

Vetiver and Patchouli

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Vetiver and Patchouli

by [Nituaii](#)

Summary

God. What the fuck had just happened.

Shane pressed his head between his knees, the joints tight against his ears as he squeezed his thighs together, putting pressure on his head between his legs. Sometimes, that helped him calm down.

But the scent of Rozanov, the phantom touch still lingering against his skin...
... the bite mark throbbing at the back of his neck.

Or: After that fateful night in Vegas, Shane is left with a huge problem. A massive problem at the centre of his neck.

|| A/N: For people worried about the Rape/Non-Con tag. It's ONLY about the Non-Consensual Claiming bite, and them fucking while Ilya is drunk (which is only mentioned, not explicitly written). NOTHING else in that regard happens.

Notes

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Heyoo

This fic is... a guilty pleasure.

I don't usually write smutty fics. The BJ in my other fic already stressed me out so be kind pls

I hope you can still enjoy

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

The air in the elevator was stale. Shane scrunched his nose, his forehead thumping against the cool mirror lining one wall. The light of his phone was bright, the empty chat bubble mocking him as he stared down at it.

We didn't even kiss

Shane typed it out, the movements slow.

Then he deleted the words, one letter at a time.

Rozanov had seemed kind of out of it tonight, most likely drunk on his victory and actual alcohol. Wilder somehow. Demanding. The Cup win, the MVP award, it must have been a lot.

His scent had been stronger too, making Shanes head swim from the very moment he had stepped into that hotel room.

It had hung heavy in the air, the deep undertones of Vetiver almost a physical sensation at the back of Shanes throat as he had inhaled it deeply.

Even now, walking down the corridor to his own hotel room, he could still taste it on his tongue, smell it on his skin. He picked up his pace, walking faster. What if someone were to see him, no, worse, smell him with Ilya Rozanovs scent quite literally fucked into his skin?

Shane unlocked his hotel room and slipped inside like he was being chased, the door clicking shut behind him with a comforting sound.

His back hit the door and his knees gave out. He slowly slid down, his breathing faster than it should be. He could feel it bubbling under his skin, at the back of his throat.

God. What the fuck had just happened.

Shane pressed his head between his knees, the joints tight against his ears as he squeezed his thighs together, putting pressure on his head between his legs. Sometimes, that helped him calm down.

But the scent of Rozanov, the phantom touch still lingering against his skin...

... the bite mark throbbing at the back of his neck.

Fuck.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

What the fuck had happened tonight? How could he have let this happen. How could this have happened?!

Shane breathed faster, his hands tightly wound around his ankles, fingers digging into the little sliver of skin exposed by his pants riding up.

The sharp pain helped tether him to the moment, to reality. Fuck. Fuck.

Shane forced his lungs to expand, dragging in a breath with great difficulty. It felt like he was trying to breathe through a wet towel, like his lungs had shrunk to the size of an apple and couldn't physically expand any further.

Shane knew these feelings, could deal with these feelings. This wasn't his first anxiety attack.

He rhythmically pressed his knees against his head, the pressure and release helping him with grounding himself.

Fuck. Maybe it wasn't what he was thinking. Maybe it had just been his imagination and Rozanov had just sucked a big fat hickey into his skin. Maybe it would all be fine. Just fine. It would be fine.

Shane continued to breathe slowly, deeply, in through his nose, out against his lips.

After a good few minutes, he felt stable enough to get up.

Shane toed off his shoes, refusing to enter a room with them on even if it was a hotel room where certainly everyone else walked into with their shoes on, and he made his way towards the bathroom.

The door seemed looming, the walk towards it endless. For a split second, it felt like he was walking towards his execution.

Fuck. He really had to get a grip. This... It had to be nothing. No... It couldn't be nothing. Shanes emotions were in a turmoil, jumbled in his head. It was hard to think.

Shane flicked on the light and placed down his suit jacket. Then he pulled the untied bow from his collar and began to slowly unbutton his dress-shirt.

He couldn't bring himself to look into the mirror. So instead, to prolong his own torture, to evade the inevitable, he continued to undress, a neat stack of folded clothes growing on the wide bathroom sink.

When his black boxers got placed on top, his socks neatly twisted together, there was no other way to prolong this wait.

Shane took a deep breath and looked into the mirror.

Then, he immediately felt stupid.

He could feel it. Pulsing in the centre at the back of his neck. Obviously he wouldn't be able to see it like this.

Shane braced his hands against the sink, the ceramic cold against his sweat slick palms.

There was a small make-up mirror to the side, attached with some long metal rods allowing for it to be pulled closer to the person, if they so needed. It was long enough, that when Shane bend forward towards the mirror, and he angled it just right, that he could see the back of his neck.

A red bitemark filled the small, round mirror.

Shane stared at it in shock.

Rozanov had broken the skin. He could see the clear indentations of his fangs. The confirmation was far more surprising than it had any right to be. He'd felt this. Shane had felt it when it had happened, and still, until this very moment, he had refused to accept it as the truth.

Ilya Rozanov had marked him with a claiming bite.

He'd bound Shane to him. He'd... Claimed Shane.

Shane felt like he was going to throw up.

It was hard already, hiding what he was. Sure, it wasn't officially against the rules for an Omega to play. But the few players that had come out with that information... Shane knew their lives weren't easy. They tended to get targeted at games, injured more often. Not to mention the insults and slurs hurled their way. They were picked apart by the media, one bad game and it was all immediately because of their typing, because they were an omega, because they were *weak*. Omegas weren't allowed to make mistakes. Not in this sport. Shane didn't want to live with this constant scrutiny.

No, it was not a life he wanted for himself. Maybe it was selfish, hiding. Not being an inspiration, especially being the best player in the league. But Shane was allowed to be selfish, allowed to keep these things private. They shouldn't matter. It was no ones business but his own. And now, he had a claiming bite. Outing him so obviously as an Omega. Something else he would have to hide forever.

Only few people knew what he was. His coach. Hayden. His parents.

Rozanov.

Fuck!

His mouth suddenly fills with saliva, an omen.

Shane barely managed to bend over the toilet before he couldn't keep his dinner down any longer.

After moments of painful heaving, his stomach feeling like it was stuck in his throat, his nose burning from the acid, Shane moved to rinse his mouth.

Sweat had started to bead against his brow, and Shane rinsed his mouth one more time before he put some toothpaste on his toothbrush.

He needed to shower. He needs to shower now. Needs to get Rozanov's scent off his skin. It was making him feel dizzy, his body reacting to the smell of his alpha. Shane swallowed the bile before it could escape him.

