud) but just because it sounded sickly sweet didn't make it any less true.

"How about retail?" Shane suggested a few minutes after their make-out session when his brain could function properly again. "You're confident and charming when you talk to people. I bet you could get strangers to buy all kinds of things they don't really need."

"I don't know, maybe," Ilya shrugged, looking annoyed and awkward, as he always did whenever Shane tried to bring the subject matter up.

"Well… maybe we could talk to my mum?" Shane recommended. "She knows a lot of agents and has great relationships with different brands and stuff. If you were interested, I'm sure she could get you a modelling career very easily. Maybe we could even do some kind of sexy photoshoot together one day."

"You were very sexy in the underwear ads," Ilya told him. "By far the best and sexiest hockey player."

"That's me," Shane agreed playfully. "But what do you think? About modelling I mean?"

"I don't know," Ilya responded. "Modelling may be too risky, too high profile. A former client could recognise me. I don't care what people say about me being prostitute, but I care what they may say about you."

"Maybe… maybe we should talk to my parents about that," Shane replied. "As long as we're together there's always a small risk somebody could recognise you and try to blackmail us or

straight up go to the media. Maybe we should try and be a step ahead. My mum could be ready with some kind of statement in case your past gets leaked."

"You want to tell your parents I was prostitute?" Ilya checked.

"Can't say I want to," Shane cringed. "But I think it might be for the best. Just in case. But I won't say a word to them without your permission."

"How will they react?" Ilya asked. "Would they be ok with it?"

"I mean… they'll be shocked, obviously," Shane admitted. "They might have questions. Uncomfortable ones," he started tugging at his eyelashes with his good hand, Ilya wordlessly guiding his fingers away, kissing his knuckles instead. "But they're my parents. They're good people… They'll support me and that means also supporting and protecting you."

"If you think telling them is best, then I trust you," Ilya accepted.

"Ok," Shane nodded. "Then maybe this weekend we can go to their place and break it to them over dinner."

"Sounds… good," Ilya answered awkwardly.

"I think you mean terrifying," Shane stated.

"Yes, probably," Ilya laughed nervously. "You are scared?"

"A little," Shane replied. "A lot," he amended. "But I was scared to tell them when I presented as an Omega too. And I was scared to tell them I that I'm gay. And yeah, I'm scared to tell them my boyfriend used to be a prostitute. But… however they react… I'm not scared to hold your hand and tell them that I love you."

"Boyfriend?" Ilya asked.

"Boyfriend," Shane confirmed.

"I have no choice in this decision?" Ilya teased.

"You have a choice," Shane smiled, gazing up at the Alpha adoringly. "You can admit that we're boyfriends. Or, you can try and keep denying it, but I will get JJ to supply me with chains to lock you to our bed if needed."

"Our bed," Ilya noted with a smile.

"Our bed," Shane said confidently. "Where do you stand on the chains?"

"You don't need to chain me up, Hollander," Ilya responded. "But you could have JJ bring chains anyway. I'm sure we could be creative when you are no longer injured," he winked.

"And who's getting locked up in chains, you or me?" Shane wondered.

“Sometimes you… sometimes me,” Ilya shrugged. “Sometimes Hayden.”

“Hayden?” Shane frowned.

“I think your pet guard dog would like to watch,” Ilya joked.

“Gross,” Shane shook his head. “So… um… what about your family? Your childhood? You never talk about it.”

“Ssh, that’s not important,” Ilya leaned in to trail kisses up the column of Shane’s throat, making the Omega purr like a kitten.

“I know you’re just trying to distract me,” Shane accused.

“Is working, yes?” Ilya smirked, one hand moving between Shane’s legs and palming at his growing erection.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane’s dick throbbed as Ilya dropped to his knees, taking Shane’s cock out of his pants and into his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 19: NINETEEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everybody...

So the weather over here has cooled down a little...

I can now tolerate a laptop being on my lap for an extended period and concentrate on reading/writing...

So before another heat wave rears it's ugly head here's a new chapter...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

NINETEEN

After spending approximately fifteen minutes rehearsing a potential telephone conversation in his head, Shane abandoned the idea and opted to send his dad a text message instead. He retyped the message a few times before hitting the send button. He chose to message his dad knowing the man would be more casual about the prospect of him and Ilya coming over for dinner, whereas his mum would respond with multiple questions asking about Ilya's food preferences, follow-ups on Shane's concussion and injuries as well as recounting the most recent hockey game.

Soon enough, it was time for Shane and Ilya to leave. Despite it having been his own suggestion, and even with having had a few days to adjust to the idea of it all, the Omega was now in the throes of an oncoming panic attack as they prepared to drive to his parents' house and reveal that Ilya used to be a prostitute.

"Hey, hey," Ilya murmured softly. "Shane," the Alpha called his name. "Shane," he repeated. "Look at me. Is ok. Your Alpha is here," he reassured, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane's head, then his temple, his cheek, his neck, his mouth. "We have each other, yes? No matter what."

"No matter what," Shane echoed. "Fuck," he sighed out taking a much needed deep breath.

"Ok?" Ilya checked worriedly.

"I'll be fine, just give me a second," Shane squatted down, wrapping his good arm around the backs of Ilya's legs and resting his forehead against the Alpha's stomach. "Fuck," he swore again. "Ok," he said slowly, taking Ilya's offered hand to help himself stand right again. "I'm ok. Let's go."

Ilya kissed him sweetly before holding the car door open for him and helping him with his seatbelt. Sunglasses shielding his eyes, Shane gave Ilya directions to his parents' house.

"Ready?" Ilya asked once he had parked up, unbuckling his own seatbelt before leaning over to release Shane's.

"Maybe you should wait in the car?" Shane suggested, Ilya giving him an 'are you fucking kidding me?' expression. "Shit, no. Sorry. Forget I said that."

"Relax, take a breath," Ilya advised patiently. "Or maybe you wait in the car, and I tell them I was prostitute," he joked.

"Not funny," Shane told him.

"Hayden would have laughed," Ilya claimed. "Jackie too. And definitely baby Arthur. That little Pike boy just gets me."

"Come on," Shane said. "Let's go and do this before I panic again."

XXX

For the first ten minutes, Shane's mum fussed over him, visually examining his bruises, asking about his headaches, lifting his shirt to check on his ribs. Then she interrogated Ilya as to whether or not Shane was taking all his meds, avoiding screen time and drinking plenty of water and getting enough rest.

"I'm a fully grown adult," Shane pointed out.

"You will never stop being my baby," Yuna claimed pressing a kiss to his cheek.

"Mum," Shane cringed in embarrassment, but Ilya just watched the interaction with a fond look on his face.

Then they were all seated at the dining table, David sharing his best Russian vodka with Ilya while Shane sipped at a ginger-ale. Yuna served a generous helping of pasta onto everybody's plate, Ilya's eyes practically lighting up over it, especially when David passed Ilya the parmesan cheese.

"With the Metros out of the running I think this could be Scott Hunter's year," Yuna commented.

"Hopefully not," Ilya mumbled.

"Well, I can't say I like Mr. Hunter as much as I used to after he hospitalised my son," Yuna admitted.

"Mum," Shane sighed.

"What?" Yuna defended. "He really hurt you, Shane. He's lucky I wasn't in the room when he came to visit you. I might have put him in a hospital bed."

“He’s a nice guy, it was an accident,” Shane reiterated.

“He hurt my baby, I’m allowed to be mad at him,” Yuna insisted.

“Can we please talk about something else?” Shane asked.

“Well, I suppose there is always the chance Cliff Marleau could lead the Boston Raiders to another cup,” Yuna theorised.

“Mum,” Shane interrupted. “I don’t want to talk about hockey right now.”

“Oh, of course, sorry,” Yuna apologised. “It must be so frustrating for you not to be able to play right now. You’ve never gone so long without being on the ice.”

“Look, there’s something I really need to tell you,” Shane said nervously.

“Something we both need to tell you,” Ilya amended, hand covering his mouth as he finished chewing down some pasta.

The atmosphere shifted, Shane’s parents instinctively understanding the seriousness of the conversation.

“Shane, you know you can tell us anything,” David said supportively. “You both can,” he added sending Ilya a warm smile.

“I… um… I…” Shane stammered out, Ilya’s hand moving under the table to rest on his thigh, giving a comforting squeeze.

“Do you want me to say?” Ilya offered and Shane gave a nod, unable to get the words out himself, the pasta on his plate making his stomach feel queasy he was so nervous. “Ok,” Ilya gently guided Shane to face him and kissed his mouth twice before he gulped down a mouthful of vodka. “When you first met me at Gala, I was not really Shane’s Alpha.”

“Oh,” Yuna sounded surprised, sharing a look with David who seemed equally baffled. “What do you mean exactly?” she wondered.

“Shane was worried if he went to Gala alone that somebody would try to set him up with an Alpha,” Ilya told them. “So he hired me to pretend.”

“Oh, you’re an actor,” Yuna smiled. “Did I see you starring in Hamlet last December? You were wonderful,” she complimented.

“I am not actor, was not in boring Hamlet play,” Ilya told her. “Shane meant to hire an actor but… he made a small mistake.”

“What kind of a mistake?” Yuna asked looking between the two young men.

Shane shifted and squirmed on his seat, tapping his foot on the floor awkwardly, only stopping when he felt Ilya’s foot nudge against his own, the contact calming him somewhat.

“Ilya’s a prostitute,” Shane closed his eyes as he said it.

“A prostitute?” Yuna repeated, stunned.

“It means I slept with people for money,” Ilya explained.

“She knows what it means,” Shane whispered. “Ilya was a prostitute, but not anymore.”

“So… you’re retired?” David asked calmly as he looked to Ilya.

“Yes,” Ilya answered. “For Shane.”

“Well that’s… unexpected,” David settled for saying. “More vodka?” he offered Ilya.

“Please,” Ilya readily accepted, David refilling both their glasses and wordlessly pushing a small glass towards Yuna who pulled a face as she drank a small mouthful.

“I’ve gotta say I’m surprised, Ilya,” David admitted. “From the moment I met you, I took you to be a romantic type.”

“It’s not untrue,” Ilya replied. “I’ve always done my best to make my Omega clients feel safe and special. Was never just about satisfying them sexually. I wanted them to feel good emotionally too.”

“Not helping,” Shane whispered to Ilya. “Mum… are you ok?”

Yuna took another mouthful of vodka, clearly struggling with the burning feeling and the taste.

“Sorry,” she coughed a little. “I’m still struggling to process the sex worker revelation… Alright,” she declared in a more business-like tone. “Now, there is still a lot of stigma around… sex workers… so it could be a little problematic if this information got leaked. It’s best for us to have a tasteful statement prepared just in case. Leave it with me, I’ll come up with something,” she assured. “Going forward, I think it’s best to eradicate the term ‘prostitute’ from our vocabulary. Instead, let’s use the word ‘escort’. It’s a little more socially acceptable to the masses and holds a quiet kind of dignity don’t you think? Now… um… you boys have been careful haven’t you?”

“Careful?” Shane frowned.

“Sexually,” Yuna stated.

“That’s really not our business,” David whispered to her out of the corner of his mouth while Shane willed the floor beneath him to open up and swallow him whole.

“Being a professional escort naturally comes with a higher risk of contracting an STI than other jobs,” Yuna pointed out.

“And as a professional, I’m sure Ilya knows better than most how to take care of his sexual health,” David reasoned.

“I would certainly hope so,” Yuna said. “Well boys?” she asked looking between them and Shane genuinely worried he might fall down and die out of utter mortification. It would be on his tombstone. Shane Hollander, Hockey Player, Died of Severe Embarrassment.

“I am clean,” Ilya confirmed. “I always use condoms with clients, and I have regular check-ups at health clinic.”

“This isn’t happening,” Shane cringed at the awkward conversation, his father at least looking equally uncomfortable and sympathetic. “Tell me this isn’t happening.”

“Sexual health is very important,” Yuna insisted.

“I’m clean, Ilya’s clean, we’re all very, very clean,” Shane grumbled. “It’s not something we have to talk about again. Ever.”

“Ok, happy to move on from that. But I think we still need to talk about the money,” Yuna stated tentatively.

“What money?” Shane asked.

“The money you gave Ilya in exchange for… his services,” Yuna said delicately.

“I didn’t… I didn’t pay him, it wasn’t like that,” Shane shifted awkwardly in his seat.

“No payment?” Yuna checked looking to Ilya who shook his head.

“Are you sure you boys know what a prostitute is?” David asked, Yuna nudging him with her elbow. “Sorry, escort.”

“Ilya refused to take any money,” Shane explained.

“Oh,” Yuna seemed confused before she looked to Ilya, watching him watch her son. “Oh,” she said in a more understanding kind of tone.

“What?” David whispered.

“I think we’re dealing with a classic case of love at first sight here,” Yuna said. “Ilya didn’t want to accept the money because he already knew he was crazy about Shane,” she smiled. “Can’t blame him of course. So handsome,” she boasted proudly.

“Mum, please stop,” Shane begged while Ilya grinned.

“So, Ilya, now that you’re… retired… what’s your plan?” David asked.

“I’m still trying to figure that out,” Ilya answered. “There aren’t really a lot of options for someone like me.”

“How did a sweet boy like you end up doing that kind of work in the first place?” Yuna wondered and Shane held his breath as he felt Ilya tense up beside him.

“This is very good pasta,” Ilya declared, not answering the awkward question.

“Yeah, nothing beats a homecooked meal,” David agreed. “Have some more cheese,” he encouraged Ilya, assisting with the subject matter change even though Yuna clearly wanted to pursue it.

XXX

The conversation with his parents had been painfully embarrassing in places, but overall Shane and Ilya couldn’t have hoped for much better. Upon returning to the cottage, Shane suggested they sit outside and have a bonfire.

“So… we just sit and look at it?” Ilya asked.

“Yes, we just sit and look at it,” Shane confirmed.

“Ok. Who knew Mr. Star Hockey Player was so fun?” Ilya asked sarcastically.

“Fuck off,” Shane grinned.

It didn’t take long for Ilya to fall under the calming spell of the fire. He spread out on the seat, his head in Shane’s lap. Looking at the burning red and orange for too long a time bothered Shane’s eyes a little, so he opted to keep his focus on Ilya, his fingers curling deeper into the Alpha’s hair.

“Ilya?” Shane asked quietly, Ilya responding with a soft hum. “Will you tell me about your family?”

He could feel Ilya tense. He scratched gently at his head, hoping to offer some kind of reassurance. Gazing briefly to the flames that still had Ilya so entranced, Shane was prepared to accept that the Alpha wouldn’t respond and made no effort to push the issue. The Omega was considering a variety of different conversations to have instead when Ilya spoke.

“My father, my brother… both Alphas… not good men,” Ilya stated.

“Oh,” Shane answered, still stroking Ilya’s hair. He wasn’t too sure what ‘not good men’ could mean as there too many possibilities to guess with so little information. He chose not to push Ilya to reveal anything further. He just kept stroking his hair, waiting patiently for him to speak.

“My mother was Omega,” Ilya continued. “She smelled like the rain… I think,” he sounded uncertain, as though he couldn’t fully remember. “Sometimes, she would take me outside in the rain. We would walk and I would splash in puddles. We would be so wet and so cold, but I enjoyed being out in the rain with her.”

“Sounds nice,” Shane smiled.

“It was,” Ilya replied. “But also… it wasn’t.”

“What do you mean?” Shane asked.

“My Mama, she was so beautiful,” Ilya answered. “So smart, so funny. She would be kind to everyone. Always did her best to smile… But sometimes she could not. She was… she was very sad. My father, he would be so hard on her… She would try to hide her tears from him. And from me. But when it rained, if she could, she would take me outside. I would have fun jumping and splashing… and she would cry… Back then, I just thought it was the rain on her face. But now… now I know the rain was to mask the tears.”

“And… your mother… is she?” Shane asked hesitantly.

“Dead,” Ilya confirmed.

“Oh, Ilya, I’m so sorry,” Shane told him, knowing how distraught he would be to lose either of his parents.

“Was long time ago,” Ilya shrugged. “I was twelve… I found her.”

Despite the fire, Shane suddenly felt cold and rather numb. He had images of himself walking into a room at age twelve only to find his mother’s body. Tears pricked at his eyes just thinking of it. He could only imagine how distressing such a thing was for a young Ilya. And with his father and brother being ‘not good men’, would Ilya have even been allowed to grieve properly or received appropriate support and comfort? Shane very much doubted it somehow. If Ilya had a strong support system then surely he would never have ended up working as a prostitute, right?

“Can I ask what happened to her?” Shane worried he was pushing too far, that Ilya might close up on him again, but the Alpha nuzzled into him, seeking comfort that Shane was more than eager to provide, still worrying that Ilya hadn’t received true comfort since his mother passed away.

“She accidentally swallowed whole bottle of pills,” Ilya murmured.

XXX

The fire died out, Shane and Ilya eventually returning inside, the Alpha making sure the Omega took his medication. Now that Shane knew how Ilya’s mother had died, it made so much more sense why the man surveyed him so closely when taking his own pills.

They got ready for bed, Ilya helping Shane when needed due to the sling. Then they climbed into bed together, but sleep was not waiting for Shane tonight. It was loud inside his head. He had thoughts of a young Ilya, playing out in the rain while his mother hid her tears. He thought about how awful it must have been to lose her so young and in such a way. He wondered about Ilya’s father and brother, his imagination tormenting him by filling in the blanks for what ‘not good men’ could mean.

He also wondered more about how Ilya had gotten into prostitution in the first place. Was it some kind of coping mechanism after his mother’s death? He no longer had the love of a mother, so did he perhaps seek to fill the void in unconventional ways? Did his father and brother have any involvement in Ilya’s prostitution? Had he been forced into it rather than

choosing it for himself? Or had he run away from an abusive home in the wake of his mother's death, resorting to prostitution out of sheer panic and desperation.

And what would Ilya do with his life now? As willing as Shane would be to fully support him financially, he knew the Alpha would want to have some kind of income and independence for himself. But the reality was that finding a job as a former prostitute (or escort as his mother would insist) would not be easy. At dinner, Ilya had stated there weren't many opportunities for somebody like him. That may well be true. So perhaps they would have to create opportunities of their own. But how?

XXX

A couple of hours later, Shane's brain fixated on a potential solution. He reached for Ilya with his good hand, shaking the other man awake.

"Hollander," Ilya grumbled as he squinted through the darkness, seeing the ungodly hour displayed on the bedside alarm-clock. "You should be sleeping," he said sternly.

"We should start a charity," Shane said excitedly, babbling on about his idea. "The proceeds would go towards mental health and suicide prevention. And you could run it. Or help to run it. Be the face of it. You're good-looking, you're charming, you can work a crowd or a room full of rich people and persuade them to hand over their money for a good cause. You could even share your story about your mum… if you wanted to… it would tug on people's heartstrings and… maybe it would be good for you to talk about her. What was her name?"

"Irina," Ilya answered softly.

"We could name it for her," Shane said. "The Irina Foundation."

"I have no idea how to run a charity," Ilya pointed out.

"We'll figure it out," Shane insisted. "We'll read some books, maybe take a seminar."

"Wow, you really are boring," Ilya teased.

"Fuck off, this is a good idea," Shane asserted.

"…Maybe," Ilya mused rubbing at his eyes and then shifting to face Shane better. "But I have no way to fund a new charity. If the money was just coming from you then… I would be in your debt. That is not good dynamic for relationship."

