

Clouds for the Unspoken Thoughts

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75561996) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75561996>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Male Lactation , Nipple Play , Lactation Kink , Pining , Light Angst , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Omega Verse , Wet & Messy , Anal Sex , Smut , POV Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-10 Words: 2,211 Chapters: 1/1

Clouds for the Unspoken Thoughts

by [Acinonyx1](#)

Summary

“Is that milk?”

Hollander stiffens under his touch, and with his face buried in the pillow and Ilya's cock buried in his ass, murmurs, “No...”

Ilya blinks down at the growing wet patch under Hollander's chest.

“Oh. Is vodka then?”

“Fuck off, Rozanov.”

While Ilya struggles with the inner conflicts of his desires, Shane's body decides on a more physical way of showing his affection.

Notes

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

Hollander is always wetter with a victory on the ice under his belt.

Ilya, has of course told him this, and then *kept* telling him so just to see those freckles scrunch up. Hollander's denial doesn't change reality though, and each teasing pent up encounter inevitably ends with Hollander's feet bouncing near his head and the scent of a happy omega in the air.

Hollander likes winning.

Ilya likes winning too. But he sure as hell doesn't mind the sting of a loss when the same evening lands him Hollander milking his cock and making those quiet '*ah, ah, ah*'s into the pillow where he thinks Ilya can't hear him.

Oh. *Oh yeah*, he can hear those alright. They make him shiver, saliva on his tongue and bring an aching want to cloud his thoughts. That's where the suppressants come in, and Ilya's probably placing a *little* too much faith into a prescription he can't even read. Not that even a giant Russian warning print would have discouraged him from taking Hollander to bed.

Tonight has already long ago ticked past midnight, streets many floors below them quieting, and yet the only thing Ilya can hear is Hollander purring. It's been an hour, maybe two, maybe three, and there's a bead of sweat hanging off the tip of Ilya's nose.

A grind of his hips forward and it drops, falling into the small of Hollander's back where it disappears into sweaty skin. They're both dripping, sweat coating their muscles and — with Hollander dangling his victory of the day — there's plenty of slick. It's made Ilya's pubes tacky and he can feel it running down his balls.

Meanwhile Hollander is soaked from ass to knees. Wet enough to have had Ilya forcing water down his throat, lips pressed tight to keep his teeth inside his mouth and not on Hollander's skin when he swallows.

He's not thinking about it.

He *is* thinking about it.

A shaky exhale later and his eyes are back where Hollander's taking him.

The first time Ilya had fucked him, Hollander had arched like a dead whale, yowling at his own omegan demons and Ilya — in all his stupidity — had found it endearing. That had been a year ago now, and Hollander's since gotten over his inner battles and learnt how good a nice alpha cock feels in his guts.

"Fuck...Hollander," Ilya groans, nose scrunching, and fucks forward, getting that nice slap of skin on skin into the air.

His cock.

Just Ilya's.

He's gotten too close to be thinking like that. It's why Ilya doesn't knot; the suppressants keepings his urge to bite at bay whilst his own terror of having to stay — *wanting*, to stay — stills his hips before a knot can swell.

And so he fucks. Fucks and fucks and fucks and shuts down the knowledge that his pounding heart is not just from the exertion.

Hollander is grinding back onto him, chasing the pleasure and keeping up with the furious snap of Ilya's hips. His muscles keep tensing, back a delightful sight of strength, and the more that overwhelming sensation of *good* takes hold, the deeper his arch becomes as Hollander sinks into the bed.

He's... *fuck*. Ilya squeezes his eyes shut and squeezes Hollander's hips hard enough to get the fat bulging between his fingers.

"R-Rozanov..."

Ilya had wanted an omega strong enough to keep up with him, something exciting, something new.

A hockey player was exciting. Freckles were new. He has what he's wanted wrapped wet and tight around his cock and moaning his name. He never wants it to stop. Because when they stop, when Ilya inevitably leaves the hotel room, freshly showered and clothed and no longer the smell of sweet fresh snow in his sinuses, that's when the sharp pain spreads.

Lust is easy. Sex *was*...

"Nngh -!"

Ilya opens his eyes, breathes through his mouth so as not to get too drunk off Hollander's scent, and drags his gaze up.

...

Oh...

Well.

That's new too.

