

low pressure zone

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Summary

Ilya has claimed so many of Shane's firsts - his first kiss with a man, his first time doing *any* act with a man. Turning down Shane's first heat is unimaginable. He doesn't want to wait for an imaginary future. They have two weeks alone. He has to have this, even if it's a terrible idea. It has to be him.

Notes

so what if the cottage happened but they also planned for shane to go into heat to make it extra fun? because the cottage kind of already has heat retreat vibes... shane and ilya do live in their own omegaverse within the game changers universe my close personal friend rachel reid confirmed it

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

“I’m... off them, by the way.”

Ilya says nothing. Shane can’t tell if he’s nervous, or irritated, or tired or what, but since he’s driving he can’t study his face long enough to find out. It’s an hour into the drive to the cottage and the words have been in his throat the whole time.

“Like we talked about.”

Ilya just makes a short noise of acknowledgement. Shane’s heartbeat starts to speed up. This was a bad idea - probably their worst so far.

“I still brought them, just in case you don’t—“

“No.” It’s quick and firm. Ilya puts his hand on Shane’s knee. He doesn’t have to strain to reach it, even in a spacious SUV. The warmth and weight of it slows Shane’s rapid pulse momentarily. But the longer it stays there, the more Shane feels his cheeks heat up.

“It’s going to be fun,” Ilya says lowly, but without humor. He is staring at Shane, but Shane can only glance at him.

“Hey, I gotta focus on the road,” he laughs, somewhat nervously. The atmosphere is way too serious. Ilya takes his hand, kisses the back of it slowly, and places it back on the gear shift. Shane feels the coolness of the air conditioning hitting the moist spot where Ilya’s lips have been. Ilya’s scent comes with it; warm and layered, but so sweet.

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Everything he’s read said it could take a week for Shane’s body to acclimate to the lack of suppressants after so many years of taking them. Even then, inducing his heat isn’t a

guarantee. Ilya doesn't know whether he would be relieved or devastated if it didn't come as anticipated. He isn't sure if he can handle wanting Shane more than he already does. He isn't sure he'll be able to control what he'll say or do. That's kind of the point - your usual inhibitions are erased, with breeding being the only biological imperative. But if it doesn't kick in, and maybe Shane goes into heat after he goes home, and he's alone - Ilya's stomach turns at the thought. It has to happen at the cottage. It has to be him. Ilya will make sure of it.

Most of the sources for this stuff have to do with married couples looking to conceive. Ilya feels hot all over reading it. Spending a heat and rut together is definitely something reserved, at the very least, for committed relationships with a good amount of time to kill and a lot of trust in one another. Ilya supposes they mostly qualify.

But of course Ilya can't help but picture it. Them together. Married - committed - whatever. Able to be together. Thinking about children. Having children. This is still something he can't allow himself to want as badly as he knows he does, deep down.

Surprisingly, Shane had been the one to suggest it while they were talking about the cottage trip. Ilya had said yes instantly, before he could even think. The league's requirements are for all players and personnel to be on suppressants for obvious reasons, so neither of them have experienced this in their years of covert fucking. Ilya has claimed so many of Shane's firsts - his first kiss with a man, his first time doing *any* act with a man. Turning down Shane's first heat is unimaginable. He doesn't want to wait for an imaginary future. They have two weeks alone. He has to have this, even if it's a terrible idea. It has to be him.

They both tell themselves it's about the sex. An opportunity to indulge in each other in a way that would never be possible without the safety of the cottage. That they are just young men giving in to their desires. It's just their style: wildly irresponsible, yet completely irresistible.

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The idea of it hangs overhead like a storm cloud.

