

you felt like home (now i'm homesick).

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by [r8diohead](#)

Summary

After years of hiding his dynamic, all Shane wants is to spend a normal heat with his boyfriend, Ilya Rozanov. This proves to be difficult when nobody knows he's secretly mated to his archrival.

Notes

I have returned from my 5-year hiatus in honor of this series, which has taken over my every waking thought. Even after writing this, there are still so many aspects of Shane and Ilya's dynamic that I want to explore in future works. Please let me know if you enjoyed this. Feedback is always appreciated <3 !!

Ilya's fingers tighten around the steering wheel of Shane's Jeep so hard he feels the leather creak. Shane had insisted they take his car; any of Ilya's sports cars would have been too conspicuous. Although a few close friends and family members were aware of their relationship, they were nowhere near revealing it to the world. So, they had to be a little sneaky. Not that being discreet was difficult after so many years of secrecy. Luckily, it was the off-season, so the couple wouldn't have to explain why they had both taken a week off. Nobody had to know that Shane Hollander was spending his heat with his archrival, Ilya Rozanov. Despite the somewhat better stakes, Shane had never seen Ilya this anxious before. He put a hand on Ilya's thigh, slowly tracing back and forth with his thumb. Ilya's shoulders went lax, and he let out a long breath.

"Sorry," Ilya says. "I don't mean to make you nervous."

It wasn't like Ilya to lose his cool. Even when Shane slid into a panic and felt like his world was ending, Ilya was like a rock in a storm—calm and steadfast. But now, Ilya was quiet and fidgety.

"I don't think I'm the nervous one here," Shane says. "What's got you so worked up?"

Ilya shakes his head. "Nothing."

Shane raises an eyebrow at him. Ilya sighs. "Is different now. I am not just a convenient heat partner. I am your boyfriend. This is a very serious step."

Shane couldn't stop his smile. "You think I let you help me during my heats in the past because you were convenient?"

"Oh, so I was the only one who would do the trick? So honest, Shane." Ilya says, smirking.

"Fuck off. We both know there was more to it than that."

Ilya smiles before he turns his gaze away from Shane. The leather on the wheel groans under his grip once again.

"You are right. But it is my job to take care of you. I don't want to fuck it up."

"Hey," Shane says, pulling one of Ilya's hands into his own. "You're not gonna fuck anything up. I know you, Ilya. You're a good Alpha."

Ilya interlaces his fingers with Shane's, giving his boyfriend's hand a firm squeeze. He had helped Shane during his heats before. When Shane's heat hit unexpectedly in Las Vegas all those years ago, Ilya had been the one to carry him out of the bathroom and see that he was safe, sated, and comfortable.

But it was different now. This wasn't a spur-of-the-moment, heat-drunk decision as they made before. Shane and Ilya were together now—"Lovers," as Ilya put it, much to Shane's chagrin. Whatever they were, Ilya was more than just a heat fuck to Shane. He was his partner.

Their hands stayed intertwined until the familiar scene of birch trees and blue water came into view. Shane always spent his heats at the cottage. For one, it was secluded, so there was hardly a risk of anyone bothering him. But mostly, it was where Shane felt the happiest. He loved the little cabin, but he had grown even more attached to it after it became a home for the love of his life. It was familiar. Comforting.

He had texted his parents that they couldn't come to the cottage within the next week under any circumstances. Shane would not have a repeat of the events that led to Ilya meeting his family. Everything had worked itself out, but Shane would rather die than have his parents see him with Ilya in the midst of a heat. The thought makes something cold pool in his stomach.

Shane forces himself to take a breath. His parents had been completely understanding, even offering their well-wishes to the couple. A little gross, but sweet nonetheless. They would be fine here. No interruptions, no distractions, until Shane's heat was over.

Ilya shifts the car into park and begins grabbing all of their bags out of the trunk.

"I can carry my own bag, you know," Shane huffs.

"Do not trouble yourself. I will do it." Ilya insists. He hauls the luggage to the front doorstep before Shane can argue any further.

Once inside, Shane settles on the couch. He hears the refrigerator doors open and close before Ilya comes to sit beside him, ginger ale in hand.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asks, pressing the back of his hand to Shane's forehead.

Shane takes a small sip from the can. "Okay. Just a couple of cramps here and there."

Ilya's expression looks horrified. "How bad? You are not in pain?" he asks. "You must tell me if you are in pain--"

"Hey. I can handle a couple of bad cramps." Shane says, grabbing his hand. "I'm used to this sort of thing...but I'm glad I don't have to do it alone anymore."