"It doesn't have to be me who funds it," Shane reasoned. "Maybe Hayden could contribute. And other guys on the team. They all love you. And we could talk to Scott Hunter."

"Urgh, why?" Ilya groaned at the mention of the Admirals player.

"He's got experience with this kind of thing," Shane stated. "And I bet he'd want to donate to The Irina Foundation."

“This is a stupid hour for your ideas, Omega,” Ilya complained. “Can we talk about it when the real morning comes.”

“Ok,” Shane agreed. “But… this is good, right? You could maybe do this?”

“I am not sure,” Ilya answered honestly. “Will need to talk about it more… do boring research… talk to Scott Hunter,” he scowled. “Now… go to sleep,” he instructed softly.

XXX

First thing in the morning, Shane was on his laptop researching about how to organise and set up a charity. Ilya marched along and closed the laptop.

“You are still recovering from concussion,” Ilya reminded him.

“I’m fine,” Shane claimed.

“No screentime,” Ilya told him in a strict tone as he set about making their breakfast.

XXX

Both David and Yuna were incredibly enthusiastic about the idea of starting up a charity. Together they were tossing around different ideas.

“A hockey summer camp for kids could be cool,” Shane suggested.

“Oh, I love that,” Yuna sighed and David nodded.

“It would be a great way for the two of you to spend your summers,” David supported. “Working together with kids. Coaching future star hockey players.”

“I would have loved to have gone to a hockey camp as a kid,” Shane said.

“Me too,” David grinned.

XXX

“Seriously,” Shane asked once he and Ilya were alone. “What do you think about all this?”

“Is a good idea,” Ilya attested. “Would be wonderful thing for those kids to get to play hockey with you. And raising awareness and money for suicide prevention… these are all good things. But… I’m still not sure what my role would be exactly. I don’t think I could manage the pressure of running the whole thing. I am not experienced enough for that. But… I could handle organising charity events and things, I think. Almost like being a party planner, yes?”

“Well, yeah,” Shane nodded.

“I could do that,” Ilya replied confidently. “And I would love to spend the summer at a hockey camp with you, seeing you inspire children. But if people found out truth about me,

could jeopardise the summer camp. Is best if I stay away from that side of things."

"Do you really think somebody would out you?" Shane asked. "I mean, you treated all those Omegas the same way you treated me, right?"

"No, not exactly," Ilya responded. "You definitely got preferential treatment," he admitted. "Also I made the others pay."

"Right, but… you were good to them?" Shane asked. "Gentle, caring, treated them with respect and made them feel good?"

"Of course, always," Ilya answered.

"So what reason would they have to try and hurt you?" Shane wondered. "If you made them feel anything even close to what you make me feel… I can't understand any of them being willing to attack you in any way."

"Maybe you are right," Ilya shrugged. "But we cannot know for sure."

"I'd be prepared to risk it," Shane said tentatively.

"Risk the charity?" Ilya asked. "That sounds selfish of us."

"A little," Shane acknowledged. "But we can't spend the rest of our lives worrying people might find out… Right?"

"Right," Ilya agreed kissing Shane's mouth then fingering the edges of his sling.

"Just a couple more days," Shane sighed. "Then as soon as I have this sling off I am going to…"

"Do not even finish that dirty thought, Hollander," Ilya warned. "Once that sling is off you still need rest and recovery time."

"I don't know if I can wait that long," Shane claimed and Ilya smirked.

"Your needy Omega hole is just hungry for my Alpha cock, yes?" Ilya looked infuriatingly smug.

"Hungry," Shane scoffed. "More like starving."

"I will feed you well soon enough," Ilya promised.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Would love to know what you think...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 20: TWENTY

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Here's some more time with the Pike's...

And I'm hoping to get another chapter or two out before the next heat wave but I can't make any promises...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TWENTY

Mercifully, the sling was off. In celebration of being able to use both hands again, Shane dragged both sets of fingers through Ilya's curls as he kissed the Alpha before raking his nails down the Russian man's back. Ilya growled in appreciation, grabbing Shane's face to guide him in for a further kiss. Shane moaned, his knees buckling, wondering how it was possible for Ilya to be so blessedly skilled with his tongue.

"Please fuck me," Shane begged.

With a grunt of approval, Ilya kissed the Omega deeply before lifting him up and carrying him to the sofa. He lay Shane down carefully, yanking off his vest and draping it semi-neatly over the back of the couch. Then he tugged Shane's t-shirt off, folding it neatly and placing it on the nearby table before crawling atop him.

"Mm, Ilya," Shane moaned as the other man decorated his throat and chest with numerous kisses and the occasional bite. "Harder," the Omega encouraged, his pupils blown wide with lust.

"Mr. Hockey Player likes it rough," Ilya teased, trapping Shane's lower lip with his teeth, the Omega bucking up into the Alpha.

"Fuck off," Shane said half-heartedly once his lip was free.

With a smirk, Ilya buried his face in the crook of Shane's neck. Shane's toes curled in pleasure as his Alpha flicked out his tongue, swiping a thick stripe up the length of his neck. His body quivered with need as Ilya placed a delicate kiss to the pulse point in his throat.

Then the Omega's entire body went taut, his cock throbbed and his asshole leaked as Ilya let his teeth pierce skin, marking Shane's neck up.

"Ah!" Shane groaned, nails clawing up Ilya's strong back, his legs locking around the other man, one hand reaching up to knot his fingers in Ilya's hair, desperately trying to pull him even closer. "Fuck," he sighed, trembling slightly as Ilya soothed the stinging flesh with a fat lick.

"So… you wanted me to fuck you, yes?" Ilya checked casting him a devilish smirk.

"Yes," Shane confirmed, all desperation, no dignity.

"These… off," Ilya ordered as he tugged at Shane's shorts.

Hooking his thumbs into the waistband, Shane awkwardly wiggled and shimmied to get his shorts off, bringing his underwear down with them. With Ilya's amused (but fond) gaze on him, Shane folded the shorts and placed them atop his t-shirt. Before he could fold his boxers, however, the Alpha snatched them from him, inspecting the damp spots.

"Already so wet for me, Omega," Ilya commented, the words making Shane's freckled face flush.

"Shut up," Shane retaliated.

"Fucking make me," Ilya dared, and Shane looped an arm around the Alpha's neck, yanking him down and plunging his tongue down Ilya's throat.

Dropping the boxers, Ilya let one hand glide up Shane's thigh, the other nestled in the Omega's hair. Trailing kisses across Shane's jaw, Ilya nibbled at the hockey players earlobe before sitting back on his haunches. The Alpha spat on his fingers before bringing them to Shane's entrance, gently circling the rim but not penetrating, just teasing and making Shane grow wetter and more desperate.

"Oh Ilya," Shane whined clutching at his Alpha. "Fuck, please."

"My Omega… my Shane," Ilya sunk his teeth into the other side of Shane's neck, making the Asian-Canadian see stars.

Then just as Ilya was slipping the tip of his finger into Shane's hole, Shane's phone rang out.

"Shit," Shane grumbled, lightly pushing Ilya away and scrambling to reach it. "It's Hayden," he said apologetically before bringing the phone to his ear and saying 'hello'. "Yeah, great… the slings off now… headaches are better…"

While Shane chatted to Hayden, Ilya frowned, looking rather like an abandoned puppy. He kept skimming his fingers up Shane's bare thighs, determined to get his Omega's attention. Shane shot him a warning look, slapping his hands away as he carried on with his phone call. Then Ilya grew more mischievous and began dropping lingering kisses over Shane's legs and stomach.

“Sorry, Hayd, just one second,” Shane’s tone turned a little flustered before he put the call on hold. “Ilya, what are you doing?”

“Just taking good care of my pretty Omega,” Ilya responded, his eyes and smile far too devilish to give off any kind of faux-innocence. “I will fuck you now, yes?”

“No, I’m on the phone,” Shane objected.

“Hayden will not mind,” Ilya stated calmly. “And if you are well behaved Omega he will not even know.”

“Or you could just stop and wait for me to finish my phone call,” Shane suggested.

“Would not be as fun,” Ilya pointed out. He dropped some sloppy kisses to Shane’s hipbone, making the Omega gasp. “Answer phone now, do not leave Hayden waiting,” Ilya smirked as he journeyed delicate kisses over Shane’s pubic bone.

“Fuck,” Shane swore, head dropping back against the couch cushions as he took his best friend off of hold. “Sorry about that… you were saying something about Arthur?”

“Oh, tell baby Arthur his Uncle Ilya says ‘hi’,” Ilya pulled away from Shane long enough to say.

“Um, Uncle Ilya says hi to Arthur,” Shane said.

“And to the girls,” Ilya added.

“And hi to the girls,” Shane said. “Uh, yeah, I um… I remember… yeah, of course,” he answered distractedly, struggling to concentrate on the conversation as Ilya began sucking his dick. “Oh shit… sorry, nothing… just a fly… um yeah, that sounds SO FUCKING GOOD!” he exclaimed as Ilya jerked his cock, venturing down lower to lick his tongue across Shane’s opening. “Sorry, didn’t mean to… mmm… shout,” Shane trembled all over, struggling not to pant and moan down the phone as Ilya positively tortured him with his talented mouth. “Yeah, buddy I’m… fuck… no, no… I’m fine. Just… hold on a sec.”

He put Hayden on hold again, eyes fluttering closed and hips bucking as he surrendered to the ministrations of his Alpha. Soon he was spilling cum over his own stomach and chest while leaking slick over the couch and into Ilya’s mouth.

“Fuck,” Shane panted and Ilya pulled up, smugly licking his lips. “You’re an asshole,” he told his Alpha before remembering Hayden was still holding the line. “Sorry, Hayd… Nothing, nothing, I’m fine… Yeah, for sure… Dinner together sounds great…. Yeah, love you too, man.”

“You are going on dinner date with Hayden?” Ilya enquired.

“Jealous?” Shane asked, teasing one of Ilya’s curls straight before letting it bounce back into its natural spring.

“No need to be jealous of Hayden,” Ilya shrugged. “He could not fuck you like I can.”

“Gross,” Shane cringed shaking his head. “Anyway, I’m not having a date with Hayden. We’re going to have Hayden, Jackie and the kids over for dinner tomorrow… I um… I hope that’s ok. I should have asked you first.”

“It’s your cottage,” Ilya pointed out.

“It’s our cottage,” Shane emphasised.

“Dinner with our friends will be nice,” Ilya smiled.

“Our friends,” Shane repeated sounding pleased.

“Yes, I mean, Jackie is our friend, the girls are our friends, baby Arthur is my best friend, and pet guard-dog Hayden is your friend,” Ilya stated.

XXX

Ilya and Shane went grocery shopping to make sure they’d have everything they needed to host the Pike family. The mundane task of grocery shopping wasn’t something Ilya had ever particularly enjoyed before. But doing it alongside Shane carried a certain charm to it. Grocery shopping was still boring. But now it was boring in a way that made his heart feel light.

After all, this is what couples did. Ilya had only ever done the grocery shopping alone. Now he was getting to do it as part of a relationship. As they made their way down the soft drinks aisle, Ilya reached up to grab a crate of ginger-ale, beaming brightly as he did so. That night they had attended the boring Gala together, their fake ‘how they met’ story had been that Ilya had helped Shane with carrying ginger-ale. Now he was carrying Shane’s ginger-ale for real.

XXX

The Pike family arrived, Jade and Ruby scrambling out of the car and darting towards Shane.

“Uncle Shane’s still recovering, be careful!” Jackie warned.

Together, the twins diverted, launching themselves at Ilya instead. He effortlessly swept them up, balancing one girl on each hip as they giggled and shrieked in delight.

“Uncle Ilya, you’re so strong!” Jade gushed.

“Yes,” Ilya acknowledged.

“I bet you can pick up Uncle Shane and carry him like a bride,” Ruby stated.

“Of course,” Ilya confirmed.

“Wow,” the girls said together.

“Show me,” Ruby begged.

Setting the girls down, Ilya moved to Shane, carefully lifting him into his arms bridal style and carrying him back inside the cottage.

“Uncle Ilya, Uncle Ilya, carry me, carry me,” Jade bounced up and down excitedly.

“No, me first, Uncle Ilya,” Ruby demanded.

“Girls,” Jackie said in a stern tone as she carried baby Arthur. “No arguing or Uncle Ilya won’t carry either of you inside.”

“That’s not fair,” Ruby complained.

“Ok, ok, here’s what we’re going to do,” Hayden said as he locked the car. “Uncle Ilya can carry one of you inside and I’ll carry one of you inside.”

“We don’t want you to carry us,” Jade rolled her eyes.

“Silly daddy,” Ruby shook her head.

“He’s such an embarrassment,” the girls said in unison as they turned to face each other.

“Well in that case,” Hayden huffed. “Uncle Ilya can carry me first,” he declared before jumping into Ilya’s arms.

“You really are an embarrassment, Pike,” Ilya quickly carried him inside, dropping him to the floor with a little more force than necessary. “Ok, girls, let’s decide nicely which one of you goes first. How about ‘rock, paper, scissors’, do you know this?”

“We do it as ‘puck, gloves, hockey sticks,’” Ruby informed him.

“That’s ridiculous, who taught you that?” Ilya frowned.

“Uncle Shane,” Ruby and Jade answered together.

“Ah, ‘puck, gloves, hockey sticks’, super fun. Much better than original,” Ilya changed his tune. “Ok, go ahead,” he instructed the girls.

Jade picked ‘puck’ and Ruby picked ‘hockey sticks’ meaning that Ruby got to be carried in first.

With everybody inside, Shane offered drinks. Before he could move towards the kitchen, Ilya firmly insisted he sit down. He gave the Omega a gentle pat on the rear before walking to the kitchen to prepare drinks for everybody.

“Uncle Shane?” Jade whispered. “How is your head?”

“Much better, thanks,” Shane answered.

“So the con-cushion is gone?” Jade asked hopefully.

“Not entirely,” Shane told her, lips twitching fondly at the mispronunciation of ‘concussion’. “But it’s getting a lot better.”

“Does that mean we can sing to you?” Jade wanted to know, clasping her hands together pleadingly.

“Girls, no, Uncle Shane doesn’t want to hear you sing,” Jackie said. “His head’s still too sore.”

“No, I’m fine,” Shane insisted. “I’d love to hear you two sing.”

Jackie and Hayden both glared at Shane slightly before fixing their expressions to that of proud parents as Jade and Ruby took to the centre of the room to perform. As the tone-deaf, off-key Pike twin concert came to a finish, the adults applauded politely and Ilya wordlessly got Shane a dose of his pain meds to relieve the headache that had surely been brought on.

XXX

For a while, Ilya and Hayden entertained the twins by splashing around with them in the lake while Jackie chatted with Shane indoors while Arthur napped.

“Ok, time to head inside,” Hayden decided. “We all need to get dry before dinner.”

They climbed out of the lake and carried the girls back to the cottage, Jade on Hayden’s shoulders, Ruby on Ilya’s. Jackie took the girls to one of the guest rooms to dry them off properly and change into some dry clothes they had brought with them. So as not to disturb Arthur’s nap, Ilya allowed Hayden to join him in his and Shane’s bedroom to dry off and re-dress.

“Fucking hell, dude,” Hayden raised a hand to shield his eyes as Ilya shamelessly peeled off Shane’s swim trunks he’s been wearing.

“Don’t be jealous,” Ilya replied. “Your dick may not be impressive but at least it works and gave you some beautiful kids. Of course, at least ninety-nine percent of their genes come from Jackie. Anyway… you are mildly adequate hockey player. You see men’s dicks in locker room all the time.”

“No, man,” Hayden shook his head. “Unspoken rule of the locker room… you never look.”

“Shame,” Ilya sighed. “Big all-star hockey player orgy in locker room would be hot. If I played hockey, I would get you all so turned on by stroking my big Alpha dick and have you all on your knees worshipping me. But I would only give my dick to Shane and make all you inferior Alphas cry.”

“Sure, that’s exactly how things would happen if you were a hockey player,” Hayden remarked sarcastically as he rolled his eyes before shucking out of his own trunks and towelling himself off.

“Ah, bigger than I thought,” Ilya noted as he caught a glimpse of Hayden’s manhood. “Not bad, Pike.”

“You motherfucker,” Hayden said with affectionate irritation.

“No. Just a Shane fucker these days,” Ilya smirked proudly. “I am lucky Alpha.”

“Damn right you are,” Hayden nodded.

“You too,” Ilya acknowledged. “Jackie is great woman. You have made beautiful family with her.”

“Yeah,” Hayden smiled, the expression on his face suggesting he was falling in love with his wife and kids all over again just taking a moment to think about them. “Jackie and the kids feels like winning the lottery.”

“I suppose you had happy childhood with perfect family too, yes?” Ilya asked pulling on some dry joggers and a black vest top. “Beautiful mother who changed your diapers until you were twenty. Father who taught you to skate. Grandparents who spoiled you. Brothers and sisters, maybe?” he guessed.

“No family’s perfect, man,” Hayden pointed out.

“But you had something close to it?” Ilya assumed.

“Not exactly,” Hayden winced and Ilya frowned, suddenly recognising that they had ventured into awkward and emotionally sensitive territory. “My old man was an alcoholic. Used to beat the crap out of my mum and me.”

“Oh… sorry,” Ilya mumbled awkwardly. “I, um… I did not know.”

“It’s ok,” Hayden shrugged it off.

“No, is not,” Ilya shook his head. “No parent should do that.”

“Yeah, well. Not every parent deserves their kids,” Hayden claimed. “Anyway, I got through it. And I’m never gonna be the type of dad he was. I won’t always get it right, but I won’t ever get it that wrong.”

“You are good father, Hayden,” Ilya told him seriously.

“Thanks, man,” Hayden gave a half-smile. “Now… say something shitty. This sensitive side of you is freaking me out.”

“My Alpha dick is bigger than yours,” Ilya stated clapping Hayden on the shoulder on his way out of the bedroom.

“Asshole,” Hayden mumbled.

XXX

After dinner (cooked by Jackie and Ilya with a little help from Ruby) Ilya was holding baby Arthur, telling him all about Shane’s idea for the charity.

“We are going to name it The Irina Foundation,” Ilya informed him. “Irina was my mother’s name,” he explained.

Arthur dribbled a little, his eyes moving all about the room.

“You know, you may be my best friend in whole world, but your attention span is awful,” Ilya told him. “Also your English is terrible. Is not your fault, it is stupid language.”

Ilya decided to switch to Russian. As he spoke, Arthur fixed his eyes on him, gurgling baby-jargon in response to things Ilya said.

“He’s Russian,” Ilya decided. “Hey, the baby is Russian,” he announced proudly to the others. To demonstrate, he spoke a sentence of Russian and baby Arthur laughed, babbling baby nonsense back at him. “Told you he was mine,” he winked at Hayden with a smirk.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 21: TWENTY ONE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

I will try to get another chapter written this week but with another heatwave coming I make no promises...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TWENTY-ONE

The bruises on Shane's skin had healed. His pretty little head was fine. No permanent damage just as the doctors had promised. The Omega was back to his usual self, indulging in his yoga, going jogging with Hayden, and engaging in a much more pleasurable kind of exercise between the sheets with his Alpha. And in the shower. On the couch. Bent over the table. Up against the wall. Even on the floor and twice outdoors. Once down by the lake and once splashing around (and almost drowning) in said lake.