Ilya gets to fuck Shane in his own bed. He gets to hear him whimper and cry out as much as he wants, and he gets to go to sleep pressed against him and wake up with his hard cock

between Shane's thighs. He gets to leave marks on him. And after every magnificent orgasm, he wonders: *How will I know when it's here? How could anything possibly be better than this? Will I go crazy? I might die.*

He knows Shane is thinking about it too. He can see it in his kiss-drunk dark eyes. *What if I'm broken and it never comes? What if it does, but I get addicted to it? I wish it would happen already. Waiting is torture.*

The strategy calls for plenty of close contact from the alpha, which isn't a struggle. Ilya usually never wants Shane out of his sight anyway. There are a few supplements that supposedly help, which Shane diligently takes. And at the end of each day, Shane sleeps in whatever shirt Ilya had worn.

"How big will they get?" Shane asks. It's the second morning and Ilya is examining his canines in the mirror after brushing his teeth. Shane still looks rumpled and sleepy, leaning against the bathroom doorway in Ilya's extra large t-shirt.

"Not sure." Ilya turns and starts moving toward him. "Why, you want them to be big?"

"No, I-

"Because I know you like some things big." He grins and bites into Shane's neck just as Shane opens his mouth to protest, so what leaves his throat is somewhere between a laugh and a moan. It startles them both, and in the following silence they're both thinking it: *Is it coming today?*

"How are you feeling," Ilya murmurs into the hollow behind Shane's ear. Shane's hands are exploring his chest. "Dizzy at all? Are you hot? Do you find me very irresistible?" He says the word "irresistible" very carefully. It was in the articles he read.

Shane chuckles. "I've been awake for five minutes, but not really." His eyes dart between Ilya's chest and his lips as his smile spreads across his face. "Normal irresistible."

Ilya wants to eat him.

“Let’s fuck just to be sure.” He says it matter-of-factly, like deciding on a restaurant to eat at, punctuating it with a masculine slap on the shoulder. Shane laughs again, tipping forward into Ilya’s chest. He breathes in Ilya’s scent and then pushes off him with his palms, moving around his body. “Let me brush too.”

Just to be annoying, Ilya reaches for Shane’s chin and kisses him deeply anyway. He grunts into Ilya’s mouth, but softens against him quickly. When they break apart, Ilya slaps his ass on the way out of the bathroom. Shane gives him what he thinks is a stern look, but a smile is still tugging at his lips.

Ilya dives back into bed. Shane’s bed. Their bed, maybe. At least for two weeks. He grabs a handful of the bedding and breathes in Shane’s scent, just like Shane did when his head was in Ilya’s chest. Pheromone exposure is an important part of this process, but Ilya would probably be doing this anyway. Shane’s scent has always made him feel calm and content, ever since he first experienced it. During their first meeting, it was too cold, too windy and they were too far apart. It was the draft, when Shane had to jostle close to him for photo ops. He was bristling with frustration, jaw tight as he forced a smile - and yet had the brightest, sweetest scent, like a colorful flower with soft velvety petals, warmed by the sun.

Ilya climbs on top of Shane as soon as he’s back in the sheets. He’s not wet like he would be in heat, but it’s so easy to open him up now, and Ilya is pressing inside him in no time, swallowing his moans.

“Ilya, God,” Shane sighs as his legs fall apart further. “You’re right.”

“Right about what?” Ilya kisses the corner of his mouth.

“I do like things big,” Shane whispers, and nips at Ilya’s jaw. Ilya groans and presses Shane’s knees back, folding him in half for a deeper angle. Shane’s hands twist into the pillowcase above his head and he moans, deliciously.

“That’s why I want your knot.”

Ilya's breath catches in his throat. Shane doesn't even know what a knot feels like, but he wants Ilya's. "Yes," Ilya says, his thrusts speeding up. "I want to give it to you." *More than anything.* "I will give it to you." *It has to be me.*

"Please," Shane whines. God, Ilya loves when he begs.

"Soon," Ilya says, and licks into Shane's mouth. Shane is already starting to unravel, freckles dulled by the deep flush on his cheeks. "Very soon. I need to fuck you into heat first. Be patient, OK?"

"Give it to me," Shane gasps, and then the only sounds in the room are rough moans and skin slapping skin.

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It's the sixth morning at the cottage. Ilya Rozanov wakes up smiling. Shane Hollander loves him.

