

love me hard

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by [starblushed](#)

Summary

The look in Ilya's eyes was undeniable. They had spent years dancing around each other, denying and pushing and turning away, but Shane was tired of it. He was tired of hiding, tired of pretending he only wanted Ilya in the dark, in hotel rooms and rushed nights and stolen moments. Maybe it was the heat talking, or maybe it was his exhausted heart giving way under the pressure of Ilya's warm eyes.

Shane invites Ilya to the cottage to share his first heat together, and repressed feelings bubble to the surface.

Can be read as a standalone!

Notes

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Hello Hollanov enjoyers. I have returned to give you more omegaverse. This can be read as a part 2 of the previous fic, but it can also be considered as a standalone :) I have been super burned out from writing fics but hopefully you all still like it! I do have more planned for Hollanov so hopefully the burnout ends soon :(

Title is from [HARD](#) by FKA Twigs.

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

Shane swallowed nervously, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel as they pulled up at the cottage, Ilya quiet in the passenger seat. Two weeks alone stretched ahead of them, with nothing but the silence of the wilderness and the knowledge of Shane's impending heat to keep them company.

Being a professional athlete meant that Shane had never had a heat before, not really. The amount of suppressants he was pumped with made it difficult, and he usually took a quick 3 day long leave in the summer to hole up in his cottage and sweat it out. It was painful and uncomfortable, nothing like the week of blissful horniness he was supposed to experience once every three months, but it kept him on the ice every day of the regular season.

Montreal had gotten a new doctor this year, and she had advised Shane to take a heat leave – a real one, no suppressants, no painful cramps or piercing headaches, just a week off to regulate his system. Barely 10% of omegas were men, and pretty much none of them were professional athletes, so Shane hadn't really known that his pre-heat wasn't supposed to be spent in discomfort, on as much pain medicine as he could stomach without throwing up. So, Shane had taken her advice and took the time off, and had reached out with all the fear in his heart to the only alpha he would ever consider spending his heat with.

Ilya had said yes.

In all the years they spent hooking up, Ilya had never really pried into how Shane handled his heats. He knew Shane got enough bullshit from the old-fashioned alphas who thought omegas should never be allowed into professional sports, and from the media who was endlessly fascinated at the concept of an omega who was 'dominating in an alphas-only field'. He pushed and poked and prodded at Shane for everything except being an omega, and Shane appreciated it more than he could express. Bare minimum, he knew, but when he had been fielding advances from alphas since he was fourteen, it did mean a lot to him that Ilya was interested in him as a person rather than as an omega. It made his throat dry and his heart beat faster, it made him imagine things he couldn't want.

Shane just wanted to play hockey, not spend a heat in excruciating pain, and *maybe* see if Ilya Rozanov would want him for more than just stolen half-moments to fill up the silence.

Ilya had no problem getting any omega (or beta or alpha) he wanted, but he and Shane kept circling in each others' orbits like asteroids on an inevitable collision path. Shane had been with a few other alphas, but no one was like Ilya, with his woodsmoke scent and careful hands and sharp, pretty teeth. There was no one he trusted like Ilya – he knew Ilya would take Shane's offer to spend his heat together with the reverence it deserved. Shane trusted that Ilya would be good to him, really and truly good to him in a way that Shane hadn't even known he wanted.

Part of him bristled at the idea of needing to be taken care of. He wasn't weak and didn't need anyone, but as he grew older and started thinking about his future beyond the ice rink, he realized he was allowed to want to be taken care of, to want to allow himself to be vulnerable for Ilya's eyes only, to trust him with his soft insides and jagged heart. He wanted

to hold Ilya's hand and lay at his side, he wanted more than frantic nights and stolen kisses. He was allowed to want it, but would he be allowed to have it?

"This is my cottage," Shane said, stepping outside. His nerves instantly settled as he breathed in the fresh air, the place was like a balm over his frayed senses. Shane hadn't ever brought anyone back here excluding his parents, and he watched Ilya's reaction anxiously. Ilya was looking around curiously, both their bags already in his hands. Shane sighed, but let it be.

