(Wish I Was) Beside You

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(Wish I Was) Beside You

by smutdotbegone

Summary

She sleeps alone / My heart wants to come home / I wish I was / I wish I was / Beside you

or

His omega howled sadly in his chest at the thought of his mate being so far from him– never mind that they weren't officially mated, they had been dancing around each other for the better part of 10 years and both Shane and his omega had grown clingy. And could you blame him? He had just spent another wonderful summer break with Ilya in the cottage, sleeping and fucking in their nest, spending every possible moment together. Of course Shane– and by extension, his omega– grew attached. He was finally allowed to grow attached to Ilya– finally allowed to think of his alpha as his after so long denying that.

Suffice it to say that Shane was missing Ilya. Terribly.

Notes

Howdy howdy!

More omegaverse timeeee!! This was the fic i intended to write yesterday and then wrote a completely different fic. Such is the way the world works, I suppose. What *is* funny though is that I've written these past 2 fics while listening to hockey games and both times my team won so i think the true secret to winning at hockey is to write gay fics during the game.

Dedicated to HyperFocusedCloneShipper once again because this was the fic I originally told them I was going to write and then. I wrote something else.

Title and summary snippet from *Beside You* by 5 Seconds of Summer. Yes, another 5sos song I'd apologize but I'm not sorry

See the end of the work for more notes

Being in Montreal while his alpha was in Ottawa was worse than Shane had originally imagined. It was so easy to live apart before they admitted they loved each other– back then, Shane could simply lie to himself and say that Ilya didn't mean anything to him so there was nothing to miss. And sure, that never *fully* worked, but it *definitely* didn't work now that he and Ilya were officially partners. His omega howled sadly in his chest at the thought of his mate being so far from him– never mind that they weren't officially mated, they had been dancing around each other for the better part of 10 years and both Shane and his omega had grown clingy. And could you blame him? He had just spent another wonderful summer break with Ilya in the cottage, sleeping and fucking in their nest, spending every possible moment together. Of *course* Shane– and by extension, his omega– grew attached. He was finally *allowed* to grow attached to Ilya– finally allowed to think of his alpha as *his* after so long denying that.

Suffice it to say that Shane was missing Ilya. Terribly.

Unlike at the cottage, Shane only had one item scented by his alpha in his Montreal home: one of Ilya's old Bears jerseys. It was easy for Ilya to give it up since he had signed with Montreal and didn't have to explain where his extra jerseys could've gone between days. Shane kept it tucked beneath his pillow during the day– holding it to his chest every night and reveling in the lingering scent of his alpha. Usually this was enough– well. Not *enough*, because there was no such thing as enough when it came to Ilya, but it typically settled Shane's omega enough. Not today, though. Today, Shane's omega was pacing restlessly in his chest, screaming for his alpha who was two hours too far away.

"You okay, Shane?" Hayden asked, shaking Shane out of his stupor. He hadn't even realized he had made it to the rink; somewhere deep in his mind, this concerned him. "You look a little… Bad."

"I'm fine," Shane said automatically, ignoring the way his omega was howling in his chest. "Just tired is all."

Hayden looked Shane up and down, clearly not convinced. "You're allowed to miss a practice every now and then, cap. We'll hold down the fort just fine."

Logically, Shane knew this was true. His team was very capable– it's why they had won three Stanley Cups, after all. There was no doubt in his mind that his team would be fine for one practice without him there. At the same time, he didn't want to give his coach any reason to doubt him or his commitment to the team; even if Shane had been successful as an omega hockey player, he was still an omega and Coach Theriault had made it clear what his thoughts were on that. It didn't matter than Shane had captained the team to three cups– Theriault had made it clear that if him being an omega got in the way of Shane's playing, he'd have no problem finding a replacement for Shane.

And this was definitely a problem caused by being an omega.

"You know coach would have my ass if I left," Shane said softly, trying desperately to keep his voice from quivering. Hayden's expression softened; he clearly picked up on what Shane

was hoping to hide. “I’ll be fine, Hayd. I just need to get on the ice– everything is better on the ice.”

