what happens in vegas

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by kryptonian

Summary

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Shane reefs himself back. The Omega inside him aches, mourns, whimpers at the loss of contact. It's needed, though. He scrambles back, hand slapping at his neck to force the peeled patch back down over his scent gland. He backs up till his spine knocks against the bathroom stall.

"You are in *heat* at award show? Why would you hide this? Why would you not call out sick? Are you—are you insane? You care this much about *trophy?"*

OR Shane goes into heat in Vegas

Notes

hello ! ! ! me again with another horny hollanov fic, not a sad ending this time!

this was beta'd by pat (wunderbuck on ao3), thank u pat :D

this is my first ever attempt at an omegaverse fic and my first real dip into breeding kink so pls be gentle lmao. i hope you enjoy ! ! ! !

also a quick thank you for all the love on my last two hollanov fics, i appreciate it so much :)

also none of this is anti ilya rozanov, shane is an unreliable narrator who does NOT understand the pressures ilya is facing. pls know his frustrations while valid, are not correct. ok ily

See the end of the work for more notes

Everything in Shane's life is on a regimen: his eating, his suppressants, his heats. Everything is planned, everything is scheduled, and he never makes a mistake.

The way he handles his heats isn't exactly medically advisable, but it is overseen by a medical professional, at least. He's one of the few Omegas in the league, and the only Omega captain the NHL has ever had. He doesn't exactly have the luxury of being able to take a week off at any time without it being noticed, and he knows for a fact it'd be something used against him, so—he pushes it off.

Every single heat he has is suppressed until the Summer comes and he's alone in his cabin, able to handle the cramps, the urges, the all of it by himself.

His parents check on him via call every other day, and they're nearby if he truly does need anything, but it's fine. He's done it for a few years now, and it's—it's working.

It's on a schedule. Everything in his life is scheduled. He has to keep himself in check. He has to be the best in the league because he refuses to ever be in second place. He has too many people who have worked too hard to get him where he is, including himself.

Everything in his life is planned, and everything makes sense.

Except for Ilya Rozanov.

The annoying wrench that is always thrown into Shane's life, right when he least expects it, right when he thinks he knows what's going on in the world and with himself.

He's the one thing that makes him act irrationally, that makes him do stupid shit, like wait for six months for a text back from a guy who thinks he's boring and not worth responding to. Or have sex with other hockey players through the wall. Or kiss him stupid, where anyone could walk out and see.

Whatever. It's fine.

If Rozanov doesn't wanna talk to him, Shane won't make him. Can't make him. Rozanov proved that point pretty well when he shooed Shane away in Russia.

Under the lights, presenting the award, Shane feels warm. Unnaturally warm. It can easily be chalked up to nerves and the feeling of Rozanov by his side for the first time in months. Still, it's uncomfortable. Sweat pools along his brow, and heat spreads up the back of his neck, the harsh lighting bearing down on them as they say their designated lines.

But then, Rozanov, the asshole he is, goes off script.

Can I take a selfie with you?

That part—that was in the script. Shane could've survived it. Rozanov was supposed to wrap an arm around his shoulder and take a selfie with him. It's nothing he hasn't done with a

thousand strangers before, but the asshole he is, he instead wraps his fingers around the back of Shane's neck and squeezes, just a little.

It feels possessive. Claiming. It feels a little like being scruffed. He has to fight the urge to drop to his knees.

Shane's traitorous dick twitches in the confines of his briefs.

He watches as the screen shutters, a few photos taken, but then Rozanov's hand drifts lower, skating along the warm curve of his spine, still over his jacket, but it feels—Jesus, the touch feels scorching, like he's tracing his warm fingers directly over Shane's bare skin in front of hundreds of attending people, and thousands watching at home.

He swallows thickly, forcing a bright, fake smile as the phone snaps one last shot.

Shane's face feels hot. His entire body feels off. He doesn't like this. He doesn't like any of it. He doesn't want intimacy with Rozanov to be some damn clown show for thousands of people to watch. It's a risk. A dumb one. Shane hates him, he really does. Or he hates that he doesn't hate him. He hates that he doesn't seem to know how to hate him, no matter how cold, or distant, or dick-ish Ilya is toward him.

He gets through the rest of the lines required of him, only stuttering once or twice, and manages to keep a smile on his face throughout the entire thing.

