

Did I dream that we were perfectly entwined?

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Did I dream that we were perfectly entwined?

by [lestrvng](#)

Summary

There were only a few Omegas within the NHL. Even with all of the league's efforts to become more inclusive, it was still very bigoted. The statistics of the Omega players did not lend itself favorably either. The majority never made it longer than five years and none had ever been centers. More importantly, an Omega had never played for the Montreal Voyageurs. His career was over before it even started.

Or

What if Shane Hollander presented as an Omega the same night as being drafted?

Notes

hi! i literally have to be at work in an hour and i NEEDED to finish this beforehand! this story has been in the works since december 10th and it came back with vengeance yesterday! literally grabbed me by the throat and said "finish me finish me finish me!"

so here it is! i really hope you guys enjoy this fic!

title comes from tuly madly deeply by one direction bc nothing screams hollanov like one direction <3

Please enjoy and please for the love of god don't put my stories into any ai generator!!

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

Slamming his hand down on the emergency stop gave Shane a few seconds to brace his knees before he hit the solid ground again. If he was not currently fighting for his life, he would feel more annoyed by Rozanov continuing to run on the treadmill for a few more seconds before hitting the stop himself.

The sounds of their panting filled the quiet gym. Shane glanced over at Rozanov, quickly averting his eyes when the other man was already staring back at him. Rozanov let out a soft huff of air that sounded strangely amused, shaking his head at Shane.

“You never give up, do you?” Shane struggled to get the words out, his breath still not back to normal. Rozanov aimed a sly smirk at him, causing Shane to stutter over his breath again. Smug bastard.

Shane shook his head this time, moving to sit down on the floor, back pressed against the wall. His clothes were sticking to him and he felt overheated. He chalked it up to never pushing himself that hard when exercising. He had wanted to beat Rozanov at *something*, his body was just trying to catch up now. A flash of irritation shot through him when the blond man sat down across from him, his legs stretched out in front of him, his sneakers almost brushing Shane’s. Would it be too childish to pull his feet back from the other?

“What a fucking day, huh?” Ilya’s accent was heavy, it felt like it was blanketing over Shane. He had only heard the other speak for a few seconds in Saskatchewan but for some reason it already felt familiar to him. The thought caused heat to lick over Shane’s skin.

“Yeah, totally.” He pulled his shirt from body, pulling it back and forth to try and cool his skin down. The hotel really had the heat up high. Ilya’s head tipped to the side, eyes flicking down Shane’s body before returning to his face.

“Is it everything you dreamed of?”

“Almost,” Shane admitted, not able to keep the small note of jealousy out of his voice. It was a fresh wound. He had dedicated his life to hockey and to be drafted second to Ilya Rozanov felt like a snub. Sure, he was a great player, but was he really better than Shane?

There was also a small part of Shane that wondered if Rozanov had gotten drafted first because of his Alpha status. Hockey was a notorious Alpha driven sport, they were naturally more competitive than Betas and Omegas and it led to more “interesting” games as the Alphas would get more brutal as games went on. Rozanov had already presented at the age of sixteen, as typical for most teenagers. While Shane, now eighteen, was considered a late bloomer for not having presented yet.

He was hoping that he would at least present before he had to face the drafts. Being unrepresented would just be yet another difference between him and the majority of his peers. The Montreal Voyageurs were a team full of Alphas and only two Betas, if Shane’s memory served him well. He had hoped that he would also be an Alpha, a hope that was less likely with each passing day. Alphas almost always presented first, the emotions they felt pushing them to present early.

Presenting as a Beta seemed like his fate, especially with how long it was taking him to present. Betas did not have the same nature pushing them like Alphas and Omegas. The only indication of someone presenting as a Beta was usually just the changing in scent. The person would lose the ‘milky’ scent of being a pup and it would settle into their ‘adult’ scent.

Shane really did not want to start his rookie year smelling like a pup. It would haunt his career, he was sure.

“I’m sorry,” Rozanov tried to make himself look contrite, but he could not help that smirk from slipping back on his face as he took a sip of his water bottle. Shane was finding that as much as the smirk was infuriating, it was also adorable.

“No, you’re not,” and fuck, Shane could feel his own lips tug up into a small smile. There is something about Ilya Rozanov that was magnetic, he pulled people into his orbit. Hell, he had pulled Shane in during the World Junior Championships, before Shane knew how much of an asshole he really was. Just a year ago, he had hoped that he and Rozanov would have been friends. Maybe they could have been on the same team in the future. Now, it seemed like they would always be rivals.

“Montreal is... It is nice, yes?” Rozanov held his water bottle out to Shane, which he reluctantly reached out to take when it seemed the Russian would not accept no as an answer. Shane tipped the water back into his mouth, careful to keep away from the mouthpiece. He did not think that they were close enough to share water in that fashion. The cool water did nothing to soothe the heat that refused to leave him.

Maybe the workout had gotten him more worked up than he thought? A cold shower would be in his future, especially if Rozanov did not stop looking at him with that curious look.

“Yeah, it’s awesome.”

“Boston is nice too?” Rozanov’s voice had an imploring tone to it. Like he was going to use Shane’s opinion on the city to form his own. Shane wondered if Rozanov had ever been to Boston before or if the weeks before training started would be his first time. He had only been to Boston a few times for tournaments and for one of the Bears’ home games.

“I think so, people like it there.” Shane answered honestly, reaching forward to hand the water bottle back to Rozanov. Those calloused fingers brushed over his own, almost with purpose, as Rozanov took the bottle back from him. The touch caused a spark to shoot down Shane’s body.

Warmth coursed through his body. His breathing, that he had *just* gotten under control, began to speed up again. He shifted uncomfortably, his clothing feeling restricting and strangely itchy. Worst of all, the warmth in his body had caused him to sweat again, in places that he did not know he could before.

Rozanov looked like he was going to continue talking, but he paused. Shane was thankful for whatever had stopped him in his tracks, his brain was beginning to feel like it was melting. He did not want to struggle to figure out if Rozanov was joking or being serious.

But then Rozanov sniffed audibly. Once, twice.

A sense of dread flooded Shane as Rozanov sniffed for a third time, those eyes snapping up to his face. Any amount of teasing was gone from his face, replaced now with a disbelieving, yet serious look.

“Alright, Hollander?” Rozanov’s voice was weary, his eyes tracking every little moment Shane made. It made Shane. . . hot. When did that serious expression, usually only seen in pre-game interviews, become so attractive? Why was it causing him to sweat more?