He was half surprised that Ilya had said yes. Both of them kind of had a silent agreement that this wasn't serious, that it couldn't be serious, but then Scott Hunter had kissed his boyfriend on live TV, Ilya had accepted Shane's offer, and they hadn't really talked about what everything had meant. The last time they were together was special, different – it changed his mind to ever have an alpha present during his heat. It changed something in him that he had been suppressing for a while now.

Regular sex was different enough from heat sex for Shane to be nervous, but not enough for him to regret it. Ilya had casually mentioned that he had helped some omegas through their heats, which left Shane prickly with jealousy. The idea of being able to have a normal heat every three months was a luxury he couldn't even fathom – the painful three day half heats he had once a year were incomparable from what Jackie or his team doctor had told him about a real heat. Shane loved being a hockey player, loved it like his second nature, like he had found his purpose, but he did sometimes mourn what he could have had if he walked a normal path.

And he would spend his heat with Ilya, the alpha he loved – the alpha he deeply cared for. Even if he could have it just once, the memories would be there for a lifetime. He'd remember it every year when it was time for his heat for the rest of his life. He'd remember it every time he closed his eyes, every time he got hard, every time he caught sight of those gorgeous hazel eyes.

Shane let Ilya poke around the cottage, making his way into the master bedroom where he was planning to make his nest. Usually he just grabbed whatever blanket was available and wrapped himself up in it, but he was a bit nervous. He wanted Ilya's scent in his nest, but he didn't know what he could ask for, how much to ask for.

"Okay?" Ilya asked.

Shane turned around to see the alpha leaning against the doorway, eyebrows raised.

"Just thinking," Shane responded.

Ilya nodded, coming into the room when Shane moved to the side, letting him in. "When will it start?"

"Don't know. Never really had a heat like this one before."

Shane had told Ilya just enough that he could make an informed decision – he was having a heat off of suppressants for the first time, and that he would like to spend it with Ilya. Ilya didn't ask too many questions, but Shane was sure he had done some research. Shane had

spent many, many hours holed up in his room furtively scrolling through his phone. There was almost no information on hockey players in his position, but there were a couple of omega soccer players who seemed to go through something similar. They said that it would be overwhelming but not scary with the right person there – preferably an alpha, but it didn't have to be.

Shane was pretty sure he'd bite the head off of anyone who wasn't Ilya right now.

He was pretty sure he was in some form of pre-heat, the itch under his skin to be surrounded by soft blankets and warm arms growing the longer Ilya was around him. It was so different from his usual pre-heat, where he was so exhausted and anxious that he just collapsed into bed. He was still tired, but not really anxious, even with the newness of the situation. Maybe it was Ilya's presence that made him feel better? Maybe it was because the bone-deep aching loneliness he always experienced but only bubbled to the surface during his heats was abated, kept at bay by Ilya's careful eyes and warm body.

They had both agreed to go without scent patches, so Shane carefully peeled his off, tossing it in the trash can by the window. He recognized his own sweet peach scent, but didn't anticipate the way Ilya's nostrils flared and his eyes went dark. Ilya didn't make a big deal of it, gesturing to the bed, not taking his gaze off of Shane. "Need help with nest?"

Shane definitely did not anticipate Ilya to say that.

Alphas outside of long term mated bonds rarely, if ever, helped with making nests, but Ilya was an active participant (or as active as Shane would let him be). Shane didn't expect to be so particular, but sometimes a blanket corner wasn't folded quite right, or a sheet needed to be on the other side of the nest. Shane would have been worried about being annoying, but Ilya didn't seem annoyed at all. Ilya took all of Shane's corrections in stride, looking at him almost fondly as he fussed over the state of the nest. Shane was almost expecting to be too much, for Ilya to regard this as a chore, but he was pleasantly surprised – Ilya seemed to be actively enjoying himself, despite Shane's peculiarities.

Finally, Shane burrowed inside the nest, feeling a sense of warmth and safety overtaking him. It was so soft and comfortable, but something was still missing, like the room was two degrees too cold. He looked up from where he was wrapped in the blankets and sheets, up at Ilya who was just watching him quietly. "Would you like to come in?" he asked.

"Give me a second. Will be back."