Usually this was true– but not today. No, today Shane’s omega was overly aware of the lack of Ilya on the ice; the ice was *their* place, and Shane was there alone, his alpha was so far away and–

“Hollander!” Theriault snapped. “Get your head out of your ass and focus!”

Shane felt his cheeks flushing, all eyes on him as he started to break down. His omega was howling in pain, screaming for his alpha and it was starting to make his head split. He could see Theriault yelling something else at him, but no words were entering his mind; everything felt like it was far away, like he was deep under water and everyone else was back on the land. Tears threatening to fall, but Shane couldn’t quite let them out, still aware enough to know that crying in front of the team would basically be a death sentence for him and his omega.

“Come on, Shane.” Hayden appeared in front of him, pulling Shane back from the depths of the ocean his head was swimming in. “Let’s get you off the ice.”

He let Hayden drag him back to the locker room, vaguely hearing JJ explaining that Shane had been sick but was trying to push through for the team. Theriault must’ve believed JJ since he didn’t follow after Shane and Hayden, instead shouting at the team to get back to their drills. “‘M fine, Hayd.”

“Bullshit,” Hayden said, not meanly but it still made Shane’s omega recoil. “You’re pale as ice and only seemed to hear every other thing coach yelled at you. What’s going on, bud?”

“Alpha’s gone,” Shane mumbled. He felt Hayden stiffening beside him.

“You have an alpha?” Hayden’s words were careful, gentle– not judging, but clearly concerned. All Shane could manage to do was nod, head too fuzzy and omega too stressed to do anything else. “Do you want me to call her, Shane?”

Shane shook his head. “He’s busy.” Because he *was*; Ilya had a game tonight, he didn’t need to deal with Shane and his little break down. Shane would be fine– he always was. “Just need to go home, I think,” he finally admitted.

“I don’t think you should be alone right now, Shane.” Hayden sounded more concerned than anything else. “Is… Is it Lily? Is that what she– why *he* is so far away? He’s back in Boston?”

“Ottawa,” Shane managed to say. “He’s in Ottawa. I miss him.”

Hayden looked conflicted, clearly not sure how to help Shane; Shane also wasn’t sure how Hayden could help. All he wanted was Ilya, but Ilya was too far away. “I’m gonna take you home, Shane. And once we’re there, we can talk about you calling Lily, okay?”

Shane nodded, allowed Hayden to help him out of his uniform and back into his regular clothes. “You’re a good brother, Hayd,” Shane murmured as Hayden guided Shane out to his car. “Lucky to have you.”

“That’s what friends are for,” Hayden said– his voice choked in a way that Shane only heard when he was talking about Jackie or their kids. “Let’s get you home, okay?”

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Practice was going even better than usual for Ilya and the Centaurs. Their scrimmage was *fun*– in a way that practice games with Boston had never been. The team was starting to come into their own, getting a better feel for each other and building genuine connections that helped them on their lines. Ilya felt so good coming off of the ice– lost in the camaraderie of having a team of people he *liked*– that he almost missed his phone ringing.

Almost.

It was surprising to see Shane’s name flashing across his caller ID– Shane usually didn’t call when he knew Ilya had a game, choosing to text encouragements instead out of fear of distracting Ilya. Still, Ilya always loved to talk to his boyfriend and given the high he was on from practice, he could take a little moment to be distracted. He stepped away from the others, pointing to his phone in a way that said ‘this is private’– something his teammates were always very good at respecting. What they lacked in championship wins, the Centaurs made up for in genuinely good people.

“Hello, *moya lyubov*, did you miss me already?” Ilya couldn’t help but tease, ready to receive Shane’s not-really-angry ‘fuck you’ in reply. Instead of that, Ilya heard a small gasp on the other side of the phone. “Shane? Is everything okay?”

“Not Shane,” the annoying voice of Hayden Pike replied. “I… So you’re ‘Lily’, huh?”

Ilya’s blood ran cold; Pike calling on Shane’s phone could only mean something bad had happened. “What is wrong with my omega, Pike?” Ilya asked as calmly as he could. He knew Shane wouldn’t want him to be mean to Pike, and that was the only thing stopping him.

