

Well, That Happened.

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Well, That Happened.

by [Franks22](#)

Summary

“Jesus Christ.” Shane says with feeling.

“Mm, Jesus Christ.” Ilya Rozanov’s voice pipes up behind him.

“Oh god.” Shane says with feeling.

“Yes. Oh god.” Ilya Rozanov’s voice pipes up from behind him.

“Oh shit. Holy fucking shit.” Shane says, swaying a little where he stands. “Am I dying?”

“Pretty sure is panic attack. Place head between knees.”

It was placing his head between knees that got them into this predicament in the first place.

Or

How far can Shane spiral after accidentally bonding with his hockey rival?

Apparently, quite a bit.

Notes

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

Shane would just like it stating on the record that he isn't, in fact, stupid.

He's been an Omega for over 5 years. His mother gave him an entirely unnecessary - and disgustingly detailed - talk about the birds and the bees after she'd found his search history on the family computer back when he was 14. Shane *knows* that any kind of...intimate relations...with an Alpha might cause...certain things to happen.

Of course he knows that! Everyone knows that!

But he'd thought, perhaps naively, perhaps, ok, a *little* stupidly, that the suppressants he's been on since his first heat was over and done with would stop...stuff...from happening.

Isn't that the whole point of them?

No pheromones. No leaky butts. No producing goddamn bonding oils in the throes of passion with the first Alpha you ever dare get into bed with!

Surely the pill bottle should have a warning on the label? "Do not take if you think these pills are gonna stop you from getting accidentally bonded to the Alpha everyone at work (and in the greater population) calls your Rival™ because actually, that's not what these pills do. Sorry".

There's a chance that the pill bottle could actually say that. Or something like that at least.

Perhaps Shane should have made time to read the little pamphlet that comes with his prescription every time it gets renewed instead of shredding it into a thousand pieces, stuffing it to the bottom of the trash can, and covering it with soggy paper towels to destroy the evidence of its existence.

But seriously. How was Shane supposed to know he needed to do that?

So, maybe he's a little bit stupid. At least when it comes to bonding stuff, and Omega stuff. And probably, maybe, definitely, also sex stuff, despite the totally unnecessary (but actually maybe entirely necessary) - and disgustingly detailed (but perhaps not actually detailed enough) - sex talk with his mother.

But he didn't really think he needed to know about all that stuff yet! Sure, he's an adult now, and his mom has been dropping hints about him getting a partner. And his friends have been dropping hints about him getting a partner. And his management team has been dropping hints about him getting a partner...

But Shane just wants to play hockey. And win the Stanley Cup. And maybe also beat Ilya Rozanov to both the MVP and Rookie of the Year awards after they actually join their teams.

A partner doesn't really factor into any of that.

Shane ~~isn't~~ (wasn't?) isn't really in a place where he even wants to think about that stuff! He'd just been a little curious - and a little turned on - when he'd met Ilya Rozanov. The way

his accent rolled the English around his mouth in a way that made Shane kind of want to see what else that mouth could do. The way his muscles had flexed in the shower. The way he'd definitely deliberately flexed said muscles when he caught Shane watching.

To be honest, Shane thinks he deserves a medal for resisting as long as he did!

But dammit. This was *not supposed to happen*.

He was supposed to have a great night with Rozanov. Maybe (probably) confirm a few things about his sexuality that he maybe (definitely) already knew. And then walk away and never think of the man again. Easy!

Not easy.

No. Of course not. Because at some point in time, Shane did something so awful to someone that karma has made it its life's goal to fuck with Shane whenever and wherever possible.

So he doesn't get to walk away, satisfied with an evening well spent, and the newly learned (acknowledged) truth about his sexuality, never to think about Ilya Rozanov ever again.

Instead, he stares wide eyed at his reflection in the crappy mirror in the hotel CCM had put him up in, with goddamn teeth marks in his neck a positive match to the set trapped inside the mouth of the man sat silently on the bed behind him.

This is a mistake larger than any Shane has ever made before. Worse than the time he smashed the kitchen window with an errant puck when he'd been messing around in the yard, or the time he broke his brand new stick trying to do some stupid trick with his rink mates after practice. Or even that time he thought it was a good idea to look at hardcore porn on his family computer.

Jesus Christ.

"Jesus Christ." Shane says with feeling.

