

Held through the heat

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Summary

Shane knows something is wrong before the game even ends—his Heat rising fast and uncontrollable. Ilya gets him home just in time, knots him deep, and refuses to let him face it alone.

The roar of the crowd faded as Shane Hollander skated off the ice. The ache in his muscles was nothing compared to the heat building beneath his skin. He had been off tonight—missing shots he could normally make with his eyes closed. His movements felt sluggish, unfocused, his body refusing to respond like it usually did.

He could feel Ilya's gaze on him before he even looked up, that intense blue stare sharp and searching.

"You alright, Shane?" Ilya asked, skating up beside him.

Shane forced a smile, stiff and brittle. "Yeah. Just... off tonight. Bad luck, I guess."

It was a lie, and they both knew it.

The Centaurs still won, but the victory felt hollow. As soon as the buzzer sounded, Shane peeled away and headed for the locker room, desperate to escape Ilya's attention. The noise, the lights, the closeness of too many bodies—it pressed in on him.

He showered quickly. Hot water did nothing to ease the burn coiling tighter inside him. By the time he dressed, his hands were shaking. He kept his head down, avoided eye contact, focused on breathing through the growing discomfort.

He was already in the passenger seat when Ilya finally appeared, damp hair pushed back, concern on his face. Ilya slid in beside him, the door shutting with a heavy thud. The familiar scent of his cologne filled the car, grounding and overwhelming.

"Shane, what the fuck is going on?" Ilya's voice was low, edged with steel.

Shane swallowed hard. The truth spilled out before he could stop it. "I think... I think my Heat is starting soon."

The words hung between them.

"Shit," Ilya breathed. He turned the key, the engine roaring to life. "We need to get you home."

When the first cramp hit, it wasn't just pain—it was his body pulling inward, desperate, needy, demanding. His cock twitched uselessly in his pants, half-hard and oversensitive, while slick soaked his underwear.

"Ilya—"

A hand landed on his thigh, warm and steady. "Sweetheart, I'm so sorry. I'm driving as fast as I can."

The heat surged, relentless. Shane shifted, slick gathering where he couldn't ignore it. Every bump in the road sent spikes of sensation through him. He whimpered, squirming, trying to

find a comfortable position. There was none. The pressure built like a tide threatening to drown him.

He broke.

His hand slid down, rubbing himself through his pants, desperate for any relief. Friction was a small mercy, a brief distraction from the fire inside him. He arched his back, breath ragged.

“Ilya... I need you, please.”

Ilya didn't hesitate. The car sped up, the world outside blurring as Shane's breathing grew shallow. He could feel the heat radiating off him, thick and real.

At home, Ilya killed the engine and helped him out of the car. Shane barely made it inside before collapsing against him, burying his face in Ilya's neck.

“Ilya,” he whimpered. “It hurts so bad.”

“It's alright, sweetheart,” Ilya murmured. “I'll give you what you need.”

He scooped Shane up in his arms, carrying him bridal style. Shane clung to him, trembling. Upstairs, he laid him on the bed. Clothes were stripped away quickly, every touch paired with soft kisses and whispered praise.

“So beautiful,” Ilya murmured, over and over. He ran a hand through Shane's hair, fingers tangling in the damp strands, kissing his forehead, cheeks, neck—each touch setting off new heat.

Shane moaned, hips bucking. He was already leaking onto the sheets, need pouring out uncontrollably. He reached for Ilya, fingers clawing at his back.

Ilya's fingers brushed lower. He traced Shane's hip, sending shivers down him. He dipped a finger into Shane's slick, and Shane gasped.

“Fuck,” he breathed. “Sweetheart, you're leaking so much. This is all for me, isn't it?”

Shane nodded, unable to speak. He reached for Ilya, pulling him closer. He needed him, craved him.

Ilya leaned down, kissing him deeply. He pulled back, eyes blazing with desire that matched Shane's.

“Taste yourself, Hollander.”

Shane obeyed, coating his fingers with his own slick, bringing them to his mouth, sucking greedily. The taste was intoxicating, a mix of arousal and desperation. He closed his eyes, savoring it.