He said it so resolutely that Shane couldn't even begin to doubt him, instead choosing to close his eyes and just bask. He felt – not quite nervous, but not quite excited, a tumultuous mix of both swirling in his lower stomach, along with a half familiar arousal. The team doctor, the omega health clinic consultant, and the Internet had all told him that there would likely be very little time spent in pre-heat, and he would probably stumble into the full blown heat a few hours after he noticed anything different. They had cut it close on the timing, Ilya's flight several hours delayed, but they had made it.

Ilya quietly padded back into the room with a whole host of items – water bottles, protein bars, even a cooler that was no doubt filled with more food and drinks. Shane's chest twisted

at his consideration, at his sweet, silent care. Ilya checked Shane up and down again, and wordlessly stepped into the nest, somehow managing to look graceful as he laid down next to Shane. Shane couldn't help himself from burying his face into Ilya's throat, scowling at the scent blocking patch on his neck. As if he could read Shane's mind, Ilya took the patch off and threw it into the trash can (and of course it went in).

Ilya always smelled so good, like woodsmoke, like a bonfire on a warm summer night, like warmth and safety. Shane couldn't get enough, pushing even closer to his scent gland to soak it all into his senses. He had never felt so out of control, so free to act how he wanted, always pressured to not be too much, too demanding, too *omega*. Now, his body was forced to be whatever it wanted. The lack of control had already twisted his stomach into knots of nervousness, but most of that faded as soon as he saw Ilya in the airport. All the thoughts of what an omega should be, about how he should act and think, all faded away. He could just exist without the pressure of the world's expectations on him.

He tugged at Ilya's shirt, half-shy, "Can I have this?"

Ilya whipped it off, handing it to Shane. Shane carefully placed it in the top corner of the nest, and finally it was perfect, smelling of both of them. Ilya gently ran his hand over Shane's forehead, clicking his tongue in sympathy. "You are close to heat."

"Ilya," he whispered. The look in Ilya's eyes was undeniable. They had spent years dancing around each other, denying and pushing and turning away, but Shane was tired of it. He was tired of hiding, tired of pretending he only wanted Ilya in the dark, in hotel rooms and rushed nights and stolen moments. Maybe it was the heat talking, or maybe it was his exhausted heart giving way under the pressure of Ilya's warm eyes.

"Before we start. Anything you want? Anything you do not want?"

"Don't know."

"Shane – "

"Really," Shane said. "My heats are usually painful. This is the first time I've ever felt okay in pre-heat. I feel safe with you. I want – " he swallowed. "Want you to fuck me. Knot me. Just – I've never had a real one before." Shane didn't want to say he was nervous, but he was nervous. As much as he trusted Ilya, he hated that he was still a little bit afraid despite the anticipation.

Ilya nodded. He had never knotted Shane, and Shane hadn't wanted it from any other alphas before, either. His eyes were serious as he traced a finger down Shane's face. "Got it, I will take care of you. Tell me if anything hurts?"

I will take care of you. Shane was going to lose his mind. How could he just say something like that, offering up everything Shane had ever wanted in six simple, devastating words? "Of course. Just sleepy now."

Ilya kissed his forehead. "Get some rest while you can."

If that wasn't ominous. Shane would snark back, but he was just so warm and comfortable and everything smelled like comfort and home, and as soon as he blinked, he couldn't open his eyes anymore, falling asleep in Ilya's arms.

Waking up was agony.

He was – he was empty. He was lonely, soul crushingly lonely. Hot. Alone. Wet, so wet, he needed his alpha, he needed –

“Ilya,” he whispered into the quiet.

Ilya was immediately hovering over him. “Okay?”

“Need you,” he whimpered. Fuck. He was empty, he wanted – needed, needed to be filled up, needed to be fucked full and knotted, needed to feel Ilya inside of him to beat the emptiness back. He hadn't ever felt this desperate, his thoughts drowning in lust and heat, unable to stay still. Why wasn't Ilya inside him already? “Fuck me.”

Ilya was beautiful. He was always beautiful, but like this, in Shane's rose-tinted, heat-blurred vision, he was stunning, he was absolute perfection. Shane wanted him so badly he thought he'd die without him, without his hands on Shane's hips and his mouth on Shane's throat. He'd die if Ilya didn't fuck him – it felt ridiculous to even think that but he might, he *would*. He needed his alpha more than air.

