coming undone, sweetheart

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by lizee

Summary

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>
> “Like what?” he forced out, realizing he needed to give a response.
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> “Like you’re in fucking heat, Hollander,” Ilya hissed through his teeth, pressing a hand into Shane’s chest and pushing him a little.

Or, the club scene from episode 4 but omegaverse.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane felt off today. He didn't know what it was but there was a certain thrumming in his veins that made him feel wired, jumpy. Well, admittedly, he did know the root of all of this but he didn't want to acknowledge it. No, that would be too much. That would be giving him power over the situation, and he no longer had any power of Shane. Not anymore.

Hayden nudged him on the shoulder as they made their way to the ice. "Hey, you okay, man? Boston got you that nervous?"

Hayden's concern was rightfully placed; Shane never got nervous before a game, moreso just fired up. He knew he had a lot to prove as one of the few omegas in professional hockey, and just professional sports all together. While many, many people had been opposed to him pursuing this career, his talent was undeniable. He knew that. The league knew that. And he was determined to be the best.

But no, this was not pre game jitters. This was I'm-about-to-see-my-old-fuckbuddy-who-gave-me-intimacy-panic nerves and he had less knowledge on how to keep his cool there.

"Yeah, it's…I'm fine. Just focusing," he said with a shrug. Hayden shot him a skeptical look but let the point rest.

So yes, it had been months since him and Rozanov had talked. Months since the incident which maybe Shane regretted slightly for leaving Rozanov out high and dry but truly it was Rozanov's fault for making things so…weird.

He shivered slightly as he remembered the way Ilya's mouth curled around his name, how slick and wet Shane would get for him, how fucking full he felt with Rozanov inside of him…

Shane shook his head as if to literally fight off the thoughts. He was doing much better now, really. He had met a nice alpha (not that gender really mattered but it seemed to be ubiquitous) and she was kind. And treated Shane well. And even if Shane didn't necessarily slick up for her the way he did for Rozanov or feel that electric current between them, that didn't matter because he had found a good alpha. And that's all that really mattered, right?

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Hayden skated up to him, holding out a shaker bottle. Shane quirked an eyebrow.

"It's like, I dunno, a protein shake? Caffeine or something? It's something to help you get through today. It has like…focus..powders in it. I don't know how this shit works, I just drink it. Just seems like you need it," he explained, as Shane took a swig. It tasted like a chocolate protein shake, a little different than what Shane usually made but good all the same.

The game against Boston wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. He was mostly able to shake off any thoughts of devastatingly handsome Russian men with golden curls and instead focus on the game. The protein shake that Hayden had given him had miraculously worked

and he did feel like his head was clearer. The ice felt more vibrant, he felt like he could see the puck better, he felt light on his feet.

They won the game without too much of a fight, and even though he had over three separate face offs with Ilya, it didn't seem like either man wanted to acknowledge the other. Rozanov was his usual self, driving the Voyageurs mad with his insanely physical play and incessant chirps, but he didn't tease Shane as much. Didn't look him in the eyes with the usual heat or taunting.

He distantly wondered if Rozanov was still going to text him. He knew they hadn't ended on the best of terms, but maybe old habits died hard. They were in the same city after all.

As he got out of the shower and padded into his apartment living room, he re-applied his scent patch to his neck and heard his phone buzz. A small part of him hoped it was Rozanov, and he ignored the stab of disappointment he felt when he saw Rose's name instead.

Come out with us tonight. We'll be at Ultraviolet.

Maybe this is what he needed. He just needed a nice night out with his girlfriend and to feel normal. He could be a regular guy…probably. He could drink. And dance with his girlfriend. And he didn't need stupid fucking Ilya Rozanov.

OK, he texted back. *What time?*

***

The club was like any other—it was dark, it was loud, it was crowded. And despite anticipating all of these things, Shane felt…strange. He was more lightheaded than usual, especially for only having a single beer and a shot of god-knows-what, but it wasn't his usual buzzed feeling.

He continued to "dance" with Miles and Rose. He self-consciously wondered what he looked like, stiffly moving his hips between two absolute movie stars, but he swatted away the thoughts.

His mind then, without his permission, drifted to a certain Boston Bear. He wondered what Rozanov was doing. If he felt the way Shane did: a little aimless without his texts, without his arms, without his cock. He shuddered as he remembered how his name had sounded on Ilya's lips, raw and vulnerable.

"Shane?" Rose asked, turning around to look at him. He must have stopped dancing. "You good?"