He stepped into the cubicle and turned the water on to the highest setting. The hotel was nice, expensive.

Shane immediately got pelted with near boiling water.

He hissed and adjusted the valve, then stepped under.

With one hand he began brushing his teeth, pressing the bristles down harder than he knows he should. With the other he pumped some generic hotel bodywash into his palm and started rubbing it all over his body, with no real plan, rhyme or reason.

Hotel bodywashes tended to be scent free. With a society living on scents, working on pheromones and reading people through them, it wouldn't make a lot of sense to offer and widely sell products that would mask such things. Unless you were Shane Hollander, Omega, pretending to be an Alpha in the NHL. Thankfully, or rather luckily for him, his base scent was unusual for an Omega. Omegas often tended to be softer, sweeter. At least compared to Alphas. But Shane had always had a grounding, deep scent.

His mother had once described it to him like this; Shane smelled like a thick forest right after rainfall, that moment when sun finally began to filter through the canopy, lighting up the water droplets still beading on leaves and branches, causing the forest to glitter and shine. She said it smelled like she was walking through the thicket, holding a cup of Dangyuja Tea, the citrus undertones subtle, almost drowning in the scent of *green*.

He'd later learned his scent was very similar to the artificial scent called Patchouli. It was popular and prevalent in alphas. So all Shane had to do was hide his undertones, the gentle citrus flavour, the indescribable undertones that marked him as an Omega. His cologne enhanced his Patchouli scent and his suppressants masked his typing. So far, it had been working well.

No one had ever noticed. Not really. Not even Ilya Rozanov, who did not care for types or genders as he seemed happy to sleep with just about anyone. Men, Women, Alphas, Betas, Omegas... The list went on. There was at least one new paparazzi photo every couple of days, with a new person hanging off his arm. Ilya Rozanov hadn't known until the first time they'd fucked. That was when Shane learned that his suppressants blocked his scent but his body was still very much that of an Omega. Rozanov had been good about it, even understanding. He'd sworn to secrecy. And so far, he had given Shane no reason to doubt his word.

Shane shook his head, water flying off his damp hair as he forced the mental image of their first night together away. It bled together with the articles, the photos of Rozanov with that pretty Omega at his arm.

He could feel it, deep in his heart. The Omega revolting at the knowledge that it's Alpha was... It felt putrid, a deep ache. Shane could claim that feeling had only manifested tonight, after the bite. He would be lying.

Shane slapped himself, the sound crisp in the glass shower cubicle.

He needed to get a grip.

Easier said than done...

Shane spit the white foam of his toothpaste at his feet, the taste of sick finally washed from his mouth.

Then he scrubbed his body down again, meticulous, his hands more rough than he should be.

He concentrated on the sound of water rushing over his body, on the sensation of heat running down his back. He forced his mind to empty, refused to allow himself to think about... anything.

Only when he laid bundled in his bed, a hotel robe wound tightly around his body, the blankets pulled high, surrounded by the scent of clean laundry and himself, did his resolve crack and his mind stray.

He glared at the bag he'd stuffed his clothes into and tied tightly, in an attempt to rid the room of Rozanovs Vetiver scent.

The worst about all of this...

He didn't regret that he'd gone to Ilya Rozanovs room tonight. He didn't regret that he'd slept with him, that he'd let the Alpha command him around, that he'd let Rozanov fuck him like a feral animal. Quite the opposite. Shane had loved it, had enjoyed it so immensely. Their bodies fit together perfectly, and even if Rozanov was an asshole he always checked in with Shane, always made sure he was comfortable. Made him so fucking horny and worked him up so well Shane always felt like he would explode when Rozanov finally fucked him into an orgasm.

Secretly, deeply in his heart, he didn't regret that he had gotten bitten either.

Their arrangement was risky, sure. But Rozanov was a great lover.

Shane gave up with a heavy sigh and stomped over to the plastic bag, ripping it open. Rozanovs scent on his clothing was very subtle. Shane had undressed himself and Rozanov had been standing a few metres away. Their brief contact in the bathroom during the award show had faded and mingled with the scents of everyone else at the awards as well.

But Shane was so used to Rozanov. He could pick his scent out of his shirt even now.

The bitemark throbbed.

Shane raised the shirt to his nose, his eyes fluttering closed as he breathed in deeply.

He was so royally fucked.

Shane struggled to apply the large opaque Second Skin to the back of his neck. He swore as the flimsy material folded and stuck to itself. This was the third one. His body was bend and angled over the sink, his forehead almost pressing into the mirror as he tried to see the back of his neck.

Shane crumbled the sticky film in his hand and threw it down into the sink with an exasperated growl.

He took out the second to last one from the pack and peeled it.

Fuck it. So it wouldn't be straight. He'd wear a turtleneck anyway.

Shane stretched the material between his hands, bend his head forward and just slapped it straight onto the bite mark.

A quick check in the mirror confirmed that he had in fact managed to hide the complete bite under the plaster and only a little edge was stuck to his hair. Small price to pay when he ripped it off later.

The bite had closed over during the night. Shane had no idea how all of this worked, why his body had healed that injury so quickly when his healing wasn't any quicker otherwise. He'd fallen asleep with his dress-shirt pressed to his nose, searching for Rozanovs scent.

The bite was now a perfectly healed, silver scar.

Two little indentations broke the even curve, Ilyas fangs prominently seen in the curvature of the bite.

Shane had thought about it for a long time and decided he would talk to Rozanov next season.

The Alpha would be going back to Russia over the summer and Shane did not want to have this conversation over the phone.

He'd started to google a bit last night. Nothing helpful had come up so Shane had decided he would simply... ignore the problem over the summer.

Yes.

And if something was tugging at his heart, like a string leading somewhere else... Well, that was also something Shane would become very good at ignoring over the summer.

At some point, laying on his dock by his cottage, the sun burning down onto his skin, Shane had to accept that Rozanov must have multiple Omegas claimed. Because the invisible string around his heart had pointed him in the same direction ever since Rozanov had left the country. And it was getting harder to ignore.

Shane had no idea how this had happened.

With the season starting back up, and Montreal playing Boston, he'd fallen back into this familiar pattern with Rozanov.

They texted every so often, sometimes it seemed to be more than before. Shane chalked that up to wishful thinking.

And they fucked, almost every time they saw each other.

And every single time, Shane put on that opaque plaster that blended with his skin tone almost freakishly well and did not ask Rozanov what it had meant.

Rozanov never mentioned the bite either, their conversations just the same as usual, Rozanovs words teasing and bright.

He didn't treat Shane any differently. He didn't ask about the plaster either, didn't seem to care.