The second it's over, though, he's gone before Rozanov can even turn toward him. His face is surely glistening and red under the lights. He hates this. He feels wrong. Bad. Out of his body. His suit feels too tight, his tie is strangling him, and his undershirt is rubbing weirdly against his chest. It's all just too much. He doesn't know what to do. He has to get out of the public view.

He walks through the halls, feet moving fast, before shoving the bathroom door open. He ducks down, checking beneath the stalls to make sure no one is there, before slamming his hands down against the sink, clutching at it as he takes a deep, steadying breath.

Fingers tug at his bow tie after a beat, pulling it undone and tossing it atop the counter. He unbuttons the first button of his shirt, exhaling at the slight relief it gives. Cool air washes over aflame skin, soothing some of the discomfort.

It doesn't fix it, but it helps.

He misses the sound of footsteps approaching till they're right outside the door, and then, the door bursts open.

Of course, it's him. Of course, he followed Shane into the bathroom. In his stupid suit, with his stupid perfect curls, and his stupid, handsome face. He doesn't say anything at first. Takes a few deliberate steps into the room, before throwing an arm over the dryer and lounging against it.

Shane's chest feels tight. A familiar sweat pools at the base of his spine.

Then, he laughs. Rozanov *laughs* like he's amused by the whole situation, and says, accent thick, sliding over the word like hot honey, "Well?"

Shane feels angry. He feels frustrated. He feels sick. His stomach twists, pain shooting through him. His anxiety must be off the charts right now to be having symptoms so physical.

Shane scoffs. "Well, what?" His spine straightens. "What the fuck do you want, Rozanov? You haven't answered a text from me in like six months. You won't even acknowledge I exist unless there's a fucking camera pointed at us and then it's for some fucking—*clown show!*"

Rozanov's face shifts. His usually cocky mask slipping, something pained flickered in his gaze. Good. He hopes he's uncomfortable. Shane's been uncomfortable for damn months. It's not a game. His fucking feelings aren't a game.

He feels stupid. Clingy. Overattached to a guy who clearly doesn't want him.

Still, he barrels on, like he can't stop himself. He doesn't feel in control. This isn't part of his routine. This isn't scheduled.

"So, yeah, what the *fuck* do you actually want from me?"

Rozanov's head tilts back, knocking against the tile.

Silence. For only a beat. Shane can't stand it. His stomach twists again. Embarrassment flaring.

"Well?" He demands. He wishes it were less desperate, more casual like Rozanov's had been, but he's never been like that. He's never been the type to be able to be mysterious, his feelings uncomfortable and bubbling in his chest.

Rozanov's arm drags over the dryer, dropping to his side. His gaze breaks from Shane's, and then, like the asshole he is, he says, "I want you to suck my dick."

Something deep inside Shane says *Okay. Please. God, please. Put me on my knees and knot my mouth. Make me take it. Please. Take it. Take me.*

It's a thought that shoots dread to his core. That's—it's heat talk. But he's not in heat. He can't be.

Anger surges, another scoff. "Fuck you. You're unbelievable." He hates how hurt he sounds. He hates how clear it is. He's supposed to be in control. He's supposed to be *in control*. "You suck my dick."

Shane turns away, huffing, trying to catch his breath. He wishes he could shrug his jacket off; he feels so out of himself. He lifts a hand, scratching at the crook of his throat, right where it meets his shoulder. The scent patch there peels off a little bit, only a couple of inches of it, but he barely notices.

Rozanov seems to hesitate. Or he just likes letting Shane reside in his misery and humiliation. But then, he steps forward, gripping Shane by the chin and forcing Shane to face him. He

knows he's blushing. He can feel it. He wants to hide his face. He wants to press it into Rozanov's throat, to nuzzle against the skin there, to hide away from the world in the safest place he's ever been.

Tears prick in his eyes, but they don't fall. He doesn't let them.

Fuck.

"Maybe ask nicely," Rozanov says, holding him steady. He strokes Shane's cheek, thumb dragging along the length of it. Shane tries to hide away, but Rozanov doesn't let him. He grips his chin tighter, tilting his head up again, forcing their gazes to meet.

Shane knows he's breathing heavy. Knows he's getting hard, and slick, and—

"Hm?" Rozanov urges.