"Mm, Jesus Christ." Ilya Rozanov's voice pipes up behind him.

"Oh god." Shane says with feeling.

"Yes. Oh god." Ilya Rozanov's voice pipes up from behind him.

"Oh shit. Holy fucking shit." Shane says, swaying a little where he stands.

"Hollander?"

Shane's eyes go unfocused as he brings a hand up to lightly touch the mark marring his neck. He hisses in pain at the contact, the mark - his god damn *bondmark* - red and inflamed still.

He can't believe this is actually happening.

“I can’t believe this is actually happening.” He says faintly, still touching the mark, making spikes of pain zap up the muscles of his neck.

There’s some shuffling behind him, the bed springs creaking, but he’s too busy trying to poke a finger straight through one of the itty bitty teeth indentations to pay it any mind.

“Maybe you should sit?” Rozanov says from beside him, and Shane blinks himself back to awareness to look up at the (his?) THE Alpha.

There’s a mark on his neck too, teeny tiny little teeth indentations a perfect match for the teeth trapped in Shane’s mouth. Just as visible as Shane’s own. His as red and inflamed and *permanent*, oh my god.

“Oh my god.”

“We’ve already discussed him. No use for him here.” Rozanov says as he takes hold of the arm attached to the hand that’s currently, probably, (definitely) going to end up infecting his new mark, and leads him back to the bed.

Getting from point A (standing in the middle of the room staring at himself in the mirror and fingering his god damn neck) to point B (sitting on the edge of the bed staring at himself in the mirror and no longer able to finger his god damn neck) feels like it happens both in an instant and over the course of several decades.

There’s a chance Shane is lightheaded.

Perhaps he’s concussed?

Is he having a stroke?

He’s pretty sure this is what it’s like to have a stroke. But he can still talk ok. And he’s not lost feeling in his arms. And his head doesn’t feel in any kind of pain, even if he does feel a little bit like maybe he’s actually floating somewhere up near the ceiling, bobbing around up there and taking in the disaster currently unfolding on solid ground.

Oh god, he’s dying.

“Am I dying?” He asks himself, and Ilya Rozanov, and probably also maybe god, but Shane isn’t too happy with any of those people at the moment, so maybe he’s actually just asking the air around himself instead.

“Pretty sure is panic attack.” He answers himself. Or maybe that’s Ilya Rozanov’s voice? It’s definitely not god’s, because god is decidedly not in this room with them right now. “Place head between knees.”

It was placing his head between knees that got them into this predicament in the first place.

There’s a chuckle above him, and Shane realises that maybe he said that out loud.

“Yes, you did.” Ilya Rozanov confirms.

And maybe he said that out loud too.

“Head between knees, Hollander.” Ilya Rozanov says in that gentle yet quietly demanding voice that sends far too many usually-pleasant but at the moment a-little-bit-conflicting arousal up Shane’s spine.

He listens to the order, because of course he does, and has to admit, after a couple of shaky, pant-y, almost probably (definitely) hyperventilating breaths, that actually it was a pretty solid idea.

One point to Ilya Rozanov.

Shane lets his head dangle between his knees, squeezing his eyes shut as he tries to breathe his way out of his panic.

It doesn’t abate entirely, but eventually his heart rate goes from obscenely-high to just-missed-a-step-going-down-the-stairs-high. It’ll do.

It’s enough for him to finally raise his head anyway, and he looks up to see Rozanov standing directly in front of him.

Entirely nude.

Oh god.

Shane looks down and realises that he too, is entirely nude, and a flush of heat singes his cheeks so quickly it almost leaves him lightheaded.

“We can’t deal with this naked.” He says as he scrambles up and goes over to the clothing he’d neatly folded earlier.

Rozanov chuckles behind him, and then there’s a rustle of clothes against the cheap hotel carpet as Rozanov dresses himself, and it calms a little part of him. Only a teeny tiny bit, because this is still a clusterfuck of epic proportions and Shane doubts he’ll actually be fully calm ever again until the end of his life.

Which will probably be whenever he manages to work up the courage to tell his mom what happened.

Oh god.

Shane’s hands shake as he tries to step into his briefs and pants, making him stumble and bang his elbow on the stupid chair beside him, and it just about sums up his day when that weird wiggly pain from hurting his funny bone makes his fingers tingle.

