Everywhere I Go, My Skin is Crawling

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Everywhere I Go, My Skin is Crawling

by hollanoved (louislittletomlintum)

Summary

"The hotel," Ilya repeated in a flat tone, cupping under Shane's jaw. "What hotel?"

"Uh," Shane replied again, because he had no fucking clue. "I just need to not be here."

"Hollander," Ilya said firmly, squeezing his chin. Shane melted, just a bit, but he tried to remain determined when he started to look for his shorts. Ilya's hand didn't allow for much movement though, his head unable to turn. "*Shane*, tell me now. Are you going into heat?"

or the one where ilya calling shane by his first name sends him into heat

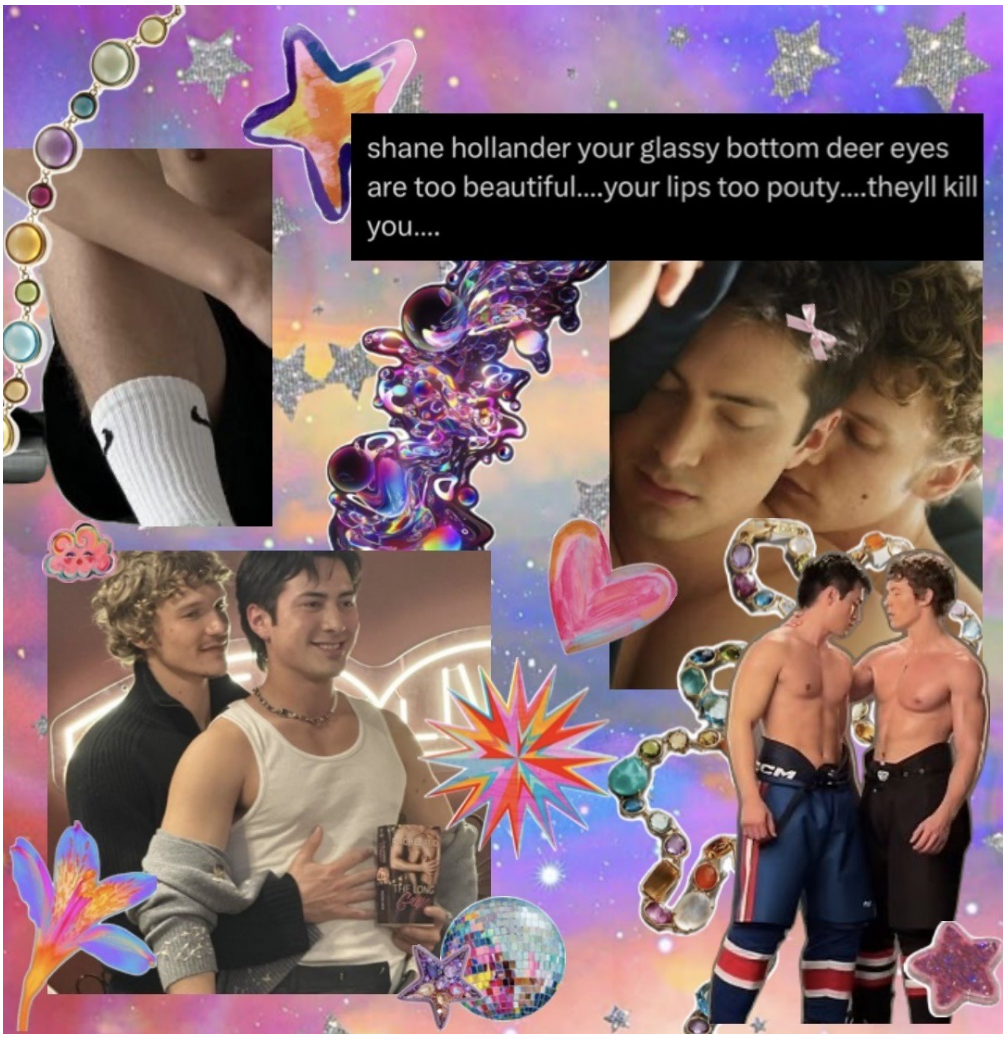
Notes

hello!! i wrote this in two days!!! immediately after watching the series!!! ahh!!

thank u to c for once again for betaing my nonsense

title from i'm scared i'll never sleep again by 5sos

See the end of the work for more notes



It really wasn't meant to happen this way.

Sometimes Shane allowed himself the rare moment to indulge in the idealised fantasy of what it *was* meant to be. Late at night (often with his hand down his pyjama bottoms), in the safety of his apartment that was *dark*, and *locked*, and high off the ground - away from anyone who might be able to peek inside or try to read his thoughts.

The first time should happen after they've retired, of course. When they're off the ice and they've won all their accolades (he'd win more - after all, he was the better player), and they had… settled.

If he was honest he didn't often think about the details of how they would get there, in his fantasy. To some sort of committed partnership. How being settled meant having some sort of conversation, figuring out what this was or what this wasn't. Rozanov bringing all those walls down that he had so high around himself.

Shane didn't know that he was having to climb a long ladder right to the top of his own metaphorical walls to even be able to see Rozanov's in the first place.

But at any rate - *this* wasn't meant to happen this way.

Rozanov was one of the few people who knew he was an omega. He'd sniffed it out at the start of their rookie season - not *literally*, because as soon as Shane had presented, his mum got him on the highest quality scent blockers they made - but… Shane sometimes thought Rozanov had a second sense. Or a third, or a fourth. One where he could just press his finger right into the centre of Shane's fontanelle and reset him in a way that Shane wasn't privy to until after it happened.

But Shane had always been on top of things. He was always in control when it came to his secondary gender. He was hardly going to let a little thing like being an omega fuck with his chances of success in ice hockey.

So when he and Rozanov fucked around it was… good. Nice. Letting off steam, he'd come to think of it. Did it matter he was the only person he'd been with sexually? No. That was just how his cards fell. He wasn't going to do any of that traditional, romance novel shit where he would fall for the the alpha who took his virginity.

But *this* wasn't meant to happen.

He was at Rozanov's house - it lined up that he had a game in Boston and so he'd flown out a few days earlier. Not to see *him* or anything, it just so happened to fit in with Shane's plans.