Fuck it.

"Please," Shane breathes out.

Rozanov leans in, just a couple of inches, and Shane thinks he might kiss him. God, he wants him to kiss him. He misses how he tastes, the softness of his mouth, the confidence of his tongue.

"If you want me to get on my knees on this filthy bathroom floor and suck your *dick*, you will have to ask nicer than that." Rozanov's head tilts as he speaks, and he moves Shane's head with it, glancing only briefly at the plush pink of Shane's mouth. Fuck.

He always has this effect on him. Shane's brain feels foggy. His fight has been knocked out of him. Fuck. What is he doing to him? How does Rozanov always have this effect over him? No person, Alpha or not, has ever made him feel the way Ilya does.

"Please," Shane starts, voice thick, "Get on your knees on this filthy bathroom floor and suck my dick." He pauses then, purposefully catching Rozanov's eye, his own eyes big, wide and wet. "*Please*."

Ilya lets their foreheads knock together. Shane's nose runs along Ilya's cheek before knocking against his jaw, and instinctively, he buries his face into Rozanov's neck.

Fuck. It's right there. He's not wearing a patch. It's just him. Sweat, skin, rich whiskey, cinnamon, all swirling right in the crook of his throat. Shane inhales, whimpering as it fills his senses. His hand finds Rozanov's jacket, fisting into it as he presses his face in deeper. The whole world disappears. His brain collapses into its basic functions.

Eat, sleep, breathe, *Alpha, Alpha, Alpha*.

He nuzzles against the exposed skin of his neck, inhaling the scent that clings to his suit jacket collar. It's perfect, it's—

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"You are in heat at *award show*? Why would you hide this? Why would you not call out sick? Are you—are you insane? You care this much about *trophy*?" Ilya's fingers twitch, like he's fighting the urge to reach out and grab him.

Shane wishes he would. He wishes he would show weakness. Desperation. Even if it's only his instincts telling him to do so. Even if it's only his Alpha that wants Shane, it'd at least be something, a crack in the mask, a reveal of true, undeniable want. Evidence that this isn't one-sided, that Ilya isn't the cold front he's been putting on since the games.

"I didn't know," Shane whispers, feeling scolded. "I didn't fucking know, okay? I'm not—I'm not due. I took my meds. I take my meds. I—"

Suddenly, he remembers. Two nights ago, he'd gotten a little tipsy with his teammates, a rarity, and he'd heard his phone go off—a reminder to take his pills. But Hayden blindly tapped the off button, saying whoever was calling could call back later; he was having fun with his boys. It'd felt weird, off, like he was forgetting something that was important.

It feels pretty damn important now.

"Fuck," Shane whimpers, and then, an ill-timed cramp sends him to his knees. His insides feel like they're twisting and tied in knots, tugging tight and uncomfortable. Rozanov crouches in front of him, concern swimming in the blues of his eyes.

God, he's so pretty. He's so perfect. He's so—

"Alpha?" Shane asks, voice breathy. He leans forward, nosing at Ilya's cheek. "Fuck," he exhales, nuzzling at his jaw. "Want you. Want—I want you."

Rozanov smells off. Scared. Nervous. This close, it's all Shane can smell. It's a little sour, mixed in with the usual scent of him. Shane whines, unable to stop the sound.

"Hollander, we have to get you back to hotel, hm? You cannot fly home like this tomorrow. I will—" Ilya's voice is tight, strained. Discomfort clear. "Which hotel are you staying in?"

“Can’t,” Shane whispers. “Sharing a room with Hayden. I can’t—I can’t go there. I can’t—” Tears prick in his eyes once more, threatening to spill over before he really knows they’re there. “You don’t want me. Fuck. This is so—” *Humiliating. Embarrassing. Devastating*.

He wants to curl up on the floor of this disgusting, dirty bathroom. He wants to hide in on himself, to curl up and avoid the world, avoid Ilya’s gaze, his pity, his—

“You will come to the penthouse. We will come up with plan from there. You cannot go into heat here. C’mon, Hollander. You have to get up.”

Shane’s still on his knees, the tile cool through the thin layer of his suit pants. Part of him wants to crumple, wants to fall into misery like he does every heat, but at least when it normally happens, it's in the safety of his cottage, his nest, his home.

