

Every Version Of Us

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by [aether_dreams](#)

Summary

They sat opposite of one another on the giant couch, feet touching, comfortably stretched out after a long day of training. Brow furrowed, Ilya rested one long finger on his pouty bottom lip. The image brought forth memories of their even longer afternoon in bed and all the places that bottom lip visited on Shane's body.

“What is Omegaverse?”

The question brought Shane crashing back to the present. “The What?”

inspired by [this post](#). ilya discovers rpf fanfic much to his delight and shane's befuddlement.

Notes

thank you to my amazing beta Em as always <3 love u babygurl

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

Warm evening sunlight shone through the tall windows of the cottage, golden rays shimmering on Ilya's soft curls. Shane sat unmoving, captivated by the kaleidoscope of color. Chestnut brown, glints of copper, even streaks of honey blonde glimmered as Ilya tilted his head squinting at his phone.

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"Omegaverse," Ilya said, as if repeating the word would reveal its meaning. "I do not know this word."

Shane didn't know it either. He wasn't exactly up to date on pop culture. Hockey took up so much of his life with practice, conditioning, games, media, sponsorships, and travel that he barely had time to eat and sleep some weeks.

"It sounds like some sort of movie thing maybe. Like X-Squad or something. I could ask Rose?" As star of the franchise, she would know.

"In Omegaverse, there are alphas, betas, and omegas," Ilya read from his phone, eyes narrowed in concentration. "Alphas are strong and dominant. Betas are normal. Omegas are submissive and go into heat."

"Okay..." Shane's confusion only increased. "What does Omegaverse have to do with anything?"

"This story. I am the alpha and you are the omega and you are in heat." Ilya's gaze remained locked on his phone, feet tapping playfully against Shane's, giddy smile across his face.

Shane could only blink in reply. At first he thought Ilya was talking about an article on TSN or something. Another clickbait piece comparing their respective careers and playstyles in an attempt to decisively rank them.

But the part about being in heat?

"Ooh, listen to this!" Excited, Ilya sat up and placed a rough, callused hand on Shane's thigh, thumb tracing circles around his knee as he read. "*Ilya's gaze locks onto Hollander. Though only separated by the half of an inch of glass dividing the penalty boxes, it feels like an ocean. Ilya inhaled deeply, absorbing the omega's scents. The sharp tinge of sweat from their tussle on the ice mixed with the musky need of his heat.*" Ilya's eyes met Shane's, wide with glee, and he cackled before continuing. "*No other had ever enthralled him so fully and Ilya was going to claim him. He would mate with Hollander as often as possible until he put a child in him.*"

Still grinning, Ilya asked, “What if I want to carry your child, huh?”

A steady buzz filled Shane’s brain, slowly growing louder and louder. He had no idea what to think or feel or say. He felt rather than heard himself grunt, voice rumbling in his chest.

Ilya beamed and squeezed Shane’s knee. “I have discovered fanfiction! Stories written by our fans about us. There are thousands of them! All kinds of stories, not just this Omegaverse. Soulmates and enemies-to-lovers and something called AUs.” He returned to his phone with renewed focus.

Fanfiction? Shane was used to reporters writing about him but those were largely focused on hockey analysis, trade speculation, or business deals. Fictional stories about his private life felt very different. Invasive. Threatening.

“AUs?” Shane asked while his brain processed.

“Alternate universe. Like instead of being hockey superstars, best in the world, I am wealthy businessman and you are coffee shop barista. We meet and fall in love,” Ilya explained, fluttering his lashes for emphasis. “Then more often than not, we fuck nasty.”

“And you’re okay with this? You aren’t creeped out by a bunch of strangers writing about us fucking nasty?”

“Shane! I am overjoyed! This is the most amazing discovery I have made since learning you do not know how to do math.” He smirked.

“Oh my god. One time I make too many burgers and you’ll never let me forget it,” Shane groaned but couldn’t help but smile fondly.

“It is fun. And no one would guess that I, Ilya Grigoryevich Rozanov, greatest of all time, best center to ever play the game, is iceprincess2481.”

“You have an account? What if someone figures it out?” Shane began to panic, breaths shallow and palms slick with sweat.

“I wanted to read the locked stories and needed an account.” Ilya said. “Do not worry. It is anonymous and I used Sveta’s email.”

Shane tried to feel a little better. Neither of them were ready to be public yet and he cringed as he imagined the headlines:

HOLLANDER + ROZANOV? INSIDE THE HOCKEY STARS’ ILLICIT GAY LOVE AFFAIR UNEARTHED THROUGH FANFICTION WEBSITE

ILYA ROZANOV TOPS SHANE HOLLANDER IN MORE THAN ONE WAY

HOLLANDER DROPPED BY ROLEX, REEBOK FOR BEING GAY GAY GAY BIG GAY

Not only that but Ilya’s brother was old-fashioned - he wasn’t exactly an ally. He was also a policeman in Russia and could lose his job if they went public. If Ilya came out, he’d never

play for his country. He'd never be allowed to go home. He'd never lay flowers on his mother's grave again.

But gazing into Ilya's eyes, Shane realized he'd never do anything to risk their careers or families before they were both ready.

He normally avoided eye contact with everyone - even Ilya who he trusted more than anyone in his life. It was too intense. Too overwhelming. But in this moment, all he felt was comfort and safety in the ocean green-blue of his eyes.

With minimal effort, Ilya pulled Shane onto his lap, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist, holding him close. It grounded him, anxiety melting away and Shane sighed, reveling in Ilya's touch.

"Look," Ilya began. "We cannot be open with our relationship. Not yet. But reading these stories? All of these people believe in us already. They want us to be together! They see themselves in us. It is hopeful. And beautiful."

Most knew Ilya as boisterous, cocky, and fun-loving. And he was all those things but he was also compassionate and attentive and tender. If he found support and belonging in these stories, then maybe Shane could too.

Shane kissed him then, savoring the sensation of his soft lips, his sweet sighs, how he swirled their tongues together. Ilya's hands slid to what he lovingly called Shane's dump truck ass, squeezing tight and jiggling with a grin.

"You are beautiful," Ilya said, wrapping Shane's legs around his hips. He stood gracefully, carrying Shane with ease towards the bedroom. "Now I will make you whimper like the omega you are!"

Shane laughed as Ilya playfully bit his collarbone. "You are such an asshole."

"Yes, and you love it!" Ilya yelled triumphantly.

Shane laced his fingers through the metallic spectrum of Ilya's curls and kissed him.

End Notes

this is really just a silly scene that i couldn't get out of my head. hockey rpf is very much 'i don't go here' in terms of fanfic but i hope i didn't punch down or disparage it with shane's spiral. i wanted to write what felt true to the character but also have him come to understand why ilya was so captivated. oh omegaverse is also not my thing so i have no idea if what i wrote made a lick of sense.

thank you for reading! comments are love <3

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