Shane didn't notice that Rozanov fucked him harder when he was behind him, and Shane didn't notice the looks of pain that crossed Rozanovs eyes when the back of his neck, the bite securely hidden, was turned towards Rozanov and Shane wasn't paying attention.

Shane also didn't notice how Rozanov checked in more frequently. Asked permission or confirmation before every first touch. Sometimes multiple times throughout the night.

Every time either of them left the others hotel room, Shane felt the pull in his heart grow stronger.

He rubbed at his chest, trying to press the feeling away.

Ilya didn't ask.

Shane didn't tell.

And just like that, months flew by, turning into years.

Over the last few months, who was he kidding, years, Shane had started to feel... partial... towards the Alpha. The bite... He should be mad about it. But some small, safely hidden part of his brain, was proud of it. He wanted it. Hat finally admitted to himself that he wanted Ilya Rozanov to be the one that claimed him.

And while it had been under not so ideal circumstances, especially since Ilya didn't seem to remember at all, a small part of Shane took pleasure in the knowledge that he was bound to Ilya Rozanov for eternity, in a way, if Shane so wanted. And while he felt guilty for keeping it hidden from the Alpha, he couldn't bring himself to tell him. It was a fragile bond, easily broken. No real restrictions or dangers to Ilyas life. Shane had decided he was allowed this

little selfish thing. Would it make a difference, telling him now, years later? It didn't change how Shane felt about Ilya. He didn't want it to influence the way Ilya felt about Shane.

There had never been anyone else for him. Shane Hollander knew there never would be anyone else for him either. Had known this before the bite, only allowed himself to think it in the dark, at two A.M. hidden under his blankets.

It really was a bummer though...

That Rozanov didn't know or seemed to care.

Shane had fallen down a rabbit hole during the first summer, started to research bonds and claiming bites.

He'd learned a few things:

The main thing had been the revelation that it affected Omegas and Alphas differently. While the pull was there for both, most commonly described as a tug or pull towards the partner, Omegas seemed to feel that sensation much more deeply than Alphas tended to.

In turn, for Alphas, having claimed an Omega held a few other changes. For one, it was reported that their sensitivity to their partners scent and emotions was heightened. It seemed Alphas would find their claimed Omegas more easily in crowds.

The Alphas also tended to grow more clingy, to feel a deeper need to provide. Though that one was not consistently reported.

Shane had also learned that there were different kinds of bonds. Different levels, so to speak.

Alphas could claim multiple, technically an indefinite amount, of Omegas, while Omegas could only be claimed by one person at a time.

These bonds, however, were rather superficial. Sure, the bodies grew more attuned to the other, the natural instincts heightened to be closer.

But they were fragile too. While the bite mark itself would never fade completely, an Omega could be 'stolen'. If a different alpha placed a claiming bite, the first bond would immediately break with little to no repercussions. An Omega could also break the bond themselves, if they so wished. All that had to be done was defile the bite mark. This could be done with a cut, or even a tattoo. Anything to disrupt the even scar would work.

It was still not socially acceptable to receive and break many bonds, Omegas with a multitude of bite marks often labelled as whores. But it wasn't an all consuming thing.

While Shane had never wished for a claiming mark when he was younger, unlike many of his fellow Omegas, and he hadn't fantasized about it during school breaks with his friends giggling about it beside him. At least until he had met Ilya Rozanov. Now he never intended to break this bond they had. If it was all he could get from Ilya, he would take it. Selfish as it was. One sided.

There was, however, an unbreakable bond that could be created.

Some called it a ritual, though in Shanes eyes that was a rather archaic term.

It called for the claiming bites to be given by both parties, Alpha and Omega alike. This was to be done at the same time, and while a placement wasn't strictly pre-set, it was the usual norm to do it against the others scent gland.

This type of bond was rare.

For it could not be broken. The Alphas senses would change. They would only ever find their claimed mates scent a comfort, would be unable to place a claiming bite on anyone else. They would only knot their partners.

The Omegas body would only react to their alpha. They would want to stay close constantly, as the alphas pheromones became able to aid their health and promote healing. They would not be able to carry a pregnancy to term, to deliver a healthy child, unless it was with their bonded mate.

The bond could not be broken, not by creating another with someone else, or by defiling the bite marks. It was an absolute.

If one of the bonded pair died, the other would wither away, the heartbreak so severe most mates died within weeks of one another.

Considering all these restrictions, it was no surprise that barely any bonds like this were created.

It was an all or nothing. People did not tend to trust enough, especially considering those finalities.

It wasn't a societal expectation, marriage was the usual go to without the threat to ones life. Shane didn't know anyone that had completed such a bond. Not even his parents, that loved each other deeply. It simply wasn't an expected thing to be done and sometimes it had been written about more like it was a fairy tale rather than an actual thing that could happen.

And if Shane had fantasized about biting down into Ilya Rozanovs neck in the middle of the night, one hand stroking over his cock, the others fingers tracing the bite on his neck, that was between himself and the universe.

They'd flown into Boston a day before the game.

It was an afternoon game, and risking it with a flight in the morning day off wasn't a good idea.

Shane pulled on his brown leather jacket and turned to Hayden.

"Uhm. I'm going out for a bit."

Hayden barely glanced at Shane. "Sure."

"I'll be back later."

At that, Hayden snorted. "Yeah, sure."

"I will!"

"Tell Lily I said hi, will you?"

"Fuck off, Hayd. I'll be back tonight."

"Whatever. Don't rush on my part. I'm gonna enjoy some alone-time, if you catch my drift."

"Wow. Disgusting Hayd."

Shane had already turned to the door, hotel key card and phone in his pocket.

"Sleep! I'm talking about sleep you fucking pervert. Having kids is tough man."

"Whatever. See you later."

"Don't come back!"

The hotel room door fell shut behind him and Shane shook his head with a smile, already having called an uber.

He was going to Rozanovs home.

Ilyas home.

Shane had to walk up a little drive, past an elevated lawn, to make it to Ilyas front door,

The house already looked nice from the outside but damn, the interior proved to be even nicer.

Ilya opened the door for him, wearing nothing but his golden necklace and black sweatpants and Shane swallowed thickly. The scent of Vetiver was thick in the air, pulling Shane into it's trance.

Was he going into heat? Every time he looked at Ilya it felt like he was going into heat. He pushed his hands into the pockets of his jacket, before he could touch Ilya and climb him like a tree, have this whole thing descend into sex. Which he did want to, later. But he also wanted to talk. Needed to talk. He'd sworn he would tell him. Today.