Maybe he should just call his mom now and put himself out of this misery?

Shane manages to clothe himself without further injury, though he does attempt to squish his head through the arm hole in his t-shirt for far too long before realising his mistake, but once’s he’s back in his chosen armour, he turns around to look at Rozanov.

Rozanov is fully clothed now too, looking as put together as Shane wishes he was, and standing in the middle of the room looking back at Shane with a carefully blank face. He looks so unbothered by everything that's happened, everything that's going to change now, that Shane feels a little lost. Are all Russians born with the innate knowledge of how to make that exact expression, or is it taught in schools? Russian Stoicism 101. He'll have to ask.

Later.

Maybe.

"How are you so calm?" Shane asks instead as he slumps down on the bed and leans forward, elbows to knees and hands hanging limp. "Why aren't you panicking?"

"Russians do not panic. We are always calm." Rozanov replies instantly as he works his way over to one of the chairs and sits down.

"You're so full of shit!" Shane scoffs, and he realises, now that he's not hyperventilating, that he's actually correct, Rozanov *is* full of shit. Shane can see it in his wide eyes and pale pallor, the way his hands are clenching and unclenching rhythmically where he holds them on the top of his legs. He's just as panicked about this as Shane is, he's just better at hiding it apparently and that...

That's what finally makes the frantic beat of Shane's heart slow.

He's not alone in this. As fucked as the situation is, they're in it together. That, surprisingly, sounds somewhat comforting.

Rozanov shifts in his seat, looking at Shane, and Shane's heart clenches when he sees the terror in his eyes.

Logic finally seems to click back on in Shane's head.

"I don't blame you, you know?" Shane says firmly. "This is the last thing either of us needs right now but, well. It takes two to tango."

"Two to...? What does this mean? I do not know this expression." Rozanov says with a tilt of his head, eyes squinting as he obviously tries to work it out for himself.

Shane won't ever admit it, but the face he's making is pretty cute.

He coughs to shake himself of that terrible thought.

"Well, it means like, you can't force a bond, right? We were both active participants in the act, so we shouldn't really be placing the blame on either of us. It's just an accident."

Rozanov swallows thickly, his gaze heavy against Shane's face before flicking quickly down to the mark on Shane's neck and back up again. "But I bit you first."

And yeah, Shane kind of wishes he *could* just lay the blame entirely on Rozanov, remove himself from the equation entirely, but even he knows that's not how bonding works.

Shane shrugs. “Your bite wouldn’t have done anything had I not been releasing the bonding oils in the first place.”

“It was my pheromones that made that happen, no?”

They’ll be going round in circles forever if they keep the conversation going the way it is.

“Rozanov, seriously. Stop. It wasn’t your fault. I promise, I’m not...I’m not angry at you, I’m not going to accuse you of anything or try to get you in trouble.”

The weight that Shane hadn’t realised Rozanov has been holding suddenly lifts. Or the strings holding him up are suddenly cut, because he seems to collapse into himself a little bit, folding over his knees and hands raising up to slide through his damp curls, and it’s then that Shane realises just how badly this could have gone for Rozanov.

He’s probably here on some kind of work visa, only able to stay in the USA because of his contract with Boston. If Shane were vindictive, he could quite easily ruin his life, have his contract voided and have him deported with only a few words to the police. As an Alpha, he might get a bit of preferential treatment, the league may make excuses for him, but the accusation would be there, and as a newly signed player, the chances of Boston wanting anything to do with him would be slim at best.

“We need to tell our parents.” Shane says as his panic picks back up again. He knows that none of that will happen to Rozanov, he’s *not* going to go to the police or the league to accuse him of anything, but there are still probably a thousand things Shane hasn’t yet thought to panic about that could end in disaster for the both of them if they don’t handle this correctly. “My mom, she’ll know what to do.”

A look passes over Rozanov’s face as he sits back up, but it’s there and gone again quicker than Shane can parse it. “My parents...they do not need to know. My father,” Rozanov shakes his head with a sigh. “My father will be unhappy, it is better he does not know until we have plan, and my mother...my mother is dead.”

Shane’s heart clenches at the sadness so clear in Rozanov’s voice, the way his lips tremble minutely before he manages to wrestle them into a firm line. Shane can’t imagine not having his mother, ready and waiting to help however she could.