“I, um. I’m not sure,” Pike answered. Ilya could feel the growl starting to rise in his throat, ready to rip Pike to shreds for his stupidity. “He’s really out of it,” Pike said quickly, clearly trying to assuage Ilya’s anger. “Spacey and pale, had to take him home from practice because he couldn’t focus. It’s like he’s sick, but he’s not. When I asked him what was wrong, he said his alpha was gone and, well. That’s you, Lily.”

The anger in his chest subsided, concern starting to grow in its place. “Can you put him on the phone? Please.” Ilya heard some shuffling on the other side, the faint sound of Pike talking to Shane before all he was hearing was a whimper. “Shane? Is that you *moya lyubov*?”

“It’s me, alpha.” Shane’s voice was small, almost pained. It sounded similar to how he sounded when he was dropping– could Shane be dropping? It had been two weeks since they

last saw each other, could a drop take place so far removed from them being together? “I don’t feel so good.”

Ilya started to pace, feeling his alpha doing the same thing deep in his chest. “Can you tell me what’s wrong, omega?”

“Feel fuzzy. Sad. I miss you.”

“I miss you too, *solnyshko*. We see each other next week, yes?”

Shane whimpered again. “Feels too far.”

It felt like Ilya’s heart was cracking in his chest. He wanted nothing more than to *run* to Shane right now– all the way from Ottawa to Montreal, he didn’t care, he’d do it. But he couldn’t– not with a game that night. Shane would never forgive himself if he made Ilya miss a game, he knew that; Ilya wasn’t sure he could forgive himself if he abandoned his team, even if it *was* for his omega. “I wish I was there with you right now,” Ilya said softly, trying his best to calm both himself and his omega. “Wish we were in our nest– do you have your nest set up in Montreal again, *solnyshko*?”

“Smells wrong,” Shane whined. “Doesn’t smell like *us*.”

When they were leaving the cottage at the end of the summer, Ilya had offered to give Shane a few more of his shirts. Shane had been nervous about this– worried that somehow his team would find his nest and find them out. It was frustratingly understandable– like so many things with Shane– so Ilya dropped it. Now he was wishing he had pushed the issue. “Oh, *moya lyubov*, you need my scent, don’t you?” He could hear another whimper from Shane, breaking down the careful part of Ilya telling him he needed to stay for the game. “Can you give the phone back to Pike, *solnyshko*? I need to ask a favor.”

More shuffling on the other side of the phone, followed by Pike’s hesitant voice. “Everything okay, Rozanov?”

“You do have no game tonight, yes?” Ilya asked, already starting to take off the bits of his uniform that he could while still being on the phone. When Pike made a noise in the affirmative, Ilya continued. “Can you stay with him for next… Two and a half hours?”

He expected some level of teasing from Pike, expected him to make Ilya grovel, but instead he heard a surprisingly understanding, “Of course, Rozanov. I’ll take care of him.”

“Thank you, Pike,” Ilya felt his throat growing tight at the thought of his omega having such a good friend in the (annoying) beta. “You are not so bad.”

“Gee thanks,” Pike said sarcastically. He was quiet for a minute before continuing. “You’re not so bad either, Rozanov.”

They hung up after that, Ilya finishing his scramble to remove his uniform before going to find Coach Wiebe. “I cannot play,” Ilya blurted out as soon as he found the coach. Wiebe looked surprised, but didn’t say anything, clearly expecting more from Ilya. “My omega–”

“Ah,” Wiebe said, sounding so understanding, so different from any other coach Ilya had ever had. “No worries, Rozanov. We’ll survive without you for one game– we did it for seasons before this, after all.”

“*Thank you*.” Ilya could’ve cried from the kindness of his coach– so different from most people in the hockey world. “I will practice twice as hard and play twice as good next time, I promise.”

Wiebe waved him off. “You don’t have to thank me, Ilya. I know what it’s like to worry about someone you love. Just make sure they’re alright, okay?”