Ilya rubs his thumb over the back of Shane's hand. Being one of the few Omegas in the NHL, Shane was forced to keep his dynamic under wraps for years. Shane wouldn't even allow himself to have partners, not before Ilya came along.

"You are in pre-heat," Ilya says, as if it wasn't obvious. "I want to make sure you are comfortable."

"I am comfortable. I feel fine," Shane says. "It probably won't hit until tomorrow anyway."

"You want to nest, yes? I will build it. Stay here and drink." Ilya says. He pushes the ginger ale closer to Shane and hurries off.

"Ilya!"

Shane sighs and follows him into their bedroom. Ilya has already dumped the contents of one of his duffel bags onto the bed.

“You...brought a whole bag of clothes just for my nest?” Shane asks, gawking at the sizable pile.

Ilya pauses before nodding. “Wanted to give you variety. I already know you steal my clothes for your nests.”

Shane feels his face heat up. “I do not steal them. I borrow them,” he corrects. “And I never take this many!”

Ilya turns to him and raises his eyebrows. “I found my Adidas jacket in your closet,” he says.

Shane shrugs. “So? You leave your things at my place all the time.”

“I haven’t seen that jacket in 5 years.”

Shane opens his mouth before he shuts it again. He can’t quite think of an explanation for that. Ilya seems to notice his embarrassment.

“You could have just asked me. Clearly, you were so infatuated with me that you needed my scent to-“ Ilya is cut off by Shane tackling him down on the bed. Ilya quickly turns them so Shane falls on his back.

“You are such an asshole,” Shane says without any heat. He squirms under Ilya’s grip.

“Ah, maybe. But you love it.” Ilya smirks.

A scoff, and then Shane pulls Ilya down into a desperate kiss. His nose aches slightly from the intensity of their sudden collision, but Shane can’t bring himself to care. Ilya is quick to match his place, slipping his tongue effortlessly into his mouth.

Fuck. Shane was already slicking from a single kiss. He hated how quickly his body melted under Ilya’s touch. Even when he wasn’t on the cusp of heat, Ilya had a talent for working him up. As if reading his mind, Ilya sucks on Shane’s tongue. An unabashed moan tears from Shane’s lips. Ilya hums before pulling away. His lips find Shane’s body once more, this time on his neck.

“*God*, you smell...” Ilya trails off, his nose grazing Shane’s throat.

Shane’s breath stutters as Ilya presses an open-mouth kiss to his scent gland. “Like what?”

“Like you need me,” Ilya growls out.

Shane’s fingers find the curls at the base of Ilya’s scalp, spreading out before taking root in the blonde strands. “I do need you. I always need you.”

So. Fucking. Honest. Ilya couldn’t resist pressing his lips to Shane’s once again. He wanted to cover the entirety of Shane’s body with his marks. His scent. Make sure everyone knew he

belonged to Ilya—that he had the most beautiful, talented, perfect mate.

But he couldn't. Not to the extent Ilya wanted to, anyway. Sure, he could scent Shane and leave little love bites on his thighs or chest. Scents could be washed away, and marks faded with time. But the neck was off limits. A mating bite was off limits. In Ilya's heart, Shane was his mate, and he knew that Shane saw him the same way. They just...couldn't let it show. Not yet. And that killed him.

Shane gives Ilya one last kiss, noticing the subtle change in the other man's scent.

"Hey," Shane's hand cups Ilya's jaw. "What's wrong?"

Ilya's eyes flicker to Shane's, which had gone slightly hazy. Shane's heat was approaching quickly. They didn't have much time left until it would hit him full swing.

"Nothing, moya lyubov. Just thinking." Ilya says, tucking a strand of hair out of Shane's eyes.

"About what?"

"Nothing important," Ilya lies. "Mostly about how this isn't a proper nest. Is clear that you need my help."

Shane blinks at Ilya before pushing him off. "You're the one who distracted me."

"I'm sorry," Ilya says, although he doesn't feel remorseful in the slightest. "Let me help you."

Shane shakes his head. "I got this. You don't put the pillows in the right spot."

"Fine then. I will make myself useful elsewhere." Ilya moves to stand, but Shane reaches out to grab his hand. Ilya turns to him, only to find Shane looking surprised himself.

"Sorry. I don't- I just don't want you to go." Shane admits. Most omegas don't like being separated from their partners during heat. Shane was no exception.

Ilya smiles and places a kiss on Shane's palm. "I'll be right back, sweetheart. You need to eat."

Shane is slow to nod. "Be quick?"

"Promise." Ilya gives his boyfriend's knuckles a peck before he makes his way to the kitchen.