"Yeah, I just—I'm gonna get another drink," Shane said, excusing himself. He walked away from Rose and her confused expression and…God, was it hot in here?

Shane felt dizzy and high strung, like he just needed to jump out of his skin. The strobe lights were nearly blinding and he could barely hear himself think over the loud boom of the bass.

In fact, he was so disoriented he could swear that the guy dancing over there looked like Victor St-Simon, one of Rozanov's teammates.

And the guy next to him looked like Ryan Carmichael.

And he maybe thought that he saw Cliff Marlow. Which meant—

Shane saw his golden curls first, his broad shoulders and chest nearly visible throigh his sweat drenched shirt. Then he saw the girl. They were grinding into each other filthily and Shane felt his stomach twist as he saw Ilya lean down and pull her into a dirty kiss.

He wanted to look away. He wanted to leave. Or throw up. Or maybe all of those things at the same time. But at the same time, he just couldn't tear his eyes off of him, the way his tongue deftly licked into her mouth and how he grasped tightly at her hips. Even from several feet away, Shane could almost close his eyes and imagine that it was him there instead of her. Ilya's tongue on his. Ilya's hands on his. He felt himself slick up at the thought, feeling a sick mix of desire and despair at the scene before his eyes.

In a moment that filled Shane with utter horror, he locked eyes with Ilya. It felt like his heart had stopped. Ilya continued to kiss at the girl's neck, not breaking eye contact with Shane. Shane fought back a whimper.

He blinked back tears, surprised at the emotion. He didn't know why he was feeling so much, why every tiny little thing made his skin crawl and heart ache. He was turned on and upset and…and…

He felt a hand grip at his waist. In the haziness of his thoughts, he hadn't realized that Ilya had left the girl he was dancing with and had strutted up straight to him.

"Hollander," Ilya said, voice a low growl, "you, fuck, you smell so...why would you come here? Like this?" Ilya was gripping his arms and Shane nearly let out a whine at the contact. He almost forgot how much he craved touch, how good it felt to be touched by him. Almost. Fuck, Ilya smelled so good. He closed his eyes again and inhaled, resisting the urge to touch his forehead to Ilya's. To strip right here and let everyone in this club watch as Ilya took him, fucked him right here when he's wet and willing and wanting.

"Like what?" he forced out, realizing he needed to give a response.

"Like you're *in fucking heat*, Hollander," Ilya hissed through his teeth, pressing a hand into Shane's chest and pushing him a little.

"I…I'm not in—" Shane protested, shaking his head. He couldn't possibly be. He had taken his pills just as he needed. He was wearing a scent patch. He had taken all the necessary precautions because he had to. Because the season started. Because not even his stupid fucking heats could tear him away from hockey.

"Then why do you fucking smell so good I can't fucking think?" Ilya shot back. "You have to get the fuck out of here."

Ilya grabbed his arm with a possessiveness that made Shane grit his teeth. The next few seconds were a blur, as Ilya maneuvered him through crowds of people. Shane shivered with every single brush on his skin. He felt Ilya tug on him as he ducked into a black car and they headed back to the condo they both had become so familiar with. A million thoughts flooded Shane's mind. He had a girlfriend, for fuck's sake. He just left her there. And what if people had seen them leave together? What if—

Any protests that Shane had died off as his head filled with the scent of Ilya. He smelled like cinnamon spice and bourbon and it made Shane's mouth water. It was addicting and Shane had missed this. So. Fucking. Badly. Fuck, maybe this was a heat. He had all the telltale signs of the build up: the foggy head, the overwhelming neediness, the indescribable electricity that made his skin burn hot and mouth dry.

So maybe Shane was going into heat. That meant he only had only so much time before he became a reckless, needy mess. He paled as he realized the implication of the situation—Ilya, an alpha, accompanying him, an omega in heat, to his condo. Where they'd be alone.

A seed of worry formed in Shane's gut. They had never…in all these years, Shane had been so diligent. He had made sure that no alpha would ever see that side of him, always relying on strict suppressant regimens and scent patches to get him through. Hockey had always come first and there had never been an alpha he trusted enough to endure his heat with.

He looked over longingly at the blond alpha, whose hands were clenched at his sides as if fighting off the urge to touch Shane. Shane winced as he thought back to that moment months ago, when he had run out. When the tuna melts and the hockey and the kisses started to feel more like "I love you" instead of fucking. When their situation started to hold a weight to it that Shane hadn't been sure he was able to carry.

He wanted so desperately to curl into the larger man, sit on his lap and grind on him until he was wet with slick, until Ilya could slide inside of him with zero effort at all.