Together, Yuna and Shane had been researching charities and how best to run and establish one. They had taken a number of meetings with various people. All the details and information largely flew over Ilya's head, but his boyfriend and boyfriend's mother seemed to absorb it all. Sharing the occasional glance with David, Ilya at least knew he wasn't alone in being overwhelmed. While David was clearly an intelligent man he always exuded a comforting level of calm, simply sitting back and letting those around him plan and organise, admiring their hard work from the sidelines and supporting them in his own quiet way.

There was still plenty of planning and meetings to go ahead before The Irina Foundation would really take off and feel real, but gradually, day-by-day, Shane's big charity idea was starting to take shape. If all went well, then come next summer, some incredibly lucky kids would get to attend a hockey summer camp being coached by The Shane Hollander, along with some other players. Hayden had of course agreed to be involved and even players from other teams had expressed an interest.

As for the next step in their plans for setting up The Irina Foundation, Shane and Ilya were flying to New York to meet with Scott Hunter. While Ilya wasn't thrilled about spending time with the man who had injured his Omega on the ice, he at least understood the benefit of getting the man's opinion given his own experience with hockey and charity.

After their plane landed, they hailed a cab to take them to their hotel.

“Your precious Hunter does not pick us up himself or send limousine,” Ilya criticised as they sat together in the backseat. “He doesn’t even offer to let us stay in his home. We have to go to hotel. So unwelcoming.”

Rather than agree and throw in some insults about Scott Dinosaur Hunter himself, Shane simply smiled in amusement as though Ilya had said something adorable.

“Just promise me you’ll be on your best behaviour when we meet up with him,” Shane said.

“I promise nothing,” Ilya refused petulantly.

XXX

“Here we are,” Shane announced sliding in the keycard for their hotel room.

“1221,” Ilya read out the room number before following Shane inside, immediately pressing the Omega up against the door as soon as it was shut behind them. “How bad do you want me, Hollander?”

“Shut up,” Shane surged forward for a very demanding kiss, fingers tugging at Ilya’s curls before they were hurriedly undressing one another.

They tripped and stumbled a little getting out of their clothes, Ilya laughing fondly as Shane of course took the time to stop and fold everything neatly. He then lifted the hockey player up, Shane’s legs locking around his waist as Ilya carried him to the hotel bed and lay him down, looking at him reverently as though he were some kind of beautiful virgin sacrifice. Blanketing the Omega’s body with his own, the Alpha nuzzled Shane’s neck before trailing kisses across his jaw and to his mouth. They kissed just as enthusiastically as they had that very first time, the taste of Shane’s lips still making Ilya’s head spin and his heart skip a beat.

He was going to say it. Had been wanting to for a while. Shane had said it to him numerous times now. It was only right that Ilya say it back.

“Shane,” he groaned softly in his lovers ear. “I…”

His romantic declaration was interrupted by Shane’s phone going off. A call from Scott Hunter to check they had landed safely. So not only had Hunter messed up Ilya’s attempt to declare his love for Shane, but he’d also effectively cock-blocked him. Instead of being balls-deep inside Shane’s gloriously tight hole, Ilya was sitting in the back of another taxi with his arms crossed over his chest and wearing a surly expression.

Arriving at Hunter’s place, the not-at-all-handsome man opened up and invited them inside, greeting Shane with a friendly one-armed hug that made Ilya growl. He then extended his hand to Ilya, the Russian doing his best to crush the other man’s fingers, smirking in satisfaction when Hunter openly winced and yanked his hand back, shaking it out.

“Ilya,” Shane warned.

“Sorry,” Ilya did not sound sorry at all. “I forget the elderly have such brittle bones.”

Scott guided them further inside his home, leading the way to the sitting room where a cute younger man was waiting.

“This is my boyfriend, Kip,” Scott stated proudly moving to stand at his side, winding an arm around his waist and pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Kip, I’d like you to meet Shane Hollander.”

“So great to meet you,” Kip shook Shane’s hand warmly. “I’ve heard so many good things about you and me and my dad are such big fans.”

“Thanks,” Shane smiled politely, blushing slightly.

“And I’m so sorry Scott injured you,” Kip said. “I made him sleep on the couch for a week.”

Ilya decided he rather liked Hunter’s boyfriend.

“And this is Shane’s Alpha,” Scott introduced. “Rozanov, right?”

“Rozanov to you,” Ilya responded. “But your boyfriend can call me Ilya.”

“Nice to meet you,” Kip held his hand out to Ilya.

“Pleasure is all mine,” Ilya took Kip’s hand, pressing a kiss to the back of it. “You are far too cute for this old man. Could do much, much better yes?”

Shane elbowed Ilya in the ribs, casting him a stern glare.

“Sorry,” Shane apologised to the other couple. “Ilya’s still a little sensitive about the accident,” he excused.

“That’s understandable,” Kip said. “I’m sure I’d be an unpleasant diva-bitch to anybody who injured Scott like that, accidentally or not… Anyway, drink?” he offered. “We got in some ginger-ale.”

XXX

There was still a certain degree of tension in the room. Mostly coming from Ilya. Ok, ok, it was all coming from Ilya. But Scott and Kip were very gracious hosts and able to keep sight of why they were there in the first place. Scott shared some of the intricacies of the charity world, as well as providing different warning signs to look out for when it came to scammers who would try and run off with the money.

Shane revealed his plans about the hockey camps and how he hoped to have other professional hockey players involved.

“I’ve spoken to some of the guys on my team, and a couple of other guys in the league that they’re friendly with, but I’m not really sure how to spread the word,” Shane said. “Talking to people isn’t my strong point.”

“Spreading the word is easy,” Scott assured him. “Just give Carter all the details and he’ll get the word out. Vaughny’s friends with nearly everybody.”

“And anybody Carter Vaughn isn’t friendly with is probably somebody you want to avoid anyway,” Kip reasoned.

“Yeah, you’ve gotta be one hell of an asshole for Carter not to like you,” Scott agreed.

“Right, like Dallas Kent asshole level,” Shane grimaced.

“But a hockey camp for kids sounds great, I’d love to be involved,” Scott said supportively.

“That’d be great,” Shane replied.

“Yes, will be very helpful for children who are missing their grandpas,” Ilya quipped.

“Ok,” Kip sighed. “How about you two big bad Alphas try and sort out your differences,” he advised. “Shane, want to help me in the kitchen?”

‘Behave’ Shane mouthed to Ilya before following Kip.

“So…” Scott said awkwardly.

“So,” Ilya mimicked with a slight scowl.

“You’re still mad at me for hurting Shane,” Scott acknowledged. “I get it. Hockey can be rough and unpredictable. One bad hit and it can all be over. I’ve seen a lot of guys have their careers cut short.”

“This does not endear me to you,” Ilya stated.

“You care about him a lot, huh?” Scott asked. “He’s a great kid.”

“Is not a kid,” Ilya responded.

“Right, I know,” Scott said. “I just meant that I’m glad he’s got a good Alpha looking out for him. Not that he needs ones. He was doing just fine on his own. But… still… sometimes you don’t realise how lonely you are until you find someone to share your life with. At least, that’s how I felt when I met Kip.”

“Yawn,” Ilya groaned. “No wonder Shane looks up to you so much. You are both so boring.”

“Hey, boring is sexy,” Scott claimed. “So… you’re calling it The Irina Foundation?” he asked steering the conversation back towards the charity. “Who’s Irina?”

“She was my mother,” Ilya answered, hand moving up to hold his necklace.

“Oh yeah? Tell me about her,” Scott prompted with polite interest.

He had every intention of telling Hunter to fuck off and mind his own business. But somehow, he found himself opening up and sharing memories of her instead. Beginning with

happy ones before quickly rushing through an explanation of her death.

“I’m sorry,” Scott told him sincerely. “My mother, she um… she died when I was young too. And my dad. It was a car accident.”

“Great, we have dead mothers, let’s be best friends,” Ilya remarked sarcastically with a roll of his eyes.

“The pain of it never really goes away,” Scott said, ignoring Ilya’s inappropriate sarcasm. “I always miss them.”

“Must have been hard,” Ilya muttered. “To lose them both.”

Scott carried on talking about his parents, Ilya listening. Then to his horror, Scott Hunter started crying and he wasn’t showing any signs of stopping soon.

“Um… Shane?” Ilya called worriedly. “I broke Scott Hunter.”

Kip made his way to his Alpha’s side, crouching at his feet and taking his face tenderly in his hands, kissing the tears away. Shane grabbed Ilya’s arm, leading him to the kitchen to grant the couple some privacy.

“What did you do to him?” Shane asked.

“We were having… how do you say… heart-to-heart,” Ilya answered. “Trauma-bonding over dead parents. Then he cries like giant baby with facial hair.”

XXX

They were back at the hotel, basking in the afterglows of sex, Ilya smiling proudly from having made Shane cum untouched as well as successfully having him squirt all over the bed. While Shane showered, Ilya had called room service for clean bed sheets so that his Omega would have a clean bed to sleep in. They would be spending the next two days in New York, with plans to meet up with Scott and Kip for breakfast and then visit a history museum Kip had been eager to go to.

“Hey, Ilya?” Shane asked. “Can you skate?” he wondered.

XXX

After breakfast and the history museum, they stopped for lunch before Scott took them to the ice rink where his team practiced hockey and played their home games. Borrowing a pair of skates that had been left in the locker rooms by one of the Admirals and wearing a Hollander jersey, Ilya stepped out onto the ice, hand-in-hand with his Omega. Scott and Kip were with them, Kip’s legs very shaky, clearly not a natural on the ice.

“You’re pretty good,” Shane told Ilya, still holding hands as they skated smoothly across the ice.

“Yes, I am good at most things,” Ilya bragged. “Who knows, another life I could have been hockey pro. Best hockey player in the league.”

“Second best,” Shane insisted.

“No, I would be number one,” Ilya claimed as they came to a halt on the ice. Ilya let one hand rest on Shane’s waist, the other cupping his jaw. “I would be number one draft pick… Rookie of the year… MVP… I would score fifty goals in my first season and win the cup three seasons in a row. And you would be so jealous of me, go home crying when you lose every game.”

“Fuck you,” Shane grinned. “You’re such an asshole.”

“Yes, and we would be intense rivals,” Ilya said. “Hollander Vs Rozanov. People would think we hate each other. But secretly we would be fucking.”

“And why would I be fucking my arch-rival?” Shane asked.

“Because it’s hot and you like to be bad,” Ilya told him. “And I make you so… curious.”

He teased Shane a little, making as though he was going to kiss him before pulling back at the last moment and moving off across the ice.

“Asshole,” Shane skated after him, the pair racing around the rink, laughing as they shoved each other up against the boards.

XXX

They were back in Canada, attending another of the Pike’s garden parties. Ilya had long lost sight of Shane, suspecting the Omega had once again taken refuse in the girls’ playhouse. After a beer with Shane’s teammates and a gossip session with the WAGs, Ilya went to use the restroom. Washing his hands, he heard baby Arthur whimpering and crying. He made his way into the bedroom, cooing gently as he picked the tiniest Pike up out of his crib.

“Ssh, is ok, Uncle Ilya is here,” he assured him, pressing kisses to his cheek as he carried him out of the room, speaking to him in Russian. “Ah,” he realised the cause of Arthur’s tears as the terrible smell hit him. “Not again,” Ilya bemoaned. “Don’t worry,” he continued to speak in his first language. “I will take care of you. Just promise me you will hold still this time, ok? And do not pee on me. Is very rude.”

He set Arthur down on the changing table, taking out a fresh diaper and the other supplies. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Hayden’s duffle which he knew to have his hockey gear inside.

“Wait there, don’t move,” Ilya told Arthur before grabbing Hayden’s helmet and hockey gloves for protection. “Ok, we can do this,” Ilya said confidently. “Actually… we cannot,” he realised the gloves made it impossible to undress the baby. “Have you learned to undress yourself yet?” he asked hopefully. “Arthur,” he chided. “You must learn to do these things for

yourself. Can't have adults dressing you and cleaning your poop forever. Where is your independence, your dignity?"

He popped the buttons on Arthur's baby-grow and removed the soiled diaper. Learning from his last experience, he quickly placed a wet-wipe over Arthur's penis so the boy couldn't pee in his face. Putting one of Hayden's hockey gloves back on, Ilya wiped the poop from the baby's butt and put some cream and powder on to ensure he wouldn't get a rash. Then he taped him up in a new diaper and put his clothes back on. He placed Hayden's gloves and helmet back in the duffle bag, the other man never having to know a thing.

"Come on, little man, let's go and enjoy the party," Ilya carried Arthur outside, the WAGs immediately fawning over the pair and gushing about how good Ilya was with children.

"…So," Hayden came up behind Ilya, clapping a hand on his shoulder as he sipped at a beer. "You and Shane ever think about kids?"

"Too soon," Ilya responded. "Shane still has many years of good hockey left in him. You… not so much. You can retire now. Besides… I like this baby," he smiled down at Arthur who was cradled in his arms. "Arthur is good enough for now."

"He's my fucking baby," Hayden pointed out.

"Swear jar," Ilya reprimanded. "And we have already established that Arthur is Russian. You may be sperm father but clearly I am father of his heart and soul." Arthur made some gurgling noises. "See, he agrees," Ilya grinned smugly.

"Whatever, man," Hayden accepted before Arthur began to wail. "Oh, it's his feeding time," he took his baby from Ilya, carrying him over to Jackie so she could feed him. He then made his way back over to Ilya, the pair standing slightly apart from the group of teammates and group of WAGs. "Hey, um, have you told him yet?"

"Told baby Arthur he can come and live with Uncle Shane and me any time he wants? Yes, he knows," Ilya responded.

"Very funny," Hayden commented. "But seriously, have you told Shane?"

"Told Shane what?" Ilya asked.

Hayden looked around to ensure there were no eavesdroppers before leaning close to whisper to Ilya.

"Have you told Shane you love him yet?" Hayden asked noisily.

"Have not found right time," Ilya said. "And is not your business."

"Oh my god, you're scared," Hayden teased.

"Shut up, am not scared," Ilya denied.

"No, you are, and it's adorable," Hayden told him.

“Fuck you, Pike, I am not adorable, I am Russian,” Ilya told him.

“Come on, man, what have you got to be afraid of?” Hayden asked. “Shane’s already said those words to you. Should be easy enough to say them back.”

“I told you… not right time,” Ilya excused.

“Chicken,” Hayden laughed and Ilya glared.

The name-calling turned to shoving, which escalated to some very manly Alpha-like hairpulling and then Hayden screeching like a banshee as Ilya got him in a headlock.

“Hayden! Ilya! Behave!” Jackie demanded.

“He started it,” Hayden grumbled.

“Did not,” Ilya huffed.

“Do not make me send you to the naughty step,” Jackie warned.

Both men wisely fell silent.

XXX

Heading home after the garden party, the clouds overhead were a rageful kind of grey.

“Looks like it’s gonna rain,” Shane commented.

Sure enough, on the drive home, the heavens poured, raindrops splashing heavily against the windows of the car. Staring out the passenger side, Ilya watched the rain hit the window. He smiled softly, finding the rain to be calming and mesmerising. His thoughts turned to his sweet mama and how she used to take him outside splashing in the rain. He held his necklace subconsciously as he thought of her before turning his gaze over to Shane.

Something Scott Hunter had said when talking about his parents flitted through his mind. How he would have loved for them to have been able to meet Kip. Ilya had been a bit of an asshole through the emotional discussion, rolling his eyes rather than expressing too much vulnerability himself. But he definitely understood and appreciated Scott’s way of thinking. Getting to see Shane and his mother have any kind of interaction together would have surely been heartwarming and beautiful. But it would never be.

“Ilya,” Shane called his name as he parked up. “Everything ok?” he checked.

Ilya nodded before they stepped out of the car. Shane had his head bent down, his shoulders hunched and his eyes squinted slightly against the rain. Ilya stood tall, letting the drops fall upon him.

“Ilya, come on,” Shane beckoned hurrying to the front door but Ilya caught his wrist and lightly grabbed his face, thumb brushing some raindrops away.

“Mama used to take me in the rain,” Ilya said.

“Yeah, I um… I remember,” Shane blinked some raindrops off of his eyelashes. “I mean, I remember you telling me,” he clarified.

“She would have loved you,” Ilya told him in a gentle whisper. “Like I love you.”

Just like that, kissing Shane in the rain became one of Ilya’s favourite things to do.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 22: TWENTY TWO

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

It has been way too hot for me to even attempt writing lately...

I've even had to settle for reading fics I'm following off my phone rather than my laptop...

But it's a bit cooler this evening so I've managed to write this...

Might take a while for the next chapter if the weather heats up again...

I'm not made for hot weather, damn it, I'm British...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TWENTY-TWO

For so long, Shane had lived without the intimate touch of an Alpha. People had often thought him weird for it, even if they were too kind to outright say it. Shane himself had known he was abnormal in that regard. Most guys his age, regardless of their secondary gender, were obsessed with sex. Hockey players in particular weren't known for being the settling down type, many of them competing against each other to bed the most men and women in as many different states as they could. Being a family man like Hayden was rare in their line of work. But lacking any kind of a love life like Shane had was even more unusual.

But the truth of the matter was that Shane just hadn't been interested. Not until Ilya Rozanov accidentally came along and triggered his sexual awakening. Now it seemed that the long-deprived sexual beast inside of him refused to go to sleep. All he wanted was Ilya. Ilya's touch, Ilya's kisses, Ilya's hands, Ilya's mouth, Ilya's knot. Mercifully, Ilya was always more than eager to give him what he wanted.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. Sometimes the Alpha was a teasing menace, working Shane up, making him beg and whine for it. Shane would call him an 'asshole' and pretend to be mad, but truthfully he not-so-secretly kind of loved it. Being teased, being denied, being edged, it made the release all the more intense when Ilya finally gave in. For a while, Shane had felt somewhat like a puppet on a string, believing Ilya could masterfully make him do anything he desired. And maybe Ilya could. But the longer they were together, the more Shane came to realise just how much power he truly held over his Alpha.

The rush of it all was exciting. Shane would find himself tingling all over just from being on the receiving end of Ilya's sultry stare. His skin would burn with need whenever the Alpha touched him. He'd mewl, keen and whine, loving every second of having Ilya split him open on his dick. But even when Shane was pinned to the wall, thrown over the kitchen counter, or displayed on his hands and knees, the Omega was still the one who was truly in charge. If he said 'no', then the answer was 'no'.

Not that Shane ever had cause to say 'no'. He was far too addicted to resist the other man. And as much as old-fashioned types still viewed Omegas as little more than desperate sex-dolls who should clean the home and raise the children, Shane never felt that way with Ilya. With his Alpha, he knew he was respected, cherished and downright worshipped.

Hayden had once joked that Shane had Ilya whipped. Ilya hadn't been embarrassed at all. Instead he proudly announced to the rest of the group just how whipped he was, going into such explicit details about their sex life that all of the hockey players blushed and struggled to make eye-contact with Shane for weeks.

There may have also been an occasion where Ilya snuck into the Metros locker room, waiting wet and naked in the showers to congratulate Shane on their winning game. Shane of course refused to have sex in the locker rooms, something his teammates were no doubt eternally grateful for, but everybody knew damn well what the couple were hurrying off to do. It was an away game, meaning they were staying in a hotel. They may or may not have received some noise complaints and the slight limp to Shane's walk the following practice certainly wasn't the result of a hockey-based injury.