He manages to let Shane sleep for about one minute before sliding his hand up under his own Boston t-shirt that Shane is wearing. Shane stirs and makes an adorable, mewly noise of contentment. Ilya can't help but move his hand down to curl around Shane's warm, firm cock. Now Shane really stirs, hissing in a breath and reaching for Ilya's body.

"Good morning," Ilya says, nuzzling into a kiss. "Shane."

"Morning," Shane murmurs. He kisses Ilya lazily but openly, his eager tongue sliding against Ilya's. Ilya could explode. "I love how you say my name," Shane breathes into his mouth. Ilya really could explode.

“Shane,” Ilya says, their lips touching. His hand moves faster and Shane squirms.

“Fuck me,” he chokes. “Hard. It’s gotta be soon. It’s gotta be coming.”

Ilya feels lightheaded. Shane is barely awake and asking to be fucked... The man he loves. And who loves him back. And he’s willing to be the most vulnerable and fuckable he’s ever been.

Ilya needs a moment. He rolls on top of Shane, holding himself up by the arms and just looking down at him. After so many days of lounging in the sun, Shane is slightly tan and his freckles are more pronounced. There are even new freckles forming on his shoulders. Ilya notices something.

“The mark is gone,” he says, placing two fingers against the place where it had been. The bruise that he sucked into Shane’s neck the first day they were here. “Would you like a new one?”

“Yes,” Shane says. Ilya pounces on his skin, just beside where the last mark had been. Shane’s body tenses at the pain, but he lets out stifled moans and digs his fingernails into Ilya’s back.

Ilya does fuck him hard afterwards, pressing his head down into the pillow, and it’s perfect.

All day, they hang off each other, and the storm cloud that’s been overhead all week has never felt heavier or more ready to burst.

And then later, as they’re coming in from the patio, the unthinkable happens.

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Shane wishes he hadn't asked for a new mark. His mother is pointedly staring at his eyes, but he saw her glance at his neck just now. He knows the mark is near the collar of his t-shirt, but the last thing he wants to do is adjust it and draw attention. It was only one flick of the eye, and he knows she won't look a second time, nor will she likely say anything at the moment. But she saw, and he's mortified.

Ilya is beside him pretending to be relaxed as he always is. But Shane also saw the movement of his tongue inside his cheek - checking for fangs. Shane is willing to bet they're coming in.

What a mess.

On top of being caught having a gay affair with your career rival, it almost feels like being caught getting into drugs or alcohol as a teenager. Not that Shane ever got into that kind of trouble. Or any trouble! He can't handle this. He can't tell if the disorientation and breathlessness he's feeling is due to his biggest secret being exposed or due to him going into a totally irresponsible out-of-wedlock heat with his biggest secret.

At the car, Shane says, "You should probably drive." He hardly remembers getting to the car. He's trying to turn over the events that have just occurred in his mind, but his mind feels sluggish and distracted. His phone buzzes and he attempts to read the ridiculously long message his mom has just texted him about being safe, but the words swim before his eyes. His hands are shaking. There's a humming, white noise-like sensation and every thought seems to circle back to Ilya. He feels Ilya's hand on his, and doesn't even realize he'd put his hand on Ilya's thigh. He hears Ilya ask for directions a few times, and gives them.

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This was always a terrible idea.

Shane is clinging to Ilya's shirt as they walk up to the front door of the cottage. Ilya is still reeling from the feeling of needing to rescue Shane from a situation that was distressing him.

Blood is pounding in his ears. The visit with the Hollanders, while awkward, was necessary and went mostly fine, but then Shane started shutting down. Alarm bells started screaming in Ilya's head, and they had to leave abruptly. He's worried about the impression he made, but more preoccupied with something else. Shane is finally in heat.

Shane presses him into the door as soon as they're inside. God, how could they ever think they wouldn't know when it hit? Shane's lips feel like water in the desert. He can feel Shane's tongue brush his canines, now lengthened slightly into fangs for the purpose of marking and controlling his omega.