So maybe he'd ended up texting him the minute he'd gotten off the plane. Shane just felt it was polite, to let him know he was in the same city. It wasn't like he was counting on an invite. He'd booked a hotel and everything, he swore. If it was refundable that hardly made a difference.

Shane had come over, Rozanov had been his typical asshole self, they'd had sex. It was *nice*. Shane had a sneaking suspicion that he actually played better when he got laid, which he never failed to mention to Rozanov when his knot was locked inside of him and he didn't have anywhere to escape to.

Not that Rozanov was particularly avoidant like that. He was usually ready for a debate. Seemed to revel in one when he was thrusting deep inside of him.

So it was good. Nice. Shane was happy enough, feeling sated from their round the evening before, and that one in the middle of the night, and the one that morning. And after Rozanov made him some breakfast and they'd watched some of the game that had aired last night, Shane couldn't help but slink across the sofa towards where Rozanov had settled - a good distance away from him, for some reason.

"I'm going to beat you on Monday," Shane taunted, trying to get a rise.

"Doubt it," Rozanov shrugged, his eyes still on the screen. "Every time you bend over you will think of me, your cock will get hard, no blood left in your brain. Can't play hockey. Simple."

"Well how come that logic hasn't helped you before?" Shane asked, leaning over the middle couch cushion but not touching him yet. There was something drawing him in closer, his skin prickling a little.

It wasn't unusual to feel that, but it was usually easier to ignore it.

"Haven't had the whole weekend to fuck you before," Rozanov answered, glancing over at Shane now. The eye contact made his stomach swoop, but he swallowed to send that feeling away.

"Who says I'm staying the whole weekend? I have stuff to do," Shane replied, eyes darting between Rozanov's as he fought to mirror the same blank expression that the other was somehow the master of.

"I say," Rozanov shrugged again. "You say. What stuff? You have stuff in Boston?"

"Yes," Shane responded, but he was starting to flounder at coming up with any 'stuff' that wasn't being here, in this house. "Training. Mum liked these cookies from a bakery, last time she was here, so I was going to go get them."

"Ah yes, of course," Rozanov replied facetiously gesticulating with his hand. "All that time to get some cookies from bakery. Thank you for fitting me in to your schedule."

"Fuck off," Shane responded, letting his head fall back against the couch in defeat, wishing that Rozanov would just take the hint and touch him like he wanted him to. It felt like wanting too much to actually ask for it or instigate it himself.

"Ah, omega. I'd rather fuck you," Rozanov responded, and when Shane dared to glance over his eyes were still on him. Slightly darker, though. Appraising.

The way he looked before Shane got his way.

Shane licked his suddenly dry lips, swallowing again.

"It'll still work?" Shane tried, aiming for full confidence but for some reason his voice betrayed him. He cleared his throat, trying again. "Already used your knot - what, three times in the last twelve hours?"

Rozanov shrugged again, pouting his bottom lip out like he was genuinely considering it. "Is not close to my record."

Shane bristled, far more than he usually did when Rozanov would bring up his other conquests like that. Usually he was steeled against it, knowing full well his reputation wasn't just on paper. He'd seen it in action. Pretty omega girls sitting in his lap at after parties, his team-mates swapping stories about what they'd heard he'd done.

His jaw set and he suddenly felt the ugliest swirl of jealousy and possessiveness rise up in his stomach. It was so strong it was almost shocking to himself, the way it made him want to jump on Rozanov's knot and bite his neck to claim him as if he was the alpha in this arrangement.

Shane didn't, though, hardly realising he hadn't replied to Rozanov until his hand came up to cup Shane's chin.

"You enjoy breaking my records, yes?" he offered.

The way his hand gripped under his jaw had his body melting like putty, the omega in his brain feeling immediately settled by the possessive and commandeering touch. He didn't want Rozanov to think he had that much control over him, though, so he tried to bolster.

"Yes," Shane replied. It was weak, but it would do. It was the best he could manage.

"Then we try," Rozanov offered. "Get in my lap."

Shane started to scramble to get moving before he realised how desperate that looked, taking a moment to slow himself down before he pushed up onto all fours. He crawled across the couch cushion and swung his leg over Rozanov's lap, settling down in it and blinking as he tried to work out what might come next.

Rozanov looked at him with those hard eyes, only ever so slightly soft around the edges as his hand slid over Shane's waist and around to his arse. Shane couldn't help but just slightly arch into it, the position compromising his ability to clench and keep the secret that he was starting to slick up with barely any instigation.

It took a couple of seconds but he saw Rozanov's nose twitch, then his jaw clench as his eyes flicked to the bare spot on Shane's neck where a mark would be if anyone was to claim him. It kind of felt like how people would check out a pair of tits - if that was what they were into. Fleeting, daring, almost the same level of intimacy.

"Always so wet," Rozanov commented, sliding his fingers between Shane's cheeks over his shorts. Even separated by fabric Shane still twitched, sinking back to try and get more contact.

"Fuck you," Shane muttered, curling his toes as Rozanov tutted at him.

"Calm down, Hollander. It is a compliment," Rozanov explained, shifting his hands to grip Shane's hips and press them down to apparently get some pressure on his own cock. Shane could feel it steadily thickening underneath him, which did nothing to help the situation in his shorts.

"Barely," Shane replied, but he couldn't help himself from slinging his arms over Rozanov's shoulders and getting a hand in his hair. It was always so soft and clean to start with, but Shane loved how it gradually got damp and tangled the longer they fucked.

"An omega doesn't want to be told how wet he is? News to me," Rozanov commented, still controlling Shane's hips to roll against him. Shane could do that himself, and he almost told him so, but he was interrupted by Rozanov pressing a kiss against his lips.

It was exactly the type of mindless activity that pulled out his instincts - making his body arch into him, his rolls increase in intensity, his hand grip tighter in the back of his head. He

could feel Rozanov's hands sliding over his body now, firm in their exploration and grounding when he felt like he might just float away.

Rozanov pulled Shane's shirt over his head, the warmth of his already exposed torso almost burning against Shane's recently exposed skin. He pressed into it anyway, curling his tongue around Rozanov's and letting out a little moan when he ground himself forward and his steadily thickening cock caught against his stomach in just the right way.

"Shorts," Rozanov stated simply, the words tumbling into Shane's mouth as he started to scramble to get out of them. Rozanov helped, eventually getting the offending fabric out of the way and leaving Shane bare in his lap.