Ilya captured Shane's lips in a bruising, claiming kiss, sliding two fingers into him with ease. Shane was wet, so wet that Ilya could just slide right in, but he knew Ilya would always take care with Shane's body, would never hurt him, even overwhelmed by pheromones and heat and lust. Shane could be patient for him. Shane could let himself be taken care of, let Ilya assuage his own fears and worries.

“You smell so good,” Ilya groaned, licking at the scent gland on his wrist. “Perfect.” He mumbled out some more words in Russian that Shane didn't understand but felt like bullet wounds. He wanted him, needed him so badly. “You okay? Ready?”

“Yes, pleasepleaseplease, Ilya, need you.” His veins felt like liquid heat, like his blood was replaced with pure lust. All he could think of was that big fucking cock splitting him open, of Ilya's delicious scent and perfect face and strong body, of how could he always felt under his hands. He couldn't stop the words from escaping his mouth, beyond embarrassment, beyond shame. “Please, please, want you.”

Ilya didn't say another word, sliding his fingers out of Shane and replacing them with his cock. He was so gentle, so careful – he was big, but Shane had grown accustomed enough to taking him outside of heat. Now, when his body was melting from the inside, when he needed it more than ever before, Ilya's slow pace made him cry out.

“What do you need?” Ilya sounded half frantic.

“Need you. Just – harder. Need you.”

Ilya moaned into his neck, a soft, quiet sound that drove Shane crazy, before pulling out almost all the way and slamming back in *hard*. Hard, just the way he wanted it. Shane closed his eyes in bliss for a second, but the sight of Ilya above him, driving into him like a man possessed, was too good to give up.

Shane was struck again by how handsome Ilya was. Golden hair falling into his face, cute nose, plush mouth, his face angular but not harsh. Beautiful. Shane reached up with shaking fingertips to brush against his cheek, flushed red with exertion and pheromones.

Ilya's breath caught, hips faltering for a second as Shane cupped his face. Shane wasn't sure what expression was on his face. He didn't care enough to control it, to put that placid mask that never fit quite right around Ilya back on.

"Okay?" Ilya asked, in a hushed voice.

"Yeah," Shane whispered back. "You?"

"Perfect," Ilya groaned, pressing a sweet kiss to Shane's fingers before pulling Shane's thighs up a bit more, changing the angle enough for Shane's eyes to roll back in his head.

He was used to wanting Ilya, used to being taken apart under his hands and on his cock, used to being overwhelmed by closeness and pleasure. He could never imagine it getting any more hot, but it was – somehow, it was, like his insides were burning up, like Ilya was the only one who could turn the overwhelming heat into pleasure.

Shane gasped as he came all over his stomach, unexpectedly. It felt – it was so good, it was always good with Ilya, but he wanted more, wanted to be fucked harder, wanted Ilya's come, wanted his knot.

Ilya's eyes went wide. "Fuck," he whispered, gently slowing to a stop.

"Don't stop," Shane whined, clenching around him. Ilya hissed, face twisting in pleasure.

"You're not – too much? I can – we can stop, you can rest."

"No, no *no*, please, I need you."

"Okay, anything you want." Ilya started moving again, fucking Shane through the overstimulation. It was so hot, so good. Ilya looked so pretty, so strong and handsome above him, taking care of him, fucking him just right.

"Ilya," he moaned, watching his pupils dilate. He liked that? Shane wanted Ilya to like it, Shane wanted Ilya to like him with a bone-deep desperation. He needed Ilya to stay, he needed to be good for Ilya with an intensity that floored him. He *really* needed Ilya to come inside him, to knot him, to lock them together. Arousal twisted through Shane's spine like lightning, he wanted to be filled up so badly.

"Knot," he begged. As if he couldn't help it, Ilya gasped and buried his face in Shane's neck. Shane felt it, big and overwhelming, pressed against his starving hole, desperate and aching. He needed it. It was too big but he needed it, it was pushing in, it was so much but –

They both moaned as Ilya's knot popped into Shane's hole, filling him all the way up. Ilya was shaking on top of him, almost whining into Shane's throat. Shane could barely breathe, he was so full, he was finally achingly satisfied. Ilya had him. Ilya was all the way inside him, so close, the closest two people could get.