“I feel like I’m gonna be sick,” Shane mutters, wiping a hand over his sweaty face.

“That is because you are dropping. You are not well. Fuck, you have to get up.” Ilya cradles his cheek tenderly, forcing their eyes to meet. He’s a little blurry through the tears, but he’s there, he’s so close. He’s there.

Shane swallows instead of saying the stupid thoughts that whir through him in that moment. A quiet *I miss you* dying in his throat. A desperate *I want you* rotting right beside it.

His senses feel overloaded, the smell of Ilya close but wrong, the sight of him blurred and bright, and Shane’s skin feels so itchy, so wrong, so uncomfortable. It’s all *wrong*.

“Rozanov—” he tries, brows scrunching. He lifts a hand, wrapping it around Ilya’s wrist and trying to pull it away from his face. “Just fuck off. You don’t even want me. You don’t want me. And—it’s fine. It’s fine. I don’t even fucking—”

Ilya growls the second his hand is dislodged, his strength evident as he rips his wrist out of Shane’s grip. He cradles his face in both hands, fingers framing his tear-stained cheeks. “I want you. I want you so bad I feel crazy with it. I want to fuck you here on this bathroom floor. I want to make you smell like me. But — it is complicated. You know it is complicated. You are just— you are in heat. You are not thinking right. Let me help you. Please.”

I want you so bad. I want to fuck you. Smell like me. Smell like me. Smell like me—the thoughts whirr in his brain, rotating on repeat. Shane collapses forward, dropping his face against Ilya’s shoulder and inhaling. “I want to smell like you,” He admits, quiet and terrified. “Scent me. Just scent me. Please. It’ll help. It’ll—”

“Hollander … people will smell. Someone will know. People will find out. You do not want that. I know you do not.”

Distantly, through the haze of heat, Shane knows it’s true. He can’t be walking around in heat, reeking of Ilya Rozanov without someone knowing, someone seeing, and God—he knows the scandal it’ll be. The only Omega captain found spending his heat with a rival captain and alpha. There’s not a single gay hockey player out in the league; this can’t be the way the first happens, it can’t.

If he were more with it, he'd be able to feel the normal churning fear he does when he thinks about people knowing that he and Ilya have hooked up, that Shane is *like this*. But right now, unfortunately, the truth is distance, and his heat is here, right here and now, and Shane wants. He wants him.

He wants Ilya Rozanov. He wants him to be his Alpha, consequences forgotten.

He whimpers, tears spilling over and soaking into the fabric of Ilya's jacket. "Please," he begs.

"*Fuuuck*," Ilya groans out, shifting so that he can rip Shane's patch off completely. He shoves it into Shane's pocket, careful even now not to leave any evidence behind, before burying his face in Shane's neck.

He scents him, rubbing sweetly and desperately against his scent gland, the sensitive skin there slick with sweat.

Shane can feel himself getting wetter—not only with sweat, but there's slick leaking from his hole too, his skin damp with want and desire.

Fuck. It's perfect. It's so good. It's everything he wants and needs.

His cock is hard in his pants, unbearably so, slick collecting as his dick leaks. They really do need to get out of here before Shane starts grinding against him, desperate to come. His hips are already shifting, chasing whatever friction he can get.

"Okay," Ilya exhales against his neck. "You smell like me. I smell like you. Let me take you to penthouse. Please. I will make sure it is okay."

Compliant and fuzzy, Shane nods, hand finding Rozanov's arm and squeezing it. "Yeah. Help me up."

With little struggle, the two of them get Shane standing again, his ass leaning against the countertop as he takes a few steadying breaths. His hand finds the other side of his neck, ripping that patch off too. Ilya grabs it from him before he can discard it, tucking it into his pocket. Shane's bowtie is collected too, pushed into the pocket alongside the patches.

Shane looks at him, brow furrowed. "What—"

"Evidence. You will be glad when this is over. Just trust me."

I trust you, Shane thinks, *I trust you more than I should. More than I've trusted anyone*.

"Give me two seconds to check hallway. Then we will go."

Shane hates the idea of him stepping back, but with their scents thick and mingled now, he has his footing a little more and is able to understand that it's necessary. He nods, closing his eyes to take a few breaths.