"Mm, Ilya," Shane whined softly, spread out atop the bedcovers as Ilya worshipped every last inch of his skin. "Ah," he gasped, body arching upwards into Ilya's touch.

"Hold still, Omega," Ilya told him sultrily. "Be an obedient boy and you will get your reward."

Shane was confident the 'reward' was Ilya's knot, and damn it he was greedy for it. So he blushed, whined and whimpered, but he held still for his Alpha.

"I love you," Ilya whispered into his ear once he was balls deep inside of him.

"Say it again in Russian, please," Shane begged, slick gushing out of him hearing the words repeated in Ilya's native language.

XXX

The Irina Foundation was still in its infancy, but with the support of professional hockey players behind it, the charity was quickly becoming well known and many companies and benefactors were reaching out to be involved. David and Yuna had hand-selected a team and manager to oversee proceedings. Things started off small, but the charity was growing. One of the biggest demands was the support line. With so many people calling in, it quickly became obvious that the six people they'd initially hired to answer the phone calls would not be anywhere near enough. They now had over one-hundred staff members dedicated to the twenty-four-hour phone lines. Ilya sometimes assisted with the call taking, taking solace in

hearing from people who just needed somebody to turn to. Occasionally, they received emails or handwritten letters from people who had called in, thanking them for being there, for listening, letting them know that they'd decided to keep on living because of that one special phone call.

Sometimes they were hearing directly from people considering taking their own life. Sometimes it was people close to a person they were worried about. Other times, they were hearing from the people who had been left behind by a loved one, listening and helping them through the grief of losing somebody to suicide. The calls were rarely easy, and not everybody could be convinced to carry on, but the relief that came in knowing they'd gotten through to somebody motivated them to keep answering the phones.

But of course, Ilya's main duties in the running of The Irina Foundation was organising different charity events. He'd started off fairly simply with a bake sale. It was easy to arrange, and everybody was fully confident that people would show up and part ways with a bit of money in exchange for cake. And indeed they did.

He had also planned a charity Fun Run and bullied every hockey player he came into contact with into participating. But the Fun Run had been open to regular folks to take part too. Some of those regular folks may have also been bullied into taking part, though in some cases Ilya had simply charmed them into it. The everyday man got sponsored by their friends, family and work colleagues to do the Fun Run. Star hockey players like Shane, Scott Hunter and Cliff Marleau got sponsored significantly higher donations from brands they were in collaboration with.

Ilya had taken part in the Fun Run too, determined to out-perform some famous hockey players. As the finish line approached, he and Shane got incredibly competitive, racing as fast as they could against each other. It was looking to be a photo-frame finish between the two when Scott Dinosaur Hunter came barrelling down, somehow overtaking them both and claiming the victory.

"Ok… ok," Ilya was sweaty and trying to hide the fact he was panting for breath as he crossed the finish line. "Somebody get old man a seat… bring him oxygen tank… we need a medic, make sure he is not having heart attack, yes?"

"Fuck off, Rozanov," Scott gasped and wheezed, looking exhausted but elated with his win.

XXX

As the weather warmed up, Ilya and his two new assistants organised the next charity event in the name of The Irina Foundation. They were holding a funfair, with all the proceeds going to their charity. With Jackie's influence, Ilya had managed to get a meeting with the Principal of Jade and Ruby's school, and they'd agreed to allow the funfair to take place on the school grounds.

So on a sunny Saturday, the school field and playground was set up with rides, stalls and activities and full of excited children and their families and neighbours. Just as he had with the Fun Run, Ilya had encouraged (not bullied) a number of hockey players into getting involved and helping out.

JJ had agreed to be the goalie in ‘Beat the Goalie’, boasting that he could have had a career as a soccer player if hockey hadn’t been his passion. In all fairness, he clearly displayed some talent. Admittedly, he let the young kids ‘win’, but when older teens and adults took on the ‘Beat the Goalie’ challenge, JJ’s competitiveness came out in full force.

Shane’s parents had gotten involved too. David was dressed as a clown, creating balloon animals for the young children. Yuna had a station set up to do palm reading. She had confided to Ilya that she didn’t believe in such things, but she certainly knew how to sell it and pretend to.

Jackie and some of her WAG friends were manning a cake stand filled with delicious baked goods that they’d all made. Meanwhile Hayden was suffering as the designated hockey player for the ‘Soak the Hockey Player’. He was locked in the stocks, raising money all for a good cause as children and adults alike paid to throw wet sponges at his face. His twin daughters routinely returned to throw more sponges at their father, their Uncle Shane handing them more money each time as he supervised them around the funfair.

Scott and Kip had a little stand set up together. Kip was drawing cartoon sketches of people while Scott did face-painting. On the stall beside them was Cliff Marleau, expertly braiding hair and painting nails, and looking completely adorable while doing so. Presumably he had younger sisters or little nieces or something.

“Uncle Shane, how pretty do I look?” Ruby asked after Cliff finished his work on her hair.

“Very beautiful,” Shane told her and the little girl beamed. “What about you Jade, do you want your hair done?”

“Why? I’m already beautiful,” Jade retorted confidently.

“Then how about you do Uncle Shane’s hair for him?” Cliff suggested with an amused smirk.

“What?” Shane panicked slightly while Jade began bouncing up and down excitedly.

“Please, Uncle Shane, let me do your hair?” Jade begged.

“C’mon, Hollander, it’s all for charity,” Cliff pointed out to him.

Shane grumbled under his breath, making a mental note to take revenge on Marleau next time they faced each other on the ice. Tossing Marleau a couple of coins, Shane sat down on the tiny chair, doing his best not to flinch and grimace as Jade and Ruby worked on his hair together. Just because Shane’s hair wasn’t long enough to be braided didn’t mean the girls couldn’t get creative with the tools and accessories at their disposal. Unfortunately for Shane, Marleau had temporary spray-on hair dyes to hand. The girls couldn’t decide on a colour, so instead selected all of them. There was just as much dye staining his face and the back of his neck as there was on his actual hair. Then they attacked with sparkly bows and butterfly clips.

“You look good, brother,” Cliff poked his tongue out slightly as he laughed, clapping Shane on the shoulder for being a good sport about it all.

They found Ilya, the Alpha managing to keep a straight face as he was greeted with the sight of Shane's hair.

"Don't worry, you are still the hottest Omega," Ilya assured Shane, adjusting baby Arthur on his hip.

"I feel ridiculous," Shane whispered.

"No, it's fun," Ilya said encouragingly. "How about we go back, and the girls do my hair to match?"

"Yes, yes!" Jade agreed eagerly.

"Can we throw more sponges at daddy again too?" Ruby asked hopefully.

"Of course," Ilya told her enthusiastically.

They returned to Cliff, Ilya handing Arthur to Shane before giving Cliff some money and allowing the girls to attack his curls. The hair dye showed up clearer on his lighter hair though much like Shane, Ilya ended up with a lot of the spray-on dye over his face and neck too.

"What do you think Uncle Ilya?" Jade asked holding up the mirror for him once their work was done.

"I have never felt more beautiful," Ilya answered. "I am still sexy Alpha, yes?" he looked to Shane.

"My sexy Alpha," Shane confirmed, baby Arthur giggling in his arms.

"You're straight up blushing, Roz," Cliff teased.

"Shut your idiot face, Marley," Ilya glowered.

"Yeah, shut your idiot face, Marley," Ruby echoed.

"Hey, don't be rude," Shane reprimanded her gently.

"Uncle Ilya was rude first," Ruby pouted.

"Well Uncle Ilya is a butt-head," Shane said. "Now, come on, let's go throw more wet sponges at your dad."

XXX

"Oh, come on, not again," Hayden sighed seeing the matching manic grins on his daughters faces. "You girls are the worst… Ah!" he yelped as Jade's sponge slapped against his cheek. "Fuck!" he swore as Ruby's sponge smashed into his nose.

"Swear-jar," the girls said in unison.

“Ok, is baby Arthur’s turn,” Ilya announced.

“Dude, he can’t even hold the sponge,” Hayden pointed out from his position in the stocks.

“Is why I help him,” Ilya grinned, holding Arthur securely in one arm and using the other to launch the sponge at Hayden. “Good boy,” Ilya approved as baby Arthur laughed.

“Traitor!” Hayden yelled out.

“Don’t talk to my son like that,” Ilya warned.

“He’s my fucking baby,” Hayden grumbled.

“Hayd, language,” Shane berated.

“Whatever,” Hayden rolled his eyes. “Will somebody please swap with me now?”

Luckily for Hayden, Carter Vaughn was good enough to swap places with him and give him a break from wet sponges hitting him in the face.

Together, Hayden, Shane and Ilya guided the three children around the funfair. Shane kept hold of Arthur while Hayden and Ilya took the girls on some of the rides. Wandering around some of the other stalls, they paid for Arthur and the girls to Hook a Duck. Hayden helped Jade hook her duck, Shane helped Ruby and Ilya held Arthur while hooking a duck for him.

“Look, look, look what I won!” Ruby squealed excitedly showing off the teddy-bear wearing a Shane Hollander hockey jersey.

“Look at mine,” Jade beamed at her new Dinosaur wearing a Scott Hunter hockey jersey.

“What did Arthur get?” Hayden asked curiously.

“Oh wow,” Ilya’s eyes lit up and he absolutely beamed. “He has won necklace, just like mine,” he grinned before speaking to the baby in impassioned Russian.

“Um… buddy,” Hayden awkwardly nudged Shane in the ribs. “That necklace is a choking hazard,” he pointed out concernedly.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it,” Shane assured. “Hey, Ilya,” he said gently. “That necklace is going to be a wonderful gift for Arthur when he’s a little bit older.”

“Yes,” Ilya handed Arthur to Hayden. “He is too young to wear necklace now, I know this. But I will keep necklace safe for him,” he promised. “And you, you will keep mine safe for me,” he told Shane.

He carefully placed his mother’s necklace around Shane’s throat, giving the crucifix a kiss before putting Arthur’s new necklace around his own neck.

XXX

The day after the charity funfair, Shane and Ilya met up with Yuna and David for brunch.

“Ok, tell us,” Yuna smiled. “How much did you raise yesterday.”

Shane smiled proudly as he looked to Ilya to answer.

“Funfair was genius idea, big success,” Ilya shared. “We raised just under four-thousand dollars.”

“Wow,” David looked stunned.

“That’s amazing,” Yuna looked more pleased than when Shane landed the deal with Rolex.

“Yes, we are very pleased,” Ilya beamed. “And thank you for all of your help,” he told them.

“Honestly, I think I spent at least a grand letting the girls throw sponges at Hayden,” Shane said.

“Worth it,” Ilya claimed. “Should be regular thing. We invite people to throw sponges at Hayden’s face every weekend.”

“Now you’re just being mean,” Shane told him.

“Not mean, charitable,” Ilya debated and Shane shook his head fondly.

“Well, I’m sure the next charity event will be even more successful than this one,” Yuna declared. “Rolex have agreed to fund and publicise the next occasion and they will be contributing a significant amount to The Irina Foundation.”

“That’s great,” Shane smiled.

“Any thoughts on your next charity event, Ilya?” David wondered.

“Oh, I have big plans,” Ilya nodded mysteriously, the Hollanders spending a good five minutes trying to pry more information out of him.

The conversation turned to the plans for the hockey summer camp for kids. They had of course known when starting the charity that they likely wouldn’t be prepared for the hockey camp that summer, but they would certainly be ready for the next summer. Ilya told them his two new assistants had come up with the idea to hold a competition and have a handful of winners be invited into the hockey camp that way.

“What kind of competition?” David asked.

“We have not formally decided yet,” Ilya shrugged. “Could be poetry contest, could be art challenge. Maybe they submit drawings of Shane and the picture with the most beautiful freckles wins,” he suggested, finger prodding at the freckles decorating Shane’s cheeks.

“No chance at all,” Shane dismissed, blushing.

The conversation then turned to proper hockey, Yuna speculating about the Metro's chances at claiming the cup now that Shane was back playing with the team after fully recovering from his injury the previous season.

"Your biggest competition is going to be Boston," Yuna insisted. "Cliff Marleau has been achieving some wonderful things on the ice lately. He's really coming into his own as a Captain."

"Yeah, great player," Shane admitted.

"Handsome too," Yuna vocalised.

"Yuna," David laughed.

"Ilya?" Yuna asked for his support.

"Your mother is right," Ilya told Shane. "Marleau is very handsome man."

Shane was definitely going to destroy Marleau on the ice when the Metros next faced the Raiders.

"I like when you are jealous," Ilya teased.

"I'm not jealous," Shane mumbled.

"No, is ok," Ilya assured, leaning in to whisper so only Shane could hear. "You being jealous gets me hard."

Shane glanced down to see that Ilya was indeed tenting up in his trousers. Wiping his mouth with his napkin, Shane squeezed his Alpha's thigh meaningfully before excusing himself to the bathroom. Ilya waited approximately twenty-four seconds before excusing himself too, a dirty smirk on his face. David sent Yuna a knowing look, though it seemed she was mercifully oblivious to their son and his boyfriend's intentions.

XXX

"Oh, fuck… Shane," Ilya gasped out, not lasting long as he gazed down at Shane on his knees on the bathroom floor, his mouth full of cock.

XXX

"That was fast," David jested as the pair returned to their seats, his words ensuring that Shane wouldn't look him in the eye again for the rest of the meal. Maybe even the rest of his life.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Would love to know what you think...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 23: TWENTY THREE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

Hope you like this one...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty-Three

Ilya certainly looked at home sitting amongst the other WAGs, sporting a Hollander jersey as he cheered Shane on. The curly-haired man boasted a proud beaming smile every time his Omega scored a goal or made a particularly impressive pass. His expression would also rapidly change any time Shane got checked against the boards, the Russian looking positively murderous. He also made for a rather vocal audience member, unleashing a string of insults against the rival players as well as non-Shane members of the Metros team. The cameramen cut to Ilya a lot to get his reactions to gameplay. People in the crowd as well as viewers at home had definitely taken a shine to the brash attitude and belittling commentary that came from Shane Hollander's Alpha boyfriend.

"Yes! That's my Omega!" Ilya whooped proudly as Shane scored his third goal of the night. "Hey, Chicago, you are embarrassing yourselves, maybe you should let your WAGs play, yes?"

"Ilya," one of the Metros WAGs beside him chided through her laughter.

"Pike, please, what was that?" Ilya sighed dramatically as Hayden lost control of the puck. "Come on now, baby Arthur will be at home crying. Play better!"

XXX

The game resulted in a victory for Montreal, Ilya raising his fists into the air in triumph as he cheered. He made his way down to the edge of the rink, slinging an arm across Shane's shoulders and smacking a loud wet kiss to his cheek. As the team shared fist-bumps with Shane on their way off the rink, Ilya chirped them all.

"Not too bad," Ilya told Hayden as he was last off the ice. "You are only tenth worst Metros player now."

“Suck my dick, Rozanov,” Hayden replied.

“Sorry, I only suck dick of best Metros player,” Ilya winked, leaning in to press a kiss to Shane’s neck. The cameramen definitely zoomed in for that display of affection.

While Shane and Hayden headed off to the locker room to shower and change, Ilya lingered and chatted with the other WAGs.

“There you are, Rozanov,” JJ greeted, being one of the first to leave the locker room. He approached Ilya, holding out his hand for a quick shake and one-armed hug. “Perhaps you can convince our Captain to celebrate with us tonight. I swear on my mother’s life, I will pay you one-thousand dollars if you can get Shane Hollander on the dance floor.”

“Do not swear on your mother’s life, not ever,” Ilya scolded him. “But yes. I will get Hollander to dance. And you will give two-thousand dollars to The Irina Foundation.”

“Oh, no, I said one-thousand,” JJ corrected him.

“Two-thousand,” Ilya stated firmly.

“How about fifteen-hundred?” JJ asked.

“Two-thousand,” Ilya reiterated calmly.

“Fine… two-thousand,” JJ agreed, holding out his hand.

“Three-thousand it is,” Ilya smirked shaking the hockey player’s hand, JJ groaning in defeat.

XXX

“You look pretty,” Ilya commented, eyes roaming up Shane’s form, admiring the way the black trousers hugged his ass and thighs, the plain white tee straining over the swell of his biceps. “Many Alphas will be desperate to put their hands on you tonight.”

“Can’t blame them for having good taste,” Shane replied, Ilya smiling fondly. “But you’re the only Alpha who gets to put his hands on me,” he reassured.

“I’ll put more than just my hands on you,” Ilya leered, practically mauling Shane’s neck with his mouth.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane groaned, knees buckling as arousal tickled through him, beginning at his neck and spreading all over. “We’re going out. Don’t make me wet.”

The Alpha pulled back with a smirk, the pad of his thumb stroking over the patch of skin he’d just assaulted. Shane quivered at the touch, eyelashes fluttering and goosebumps rising on his flesh. A honk from outside indicated that their uber had arrived, so Ilya covered Shane’s mouth with his own, giving him a quick filthy kiss before guiding him outside.

XXX

“Ok?” Ilya checked, hand laying protectively on Shane’s waist as they entered the club.

“Fine,” Shane hollered back, trying to force a smile.

The club environment was like an onslaught of the senses for Shane’s neurodivergent brain. The music was so loud he could feel it vibrating through his limbs and organs. It was simultaneously too dark and too bright. Perfume and alcohol permeated the air along with a mix of Alpha and Omega pheromones. Space was limited, the place being packed with people who were either too drunk or just too obnoxious to take other people’s personal space into consideration. Though perhaps worst of all was the way Shane could feel his shoes sticking to the alcohol stained floor.

As Ilya guided them through the room, Shane cast his eyes longingly to an empty dark corner. Without Ilya at his side, that would definitely be where he would go (assuming he would have set foot into the club at all).

Arriving at the bar, Ilya stood protectively behind Shane, his hands placed on the bar either side of his Omega. The barman soon approached to serve them. He may have been a fan who recognised Shane, or he may have been intimidated by Ilya’s steely gaze and too scared to leave him waiting. Either way, Ilya ordered them two beers and Shane made to pay but the barman rejected it.

“Consider it a donation to The Irina Foundation,” the barman said, emptying the jar of tips he’d made for the night and handing it over to them.

“Thank you, very generous,” Ilya said, shaking the barman’s hand and managing to act like a regular human being while Shane gave a dopey smile and awkward nod of his head.

The Omega struggled with social interactions at the best of times. But it was significantly more difficult to navigate such things in a noisy environment surrounded by too many people, especially when the social exchange was with a stranger.

Turning away from the bar, Shane took a deep steadying breath, fingers gripping tight to his beer, focusing on the coolness of the glass.

“Over there,” Ilya spotted Shane’s teammates first, leading Shane over.

There was a boom of excited cheers, Shane forcing himself not to recoil at the friendly pats on the back and bumps to his shoulder. His social battery was draining fast. So he lifted the glass to his lips, gulping down some of the beer despite not enjoying the taste, hoping it would relax him enough to make the club shenanigans more bearable. He cast his eyes around, hoping to find Hayden. Having both his boyfriend and best friend close by would make the experience a little bit easier. Of course, Hayden was nowhere to be seen, presumably at home cuddled up on the couch with Jackie while the kids slept. Shane couldn’t help but envy him for that. He swallowed down some more beer, trying to relax his facial expression and posture so he didn’t look so blatantly uncomfortable.