“Yeah, uh,” Shane swallowed around his dry throat, no spit in his mouth. “Fine, it’s just hot.” He tried to explain, pulling his shirt away from his body again. He desperately wanted to strip off his clothes, but that was definitely not appropriate with a stranger who happened to be your rival. Who also happened to be watching every move like a predator waiting to pounce.

“Hot? It is not hot in here,” Rozanov informed him, sitting up straighter from his semi-slouched position from before. Shane straightened as well, squirming uncomfortably at the feel of sweat coating the back of his boxers. He really hoped that he did not leave a puddle on the floor when he got up. He did not need Rozanov to realize that he had sweated so much.

“Maybe not to you,” Shane argued, immediately getting defensive. Why did Rozanov have to try and be better than him in everything? Was getting picked first for the draft not enough, he had to lord that fact his body acclimated faster than Shane’s?

“You presented yet?”

Despite the warmth coursing through him, Rozanov’s question had made Shane shiver.

“Fuck off,” he snarled, hackles raised and a glare on his face. Fuck Rozanov for using his unpresented status against him. Just another reminder that Shane was different from the other rookies. Rozanov’s lips curled in a silent snarl of his own, his Alpha scent filling the space as he asserted dominance.

Shane paused as a realization crashed over him.

He could smell Rozanov.

Spiced rum, cinnamon, and something that resembled spearmint gum. It caused a more comfortable warmth to settle over him, like a cozy blanket during a snow storm. It was a heady scent, making Shane’s head swim between wanting to run away from it and burying his nose against the tanned skin.

But that was not paused Shane’s thoughts.

Unpresented people could not smell anyone’s scent.

The nerves in their noses did not fully develop until they presented as their second gender. Betas had significantly less sensitive nerves than Alphas and Omegas but they were still capable of smelling others. Shane had not been able to smell Rozanov a year ago, despite the other having already been presented. Yet he could now.

He did not feel the anger that the health class had described as an Alpha presentation. Rozanov spreading his scent had not turned him aggressive, it was actually. . . soothing him.

Please, god no. Shane prayed silently that this was not what he thought it was.

Shane gave an experimental squirm, taking note of his body again with this new terrifying lens. He could barely contain the pitiful noise as his movement came with a small squelching noise. What he had previously thought was sweat in his boxers was slick.

Shane Hollander has presented as an Omega.

“This can’t be happening,” Shane whispered, thoughts beginning to spiral as anxiety gripped him. He pulled his knees up to his chest, attempting to make himself as small as possible.

There were only a few Omegas within the NHL, less than 200 players since the sixties when Omegas were allowed to join the league. Even with all of the league’s efforts to become more inclusive, it was still very bigoted. The community and a lot of the players preferred to play only against Alphas. He had heard horror stories in the past of games that would be forfeit because they would not play an Omegan opponent. The statistics of the Omega players did not lend itself favorably either. The majority never made it longer than five years and none had ever been centers.

More importantly, an Omega had *never* played for the Montreal Voyageurs. His career was over before it even started. Unless he hid his second gender.

“Holla-,” He flinched from the voice, resting his head on his knees and covering it with his arms to try and block out the rest of the world. He would have to go back to his hotel room and tell his mother that the Voyageurs would terminate his contract, mere hours after signing it. Or if they did not terminate it, they would never allow him time on the ice. All of his hard work, just down the drain because of biology.

“Hollander,” there were hands on him now, undeniably strong yet gentle. He could not stop the helpless keen that left his throat, torn between his biological response and his anxiety. He did not know if he should lean into the touch to seek comfort or hide away from this situation. The deep purr that answered his keen eased some of the fear in his chest, but did not stop the rising panic or the impending heat.

Christ, he was going to go into heat. He did not need to be at training camp until September, but what was he going to do during the next one? Omegas typically only went into heat twice a year, but disappearing for a week in the middle of a season? There is no way he could hide that. Hell, he did not even know what he smelt like. He could smell like roses or something and it would be a dead giveaway that he was an Omega.

The hands tugged at him, trying to guide him from his curled up position, but he refused to budge. It was safe in his curled up position. He whined pitifully as the hands kept tugging, as stubborn as Shane. He could not resist snapping at one of the hands when it got too close to his face, trying to warn the other off. Omegas were fiercely protective and many knew not to mess with them when agitated.

Apparently, Ilya Rozanov had not learned the same lesson.

“Omega.” A full bodied shiver wracked Shane’s body at the Alpha command. He had never been on the receiving end of such a command, but it did not strike fear in him like he had heard it described. Some part of him knew that Rozanov would not hurt him with his Alpha voice. “Look at me.”

Shane was powerless against the voice. He slowly turned his head and opened his eyes to look at the other man. Rozanov had lost all of his confidence that he had before, now the only expression that remained was concern. His eyebrows were pulled together as those eyes tracked over him, taking in all of the information he could. The Alpha had slid across the short distance between them, one of his knees pulled to his chest and the other outstretched in front of Shane’s. One of his hands had landed on his shoulders while the other was pulled back towards his chest. Probably the one that Shane tried to bite.

He was surrounded by Ilya Rozanov and his intoxicating scent.

“Good job, pup.” Rozanov commented, his large hand rubbing across Shane’s back, careful of the glands on his neck. Shane let out a disgruntled noise at his words.

“Not pup,” he grumbled out, wanting to turn his face away from the Alpha and hide away once again. This is what he had been afraid of when he was drafted unpresented. He did not want to be considered a pup all of his career. Although, that fear was replaced by a new one now that he had presented as an Omega.

Rozanov took a long, deliberate breath before letting it out with an audible sigh.

“No, you are not.” Shane shivered at the words, trying to press his thighs together as he could feel more slick coming out of him. Why did Rozanov have this effect on him? Seeing the Alpha’s nostrils flare made Shane wonder if he was having the same impact on him as well.

“Please, just go.” he pleaded, a slight pout to his lips as he stared back at Rozanov. Having the Alpha so close was making him lightheaded and causing a bigger mess on the floor. He just wanted to be alone to drag himself back to his hotel room and tried to ride out this heat. He would be better once the overwhelming scent was gone.

“I am not going to just leave.” Rozanov sounded offended at the insinuation, face screwed up like Shane had said the stupidest thing ever.

“Please,” Shane begged, trying to tuck his head away but Rozanov caught the back of his head and held him in place. His fingers were dangerously close to the scent gland on his neck and it made Shane’s inner Omega tremble.