Rozanov steps backward, pulling the door open and glancing side to side. The coast must be clear, seeing as he ducks back in, grabbing Shane's hand and linking their fingers. "Okay, they are announcing award. Coast is clear. Time to go."

Shane's grip loosens. "Fuck. You're—we both know you're gonna win. You have to go. Rozanov, you have to—"

Rozanov pulls him closer by his hand, dragging his body in till they're so close that Shane can feel the soft puff of Ilya's breath against his mouth. "I am where I should be. Coach will accept award on my behalf. Say I am sick and oh so grateful. They will figure it out. You are here. You are not okay. You are more important."

Shane can't exactly be blamed for what happens next.

He uses his free hand to grab at the front of Rozanov's shirt jacket, pulling him in that last little distance and crashing their mouths together. He tastes like expensive, shitty vodka and like a place Shane wishes he could stay forever.

Ilya groans into his mouth, fingers tightening in his, lips parted open to slide their mouths together better. Shane sighs contentedly as they kiss. It's the first kiss they've shared in months—it rocks him to his core just as he expected it would.

It's all hunger and need, nothing but instinct and desperation. Rozanov breaks the kiss, exhaling. "Okay. Time to go, Hollander. We are on a— not a lot of time. I don't know. We have to go."

"Time crunch," Shane breaths, nosing his cheek. "Or time limit. Either works."

Rozanov shakes his head, but Shane can see the fondness in the almost smile that tugs at the corners of his mouth. "Thank you, Mr English Professor. Can we go now?"

Shane nods, grabbing the door handle and pulling it open, eyes gesturing for Rozanov to take the first step out. He doesn't let go of Rozanov's hand. If anything, he holds it tighter, stubborn, too far gone to think about the reality and consequences.

They shoulder past a few rushing PAs, none of whom seem to notice that two star hockey players are sprinting backstage at one of the biggest events in the sport. They make it to an elevator; Rozanov slams the close-door button until the doors start sliding shut. Someone approaching throws up a hand, but Ilya hits the button again, shutting them out before they're close. Shane doesn't recognise them, and he's too busy melting against the wall to ask Rozanov if he does.

He's grateful when the doors seal shut, because he's seconds away from dropping to his knees and nuzzling Rozanov's crotch and begging for his knot. He leans against the mirror wall, head tilting back as he tries to catch his breath. His skin is still slick and uncomfortable. He lifts a hand, unbuttoning a few more buttons of his shirt, revealing the hairless landscape of his sternum and chest.

When he tilts his head forward again, Rozanov is staring at that newly revealed expanse of skin, eyes laser-focused as his fingers wrap around the metal railing, grip so tight that his knuckles are pale.

The sight sends a jolt through Shane's spine. "Fuck," he murmurs, undoing another button.

Rozanov's jaw is tense, the hinge of it sharp. "Hollander, do not strip before you are in the bedroom. I am sure there are cameras. Please. I am trying very hard to be — reasonable."

Shane huffs a laugh. "Since when are you reasonable? Or this respectful? What happened to 'get on your knees'?" He steps in, lifting his gaze through his lashes. "You want me."

The railing creaks beneath Ilya's grip. "You do not know what you are doing. You do not want this."

Shane rolls his eyes. "God, you're one of those alphas who thinks I'll bend over for any alpha that looks at me twice when I'm in heat? It's not like that. *I'm* not like that. You know that. You—"

You know me.

He steps the final step closer, invading Rozanov's space. "You want me," a pause, a flicker of hesitation, "right?"

The elevator dinged before Rozanov could reply. The doors open directly into the penthouse foyer. Ilya grabs Shane's wrist and pulls him into the suite.

Shane goes where he's dragged, watching as Rozanov pulls out his phone and shoots off a text, then another, before placing his phone down on a slim table.

"Okay. I can extend reservation for a week. They will bring you food. Water. Whatever you need. It is discreet."

Shane's stomach plummets. "You're leaving." It's not a question. It's a statement. A gut-wrenching one.

Rozanov's expression tightens, the hesitation obvious. "I am… doing the right thing."

"The right thing," he echoes, hollow. "Right for who?"

Rozanov doesn't look away, but his posture shifts—shoulders squared, jaw locked, like he's bracing for impact. "For you."