“Still ok?” Ilya asked, lips brushing Shane’s ear. “We could go?” he offered.

“I’m fine,” Shane lied. “Let’s have fun,” he tried to inject some enthusiasm into his tone.

He mentally berated himself. Ilya had given him an opportunity to leave. He should have taken it. Why didn’t he take it? He shifted from foot to foot, taking another sip of beer and silently hoping Ilya would ask him again if he wanted to leave so he could say “yes” this time.

He didn’t bother trying to keep track of the yelled jokes and shouted conversations. He just sipped at his beer and kept close to his Alpha, trying to breathe in Ilya’s scent for comfort, though it was difficult to pick up with everybody else around them.

Some unfamiliar girls approached, wearing fake eyelashes and carrying colourful drinks. They asked some questions about hockey. It was quite obvious they weren’t genuine fans of the sport. But that didn’t stop them wanting pictures with famous players. Too polite to turn them down, Shane found himself grimacing in the general direction of the phone camera as two girls dangled off his arms, pressing their lips to his cheeks.

“Come and dance!” one of the ladies requested, her fingers encircling Shane’s wrist, one of her false nails accidentally scraping his skin.

“I don’t dance,” Shane pulled his hand back.

“Please,” the woman begged, sticking out her chest to emphasize her cleavage and batting those false lashes. “For me?” she stuck her red lips out in a pout as she toyed with the hem of his t-shirt.

“Answer is no,” Ilya stated, winding his arms possessively around Shane.

The lady awkwardly moved away.

“Sure you won’t dance?” Ilya asked Shane.

“I’m kinda tired from the game,” Shane excused.

“Ah, then you will be too tired to be fucked later, yes?” Ilya responded.

“What? No,” Shane replied.

“You don’t dance with these fake fan-girls,” Ilya said. “But you will dance with me.”

“Will I?” Shane asked in a challenging tone.

“You will,” Ilya told him confidently as he finished his beer before taking Shane’s and finishing his. He set the glasses down, took Shane’s hand and led him to the dancefloor.

“You’re an asshole,” Shane grumbled but he made no other protest as he looped his arms around the Alpha’s neck, Ilya’s hands settling on his waist as they swayed together.

The music changed, a more up-tempo number blaring from the speakers. Ilya moved around Shane, his front pressed against the Omega’s back. He kissed his way up Shane’s neck before

sucking on his earlobe, hands disappearing up under Shane's shirt, lifting the material to show off the hockey player's toned abs and pinching his nipples a little. As Shane adjusted to the rhythm, arching his neck and leaning in to Ilya's touch, the couple found the girls from earlier gawking at them.

"Uh," Shane groaned, feeling Ilya thrust his hard dick against him. Shane wasn't entirely sure how to feel about their captivated audience, but he could tell being watched was turning Ilya on.

"Mine," Ilya growled into Shane's ear.

"Nrgh," Shane shuddered, slick leaking out of his hole, pushing back needily against this possessive Alpha.

One of Ilya's hands dragged up Shane's torso, journeyed up his throat and gripped his jaw, angling Shane's face towards him. Shane whimpered as they made eye-contact before Ilya slotted their lips together, tongue slipping in to plunder the Omega's mouth.

"We will go home and fuck now, yes?" Ilya asked.

"Fuck yes," Shane agreed huskily, turning in the Alpha's hold, fingers tangling in his curls as he kissed him almost aggressively before snatching up his hand and leading Ilya out of the club, ignoring the cat-calls from his teammates.

XXX

They damn near broke the door in their eagerness to get inside. Then they made their way upstairs, kissing and groping along the way, Alpha and Omega both so hungry for each other. In the bedroom, Shane slammed Ilya up against the wall.

"Fuck," Ilya whispered, aroused by the display of strength from the hockey player. His eyes followed Shane as the Omega dropped to his knees, yanking down his trousers and mouthing at his bulge through the material of his Calvin Klein's. "Shane," he groaned as his underwear was peeled down his legs. He grunted enthusiastically as Shane took him down his throat. He thrust his hips a little, thumbs hooking into the corners of Shane's mouth, stretching his mouth obscenely wide as he fed his cock to him. "Good Omega," he approved as Shane worked his tongue over him. He guided Shane's movements for a while, enjoying the blissful pleasure of his warm wet mouth. But the Alpha didn't want to cum just yet, so he forced Shane's mouth away. "Clothes off… on the bed," he ordered.

While Shane stripped and neatly folded his clothes, Ilya grabbed the chair in the corner of the room, dragging it to the foot of the bed and tossing the cushions aside before dropping into it.

"What are you…?" Shane's aroused face morphed into a confused quizzical one.

"Touch yourself," Ilya commanded.

"W-what?" Shane blinked.

"Show off for me, Mr. Star Hockey Player," Ilya encouraged. "I want to watch."

Shane bit his lip nervously.

“Go on,” Ilya told him. “Play with that pretty fuck hole, get yourself nice and wet for me.”

“Ilya,” Shane blushed.

“Don’t keep me waiting, Hollander,” Ilya threw off his shirt then dragged his hand down his chest, his stomach, before gripping his dick, stroking languidly.

Eyes on Ilya’s dick, Shane tentatively placed a hand to his neck, pressing over some of the bruises Ilya had made their earlier in the night. Slowly letting his hand travel lower, he let his eyes fall closed.

“No, no, eyes open,” Ilya chided. “And glasses,” he requested tapping his face. “Put them on.”

Making no objection, Shane reached for his glasses case on the nightstand, carefully slipping them on his face before moving back into position, legs spread. While Ilya jerked his own cock, Shane caressed his own chest, blushing fiercely as he gave his nipples a rough tug under the Alpha’s intense blue gaze.

“That’s it, Omega, so pretty for me,” Ilya murmured.

“Alpha,” Shane groaned, teasing his dick and balls briefly before dragging two fingers through his slick and probing his hole.

“Fuuuccckkk,” Ilya dragged the word out as he enjoyed Shane’s performance, having to squeeze the base of his own dick painfully so he wouldn’t spill his release over himself.

“Please,” Shane begged, pumping two fingers inside himself.

“Please what?” Ilya asked sultrily.

“Please fuck me,” Shane requested desperately. “Want you, Ilya… Need you… Need my Alpha.”

Abandoning the chair, Ilya prowled towards the bed. Reaching into the nightstand, he took out a condom, rolling it onto his hard member before crawling on top of Shane, settling his weight over the hockey player and grabbing his face, ensuring eye-contact.

“Take your fingers out,” Ilya instructed, Shane whimpering as he obeyed. “Mmm,” Ilya captured Shane’s wrist and took his slick-soaked fingers into his mouth, lapping up the Omega’s juices. Then he leaned in to kiss Shane, letting the Omega taste himself. “You will ride me,” Ilya told him, shifting their positions and holding his dick steady so Shane could sink down on him. “Yes, take me,” he groaned, Shane’s forehead resting against his as he sat down on the Alpha’s cock, his body opening up to him with beautiful obedience. “Ah-ah,” he chided when Shane made to take off his glasses. “Keep them on.”

Gripping Shane’s hips, Ilya helped the Omega bounce up and down on his dick, both men grunting and groaning, sharing sloppy kisses.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya cried weakly, hearing the sound of Shane’s butt-cheeks slapping against his thighs and knowing he wasn’t going to last very long.

“Ilya,” Shane moaned back, kissing the Alpha feverishly, his glasses sitting askew on his face as he pulled back.

“Uh, uh, fuck,” Ilya came first, releasing into the condom, his knot swelling inside Shane.

Journeying a series of kisses from Shane’s lips to his neck, Ilya coiled his fingers around Shane’s dick, jerking him off until the Omega shuddered and spilled his mess over them both.

“Should do calendar for the charity,” Ilya panted out.

“What?” Shane asked dazedly.

“Charity calendar,” Ilya smirked. “Dirty picture of you for each month… Hockey’s best and sexiest player, all naked and sweaty, in different sex positions and cumming for the camera. Would be best seller. Make lots of money. You want to help charity with your pretty orgasm face?”

“No chance at all,” Shane laughed.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Would love to know what you think...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 24: TWENTY FOUR

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks so much for reading...

A lot of things in this chapter were unplanned, but they demanded they happen, I regret nothing...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty-Four

The next big event to raise money and awareness for The Irina Foundation was a ‘Dating Auction’ that Ilya and his team had put together. Essentially, the plan was for ‘volunteers’ to strut their stuff on stage and members of the audience would engage in a bidding war to ‘buy’ a date for the night. Of course, many of the so-called ‘volunteers’ were people Ilya had intimidated into participation.

One of the few people Ilya had not yet managed to persuade to join in was Hayden.

“I’m a happily married Alpha,” Hayden pointed out. “I have four kids.”

“You have three,” Ilya told him. “Can Canadians not do math?”

“I… um…” Hayden scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, shooting a nervous glance to Jackie. “Fuck off,” he settled on saying.

“Swear-jar,” Jackie piped up.

“Plenty of my volunteers are in relationships,” Ilya reasoned. “The ‘Dating Auction’ is all in the name of charity. The charity that I have founded in honour of my mother. There will be a disappointed angel in the sky if you do not do auction. Are you really prepared to let my beautiful mama down?”

“What kind of emotional blackmail is this?” Hayden sighed looking to his wife helplessly.

“I think it’s the kind that’s impossible to say ‘no’ to,” Jackie smiled in amusement.

“Come on, man,” Hayden shot Ilya a pleading look. “I don’t want to get up on stage and have random people bid money on me.”

“Ah, you are worried nobody will bid on you,” Ilya guessed. “A valid concern,” he acknowledged giving Hayden a brutal once-over.

“Hey,” Jackie objected. “My husband is a very handsome man.”

“Just agree to do ‘Dating Auction’,” Ilya said to Hayden. “It would really mean a lot to me to watch you be humiliated on a big stage.”

“You are such a dick,” Hayden groaned.

“Does this mean yes?” Ilya smirked.

“I’ll do it if you will,” Hayden bargained.

“Fine,” Ilya shrugged like it was no big deal. “Will be fun to see how much more money is spent on me than on you. I bet it will be thousands of dollars difference.”

“Dude, I agreed to do your charity thing, can you take a break from insulting me now?” Hayden asked.

“But insulting you makes me happy,” Ilya claimed. “Why would you not want me to be happy, Hayden? I thought we were friends. You see how cruel your husband is to me?” he asked Jackie dropping down beside her on the couch.

“Aww, poor Ilya, there, there,” Jackie mocked. “Feel better?”

“I will live,” Ilya scrunched his nose a little. “You smell different,” he noted, staring at the woman.

Husband and wife exchanged a small but significant glance.

“New shampoo,” Jackie stated.

“Is lie,” Ilya responded. He looked between them pensively, his attention being diverted when Shane stepped downstairs with the girls trailing behind him and Arthur in his arms having just woken from his nap.

“I think he might be hungry,” Shane said uncertainly as the little boy wailed.

Before either Jackie or Hayden had a chance to move, Ilya was on his feet and taking Arthur from Shane so he could feed the little man.

“There we go, that’s my good boy,” Ilya approved as he spoon-fed Arthur in his highchair, proceeding to speak to Arthur in Russian.

“My kids gonna end up with a Russian accent, I just know it,” Hayden said.

XXX

After the kids were in bed, the two couples stayed up drinking wine and having cheese fondue. Or at least, the men were drinking wine, but Jackie's glass remained notably untouched.

"Oh," Ilya's eyes suddenly widened in realisation. "You are pregnant, yes?"

"Again?" Shane gaped at the couple.

"Forgive my sweet boyfriend," Ilya smiled, caressing Shane's thigh under the table. "He means to say congratulations."

"Oh, yeah, of course," Shane winced a little at his accidental social awkwardness. "That's great guys."

"Thanks, buddy," Hayden smiled, turning to Jackie with a soft gaze and reaching out to rest a hand on her stomach.

"It's still early days," Jackie told them, laying her hand over her husband's. "Other than the doctor you're the first to know."

"Four children is a lot," Ilya commented. "But we will help. Arthur can come home and live with Shane and me. He likes us better anyway."

Maybe Ilya had been joking. Perhaps he was entirely serious. It was genuinely difficult to know based on his deadpan delivery. But suffice to say, Jackie and Hayden Pike were not handing over Arthur to be raised elsewhere.

XXX

The day of the 'Dating Auction' arrived. As well as taking part in the auction himself, Ilya was also busily organising the overall set-up. Things were almost ready and it was nearly starting time. Standing backstage, the Alpha clapped his hands together, hollering for everybody's attention. He spoke a little about The Irina Foundation and what the charity meant for him, thanking them for giving their time to take part. He explained how the auction would work and asked if there were any questions.

"Yes?" Ilya pointed to one of the participants who had raised their hand.

"I'm a little nervous," he admitted (Hayden recognised him as one of the Admirals Rookies).

"Is ok," Ilya shrugged stepping close and adjusting the boy's shirt collar and tie before doing something to the young kids hair that somehow made him inexplicably more attractive. "Just be confident, is easy."

Ilya stepped back, addressing them all once more, hyping them up just like a Coach or a Captain would before a hockey game. The energy lifted into one of excitement at his words, everybody clapping and cheering before the host of proceedings made his way onto stage to greet the audience.

"Great fucking speech," Cliff Marleau approved slapping a hand down on Ilya's shoulder.

“Go fuck yourself,” Ilya grinned back, the words delivered with something akin to affection.

XXX

The auction was going well. Scott Hunter fetched an incredibly generous sum from an elderly lady spending her rich husbands money.

“Aww, how moving,” Ilya joked from where he was watching from the wings. “Hunter is reunited with one of his own kind. The last two living dinosaurs.”

Marley snickered appreciatively while Hayden rolled his eyes.

“You’re being a little immature don’t you think?” Hayden asked, his dad tone coming out.

“Marley is a good man,” Ilya claimed. “Strong Alpha, good sense of humour. This is why he is better hockey player than you.”

“Whatever, you think everybody’s a better hockey player than me,” Hayden said dryly.

“Not true, you are much better player than piece of human trash Dallas Kent,” Ilya insisted. “And your backhand has improved this season. Now it is weak instead of abysmal.”

“Um… thank you?” Hayden replied uncertainly.

“And next up we have Hayden Pike,” the host announced.

“Fuck,” Hayden swore.

“Swear-jar,” Ilya responded.

“I don’t think I can do this,” Hayden whispered.

“Relax,” Ilya gently guided Hayden towards the stage. “Just pretend you are prostitute,” he suggested with a smirk before pushing him fully onto the stage, standing back in the wings with Marley to watch the other man get bid on.

“What did you say to him?” Marley asked curiously.

“Private in-joke,” Ilya replied. “He’s more popular than I realised,” he noted as the bidding war went on.

“Fans love his friendship with Hollander,” Marley said. “And he’s married with kids. That shows he’s committed and loyal. Sometimes people underestimate how sexy that is. Plus he is easy on the eye, and he’s never been afraid to fight on the ice, especially if it’s to defend and protect Hollander, but he’s still got all his own teeth. Make fun of him all you want, but your friend Pike is a damn good catch. His wife’s a lucky lady.”

“Is true,” Ilya acknowledged. “I give Hayden hard time. But he is good Alpha. Quite good at hockey too,” he admits. “Never tell him I say this,” he warns Marley.

“My lips are sealed, Roz,” Marley winks.

“Tell me,” Ilya wondered curiously, “why is strong handsome Alpha like you still single?”

“I’ve got a specific type,” Marley confided vaguely.

“If you mean my boyfriend I will cut off your knot and feed it to you,” Ilya claimed and Marley had the audacity to laugh at the threat.

“Don’t worry, I’m not hot for Hollander,” Marley assured. He glanced around to check nobody was listening in then shuffled closer to Ilya. “I’m an Alpha who prefers… Alphas… Kind of hard to meet other Alphas who feel the same.”

“Ah… yes… must be hard for you,” Ilya realised. “They make knotted dildos. Maybe you should get one.”

“I have three,” Marley answered and Ilya smirked.

“What colour?” the Russian asked.

“Fuck off,” Marley laughed.

“They are big, yes?” Ilya teased.

XXX

Hayden sold for a vastly higher amount than Ilya had been anticipating, to the point he genuinely worried he might not make as much money thereby losing the little bet they had made. But there were still others to be auctioned off before his turn. Marley was up next, causing quite a frenzy.

“Wow,” JJ commented coming up behind Ilya in the wings, watching audience members fight to win Cliff Marleau. “That Omega girl has crazy eyes. She will either end up pregnant with Marley’s baby or in prison with a restraining order.”

“I think restraining order,” Ilya responded.

As five or six Omegas (both male and female) engaged in their bidding war for a date with Cliff Marleau, another booming male voice was suddenly added to the mix. Poking his head out to see, Ilya squinted to a large man stood in the back of the room.

“He looks familiar,” Ilya commented.

“Ryan Price, hockey player,” JJ informed him. “Scary guy. Total beast on the ice. Not an opponent you want to fight with.”

“He is Alpha,” Ilya said.

“Rumour has it he is so Alpha he presented at age five,” JJ shared.

“This is lie, liar told you this,” Ilya dismissed. “Nobody presents that early. But why is he bidding on Marley?” he asked with interest.

“Power-play,” JJ guessed. “One Alpha wanting to dominate another Alpha. Hockey tactic maybe. Throw Marley off his game when they next face each other. You hear how some Alphas like to rape other Alphas?”

“Price, he does things like this?” Ilya worried, concern rising for Marley.

“Maybe,” JJ theorised. “He just did season with Dallas Kent. Everyone knows Kent is piece of rapist shit. Maybe Price is like him.”

Ilya frowned. He knew of Kent’s reputation of course. But he didn’t know much about Price and while he liked JJ, his gossip wasn’t necessarily reliable.

“Excuse me,” Ilya moved away, taking out his phone and making a call to Yuna. That woman knew everything about everybody in the hockey world. If there was one person’s judgement he would trust, it was definitely Shane’s mother.

“Ilya,” Yuna greeted warmly over the phone. “Is the auction going well?”

“Proving to be big success,” Ilya told her. “I need to ask you something.”

“Yes,” Yuna answered readily.

“Yes?” Ilya repeated, confused.

“You have mine and David’s permission to ask Shane to marry you,” Yuna told him excitedly.

“I… um… thank you… but this is not why I call,” Ilya answered awkwardly, Yuna’s response one of disappointment. “Can you tell me about Ryan Price?”

“Quiet, keeps to himself mostly,” Yuna said. “Gets traded every season. Brutal hockey player but a gentle soul.”

“He is good man, good Alpha?” Ilya asked. “Somebody to be trusted?”

“Yes, definitely,” Yuna answered with confidence.

“Thank you, Yuna,” Ilya sighed with relief before making his goodbyes to her.

He moved back towards JJ, just in time to see Price win the bid. With any luck, Marley might get lucky with another Alpha tonight, Ilya thought.

XXX

It was Ilya’s turn to head out on stage. He prowled confidently onto the stage, smiling and winking at the audience, able to smell the arousal of some of the Omegas in the hall. Though faintly, among it all, Ilya caught a whiff of possessiveness. Eyes travelling over the faces of

the crowd, his gaze landed on his boyfriend standing in the back. He smirked, giving Shane a flirty wink. His Omega simply quirked an eyebrow in response and Ilya knew that Hollander meant business.