Shane shivered as he was hit with a wave of shockingly clear lucidity. Ilya was still in him, locked inside, as close as possible. He gently tipped them around until Shane was comfortably on top, resting on Ilya's body.

"Okay?" Ilya whispered, running a hand down Shane's back, practically soaked from sweat.

Shane was okay. Maybe. It was hard to describe the feeling – vulnerable but not unsafe, uncertain but not anxious. Ilya burrowed a bit deeper into Shane's neck, trying to get a read of his mood from his scent. "I'm good. You okay?"

"Yes. You feel –" Ilya made a little, helpless noise. "Perfect."

"You were so good," Shane said, dreamily, grinning as he felt Ilya twitch inside him. He liked that, being praised? "Such a good alpha for me."

Ilya nipped at his shoulder. "Keep talking like that and I'll stay hard."

"I don't see a problem." Shane didn't. He had been a bit nervous, sure, but he felt so full and so good, as if all the blood in his body had settled. Everything smelled like Ilya, safe and warm and comforting. He could rest. All he had to do was be taken care of.

Ilya trembled below him, eyes wide with promise and mirth. "You will be a problem."

For once, Shane didn't bristle at the insinuation. He often felt like an amalgamation of problems. The gay problem. The omega problem. The fucking-your-rival-teammate-in-secret-for-years problem.

Ilya was saying it teasingly, almost affectionately. *You are having a problem and I'm going to take care of it. You could never be too much of a problem because I like every part of you. Nothing about you is ever a problem for me.*

Maybe it was wishful thinking, but Shane felt like he was burning alive with desire, so maybe, just this once, he was well entitled to want what he couldn't have. It was just a fantasy, after all, being with Ilya for more than just clandestine hookups, as much as Shane wanted it. Ilya coming to the cottage didn't mean anything, not really. He just wanted to help. He didn't need to want Shane –

"Hey, still okay?" Ilya's tone was gentle, but betrayed just a hint of worry.

"I'm okay," Shane whispered, resting his head back down on Ilya's chest. There was no point in thinking of his hopeless feelings for any longer, not during heat. These thoughts didn't make him anxious like it should have, as if Ilya's knot was preventing him from feeling anything but good. His emotions were running high, he wanted Ilya more than ever before – something he thought would be possible. It wasn't just the heat talking, but maybe Shane

could pretend it was. Maybe it was okay to just enjoy it and deal with the consequences later. Ilya Rozanov had always been the exception to all his meticulous planning and careful routines – the one thing that didn't make sense but always made him feel complete.

He cast the thoughts out of his mind and focused on the scent of peach and woodsmoke, listening to the solid thud of Ilya's heartbeat while Ilya's big palm stroked up and down his back as they breathed together slowly, until –

"You –" he gasped, the sensation of Ilya's knot going down almost jarring after the haze of calm that had permeated his mind. "Stay. Touch me."

"I'm here," Ilya nuzzled into the top of his head. "Not leaving."

Shane sighed as Ilya tipped them over until Shane's back hit the mattress, sighing as Ilya pulled out, kissing him gently all over his shoulders. Shane whined at the feeling of hot liquid dripping out of him. Ilya's come. *Fuck*. He whined, why – he wanted it inside, he wanted to be filled up –

Ilya backed up slightly, eyes going wide as they caught on the sight of Shane's dripping, loose hole. "Can I – can I use my mouth?"

Shane blinked. Ilya didn't mean a blowjob.

Ilya had asked to eat him out, once, years ago, on maybe their fourth or fifth time hooking up. Shane couldn't even fathom being eaten out at the time, he had been way too shy to ever consider it, so he had said no pretty vehemently. Ilya hadn't ever asked again.

He looked almost starved now, eyes trained on Shane's leaking, empty hole, mouth half open in awe. Part of Shane wanted to hide, to close his legs and bury himself in his nest. Another part of him, the part of him that had given Ilya his room number all those years ago, got him to open his thighs and give Ilya a shy, little smile.

And sure, he ended up turning his face to hide his blushing cheeks in the pillow, but hey, he had tried.