He then realized with a sickening twist to his gut that underneath all of this, he *did* trust Ilya. He wanted him to get him through this.

His phone buzzed in his pocket and he yanked it out sloppily. Ilya was sat next to him, still clenching his teeth out of restraint, and arched an eyebrow at him. It was Hayden.

Shane shot Ilya a helpless look and answered the phone. "Hey Hayd," he panted out. "Not...*fuck*, not a good time."

"I'm so sorry, buddy," Hayden apologized. "I told Jacki that you and I shared that shake she packed me and she got on my case real bad. The creatine in it interacts...really fucking badly with any, erm, heat suppressant stuff. I know we don't talk about like, uh, omega stuff. That often. But I felt like I had to tell you. But, um, it sounds like you already..."

"Yeah," he gritted out, heart sinking. Of fucking course this is how it would go down. A stupid fucking protein shake. "I know."

Hayden's voice dropped low. "Do you...do you need me there?"

Shane rolled his eyes and let out a bitter laugh. He knew it was just Hayden's body reacting to Shane. To his voice. To the knowledge that he was an omega in heat. Out of the corner of his eye, he swore he saw Ilya tense a little bit.

"No, Hayden, that's fucking, *ah fuck*, that's ridiculous. I'm going home, don't worry. Thanks f-for telling me," Shane bit out and he felt his last bit of resolve wearing away as he hung up the phone. It had been so long since he had been through a heat properly, let alone with someone else.

After what felt like an agonizing amount of time, the car finally pulled up to the condo and the two hurried out of the car quickly. Even in his daze, Shane couldn't help but notice that Ilya had stopped touching him and was leaving a great amount of space between the two of them.

Shane stumbled his way to the door, fumbling with his keys as he unlocked it, and flopped onto the couch. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he hissed as his body writhed on it, arching his back as he felt the heat overtake him. He was so happy Ilya was here. He could be taken right then and there. He moaned in anticipation at the thought of Ilya's cock pressing against his hole. How good Ilya could fill him. How he could reach the spot with an ease that no one else could. He wondered if Ilya would scent him, if he'd nuzzle right there at the spot on his neck and lick and taste him. If Shane would smell like him for days. If Ilya would smell like him. Shane slicked up even more at the thought, the scent of it wafting through the air. He was so, so ready to get properly fucked. He ached with it.

He let out a whine of impatience and snapped his head around to see Ilya still standing there in the doorway, white knuckling the trim.

"What the fuck?" Shane tried to say it with heat in his voice but it came out more as a plea.

Ilya shook his head. "Hollander, shit, you're not…you're not in the right headspace for this."

Shane could see Ilya visibly shaking, as he fought back his genetics, his instincts, his very own cells that were screaming at him to take Shane and make him his.

"Rozanov," he tried weakly. "I need you." He watched as Ilya's eyes darkened and his jaw clenched. He looked so fucking sexy, it drove Shane insane. Why was he still so far away?

"Don't make this harder, Hollander," Ilya said, clearly struggling. His eyes raked over Shane's body. "Fuck, you're so…"

"You can have me," he babbled out. "Take me right here, please, I need it. I'm so ready for you, please, oh fuck." Shane stripped eagerly, not even caring that the door was still open. That Ilya wasn't even inside yet. He knew how obscene he must look, face pressed into the couch, ass up dripping with slick, spreading his cheeks so Ilya could get a good fucking look.

"Hollander, fuck, anyone can see you like

this, you can't—"

Shane didn't think he could get any harder. His cock was leaking, his hole was dripping, his mouth was watering at the scent of Ilya. The desperation and need he felt was starting to be borderline painful. So much so that he had to do something.

He reached back and shoved two fingers greedily inside himself, letting out loud, slutty moans as he did. It wasn't enough, of course it wasn't, but he had to do something. He felt too empty. Too needy.

He heard a litany of swears in Russian and a wave of relief washed over Shane as he heard the door close and footsteps pad toward him.

Shane turned a bit, angling his head so he could see the Russian. Ilya's lips were parted and he was clearly so fucking hard, but he stayed glued to the spot right in front of the door.

"Fuck," he breathed out, eyes glued on Shane's slick hole. Shane was going to fucking scream. How couldn't Rozanov see that this was his moment of need? That he needed his alpha?

"Ilya," he moaned unabashedly, locking eyes with the man. "*Pozhaluysta*." *Please*, a word he had picked up when once upon a time he was trying to find ways to push Ilya over the edge. And now that time had finally come.