The bidding began, Shane standing calm and quiet in the back, biding his time, eyes never leaving Ilya. The Alpha had to admit that it was kind of hot to have Shane ogling him so intensely, like Shane was the predator and Ilya was the prey. The bids grew higher, the audience growing more competitive, though Ilya hadn't earned as much money as Hayden had yet. His blue eyes swept back to Shane, wondering if his Omega was going to make his bid yet.

Finally, the competition seemed to be down to two Omegas, both female, one younger, one older. Just when it seemed like the older lady had outbid the younger, Shane's voice chimed in with a significantly higher bid (take that, Hayden Pike). The gavel went down and Ilya Rozanov was auctioned off to Shane Hollander, all in the name of charity.

XXX

Arriving back home, Shane took off his suit tie, binding it around Ilya's eyes as a blindfold before leading him inside to the living-room.

"Wait here," Shane told him, the words whispered into Ilya's ear.

Feeling curious, Ilya remained still, listening to Shane bustle around. Then the makeshift blindfold was removed. The array of pillows from the bedroom were arranged neatly on the floor along with some blankets. Some scented candles had been lit, romantic music was playing softly in the background. There was an ice-bucket with an expensive bottle of champagne and a little picnic set up of foods Shane had prepared himself.

"Mr. Star Hockey Player… such a romantic," Ilya teased.

"Fuck off," Shane grinned and they took off their suit jackets and loosened their shirts before sitting down together.

"So… tell me, Shane Hollander… am I worth every dollar you spent on me tonight?" Ilya asked.

"Every one, and thousands more," Shane told him.

Smiling, Ilya gently cradled Shane's chin, leaning in to kiss him sweetly on the lips before opening the champagne bottle and pouring them a glass each.

"Cheers to us," Shane said.

"To us," Ilya responded as they clinked their glasses together.

He thought back to his phone call with Yuna earlier in the night, how she had mistakenly believed Ilya was seeking permission to propose to Shane. Admiring the Omega with the beautiful freckles, the idea of marrying him seemed like a natural decision. Ilya would have proposed to him in that very moment if only he'd had a ring. But as he didn't, he settled for

drinking champagne, eating food, and then making love to the hockey player in the pile of pillows.

XXX

The next day, they were at the Pike household, Shane, Jackie and the girls laughing as Hayden recounted his awful charity date. Normally, Ilya would enjoy Hayden's misery. But instead he was in another room, playing with Arthur.

"You are my best friend, so I will tell you secret," Ilya said. "You cannot tell anybody, promise?"

Arthur gurgled something Ilya decided to interpret as a solemn oath to keep his secrets.

"I am going to ask Shane to marry me," Ilya confided to Arthur, being sure to speak in Russian in case anyone came in and overheard.

"Ga, na, goo meh blah, gee," Arthur responded. Baby gibberish to an untrained ear, but fluent Russian to Ilya.

"Don't worry, little man," Ilya said, still speaking in Russian. "I have David and Yuna's blessing. I have your blessing too, yes?"

"Da," Arthur answered.

"Yes, that's my boy," Ilya approved. "You are my best friend in whole world, so you will be my best man. This is very big responsibility. Promise you do not go wild with Bachelor Party. No strippers."

"Ma, goo-goo, da, la-lee, uh," Arthur replied.

"I will find the perfect ring," Ilya assured. "Maybe you can help me? Your mother won't mind if we hang out for a day. It will give her some time to rest."

"Na-nuh, blah, dee," Arthur said passionately.

"You are jealous about the new baby in your mother's belly," Ilya guessed. "Do not worry. You will love that little boy or girl so, so much, and you will be amazing big brother. Much better than my brother. My brother is asshole, we hate him."

"Da," Arthur nodded, leaning in to give Ilya an affectionate headbutt.

"Be honest with me, Arthur," Ilya said. "Do I deserve Shane Hollander?"

Arthur gave him the biggest smile by way of an answer.

"Thanks little buddy," Ilya cuddled the boy close to his chest. "You really are my best friend in the whole world."

"Poo," Arthur announced, a filthy stench filling the air.

“It is definitely Hayden’s turn to change your diaper,” Ilya stated. “My son has pooped!” Ilya called out, switching to English. “My son has pooped, somebody must change him.”

“He’s my kid,” Hayden huffed, taking Arthur from Ilya and carrying him to the changing mat.

“Jackie, you are looking radiant in your pregnancy,” Ilya told her.

“What do you want?” she narrowed her eyes at him.

“I would like to take Arthur out for the day, just the two of us,” Ilya said. “It will give you some time to rest,” he pointed out.

“Ilya, if this is a plan to kidnap him I will call the police on you,” Shane warned.

“I am not going to take the baby away from his mother,” Ilya responded. “If it was just Hayden raising him, sure, I’d have rescued them all by now. But they need Jackie. I just want to take Arthur out for the day. Please.”

“It would make my doctor’s appointment next week easier,” Jackie acknowledged.

“Great, I will take him then,” Ilya said. “Does anybody have Cliff Marleau’s number? I want to know how his date went last night.”

“Didn’t he get bid on by some other player?” Hayden asked.

“Yeah, Ryan Price,” Shane answered.

“Huh, that’s weird,” Hayden mused.

“Why’s it weird?” Shane asked. “It was a charity ‘Dating Auction’, the point was to bid on the people offering themselves up as dates.”

“But he’s an Alpha and he bid on another Alpha,” Hayden pointed out. “I just hope Marleau’s ok. Some people say Price gives off Dallas Kent vibes.”

“People are wrong,” Ilya defends. “Price is not like Kent.”

“You’ve met him?” Shane asks.

“No,” Ilya says. “But I was worried about Marley too.”

“Of course, because you think he’s hot,” Shane muttered irritably.

“Aww, you’re cute when you’re jealous, buddy,” Hayden teased.

“Off,” Shane responded, leaving out the ‘fuck’ in respect of the kids present.

“At least I don’t think dinosaur Hunter is hot,” Ilya said.

“Aww, you’re cute when you’re jealous too,” Hayden pinched Ilya’s cheek, quickly moving away as the curly-haired Alpha glared.

“I called Shane’s mother,” Ilya continued. “Asked if she knew Price, what she thought. She thinks he is good Alpha, so I do not question this.”

“Yeah, if Yuna thinks he’s good he must be,” Jackie agreed. “But why would he bid on Marley though?”

“They did do a season together, maybe they’re friends,” Shane suggested.

“Ryan Price doesn’t make friends,” Hayden pointed out.

“Ok, well, maybe it’s not our business,” Shane shrugged.

“Oh my god, Hollander, you are so boring,” Ilya sighed.

“Gotta back him here, man,” Hayden said. “I really want to know what happened with Price and Marleau.”

“You have Marley’s number?” Ilya asked and Hayden nodded. “Good, give,” he gestured for Hayden’s phone, coping the number into his own before pressing the call button.

“Put it on speaker,” Jackie encouraged, also interested in what might have happened between the two Alphas.

“Uncle Shane, what’s going on?” Ruby asked.

“Boring grown-up stuff,” Shane told her, “go play with your dolls.”

“Nobody tells kids anything,” Ruby complained dramatically stomping back over to Jade and Arthur.

The phone rang for several rings, the four adults exchanging awkward glances that were slowly morphing into concern. A joint sigh of relief was heard when the gruff voice of Cliff Marleau greeted them.

“Hey, Cliff Marleau speaking… who is this?”

“Marley, you’re alive,” Ilya announced happily.

“That you, Roz?” Marley replied huskily, a stifled groan sounding.

“Is me,” Ilya confirmed. “Just wanted to thank you again for taking part in the charity.”

“S-sure… anytime, brother,” Marley told him. Another whimpered groan?

‘What’s happening?’ Shane mouthed.

Hayden was laughing into his fist, Jackie was hiding her blushing face in a sofa cushion, and Ilya was smirking and looking somewhat proud.

“You had good time on date last night, yes?” Ilya asked innocently.

“Y-yeah… great time,” Marley grunted. “Sorry, one second…”

Ilya sniggered as he was put on hold.

“Is he ok?” Shane worried and Hayden spluttered with laughter.

“Sorry, Roz,” Marley was back on the line. “That was… my, um… Captain… Boston team Captain… calling about a hockey meet-meeting.”

“You are the Boston Captain, Marley,” Ilya pointed out.

“Fuck, yeah,” Marley groaned. “I mean… I’m sorry, I have to…” he put Ilya on hold again.

“He’s getting a…” Shane trailed off as realisation dawned on him.

“Yes, sounds like this Price is good with his mouth,” Ilya commented.

“Hey, Roz, sorry brother,” Marley apologised sounding dazed and out of breath but certainly satisfied. “I just had se- um, door, someone… uh, Amazon.”

“Amazon Price was it?” Ilya asked. “I mean Amazon Prime of course… stupid English, is so hard.”

“Good talking to ya, Roz,” Marley laughed seemingly knowing that Ilya knew exactly what was going on. “Thanks for the Auction.”

“You’re welcome, go get railed,” Ilya encouraged before hanging up the phone. “I think their date went well, yes?”

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 25: TWENTY-FIVE

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thanks for reading...

This is kind of a filler chapter to get from A to B but should still be funny and cute...

Hope you like it...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty-Five

Shopping around the Mall with Arthur in his stroller, Ilya quickly discovered that his best friend was an absolute Omega magnet. While it wasn't unusual for Ilya to turn the heads of Omegas, he'd never before received such attention as he did being out with Arthur. It appeared as though seeing an Alpha taking care of a baby was the ultimate aphrodisiac. He only wished Shane could see all the Omegas fawning over him. He was sure the jealous expression on the hockey player's face would be adorable. And the sex that would take place to soothe the envy would be fantastic.

Ilya wheeled the pushchair into the jewellery shop and moved towards the ring section. Locating the engagement wear targeted at men, Ilya put the brakes on the stroller and picked Arthur up, balancing him on his hip so they could look in the cases together.

"What do you think?" Ilya asked. "Will Uncle Shane prefer silver or gold?"

"Goh," Arthur replied before blowing some spit bubbles.

"Yes, gold, the colour of a winner," Ilya nodded in agreement with Arthur's decision. "Which one do you like?" he asked the baby's opinion.

"Ga-gah ee," Arthur murmured.

"Ah, yes, they all look the same to me too," Ilya whispered and Arthur laughed.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" a store assistant asked smiling between Ilya and Arthur.

"I need to buy a ring, yes," Ilya told her pointing to the nearest case of rings, Arthur copying him and pointing too. "A gold one," he elaborated.

“Goh,” Arthur supported.

“I am going to ask my Omega to marry me,” Ilya shared.

“Oh wow,” the assistant lady beamed looking to baby Arthur. “Is Daddy going to ask Mummy to marry him? That’s exciting isn’t it?”

“Da,” Arthur agreed.

Ilya didn’t bother to correct her about not being Arthur’s father. He was convinced the baby looked more like him than Hayden anyway. His growing hair was even beginning to curl.

“We have the more feminine engagement rings over this way, with plenty of diamonds,” she indicated.

“Yes, we see,” Ilya acknowledged. “But Mummy is also a man,” he explained. “We want a nice gold ring for him don’t we?” he asked Arthur who began bouncing excitedly in Ilya’s hold.

“Oh, of course,” the lady smiled. “There’s some lovely gold pieces here. They do vary in size and price, but all are of an excellent quality… These up here tend to be favoured by the more artistic type of men… These are incredibly popular amongst the athletic types… If your intended is more on the quirky side then we carry these more eccentric designs.”

“Hmm, what do you think little man?” Ilya asked for Arthur’s opinion. “Do we like the rings that the sporty people choose?”

Arthur’s face didn’t look particularly impressed. Ilya assessed them carefully, trying to envision how each ring might look resting on Shane’s finger. Although his Omega was a star hockey player and the shop assistant claimed that section of rings was popular with sportsmen, none of the pieces particularly stood out to the Alpha.

“I do not think these are right for my Shane,” Ilya determined. “Where should we look next?” he asked Arthur who waved his hand in the general direction of the ‘quirky’ section.

“Tell me about your Omega?” the shop assistant asked as they browed the more unique set of options.

“He has the most beautiful freckles,” Ilya told her, before gushing all about Shane.

“You are both Russian?” she guessed.

“No, just me and baby Arthur are Russian,” Ilya said. “My Omega is Asian-Canadian.”

“We do have some Japanese made rings in stock,” she told him, removing one of the cushioned sections from the glass case so he could have a closer look. “These ones feature an infinity sign and the lucky number eight. I believe in Japanese culture it represents an eternal bond, endless love and brings the couple a lifetime of prosperity. And there’s a lovely one here,” she pointed to the middle. “This is a maple tree ring.”

The band was a darker shade of gold than the rest on the cushion. It was more slender than the bulkier rings that the sport players supposedly gravitated towards, but still thicker than some of the others in the men's section. The band featured a delicate engraving of a maple tree in an off-white colour. Ilya considered it. There was homage to Yuna and her heritage, and maples were also associated with Canada for David.

"Is pretty," Ilya complimented. And indeed it was pretty. But Ilya was in search of a ring for Shane, not for Shane's parents. "But is not the one."

"Not a problem," she smiled setting the rings securely back in the display unit. "We have a few Russian designed rings just over here," she directed. "This one is quite lovely," she told him. "Masculine but still romantic."

Ilya admired the golden ring. The right side of the ring was an intricate chain link. A pretty kind of chain link, something delicate yet strong about it. Not overly masculine as she had said. The left half of the ring bore an inscription in Russian.

"I believe it translates to say 'Love, Faith and Hope'," she told him.

Looking it over, Ilya saw that it actually said 'Save and Protect' but he didn't correct her.

"What do you think, Arthur?" Ilya asked. "Is this the ring we choose?"

Arthur stuck his tongue out and blew raspberries, giggling happily in Ilya's arms.

XXX

With Arthur back in his stroller and the ring box tucked safely in Ilya's pocket, the Alpha headed to the toy store. He treated Arthur and the girls to some new toys as well as picking out a few items for the baby still growing in Jackie's tummy. Arthur seemed to glare at him for that.

"Don't worry, you are still my best friend in the whole world, the new baby will never replace you," Ilya assured the little boy, pinching his cheek playfully and bopping him on the nose.

XXX

"Did you have fun with Uncle Ilya today?" Jackie asked as Ilya handed her son back over. Arthur babbled some baby gibberish at her. "Well, thank you for babysitting. It really helped me out," she told Ilya.

"Of course, we had fun," Ilya said.

She gave Arthur a change and set him down for a nap before telling Ilya about the horrendously long wait at the doctors. The pair were chatting away over coffee and cookies when Hayden returned from practice. He pressed a kiss to Jackie's lips and rested a hand to her stomach, asking how the appointment had gone, offering a quick 'hey man' to Ilya.

"It's nearly time to pick up the girls," Jackie pointed out.

“On it, babe,” Hayden kissed her again.

“I’ll come with you,” Ilya said.

“I guess I’m taking Ilya with me,” Hayden shrugged with a playful roll of his eyes, the Russian man already outside and letting himself into the passenger seat of Hayden’s car. “So how was today with Arthur? He didn’t give you too much trouble did he?”

“My son is well behaved angel,” Ilya boasted.

“My son,” Hayden responded pointedly.

“We share?” Ilya suggested.

“Dude, he’s my kid, not a bag of potato chips,” Hayden said.

“I should report you for child abuse,” Ilya claimed.

“In what way am I guilty of child abuse?” Hayden demanded to know.

“Your face is child abuse,” Ilya insulted.

“Whatever,” Hayden sighed irritably and Ilya smirked.

“I can’t help but wonder,” Ilya said, “how did you, Hayden Pike, ever convince a woman like Jackie to marry you?”

“Fuck you,” Hayden shook his head, keeping his eyes on the road.

“No, I am serious, how did you ask her?” Ilya wanted to know.

He had thought about asking Jackie earlier, but he rationalised that she would immediately deduce he was planning to propose to Shane. Ilya was hoping that Hayden wouldn’t guess his intentions, especially if he annoyed and insulted him enough.

“Did you put the ring in a cake or in the champagne?” Ilya asked. “Did you hide behind a corner and get Shane to ask her for you? Tell her you were dying of small-cock disease so she would feel sorry for you?”

“I do not have small-cock disease,” Hayden grumbled.

“Just premature ejaculation then,” Ilya taunted.

“Shut up, you have premature ejaculation,” Hayden retaliated.

“I am former prostitute, my sexual prowess is the stuff of legend,” Ilya insisted. “Ask Shane, he will tell you. We could even make you a sex tape. Perhaps you might learn something.”

“You are such an asshole,” Hayden groaned.

“Yes,” Ilya acknowledged. “Shane tells me this too. But this is just another way of him telling me he loves me. And you say it because you also love me.”

“I barely tolerate you,” Hayden argued.

“You love me,” Ilya maintained confidently. “If you weren’t already married to Jackie and I wasn’t with Shane, then you would be on your knees begging me to be your Alpha. We would be like Cliff Marleau and Ryan Price.”

“Which one of us is Marleau and which one is Price?” Hayden asked curiously.

“I would never bottom for you,” Ilya answered. “I would be the top Alpha, and you would be my bitch. So I’m Marley and you are Price.”

“You think Marleau is the top?” Hayden sounded doubtful.

“He is tall, dark and handsome, very rugged and manly, of course he is top,” Ilya claimed.

“Normally I’d agree with you, but Price does not look like a bottom,” Hayden pointed out. “And if we were a couple, I would definitely be the one to fuck you.”

“In your dreams, Pike,” Ilya scoffed.

“I’d make you weak in the knees by tugging on your curls,” Hayden said. “Kiss every mole on your body until you’re shaking and begging for my knot. I’d spank you too,” he stated. “You’re a filthy slut so you’d like it.”

“Pull over, I need to vomit over you,” Ilya drawled.

“Aww, am I making the former prostitute blush?” Hayden teased, looking very smug.

“Stop flirting with me, I have boyfriend, and you are married man,” Ilya stated. “Though I still struggle to understand how lovely woman like Jackie settles for you.”

“Well I’m no former prostitute, but I still know a trick or two,” Hayden boasted. “Jackie and I get pretty wild in bed.”

“Did you propose during sex?” Ilya asked.

“Dude, that’s gross, who the hell would propose like that?” Hayden frowned. “We’d been together six months when I asked her to marry me.”

“That is quick,” Ilya commented and Hayden nodded in acknowledgement. “Quick like your bedroom performance,” he quipped.

“Eat shit, you motherfucker,” Hayden retaliated.

“I do not fuck people’s mothers,” Ilya corrected. “But I do fuck your best friend.”

“Fine, best friend fucker,” Hayden said.

“So… you proposed after only six months?” Ilya asked.

“Back when we first met, Jackie had said something about a couple only needing a year,” Hayden recalled. “If you’ve been together a year and you don’t want to get married, then you should call it quits because you’re never getting married. But I couldn’t wait that long. I didn’t need a year to know I was in love with Jackie and wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. Hell, I knew she was all I wanted after our first date. And everybody told me I was crazy, that it was too soon, that I’d scare her off, that she was out of my league…”

“They weren’t wrong,” Ilya interjected.

“But I asked her to marry me anyway, and obviously I’m the luckiest guy in the world because she was crazy enough to say yes,” Hayden continued.

“How did you ask?” Ilya kept his tone neutral.