“For strange Alpha to come fuck you? You have any idea how you smell? That is what you want, bred by asshole Alpha by the end of night?” Rozanov’s words were harsh and made panic flood Shane once. He had heard horror stories of Omegas presenting and they get taken advantage of by the first Alpha to find them. He had never considered that he would be in a similar situation. Never thought that he would be at threat for someone forcing themselves on

him and mating him in the process. Mating was not temporary, it was a forever bond that tied an Alpha and Omega together.

Not only could he have hockey ripped from him, but his entire life.

A fearful whine left his throat, but instead of cowering away from the unfamiliar Alpha, Shane slid closer to Rozanov. He practically climbed into the other's lap, locking his arms around his neck as if Rozanov would be able to keep everyone away from him. Which, by the solid arm that wrapped around his waist and held him tightly, might actually be the case.

In any other scenario, Rozanov would be the strange Alpha. Shane did not know him outside of him having a smart mouth and being drafted before him. They were not friends and this conversation was the first one that they had without wary looks being exchanged between them. He should be trying to get away from the Alpha, especially having seen that Rozanov was interested in his scent and had no quarrels with using his Alpha voice on him to get him to do things. It was almost textbook to the warning stories they had told them in health class.

And yet, Shane's Omega had decided that Rozanov was safe.

He had never wished more than in this moment that he had paid more attention to the Omega portions of the class to know why that was. He had been so sure that he would be an Alpha or a Beta that he zoned out during the Omega lessons. He regretted it now, as he was curled up in his rival's lap, like it was the safest place in the world.

Soft purring broke through his thoughts. Shane tipped his head slightly, attempting to catch sight of Rozanov's face. The Russian glanced down at him, his free hand coming up towards his face. He paused before he could touch Shane's skin, much to the Omega's displeasure.

"No biting?" Rozanov asked, his voice teasing. Shane huffed angrily and shook his head. No, he would not bite Rozanov. At least not right now. All of the tension left his body as Rozanov's palm cradled in his cheek, thumb stroking over the apple of his cheek. "No, no biting. You are just sweet pup, da?" Shane let out an annoyed huff of air, but did not even argue with the other, his body exhausted and drunk on the Alpha's scent. He avoided the gland on Rozanov's wrist, tipping his face back down to bury into the scent gland on the Russian's neck.

Scenting of wrists was more acceptable for friends to do, a casual display of affection. Not that he and Rozanov were friends, but it could be explained away easier than the neck. But that intoxicating scent was strong under the Alpha's sharp jaw and Shane could not find it within himself to feel embarrassed about this particular part of his biology right now.

The other stiffened under him for a second before relaxing once more, the arm around his waist tightening. He was allowing Shane to nuzzle his most sensitive gland, hell even encouraging it with the way the purring started back up. If his head was a little more clearer, Shane might have been analyzed why they went from hating each other to entangled together. It could not just be the heat, could it? He did not have the brain power to think it over now.

Time blended together, Shane unsure if they sat here for a few seconds or hours. He did not feel the ache in his knees or his body. Just the bliss of being saturated in an Alpha's scent. He

was content to just stay buried in Rozanov's neck.

"Hollander," of course, Rozanov had to ruin his bubble. Shane shifted unhappily, becoming increasingly more upset when the movement caused his stomach to cramp. He clutched onto Rozanov's shoulders, bracing himself through the pain. Rozanov whispered words that sounded Russian softly into his hair, rubbing his back until Shane's body relaxed. "We should get up," Rozanov continued and Shane had to bite down on his lip to keep from whining. He hated how the heat was making him act. He did not whine, especially now for an asshole like Rozanov.

He must not have been too successful with keeping down his whine if Rozanov's soft noise of understanding was anything to go by.

"Yes, I know. I am asshole. But you would be more comfortable in room, yes?" Shane nodded reluctantly, taking a few more short breaths of Rozanov's scent before he pushed himself back. His hands found the other's shoulders, using them to brace himself. His legs were trembling, either from the heat or the position he had been sitting in. Shane was not sure, but Rozanov allowed himself to be used. Once Shane was up on his feet, the Alpha followed, holding onto his hand to keep him upright.

Shane risked a quick glance to the mirror besides them, taking in their figures. Even with Omegas being traditionally smaller than Alphas, Rozanov did not eclipse him. They were roughly the same height, but the Alpha had a bit more bulk than he did. Shane's eyes flicked up to his face in the mirror. His cheeks were red and sweat coated his skin still. If he was a little closer, he would have been able to see how blown out his eyes were, pupils dilated from the scenting. Trailing lower, Shane let out an embarrassed noise at the wet patch that was spread over his backside.

He turned his head away, raising his hands up to cover his face. God, why did he have to present like this? Everyone else got to present at home where only their parents had to see them. Leave it to Shane to present not only in a public setting but in front of his rival as well.

"Hey, shh shh, it is okay." Rozanov soothed, running his hands over Shane's arms. His workout shirt was in the way of skin contact and it made Shane's skin crawl. He desperately wanted to feel the other's hands on his skin. He wanted to be wrapped back into those strong arms.

"I can't go through the hotel, looking like I wet myself," his voice was small and muffled by his hands. It looked like he either had an accident or was slicking, both realities were something he did not want to experience in a hotel filled with other hockey players and NHL recruiters.

"We switch shirts?" Shane looked at the other, eyebrows scrunched in confusion. "I am taller, it will be like dress on you,"

"Fuck off," the dark haired man hissed instinctively, hating that the other was still joking at a time like this.

“We switch or not, Hollander?” Rozanov growled back, raising the hem of his shirt and gesturing at Shane. The Omega sighed softly before nodding his head, reaching behind him to pull the white shirt over his head. Once his shirt was off, he averted his eyes from Rozanov not wanting to see the Alpha shirtless. His scent was already doing something crazy to him, he did not want to think about what seeing him half-naked would do.

Rozanov grabbed the shirt from his hand, tossing it over one shoulder to focus on getting Shane into his shirt. The sleeveless top was guided over Shane’s head and his arms slipped through the slits easily. Rozanov was right, the black fabric hung lower on Shane’s frame, obscuring the wet patch on his backside. With one problem solved, another arose.

Switching shirts with Rozanov meant that Shane was now swimming in the Alpha’s scent. His Omega purred in delight, pulling the collar of the shirt up to his nose so he could breathe in the scent deeply. A fresh wave of slick shot through him, his knees shaking from the sensation.