He watched as a series of emotions crossed the Russian's face. Lips parted wider in shock, then arousal, then a break in his resolve leading him thundering toward Shane.

Shane sucked in a breath as Ilya growled, stripping his pants before kneeling on the couch and taking his place behind Shane.

"Oh thank *fuck*, fucking finally, oh fuck, oh fuck," Shane prattled on mindlessly as he felt the head of Ilya's cock rub against his entrance.

Shane gripped the cushion of the couch as Ilya placed one hand on his waist, gripping so tight Shane knew it would leave marks in the morning. Both men groaned as Ilya pushed forward, sinking into Shane with little resistance.

"So fucking wet for me," Ilya groaned.

"Please," Shane choked out, hips grinding in small, tight circles on Ilya's cock. "Fuck me."

Ilya began moving at a ruthless pace, snapping his hips into Shane with such a fervor it made Shane's head bump into the pillows. Shane let out the loudest, dirtiest fucking moans as his eyes rolled back in his head. The pleasure was indescribable. It was everything he fucking needed and simultaneously not enough. He felt so fucking full, as Ilya rocked up into his prostate sending shockwaves of pleasure through his whole body.

His toes curled as he came in hot white streaks all over the couch. "Fuck," Ilya said breathlessly. "Fuck, you just came in the first fucking five seconds, Hollander. You're such a slut for it."

Shane nodded eagerly, feeling a little spit dribble out of his mouth. “Please,” he slurred, “more, I need to come more, fuck, please, more.”

Ilya gripped Shane’s neck roughly and pushed him face down into the couch, changing the angle to fuck into him harder. Shane groaned in surprise, his cock twitching again. He felt another spurt of slick lube up Ilya’s cock and Ilya moaned in surprise and delight. The noises were fucking filthy, a mix of Ilya’s grunts and Shane’s whimpers and the squelch of Ilya fucking Shane’s dripping wet hole.

Ilya thumbed against the (now useless) scent patch at Shane’s neck. He peeled it off and tossed it aside and rubbed a finger there, causing Shane to bite his lip and fuck his hips back. “Fuck, yes,” he choked out. “Make me yours, claim me, claim me, claim me.”

He felt Ilya’s hands all over him: gripping at his neck, rubbing at his scent gland, pinching his nipple, splaying over his stomach. It was perfect and overwhelming and Shane had never felt anything like this.

Ilya leaned over him, enveloping Shane’s body in his as he nosed at his neck. “Smell so fucking good, Shane,” Ilya said, accent thick in the way it did when he was especially horny. He licked a broad stroke right over Shane’s scent glands, eliciting a broken moan from the Canadian.

“Everyone’s gonna know you’re mine, Hollander,” Ilya whispered into his ear as he continued to nuzzle into that spot at Shane’s neck.

“Yes, yes, yours, I’m fucking yours,” Shane driveled. “Oh fuck, Ilya, I’m gonna—“

Shane came with a cry as another hot spurt shot out of his dick. He felt some relief fill him, but it still wasn’t enough. He was still fucking hard and he needed Ilya more than ever.

Ilya swore in Russian as he wrapped an arm around Shane’s chest to pull him up. He adjusted their position so that Ilya was sat on the couch and Shane was on top.

“Show me how bad you need me,” Ilya said, rolling his hips up in shallow thrusts into Shane.

Shane complied easily, biting his lip and looking down at Ilya through his half lidded eyes.

He began to bounce up and down on Ilya’s cock, basking in how full he felt, in the stretch of his hole around Ilya’s thick hard cock. He let out a gasp as Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane’s cock, pumping at a relentless pace.

“Oh fuck, Ilya, that’s so good, oh don’t fucking st—“ Shane moaned, interrupted by Ilya’s other hand forcing fingers into his mouth.

He sucked at the fingers, eyes rolling back into his head. He let his mind go blank as he focused on the feeling, as Ilya’s fingers fucked into his mouth, Ilya’s cock pounding into his ass, Ilya’s hand tight and fast around his cock.

“Come on, sweetheart,” Ilya grunted out, mouth agape as he looked up at Shane.

Weak white lines of come covered Ilya's fist as Shane's head lolled forward onto Ilya's shoulder.

"You're still so fucking *hard*, Shane," Ilya said, a hint of awe in his voice as he began to jerk Shane off again, slick with his come.

"Ilya…" Shane whispered. He was sensitive and spent but his heat still demanded more. He nuzzled his face into Ilya's neck, scenting and suckling at the skin there, as Ilya pumped his hand up and down, slower now, more intentionally.