"Come on," Ilya says into Shane's mouth, trying to maneuver him towards the bedroom. Shane is a hot lead weight; the hands slipping under Ilya's shirt are enough to burn him.

"Mmm, here," Shane mumbles. "Here's fine." His body is starting to go slack, and he stumbles off the welcome mat by the door that says "EAT. SLEEP. HOCKEY. REPEAT."

"No, no, no," Ilya repeats. He reaches under Shane's thighs and hauls him up, which makes Shane yelp wantonly. Jesus.

Ilya's instincts are telling him: Get him somewhere safe. Somewhere soft. Don't let him move. Don't let him out of your sight. Touch every inch of his skin. Give him whatever he needs.

Ilya knows Shane's senses are muddled, but his feel heightened. Every hair on his body is standing up as Shane mouths along his neck while being carried to the bedroom. Ilya lowers him onto the bed and even the brief moments of separation while he gets their clothes off feel painful and wrong. The room feels hot as he reaches behind Shane's balls and feels how wet and welcoming he is. And the whole house smells like flowers.

Shane is incredibly loud as Ilya pounds into him, but it barely registers as such. To Ilya's rut brain, it feels like a gentle purr. It feels like precisely the type of reaction he is responsible for producing. It feels like he is doing a good job.

Of course Shane is close to coming almost immediately. “I want it,” he gasps, squeezing Ilya’s waist with his thighs.

“Want what?” Ilya replies, slowing to half the speed. Shane whines, but moves his hips against Ilya so perfectly.

“The knot,” Shane manages. Ilya groans into his neck.

“Not yet, sweetheart. Or it will be over way too soon.”

“No, no... Want it.” Shane sounds like he might cry. Ilya’s instincts are confused - does he love that sound or hate it?

He tests his sharp teeth against Shane’s throat, but doesn’t bite hard. “After you come three times, then I will give it to you.”

Shane shudders and his eyes go dark. Work and reward. His language. Even in this state, he still speaks it.

His hand flies to his cock, and Ilya adjusts to an angle that he knows Shane likes. Shane is coming less than a minute later, shaking.

After he comes, Ilya can tell he regains a bit of lucidity. His eyes seem to be able to focus on Ilya’s, and he offers a crooked smile. “Whoa,” he finally says.

“Wow,” Ilya says back, sliding off him and landing beside him.

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Ilya has to gather some supplies before Shane needs him again, and Shane trails behind him as he grabs some bottled water, a stack of fresh towels, and some over the counter remedies. If they're more than a few arm's lengths apart, they both feel it - a sick pull in their stomachs that only stops when they're close.

Shane's arms are circled around him as he directs Ilya to the linen closet and pantry. It's pretty intoxicating - just the feeling of providing comfort to his little omega. His little, muscular, powerful, multi-championship-winning omega.

Later, Shane is in Ilya's lap, his arms wrapped around him tightly as Ilya drives up into him. Ilya kisses his hot, feverish lips and digs his fingertips into his firm, fantastic ass.

Then Shane is slumping forward into his own come, breathing hard as Ilya strokes his back. After a few minutes Ilya expects to lay him down and make sure he drinks some water. But Shane doesn't actually stop moving. He lifts himself up on wobbly arms, hands planted on Ilya's chest.

"Mm," Shane murmurs. He paws clumsily at Ilya's pecs, letting his thumbs brush over Ilya's nipples, using him for leverage to move up and down on his cock. He's pressing his hips down firmly, trying to get Ilya as deep as possible. "Feels so good. Don't want to stop."

Ilya catches the dark flash in his eyes. Oh, this *brat*. He's trying to take Ilya's knot sooner than he agreed to. Ilya grabs for Shane's arms, trying to throw him off-balance so he can pin him back down underneath him, but even in his weakened state, Shane is strong. So after a few seconds of grappling with him, Ilya listens to his instincts and bites him. Not in his delicate neck, but his muscular shoulder. Shane freezes with a choked gasp and goes practically limp. Ilya's teeth seem to not only control him but calm him.

He wraps his arms firmly around Shane and flips him on his back.