“Enough,” Rozanov pulled the shirt from Shane’s face, the Omega glaring at him in betrayal. “You are causing problems I try to fix,” he gestured to the mirror where the wet patch had spread down Shane’s thighs, peaking from under the shirt. Shane whined in both embarrassment and despair, wanting Rozanov’s scent but hating that it was causing him to ruin his pants. Soon enough it would soak through his workout shorts and drip down his legs.

“Can’t help it,” he argued weakly, fingers tangling into the hem of the shirt, but forcing his arms straight down.

“Yes, I know, pup. But let us get going, okay?” Shane nodded, taking a brief second to look over Rozanov. Shane’s shirt was tight on his shoulders, outlining the lines of his pecs and the lines of his stomach. His nipples were perked through his shirt, a sight Shane could not pull his eyes away from. It made him feel off-kilter, having someone affect him this much. Especially someone like Rozanov.

“I am very sexy, I know. You can look all you want, later.” Leave it to Rozanov to still be an asshole. Shane scoffed, making to take a step and running into another issue.

“Christ, Hollander!” Rozanov exclaimed when Shane’s knees buckled under him, those strong arms locking around him like a steel band. Shane scrambled for his shoulders, panic shooting through him at his body failing him. Was this his new reality? His body giving up on him twice a year, leaving him to the mercy of whoever was around him?

“Sorry,” he whispered, clinging to the other’s shoulders. His eyes stung with unshed tears, overwhelmed with this entire situation and that he had to rely on Rozanov so much. He was sure that the Alpha would rather be in his room or with his friends instead of helping a pathetic Omega.

“Is okay, pup. Shh,” Rozanov whispered into his hair, one of his hands rubbing Shane’s lower back. The Omega trembled as another rush of slick escaped him. “I handle it, yes? No need to worry,” Rozanov continued, mostly talking to himself now as Shane sniffled sadly. A small panicked noise escaped his chest when Rozanov pulled away for a second, leaning down to

grab his water bottle. His worrying was for nothing as when Rozanov came back, his hands skimmed Shane's thighs and *lifted* the Omega up into his arms.

Shane gasped in surprise, hands shooting to Rozanov's head, clinging as if the Alpha would drop him. The blond huffed an amused breath at Shane's reaction, shifting the Omega so his backside was resting on his forearm.

"No," Shane whined into the other's ears, squirming in his arms. Rozanov held him securely, not even appearing to struggle under the weight of Shane. "My slick," he whispered shamefully. Not only was he being carried like a baby, but he was slicking all over Rozanov's arm!

"Oh no! Poor me, hot Omega in heat is slicking on my arm? I will never recover," Rozanov snarked, heading towards the gym's door. Shane grumbled about him being an asshole, kicking the other's thigh for the sarcasm. "Head down, pup," he instructed, reaching up to push Shane's face into his neck so it was obscured from view. Anyone who was up close would see it was Shane, but he hoped that most people were asleep by now and no one would see him in this compromising position.

"You'll have to stop calling me pup, I'm not anymore." Shane complained, wrapping both arms around Rozanov's neck so his own bicep could cover his face. He tried not to think about how Rozanov was carrying him through the lobby where anyone would smell that he was in heat.

"Ah, but you are like clingy pup. like shchenok, da?" Rozanov teased, jostling Shane in his arms to prove his point. The Omega clung to him tighter, locking his ankles around the small of Rozanov's back. He rationed that he did not want the other to drop him and that is why he held so tightly. That was certainly the reason.

Shane opened his mouth to retort, but a wolf-whistle from across the way paused him. His shoulders stiffened and he clung tighter to Rozanov.

"Get it, man!"

"Idi k chertu!" Rozanov snarled in Russian, hitting the elevator button before his free hand came up to cover the back of Shane's neck. His fingers were draped over Shane's mating gland, a touch that was possessive and not something close friends would do, let alone two that did not like each other. Shane shivered at the touch, burying closer to the Alpha's own scent gland, his instincts knowing that Rozanov was safe. The elevator came before the other guy could retaliate, Rozanov jamming the closed button like it personally offended him.

"Room," he asked, his voice still on the harsher side. Had that asshole really gotten to him?

"1623," Shane answered softly, a small part of him not wanting to anger the Alpha further. Rozanov hit the button for the sixteenth floor, exhaling when the elevator began to move. They did not speak as the elevator moved. The Alpha's irritated scent was filling the enclosed area, making Shane restless in his new found instincts. He wanted to soothe the other, make his scent go back to that comforting blanket feel and not the prickly sharp one that was stinging his nose.

If Rozanov's scent could calm him, could he do the same?

Shane breathed softly, closing his eyes so he could focus on releasing his own pheromones. He did not know what his scent was, but seeing as Rozanov had not recoiled in revulsion earlier, it must not be all that bad. Unsure if he was releasing his scent properly, he moved his arm subtly to swipe his wrist over the scent gland opposite where his head was laying. Or subtly as he could in his heat-addled mind, which was not all that subtle. But it had the desired effect, the Alpha's muscle relaxing underneath his arms and his scent smoothing out. Shane hummed in satisfaction, nose pressed to the small silver of exposed skin he could reach with Rozanov in his shirt.

"So sweet," Rozanov murmured, free hand leaving Shane's neck to rub along his back. "You trying to gentle me, pup?" Shane, drunk on Rozanov's scent, just nodded absentmindedly. He swiped his wrist again over the other's gland, mixing their two scents together. Rozanov purred happily underneath his head. "I'm sorry for worrying you. Not my intention." His words were wasted on Shane, the Omega too lost in the scenting to pay him any mind.

The elevator ride was over before either knew it, Rozanov hurrying out of it and examining the wall directions before heading off to Shane's room. The other man had closed his eyes, trusting the blond to take care of him and get him where he needed to be.

"Key card," Rozanov spoke again, sighing when he got no response. He braced Shane as best as he could with one arm, free hand going to his pockets to search for the room key. Shane whined wantonly when Rozanov's hand slipped into his back pocket, a large hand covering a good portion of his back side. He squirmed when that wandering hand slipped into his front pocket, fingers brushing his rapidly hardening cock.

"Ah ha!" Rozanov whispered, finding the card just as Shane rocked his hips against his stomach. The movement almost knocked them off balance if not for Rozanov's quick reflexes. He jammed the key into the lock, growling irritated when it flashed red the first time. He yanked it back and did it again, an aggrieved sigh leaving him when it finally flashed green. He raced through the door, kicking it shut behind him and locking it out of habit. No one could get the other in here with the door shut, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"Please Alpha," Shane panted against Rozanov's neck, squirming in his arms again. Locked into a secluded place where no one could stumble upon them, his body finally felt safe enough to fully throw him into heat. His fever was back and he was surrounded by Rozanov's scent. He had a promising Alpha in his arms and his Omega wanted him.

