

## **i'm only happy when it rains**

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# **i'm only happy when it rains**

by [jgmixx](#)

## Summary

shane goes into heat in the middle of a game

## Notes

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

“And the Metros are blocked again by number nineteen, Austin Cadyn.”

The announcer’s voice sounded a million miles away.

Shane watched the sweat drip down his nose and onto the ice. His head was swimming. His gear was getting heavier by the second.

“Hollander!”

*This wasn’t supposed to happen yet...*

*This wasn’t-*

“*Hollander!*”

His head snapped up when the piercing sound of the whistle hit his ears. His coach was waving him over.

He managed to skate to the side of the rink, using it to hold himself up.

“The hell is going on out there?”

“Sorry...” Shane muttered. “I, um... I’m not feeling great...”

“Do you need to sub out?” Shane nodded, unable to hold his head up anymore. “Alright, go. Mitty, you’re in!”

Shane started to trudge towards the locker room, legs increasingly unstable beneath him.

“Number twenty-four, captain Shane Hollander, is stepping out of the rink,” the announcer’s voice echoed behind him. “And coming on is number one-” It faded out as the door swung shut behind him.

Ilya watched as Shane left.

He could tell something was wrong. He could tell ever since Shane fell during the first period and took a little too long to get up.

He was holding his stomach the entire way to the locker room.

Just before he disappeared behind the door, Ilya saw him pull his helmet off. His face was flushed and dripping in sweat.

Before the time out ended, Ilya skated over to his own team and stepped off the ice.

“Rozanov!” his coach hollered. He threw his hands up with a furrowed brow.

“Gotta shit,” Ilya said simply, continuing his path towards Shane.

“Christ... Get back here ASAP!”

“Yeah, yeah!” he called back.

“And now number eighty-one, Ilya Rozanov, is stepping out as well,” the PA announced.

Ilya went into the Raiders’ locker room as to not draw attention to himself before he went out the other side and into the Metros’.

“Hollander?” he asked, the door just barely cracked open.

No answer.

He slid inside. Cautiously, he looked side to side, making sure that no one else was in the room, before heading in further.

After a few steps, a familiar scent overwhelmed him. Like rain and ginger.

Something about it felt different. Usually Shane’s scent was like smelling fresh rain on the sidewalk. This felt thicker. Stronger. The air just before a storm hit.

Ilya followed it.

When he turned the corner, he found Shane sitting on the floor of the showers. He was still in his t-shirt and pants, but his jersey and helmet were on the ground beside him. Cold water was running down over him.

“Hollander.”

Big brown eyes flickered up towards him.

“I-” he started, voice cracking. “What’re you doing back here?”

“Checking on you.” Ilya turned the water off and squatted down in front of him. “You look like shit.” Shane forced out a chuckle, putting his face in his hands.

“M’fine. I- I think m’just-”

“In heat?”

Shane froze.

Slowly, he peered over the tips of his fingers.

There was no judgement in Ilya’s eyes like he expected to find. No condescending smirk. Nothing but concern.

“How... How did you-”

“Was pretty obvious.”

“It was?”

“Well, to me,” he shrugged.

Shane’s jaw clenched.

“This-” He swallowed down the lump trying to climb up his throat. “This wasn’t supposed to happen. I’m on suppressants and even if I wasn’t, it’s not the right time for it. It just happened so suddenly, I couldn’t-”

“Hollander.” Ilya’s calm voice broke through his rambling. “It’s okay. I will help.”

“W-what?”

“I will help,” he repeated, holding out a hand.

“The game isn’t-”

“Screw the game.”

“That isn’t really like you, Rozanov,” he laughed, taking Ilya’s hand. His other stayed holding his aching stomach.

“And crying in the locker room isn’t really like *you*.”

“Fuck you.”

“That’s the plan.” He pulled Shane to his feet, watching as his face bloomed bright red.

“We can’t do that *here*!” he whispered.

“Last period just started. In about twenty minutes, your team will come in here and find you. You want them to find you stressed out in heat?”

“N-no...”

“Then I will help.”