“Rozanov, I’m so-“

“Ilya.” Rozanov cuts in, finally looking at Shane in a way he recognises, that slight smirk and raised brow that is one of the reasons they are in this mess to begin with. “We are bonded, yes? No need for surnames now.”

Shane’s stomach swoops and then drops to the floor before flying up to the ceiling to bob along with the astral projection he put up there earlier.

Ilya. Bonded.

Ilya. Ilya. Ilya.

“R-right. Ilya. Well.” His cheeks are flaming. Why are his cheeks flaming? He’s had the man’s dick in his mouth for Christ’s sake. “Call me Shane then, I guess?”

Real smooth Shane. Real smooth.

“Mm, Shane.” Ilya nods, and Shane’s stomach squirms at the way his name sounds rolling over Rozanov’s tongue. “You tell your mother now? She is here, yes?”

Oh god. Oh fuck. Shane had forgotten that. Forgotten that his mother had decided to join him for his first real shoot. Is probably down in her own hotel room, working out other ways for her to rule his life. He loves her so much, but he was kind of hoping he’d get at least a few hours to get the rest of the panicking out of the way before he had to explain himself to her.

“Ah. Er. Yeah. She’s...yeah. She’s here.”

Shane clumsily rises to his feet, looking not unlike Bambi on his first trip on the ice as he grabs his phone from where he left it on the table beside ~~Rozanov~~ Ilya.

When he powers on the screen, there are already a handful of texts from his mom, one from his dad asking how his day went (oh, it’s gone brilliantly dad, thank you for asking! What did I get up to? Well, you’ll never believe it!), and an assortment of notifications from various other apps.

He clicks out of all of them, fingers digging a little bit too hard into the buttons as he does, and then finally brings up his mom’s contact.

All he needs to do is call her. That’s all. Just a quick call. Tell her to come up to his room to have a chat. She’ll love that. She loves chatting.

Ok. Just one little call.

Just. Just click the button.

Click the god damn button, Shane Hollander.

His phone smacks against the leg of the table when he drops it.

Holy shit. He can’t do it. His mom had been so happy earlier! She was proud of him for the shoot, she’d already had a thousand other companies lined up in her head to try and finagle deals with. She’d kissed him on the head and given him a huge hug before she’d left him for the night.

Shane doesn’t want to lose that. Lose any of it. It’s been a long time since his parents have been disappointed with him, and he’s not looking forward to seeing the look in his mom’s eyes when he explains what he’s done.

Tears blur his vision as he lets out a shaky breath, not even bothering to bend to grab his phone. He definitely can’t do this.

Warm arms wrap around him, and the scent of woodsmoke engulfs his senses.

Instantly, his body slumps into the hug, the hairs on his arms standing on end as he wraps his own arms around Ilya's body in return and nuzzles his face where the scent seems most potent, pointedly ignoring the bondmark directly in front of him as he closes his eyes.

Ilya rocks them from side to side as he huffs a laugh against the top of Shane's head, ruffling his hair.

"A phone call is not so scary."

Shane wants to call bullshit on that. Phone calls to Yuna Hollander to ask her to come to his room to tell her that he accidentally bonded with his Rival™? Yeah. That's scary. But he doesn't say anything for a moment, simply pressing himself more firmly against the hard lines of muscle he's wrapped around.

"She will be understanding, yes?" Ilya continues as he starts to rub at Shane's back and *oh*. Oh yeah. That feels good. Shane wants Ilya to cuddle him and rub his back for at least the next hour. Maybe two.

"She won't understand shit." Shane mumbles. "This is so far out of range for something I'd do it's not even funny."

"Is maybe a little funny."

Shane's head shoots up and Ilya narrowly manages to pull his own head back quick enough to miss being brained by Shane's skull. Shame.

"This is *not* funny, Rozanov."

"Ilya."

"I'm not feeling very happy right now, so I think I'll stick to Rozanov, if it's all the same to you."

"Shane." Ilya Rozanov says in that confident, sure way that pisses Shane off. And turns him on maybe. But mostly pisses him off. "I've thought long and hard about this--"

"You don't think *long and hard* about anything!"

"Rude." Ilya says, smirking. "And do not interrupt me. I've thought long and hard about this, and I've decided--"

"That you're clinically insane?"