"No, Hollander." Rozanov sighed resigned, trying to keep from breathing in the other's scent too much. He needed to be level headed. He was not in rut and he would not hold Hollander's desire against him. It was biological, he was not in control. The Omega keened in his ear, the sound pulling at his heart strings. "We can't," he tried again, prying the other from his neck and placing him down on the bed. He needed some air before he lost his head.

Shane let out a despairing noise, one of his hands pulling the borrowed shirt up to his nose once more to get more of the scent. His other hand drifted down his body, slipping beneath

his shorts and grabbing his cock. All of his previous shame was gone, leaving behind only a burning desire to come. A need to be filled.

“Fuck,” Rozanov breathed out, eyes watching with intense interest as Shane’s hand fumbled in his pants. Shane’s eyes were barely open, losing himself in the pleasure but not able to stop looking at Rozanov. He desperately wants the Alpha to touch him again.

The Omega moaned, hand working his cock clumsily. He was dripping pre-cum and slick, his work out shorts clinging to him uncomfortably. They would probably need to be thrown out, even if they were not completely ruined, he would never be able to wear them again without thinking about presenting. He clung to the borrowed shirt, breathing in the scent until it filled up his lungs. His hand stroked his cock faster, a desperate keen leaving his chest as the pleasure built and suddenly released.

Come was now soaking his shorts, causing another wet patch. His limbs trembled with pleasure, his hand clutching the shirt.

“Rozanov,” he breathed, eyes slowly opening to look at the Russian. His vision was blurry, but he did not need to see. He could *smell* the Alpha. He could smell the other’s arousal, could smell just how much the other wanted him.

“No, you are not in right mind.” Rozanov argued, crossing his arms over his chest. Shane’s eyes opened a little further, gaze settling on the tent in Rozanov’s shorts. The Alpha could claim to not want him, but his dick did not lie.

If Rozanov would not come to him, Shane would go to him.

The Omega rolled over onto his stomach, shuffling around so he could crawl towards Rozanov. The blond was staring at him, mouth slightly parted. He was so focused on Shane that he did not move as Shane grew closer, not even when the other man slipped onto the floor to kneel at his feet.

“Please,” he tipped his head up to look at Rozanov, lower lip pouted out to try and convince the other. Rozanov clenched his hands at his side, holding the other’s gaze. He was stronger than his instincts. He would not take advantage of the other man.

“We can’t,” he stressed again, trying to get through the other’s foggy head that he did not want to harm him. “I will not harm you.”

“You won’t, Roz,” Shane stressed back, the nickname tasting weird on his tongue. His full last name was becoming too difficult for Shane. Rozanov’s cock twitched at the nickname, capturing Shane’s attention. The Omega focused on the bulge, his hole clenching around nothing in anticipation.

“Hollander,” Rozanov tried to get his attention, but the other was preoccupied. “I think I should go, before we do anything we regret,” Rozanov tried to be reasonable, even going as far to take a small step back.

All sensibility left him when the Omega followed him, one hand wrapping around his ankle with strength he should not have and his mouth attaching itself to the crotch of his shorts. Rozanov groaned as the other's mouth found the tip of his dick, sucking him through the fabric.

"Fuck," he groaned, hands finding the other's head and holding him close to his crotch. Shane purred happily, hand still gripping Rozanov's ankle to keep him in place. "Just like that," Rozanov praised, head tipping back as the Omega sucked harder. He pushed the other man off of him, making soft placating noises at the disapproval he received. He held the other back long enough to shove his shorts and briefs down below his cock, letting Shane go so the other man could get his mouth back on him.

Despite his inexperience, Shane could not wait to get his mouth on the other's cock. He took half of it in one go, ignoring the uncomfortableness of it hitting the back of his throat. He would handle any discomfort if it meant he could be closer to the Alpha. He bobbed his head like he had seen in porn videos, hoping that he was doing a good enough job for Rozanov. The blond was groaning above him, clutching onto his hair but not guiding him. Slick was gathering between his cheeks once more, Shane finding pleasure in sucking the other off.

"Off, fuck, off, off," Rozanov hissed, pulling Shane off of him and holding the other back once more.

"Was, not good?" Shane whispered, looking up at Rozanov with watery eyes. Was he doing such a bad job that the other had to pull him off? Rozanov looked down at him with a look that was mixed between sorrow and affection.

"No, puppy, no." Shane's shoulders dropped at the confirmation. "No, it was too good." Rozanov reassured, thumb caressing the hinge of Shane's jaw. The Omega perked up a little at the praise, attempting to get closer to Rozanov, but the other still held him firmly. He turned questioning eyes up to the other, pouting once more at the amusement on the other's face.

"You don't want me to fuck you? Just suck my cock?" Rozanov snorted as Shane scrambled up to his feet, which was endearing considering Rozanov had to hold the majority of his weight and pull him up. Shane pressed himself back into Rozanov's space, nose dipping to his neck while his hand found his cock. Rozanov groaned, one of his own hands grabbing Shane's hair and tugging him out of his neck. Before the Omega could complain, Rozanov smashed their lips together. Shane groaned into the kiss, releasing the other's dick to grab onto his hair. He could give up scenting the other if the alternative was kissing.

Shane lost himself in the kiss, oblivious to Rozanov's hand trailing down his back and into the back of his shorts. He did not notice the wandering hand until one of the Alpha's fingers slipped between his cheeks, rubbing the slick against his hole. Pulling back from the kiss, Shane let out a needy noise, looking at Rozanov with trepidation. His body was craving to be filled, but this was all new to him. He had never thought to finger himself before so Rozanov was the first to touch him there.

"Is okay?" Rozanov asked, finger carefully caressing his hole, but not going any deeper.

Shane nodded his head, before answering verbally. "Mhm, just. . . I've never," he trailed off, ducking his head when Rozanov raised his eyebrows at him in surprise.

"Not even yourself?" Shane shook his head shyly, his head swimming at the situation at hand. Just a few hours ago, he had been ready to punch Rozanov in the teeth. Now, he was standing with the other's cock pressed against him and his finger against his hole. What even was his life?

"Pup's first fuck *and* fingering? I must be special in past life," Rozanov teased, grinning broadly at Shane's glare.