"How does your hole feel? Sore?" Rozanov asked, getting handfuls of his arse cheeks and squeezing slowly.

"It's fine," Shane replied on autopilot, trying to get more kisses but Rozanov's lips were slack. He pulled back to see what the issue was, seeing that he was just giving him a pointed, raised eyebrow look.

Shane grumbled, sighing as he was forced to actually take stock of his body and do an assessment on how he felt. He scanned through, finding that aside from feeling a bit warm he was maybe a tiny, tiny bit sore. But it wasn't that deep.

"A little bit. But it's nothing I can't handle," Shane admitted, trying to imitate that same look he was giving him back.

"On your stomach. On the couch," Rozanov replied, jerking his head in the direction of the cushions beside them.

Shane glanced over, his stomach flipping as he considered what that might mean, before shoving that down in case he was getting ahead of himself. He considered arguing for a second before deciding he had no good comeback, so he instead stole another kiss before slinking off and laying down as he was told to.

He propped himself up on his elbows, glancing back over his shoulder as Rozanov shifted onto his knees behind him, his hands spreading Shane's thighs apart so he could settle down between them before scooping his hips up in the air.

It was a presenting posture. One that made Shane blush, and unfortunately also made him slick up more, to the point he could feel it drip from his hole.

He could have sworn he heard Rozanov growl under his breath before his mouth was on him, tongue first as he licked up the trail before getting to his hole. Shane gasped at the contact, his hips shooting forward on instinct before shuffling back, greedy for more. He grasped at the sofa cushion and fisted his hand in it, trying not to appear so desperate just from one lick.

One lick quickly turned into two, and two into three, and before he knew it he'd firmly lost count and all he could focus on was the pleasure the act was giving him. Rozanov was very

practised at this, and though it pained Shane to think about how that came about, it was always a pleasure to reap the benefits of his dedication.

"Feels better, yes?" Rozanov asked him, his forearm coming up under Shane's hips just as he wanted to start slinking down closer to the couch. It pinned him in place, giving him no reprieve from Rozanov's tongue even if he wanted it.

"Yes," Shane hissed, gasping in a moan he'd been trying to hide but it was too late now. He'd broken the seal, his breaths turning into whimpers as Rozanov's tongue spread him open and curled inside of him. It was so warm and wet, his omega revelling in the fact that his alpha would have his face absolutely covered in his slick.

An alpha. Not his. He mentally corrected himself before he became distracted again, toes curling when Rozanov pulled off and sucked his balls into his mouth instead, mouthing at them and licking them over almost as thoroughly as his hole.

"Good," Rozanov replied simply, nipping the bottom of his arse cheek and making him jump before he was soothing it with his tongue.

Just as Shane was starting to catch his breath it was immediately gone when Rozanov got his tongue back in him, any resolve he had pitifully pulled together totally lost. He was so warm, too, warm enough that he was considering asking him to turn down the heating, but just as he started to speak Rozanov did something just right inside of him that made him shiver.

"I make you come like this, I think," Rozanov announced, sucking a loud kiss against his arse cheek. "Then I will get you on my cock and make you come again, but with my knot."

"Fuck," Shane moaned, pressing back against Rozanov's tongue. He hadn't realised he'd been waiting to find out what they'd do, but now that he had a plan, he was more than happy to completely let go and succumb to the pleasure.

"Touch yourself for me. Let me see," Rozanov encouraged.

Shane whined before shifting his weight, pressing his cheek against the couch as he reached between his legs and grabbed a hold of his own cock. Instead of stroking it up towards his belly he tried to angle it downwards, so Rozanov would have a better view.

He could feel the light prickle of Rozanov's stubble against his arse cheek and thighs, rubbing against it like he was imprinting on him and every so often pulling away to look at him touch himself, Shane presumed.

Rozanov kept his hole tidy by licking any drips of slick, grabbing Shane's wrist at one point to spit into his hand to allow for a bit lube while he stroked, and it wasn't too long until Shane was starting to feel close.

"'M gonna come," Shane warned, gasping when Rozanov instantly buried his face back in his arse and started flicking his tongue with double the intensity he'd had before. "Oh, fuck."

"Fuck, fuck. Ilya, fuck," Shane moaned, his breathing getting short and sharp as his whole body started to tense up, getting close to its release.

"Shane. Omega," Shane heard Ilya mumble against him before his tongue was firmly back inside him, feeling so close to his prostate it was driving him crazy.

Shane cried out and came with Ilya's words, shooting off into his hand so he didn't get the sofa dirty and immediately feeling his head spin. He rode the high of it until he started to get a little overstimulated from Ilya's mouth remaining on him, but he couldn't bring himself to do anything to get him away.

He blinked his eyes open, dazedly taking in his surroundings and whining low enough that Ilya seemed to realise something was amiss. He pulled off with a slurp, patting Shane's side reassuringly as it started to dawn on Shane what was happening.

"Omega? You are alright?" Ilya asked him, his hand sweeping over Shane's lower back as he whimpered and fell to the side, trying to reconcile himself with the fact this was happening and he needed to make a plan.

"No," Shane answered quietly, still trying to catch his breath. He blinked again, forcefully this time, and the world cleared up just a little bit even if his head still felt orgasm fuzzy. That was another telltale sign - being unable to shake the haze that had come over him.

"What is wrong? Tell me," Ilya instructed. Shane felt him come around to his side, kneeling next to the couch and looking over his face. Shane sucked in a deep breath and closed his eyes as Ilya touched his face, leaning in against the care before furrowing his brows, trying to find some resolve to push it away.

"I need to - I need to go," Shane mumbled, blinking his eyes open and finding what he was pretty sure was hurt written all over Ilya's expression. He was sure it would be worse if he could actually find it in himself to get up, but his body felt like jelly.

"Hollander," Ilya muttered, shaking his head. "What is it? What is wrong?"

Shane took a deep breath, closing his eyes as he dug deep. He needed to stand up, put his clothes on, walk out the door, somehow get to the hotel he may or may not have cancelled, lock all the doors, and deal with this by himself.

He'd miss their game on Monday, which had never happened, because usually his stupid hormone blockers worked, but he must have forgotten one with the time differences or travelling or something. He could hardly analyse that now, though. He just needed to get safe and get his Mum to make up some excuse for him for missing the game before he really tipped over into his primal side.