"-that this might not be so bad." Ilya finishes, ignoring Shane completely.

Shane blinks.

"Might not be so bad?" Shane scoffs in disbelief. "Rozanov--"

"Ilya."

“*Ilya.*” Shane says through gritted teeth. “We’re literally eighteen years old. We’ve just signed contracts to play for rival hockey teams which, might I add, are located in two *entire different countries*. Not to mention the fact that I’m pretty sure I actually hate you at least 98%.”

“Only 98%? Is the 2 percent you like my cock? It deserves more than that. Much more. At least ten percent.” Ilya states firmly. Seriously. As if that’s the thing that needs to be discussed out of everything Shane just said.

Is this what Shane’s life is going to be like from now on? Endless irritation in the form of a six foot tall Russian?

“This is serious, Ilya! This is our entire lives and careers potentially crashing and burning before they’ve even started!” He’s starting to hyperventilate again, his chest squeezing. “If the NHL hear about this-“

“Why would they?” Ilya cuts in. “They do not need to know the name of our bonded, we do not need to disclose that to them.”

“You don’t think they’re gonna be a bit suspicious when two of their top draft picks suddenly show up to their first days at practice with big ol’ bond marks on their necks a few months after signing contracts and confirming their statuses as single?”

Ilya shrugs. “Plenty of players bond young. Pop out kids like crazy. Will not be so strange.”

“But what if they notice-“ Shane can’t help but worry.

“They will not think we have bonded to each other. Why would they? We are rivals. Hate each other at least 98%, yes?” Ilya says as he drags Shane back to his chest.

Shane gives a token protest, but it’s little more than a murmur in his throat.

Ilya’s chest is insanely comfortable, and his arms are insanely warm, Shane would have to be stupid not to let himself be coaxed back in for more.

He’ll deny it until the day he dies (later on today, once his mom arrives), but he nuzzles his face into the slight divot at the base of Ilya’s throat, taking long lungfuls of his scent and letting it wash over him in calming waves for several moments before he finally speaks again.

“That still doesn’t fix the fact that we’re not going to be near each other.” He feels self conscious, as he continues. “We don’t even really know each other.”

“Then we will learn.” Ilya says simply, as if it really is that easy. As if it’s all going to work out in the end. “Brilliant technology recently developed Hollander, believe they are called cell phones?”

Shane smacks Ilya’s pec, and has a mental fight with his hand to remove it as quickly as possible. He will not grope Ilya Rozanov. Even if they are bonded.

“Ha ha. Very funny.” He deadpans.

“Boston and Montreal play often, you said.” Ilya continues as if Shane hadn’t said anything. “And we have breaks in summer. Plenty of time. And we are not so far apart, even if different countries. We can visit.”

Oh yeah, Shane can just see the headlines now. “Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov seen traipsing through Boston together for no reason whatsoever.” ‘Cause that’s not suspicious.

“We’re gonna have to be so careful. No one can know.”

Ilya hums, smoothing a hand down the back of Shane’s head in an almost unconscious move. “Your parents will know. Maybe we tell others later? We don’t have to decide now.”

Shane sighs, woodsmoke invading his lungs and gentling away the fractious edges inside him. “My parents first. Then others later. Right.”

There’s a few moments of silence between them, but it isn’t awkward, strangely. It’s a comforting sort of quiet. A companionable one.

And then Ilya Rozanov has to go and ruin it.

“You still need to call your mother.”

Nope. Nuh uh. No he doesn’t. He’s quite happy to just continue with the cuddles actually. No need to bring his mother into this.

His silence stretches, not as comfortable as before, and Ilya’s breath tickles his hair as he lets out an exasperated huff.

“Just call her. Sooner she knows, sooner we can sort everything out, ok?”

Damn Ilya Rozanov and his occasional good ideas. Damn him straight back to Russia, where he can no longer bother Shane with his handsome roguish features, insane hockey talent, and stupid ideas.

“It will be ok. She will come here, and we will explain, and we will make a plan together.”

“Together?” Shane murmurs against Ilya’s skin, cheeks flushing a little.

“Mm, together.”

And that doesn’t sound too bad at all, actually.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

If you enjoyed this, I'd really appreciate comments and kudos, but you do you!

Thanks,
Franks

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!