"Stop calling me th-AT!" Shane moaned loudly as Rozanov slipped his finger into him in the middle of his sentence. He was met with no resistance, the Omega's slick easing the way. "Roz," his voice shook at the sensation, unsure if he wanted to press into the feeling or away.

Rozanov tipped his head down to catch Shane's lips, tongue licking out against his teeth. The other kissed like he was trying to devour Shane, mouth open and tongue plundering Shane's mouth like it wanted to move in. The appeal of kissing was only heightened with Rozanov's finger in him, the digit twisting and crooking within him.

"Ilya," Rozanov pulled back long enough to pant his name at Shane, "Call me Ilya." He requested. Shane's heart skipped a beat at the name. It felt more intimate than everything else they had done in the last hour.

"Ilya~" Shane moaned, two fingers slipping into his hole, scissoring him open. His moan allowed Ilya to slip his tongue into his mouth once more, the blond using his fingers in Shane to pull him closer. The Omega whimpered restlessly, stumbling into Ilya when the other grabbed his knee with his free hand, pulling it up onto his hip. The position spread Shane wider, allowing Ilya's fingers to slip deeper into him. They brushed something deep with him and he came with a startled sob. He pulled away from the kiss, resting his head on the other's shoulder to catch his breath.

The Russian's fingers did not stop their exploration inside of him, making his body shake with aftershocks. Thankfully, the other avoided whatever nerves he hit within him, Shane did not think he could stay conscious if he came again so soon.

"I'm sticky," he complained, his heart not really in it. Surely, there was already cum and slick tangled in his pubic hair, a situation he would have to deal with later. This is the messiest he has ever gotten. Usually when he masturbated, he was quick to wipe up any mess, change his sheets, and shower. He had also never come more than once.

"I fix it, one second," Ilya soothed, carefully slipping his fingers out of Shane, ignoring the disgruntled noise. He pushed the Omega down onto the bed, hoping to deter him from grabbing onto him again. His hands made quick work of his own clothes, tossing them onto the chair in the corner of the room. He then focused on removing Shane's clothes, starting with his shoes.

"Socks stay, please," Shane requested, Ilya just humming in agreement and kissing his socked ankle. He pulled the other's shirt off and tossed it with the other clothes. The last

thing to go was Shane's shorts and boxers. Ilya pulled them down the strong thighs, cocking twitching at the scent of them. They were saturated in slick and cum. Locking eyes with the Omega, Ilya brought the briefs to his face and gave them a deliberate sniff. Shane's cock twitched against his stomach and his hole clenched around nothing as Ilya's eyes dilated from the scent of his slick.

"Alpha," he shook, his body so desperate it was trembling. "Please, need you," he continued, thighs spreading wide so the other could see him.

"Fuck, hold on, malysh," Shane moaned at the Russian words, wishing he had decided to study that in school so he could understand the other. He watched the other shuffle around in their clothing, naked save for the gold cross around his neck. It made him unfairly attractive.

Ilya dug in his wallet, pulling out the spare condom that Svetlana had put there before he left for Vegas. "In case you meet pretty thing," she chirped, eyes full of mirth. A pretty thing he met indeed. By the time he returned to the bed, Shane was making pitiful noises, fists clenched into the sheets.

"Here I am, pup. I will help," he promised, leaning down to kiss the other deeply. Shane's sad noises were rapidly replaced with moans, the other's hands exploring Ilya's body now that it was close enough for him to do so. Ilya also wasted no time exploring the other's body, one hand cupping his pec while the other trailed back between his legs and slipped two more fingers inside of him. Shane gasped into their kiss, turning his head so he could catch his breath. Ilya trailed kisses down the other's neck, not able to resist pressing a lingering on the swollen mating gland.

Shane grabbed onto Ilya's curls, holding him against his neck. The Alpha purred, giving the gland one more kiss before moving down to his chest, sucking one perk nipple into his mouth. The Omega keened, pressing his chest up into him.

"Please, Ilya. I'm ready," he panted, spreading his legs further as Ilya slipped a third finger in him. The Russian hummed in acknowledgement, fingers still working away at stretching the other. "C'mon," he smacked the other's shoulder, his orgasm building up once again. He did not want to cum again without Ilya inside of him.

Ilya groaned as Shane tugged his hair roughly, pulling him back from his chest to look at him. "So violent," he pouted, shaking his head until Shane released him.

"Fuck me, or get out," Shane threatened, although the seriousness was undercut by how his legs were locking around Ilya's back to keep him from moving away. Getting out was not even an option at this point and they both knew it.

"I'm getting there, Hollander."

"Shane."

The two stared at each other, the air tense between them for a few seconds. Ilya's shoulders relaxed, giving the other man a shy smile.

“Shane,” he nodded, his accent blending the syllables together. Shane wondered if Ilya would still have such a thick accent after a season with the Raiders. “I’m going to fuck you now, okay?” Shane nodded his head, running his hand up Ilya’s thigh. He watched as the other slipped a condom over his cock. He was not pleased with the other wearing a condom, but his more rational side was thankful that at least one of them was in the right mind. They had both just been drafted, they could not risk Shane getting pregnant.

Once Ilya settled back over top of him, one hand braced on Shane’s chest, the other held his hand there and watched the concentration on his face. Shane breathed deeply as the tip of Ilya’s cock slipped into him, a different kind of heat shooting through his body. His jaw dropped open, no noise coming out as his body adjusted to the size of the other. Ilya was huge and it felt like his cock was rearranging his insides to fit.

They both groaned as Ilya bottomed out, taking a moment to breathe and settle themselves.

“Is okay?” Ilya panted, eyes searching Shane’s with intense focus. Like he could scent a lie from Shane.

“Mhm,” Shane squeezed Ilya’s hand, eyes rolling back in head when the Alpha groped his pec. The blond pulled out of him carefully before rocking his hips back into the other. The Omega let out a moan at the drag of the other’s cock inside of him. “Fuck.”

“So tight,” Ilya groaned, hips slowly picking up speed as Shane’s body relaxed underneath him.

“Ew, don’t,” Shane complained, disgust twisting his features before it was replaced with pleasure once again.

“What? You don’t like hearing how you squeeze around my cock? Like you are desperate to be bred,” Ilya’s words were filthy and if it was anyone else, Shane would have ripped their throat out. Never in his life had he ever considered being bred. But there was something about Ilya Rozanov with his stupid accent and his stupid big cock that made Shane desire something he had never in wildest dreams wanted before.