—

The two of them eat and settle in for the night. Typically, Shane reads before bed, but he can't seem to focus. Cramps begin to twist low in his stomach, and his skin feels itchy. God, he hates this. Just because he stopped suppressing his heats didn't mean he enjoyed them. Well, he did enjoy them when he was with Ilya. Maybe he didn't *dread* them anymore, but Shane certainly hated this part.

Picking up on Shane's distress, Ilya guides him down against his chest. "Shhh," Ilya hums. "I got you."

Shane whines and closes his eyes. "It hurts."

Ilya buries his hand in Shane's hair, his fingers rubbing at his scalp. "Can I get you anything?"

Shane shakes his head against Ilya's chest. He takes a deep breath in, immediately soothed by the familiar smell of wood smoke and cloves. This—being here with his mate—was all he needed. "Keep doing that...and don't go anywhere," Shane whispers.

Ilya presses a long kiss on Shane's hair. "I won't leave you. Not ever."

—

Shane wakes up hours later. Moonlight spills into the room, encompassing the pair in a cool light. Yet, Shane is hot. No, he's *sweltering*. His skin rubs against the silk covers of the bed, causing him to let out a pitiful whine. Ilya is still sleeping, mouth open and snoring. The sight both annoys and delights Shane.

Shane settles on top of Ilya, brushing himself against the stubble on his jaw. He absently noses at Ilya's scent gland. Ilya's scent blooms in response. Smoke and spice, Shane thinks, just like home. "Ilya," he drawls.

Ilya's nostrils flare before his eyes flicker open. The room is heavy with the scent of Shane's arousal. Ilya's hands trail down his back, cool against Shane's burning skin. "Shane."

"Mm, sorry," Shane says, his face still buried in the crook of Ilya's neck. He feels a little bad for waking Ilya up, but the pure need he feels is too much.

Ilya shushes him. His fingers trace over Shane's spine. "You have nothing to be sorry for, sweetheart."

Shane whines, unable to resist rutting against Ilya's thigh. Ilya is right, this is his natural state. It shouldn't matter. All he has to focus on is stopping the ache inside him—getting *Ilya* to stop the ache.

Ilya sucks in a breath, letting out what Shane believes to be a low "fuck" in Russian.

"Please," Shane murmurs. "I need you. Need you in me."

"Poor thing," Ilya tells him. His hands slide down over the fabric of Shane's boxers. "Jesus, you are already so wet."

Shane proceeds to grind his cock once more against Ilya, letting out a desperate whine against his ear. Ilya's teeth grind against each other as he suppresses a growl. He finds the waistband of Shane's underwear and pulls, exposing him in the moonlight.

“So beautiful,” Ilya says. Shane’s body glistens with sweat and slick. He is positively stunning. Ilya moves his hand to settle over Shane’s cunt, his fingers slightly curling into the wetness. “Think you could cum from just my fingers in you?”

Shane lets out a breathy moan. He raises his hips slightly, allowing Ilya better access to his opening. He nods, his cheek rubbing against the skin on Ilya’s chest.

“Of course you could,” Ilya agrees. His other hand wraps around Shane’s neck, working at the base of his scalp. It’s almost a scruff, a gesture of dominance and pride. “Look at you. Such a needy thing. You’re practically sick with it.”

Shane can feel the sweat trickling down his temple. He shakes his head, pushing himself back against Ilya’s fingers. The digits slide into him with ease. Fuck. Maybe Shane could cum like this. “Shut up,” he says, barely managing to get the words out.

Ilya laughs—a soft rumble in his chest—and presses the entire length of his two fingers into Shane. A shameless moan echoes in the dark room, and Ilya becomes aware of how painfully hard he is. He loves it when Shane is vocal in bed, especially after years of only quick, quiet fucks. Now, Ilya wants to go slow; savor his boyfriend for the entirety of his heat. He curls his fingers again, and Shane arches like a cat. The omega rocks his hips back, harder now, fucking himself on Ilya’s hand. It’s lewd—so unabashed and eager. It’s so unlike Shane. But Ilya knows better. When Shane is in heat, he just *takes*. He’s so willing and shameless. Ilya doesn’t think he will ever get enough of it.

Ilya’s fingers push and nudge and curl and...fuck, Shane is coming. He throws his head back and paints Ilya’s stomach with his cum. More slick floods out from inside him, coating Ilya’s hand. Shane’s cheeks are still warm, a combination of the fever and his own embarrassment. He’s almost afraid to open his eyes, but he does when he feels Ilya’s thumb trace circles on his thigh. When he finally looks down at Ilya, the Alpha is smiling, his canine peaking out from under his lip.

“Feeling a bit better?” Ilya teases.

Shane slumps down on top of Ilya’s chest. “Shut up,” he says. It’s true, though. He does feel relieved, but he knows it won’t last.