Shane summonsed all his energy to push himself up on his elbow, feeling that was a marathon in of itself as he stared somewhat disdainfully at the come in his hand. He hardly noticed Ilya reaching for a tissue before he was wiping his hand off, the action itself setting off some sort of unavoidable fond smile.

Normally he'd push that expression away, but he had little resolve.

"Can you get me an Uber?" Shane asked Ilya, pushing himself to sit up as the room span with the motion. He blinked hard before Ilya's face came into view, peering at him curiously.

"To where?" Ilya asked, his tone steady.

"Uh," Shane replied, rubbing his eye as he tried to think. "The hotel."

"The hotel," Ilya repeated in a flat tone, cupping under Shane's jaw. "What hotel?"

"Uh," Shane replied again, because he had no fucking clue. "I just need to not be here."

"Hollander," Ilya said firmly, squeezing his chin. Shane melted, just a bit, but he tried to remain determined when he started to look for his shorts. Ilya's hand didn't allow for much movement though, his head unable to turn. "*Shane*, tell me now. Are you going into heat?"

"No," Shane replied petulantly, but that familiar warmth under his skin and in his belly and mostly in his cock said otherwise, almost throbbing when Ilya said his real name. "I'm just - I have a headache."

"A headache," Ilya repeated, rolling his eyes. "Omega. You are not leaving like this. You won't make it."

"But I can't -" Shane protested, sighing with relief when Ilya sat down next to him and pulled him into his lap. The presence of his alpha soothed him, his arms slinging around his waist on autopilot as he nuzzled into his neck. "The game. And they'll know I'm here, if I- so we can't."

"If you do not want to spend your heat with me that is okay. I will put you in the spare room and you can lock me out. But you are not getting in a fucking Uber smelling like this," Ilya told him.

Shane bristled at the idea of spending it in this house but not with Ilya, clinging tighter to him.

"But the team-" Shane began, but Ilya cut him off.

"You tell your coach your rut hit early and you are checking into rut clinic for few days. You call your Mum and tell her you are going to heat clinic for few days," Ilya explained with a shrug, carding his fingers through Shane's hair and pushing it off his forehead.

"I put you in the spare room and keep you fed and bring you water. Electrolytes."

"Not the spare room," Shane complained quietly, breathing in Ilya's scent where it was strongest, at his neck.

"You want my room? Greedy," Ilya replied.

"With you. Your room with you," Shane corrected, because now that Ilya was laying out this path he felt sure that he wanted that. His plan sounded sound, in Shane's hazy mind, and he was sure it would work out. "The game - we'd both miss it, if you stay with me."

Shane swallowed a moan when Ilya grabbed his hair in his fist and lightly pulled it back, enough that Shane had to leave his happy place of getting a hit of his scent with every breath. It had always been so captivating, a smell that wrapped around Shane's brain completely and almost numbed it.

"How long do your heats normally take? When you spend them with an alpha?" Ilya asked him as he looked into his eyes.

Shane blinked a few times before shrugging, trying to find his words as he saw recognition bloom across Ilya's features.

"Never?"

"No," Shane answered, and now he was looking at Ilya's lips, he kind of wanted a kiss. He leaned in and got one, smiling against his lips and enjoying it until Ilya pulled him back again. This time he did moan, the light tug going straight to his apparently hard-again cock.

"How long do your heats take by yourself, then? With your Rozanov shaped dildo?" Ilya asked, making Shane scoff.

"It's bigger than you," Shane insisted, though that wasn't the case. He licked his lips, taking a deep breath as he tried to keep talking. "Four days?"

"We make it two. Time to spare, we get a good sleep before the game. No problems," Ilya decided.

"There's no way," Shane dismissed, yelping as Ilya shifted to stand, throwing him into a bridal carry like he wasn't a fully grown man with muscles.

"You don't know. You are a heat virgin. And just like your real virginity, I take this one too," Ilya explained, giving him a cocky grin. "Come on. Phone calls then I will knot you."

Shane found that he rather liked being held in Ilya's arms, although if someone asked he would never admit it. He would never let himself do it if he was sane, either, but he knew he could blame his lack of wiggling out of it on the heat.

"Okay," Shane agreed instead, slinging his arm around Ilya's shoulder like he was trying to redistribute the weight, but not putting all that much effort into it.

"Okay," Ilya responded, in that lovely accented way where it sounded like it ended in an -ei instead of an -ay. Shane couldn't help but lean in for another kiss, finding himself generally unwilling to detach his lips as Ilya started to wander through the house and take them to his bedroom.

Shane found himself on Ilya's king-sized bed with his phone held tight to his ear, deciding to tackle his coach first since his mother would at least understand a bit better if he sounded off.

He tried to recall what alphas would sound like when they were going into rut, but unfortunately he was pretty sure they sounded a lot more in control than he did.

He assured him that he would try his best to be at the game, but warned him he may not be, all the while Ilya was coming back and forth out of the room. He had started stocking some supplies - water bottles, those awful protein bars that every hockey team seemed to carry with them, sports drinks.

Shane watched him as he dialled his mother, her voice thankfully helping to stave off the physical effects of his heat for a few moments longer as he explained what was happening. She sounded concerned, but promised that she would sort everything out and make sure it went smoothly, saying she'd immediately send the links to some private heat clinics that they could serve with an NDA.

He felt bad for her going to the effort of all of that, but he was hardly going to tell her that Ilya Rozanov had offered to get him through it, so let her have at it and promised he'd text her when it was over.

As Ilya seemed to be making his last trip with a handful of sheets and towels Shane set his phone aside, plugging it in but setting it to Do Not Disturb so that he wasn't interrupted. As if a text tone could break through the haze at the height of his heat.

"Do you even want to do this?" Shane couldn't stop himself from asking, watching Ilya stare at him for a long few moments in silence before he shut the door to his bedroom. He then came over to the bed, staring hard in that way he did like he could somehow force his thoughts inside of Shane's brain so he didn't have to say them.

It never worked.

"If you weren't in heat right now I would call you an idiot," Ilya responded as he stood next to the bed.

"You basically just did," Shane replied, feeling needy enough to reach out his hand. Ilya took it and climbed on the bed on his knees, situating himself between Shane's legs.

"No," Ilya replied, grabbing Shane's hips and pulling him down the bed. "I just said I would."