Shane blinked up at him a few more times before nodding.

Ilya’s broad hands framed his face, fingertips hooking behind the angle of his jaw. He tilted Shane’s head up towards his own.

Their lips pressed together, gently at first. But each time they separated to take a breath, the kiss became more and more desperate.

The cramping deep in Shane’s stomach started to ease just slightly.

He grabbed at Ilya’s jersey, trying to get him closer.

Ilya stepped forward, pressing Shane's back against the tiles of the showers. One of his legs slotted between Shane's thighs.

Shane dropped his head forward, letting it land heavily on Ilya's shoulder while the taller man grinded against him. He nuzzled against Ilya's neck.

The warm smell of cherries and leather was an immediate comfort. It dulled the rest of his senses, easing the waves of dizziness that had been rushing through him. He licked a thick stripe over Ilya's scent gland.

Ilya moaned and grabbed a fistful of Shane's hair.

"*Radnój*," he breathed, pulling himself away. "I love when you do this, but we are in bit of a rush, yes?" Shane nodded quickly.

He grabbed the front of Ilya's pants, pulling the drawstring open. He took Ilya's cock out and licked his lips at the sight. Almost out of instinct, he started to sink to his knees.

"Hollander." He looked up, meeting Ilya's stern blue eyes. "Darling, we have no time."

Shane whimpered, nuzzling his face against Ilya's groin.

"Shit..." he hissed.

"Please, I just-" Shane muttered, opening his mouth around one of Ilya's balls. Ilya sucked in a sharp breath as he licked around them. "Need it... Need..."

"Fuck, just-"

With a huff, he grabbed the back of Shane's head, feeding his cock into the smaller man's mouth. Shane pressed forward without hesitation. He had Ilya pressed into the plush of his throat within seconds.

Ilya leaned forward. He propped himself up against the shower wall with one hand while keeping the other on Shane's head. With their eyes locked, Ilya started to guide him back and forth quickly.

He knew this wasn't what Shane needed to ease his heat, but he was never satisfied until he got something in his mouth.

Shane's eyes became unfocused the longer he let his throat be fucked.

He gagged a few times, drool dripping down his chin, but never made an attempt to push himself away.

In the distance, the goal horn sounded and muffled cheering came through the wall. It was all still muted compared to the wet noises and heavy breathing echoing through the locker room.

Shane swallowed around him, making his cock twitch suddenly. Ilya pressed the palm of his hand to Shane's forehead, keeping him still for a moment. He clenched his eyes shut until his body calmed.

"Alright, come on." Shane made a disappointed noise when he stepped back. "Fifteen minutes," Ilya reminded him. He kept frowning, but got to his feet.

Ilya grabbed him by the hips, turning him around to face the wall.

Shane fumbled to hold onto it as Ilya tugged down his pants. He licked his lips when they dropped to his knees.

The warm smell of ginger swelled up around him.

Shane's inner thighs were covered in slick already.

"Fuck..." Ilya said under his breath.

His knees hit the tile beneath them.

He held one globe of Shane's ass, pulling it out to the side.

He felt like he was in a trance watching Shane's hole quiver in anticipation.

Two fingers slid in easily. Hell, he was so wet he probably could have started with three, but he didn't want to risk hurting him.

The muscles in Shane's thighs shook as he was worked open.

Ilya's mouth was watering.

He leaned forward, licking around Shane's stretched rim. Shane gasped above him. He reached back and grabbed a handful of Ilya's hair, unsure if he was pushing him away or pulling him closer.

They'd done this plenty of times, but this was the first time Ilya was seeing Shane in heat. He couldn't wait to get them back to his place so he could savor every second of it.

He licked again.

"*Roz*," Shane moaned, forehead slamming into the wall. "*Please*-"

Ilya pressed a kiss to his asscheek before rising up behind him. He slid a third finger in while he stood. Shane grunted at the stretch.

"Sorry," Ilya smiled. "Gotta make sure you're ready."

"*M'ready!* M'fuckin' ready! Just- *Ahn!*" He was cut off when Ilya's fingertips prodded into his prostate. Tears were starting to fill the corners of his eyes. "Please..." he said breathlessly.