Ilya didn't seem to care, pouncing on him and burying his face in between Shane's legs, biting at his thighs before licking up, up, higher and higher. The nervousness in Shane's veins was slowly melting into impossibly lustful heat. Ilya was such a good kisser, and Shane lost his mind any time Ilya would suck him off. He was good with his tongue, he would make Shane feel good. His hole ached a bit, needed to be soothed by that sweet pink mouth – something he had only ever dreamed about, leaving him leaking into his mattress on countless mornings. He trusted Ilya to make it good, nerves giving way to sweet anticipation, but Ilya carefully took his hand.

"You pull hand, I stop," Ilya instructed. "Okay?"

"Want you," Shane moaned. He didn't want to stop. He wanted Ilya's mouth –

"Shane." Ilya tugged at his hand. "You pull. I stop. Got it? Words."

“Got it. Want you now.”

Ilya grinned for a second, teeth flashing white before kneeling back down between Shane’s legs, putting his free hand on Shane’s thigh and adjusting him so his hole was exposed, licking a careful stripe up over him.

Fuck.

Everything had always been good with Ilya. Everything was probably good *because* it was with Ilya. Shane expected to like being eaten out, despite the shyness, but he didn’t expect to like it this much. It was – it was embarrassing in a pleasurable way, maybe. Vulnerable, erotic, it felt *good*. Really good. It would be relaxing and soothing if it wasn’t so fucking hot, Ilya’s tongue *inside him*. Ilya was inside him. He was groaning against Shane’s ass, as if the taste of his slick was ambrosia, as if he was enjoying himself more than Shane was, his hand holding Shane’s tightly as if it was an anchor.

Shane was ecstatic, floating above the clouds. He wanted that tongue in him forever, he wanted Ilya’s knot again, he wanted to come. He *really* wanted to come, needed it again and again and again until the aching heat in his chest gave way. Ilya’s mouth felt so good, but he wanted a knot. He tugged at Ilya’s hand, pulling him up. Ilya’s eyes were wide and worried until Shane pulled him into a kiss.

Fuck. He tasted like peaches – he tasted like Shane, as if Shane had claimed him. He would smell like Shane. Ilya’s eyes flared as Shane flipped them over, sitting on his stomach. He was so hard, dripping slick all over those perfect abs, but Ilya was hard too, Shane could feel him throbbing. He grinned down at the alpha. “You want me?” he teased.

“Hollander...”

Shane felt *playful*. “Need something, Rozanov?” Danger prickled up his spine. Ilya would never, ever hurt him, but the thought of pissing him off enough to be flipped over and fucked hard had him trembling with excitement.

“Get on my cock,” Ilya gritted out, voice tense with need and barely contained desperation.

Well, then.

As if it was a command, Shane sunk down onto Ilya, groaning at the stretch. Ilya’s left hand was still holding Shane’s, his right hand on Shane’s waist. Shane sighed, grinding back and forth, Ilya’s cock pressing perfectly against the sweet spot right inside of him.

“Fuck, beautiful,” Ilya whispered. “You want to use me? Make yourself feel good?”

“Feels so good,” Shane moaned. He couldn’t think. His thighs burned. His lungs burned. He needed Ilya, needed this for forever. He couldn’t give this up, would never give this up if he didn’t have to, sobbing out his pleasure. “Ilya.”

“Only I can make you feel like this.”

“Yes,” Shane gasped. “Just you, alpha. Mine.”

Shane was distantly aware of the soft gasp coming out of Ilya's mouth, of the way his hands started trembling, of the way his hips bucked up as if he couldn't help it. "Yours. I – you want me?"

"Only you." Wasn't it obvious? Shane had let him inside his house, inside his body, inside his nest, inside his heart. What more did he want? Shane would give him everything, give him anything he wanted. He wanted Ilya to be happy, to want to stay with Shane, to really be his in every way that mattered. "Only want you. Want you to be mine."

He gasped as Ilya flipped them around. "Sorry," he gasped out, folding Shane in half, moaning into the crook of Shane's neck, low and deep and so, so hot. "Sorry, need you, need to fuck you. Please let me fuck you, I need you."