“So fucking good for me,” Ilya rasped. He moved to the bedroom drawer, returning with nipple clamps and a dildo. Shane's eyes widened, a mix of fear and excitement. He knew

what was coming.

“Are you going to be good for me, kotik?” Ilya asked. He traced Shane’s hip.

Shane nodded, frantic, already anticipating the pleasure and pain.

Ilya stroked his cheeks. He attached the clamps, tugging gently until Shane writhed.

The clamps were agony and bliss. Each tug sent sharp sparks straight to his cock, to the ache in his belly. His nipples tightened painfully, already swollen and sensitive, his body reacting like it knew they’d be used—suckled, milked, marked.

Ilya’s tongue teased the clamps, a low rumble in his voice.

“These are going to be nice and swollen once I’m done with you,” he murmured.

“After I breed you, these are going to leak for me.”

Shane moaned, hands drifting to his belly. He gasped, hips bucking, picturing Ilya’s seed filling him, his body swelling.

“Ilya... please.”

“Please what?” Ilya asked.

“Put a baby in me.”

Ilya lost control. “Fuck. Baby, you’d look so pretty, all full and swollen with my pups.” He lifted the dildo to Shane’s mouth. “Suck.”

Shane obeyed, eyes rolling back. Lips wrapped around the smooth plastic, movements frantic. He imagined it was Ilya’s cock, body responding.

Ilya’s fingers trailed down to his entrance. “So good for me,” he murmured, slipping a finger inside.

Shane moaned into the dildo, his hips rocking to meet Ilya’s fingers.

Ilya obliged, adding a second finger and scissoring them to stretch Shane open. His other hand gripped Shane’s hip, holding him still as he worked him open, his fingers brushing against that sweet spot that made Shane see stars.

Shane’s nails dug into Ilya’s shoulders as he writhed beneath him, his body trembling with pleasure.

“Fuck, Hollander. You are perfect like this,” Ilya growled, his voice thick with desire.

He added a third finger, stretching Shane until he was whimpering, his cock leaking against his stomach. Minutes passed, every gasp, whimper, and tremble feeding Ilya’s control.

Then Ilya removed the dildo from Shane's mouth. Shane shivered, shaking, eyes wide, lips glistening, slick dripping down his thighs.

"You'll only come on my cock."

He set the dildo at the foot of the bed. Shane stayed where he was, trembling and whimpering, completely suspended between need and torment.

"Ride it. Show me how you want it."

Shane's body jerked at the command. He slowly pushed himself onto his knees, hands sliding along his thighs, hips hovering. Every movement heightened the tension in his body. He aligned himself carefully, breathing ragged, completely focused. Then he sank down slowly, moaning at the stretch, body moving instinctively, plastic filling him.

The rhythm started tentative, Shane exploring every inch. Breath came in ragged gasps. Moans spilled, body slick, trembling. Every movement strung anticipation tighter.

"You're cockdrunk already, aren't you?" Ilya said. "Wait till you get the real thing."

Shane's eyes rolled back, body arching. He was lost, entirely Ilya's, trembling, desperate.

"Such a good fucking slut for me," Ilya growled. "Only I get to see you like this?"

Shane moaned, riding, body slick. "Only you, Ilya."

His hips moved on their own, chasing depth, chasing the burn of being full. Slick coated the toy, soaked the bed, dripped down his thighs. Each rise and fall made obscene sounds, his hole stretching wide before sucking tight again, milking plastic like it was alive.

His cock twitched and leaked with every thrust, untouched but desperate, oversensitive enough that even air brushing it made him whimper.

Ilya groaned, body tightening. He slapped Shane across the face. Shane gasped, hips bucking involuntarily.

"Fuck, baby, you're perfect. Touch your tits for me."

Shane's hands went to his chest, trembling. He pinched his nipples between thumb and forefinger, rolling them gently. The clamps tugged sharply, sending jolts of pleasure through him.

Ilya's voice was low and teasing. "You like touching your tits for me?"