“Alright,” he soothed, easing his fingers out. Shane whimpered a little at the loss. His back arched, ass trying to follow Ilya’s hand. “I’ve got you.”

Eyes still closed, Shane reached back with one hand, blindly trying to find Ilya’s hips to pull their bodies together. He only stopped when he felt the thick head of Ilya’s cock pressed against his entrance.

The unease in his body instantly stilled.

His hands returned to the wall, sweaty palms pressed to the cool tile.

“I’ve got you,” Ilya repeated.

Slowly, he pressed inside. He let out a sigh as he was surrounded by the familiar solace of Shane’s warmth. Both of his hands slid to the man’s hips.

They stilled when Ilya was fully buried, both taking a moment to adjust.

Ilya dropped his forehead against the base of Shane’s spine and took a deep breath. He was certain he could stay there forever.

Shane’s body vibrated as he spoke something Ilya didn’t hear.

“Hm?”

“I said ‘*move*’!” Shane repeated, jerking his hips back.

“Bossy,” Ilya chuckled.

His fingers curled around Shane’s hipbones before he started to pull him back and forth on his cock.

Shane rocked back against him, trying to match his pace.

The soft noises he’d been making were getting louder. He bit down on the flesh of his forearm in an attempt to muffle himself.

“Mm-*mm*!” he cried into his skin.

Ilya hummed and leaned closer, positioning himself right by Shane’s ear.

“Sound so pretty, baby,” he whispered.

Shane clenched his eyes shut tighter.

Another goal horn sounded.

Ilya rolled his eyes, desperately wishing he had a little more time to take Shane apart completely. He would have to make do.

He put a hand on the center of Shane's shoulderblades, pushing him forward so his chest was pressed against the wall. With more leverage, he began pounding into him harder.

Shane's free hand scrambled for purchase. He couldn't feel the ache that was deep in his chest anymore. He couldn't feel the steady cramping in his stomach or the burning heat crawling under his skin. All he could feel was Ilya... Ilya... Ilya...

A hand wrapped around his neglected cock. Shane sucked a sharp breath through his teeth. He hadn't realized how close he was to coming before he was finally touched.

Ilya wasn't far behind him. He huffed out a breath of frustration, cursing every circumstance that brought them to this point, where he couldn't knot Shane the first time he had him in heat.

He grunted as Shane clenched around him. He started to slow his pace, trying to stop himself from finishing too soon.

"Need-" Shane panted, grabbing the back of Ilya's head and pulling him down further. "Need it... Inside..."

Ilya buried his face into the crook of his neck and moaned.

"*Lyubimyy*," he growled.

His fist tightened around Shane's length. He only lasted two pumps before he was spilling over Ilya's fist, specks of white painting the shower wall.

Shane was shaking all over. The extra sensation sent Ilya right over the edge with him.

They were both pressed heavily into the wall. Ilya managed to catch Shane around the chest when he started slipping downwards, holding him like that until he felt his legs become stable again.

Shane's spine straightened slowly. He steadied himself with both hands on the wall and turned to face the taller man.

"Better?" Ilya asked.

"Mm..." Shane grumbled. He met Ilya's eyes and frowned. "Y'didn't knot me..."

"No time." Ilya pecked his cheek and slid out, forcing himself to ignore Shane's immediate protesting whine. "I have to get back out there. My place tonight? We will do this right way."

He finished adjusting his uniform and looked back at Shane, finding the smaller man sitting on the floor and staring up at him with blown pupils.

Ilya smiled. He held either side of Shane's face and kissed him deeply.

"My place tonight," he repeated, no longer asking.

Shane nodded.

“I have to finish game.”

Another dazed nod.

He pressed another kiss to his slack lips before leaving.

Ilya took an extra victory lap after the game, making sure to give Shane plenty of time to get dressed before his team barged in.

## End Notes

in a very shocking turn of events, i've become invested in another gay show

thanks for reading! feel free to leave me a comment or kudos if you liked it :)))

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