"Shane Hollander," he says, kissing Shane's skin where his teeth left red indents. "Who knew you could be bad?"

Caught in the act, Shane laughs drunkenly. He reaches up to stroke Ilya's cock until he spills against him. Ilya sees stars - or maybe freckles.

It's actually silly, Ilya thinks - Shane Hollander has been capable of misbehaving ever since he first gave his hotel room number to a handsome, half-naked man in a shabby locker room seven years ago.

Shane is so good on his knees. Ilya is driving into him from behind and it feels like what he was put on this Earth to do. He was born to find this short, boring Canadian hockey player who would turn out to be a total slut and who would offer his first heat to him, casually, like it's an extra helping of food on his plate. Who would offer his love as well, his family, his commitment. Fuck.

"Shane," Ilya says, and Shane is also every sound in the room, scent in the room, sensation in the room. "You're so good."

Shane makes a beautiful keening sound under him. "*Oh...* Yeah?"

"Should I give it to you now?" Ilya says. Shane moans, and writhes, and snaps his hips back. It's late. It feels like this morning was days ago, when he fucked Shane in this exact position. Except it didn't feel like this. Ilya thinks if it felt like this all the time, he would definitely go crazy.

"I want," Shane cries. He's more gone than Ilya's ever seen him. "I want..."

Ilya's knot, he knows. He's ready to pull Shane against his chest and knot him and stay there for as long as he needs. Hours. Days.

“I know, sweetheart.”

“I want a baby...” It comes out like a sob and it hits Ilya like a truck.

Ilya momentarily feels like he’s been transported to another reality. He wants to put a baby in Shane, empty his seed in him again and again over the course of the next few days, be tied to him forever, have another little life to fiercely protect. God, it makes him want to cry too.

“I want to give you one,” he says, between stuttering breaths in Shane’s ear. He knows it’s not possible. He knows Shane is still at least on that form of medication. He knows it would ruin their careers if it were to be now. He knows even the possibility of it later is promising too much. But Shane is somewhere else. Ilya realizes it doesn’t matter what he says.

“I *will* give you one.” It feels fine to lie. God, it feels *good* to lie. This week so far has already been about impossible dreams. The dream of simply being alone with Shane, turning into loving Shane, and possibly having a future with Shane. So Ilya lets himself dream.

He falls over the edge just after Shane does.

His release fills Shane to the brim, and then comes the knot. Ilya positions them on their sides so Shane is comfortable, but he can’t help but grab Shane’s chin and twist his face towards him enough to see his eyes roll back.

“*Oh*, Shane,” he groans, the tightness of Shane around his knot making his own vision blur. He sinks his teeth into Shane’s shoulder again, and Shane cries out - actually, Ilya realizes he’s been gasping and moaning and crying out for some time, it’s just all been a pleasant buzz to him.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane says after a while. He reaches back to weakly tangle his hand in Ilya’s hair. “Oh, my god.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees. He’s never felt so perfectly happy.

One month ago.

“Yes.”

Shane’s breath catches in his throat. He isn’t sure what he was expecting. For Ilya to think about it for a few seconds, at least? Instead, he’s agreeing before Shane has even finished his sentence.

“Yeah?” he breathes. “You’re... cool with it?” ‘Cool with it’ is a crazy way to say ‘Willing to engage in an extremely vulnerable, potentially dangerous intimate experience with someone you aren’t publicly together with nor have even expressed your full feelings for.’

“I’m very cool, Hollander.” Ilya raises an eyebrow. Shane thinks there must be something wrong with him. Why does such a simple gesture make him want to jump through the screen and into Ilya’s lap?

“I’m serious. You want to try it?”

Ilya is quiet for a moment, stroking his shapely jaw. “If I say no, will you ask someone else?”

Shane smiles. *Such an asshole.* “Of course not. I mean, it’s gotta be you, right?”

End Notes

can you guys please come talk to me on twitter [@shizunologist](#) i'm shadowbanned and lonely as FUCK!!! ilya rozanov is stronger than any marine

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