He'd stalked some forum last night, read through posts about claiming bites. He'd come across one where something quite similar had happened to the poster as it had with Shane and Ilya. A claiming bite created in a situationship while drunk. It was written by the Alpha and they had talked about how devastated they had felt once the Omega had told them. How they

had felt lied to. Had felt hurt by the fact that they felt like the Omega didn't trust them enough to tell, had kept it hidden from them. And that had only been a few days. During which those two hadn't seen each other. The comments had agreed with the Alpha, told them it was their right to feel hurt. Some had been rather harsh toward the Omega. At that point Shane had closed down the app, feeling the anxiety start to creep in. What if Ilya would feel the same way?

Shane had been keeping this hidden for multiple years. Had seen Ilya many times. Had slept with him often.

He was nervous, his hands curled into tight fists in his jacket pocket. But he had to do this. Ilya had been nothing but kind to him, attentive and forthcoming. He deserved the truth.

Shane stepped into the open concept kitchen, looking around with awe. Even with his nerves so tightly wound, he could still appreciate the beauty of the home.

When he turned back towards Ilya, he was closer than Shane had expected, already crowding into Shanes space, forcing him to step back until his ass hit the counter.

"I think we need to talk?"

It came out like a question, much to Shanes chagrin, and Ilya smirked at him.

"No. Later."

Who was Shane to deny him?

Their lips met in an open kiss, the taste of Ilya against his tongue immediately filling his senses. The intensified Vetiver scent filled his nose, his mouth, his lungs, and Shane immediately melted against Ilya.

Two strong hands grabbed him by the thighs, lifting Shane up until he was seated on the counter, Ilya between his legs as he crowded close.

Ilya hummed softly, his teeth nipping at Shanes bottom lip as he pulled away, the sound wet in the silent room.

"Is okay, yes?" Here Ilya was again, checking in. Making sure.

The fondness that filled Shanes heart had nothing to do with the pull towards Ilya because of the bond. When they were this close, Shane could barely feel the bond, couldn't really tell it was there.

He kind of missed the ache.

Shane wound his arms around Ilyas shoulders, his forehead coming to rest against the mans own.

"Yes. We can talk later." How would an hour make a difference in the grand scheme of things. He'd been hiding this for years already.

Ilya descended upon him like a hungry wolf, his lips pressing into Shanes, sucking his tongue into his mouth.

He bend forward, pushing Shane down onto the counter, his hands dragging Shane towards his body by his thighs until their crotches were aligned.

Shane was half hanging off the counter, his legs winding around Ilyas tight waist and dragging him closer. He could feel Ilyas cock, thick and heavy, as it started to fill against his thigh.

Shane moaned softly into Ilyas mouth, the need clear as day in his tone, his hips squirming as he tried to get even closer.

His hands had found their way into Ilyas hair, the curls pulled tight between his fingers as he kissed Ilya desperately. Starving.

Ilya seemed just as hungry, just as needy for Shanes touch.

His hands moved from Shanes thighs to his hips, pulling him down hard against his own body and both of them moaned into the kiss, their breaths mingling. Ilya started to rock against Shane, the friction maddeningly not enough and yet so delicious.

The room was thick with Ilyas Vertiver pheromones, making Shanes head swim.

"Please. Ilya."

Shane didn't notice his slip up, too busy trying to drink Ilya into his body. He didn't notice the short stillness in Ilyas touch, the soft surprised gasp drowned out by his own desperate whines.

The way Ilyas hands gripped tighter just a second later, his kiss grew hungrier as he bit and sucked at Shanes lips until they were red and swollen.

"Fuck, Hollander."

And suddenly, Shane was in the air, his back and ass off the counter as Ilya lifted him easily.

It was always such a turn on when Ilya carried him like he weighed nothing. Shane wasn't exactly the build one would expect of an Omega, a pro athlete packed with muscles. And he was tall, barely shorter than Ilya, who was built like a tank. So being manhandled so easily, thrown around like he weighed nothing at all...

Shane could feel the wetness start to accumulate in his underwear, could sense the subtle Dangyuja undertones of his scent were intensifying.

His suppressants were strong, but even they couldn't compete against the insane lust he felt towards this man. Couldn't hide the desperate and visceral need he had to be under him.

Shane rutted against Ilya as he carried him to what Shane could only assume was his bedroom, their lips never straying from another.

Their moans and Ilyas footsteps were the only noise in the house, the high ceilings and open spaces amplifying the sound.

As they walked, one hand tight against Shanes ass, Ilya began to try and undress the Omega. He pulled and tugged at Shanes jacket, his steps still sure even with the shifting weight on his hips.

They managed to get one arm out of the jacket before Shane was bodily thrown onto Ilyas bed.

The scent of Vetiver engulfed him. Shane inhaled deeply, his eyes slipping closed.

It was his first time in Ilyas home. They'd fucked at his own apartment often when in Montreal, but Ilya usually visited Shane in his hotel room while in Boston.

If he'd known the reaction his body would have to being surrounded by Ilyas scent like this, he would have begged the Alpha to take him home years ago. Shanes eyes slipped closed as he dragged in lungfuls of air, his chest expanding as he tried to take it all in. His cock was throbbing in his pants, his hole clenching with need. God, he was so far gone, so drunk on Ilyas smell.

Ilya had began to undo Shanes shoes and pull them off, followed by his socks. He was at Shanes belt buckle by the time the Omega finally opened his eyes. The soft brush over his crotch was almost enough to send him over the edge, his head dizzy by the assault on his senses.

"Okay?" Ilya paused, his pupils blown wide, fingers at the zipper, the button of Shanes Jeans already undone. Shane nodded frantically. "Yes. Okay, fuck. Please, Rozanov."

Ilya leant down, a hand pushing up Shanes shirt, fingers finding his nipple, the other finally pulling down the zipper and relieving some of the pressure on Shanes cock.

His pants were off three seconds later.

Ilya leant down, his nose pressing into the fabric just over Shanes cock, his forehead pressed against Shanes hip bone.

"Fuck. Hollander. You smell so fucking good. So fucking desperate for me, hm?" He inhaled deeply, the rush of air even through the fabric making Shane squirm. A pinch to his nipple had him still, gasping.

"You're already so fucking wet for me, Hollander. You stink of lust." Shane mewled softly, fighting hard to keep his hips from grinding into Ilyas face.

"Want me to suck your cock?"

Shane jerked at that, another punishing pinch following immediately after. "Yes- Please. Please suck my cock, Ilya."

The heat that surrounded his cock was instant. Even through the fabric it felt like Ilya would burn him away. Ilya mouthed at the clear outline of Shanes erection, the dark fabric darkening further as the wet spot grew. Shane whined with every open mouthed kiss, his hands twisting in the fabric of Ilyas sheets.