Oh. That pisses Shane off more than anything, acting like his own hesitation is for Shane, for his dignity, for his—*whatever*. Shane has been waiting for *months* now, for a hello, for anything, for just—for something. He feels like an idiot.

"Right, 'cause you get to decide what's best for me. Ilya Rozanov knows what's best for me. God, you're such an asshole."

Ilya sighs. “You are not thinking clearly,” Ilya says, voice steady in such a careful way that makes Shane want to scream. “You want what is closest. Something strong. Familiar. But after, when is over, you will hate me. You will—”

“I’ll what?” Shane steps closer. “Wait another six months for you to acknowledge me? I’ll wait, and wait, and text you at two a.m., and then feel embarrassed in the morning when you don’t bother texting back? I— you make me feel crazy, Rozanov. You make me—”

It hits again. The cramps. The need. Hard and sudden, like a freight train. His hand shoots out, gripping Rozanov’s shoulder as he fights for breath. The rejection, the bathroom, the whole night—it crashes over him all at once. His mind feels scrambled—his thoughts in disarray.

“You are in heat, Hollander,” He says, quiet. “You want Alpha. You do not want—”

Shane wants to cry. His fingers bite into Ilya’s shoulder. “I need—”

The half-second pause is all it takes. Ilya leans in, voice rough. “Need what?” He says it like he’d hand Shane the world. Like he’d tear down heaven if asked. Which is ridiculous, because he won’t even give him this—won’t admit he wants to stay.

Shane whimpers, teary-eyed and aching. He feels pathetic. Small. Everything hurts. “I need you.”

Rozanov’s hand finds Shane’s hip, tucked privately under his suit jacket, flush against the undershirt. Their foreheads knock together, the air between them thick with want, with the unsaid thing finally said.

“Rozanov,” Shane exhales, then shakes his head once, like the name tastes wrong. “Ilya,” he tries again—still not it. His eyes flutter shut, surrendering to the gravity between them. His voice breaks, soft and pleading. “Alpha … please.”

“*Fuuuuck*,” Rozanov grinds out, gripping tight to Shane’s waist. “I will look after you. I will fuck you. You will tell me if you want me to stop, yes? You will tell me.”

He nods, eager, relief hitting him like a tidal wave. The rejection had stung, like a thousand bees pricking his skin at once, making the wave of heat ache more than normal. Now, though, it’s all just desire. He’ll get what he needs.

Ilya will look after him. He knows he will.

Shane drops to his knees.

“What—” Ilya chokes.

He presses his face against Rozanov’s crotch, nosing at it. He feels sweaty, and slick, and fairly gross from the day, but what’s more important is pressing his face against Rozanov’s half-hard dick, mouthing at the fabric, pressing his face into the ripe scent there.

Fingers slide into his hair, tugging gently at the strands. “Sweetheart.”

Fuck. Shane whines, his dick twitching. His hands lift to try and get Ilya's belt buckle undone.

"No, bed. We will go to bed. If you suck my dick here, I cannot promise I will not knot your mouth. Not when you smell like this."

Ilya tugs him back by the hair, and reluctantly, Shane lets him. A hand is offered out, and Shane takes it, thumb stroking the back of Ilya's fingers. "What do I smell like?"

He knows his scent is good—even had a promoter ask if he wanted to turn it into a signature fragrance to sell. He's curious what it smells like to Ilya, though, if it's different for him, especially like this.

"Like mine," he says, gripping him by the thighs and lifting him easily once he's standing. Shane's legs wrap instinctively around his waist, more wetness producing from his hole, slicking him. Fuck. He's *wet*. So fucking wet. "Like you want to get fucked. Like you need it."

He does. He's never needed anything more in his life. Ilya walks them through the suite, barely breaking a sweat as he carries Shane to the bedroom. He lowers Shane onto the bed, kissing his cheek softly.

"You never knotted me before," Shane notes. "You could've," he admits.

"Yes, but I am polite. You may not know this word, because you are brat."

Shane squints. "Who the hell taught you what a brat is?"

"Google taught me word. *You* taught me what a brat is," Ilya says, grinning down at him. He peels off his suit fast—jacket, shirt, and tie dropped to the floor. Shane mirrors him, despite the urge to argue, which would only further egg on the brat comments.

His nice, fancy suit is left crumpled on the bedroom floor, only a tight pair of black boxer briefs covering him. Ilya strips down to nothing, glancing up as he removes his sock to catch Shane rubbing himself through his briefs.