“Oh? You like that, pup?” Ilya’s voice was surprised, straining slightly as Shane’s hole tightened around him at the mention of being bred. “You like idea of being bred? My pup wants a little puppy of his own?” Shane moaned wantonly, nodding his head and clinging to Ilya’s hand on his chest. His head was dizzy with the idea of being Ilya’s *anything*. The Alpha groaned in response, hiking Shane’s legs up higher so he could get deeper.

“Oh!” Shane was borderline yelling now, Ilya’s cock battering the small bundle of nerves within him, pleasure shocking through his body and going straight to his own cock. “There, please, please, so good, please,” Shane was babbling, his free hand clutching the other’s bicep, desperate for something to hold onto. He was about to throw his head back and scream when three fingers were suddenly shoved into his mouth, muffling the noise. He whined around the fingers, watery eyes looking up at Ilya.

“So loud, Shane,” he teasingly admonished, fingers pressing on Shane’s tongue, causing drool to pool in his mouth. “Whole hotel will know you love my cock,” Shane let out a noise

of agreement, the Alpha cursing under his breath and picking up speed. Shane clung to the arm of the hand in his mouth, pressing the inside of their wrists together to scent the other. He still did not know what his own scent was, too drunk on the spicy warmth of Ilya.

He was dangerously close to coming, but he did not want to pull the other's fingers from his mouth to warn him. He was blissfully full and now all he needed was Ilya to knot him and he would be satisfied. They would get to just hold each other and bask in each other's scent. Shane was almost as excited for the after as he was for currently getting fucked.

Feeling Ilya's knot catching on his hole was enough to push Shane over the edge, a high whine muffled behind Ilya's fingers as he orgasmed. Cum shot up his chest and even hit Ilya's from how the Alpha hovered over him.

"Good, yes, so good," Ilya panted, his own jaw hanging open as Shane clenched around his cock, milking him for all he was worth. The Omega was boneless beneath him, but he kept going, seeking his own pleasure now. His knot slipped into Shane's hole, Ilya letting out a shaky moan as his Omega clenched around him. Shane's teeth clamped down on his fingers at the pressure, nails scratching his forearm.

"Fuck, yes," he groaned, hips rocking even as Shane's hole refused to let him go long enough to thrust into him. Which was fine as a few grinds later, Ilya was coming into the condom. His body fell over Shane, slowly trying to get his breath back. He pulled his fingers from the Omega's sharp teeth, briefly noting the indentations before burying it into the other's hair. Shane's hands were running over his body, needing to feel all of the other and keep him close. Once gathering some of his breath back, the blond carefully rolled them to their sides, hooking Shane's leg over his hip so he would be more comfortable. Twin moans escaped them both at the knot tugging between them, both overstimulated and spent.

Time moved languidly, both of them basking in the pheromones in the room and the other's warmth. Fingers caressed skin absentmindedly and feather light kisses are pressed into skin. It was a stark contrast to how they had gotten to this in the first place, both of them attempting to out run the other in the hotel gym. The comparison between the intense workout, the frantic fucking, and now the quiet aftermath was disorientating. But Shane was perfectly content at the moment, his biology soothed and saturated in an Alpha's scent. His Omega was soothed.

Shane shifted in Ilya's arms, the Alpha shifting with him so the other could get as comfortable as he needed. He rested his head on the other's chest, glancing down at the mess of cum that still stained him. Instincts still driving his brain, he reached a hand out to the mess, spreading it into the other's skin. He was not sure why his brain was asking him to do so, only that it seemed completely necessary right now. Ilya gave a satisfied purr above him, leaning down to press a kiss to the back of his head.

"Marking your property?" The other man teased, running his hand down Shane's back and resting on the curve of his backside. Shane let out a shy noise, but not pulling away from his task. Not until the cum was mostly rubbed into Ilya's chest and abdomen like a strange kind of lotion. "Satisfied?"

Shane tilted his head up and gave the Alpha a proud smile, nodding his head. He had successfully marked Ilya as his and his Omega was elated. Ilya's free hand moved up to his chin, gripping it between his index finger and thumb. He guided the other up to his lips, kissing Shane deeply. He purred into the kiss, allowing Ilya to slip his tongue into his mouth, tracing where his fingers had been a few moments ago. He could feel the burn of his heat beginning again, needy noises breathed into the kisses as his cock began to fill out again.

Was it normal to be so needy in heat or was it just something about Ilya? Shane did not know and had no brain power to truly think about it right now. The only thing on his mind was getting Ilya to fuck him again.

The Omega rolled on top of the Alpha, softly whining as the Alpha's knot slipped out of him. He rocked his hips, needing it buried back inside of him now. Ilya let out a pained noise, guiding Shane off his sensitive cock completely. He still needed time to recuperate, but he could give the Omega something to take the edge off. He shushed him, tugging at the other's thick thighs until they were straddling his head. Shane keened as Ilya's tongue slipped into him, not as good as his cock but stimulation all the same.

He was not sure how much longer they would have together like this, but he was going to make every second count until they had to return to reality.

A phone ringing pulled Shane out of his sleep, the trilling noise making him flinch away into the pillow under his head. He had hoped that if he just ignored it that whoever was trying to get ahold of him would give up, but they were insistent.

Sighing deeply, Shane blindly reached out to the bedside table and grabbed the phone, accepting the call and bringing it to his ear. "Hello?" His words were slurred, but whoever was so intent on talking to him could deal with it.

"Oh, hi!" His mother's voice came through, like she was surprised to actually get Shane. Which was strange since she called *him*. "Hi baby, how are you feeling?"

Shane considered the question, taking stock of his body. He ached. From his neck to his ankles, every muscle felt like it was strained from a rough practice and his head was swimming in the tell-tale sign of dehydration. Where was his water bottle at?

"Like a bus ran me over," he grumbled, reluctantly opening his eyes and wincing at the light in the room. It must be mid-afternoon. Shane could not remember the last time he did not wake up before seven in the morning, let alone sleep in. He swung his feet over the edge of the bed, taking note that he was dressed in a pair of red briefs. He felt a little like he was missing something, but his sleep fogged mind was not sure what it was.

"Heat has that effect on you," his mother commented, a soft teasing lilt to her voice as if she did not just steal the breath from Shane's lungs. His entire body froze.

"How," he trailed off, his head too fuzzy to put the full sentence together. Thankfully his mother, the saint she was, knew him like the back of her hand and knew what he meant.