“I recreated our first date,” Hayden told him. “Picked her up on my motorcycle, took her to the same restaurant, ordered the same bottle of wine, shared the same dessert,” he listed. “We laughed until your cheeks hurt, same as that first time. Then we drove out to this empty field, and I gave her some motorcycle lessons. Same as on our first date. Then with the moon and stars in the sky, I got down on one knee… and I dropped the fucking ring.”

“No shit,” Ilya laughed and Hayden cringed at the memory.

“We were both down on our hands and knees, crawling through the dirt to find it,” Hayden sighed. “Jackie found it, wiped it off on the hem of her dress, put it on, kissed me and said ‘yes’.”

“That is kind of romantic,” Ilya admitted. “Were you scared to ask? Is that why you dropped ring? Nerves?”

“Honestly… I wasn’t scared,” Hayden replied stopping at a red light and waiting for it to turn green. “Everybody was telling me it was too soon, that we were too young, but I knew in my heart it was right. And it never even occurred to me that she might say ‘no’.”

Ilya faked a yawn, acting as though he was bored with the story. Hayden only laughed as he continued the drive.

“So… tell me,” Hayden asked, a smirk developing on his face. “How are you planning to ask Shane?”

“What?” Ilya stared at him, wondering how the other Alpha had figured it out.

“Dude, I’m not an idiot,” Hayden told him. “When a guy starts asking another guy about proposals and shit it can only mean one thing. So… you got a plan? Have you picked a ring yet?”

“I have ring,” Ilya answered, seeing no reason to deny it. “Arthur helped me pick it out.”

“Cool, can I see it?” Hayden asked.

“No, not until it’s on Shane’s finger,” Ilya refused.

“Fine,” Hayden rolled his eyes. “How you planning to ask him?”

“I don’t know yet,” Ilya admitted.

“Want some advice?” Hayden offered.

“… Please…” Ilya sighed begrudgingly.

“Ok, nothing public, Shane would hate that,” Hayden said. “And, please, do not propose during sex. Have all the crazy naked sex you want after he says ‘yes’, but don’t pop the question while you’re popping your knot inside his ass. And just… relax… enjoy the moment, don’t stress about it. Because Shane Hollander is in love with you and he will definitely say ‘yes’.”

XXX

Hayden had actually given some solid advice. But the man had been wrong. Kind of. Because that same night, when Ilya got home to Shane, his Omega was waiting for him on one knee, presenting a ring in a box as he asked Ilya to marry him.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox (though in this summer heat it's more like SweatyMeltingRia)

Chapter 26: TWENTY SIX

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

So this chapter didn't want to chapter...

I genuinely think I wrote like 2-5 sentences at a time...

Planned to upload yesterday but then the internet died so it became a 'tomorrow' thing...

If all goes as intended, next chapter should be the last...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty-Six

In all honesty, Shane wasn't entirely sure when it was he decided he was going to marry Ilya Rozanov. Perhaps it was when he heard his Alpha cheering him on amongst the crowd of hockey fans. Or maybe it was during a dinner with Hayden and Jackie, Ilya's eyes lighting up with delight as he felt Jackie's baby bump, his lips later forming into a smirk as he made jokes at Hayden's expense, the other Alpha failing to fight off his amusement before bantering back. It could have been while watching Ilya and his dad cooking in the kitchen together. Or seeing the shock, horror and respect on his mother's face when Ilya beat her at cards. Seeing him sit down to a tea-party with Jade and Ruby or reading a story to Arthur. Of course it could have just as easily have been that first moment when Shane opened the door, completely unaware that he had hired a prostitute.

Late one night, almost two months ago, Shane had suddenly woken up, cuddled in Ilya's arms. Laying in the man's hold and gazing at his peacefully sleeping face, Shane knew this wasn't just his first real relationship. It was the only romance he ever wanted to have. His heart, body and soul had already known and understood that he belonged to Ilya. But in the dead of night his mind came to understand that fact too.

So he had to make a plan. He started with rings. Researching local jewellers, different materials, Russian traditions. He read countless blogs and watched numerous videos of other people's proposals, making notes about any common themes that gained the most positive comments. Then he stalked the couples on social media to determine who was still together and establishing any patterns in the proposals of the people who had divorced or never even made it down the aisle at all.

Unable to select the perfect ring from any shop or website, Shane took to sketching out possible designs. He then hired a ring designer, paying to have a one of a kind engagement ring created specifically for his Alpha.

After all the proposal research he had carried out, Shane decided he wanted the moment to be private. Something for himself and Ilya to share. There would be time for theatrics and showing off at the actual wedding ceremony. Well, Ilya would be showing off and entertaining their guests. Shane would be blushing, secretly looking forward to the moment the last guest left. They would more than likely have an engagement party too. Perhaps they could connect it to The Irina Foundation somehow and raise money for the charity.

Of course, before they could consider wedding arrangements and engagement parties, Shane had to ask Ilya to marry him first. He must have written or partially written at least a dozen speeches, throwing out every last one. But after many attempts, he finally managed to pour his thoughts out onto paper. His handwriting had been a bit messy, so he had typed his 'marry me, Ilya' speech up on the computer, printed it out and then laminated it. He also made three back-up copies, just in case the first got damaged or something went awry.

Then he planned the perfect outfit to wear, the perfect meal to cook and the perfect song to be playing in the background for the proposal. But one evening, three days before Shane planned to pop the question, he suddenly felt the urge to go off script and ask Ilya as soon as he walked through the door. So when he heard the key turning in the lock, Shane, dressed in reeboks joggers, socks and one of Ilya's slightly too-big vests, took the ring box out of its hiding place and dropped to one knee.

His heart hammered in his chest and for a few moments he felt like he couldn't breathe, but then he looked directly into his Alpha's eyes and the attack of anxiety immediately melted away. The buzzing in his brain faded, offering him a peaceful silence as the man he loved looked back at him, shock sparkling in his eyes, an uncharacteristically shy smile spreading across Ilya's face.

"I had a speech," Shane declared. "Just over five thousand words. Proof-read, printed off, laminated."

"Laminated," Ilya echoed in a breathy whisper, gazing at Shane with such blatant adoration that even his precious neuro-divergent brain couldn't fail to identify it.

"It was a good speech," Shane insisted and Ilya released a small fond laugh, slowly stepping nearer the Omega, stopping to loom above where Shane still kneeled. "A beautiful one, I swear," Shane continued. "There were metaphors… too many, probably… I was supposed to wait a few more days. Dress nicer, cook you dinner but… I love you so much I just couldn't wait so…" he gestured to the special-made ring resting in the velvety cushioned ring box. "Or… if you wanted the speech I could…"

"Take a breath, Omega," Ilya advised gently and Shane did so. "We have rest of our lives for you to give me boring speech."

"It's not boring," Shane told him. "There's nine paragraphs dedicated to your cock."

“Nine, one for every inch, yes?” Ilya smirked as he carded his fingers through Shane’s hair, the Omega leaning in to his Alpha’s touch, Ilya’s other hand inside his trouser pocket. “I must confess… I did not prepare speech,” he pulled out a ring box of his own, carefully opening it to reveal the engagement ring.

Shane went still, surprise covering his face before getting replaced with radiant joy. The living-room light caught both rings just so.

“You were… you were going to?” Shane began, his question dissolving into an awestruck laugh.

“I was going to,” Ilya confirmed, laughing faintly too, still standing while Shane remained on one knee. “But…” he snapped the ring box shut, tucking it back into his pocket, “don’t let me interrupt you. Go on, Mr. Star Hockey Player,” he encouraged. “Ask me.”

“Ilya Rozanov,” Shane grinned, Ilya compelled to beam back like a Cheshire cat. The Omega took the ring out of the box and grabbed hold of Ilya’s hand. “You’re going to marry me,” he stated, putting the ring on his Alpha’s finger.

“I am,” Ilya agreed, accepting Shane informing him they were to wed rather than actually asking him if he wanted to.

As Shane pressed a kiss to the engagement ring on Ilya’s finger, he tugged his fiancé down, bringing them knee to knee.

“Your turn,” Shane prompted.

“But we are already engaged,” Ilya reasoned. “It doesn’t matter who asked who. We get married either way.”

“I know,” Shane nodded, pressing another kiss to the ring on Ilya’s finger. “But ask me anyway.”

“Ok,” Ilya smiled softly, cupping Shane’s jaw and kissing him softly before getting out the ring he and Arthur had selected. “Shane Hollander… will you marry me?”

“Ask me in Russian please,” Shane requested.

The Alpha repeated the question, Shane melting upon hearing the words in Ilya’s native language.

“Answer me in French,” Ilya demanded and Shane did so. “Your French really turns me on,” Ilya guided Shane into a searing kiss, the pair standing up and staggering their way to the couch, both men too worked up to make it to the bedroom to celebrate their engagement.

XXX

They kept the engagement to themselves for a couple of days. Shane even skipped a day of training in favour of letting his new fiancé rail him into the mattress over and over. Then

Shane invited his parents over for dinner, he and Ilya cooking a homemade meal so they could deliver the good news.

Almost immediately, Yuna began launching into ideas for potential wedding venues, menus, flowers, guest lists and music.

“Mum… mum… mum,” Shane interrupted her. “It’s not like we’re getting married next week or anything. We only just got engaged.”

“Right, sorry,” Yuna held her hands up in surrender. “We’ve got plenty of time to think about that.”

“So, which one of you proposed?” David asked with polite interest looking fondly between them both.

“Well, I was coming home to propose to Shane,” Ilya explained, “and I get in the door and there my pretty Omega is. Already on one knee with a ring. Mr. Hockey Player’s so competitive he just had to beat me to it,” Ilya teased.

“That’s my boy,” Yuna beamed proudly.

“So, you both asked each other then?” David took a closer look at both their rings.

“I let Shane ask first,” Ilya said.

“Wow, let me,” Shane gazed at Ilya affectionately.

“Then Shane begged me to ask him,” Ilya taunted, one hand resting on Shane’s thigh below the table.

“I didn’t beg,” Shane objected.

“No is ok,” Ilya smiled with a squeeze to the Omega’s leg. “Shane Hollander cannot live without me. Everyone knows this.”

“You are such an asshole,” Shane shook his head in amusement.

“Your asshole,” Ilya pointed out, waving the engagement ring in Shane’s face. “Forever.”

“Forever,” Shane repeated. “That’s the plan.”

“Well congratulations, we are so happy for you,” Yuna gushed lifting her glass of wine.

David and Ilya followed suit, Shane raising his ginger-ale.

XXX

The day after dinner with Shane’s parents (and Ilya’s future in-laws), the newly engaged couple turned up at the Pike house with multiple takeaway pizzas. Knowing that Ilya had bought a ring, Hayden’s eyes zeroed in on the new piece of jewellery resting on Shane’s

finger. He bit back a smile, not wanting to alert Jackie who hadn't yet noticed. He wanted Shane to be able to reveal it in his own way. As they all sat down, the girls diving in frantically for the first slice of pizza, Arthur sitting on Ilya's lap and chewing on the strings of the Russian's hoodie, Hayden realised that Ilya had a ring on his finger too.

"Mmm, pizza is so good," Jackie groaned licking her lips. "It's about the only thing this one will let me eat these days," she gestured to the growing baby in her belly.

"We, um, Ilya and I actually had some important news," Shane spoke up.

"News is boring," Jade claimed.

"Yeah, news is boring," Ruby agreed.

"Girls," Hayden reprimanded gently.

"Man," Ruby retorted with a tone full of attitude and a stoic expression that had definitely been learned from one Mr. Rozanov.

"Ruby, do you want to spend some time on the naughty step?" Jackie asked quirking an eyebrow at her daughter.

"No," Ruby mumbled.

"Then what do you say?" Jackie prompted.

"Sorry," Ruby sighed. "But Jade said news was boring too," she pouted.

"Jade?" Jackie looked to the other girl expectantly.

"Sorry, Uncle Shane," Jade said. "Please bore us all with your important news."

Shane bounced his knee nervously and tugged at his eyelashes a little, straightening up when his Alpha gripped the back of his neck comfortingly.

"We're um… Ilya and I… we're… you know," Shane mumbled quite inarticulately.

"I think this is what happens when people 'come out'," Ruby whispered loudly to Jade. "I'm not sure what the big deal is but I know we're supposed to be supportive."

"Come out of where?" Jade loud-whispered back.

"I think it's a closet," Ruby said and Jade hummed thoughtfully.

"Not now girls," Hayden hissed out of the corner of his mouth. "Carry on, buddy," he encouraged Shane who gave a few nods, mentally preparing himself to share.

"I'm gonna marry my Alpha," Shane said with a soft smile, making big doe eyes at Ilya. "We're engaged," he grinned showing off his ring, Ilya holding up his hand to show his.

“Oh my god,” Jackie placed a hand to her belly, feeling the baby kicking excitedly. “Baby says congratulations. I say congratulations too. Come and hug me, I’m too pregnant to get up.”

Shane stood up and moved towards her, giving her a hug and getting some pizza kissed to his cheek. Balancing Arthur on his hip, Ilya hugged Jackie too and grabbed a napkin to wipe the pizza sauce and crumbs off of Shane’s face. Despite claiming that ‘news’ was ‘boring’, Jade and Ruby were dancing around with excitement talking about bridesmaids dresses.

“Girls, enough,” Hayden told them. “And you can’t just assume you’re going to be bridesmaids.”

“Of course we’re the bridesmaids,” Ruby insisted. “Uncle Shane made a pinkie-swear with us before we even met Uncle Ilya.”

“And pinkie-swears are legally binding, everybody knows that,” Jade added on.

“Yes, don’t worry, you girls will be most beautiful bridesmaids ever,” Ilya claimed.

“See,” Ruby poked her tongue out at Hayden smugly.

“Whatever,” Hayden ruffled her hair. “Congratulations, buddy,” he pulled Shane in for a hug, patting him on the back. “You deserve the world, man. And I’m sure Roz can… give… it… Nope,” he sighed, cutting himself off. “I can’t finish that sentence without it sounding dirty. But, seriously, congrats. I’m your best man, right?”

“You can’t just assume you’re going to be best man, daddy,” Ruby taunted him and Jade snickered.

“Two words,” Hayden replied. “The first one rhymes with duck.”

“Hayd,” Jackie scowled at him through a mouthful of pizza.

“Whatever,” Hayden rolled his eyes before stepping towards Ilya, Arthur now in Shane’s arms. “I’m happy for you, man,” he told Ilya seriously opening his arms.

“We don’t have to hug,” Ilya told him.

“Yes, we do,” Hayden insisted.

“Pike, no, I might catch some hideous disease off you,” Ilya objected, pretending to be disgusted as Hayden yanked him into an embrace. “This is torture,” he complained.

“Just shut up and accept my love you asshole,” Hayden squeezed Ilya tighter.

“Swear jar,” Jackie, Shane and the girls chorused.

“Your love disgusts me,” Ilya claimed, even as he hugged the other Alpha back.

“Don’t make me scent you,” Hayden threatened.

They continued insulting each other, neither Alpha making an attempt to break the hug just yet.

“Is Uncle Ilya marrying Uncle Shane or is he marrying Daddy?” Jade frowned, her head cocked to the side watching the grown-ups.

“Ok, guys, you gonna break it up before one of you starts purring?” Shane asked.

Instead of ending the hug, Ilya and Hayden just tugged Shane into the middle of it, both Alpha’s holding him protectively.

XXX

Cliff Marleau and Ryan Price made headline news by eloping in Vegas.

Jackie gave birth to a healthy baby girl named Amber.

Arthur’s first word was ‘Ilya’. His second, third and fourth words were Russian swearwords and terms of endearment. His fifth word was ‘Mama’ and instead of calling Hayden ‘daddy’ or ‘papa’, Ilya had trained the boy to address Hayden as ‘Pike’.

The Irina Foundation was thriving and ever expanding. Ilya was kept very busy with the charity, but never too busy to babysit the Pike kids or cheer for his fiancé at every home game. The hockey WAGs adored Ilya, as did the rest of the Montreal Metros fans. Cameras often zoomed in on Ilya for reactions to gameplay and fan-recorded footage of him yelling at the opposing team members frequently went viral.

Then when Shane scored the winning goal, earning the team the cup, Ilya jumped the boards, skidding smoothly along the ice to share a celebratory kiss with his Omega.

XXX

Soon it was summer and The Irina Foundation supported Hockey Camp for kids was officially open for the first time.

“You know… you’d actually make a good sports coach,” Shane told Ilya after a successful skating session with the younger kids (ages five to nine). “The kids love you and you actually give great advice. Robbie could barely stand on the ice two hours ago and now he’s fearless and confident. You did that, Ilya.”

“I cannot take all the credit, Robbie has natural talent,” Ilya shrugged.

“But you gave him confidence and self-esteem,” Shane said. “I guarantee you that kid makes it as a professional hockey player, and he’ll be thanking you in his ‘Rookie of the Year’ speech one day.”

“Ah, you think we’ve found the next Shane Hollander?” Ilya asked giving Shane a playful nudge with his elbow.

“Maybe we have,” Shane acknowledged, proudly watching Robbie skate around.

“Impossible,” Ilya refuted. “Will only ever be one Shane Hollander.”

“What about when we’re married?” Shane wondered. “Omegas usually take the Alpha’s last name,” he pointed out. “Am I going to be Shane Rozanov?”

“I’d rather be Ilya Hollander,” the Alpha claimed. “My father, my brother… terrible men… I do not want to carry on that name. But I will take the Hollander name proudly.”

“Ilya Hollander,” Shane repeated, unable to prevent the grin from spreading on his face. “I like it.”

XXX

For the final day of Hockey Camp, they were having their own version of an All Stars game. They pulled names out of a hat, organising the children into different teams of various ages, boys and girls mixed together. Each team of children competed against a team of the professional hockey players who had graciously spent their summer working with the children (from both the men and women’s division). Obviously, the professionals held back, allowing the children to score goals against them and there was significantly less violence than a hockey game would usually have. Parents, guardians and other family members of the children taking part were invited along to watch.

Ilya, with his natural charm and charisma, greeted everybody and introduced proceedings. Then he sat with a microphone, commentating on each game each group of children played against the professional hockey players. Given that it was a family event, Ilya kept his language clean, and he had nothing but praise for the children playing, always encouraging them and making every last one of them feel special. The professional players did not receive the same support. Ilya chirped them, having to get quite creative without being able to resort to foul language. And the audience loved it. The children loved it. The professional hockey players… they tolerated it.

For the start of the next match, one of the seven year old girls was facing off against Cliff Marleau. She looked quite intimidated as she looked up at the tall Alpha.

“Hey Lily,” Ilya called her name into the microphone, gaining her attention before David (who was acting as referee) could blow the whistle and drop the puck. “Do not be scared,” Ilya instructed Lily. “Marley is tall and very strong but look him in the eye and you will see a kind soul,” he reassured.

Lily looked up and Marley gave her a gentle smile and a soft wink.

“Now Lily, I want you to destroy gentle giant Marley, that puck is yours, you do not let Marley take it from you,” Ilya encouraged.

David dropped the puck, blew the whistle, and the game officially began. Marley moved his hockey stick, going slower than he was capable so that Lily could gain control of it. Then he skated after her, intending to get the puck and pass it to another player before allowing the children’s team to gain the upper hand, but the seven-year-old successfully blocked him from taking the puck off of her by elbowing him in the groin.

“In case anybody missed it, Cliff Marleau was just bested by an adorable little girl,” Ilya announced into the microphone. “I repeat… Cliff Marleau… bested by girl. And Marley’s husband is currently in crowd… he does not look concerned… he is laughing.”