"Ilya," Shane whined, gasping when Ilya's hands tightened so firmly on his hips he thought they might leave bruises.

"Say it again," Ilya demanded.

It just occurred to Shane in that moment that he'd been referring to Rozanov as his real name - Ilya. That was another late night thought of his - moaning his name instead of Rozanov - but he'd hardly even noticed it had slipped out.

The heaviness of that seemed like far too much introspection to try and do when his cock was this hard and his hole was this wet.

"Ilya," Shane called before he could second-guess it, a slight lilt in his voice. "Ilya, Ilya, Ilya."

Ilya surged forward and kissed him hungrily, lighting up his whole body as Shane's legs naturally spread and locked around his alpha, trying to make sure he couldn't escape from his grasp until he gave him what he wanted.

"Yes, *Shane*, I want to fuck you through your heat," Ilya confirmed, biting his shoulder - presumably in lieu of biting his neck. "You trust me, yes? You are okay?"

"Yes," Shane replied instantly, knowing Ilya needed to hear that sometimes with how often he checked in. "I trust you. I want you."

"Good," Ilya replied, kissing further down to Shane's nipple. He took it into his mouth with a quick suck, Shane gasping and arching up into it as even that little motions - which would normally not be quite tantalising - made him squirm. "Good omega."

Shane moaned at the praise, his inner omega swooning as he gripped Ilya's hair. Still soft, still dry, just long enough to get a nice grip on. He tugged it lightly until he could get his lips again, making whimpers against them as his hands wandered.

"Fuck me. Please?" Shane asked, unlocking his ankles to attempt pushing Ilya's joggers down with his feet.

Ilya laughed against his mouth, gently swatting his feet away before taking care of his clothes himself. Shane looked down between them as Ilya's cock was revealed, hard enough that it swung heavily up between his legs, making his hole absolutely drip.

"Okay, omega. You will go under once you come, yes?" Ilya asked him curiously.

"Probably," Shane answered, shrugging distractedly.

"You need anything else before you do?" Ilya asked him, reaching a hand between their bodies and grabbing his own cock. Shane watched eagerly as he stroked it once or twice, not missing how it was thick at the base already, like his knot was starting to tease before they'd even started.

He whined at the thought, taking a sharp breath in when Ilya swiped his cock head over his hole a few times, shivering at how good it felt and arching his back into it.

"No, just - ignore if I get all… you know. Needy, or whatever," Shane answered, because that was his biggest issue. It wasn't like he'd spent his heat with anyone, so he wasn't entirely sure how he acted, but he feared if this clingy feeling he was already experiencing was anything to go by it would probably only get worse.

"Sure," Ilya replied, swiping his cock a few more times before he was pressing it inside of Shane, his body immediately giving way and letting it happen. "Ignore the pretty omega in heat underneath me, spread open. Okay."

"Fuck off," Shane whimpered, unable to help the shake in his tone as he was filled up. It never felt like this when he was by himself. It felt good, sure, but this felt like something different entirely. Like the heat that was coursing through his veins was slightly sated.

"Shush," Ilya tutted, leaning in to kiss Shane as he started to bottom out. Shane kissed him back needily, spreading his legs wider to allow him deeper and rolling his eyes back when he felt the slight swell of his knot against his hole.

Ilya grunted above him, one of those alpha noises that went straight down his spine because his omega knew it meant the alpha was satisfied with him. Was enjoying him, what he had to offer.

Shane's chin tilted up as Ilya started to kiss down his chin, licking over his neck possessively. A step away from a bit that Shane knew Ilya would never give him but desperately wished he would.

Claiming him with a lick wasn't anything to sniff at, though. It would mean Ilya's scent would be on him for the next few hours, at the very least. Claimed for a period of time. It settled him immensely as his warm, wet tongue slathered over his spot.

"You smell so fucking good, Omega," Ilya muttered to him, grazing his teeth over the skin of his neck and making Shane's hair stand on end.

"So do you," Shane whispered back, hands sliding over Ilya's body appreciatively as he hovered over him. He whimpered when Ilya started to move his hips, sliding his hands around to feel the muscles in his back shift as he worked.

"Not as good as you. Never get to smell you like this - your stupid scent blockers. Think this will drive me crazy," Ilya told him, working up his pace.

"I have to- to block," Shane insisted, locking his thighs around Ilya's waist so his feet wouldn't bounce so much.

"Not right now," Ilya replied, swapping to the other side of his neck to give it the same treatment - licking slow and long against his skin and covering him. Claiming him.

"No, not right now," Shane agreed, his voice wobbly as he moaned again, lightly scratching down Ilya's back as his hips got harder and faster with their thrusts.

Ilya mumbled something to him in Russian, Shane too far gone to check his rudimentary mental dictionary for a translation as he fisted at his hair.

Damp. Just slightly, like the back of his neck. And Shane's whole body.

"I'm gonna come," Shane warned.

"I look after you," Ilya promised, fucking him harder. Shane moaned, whined, whimpered, carried on as his orgasm built up to the point of no return.

He came as Ilya's knot pushed passed his rim for the last time, nestling inside of him and pressing on his prostate in that all-encompassing way. Shane arched into it and moaned loudly, his cock spurting come without a single touch to it as he felt Ilya release inside of him.

Shane forced his eyes to open, staring at Ilya's smiling, orgasm-drunk face one last time before his heat took over and made the cognisant part of his brain go dormant.

It was later. That was all Shane knew.

It was later than it was before, and his body was a bit sore, and there was some sort of half-light in the room that suggested it was sunset. Or sunrise. Either way, the room was warm with an orange glow.

Unfamiliar at first, Shane assumed it was a hotel and went to stretch off his tiredness before he was met with two issues.

One, his body actually was *quite* sore. Maybe he'd been slammed on the ice the day before and the memory just hadn't come back yet. And two, there was fabric in his way. Like, lots of fabric.

Like a nests worth of fabric.

Mortified, Shane sat up, despite the pain in his arse, and blinked hurriedly.

He'd made a nest. He'd not done that since he was eighteen, freshly presented and victim to instinct.

On second glance around the room, this was Ilya's place. Ilya's bedroom.

Shane groaned and fell back against the bed, covering his face and trying to stop his racing heart.

He'd *nested* in Ilya's bed. He was absolutely *never* going to live this down.