Ilya pulls his fingers out from inside Shane, causing the latter to let out a pitiful whine at the sudden emptiness. Ilya shushes him, cupping Shane’s nape. Then, Ilya brings his slick-covered fingers to his lips. Shane gazes up in horror before he catches Ilya’s wrist.

“Don’t!” Shane snaps.

Ilya smiles. Shane clearly amuses him. “Why not?”

Shane isn’t sure how to answer that. *Why would you?* he wants to ask. He doesn’t. “Because it’s dirty,” he supplies.

Ilya’s eyes are flaring, and then he sucks the glistening fingers into his mouth. Shane watches him lap the wetness off his fingers. He barely suppresses a whine.

“You taste fucking divine, Shane,” Ilya says when he’s finished. “So sweet. Like maple syrup.”

Shane is pressing his lips to Ilya’s before he can say another word. He slips his tongue in. Shane can taste himself in Ilya’s mouth. Groaning into the kiss, Ilya’s fingernails dig into the fat at Shane’s waist. He’ll leave a bruise, Shane thinks. The thought of waking up with those gorgeous purple marks causes Shane to let out a dreamy sigh. He sways his hips, and his already-leaking dick grinds against Ilya’s erection. The ache in Shane’s belly claws at him again. He needs Ilya inside him, filling him up, *claiming* him.

“Please,” Shane begs. “Please, Alpha.”

“Tell me what you want.”

“You,” Shane says. “I need you.”

It’s close, but not quite what Ilya wants to hear. That’s alright—he can pull the words out of him.

“What do you need from me?” Ilya prompts. “Hm?”

Shane mewls and attempts to seat himself on Ilya’s cock. His eyes are droopy and unfocused. The sight of Shane so heat-drunk makes Ilya chuckle. He scruffs Shane gently, guiding him off. Shane protests with a pitiful whimper.

“Ah-ah,” Ilya chides. “Good boys ask before they take.” He tilts his head, attempting to meet Shane’s eyes. “Try again.”

Shane lets out a frustrated whine. He climbs off Ilya’s lap and settles with his chest pressed against the mattress. Back bowed, Shane lifts his ass into the air, presenting himself for the taking. It’s an instinctual, almost primal. When he looks up to meet Ilya’s eyes, the Alpha’s pupils are blown wide.

“You are such a brat,” Ilya says. He rolls over on top of Shane, pressing kisses down his back as he settles behind him. “I won’t fuck you until you tell me what you need.”

Shane groans and hides his face in the pillows. “You know what I need!”

“Yes, but I want you to say it.” Ilya nips playfully at his ass.

Shane can feel Ilya’s warm breath against his hole. He breaks. “I need your cock. Your knot. Please, Ilya, it hurts so bad inside. You need to make it—” Shane’s words are interrupted by the moan that rips from his throat as Ilya presses an open-mouthed kiss to his cunt.

“I wish you could see yourself,” Ilya muses. A sense of pride roars in his chest. Ilya will be the only Alpha that ever gets to see Shane like this—soft and pliant, mewling in his bed. He presses his thumb against Shane’s rim. “Shane Hollander, ass up and dripping, begging for my cock to split him open.”

After a moment, Ilya pulls away. His hand settles on the globe of Shane's ass, kneading the round muscle. He reaches for the nightstand and tries to grab a condom. Shane catches his hand.

"I wanna feel you," Shane says. "All of you. Inside."

Ilya swallows. "Are you sure?"

It's risky—even more so now that Shane is in the height of his heat. Ilya knows Shane takes his pills when he's supposed to. But they haven't talked about *that*. Not seriously, at least. Ilya knows this isn't an invitation to start trying, but it's a step towards... something. He's not quite sure what.

Shane nods. "I want this. I want you."

Ilya leans down, takes Shane's chin in his fingers, and kisses him. He slips his tongue in and revels in the taste. When Ilya pulls away, he nuzzles against Shane's damp hairline.

"Okay."

Ilya sits back and guides himself to Shane's hole. There's no friction; Ilya just slips in, fully sheathing himself inside his mate. His Omega is warm and tight and perfect. He feels like a dream.

Ilya pulls out, fucks in once, and Shane is already coming.

"Fuck!"

"Shhh. Is okay. I know you have another one in you." Ilya is rocking into him still. All Shane can do is nod.

Ilya drives into Shane; this time, his pace is slow and meticulous. With one hand on Shane's hips, Ilya glides the other up his back, pushing him further down. Shane's arch deepens, and so does Ilya inside of him. Shane buries his face in the pillows that make up the nest.