"Is that milk?"

Hollander stiffens under his touch, and with his face buried in the pillow and Ilya's cock buried in his ass, murmurs, "No..."

Ilya blinks down at the growing wet patch under Hollander's chest.

"Oh. Is vodka then?" He says. Calm, so fucking calm.

"Fuck off, Rozanov."

There's a flush, deeper than before spreading down Hollander's back. He's a smooth blusher, devastatingly beautiful when uneasy.

Ilya snaps his mouth shut and inhales in deep through his nose. And promptly realises he must have been banging his head into a metaphorical wall for him not to have picked up that scent before. It's there, thick and clinging to Hollander's scent.

Milk.

Ilya *knows* Hollander is on suppressants like him. He knows, because he's seen the Canadian toss them down his throat like candy after their hook-ups. Usually Ilya had just silently watched through the fog of a cigarette he'd lit to erase Hollander's scent, and glowered at the idea of Hollander holding his heats back.

Still, it's not uncommon among mated pairs.

But. They're. Not. Mated.

Hollander's neck is as unmarked as his own and yet omegan biology had caused his chest to swell unprompted. It spurs questions, speculations, to the back of Ilya's throat that he's unable to voice.

Voicing them makes this too real.

Instead, Ilya pulls back and in one smooth move, flips a yelping Hollander onto his back.

"What the fuck are you—?!"

His freckles look darker when he's embarrassed.

"I want to see, Hollander." He's not... *not* begging.

And gets a sweaty palm to the face pushing him back for trying his luck.

"You're not," Hollander says and it's clear they're not just talking about looking.

"Hollander. I have sucked on your asshole."

"Wonderful English." Words laced with disapproval.

"What more is nipple?"

Quite a bit more, all things considered. Through Hollander's fingers Ilya's eyes are tracking over him. He's greedy in his consumption, cock twitching and earning himself a tightly fisted grip around the base to keep a knot from popping.

Hollander's entire chest is stained. The pressure of Ilya on his back, of fucking him into the mattress had done more than just wet the sheets. It had pushed the milk anywhere it had space to go; up to his collarbones, towards his sides and down, almost to his bellybutton. It's just a line sheen now, thicker than the layer of sweat beneath it.

A waste.

And as Ilya composes his expression behind Hollander's palm, he watches a drop bead up on the omega's nipple. His entire areola has gone puffy, tight looking, chest swollen beyond the normal fat and muscle.

"Rozanov..." It's a low warning, one coated in...anger? Lust? His name shakes on Hollander's lips just enough for Ilya to crowd forward, pushing against the hand until the omega gives up. The wise decision to ignore Hollander's chest (for now) rewards him with a returned kiss when he noses up to pepper them across Hollander's jaw and cheek.

"You are embarrassed."

"I'm not."

"Mm," Ilya hums, then tries differently. "You do not want."

Hollander kisses him instead of answering, sucks on Ilya's tongue and lets the alpha tug on his lips with his teeth. A distraction, they both know, though Hollander is not the one about to get drunk off scent alone.

Ilya pulls back. Hollander chases.

During their match, Hollander had caught him. He catches him this time too, a final deep kiss that gets them both sighing into one another's mouths.

"You smell like smoke," Hollander whispers and Ilya pulls back, frowning.

"I did not smoke —."

"No." Hollander shakes his head. "Not - Not that kind of smoke. Good smoke."

"Good smoke," Ilya repeats, eyebrows ticking up.

They're pressed up against one another. Closer than they had been with Hollander ass up earlier. Ilya can feel a wetness on his chest — he knows it's milk but doesn't dare look. Not with his senses prickling at the omega's discomfort.

Hollander holds the power, even though he's taking his sweet time to fumble around with it. Ilya can see his thoughts churning, a push and pull of wanting and resisting, eyes that go between squinting up at Ilya before another idea has his entire face opening.

His pheromones reveal the answer before he does.

"My chest feels...tight. I need —."

The corners of Ilya's lips start to lift and the glower Hollander gives him when he feels the alpha's cock move against his thigh only pulls them into a proper smile.

"God, you're such an asshole."

Ilya shrugs. “Maybe. But it makes you wet.”

Hollander snorts. He’s been leaking against Ilyas’s thighs this entire time. Now, he spreads his legs, making room for Ilya to slot in closer. For Ilya’s cock to push back into that familiar warmth.