"Yes," Shane kissed him, kissed peaches off of his lips, licked into his mouth with fervour, chasing the taste of himself. "Yes, fuck me. I'm yours too."

"Mine," Ilya groaned, half-disbelieving, half commanding. Would he knot Shane again? It hadn't been that long since the last one, but Shane had never seen Ilya so out of control, so *desperate* before. It was so sexy, seeing his own desire reflected above him in his golden angel, professing for him, pleasing him. He was Ilya's, he was. He wanted to be his.

"Come for me?" Ilya asked. "Please, Shane. Need to see it."

Shane couldn't deny Ilya anything when he asked for it like that, half aching and half sweet, like he trusted Shane to give him what he needed. Shane would always give him everything, whining as he came all over his stomach, untouched, the way that always drove Ilya crazy. It felt like lightning, felt like a dream, but he needed Ilya's come inside him, needed to get filled up and claimed, needed more. He needed everything from Ilya, too.

Ilya swore lowly in Russian, fucking him through it before biting down harshly on his shoulder, close enough from his mating gland to make Shane gasp through another orgasm before he was even done with the last one, cock dribbling pathetically against his stomach. The knot was faster than the first, swelling inside him before he could even breathe, locking them together again.

"Fuck," Ilya whispered. "It hurts?"

"No," Shane sighed, petting at Ilya's head. "You never hurt me."

Ilya scoffed. "I – Shane. You." He stopped, heartbreakingly quiet.

"Me?" Shane whispered, into the silence. His heart started beating faster again, as if he couldn't help it.

"I meant it," Ilya said. "Want you to be mine. Really be mine."

Ilya wouldn't hurt him, Ilya wouldn't judge him. He could – maybe it was okay to ask for what he wanted. Ilya had him, Shane trusted him, Shane trusted in *them*. This meant

something, it wasn't fair to either of the, to deny it any longer. Shane took a deep breath, bracing himself. Once he said it, he couldn't take it back. "Like...a relationship?"

"Yes," Ilya said, certain and solid like a promise.

There had never, ever, in the entire history of the NHL, been two mated players. Hell, until Scott Hunter, there hadn't even been any out gay NHL players. The world would revolt, it wasn't ready, even if they were. Shane swallowed. "I want that, too. But hockey."

"But, hockey." Ilya nodded, pressing a careful kiss to the thin skin of Shane's neck. "Would never ask you to give it up."

"I hate that I have to choose. I really like you. I want you, only you."

"We can keep it a secret," Ilya said, voice low. "As long as I have you."

Shane's stomach twisted uncomfortably. It wasn't fucking fair, he just wanted to love Ilya openly, wanted to wear his mark on his neck, wanted to have him. "I – Ilya."

"Shh," Ilya kissed his cheek, softly. "You are still in heat. We can talk more."

"But you want –"

Ilya kissed him, soundly, desperately, in a way they had never kissed before, as if it would be their last. "I want to be your partner. I want to live with you. Want to wake up to you, want to see you before I fall asleep. Want to play hockey with you forever. You make me feel seen. Make me feel – you like me for *me*. Not money, not fame, not because I am alpha. Because I am me, and you are you. You are everything to me. I know it is impossible, but I love you. I can never love anything like I love you." He took a deep, shuddering breath. "I want to be your alpha. Your mate."

Shane sobbed, chest lighting up with happiness. Ilya *loved* him. Ilya *wanted to be his mate*. His brain was hazy, but he understood. He felt it, too, felt it deep inside of him, felt like his heart had finally started beating correctly, felt like his life had just shifted two centimetres left and was finally in place. "I love you. I want to be your mate, too."

"Will figure it out, then." Ilya's scent was overjoyed, uncontrolled love and sweetness permeating the air in the room. Shane was distantly aware some of it was him, that they were both really, finally *happy*. "We love each other. That's all we need."

They both knew it wasn't really true. It would be hard, but right now, in the middle of his heat, with the love of his life beside him, kissing him so gently and holding him so closely, Shane couldn't help but feel hopeful, like he could have everything he had ever wanted.

End Notes

Thank you and I hope you liked the fic! I have been super burned out so hopefully this was still enjoyable. I appreciate any kind comments and kudos, thank you all! Come talk to me on [twitter \(18+\)](#).

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