"No. Let me hear you," Ilya pants. He drives harder into Shane for good measure. "Let everyone hear how well the captain of the Metros takes his rival's cock."

Shane bites his lip, but it's not enough to keep him quiet. Ilya is fucking him so perfectly, taking such good care of him, that Shane just can't resist. He turns his head, allowing his whimpers and breathless pants to be heard.

"There's my good boy," Ilya preens. "Sweet, beautiful boy. You just want to be good, huh?"

Shane feels himself nod, and he pushes his hips back to meet Ilya's thrusts. He wants to take every bit of Ilya he can: hard, deep, and fast.

"You take me so well, Shane. Like you were made for it." Ilya's other hand finds Shane's leaking cock, and he begins to pump it in time with his thrusts.

“Ma-made for you. Only for you. God—” The head of Ilya’s cock hits his G spot, and Shane sees stars. He cries out once more, tears beginning to stream down his flushed cheeks. His cunt dribbles onto the sheets as Ilya fucks him. The whole thing is filthy. The sound of wet skin colliding is borderline obscene, and the room smells like sex, but Shane can’t get enough. He loves this—being taken like a bitch, having Ilya pound him into the mattress. He wants all of this, and so much more. “Breed me, Ilya. Please, breed me. I—nngh, need it so bad it hurts.”

Ilya’s breath catches before a rumble erupts from his chest. It’s just the heat talking, right? “Is that what you want? For me to knock you up, Hollander?”

“God, yes. Pl— please, I want your pups—” Shane stops himself to let out a high-pitched whine. “Fuck, please. Please, Ilya. I can take it. Fill me up. I’ll be good, I promise I— I’ll be good for you.”

Shane is blubbing, fucked-out, and feverish. Ilya continues to piston his hips forward, relishing the feeling of Shane’s cunt against his dick. The sight of him, messy and begging, has Ilya’s knot swelling, pushing against the Omega’s swollen opening.

“I’d keep you in this bed, all the time, just like this.” Ilya’s hand moves from Shane’s cock to his belly, right above his navel. He strokes the skin lovingly, lost in a fantasy. “Fuck you full, never empty—” Ilya groans, letting the image of Shane, lovely and swollen with *his* pup, play in his mind. “Everyone will know what I did to you, whose baby you’re carrying in your belly...”

Ilya’s knot swells, and Shane’s pussy clenches around him in response, nearing the precipice of his own orgasm.

“Nngh—Yours! My Alpha, my mate. Yours, Ilya. Always yours,” Shane sobs.

Ilya’s fingers pierce into the skin at Shane’s hips. “Fuck, Shane.”

“Inside. Come inside—”

Ilya does. With one final thrust of his hips, his knot locks into Shane, filling him to the brim. Shane practically screams with his release. His cum spurts onto the soaked bedding, and he doesn’t stop for what feels like half a minute. Ilya shakes and pants for a moment before he begins placing kisses along his mate’s back. He carefully turns them both over, keeping Shane tucked into his chest. Nosing at the nap of his neck, Ilya presses an open-mouth kiss it, letting his teeth scrape along the skin. He feels the omega shiver beneath him.

“You’d look so pretty with my bite here,” Ilya whispers. It’s silent for a second.

“I want your mark on me. More than anything,” Shane agrees. “Somewhere I can’t hide it, so everyone can see.”

Ilya buries his face in Shane’s hair and inhales. He smells like fresh linen, with something soft and rich buried underneath. Ilya wants to drink it.

“I’m sorry,” Ilya sighs. He doesn’t understand why he’s apologizing—nothing about their situation is his fault. But still, it hurts him, not being able to give his mate what he so desperately craves.

Shane’s heart sinks, and he turns to face Ilya. The knot tugs at his hole, making them both squirm. “You’re my mate. I love you. I don’t need a bite to know that.”

“I know. But I wish everyone knew how much I love you,” Ilya admits.

Shane smiles, and he can’t help but grin back. Ilya loves this man. This beautiful, gentle, caring man. He wants to scream it from the rooftops, or maybe kiss Shane after he wins the Stanley cup just like Scott Hunter did. Shane would undoubtedly be pissed at him, especially after such a humiliating defeat, but the thought makes Ilya giddy. He feels Shane’s hand settle on his cheek.

“I’m in this for the long run. I want this. I want *you*,” Shane says. It’s as if he and Ilya are the easiest thing in the world. “One day, we will get that.”

Ilya stares at Shane’s bitten lips. “One day, I will give you everything you want, Shane Hollander.”

Shane laughs. “Is that a promise?”

Ilya nips at Shane’s nose before tilting his chin up to kiss him. “Yes. Is a promise.”

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