Every time his hips moved, Ilya would pinch and pull at his nipple, the slight flash of pain in turn making Shanes cock jump with interest.

Oh god, he was going to cum like this. Into his underwear like a horny teenager.

The realization hit him just barely before he could feel his body pull tight, his balls draw up, his thighs tremble.

Shane threw his head back as he came into his underwear, the moans leaving his mouth high pitched and filthy.

Ilya continued to suck at the fabric, humming softly as Shane spasmed below his mouth.

Shane was panting, his eyes glassy as his body tried to come down from this high. Ilya, though, had different plans.

His hand finally slipped from Shanes chest, the other loosening its tight grip it had had on Shanes hip, and he finally peeled off the now fully soaked underwear.

Shanes cock had softened somewhat, curving against his pelvis. It took a few blinks for Shanes sight to clear, the sight before him immediately making his cock jump.

Ilya was propped up between Shanes legs, one knee on the bed, the other leg still on the floor. His gaze was dark, his pupils blown so wide his eyes looked black.

A hand had raised the filthy, soaked fabric of Shanes underwear to his mouth.

His gaze held Shanes, as he licked at the fabric.

"Fuck." Shanes voice was hoarse with lust, watching in wonder as Ilya lapped the cum out of Shanes underwear.

When he was finished, Ilya let the fabric fall onto the floor. The soft splat would have made Shane cringed with shame any other time, if Ilya hadn't picked that moment to let his own pants fall.

There he stood, in all his muscled glory, his cock full and heavy. It curved upward, trying to defy gravity even with its considerable size.

Shanes hole clenched at the sight. His dick, even if not yet fully hard again, twitched with interest.

"Scoot up and take off your clothes."

Shane scrambled to comply, squirming along the bed until his back hit the pillows while wrestling his shirt over his head. He threw it somewhere to the side. Ilya followed, crawling towards him.

One would think that such a sight had to hold submissive undertones. But no. Shane felt like he was being stalked by a predator.

A rush of slick oozed onto the bedsheets.

Their pheromones had begun to mingle, Vertiver and Patchouli, both earthy and deep. Shane was getting drunk on it. Had been drunk on it.

It seemed to have a similar effect on Ilya, his face flushed, a vein visible against his forehead. It felt good, to know Shane was the cause of this.

Ilyas hand wrapped around Shanes ankle, giving it a slight tug, then moved upward as Ilya continued to stalk closer. The touch was light but searing, over Shanes shin, then knee. Along the skin of Shanes thigh, the skin getting softer and thinner as Ilya pushed upward. Shanes legs fell open wider to accommodate his body.

Then over Shanes pelvis and hip, cruelly foregoing a touch where Shane wanted it most. Second most. His cock twitched.

Along Shanes trim waist, over his abs and ribs. His chest, with one circle around his nipple. All the way to Shanes throat.

There, Ilyas hand came to rest, his palm bumping against Shanes Adam's apple as he swallowed thickly, his fingers spread upward, fingertips pressing into that soft skin just below Shanes ear, behind his jaw.

"I want you on top today." Shane was already nodding, his hands having come up to rest against Ilyas hips.

The alpha pulled him close by his neck, the kiss searing. Shane could taste himself in Ilyas mouth, licking it off Ilyas lips and tongue.

Their mouths didn't part as Ilya gave Shanes hip a soft tab, and they twisted around each other, switching positions almost effortlessly.

Shane settled down on Ilyas lower stomach, feeling the heat of the Alphas cock against his ass.

His own dick was already fully hard again. A perk of the bond, Shane knew. Short refractory periods for claimed Omegas.

"Do I need to..." Ilyas voice was rough, the strain evident. Shane knew he wanted to fuck him hard.

Shane shook his head, embarrassment colouring his cheeks. He was already so wet and loose, his body begging to be fucked.

Even with Shanes denial, Ilyas hand brushed over his hip to his ass.

"Can I?"

At this, Shane nodded, a different kind of heat spreading through his chest, right in his heart.

Ilya slipped two fingers into Shane, meeting barely any resistance. Even so, with Shane loose and ready, Ilya took his time opening him up. A third finger followed in quick succession, fucking up into Shane in a moderate rhythm.

Shanes fingers curled into the pillow beside Ilyas head, his own head falling forward as he whined with every thrust, subtly rutting his own cock against Ilyas abs. The Alpha didn't stop him.

After just a few moments, Ilya pulled his fingers free, the squelching noise drowned out by the displeased whine that fell from Shanes throat.

His eyes were still closed as he felt Ilyas fingers against his lips. His mouth fell open immediately, his tongue darting out to lick his own slick from Ilyas hand.

"Mmmh. Good. Clean it up, Hollander." Shane looked down at Ilya along his hand, his lids heavy. Ilya swore softly, spreading his fingers in Shanes mouth.

"Good, Omega. Now ride it."

He didn't have to tell Shane twice.

He reached behind himself, positioned Ilyas fat cock, and sank down with a careful roll of his hips.

His head fell back as his body was stretched, inch after delicious inch pushing into him.

His chest was flushed, his eyes half closed. Shanes hair was sticking to his flushed forehead, his hands finding purchase on Ilyas thighs.

It felt like it would never stop, like he would keep sinking down on Ilyas cock forever. He could feel it deep within him, his thighs quivering with need. After an eternity he bottomed out.

Shane was panting heavily, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he fully sat on Ilyas pelvis.

The Alphas hands had begun to stroke over his waist and hips, a comfort.

"Fuck, Hollander. You take it so well for me, hm?" Ilyas hands began to travel, his thumbs rubbing across his sides, pulling the skin of Shanes stomach taut.

"Look at yourself, Hollander. Look at what my cock does to you."

Shane let his head roll forward, looking down along his body at Ilya.

He could see it clearly. A bulge, a protrusion of where Ilya was buried deep in his body.

Ilyas thumbs pulled at Shanes skin again, pulling it taunt over the bulge. Shane whimpered.

Fuck, Ilya was so deep, so tight, everywhere.

His body was slick with sweat, his fingernails digging into Ilyas thighs.

Ilyas hand came to rest directly on the bulge, pressing down just barely. Shane moaned in tandem with the Alpha.

"I can feel it. My cock deep inside you. Filling you so good." Shane moaned again, nodding.

"You like it, hm? My cock filling you up. Fucking you so deep you can feel it in your throat."

Shane whined again and nodded, the hand stroking over his stomach making him shiver with want.

Ilyas hand remained there, almost petting the bulge as his other wrapped loosely around Shanes cock.

"Move, Omega."