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Shane wasn’t quite sure when he fell asleep. He remembered Hayden getting him home, he remembered being on the phone with someone, and he remembered Hayden gently pushing him into his nest. Ilya’s jersey was wrapped in his arms like it always was when he slept, but the scent of his alpha was far more potent than it had been before. Shooting upright in his nest, Shane saw Ilya sitting at the edge of the bed; he looked like he had been crying. “Ilya?”

That was all it took for the alpha to throw himself into the nest and wrap his arms around Shane. “I’m here, *dorogoy*. I’m here.”

The tears that Shane managed to keep back while at the rink finally started to fall. He buried his face in Ilya’s neck, breathing in the scent of his alpha and letting it soothe his omega; for the first time in days, his omega wasn’t howling or pacing, it was as calm and steady as his alpha’s heartbeat. Shane let Ilya hold him for what could’ve been seconds or days– time no longer mattered, not with his alpha wrapped so warmly around him– before words finally came back to him. “What are you doing here?”

“You were unwell,” Ilya said, as if that was more than enough reason to drop everything and come to Montreal. “You called, I came.”

“Technically I called,” Hayden said from the doorway, leaning against the door frame in a way that would’ve seemed casual if Shane couldn’t see how stiffly he was standing. “But I doubt Rozanov would admit to coming running because of me.”

Shane could feel Ilya’s growl against his chest. “Do not push your luck, Pike.”

Hayden held up his hands in mock surrender. “I’m just joking Roz. How are you feeling, Shane?”

“Better,” Shane admitted, face still pressed to Ilya’s shoulder. “A lot better. Thank you, Hayden. For calling him.”

“Of course, dude,” Hayden said, still somewhat awkwardly. “I, um. I won’t tell anyone, obviously. Except Jackie– if that’s okay?”

He could feel Ilya tensing, causing his omega to tense; was his alpha upset because someone knew? Or because *Hayden* knew? “Is fine with me if it’s fine with Shane,” Ilya said,

deferring to Shane rather than inserting his own opinion like most alphas would; Shane couldn't help but preen at that, and he could see Hayden's defensiveness start to leave him. "*Are* you okay with that, *moya lyubov*?"

"I'm okay with that," Shane said, pulling away from Ilya so he could fully meet Hayden's gaze. "I trust you, Hayd. And I trust Jackie."

"If Shane trusts you, I will too," Ilya said as if it were the simplest thing in the world. "And of course I will trust your beautiful, too good for you wife."

"Watch it," Hayden snarked, no real heat behind his words. It seemed like taking care of Shane was enough to quell any tension between them; his omega sighed contentedly at that, happy that his mate and his best friend could get along. "I'm going to head out then, Rozanov. Unless you and Shane need anything else?"

Ilya shook his head. "No, nothing else. Thank you, Pike. Your help was very much appreciated."

"I'd do anything for Shane. Same as you."

Hayden left after that, giving a wave over his shoulder as he walked out away from the room. Shane waited until he heard the front door close, then flipped himself over Ilya, forcing the alpha into the nest with Shane settled on top of him. "I can't believe you're here," he whispered.

"You needed me."

Guilt started to flood into Shane's now-clear mind. "What about your game?"

Ilya pressed a kiss to his forehead, waving his hand as if to cast Shane's worries away. "I tell coach I need to take care of my omega. He is very understanding, says to focus on you and not worry about game." Shane tried to picture what it would be like to have a coach who cared enough about his players to sacrifice a potential win. Given how Theriault treated Shane being an omega, it was next to impossible to picture. His guilt must've been evident on his face still, as Ilya pressed a hand to his cheek, drawing him back from his mind. "Is okay, *solnyshko*. Would much rather you be okay than play game against Scott Hunter anyway. He would either lose because he's old or win because Admirals are annoyingly good right now– annoying time all around."

Shane couldn't help but laugh at that, scooting over so that he was no longer directly on top of Ilya, but nestled into his side instead. "Thank you for coming to me."

Ilya kissed him gently on the crown of his head, wrapping his arms around Shane and pulling him closer. "There is nowhere else I'd rather be."

End Notes

Next omegaverse fic will be consensual bitching <3

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