At the thought of Ilya his body got warm, the residuals of his heat that had kept him under were clearly lifting, but not enough that his cock wasn't getting hard just at the thought of the alpha that had helped him through his heat.

It was coming back to him now - the sudden wave of it, the plans they'd made, everything up until the moment he sunk under.

There were flashes from the time he was there, too. Ilya on top of him, the warm, safe feeling he was giving him. How protected and revered he felt. It was completely different to

spending it alone, that was for sure.

At that moment the door opened, Ilya stepping through with a plate of fruit as he slipped inside and shut the door behind him. It seemed like he could tell with just a look that Shane was back in his body, a small amused smile appearing on his face.

"You are back with me Hollander," Ilya stated, wandering closer to the bed.

Shane's omega yearned to pull him into the nest immediately, but now that he was a lot more conscious, he resisted. He did pull his knees up to his chest though, trying not all that subtly to cover his hard-on.

"Maybe," Shane replied, clearing his throat when his voice sounded rough.

"Maybe," Ilya echoed, then gestured to the fruit. "I can come in and feed you?"

"I can feed myself," Shane informed him, but shifted a bit to let him know it was fine to join him in his nest. He assumed Ilya had been in it for however long it had existed, anyway.

"You *are* back," Ilya informed him, climbing inside the walls of sheets and clothes and god knows what else Shane had found to fortify the collection with. He did know it smelt divine, though.

"I still feel hot," Shane argued, not wanting Ilya to think he was entirely himself in case he did something embarrassing.

"Not surprising," Ilya replied, placing the plate down and then grabbing a sliced apple, holding it out to Shane. Shane hesitated, knowing he should grab it with his own fingers but he instead leaned forward and bit it with his mouth. "Is still Sunday."

Shane chewed his apple and blinked a few times, trying to remember what day it had been before widening his eyes, looking shocked at Ilya as the man grew more and more smug.

"Liar," Shane insisted, Ilya shaking his head and leaning back. Proud, cocky. His usual self.

"Check," Ilya waved in the direction of Shane's phone. Shane grabbed it instantly, tearing it off the charger and staring at the date. Sunday. Sunday evening. He'd gone under Saturday morning.

It had to be some sort of record.

"There's no way," Shane whispered, clicking his phone screen on and off like it might change.

"I told you I am good, Hollander. That I would look after you," Ilya insisted, and as Shane turned back he was holding out another fruit. Orange, this time.

Shane leaned in to take it with his mouth without a second thought.

"What if I'm just having like, a mid-way wake up or something?"

"Does that normally happen to you?" Ilya prompted.

"No," Shane had to admit, pushing his hair back and making a face at how dirty it felt. In a sweaty sort of way, maybe slightly slicky or comey.

"Then you are probably just coming out of your heat. Few more times tonight, you will sleep like a baby. We'll go to practice tomorrow afternoon, perfect."

Shane still felt stunned, like he couldn't quite wrap his head around it. He looked at Ilya in a new light, like he was some sort of magical, miracle worker.

"Come. Give me kiss. Eat more fruit," Ilya coaxed, holding his arm out and manhandling Shane a bit closer until he was tucked up with him, the fruit plate resting on Ilya's belly. He turned his head and smooched Shane a few times, enough to settle Shane down somewhat and feel the tiredness in his bones.

Ilya pressed more fruit against his lips and Shane complied, too tired to fight and far too content smelling how much Ilya's scent contained some of his own. His *real* scent too, not the fabricated one he always wore overtop of his own to smell like an alpha.

"Sorry I made a nest," Shane eventually mumbled out, because he still felt terribly embarrassed by it. Making nests was… really intimate. Something you'd do in your own house, with your alpha. Not at a friends-with-benefits apartment.

"You are an omega," Ilya replied with a shrug, and Shane could feel his chin resting on top of his own head. "You make nest. It's not surprising."

"I don't make nests though," Shane argued quietly, letting out a sigh. "I haven't since I first presented. It's not like - you know. I don't do that."

Ilya was quiet for a few moments, pressing a slice of banana into Shane's mouth. Shane absently wondered if any of this fruit was actually part of his diet but he couldn't quite find it in himself to care right now.

"Is healthy, for omegas to make nests," Ilya finally settled on.

Shane felt fingers under his chin, tilting his face up towards him so he naturally tipped himself up to receive the kiss that was being offered.

"I like this one, it is a nice one," Ilya complimented as he looked between his eyes.

Shane melted without wanting to, the omega in him doing somersaults at having his nest complimented by an alpha. Not just any alpha, an alpha he was feeling quite strongly towards.

"Thanks," Shane mumbled, because what the hell else was he meant to say? He couldn't tell him how much that meant to him, how he was actually probably shit at making nests, because he never made them so how could he be any good at it. He pretended to be an alpha so much he felt like he could never properly lock into his omega instincts.

Ilya just drew it out of him, though. Maybe it was all his fault.

"Of course," Ilya muttered, giving him another slow smooch. "Your cock is hard again."

Shane didn't need to look to know it was, since it had been cycling between a semi and pretty firm the entire time they'd been eating fruit.

"I'm in heat," Shane defended.

"I know this," Ilya responded. Shane watched as Ilya's hand started to skirt down his own stomach, watching his fingers lightly trickle down before they got to the thatch of hair just at the base of his cock.

"You feel sore now?" Ilya asked, running the back of his finger up the length of Shane's cock. The light touch made him shiver, his cock twitching like it wanted more. Shane definitely did.

"A little," Shane admitted, the ache he'd woken up with initially having partially subsided but still echoing in his muscles.

"Mm," Ilya acknowledged, stroking his cock again ever so lightly before sliding his hand down to Shane's thighs. "Slow, then."

"Okay," Shane agreed, seeing Ilya spread his thighs just a bit. He then took his hand away, grabbing the plate off his stomach and discarding it to the sidetable before turning back towards him. Shane kept his legs spread the way Ilya left them, since that seemed to be what he wanted.

Ilya's head nudged Shane's until he turned to face him again, chin tilted up and melting into a slow kiss. Even with his eyes closed Shane could feel Ilya's hand roaming between his legs, his other one coming up behind Shane's head properly so he was cushioned on his bicep.