And Shane moved. The man swirled his hips, grinding down tight against Ilya and then began to fuck himself on the Alphas cock.

The grip around his dick was loose, barely enough to do anything but drive him crazy.

With every push up, Shane pushed his cock into Ilyas hand, but with every drop onto his dick he lost the friction of Ilyas hand around his cock, almost slipping free every time.

Shane moaned desperately as he fucked himself, sweat running down is flushed chest and back.

His thighs began to ache with the expenditure. He was growing tired quickly, his muscles shaking.

Ilya noticed. Of course he did.

His hand fell from the bulge where he had continued to pet him, from Shanes cock, which was answered with a desperate whine, and Ilya gripped Shanes hips.

He flipped their bodies without slipping free from Shane, and immediately began to pound into him.

Ilya was leaning in close, their faces mere breaths apart and Ilya kissed him, hot and messy. Their lips brushed apart, often more a shared breath rather than a kiss, as Ilya fucked into Shane. Ilyas hot breath fanned out over Shanes face, sharing the same breaths of air. Everything smelled like Ilya. Ilya was everywhere, Shane couldn't focus on anything else.

Shanes hands had moved to Ilyas back, scratching at the toned muscle and soft skin, moaning and whimpering under the Alpha.

"Please, please, please" Shane wasn't entirely sure what he was begging for, why he was begging.

Ilya seemed to understand nonetheless.

His hand wrapped around Shanes cock, and he began to stroke him in a fast, punishing rhythm.

"Are you going to come for me, Hollander?"

"Make me."

And make him he did. Ilya fucked into Shane like his life depended on it, pounding into him as he pressed kisses into Shanes cheek, neck and chest, panting and groaning against his skin.

Shane came with a cry, his whole body tensing, muscles locking around Ilya. "Ilya!" He could feel the knot form on Ilyas cock, could feel it catch against his rim with every push into his body.

Soon enough, it swelled too much to pull out completely and Ilya just pressed in close, grinding into Shanes body as he came. "Shane."

He kissed Shane, his breathing fast and hard, little grunts falling from his lips as he filled Shane with his cum.

It took a moment, the knot spreading Shane to the edge of just painful.

He loved this part.

Shane locked his ankles loosely behind Ilyas waist, his hands coming up to brush through the Alphas hair as they began to catch their breath.

"Fuck that was hot."

Ilya laughed softly, nodding as he rubbed their noses together.

Shane sank into the cushions, his body loose and relaxed as he let the aftershocks of his orgasms run through his body.

Then, his brain woke up.

Shane. Ilya had called him Shane.

And he had. Had he? He had right? He'd called him Ilya. Unprompted. Multiple times.

He had, right?

He stared up at Ilya, his eyes wide, and the Alpha could immediately tell that Shane was beginning to freak out.

"Hey. Hey, is okay. You're okay." Ilyas hand came to rest on Shanes cheek, his thumb brushing over Shanes freckles.

"Are you hurt? What is wrong." The honest concern and care in Ilyas eyes brought tears to Shanes own. Ilya leant closer to Shane, his nose pressing into the soft skin of Shanes neck as he dragged in a deep breath, trying to decipher what was wrong through Shanes scent.

Shane immediately felt awful.

Here Ilya was, caring and gentle. Always asking him if he was okay, if he was feeling fine. Giving Shane everything he wanted.

And what did he get from Shane in return? Lies. Deception.

Ilyas eyes widened as he saw the tears fill Shanes eyes.

He grabbed Shane by the waist and turned them both so Shane could rest on his stomach, their bodies still bound together by his knot.

"Hey, Hey." Both of Ilyas hands came to rest on Shanes cheeks now, gently brushing over his skin.

"What's wrong? It is something I did?" Ilya sounded distressed now as he wiped falling tears from Shanes cheeks. The Vetiver scent took on a sharp undertone, clearly showing Ilyas anxiousness.

"Talk to me, Shane." His name from Ilyas lips only caused the Omega to sob in a breath of air.

He was awful. An awful person, undeserving of Ilyas care.

"Is it because I called you Shane?" Ilya looked up at him, uncertain. "I'm sorry. I just.." Shane was already shaking his head, as Ilya was still speaking.

It had been a little because of that. But only because it made Shane realize that he had been lying to the person he loved for years. And what made it worse was that he was pretty sure Ilya loved him too.

Shane leant in and pressed his forehead against Ilyas, trying to catch his breath. He couldn't... He had to. The closeness helped, Ilyas hand gentle in his hair as he petted him trying to calm him down.

He sucked in a shuddering breath, pushing himself up to sit on Ilya. The twinge of pleasure that movement caused just made him feel worse.

"There is something I have to tell you." His voice was quiet, almost as if it didn't with to be heard. Choked. But he had to. Shane withdrew his hands from Ilya, instead curling them on

his own thighs. He had imagined this would go differently, that they would have this conversation maybe not with Ilyas knot buried in his ass. But he had to do this now, or he would never be able to forgive himself.

The Vetiver in the room turned sharper still, a clear undertone of smoke stinging in Shanes nose.

Shane finally gathered enough courage to look Ilya in the eyes. He was shocked by the pure agony that greeted him in his gaze. What was the Alpha expecting?

Ilya opened his mouth, but Shane shook his head. The tiny movement was enough for the Alpha to be quiet, to let Shane speak first. The fondness in his heart made Shane feel sick.

"Do you remember, years ago in Vegas. That night you won your first MVP?"

Ilya frowned, for a moment confused. This wasn't going where the Alpha had expected. Then he nodded.

Shane couldn't look Ilya in the eye. Instead, he let his gaze drop to the mans lips, biting at his own as he searched for his next words.

"That night... I came to your room." Ilya remained silent, giving Shane the time he needed to sort his thoughts.

"You asked me to touch myself, because you wanted to watch." The memory still brought a flush to Shanes cheeks. He saw Ilyas mouth quirk upward for a second.

"That night you fucked me from the back."

Ilya clearly still had no idea what Shane was trying to say.

"I think you were maybe a little drunk that night?" Ilya nodded because he could tell that Shane wanted an answer.

Maybe he was going about this wrong.

Shane raised his hand and peeled the opaque plaster away. Ilya couldn't see the bite from this angle but it wouldn't take a genius to understand. Ilyas fingers twitched where they were resting on the bed beside Shanes knees. Shane folded the plaster together, tossing it over the side of the bed.

"That night... You marked me."

Immediately, Shane felt like he was sitting on a wood plank.

Ilya had gone completely stiff, all his muscles contracting. It gave Shane the confirmation that yes, Ilya hadn't known. And the relief that he hadn't just ignored it.