"Such a good omega for me," Ilya murmured. Shane's hole clenched around him at the praise, twitching his hips up ever so slightly into Ilya's hand.

They were like this for what felt like hours, Shane lazily grinding circles on Ilya's cock and up into his hand and pressing hot, wet, open mouth kisses to Ilya's sweaty skin. His hands fluttered over every inch of Ilya's body in pure unadulterated admiration. He couldn't believe that Ilya was his. That he got to see Ilya like this. Feel him like this.

"So good for his alpha," Ilya groaned out, starting to quicken the pace. Shane's kisses against his neck became more frantic, more chaste, as he chased his next orgasm.

"That's it," Ilya growled, beginning to cant his hips in the rhythm, too. Ilya's hand tightened around his cock, as Shane thrusted his hips more sporadically, up into his hand, down back onto his cock. It was just too much.

"Please, fill me up," Shane begged, "please I want you to fill me up, alpha, please."

This orgasm was slower, it didn't crash into him, but crescendoed. He had built it up so much, with the little rocks up and down on Ilya's cock. And as Ilya tweaked his nipple, twisting, pleasure washed over him and Shane felt a guttural groan rip out of him. His cock gave a weak twitch, hole spasming around Ilya. Ilya mirrored him only a few seconds later, grabbing him by the shoulders and coming with a shout. Shane threw his head back as Ilya's cock pulsed hotly inside of him.

They stayed like that for a minute or so, both men catching their breaths.

Shane was loose and languid, only semi-aware of Ilya picking him up off of his cock and laying him down on the couch. He sprawled his legs apart, one on the ground and the other bent, giving easy access to his hole. He wanted Ilya to see, to watch his come drip out of him. Show him how much he loved being claimed like this.

He felt less manic now, the worst of his heat now dealt with, but he still rutted lightly into the couch, chasing the friction.

Ilya chuckled darkly behind him before blowing air lightly on Shane's entrance, causing him to yelp.

He was about to protest when he felt Ilya's tongue push into his hole.

“Oh fuck,” Shane gasped out, trying then and there not to come. Ilya was *eating his own come* out of Shane’s hole. “Oh, fucking hell Ilya, I—“

Ilya groaned in acknowledgment, making the filthiest of noises. He slurped and lapped and spit against Shane, as he tongued out every drop of come and slick he could.

“Taste so fucking good,” he grumbled out against Shane’s ass, biting playfully at his left cheek. “You have one more for me, sweetheart?”

Shane nodded, dazed, as he closed his eyes and focused on the expert tongue licking at his. Ilya alternated between broad strokes and kitten licks at Shane’s hole. He gasped as he felt a thumb press against him, as if opening him up for Ilya to lick deeper.

“Oh, Ilya, that’s so—oh fuck, oh I’m gonna, oh I’m fucking coming,” Shane babbled, hands gripping the couch cushions as his final orgasm barreled into him. There was nothing slow about this one; it snuck up on him, crashing into him so that his vision went white and his toes curled and his hearing went fuzzy.

Shane came to in what he suspected was a few minutes later. His whole body ached pleasantly, sore and used. He hummed in content as Ilya wiped a wet washcloth over his skin, down his neck and shoulders, grazing over his sensitive hole, before wiping at his legs.

Ilya pressed light kisses to his back as he cleaned him. It was soft, a complete contrast to the hours of fucking that had just occurred.

“You were so good,” Ilya murmured, continuing to wipe at him. Shane turned over so Ilya could get his stomach.

Shane smiled at him with sleepy eyes. “Thank you,” he said simply.

Ilya looked back at him, as if searching for something. “Thank you for trusting me.”

Shane sat up, bringing himself closer to Ilya so that their noses were touching. He nuzzled his nose into his, lightly and delicately, as if Ilya were something fragile. Then, he brought his mouth to Ilya’s.

Ilya responded almost immediately, returning the kiss, licking his tongue into Shane’s mouth.

Shane pulled away grinning, his forehead still touching Ilya’s. “I’m yours,” he promised.

“You’re not gonna run out on me again, Hollander?”

Shane was about to squawk in protest until he saw Ilya’s signature lopsided grin. He rolled his eyes, shaking his head.

“You’re such an asshole,” Shane chuckled. Then, with sincerity, “Never.” He pushed his lips back against Ilya’s and kissed him passionately, wishing they could stay like this forever.

End Notes

i never write omegaverse and it probably shows but i just really wanted shane to come a whole lotta times

comments and kudos always appreciated

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