Shit.

From this angle he gets to watch Hollander’s head tip back, hands coming up to fist into the pillow.

“Ohh... Jesus Christ, *fuck.*”

There’s a reason Ilya can’t fuck him like this every time. With Hollander glassy eyed and wanton, there’s too much danger in that expression.

He grunts his own pleasure out into Hollander’s chest.

This could be dangerous too.

That doesn’t stop Ilya from kissing his way to Hollander’s brown nipple. Up close everything looks achingly tight and a flick of his tongue over Hollander’s nipple gets a hiss in response.

And when Ilya wraps his lips around Hollander and the first burst of milk hits his tongue, his eyes roll up behind closed lids.

He’s scared.

He’s so, fucking scared.

Against him, Hollander trembles, chest rising to meet Ilya’s touch.

Ilya’s never before tasted, not in Russia and not here either. It’s new and entirely Hollander and Ilya chases the taste, pushing his face into Hollander’s chest until it can’t go any further. He can feel the tightness of the omega’s pecs against his skin, groans as he mouths over the nipple between his lips and sucks until Hollander is *dripping*.

“Roz — oh...” There’s a hand in his curls, gripping, not pulling but holding him in place.

Milk spurts into Ilya’s mouth and he swallows. He’s greedy for it. Yearning and terrified and so fucking turned on that Ilya’s not sure how all those emotions have enough room to bounce around in his skull.

Hollander’s milk is warm and rich and so intrinsically Hollander that Ilya doesn’t know what else he could have expected.

He thrusts forward, pulls enough brainpower through the fog to get his hips moving and plows into Hollander’s ass with nothing but instinct. Hollander takes him so well, hole ruined for Ilya’s cock only, walls tight and clenching tighter and *someone* is purring — who fucking knows who.

Every deep suck has Hollander spurting into his mouth. Every punch of his hips has his rim fluttering around the base of Ilya's cock.

Hollander gives when Ilya asks. There are breathy little noises in the air now, the kind Hollander makes when he's about to squirt on Ilya's cock. His dick is smearing pre-come into Ilya's stomach.

There's no bite mark in Ilya's neck, but Hollander has claimed him regardless. Rubbed everything he can give into Ilya's skin and dripped it down his throat when he'd asked oh so nicely.

Ilya lets go of his nipple to suck in air, moans on the exhale and tongues Hollander's areola when he realises that the omega's still leaking. He laps up the milk, wraps his arms around Hollander's waist and latches back onto his nipple as the pace of his thrusts increases.

Hollander jolts. Cries. And it's the threat of teeth tugging on his nub that finally has him coming on Ilya's cock.

The Russian feels it; the sudden release of hormones, the shakes and lack of control.

“‘ck...Ho'ande-. ‘ck.”

He can't knot.

He *can't* knot.

“Mngh...” he groans. Feels the squelch of...milk...slick...come against his body.

“*Please.*” A whisper like a prayer, uttered around breaths that sound like sobs.

Ilya jerks his hips forward, once, twice, over and over until he begins to spill. Hot pleasure thunders through him and he jolts back enough to slip free of Hollander's body.

The hand in his hair falters.

And Ilya rides the rest of his orgasm out against the crease of Hollander's inner thigh.

His knot forms, bulbous and uncomfortable without an omega around it. It's normal for Ilya, even if his hormones are screaming. They're...perhaps a little more muted when he plops off Hollander's nipple with a final swallow and milk running down his chin.

Hollander certainly looks horrified.

But for an entirely different reason.

“Gross.” He uses his thumb to wipe the worst stain away and laughs when Ilya chases his thumb to suck the wasted milk onto his tongue. He's got that warmth in his cheeks he always gets after a good fuck, expression tired but with eyes that don't quite know which part of Ilya's face to focus on. “You — You liked it?”

Propping himself up on Hollander's chest, Ilya pretends to balance a scale in his hands.

"Mm... Canadian vodka. Hollander milk. Is hard to say which is better."

"Fuck you, Rozanov." Except they're both grinning.

And Ilya wonders how many minutes he's got left to count all the freckles on Hollander's face.

End Notes

I set off to write pure lactation smut and then Ilya's in the trenches level pining knocked me on my ass.

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