Shane forced himself to look up and meet Ilyas gaze, eyes wide. The turmoil was clear on the Alphas face, the panic. The earthy, grounding note of Ilyas scent was completely gone, the

sharp smoke the only thing filling Shanes nose. He didn't like it. It pulled at his heart, make him twitchy. Anxious to do something to make Ilya feel better.

"I don't know why I didn't tell you." Shane was ashamed to admit.

"At first, I thought you were just ignoring it. That it meant nothing to you..."

Ilya looked like Shane had just slapped him across the face.

"And then, over the years it didn't seem important. It seemed like you couldn't tell and I..." Shane swallowed hard. He'd sworn to himself that he'd tell the truth today. "... And I didn't want to tell you anymore then. Because. I didn't want you to feel indebted or... I don't know, like you owed me something. I was..." Shane frowned, searching for the words. "I wanted to keep the bond. I wanted to stay bound to you because... I..." Shane stopped speaking his gaze returning to Ilyas face only to be met by the most gut wrenching expression.

Ilya was crying, tears falling from his cheeks silently. Quietly.

"Oh..." Shane didn't know what to do, what he could do. His hand hovered, just short of touching Ilyas cheek. Was he allowed to touch, still?

"I bit you..." Ilyas voice was thick with emotion. "I bit you against your will. I assaulted you." Ilya sounded distraught.

"No. I mean yes, but it's okay!"

Fuck, he hadn't gone about this in the right way.

"How can you.. I assaulted you, Hollander." Shane flinched as Ilya used his last name. He was drawing a line. Trying to distance himself.

"Please, Ilya." Shane was begging for the man to understand, to not push him away. The room that had smelled like heaven just half an hour ago was making Shane feel sick.

"Why didn't you... You should have... You should have told someone. The police..."

And even with the seriousness of the situation, Shane couldn't suppress a mocking snort.

"It isn't illegal to mark an Omega against their will, Ilya."

"It should be! I bit you, Shane! I didn't ask you and just **took**. I assaulted you."

"Please stop saying that."

"It is true."

"Maybe. But I assaulted you too. You were clearly too drunk to consent, since you don't remember, and I slept with you anyway."

"That is different!"

"How is that different, Ilya? Because we talked about sleeping together beforehand? Because you invited me into your room? Because you wanted to fuck? Because I couldn't tell you were so out of it?" Shane was desperate for Ilya to see, to understand, that this wasn't about him being upset over the bite. That this was not what he wanted to say. That he didn't feel assaulted or used.

Ilya nodded. "Yes! I wanted to fuck you. I wanted to. So you did not assault me."

"I wanted you to bite me too." Maybe not that night, consciously. But Shane had quickly grown fond of the bite, had realized it had been what he had wanted, needed. That, he wouldn't tell Ilya. No need to freak him out again when Shane had been very happy with that outcome. Until now, with Ilya below him looking so tormented.

The fight drained out of Ilya immediately.

"Yes, I agree it wasn't the best circumstances. That night I freaked out a little. We hadn't talked about it beforehand and I don't know if you would have wanted it then. This is also my fault. I could have broken the bond. I didn't. I kept you in a bond that you didn't consent to, for years, without telling you. You have no idea how guilty I feel about that, how sorry I am. I have no excuse. I was selfish. It wasn't right."

Ilya scoffed, as if to say that Shane had done no wrong in this whole scenario, that it was idiotic to even suggest such a thing.

Shane stared down at Ilya, his nose burning with the effort to keep himself from crying.

"Ilya, I love you."

Shane's heart was in his throat, choking him on his emotions.

"I'm sorry that I'm telling you now, like this, when you can not physically leave and I make you feel so awful but I've been... I had to get this out, selfish as it was. I'm sorry, Ilya. I've only ever loved you."

And then he sat there, waiting for Ilya to tell him to leave. Which really would be difficult, since he was still stuck on his cock. He had really fucked up with that time management. God, how fucking awkward would that be. He'd really trapped Ilya in this moment, given him no choice but to listen.

It seemed to take a moment for the Alpha to gather his thoughts, for him to come to terms with what Shane had told him. It felt like the worst minutes of Shane's life, his heart laid bare before the Alpha, showing him who he was entirely. In reality, Ilya didn't need longer than a few seconds to process, which really was quite impressive.

Shane saw the hand raising to his cheek before he felt it, and Shane sat completely still as Ilya stroked his fingers over his freckles.

"You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Shanes cheeks immediately burned with a flush, staring at Ilya with hope blooming in his chest.

He wasn't... rejecting him? Surely not when he was complimenting him like this.

"The first time I saw you, when you found me smoking back there... The first thing I thought was, He is beautiful." Shane was reminded of that day in Canada, when they both hadn't even been rookies yet.

Slowly, the burning smoke was leaving the room, the scent of freshly cut grass diluting the distress that had filled the air.

"Ya tebya lyublyu, Shane. I've loved you for a long time."

Ilya pulled Shane down, to lay across his chest as he hugged him tightly. They held onto each other in silence for a long while, letting the anxiety and stress of the moment slowly seep out of their bones and muscles. Ilya just held Shane, his head cradled against his chest, arms tight around his torso. And if a tear or two fell, neither of them mentioned it.

They didn't speak, both of them needing a moment where they could process what had just happened. They would talk about this again, later, Shane would make sure. Just so that really all the insecurities and questions would be answered. But not today.

The knot finally went down enough for Ilya to slip free and Shane bit his lip at the sensation of being empty. He had never liked this part much. Feeling empty.

Even with them now technically being able to leave the bed, neither of them could bring themselves to move just yet. Shane knew that in just some very few moments the cum sticking to his skin and dripping from his ass was going to make him so wildly uncomfortable that he would want to shower, but for now he would still enjoy this moment, this closeness.

He finally felt free, lifted from the burden that had been the secret of his mark. He hadn't realized until now just how heavily that had weighed on his mind.

Ilya traced nonsensical patterns against Shanes shoulder blades, his nose buried in Shanes hair.

"Stay."

Shane looked up, a small frown pulling his eyebrows together.

"What?"

"Stay here, tonight. With me."

"We're playing a game tomorrow."

"Yes but it is afternoon game. I know you don't have practice either in the morning."

"I told Hayden I'd be back."

The soft rumble in Ilyas chest made Shanes heart jump with joy. He was being possessive. And while it was stupid for Ilya to feel that way about Shane towards Hayden, the Omega in Shanes mind purred with satisfaction.

"Stay."

Shane raised his head and propped it up on his hands on Ilyas chest, smiling.

"Okay. I'll stay."