Glancing out, Marley saw that Ryan was indeed failing to supress laughter.

“Really?” Marley asked skating over to him.

“Sorry, babe,” Ryan apologised, leaning over the boards to peck the other Alpha on the lips. “I promise I’ll kiss it better later,” he teased.

For the next round, Jade and Ruby happened to be playing on the same team, against their very own father.

“Now girls, just because I’m your dad doesn’t mean I can go easy on you,” Hayden told them.

“That’s ok, daddy,” Ruby smiled.

“We plan to destroy you,” Jade claimed.

“It will be super embarrassing,” Ruby continued.

“You will cry,” Jade declared.

“Uncle Ilya’s been teaching us to aim for the nuts,” Ruby grinned devilishly.

“Ok, everybody get into position,” David called.

Jade skated to the centre of the rink, taking up the stance she had perfected over the summer, hockey stick in hand and a determined look in her eye.

“Here we have Hayden Pike’s very own Jade Pike, facing off against the last known living dinosaur Scott Hunter,” Ilya commentated.

“Mr. Hunter?” Jade asked sweetly. “I’ve been meaning to ask all summer… are you the same Scott Hunter who put my Uncle Shane in the hospital?”

“Um… well, yes,” Scott answered awkwardly. “But it was an accident. Hockey can get a little rough.”

“Hmm,” Jade mused. “Hockey can get very rough,” she agreed in a decidedly threatening tone.

David dropped the puck and blew the whistle. Jade didn’t swing for the puck. She swung for Scott Hunter’s nuts, then passed the puck to her sister, hitting Scott’s shins with her hockey stick in the process.

“It’s all for charity, Hunter, take it like a man, don’t let the little girl make you cry,” Ilya taunted.

For the next game, Shane was on the ice. Ilya's commentary became a little more distracted. He made a lot of comments about how beautiful his Omega was, wistfully talking about how he was going to marry him.

"Now give a cheer if you think Shane Hollander is best hockey player in the world," Ilya encouraged, resulting in a chorus of loud cheers. "Congratulations, everybody who cheered is correct… Now, give a cheer if you think Shane Hollander is the sexiest hockey player in the world." There were yet more cheers. "You are not wrong, but you must keep hands to yourself," Ilya continued. "Shane Hollander is my fiancé and I will not share."

XXX

"So," Shane said once the summer camp was fully closed up for the year and they were back home.

"So," Ilya replied.

"Hockey Camp was a big success," Shane smiled. "I think your mother would be so proud of you," he said gently. "I know I am."

"Omega, please, you are being too… how do you say… mushy," Ilya said. "If you want to show me how proud you feel you can get on your knees and worship my dick," he smirked.

"Just try and stop me," Shane dropped down, yanking Ilya's jeans open and tugging them down his hips.

"Oh fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned as Shane's mouth enveloped him. "Shane," he hissed out, dangerously close already. Working at the Hockey Camp all summer long and being surrounded by children, they hadn't really had much opportunity for intimacy. "Ah shit," he gasped, spraying a shocked Shane's face with his cum. "Sorry," he apologised, helping Shane to his feet, thumb swiping over his fiancé's lower lip, feeding some of the mess to him before kissing and licking off the rest and carrying Shane upstairs to the bedroom. "Let's see how long you can last, Omega," Ilya challenged.

"Longer than you," Shane promised.

"I am going to wreck you," Ilya insisted as he finished stripping them both off and climbed over Shane.

They kissed desperately, barely coming up for air as their hands trailed all over one another. Shane tugging at Ilya's curls and raking his nails down the Alpha's back. Ilya squeezing Shane's pecs and tweaking his stiff nipples.

"On your stomach," Ilya commanded and Shane obediently rolled over. "Ah, yes, such a good boy for me," Ilya teased, taking a pillow and setting it under Shane's hips. He spread the Omega's ass-cheeks apart, taking time to admire his hole before flicking his tongue over the tight little furl.

"Fuck, Ilya!" Shane bucked up against his fiancé's mouth.

Ilya groaned filthily in response, licking deeper, kissing his rim as thoroughly as he so often ravaged his Omega's mouth. All Shane could do was pant, gasp and whine, the occasional begging thrown in as he curled his fingers into the bedding, his hole leaking with slick as his Alpha devoured him. Gathering a helping of Shane's slick in his mouth, Ilya flipped the hockey player over and shared a kiss with him, letting the slick transfer from his lips and tongue over to Shane's.

"Taste how sweet you are, Omega," Ilya smiled, hand moving down, fingers slipping into Shane's opening.

"Alpha," Shane groaned. "Fuck me now."

"My poor Omega, you've missed my big Alpha dick haven't you?" Ilya smirked.

"Just fuck me you asshole," Shane panted irritably.

"No, not yet," Ilya refused, looking gleeful to be on the receiving end of Shane's death-stare. "Has been a long summer. This poor needy hole of yours is so tight," he teased a finger over Shane's rim. "We really need to make sure you are well prepped to be able to take my knot again, yes?"

"I'm prepped," Shane insisted. "I'm fucking dripping wet, Ilya, just fuck me," he blushed in response to his own desperation.

"Mmm, so sexy when you're so eager for me," Ilya placed sultry kisses to Shane's neck before reaching for the bedside drawer. "But we need to make sure that vulnerable little hole of yours is properly ready. So… fuck yourself with this, Omega," he handed Shane's dildo to him. "Show me how badly you need the real thing."

"You are such an asshole," Shane said through gritted teeth.

"Ok, no play," Ilya took the dildo back. "I will leave you here alone and I will jerk off in shower."

"Don't," Shane's fingers threaded themselves into the Alpha's curls, preventing him from leaving the bed. "Stay… please."

"Only if you show off for me," Ilya bargained with a wicked grin, pressing a kiss to the tip of the dildo before stroking the toy down Shane's face.

Snatching the dildo, Shane gave Ilya a rough kiss, then shoved at the Alpha's chest, making him get off the bed. As Shane settled, positioning himself comfortably, Ilya moved to sit at the desk chair, his eyes entirely focused on his Omega.

"I hate you," Shane grumbled.

"No you don't," Ilya replied confidently, eyes boring into the other man. "Now, show me your hole. Perform for your audience, Hollander."

“Fucking asshole,” Shane closed his eyes, an unwilling smile on his lips before he tentatively spread his legs.

“Ah yes, just look at it… so beautiful… so exposed,” Ilya drawled sexily. “Just waiting to be defiled.”

Under Ilya’s intense stare, Shane slipped two fingers inside of himself, gently scissoring himself open. He released a shaky breath, squirming slightly before dragging his fingers back out and lining up the dildo to his entrance.

“Eyes on me, Omega,” Ilya commanded.

Forcibly maintaining eye-contact, Shane carefully inserted the dildo, mouth falling open in a silent gasp as his body swallowed the girth. He imagined he must look slightly ridiculous, legs spread with a dildo hanging out from between his butt-cheeks. But Ilya was hard and leaking as he watched him, cum already dribbling from the Alpha’s tip, and he was telling Shane how fucking hot he looked.

“Only you get to see me this way, Alpha,” Shane pointed out and Ilya lost his composure slightly, having to grip his balls to prevent from spilling his release.

“Only me,” Ilya affirmed. “Fuck, Shane,” he sighed in awe, watching as the Canadian fucked himself with the dildo, letting out small little whimpers. “Such a greedy hole. Bet it is hungry for real Alpha dick, yes?”

“Your dick,” Shane panted. “My hole’s hungry for your dick. Please, Alpha… Ilya, please… I need…”

Shane groaned, slightly startled when Ilya was suddenly on top of him, hand gripping his jaw as the Alpha claimed his mouth. Then Ilya slapped Shane’s hand away, taking over to fuck him with the dildo for a while, getting Shane all riled up.

“Close, Omega?” Ilya asked.

“So fucking close,” Shane rocked his hips, his hard cock slapping against his stomach and pre-cum leaking over his belly as he violently humped the air. “Ilya please.”

“No,” Ilya denied, swiftly pulling the dildo from Shane’s body and placing it on the bedside table, right by Shane’s phone, a framed photo of them together and the Omega’s glasses case. “You will not cum on fake cock. You will cum for real thing,” Ilya informed him.

Too eager to argue, Shane positioned himself on his hands and knees, presenting himself to his Alpha.

“Good boy,” Ilya approved, hand settling at Shane’s hip as he guided his cock into Shane’s slick hole.

“Fuck, yes,” Shane groaned as his body opened up and adjusted to the Alpha’s size. “Ah, ah, oh, fuck,” he pushed back against Ilya, the Russian’s balls slapping against him with every thrust. “Please… Ilya… your knot… fucking give it to me.”

Skin glistening with sweat, Ilya pounded into the Omega, spearing his cock into him over and over before sinking his knot into him, flooding Shane’s insides with cum. It was so intense they both passed out.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued...

Hope you liked it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

Chapter 27: TWENTY SEVEN

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone...

Thank you for being here...

Thank you for making it to the end...

Hope you enjoyed the journey...

XXX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty-Seven

It was fairly common for a bride to arrive late for her wedding. However, it probably wasn't as commonplace for two grooms getting married to turn up late for their own nuptials. It was especially unusual for one Shane Hollander to be anything but punctual. But when his husband-to-be beckoned him for a quick pre-wedding fuck the Omega had been unable to resist. For that reason, Shane's walk down the aisle included a hint of a limp that he sincerely hoped their guests would assume to be a hockey injury.

But standing at the altar facing Ilya Rozanov, with their fingers entwined, all Shane could do was beam as he secretly enjoyed the ache. He was going to spend the rest of his life with his beautiful curly-haired Alpha. As Ilya slipped the wedding ring onto his finger, Shane's heart gave a happy jolt, his inner Omega positively purring with joy and satisfaction. Being Ilya's husband felt even more exhilarating than skating on the ice and more triumphant than lifting the cup.

"I now pronounce you Shane and Ilya Hollander," the registrar announced, "you may kiss."

"Gross," bridesmaids Jade and Ruby said together as they covered their eyes.

There was applause from most of their other guests, along with some juvenile chanting (a natural consequence of inviting so many fellow hockey players). But Shane barely even realised they were surrounded by so many people anyway. Friends and family were like blurs of colour smeared around the room. Ilya alone remained distinct, Shane's focus solely on the Alpha, unable to tear his eyes away.

He shared another kiss with his husband. A third. A fourth. Pats on the back. Kisses on the cheek. One-armed hugs, his other hand still linked with Ilya's. Camera flashes. Congratulations. Innuendos about the wedding night. A fifth kiss with his new husband. Then

they were in the back of the limo, being chauffeured to the reception venue. The car door closed, their eyes locked, Ilya instructed the driver to raise the partition.

“Fuck,” Shane swore as Ilya pressed him down onto the leather seat, unfastening his bow-tie and mauling at his neck.

“Tell me what you want,” Ilya requested, hand running up Shane’s thigh and cupping him teasingly between the legs.

“Just you,” Shane panted back as Ilya began working at his shirt buttons. “Fuck me, Mr. Hollander.”

Ilya went positively feral, not undressing them completely, but adjusting their clothes enough to free his dick and get access to Shane’s asshole.

“Will fuck you repeatedly,” Ilya promised, one finger dragging down Shane’s crack, slowly getting closer to his hole. “Every day of honeymoon,” his finger circled Shane’s still puffy from sex before the wedding rim. “Once in morning,” his finger slipped inside Shane’s entrance. “Again in afternoon,” a second finger slotted inside. “And twice at night,” Ilya leered, crooking his fingers and jabbing at Shane’s prostate.

“Ilya,” Shane murmured, throwing his head back against the seat of the limousine, spreading his legs as best as he could with his smart trousers around his knees.

The Alpha worked in a third finger, splashing kisses across Shane’s chest and down his stomach, pushing the material of the silk white shirt aside to get his lips on more skin.

“Oh, Ilya,” Shane sighed wantonly, his dick twitching against his own belly.

His new husband carefully removed his fingers, winking down at the Omega as he licked up the excess slick. Then Ilya shoved those same fingers into Shane’s mouth and lined his cock up to Shane’s hole.

“Mmm, I-ya,” Shane mumbled around his husband’s fingers, eyes rolling back in pleasure as his body accommodated the nine inches of Ilya’s dick.

“So good for me, Omega,” Ilya complimented, pressing a few kisses to Shane’s cheek before pecking the corner of his mouth. Then he pulled his slick-coated fingers from between Shane’s lips, giving the Omega his tongue instead. “My perfect husband, so pretty for me,” Ilya praised.

“Ilya,” Shane groaned as his Alpha rocked into him, balls slapping against his pert ass.

“You won’t be able to sit, walk or skate when I am through with you,” Ilya claimed. “You will have to retire from hockey early because your Alpha fucked you too damn good.”

“Ilya!” Shane whined, his hips jerking upwards away from the car seat.

XXX

Arriving at their fancy reception venue, Shane hoped that they at least looked presentable enough for nobody to guess what they got up to during the car journey. To his mortification (and Ilya's smug amusement), there were some very knowing smirks from several of their guests. Shane felt a blush spreading across his cheeks, and the more people insisted on pointing it out to him the more intense it became.

"Oh, Marley, Marley, Marley," Ilya sighed dramatically as Cliff and Ryan stepped up to talk to the newly-weds. "I bet you cry every night a little because you and your Alpha husband aren't quite as sexy as me and my new Omega husband."

"You're a lucky man, brother," Cliff told him. "And Hollander, you're a Saint for putting up with his shit," he told Shane.

"Now he has to put up with me forever," Ilya claimed proudly showing off his wedding ring.

"Forever," Ryan whistled. "That's a long time, huh, Hollzy?" he asked Shane.

"Not long enough," Shane replied, gazing at his Alpha with heart eyes.

"Just look at them," Cliff shook his head fondly, arm wrapped around his own husband. "It's sickening."

"It's beautiful," Ryan smiled gently before the opening of a slow love song filled the room. Ryan looked to Cliff expectantly.

"Babe, no," Cliff pleaded.

"Come on, for me," Ryan (tall, broad, beast of an Alpha on the ice Ryan) pouted.

Resigned, Cliff accepted his fate, allowing the other Alpha to drag him to the dancefloor so they could slow-dance together.

"Atta boy, Ryan," Ilya commented. "He has Marley whipped. Wrapped around his smallest finger, yes?"

"Looks like it," Shane agreed.

"And I have you wrapped around mine," Ilya claimed confidently.

"That's not true," Shane objected.

"Oh, isn't it?" Ilya challenged before leading a reluctant Shane to the dancefloor.

To begin with, Shane was very stiff. More standing and swaying awkwardly on the spot than genuinely dancing. But Ilya was able to loosen him up and get him out of his shell just a little. They didn't exactly move about the dancefloor with the grace and finesse of Fred Astaire, but the couple were impossible to look away from, the loving looks in their eyes sparking far greater than the fairy lights decorating the hall.

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Ilya had accepted a dance from Ruby. Naturally, Jade wanted to take a turn after her sister. Then all the young girls in the room wanted a chance to dance with Ilya Hollander. Leaning against a pillar, Shane sipped at a champagne glass of ginger-ale as he watched his husband twirling, dipping and lifting all the little girls.

“Hey, buddy,” Hayden sidled up to his best friend. “You doing ok?” he checked, knowing that big social gatherings could be a big mental and emotional drain on the Metros Captain.

“Surviving,” Shane replied. “It’s a good wedding isn’t it?” he asked. “People are having fun?”

“It’s awesome, man, you killed it with the wedding plans,” Hayden assured him.

“Good,” Shane nodded. “Good.”

“You feel any different, being married?” Hayden asked.

“Not really,” Shane admitted. “Is that bad?” he worried.

“Not at all,” Hayden told him. “I thought marrying Jackie would make me feel more mature, like a proper grown-up. But honestly, every time Jackie smiles at me I feel like a school-boy getting butterflies over his first real crush.”

“Well, any advice for a newly married man?” Shane asked.

“Laugh together every day,” Hayden advised him. “Never stop going on dates just because you’re married. Even if a date is just a walk around the park or watching a movie together on the couch. Kiss him every chance you get. Always say ‘I love you’ at least one more time, just in case it might be your last.”

“Come on, Arthur, that’s my clever boy,” Ilya encouraged as the boy crawled over to him. “Come to Papa Ilya. Yes!” he exclaimed lifting his best man up. “I am so proud of you my son.”

“He’s my fucking baby,” Hayden grumbled to Shane.

“Are you sure?” Shane teased. “He’s looking more and more like Ilya every day.”

“Your husband’s such an asshole,” Hayden said affectionately as Ilya carried Arthur around, introducing him to people as his son.

“Yeah,” Shane gave a slight laugh of agreement. “My husband, Ilya Hollander, is a fucking asshole,” he stated proudly.

“And yet somehow everybody still loves him,” Hayden stated. “The kids, the WAGs, the hockey guys, your parents.”

“Admit it, Hayd, you love him too,” Shane said.

“He makes you happy,” Hayden replied. “And I guess that makes him family. So… yeah. I love that dick.”

“I’ll let him know you hold his penis in such high regard,” Shane deadpanned.

“Shut up,” Hayden laughed.

“Don’t worry, he’ll love that you love his dick,” Shane insisted. “He’ll brag about it forever.”

“Whatever,” Hayden rolled his eyes fondly. “Come on, I got something a little special for you,” he gestured for Shane to follow, stepping outside into the fresh night air. “Now… traditionally, the best man might bring a cigar to smoke with the groom but that’s not really our style… So I got us these,” he withdrew two candy-bars from his jacket pocket.

“I’m on a macrobiotic diet,” Shane reminded him.

“Known that since your Rookie year, still don’t know what it means,” Hayden shrugged. “And this is your fucking wedding day, man. You earned this treat,” he thrust one of the candy bars into Shane’s hand.

They tapped the pieces of chocolate together like clinking beer bottles or champagne glasses. Then they peeled back the wrappers before each taking a bite, Shane moaning as the taste of chocolate filled his mouth for the first time in many years.

“Better than a cigar, right?” Hayden asked.

“Much better,” Shane agreed.

“There’s my husband with the beautiful freckles,” Ilya announced cheerily as he joined them. “Chocolate? Feeling adventurous are you, Mr. Hollander?”

“Why yes I am, Mr. Hollander,” Shane replied breaking off a piece and feeding it to Ilya, the Alpha sucking filthily at Shane’s fingers.

“That really necessary?” Hayden asked.

“Absolutely,” Ilya insisted. “Head back inside, Pike,” he suggested.

“What, why?” Hayden frowned.

“I’m going to suck my beautiful husband’s cock,” Ilya stated. “But I don’t mind if you want to stay and watch. Might be hot,” he winked.

“Dude,” Hayden grimaced. “Oh shit, he’s not actually… Nope,” Hayden turned to head back inside as Ilya dropped to his knees at Shane’s feet.

Before Hayden could escape and before Ilya could open Shane’s pants, JJ joined them, looking rather frantic.

“I have fucked up, Captain,” JJ told Shane, his French accent coming out thicker in his panic.

“What happened?” Shane asked, Hayden also looking very concerned and Ilya dusting the dirt off his knees as he stood back up.

“I have made big mistake,” JJ declared. “Please, Captain… help… I hired a prostitute.”

Chapter End Notes

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Thank you so much for reading...

Hope you enjoyed it...

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xox

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