Shane gasped as he rolled and pinched, his hips shifting as he moaned, the clamps tugging sharply, making the sensation sharper, more urgent.

He licked his fingers, added slick friction, and continued, small deliberate movements driving shivers down his spine. Each pinch, each roll made him arch, completely consumed by the sharp, wet pleasure.

“Ilya, fuck, that feels so good. More.”

Suddenly, Ilya pulled him up by the hair, bending him over the bed and removing the dildo.

Ilya pulled his pants down. “You want this dick? Show me how much you want it.”

Shane spread his hole with shaky hands. “Please, Ilya, I need you.”

“Fuck, Hollander. You’re so fucking wet.”

“Only for you,” Shane moaned.

Ilya yanked Shane’s hips back, lining himself up before driving into him in one brutal thrust.

Shane’s moan was loud, unfiltered, as Ilya’s cock filled him completely. The stretch was intense, almost overwhelming, but it was exactly what he needed.

“Such a good fucking hole for me,” Ilya growled, filling him completely. Ilya didn’t give him time to adjust, slamming into him again and again, each thrust harder than the last.

Shane could barely form a coherent thought, his mind consumed by the feel of Ilya inside him, the way he stretched him, filled him, ruined him. “Harder,” he gasped, his voice breaking as Ilya’s pace quickened.

“You want it harder? You really are nothing but a fucking slut. Say it,” Ilya growled, his voice rough as he pulled Shane’s hair, forcing his head back.

“I’m a slut. Your slut,” Shane moaned, his body trembling as Ilya’s thrusts became even more punishing.

“Holy fuck, you’re so big, Ilya,” Shane moaned, pressing down on his belly, bulging from Ilya’s cock.

Every thrust hit deep, knocked something loose inside him. His body took it greedily, walls fluttering and tightening, trying to pull Ilya deeper, keep him there. Each slam made his cock bounce uselessly against the sheets, leaking steadily. Shane was close—Ilya could feel it.

“Gonna fill you up so much, knock you up. Make you nice and round for me.” Ilya groaned into his shoulder.

Ilya grabbed Shane’s pecs and his thumbs started tracing circles around the bruised nipples. “Gonna empty these pretty tits every day after I knock you up. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Shane whimpered at the thought, cock twitching against his stomach where it had been untouched and stiff.

“Please... wanna be full... wanna be full of your cum, Ilya. Want my belly to swell up. Breed me.”

Ilya came so suddenly the shock of it made him bite hard into Shane's nape, just inches from his scent gland. Shane nearly screamed at the white-hot bliss that tore through him as he came too, white spilling across the sheets, soaking into the fabric beneath him. His body shuddered as Ilya's heat flooded him, thick and overwhelming, filling him so full it spilled slightly past his swollen rim.

Then the pressure changed.

Shane gasped as his body was forced to open further, the stretch deep and slow as Ilya's knot began to swell inside him. His thoughts scattered, dissolving into nothing but sensation—too full, too tight, too much. His lips parted uselessly, eyes rolling back as his body yielded, instinctively making room.

“So fucking tight,” Ilya groaned, voice strained as the knot locked them together, sealing him in. Shane could feel everything—the fullness, the warmth, the way his body clenched and held, refusing to let a single drop go. He tightened around Ilya without thinking, desperate and aching, until the knot finally settled, heavy and immovable inside him.

Ilya stayed there, buried deep, breath slowly evening out. Carefully, without pulling free, he shifted them, guiding Shane onto his side and curling around him. The movement was slow, deliberate, made to keep him comfortable, to keep them connected.

Shane whimpered softly at the fullness, at the way everything sloshed and pressed inside him, tears slipping free as his body struggled to adjust. Ilya wrapped an arm around him, pulling him close, chest to back, holding him firmly.

“Shh,” Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss into Shane's hair. “I've got you. You're alright.”

He stayed like that, steady and warm, soothing him with quiet words and gentle touches, until Shane's breathing slowed and his trembling eased—still full, still knotted, but safe in Ilya's arms.

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