“We tried to call you the other day, to head to the airport, but we couldn’t get a hold of you. Dad almost went down to bang on your door, but you finally answered the phone. I guess your . . . heat partner? Whoever you spent your heat with had grabbed your phone and had you answer us. You were really out of it, sweetie. But it is what to be expected for presentation heats.” His mother rambled, Shane nodding along even though she could not see him. That explained the missing feeling. Ilya had slipped out when he was sleeping, probably once Shane’s fever broke. He pushed the small silver of hurt he felt down as he got up out of the bed, refusing to look back at it.

He had shared a heat with Ilya Rozanov in *that* bed. Half of which he could not even remember, the fever burning through him. Apparently he had talked to his mother in the middle of his heat with Ilya Rozanov, presumably right there. God, he could not catch a break, could he? Shane’s cheeks burned as he stumbled to the mini bar. He placed his mother on speaker so he did not have to hold the phone any longer. He leaned down to the fridge, grabbing the first bottle of water he could find and downing it in one go.

“Shane, honey?” He hummed in confirmation to her words, letting her know that he was listening. “Whoever you spent it with. . . were they nice to you?” His cheeks were on fire, mind drifting back to all the moments with Ilya.

How the Alpha had immediately stepped up to calm him in the gym, how he traded shirts so the Omega would not be embarrassed. Him cursing out the guy in the lobby and letting Shane scent him to calm them both. His strong hands touching him gently and how he was adamant about not taking advantage of Shane. How the Russian had softly demanded to be called Ilya and called him Shane in an equally soft manner.

Shane glanced back at the bed that he had lost his virginity on, eyes zeroing in on the black fabric by his pillow. Ilya’s shirt. Even though the Alpha had to leave him, he had left something with his scent on it to keep Shane calm. His heart fluttered at the gesture, something so considerate that he had never experienced outside of his own parents.

“Yeah,” Shane whispered, a small smile slipping on his lips. “Yeah, they were nice. Took good care of me,” he bit his lip to stop any more words from coming out, reminding himself that this was his mother and she did not need to know how his heat had gone.

“That’s really good, Shane. I’m glad you had someone trustworthy for such a big moment,” her voice was fond, Shane picturing her face with one of her sad half smiles on it. She had adopted them a lot lately with the draft coming around, unable to hide her sadness at her little boy growing up but so completely happy that he was living his dream.

In true Yuna Hollander fashion, once the emotions were taken care of, she was all business. She began to lay out plans and strategies for how they would handle Shane being an Omega and how they could keep it out of the public’s eye until Shane was ready for it. He listened with half an ear, going through his notifications on his phone as she spoke. He had an e-mail confirmation for his extended stay at the hotel, probably his mother’s doing. He apparently had been in heat for at least five days. He cleared away some of the social media notifications, just fans of the Voyagers commenting on his posts since his drafting. He would have to remind himself later to turn them off.

He went to his text messages, pausing when he noticed an unread one at the top.

Ilya Rozanov 🐻

Call me for next heat if you need, pup 😊

“What an asshole,” Shane scoffed under his breath, not able to ignore the soft smile settling on his lips. Ilya Rozanov was an enigma of a man and Shane was not sure that he liked how much he felt pulled to him.

“What was that, Shane?” His mother asked, voice confused.

“Nothing, just some comment on my draft post.” He brushed off, lying as best as he could. He was not sure why he was hiding Ilya’s identity from his mother, but it felt like the best option. His mother had gone on a thirty minute rant the other day about how Shane was a better player than Ilya and that he deserved to be the first draft pick over him. He did not know what her reaction would be that “that cocky Russian asshole” had been the Alpha who fucked her son through his first heat.

His cheeks burned at his own thoughts and he moved into the bathroom, determined to take a shower and try to feel more human. Ilya must have cleaned him up at some point, but his body still had dried sweat clinging to him. He walked into the bathroom, wincing as he flicked the lights on and the fluorescents burned his eyes. Damn hotels and their bright lighting.

But the lighting gave him the perfect view of the state of his body.

He was covered in marks. Fingerprints bruising on his hip bones and on his right shoulder. There were also scratches and bites along the flanks of his torso, he looked like a wild animal had gotten ahold of him. If he looked like he was mauled, he wondered what Ilya must look like. His gaze moved up to his face, taking in the sunken eyes and swollen lips. He had no idea when his heat had broken, but it must not have been that long if his lips were still swollen from Ilya’s kisses. His lower body still throbbed from being fucked as well, so it must have broken sometime last night after Ilya knotted him.

Shane’s eyes trailed to his neck and his entire body froze.

“Oh fuck,” He whispered in disbelief. “Mom? I’m gonna have to call you back,” Shane did not wait for her to fully say goodbye, his thumb ending the call blindly. He could not bring his eyes away from the sight before him in the mirror. He shuffled closer to the mirror, placing his phone down so he could reach up and prod at his neck.

There was a bite mark. Right over his mating gland.

“Shit,” he hissed, wiping over the mark as if he could rub it off his skin. As if it was a temporary tattoo and a horribly, bad joke. “Shit, no,” he whimpered, the only result of his rubbing being a shot of pain down his spine. Mating marks were almost always sensitive for the first few months. He did not think they meant a burning sensation when they meant sensitive.

“This cannot be happening,” he whispered, dragging his hands through his hair, yanking it harshly like this was a bad dream. Surely, if he squeezed his eyes tight enough, pulled his hair fierce enough, that he would wake up from this nightmare.

Only, when Shane’s eyes popped back open, the mark was in the same spot as it was a few seconds prior. This was not a bad dream or a horrible joke. This was real.

Shane Hollander was mated to Ilya Rozanov. What was he going to do?

End Notes

Russian Words:

shchenok - puppy

Idi k chertu! - Go to Hell!

malysh - baby

hello again! yes i am a roz/rozy truther, i do not care what anyone has to say! let them have cute nicknames!! although, shane would probably use roz in more public settings and rozy privately ;p

i also will not promise i will write more to this, despite having thoughts about continuing because i am too aware of myself and know that i will never be able to finish if i promise more! so i hope you enjoy what i have right now and maybe more will come!

thank you so much for reading and i would love to hear your thoughts if you would like to share them! kudos mean just as much to me as comments so whatever works for you! <3

please come be my friend on twitter (lestrvng) or tumblr (sitkowskiryan) ! we can talk about hollanov together! i have been trying to use tumblr as more of a sneak peek into what i am writing or thoughts for stories, so if you are interested in seeing what i am working on or just hearing my rambling, please look over there!

012026 - editing the romanov to rozanov! i promise, i'm not one of those weirdos who keeps changing the post date on their work

please stay safe and remember to be kind!

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