Shane could practically feel the satisfaction drip off of Ilya, the pleased look on his face a dead give away. The Alpha rose to press a kiss against Shanes forehead.

"But I need a shower." Shane pushed himself up and gave Ilyas chest a soft slap, crawling off the bed only to realize he had no idea where he was going.

Ilya laughed then, the sound so joyful as he scooted from the bed as well, immediately wrapping his arms around Shanes waist and pulling him in close. He pressed a kiss to his cheek.

"I will show you."

Shane followed Ilya as they headed towards the main bathroom, fitted with a jacuzzi and a huge shower. Shane beelined for it, turning and twisting at the far too many knobs. It was a rainforest shower. Dope.

Ilya stepped in behind him, showing Shane just how to turn everything on, then grabbed his bodywash and started a thick lather in his hands.

He washed down Shanes body with gentle, loving movements, taking his time in making sure that every part of Shane was clean.

And by everything, he really meant everything.

Shane bowed over Ilyas body, the sounds of his moans bouncing off the glass shower walls as Ilya sucked him off, two fingers spreading wide in Shanes hole.

He swallowed down Shanes cum, gave him a kiss and proceeded to stand up and wash Shanes hair.

Shane had never felt so cared for, so seen.

Once they'd gotten out of the shower, a towel wrapped loosely around his hips, Ilya had produced shorts and a shirt for Shane to wear.

Everything smelled like Ilya, even Shane himself. His dick hadn't managed to calm down once since he'd stepped into this house.

But Shane was a grown adult that could in fact control his urges. So he took a deep breath, the scent of cut grass surrounding him.

Shane raised an arm to sniff at his skin as he followed Ilya back into the kitchen, both of them dressed though Ilya had once again foregone the shirt. Their scents mingled well together. Shane had no idea why that made him so happy.

As he sat down on the kitchen counter, a can of icy cold Canada Dry Ginger Ale was placed before him. Shane stared at it for a moment, the fondness in his chest threatening to burst forth in the form of happy tears.

He knew that Ilya didn't drink Ginger Ale. Ilya liked Coke. Which meant he had gone out and specifically bought it for Shane. He looked up at the man, the fondness obviously also reading in his scent, because Ilya was already meeting his gaze.

"You bought this for me."

Ilya nodded, reaching across the kitchen island to brush two fingertips over Shane's cheek. Then he turned, returning his attention to the open fridge to pull ingredients neatly prepared in different containers out.

"Is it cold enough?"

Shane cracked the can open, the satisfying fizz loud in the calm of the kitchen. He took a sip.

"Yes, thank you."

Ilya had an assortment of containers before himself, and he pulled a cutting board as well as a knife from a drawer.

"Do you like Tuna Melts?"

Shane shrugged. He was technically still on a diet, the only pleasure he allowed himself being an occasional Ginger Ale. But the open, excited eyes... Shane couldn't deny Ilya. "Yes, sure."

He could break his diet for one day, surely.

It didn't make him feel as nervous as he had expected.

Ilya went to work, stacking and layering and building. It was evident he'd prepared all the ingredients beforehand, spooning a premade tuna mixture on the breads, placing cheese and pre sliced tomatoes on top.

Shane felt so very fond for the man before him, so evidently wanting him in his life, so clearly having made space and preparations in anticipation of seeing him. Shane realized that Ilya would have asked him to stay over anyway. That it had been the plan from the beginning. He hid his smile against the Ginger Ale, taking another sip.

As Shane watched Ilya cook, he brushed over the bite mark gracing his neck, continuing to smile stupidly. Stupidly in love.

They cuddled up on the sofa, plates empty before them as they watched a game.

Ilyas family had called and they'd talked about his father for a little bit. While Ilya had revealed a little, Shane had been able to tell that the man didn't want to talk about it for long. The day had already been emotionally draining, he could understand.

Shane was resting on Ilyas chest, both more laying down rather than sitting on the large couch.

Ilyas hand was in his hair, stroking through the soft strands, finally dried after their shower.

Shane could feel his hand slowly slip lower, brushing down along the back of Shanes head until Ilyas fingers came to rest against the mark.

"Did it hurt?"

Ilyas tone was soft, as if he were scared the answer would be yes.

"No, not really." Shane slipped lower on Ilyas torso, his head coming to rest on Ilyas stomach, giving the Alpha a better view of the mark. "It stung a bit, at first. And then it was this weird pulsing sensation. But by the next morning it had healed over completely, and it has looked the same ever since."

Ilya traced it carefully, staying silent for a long time. Shane couldn't pick up any changes in Ilyas scent, trusting that he wasn't freaking out about this. It was kind of surreal, though. To have him know. To have Ilya touch the mark he'd given Shane years ago. And be okay with it. And Ilya loved him, no less.

"What did it feel like, to you?" Shane asked, his hand resting on Ilyas thigh.

"What do you mean?"

"What did the bond feel like to you? To me... It felt like a constant tug towards you, like someone had tied a string around my heart and it tried to pull me towards you every second of the day. It made me miss you, all the time. Was it painful like that for you too?" The pain hadn't been a physical one, but rather a slow grate against Shanes heart, chipping away.

"Yes. But... Not anymore." Ilyas hand had come to rest on Shanes neck, completely engulfing it, his hands curled loosely around Shanes trachea, fingertips brushing against the pulse point on the other side. His thumb was stroking over the mark, lazy circles going around and around.

"It made me angry, I can now understand."

"What do you mean?"

"I did not know why, but every time someone checked you in a game we played. Or when your team mates hug you." The thumb kept circling. "I would be so angry. I wanted to fight my team mates, fight them all when they touched you. I thought it was just because I fell in love with you. Maybe it was also a little the bond."

Shanes stomach jumped at the confession. Who knew that he'd find Ilya being protective and jealous such a turn on?

"Also, I can always tell where you are. I always know. It is useful on ice. Makes it easy to steal the puck."

Shane smacked Ilyas thigh, his lips stretched into a grin.

"But you are slow player, so is easy anyway."

"Hey!"

Ilya chuckled softly, squeezing Shanes throat lightly, once, before he resumed his gentle caresses.

"We'll see about that when I wipe the floor with you tomorrow, Rozanov."

"In your dreams, Hollander."

End Notes

This AU robs us of the cottage confession and I gotta say... Don't like that. Also some of the hospital, mainly the maybe but we could still technically get high Shane so thats ok. >:(

If you somehow still enjoyed this please let me know and check out my other AUS!!!!
They're all lumped together in this series thingie.

I'm also on twitter

[@TaekWonmyHeart](#)

in case you want to scream at me :D

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