That one then cupped his jaw, that possessive hold that made Shane melt every time he used it. It felt like another claim - a hand on his jaw or on the back of his neck, scruffing him into relaxation.

Shane couldn't remember a time where they'd essentially *made out* like this - usually it was fast, quick, and dirty. In a hotel room with one or the other needing to get back for a flight or sleep or training.

They'd never really indulged in the intimacy of just kissing and touching for a long, slow moment like this. The rational part of Shane's brain was screaming at him to run, not get too attached, but thankfully the heat hormones were far more convincing in telling him to stay put.

He grew wetter and wetter, and his hole — that was definitely sore enough to remind him of Ilya every time he'd bend over — was throbbing, but he wanted to make this last. He bent his own arm up to cup the side of Ilya's neck, fingertips resting where his jaw hinged so he could feel it flex.

Shane could feel Ilya getting harder where his cock lay pressed against his hip, warm and firm as it grew without a touch to it. He wanted it inside him but he didn't want to give up his kiss, so started to try subtly move himself as if he could just angle correctly and get it to slip inside without him noticing.

Unfortunately he was not as smooth as he thought he was, as evidenced by Ilya breaking their kiss to let out a puff of a giggle, kissing the corner of Shane's mouth.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" Ilya asked in a low voice.

"Yes," Shane answered, going for another kiss. "Please."

"You are wet enough?" Ilya asked, his hand sliding down Shane's inner thigh towards his hole.

"Yeah," Shane replied, though he wasn't exactly sure what qualified 'enough'. He took a sharp intake of breath when he felt Ilya's fingers pressing against him, circling slowly.

"During your heat, if you were not wet enough, do you want to know what turned you on?" Ilya asked him as he took his hand away from Shane's hole.

"What?" Shane replied, impatient since Ilya seemed to be delaying the act but not enough to do anything about.

Ilya brought his hand up towards his own face, and Shane widened his eyes as he sucked on the two fingers he had just used to feel how wet he was.

Ilya then murmured something to him in Russian, his voice low and the words rolling off his tongue. He said something else, his hand coming down to Shane's hip and gently rolling him over so Shane was on his stomach.

His hands slid over his body as he kept murmuring, coaxing his thighs apart and his knee to bend so he was in somewhat of a mountain climber position.

Shane didn't know what Ilya was saying - but he was right, it was turning him on more to hear him talk like that.

"What are you saying?" Shane asked as he settled into his new position, his cheek resting against his own hand as he got comfortable.

"I think your omega knows," Ilya answered, his hand caressing down the back of Shane's thigh and to his hole again, this time almost slipping against it with the dramatic increase in slick he'd produced. "See? He likes it. He knows Russian."

"Fuck off," Shane mumbled, but it was with even less heat than it usually was. "No he doesn't."

"Then why is he getting so wet for me, hm?" Ilya asked, shuffling on the bed until Shane felt the long line of his cock press between his arse cheeks, lining himself up. Ilya then covered his torso, laying over him as he shifted his hips forward.

He snuck his hand up towards Shane's mouth and on instinct he parted his lips before he remembered it was his own slick on there, so turned his head away and gave Ilya a look over his shoulder.

"I want you to taste how sweet you are," Ilya complained, pressing his hips against him again and making Shane arch as if he could tilt just right and make it happen.

"That's weird," Shane replied, but he couldn't deny he was intrigued. He'd never done it of his own volition - why would he?

"No," Ilya muttered in that matter-of-fact way. "Is hot."

Ilya leaned in closer, then, his mouth positioned right by Shane's ear.

"I will tell you what I said in English, if you are good," he taunted in as much of a sing-song voice as he ever had.

Shane side-eyed him, trying not to give in instantly before inevitably turning his head and wrapping his lips around Ilya's fingers. It was… fine. Nice, he supposed, in the way that he thought omega's smelled nice but he'd never been particularly interested in having sex with one.

What *was* nice was what it did to Ilya - the minute his fingers passed Shane's lips he moaned, pressing them a bit deeper and pinning down his tongue. Shane sucked once or twice, watching Ilya's intense stare out the corner of his eye and parting his lips quickly when he pulled his fingers out.

Ilya's movements were scrambled, his hand shooting down to his own cock before swiping against Shane's hole again, lining himself up. Shane was turned on enough now that he didn't feel achy, which was nice, so it was a welcome movement even if Ilya's fingers came straight back up to sink into his mouth.

"Pretty omega," Ilya grunted into his ear, starting to slide his cock inside him as he smeared his fingers around his lips before pressing them inside. "Beautiful body. Delicious slick - I enjoy being covered in it."

Shane wondered what the onslaught of praise was for before he realised - Ilya was translating for him. He'd just said this all to him in Russian. He moaned in surprise, arching into his cock as he slowly filled him up.

"I have been filling you up for two days straight. You are full of my come," Ilya added. "You have been on my knot more than you have been off it. Is your seat, now."

Shane felt like he surely shouldn't have any more length to his dick than what was already inside of him, this new angle really enabling a completely different feeling.

Ilya reverted back to Russian as he bottomed out, his breath harsh and hot against the edges of Shane's ear. He sucked on his fingers harder, wrapping his tongue around them where he could manage to and moaning low in his throat.

"What was that one?" Shane asked, his words garbled around the intrusion.

"*My* hole," Ilya muttered, biting the back of Shane's neck. He moaned, the spot he'd picked far away enough from either mating-bite area but it didn't mean it wasn't an erogenous zone. The secondary wave of pleasure washed over him at Ilya claiming him verbally - or at least his hole.

That was definitely good enough.

"Fuck, Ilya. Fuck me please?" Shane moaned, curling his toes as he was held in position by Ilya's body pinning him down, filling him up.

"Milk my cock first," Ilya instructed, pressing it in impossibly deeper.

"Huh?" Shane replied, not entirely sure what Ilya was wanting from him and feeling somewhat too impatient to try and guess.

"Squeeze," Ilya instructed, pulling his fingers out of Shane's mouth again and then grabbing one of his arse cheeks. "Tight. Then relax, then do again. Inside."

Shane furrowed his brow, hesitant for all of a second before he was determined to get it. He tensed himself up as best as he could, clenching around Ilya before relaxing again. Shane tried it again, experimenting with it before getting distracted when Ilya let out a shuddery moan.

"Is that okay?" Shane wondered, looking over his shoulder again.

"Is perfect," Ilya encouraged, stroking his hair. "Good boy. Good omega."

Spurred on by the praise, Shane kept repeating the action, starting to set a rhythm and get into it. It was actually quite a nice break from the thrusts and the intensity of it all, something he could control the pace of and - as evidenced by the noises Ilya was making - something that he was finding enjoyable.

Since Ilya was sunk deep inside of him, Shane could feel his knot starting to swell. He rutted against the sheet beneath him, his cock lightly dragging with every clench and release he did that was now combined with him rocking his hips.

Shane was just getting used to it when Ilya moaned and came closer to his face again, grabbing his chin to turn it and give him a rough kiss.

"I fuck you now," Ilya told him, then earnestly conveyed another sentence in Russian.

"Tell me," Shane demanded airily, his breath catching when Ilya pulled out, just enough to thrust inside of him again and jolt him up the nest a bit.

"Secret," Ilya replied, fucking in again so there was a slap of his hips against Shane's arse.

"Please?" Shane whimpered, fist clenching the fabric as Ilya started to build his pace. He'd felt close when they'd started, so having lasted this long was a miracle.

Ilya was quiet for a long while, aside from his moans and grunts. Almost long enough that Shane thought he must be ignoring his plea to know what he said, but thankfully for him his dick was distracting enough with the rhythmic pounding it was giving him.

"Perfect," Ilya eventually coughed up, his hands wandering over Shane's body. Pressing between his shoulder blades to keep him pinned, his thigh to squeeze, the back of his head so he could pull his hair.

But Shane caught it, however much Ilya was trying to distract him from it.

Ilya thought he was perfect.

"I'm gonna come," Shane whined, struggling to catch his breath when every thrust felt like it was knocking it out of him. "Need to - the sheets-"

"Already covered in our come," Ilya muttered, sounding close himself.

Shane whined in response, unable to move even if he wanted to with Ilya's hands pressing into him. The way his cock was trapped between his belly and the bed meant he was getting near constant pressure, and as Ilya's pace increased he felt his orgasm draw near.

"Ilya," Shane moaned, reaching back to where he could feel Ilya's hand pressing firm against his thigh, grabbing his wrist because he needed to hold onto *something* on him as he drew him so close to the edge. "Knot."

"Yes," Ilya hissed, the girth of it starting to drag against Shane's hole, slipping in and out of him until, with on final thrust, it caught deep inside and properly popped to its full width.

Shane rolled his eyes back as he was filled up, his cock shooting come as his hole fluttered erratically around Ilya, his entire body feeling tense as he rode the waves of pleasure.

He didn't realise he was holding his breath until he gasped for air, swallowing thickly and shuddering after the intensity of the orgasm he'd just had. Normally, post heat or in the tail end of it, the orgasms got weaker and more pathetic since he'd come so much. Not more intense.

"Fuck," Shane whispered, mostly to himself as he turned the upper half of his body to look up at Ilya.

He looked blissful, hovering over him on strong arms, covered in a sheen of sweat that was just enough to be sexy. He seemed to be staring back at him, but it was clear when he came back to himself, because his expression melted and he bent his arms to lean down over Shane and give him a kiss.

Shane didn't mind that he was completely contorted to keep the knot in his arse and get his lips. It was probably a good lower back stretch, anyway.

"You feel okay?" Ilya asked him quietly after he gave him a few sedate kisses, kissing his nose after them which definitely didn't make Shane blush.

"Yes," Shane answered honestly, tipping his head for more kisses. "You?"

"Very okay," Ilya answered, his hips shifting minutely and causing them both to moan in sync. "We relax while I fill you up."

"Yeah," Shane agreed, watching Ilya carefully move until they were comfortably spooning, Ilya's chest to Shane's back, one arm of Ilya's under Shane's head and the other resting possessively over Shane's cock. It was instinct, Shane knew that, but it didn't make it any less enjoyable while he sat on his alpha's knot.

An alpha's knot. This felt like a bad habit he was starting to form.

It was a comfortable silence, only interrupted when Ilya would kiss or lick the back of his neck, nuzzling and grazing his teeth in a possessive sort of way and never failing to make Shane shiver.

He had a lot he wanted to say, wanted to ask. What did this mean for them? Anything more than what it meant when they hooked up before? It felt more intimate, but that could be blamed on their instincts and hormones. Would Rozanov just go back to what he was before and keep sleeping with others?

Probably, maybe. Did Shane want anything different? He didn't know. His omega certainly did, but he wasn't the smartest guy around. He didn't understand how anything other than his dick and hole worked.

"Relax, Hollander. Stop thinking," Ilya coaxed. Shane realised he must have tensed up, or something, but he did settle just a bit when Ilya tipped his head to the side to kiss him on the lips. "Enjoy."

"I'll try," Shane agreed, because he was pretty sure he couldn't just stop thinking, but maybe he just needed to think about something else. A fantasy, some sort of escape.

A world where this was normality. Where they'd travel, they'd play hard at their games, but they'd come back to this. Home, wherever that might be physically, but Shane suspected it would be fine as long as he was in Ilya's arms.

That felt like a fantasy that might never come true. It hurt to think about.

What Shane decided he could do instead was try his absolute best to shut the noise up. Focus. Treat it like a game, where he had to quiet everything else around him and just focus on playing well and getting goals.

He took the same slow, long breaths he did before he got on the ice, concentrating on the points of connection he and Ilya shared. The way his hand was carding through his hair, the other possessively on his crotch. His knot still inside of him, linking them together.

Ilya murmured something in Russian, quieter this time and under his breath.

"What's that one?" Shane asked, knowing he was probably being annoying with all the questions but he couldn't help but be curious.

"Secret," Ilya muttered, kissing behind his ear.

"You can't keep telling me secrets in Russian," Shane insisted to him.

"Who is going to stop me?" Ilya replied, nipping the cartilage of his ear. "I will tell you that one later."

Something deep in the pit of Shane's stomach told him he already knew, but he didn't want to jinx it.

"Okay," Shane agreed instead, not wanting to push it if it was what he thought it was. He wasn't ready for that yet.

"Okay," Ilya repeated, earning Shane another peck.

Maybe Shane was okay with his first heat with Ilya happening this way, after all.

End Notes

thank you for reading!!! i reply to every comment and appreciate every kudos 🫶

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