He couldn't help it. Rozanov is there, and real, and hot, and wants him. He wants him.

He palms himself, the tip of his cock leaking heavily, the wetness soaking into the cotton of his underwear. Ilya leans forward, trailing a hand up the side of his thigh. It only makes the ache and need grow larger, carving out more space inside of him.

"Fuck me," Shane urges. "Please. Hurts."

"I will look after you," Ilya murmurs, soothing. "I told you I would. I am man of my word. I will fuck you until you cannot think, cannot breathe, cannot hurt. You will take it."

He hooks his fingers in the waistband of Shane's briefs and tugs. Shane lifts his hips, letting them slide down over his thighs, his knees, then off each foot. Ilya brings the underwear to his face, inhales once, and curses—low, in Russian.

Then he tosses them aside and pushes Shane back with a steady hand to his sternum, climbing over him as Shane's legs fall open, making room for him.

Ilya kisses him, soft and gentle, like one would a lover, someone built to be cherished, and held, and loved. Shane sighs into it, grabbing at his side, pulling him closer.

Their dicks slide together, the glide smooth with the excess pre dripping from Shane's cock. Ilya gets wet, a reasonable amount at that, but Shane *leaks*.

They break apart after a minute or so, Rozanov's mouth descending to press open-mouthed, hungry kisses along his jaw, then his throat, lingering right over his scent gland. He mouths desperately at the skin there, like he's trying to drink every drop of scent in that he can. Shane writhes beneath him, exhaling, trembling.

"Alpha, please," He whispers out, rutting upwards. "Please. Please. *Please*."

"Mmm, maybe if you beg a little more," Ilya grins against the skin of his throat.

Shane huffs, hooking a leg around Ilya's lower back before using the little strength he has left to flip then over so that Shane is on top. Ilya looks up at him, eyes wide and bright, amusement flickering like a candle flame in them.

"Oh? You are in charge?" Ilya asks.

He plants a hand on either side of Ilya's head, rubbing his ass across Ilya's cock, ignoring the flare of embarrassment he feels at how wet he is.

"Might have to be if you can't *get on with it*," Shane grumbles. He lifts a hand to Ilya's face, huffing. "Get your fingers in me."

Rozanov laughs, sitting up, dragging Shane with him so Shane is perched in his lap, still rutting against his cock. He kisses along Shane's jaw, curling an arm around him, fingers prodding at his slick hole. "Fuck, I missed this."

He presses a finger in. It yields easily, his body accommodating the intrusion without question. Shane whimpers. "Missed fucking you. Missed—" A second finger joins the last. "Я скучал по тебе."

Shane feels out of it, high little *ah's* escaping him as he's spread open on Rozanov's skilled fingers. "W-What?"

Ilya presses a slow kiss to his throat, just over the pulse there. "I missed *you*, Omega."

Oh.

An admission. A truth. Something tender—tender like a bruise. Shane wants to press his thumb into it, drag more out, be greedy, but instead he pulls Ilya up by his hair and kisses him, sweet and open, while those two fingers scissor inside him, prepping him.

Shane parts their mouths. "I missed you. I—I missed you."

Ilya's spare hand finds his hip, thumb tracing soothing circles there. "I know. I know."

Isn't that an admission too? That he sees Shane, sees how much he feels? That he believes him, even here and now? Fuck. It's too much. It's—

"Need you," He says again. "I need you."

I need you even though I don't know what that means for us. Even though it risks everything I have ever wanted and worked for.

I need you, and I can't have you, but I need you anyway.

The next finger is eased in wordlessly, fingers gliding in and out easily, while Shane whimpers and pants against Rozanov's mouth.

Shane thinks that Ilya will just slide home like this, tap Shane's thigh and tell him to ride, and he'd do it happily—but instead, Rozanov eases him off his lap, nudging him onto his back before lining himself up and pushing in like that.

He did say he'd look after him.

His cock fills Shane up in the exact way his body is craving, carving a hole for itself inside him, making space like his body was made to take it. Distantly, echoingly, a thought tells him he was. He was made for this. For Ilya Rozanov.

Within a dozen thrusts, Shane already feels himself getting close. It's unsurprising, and frankly, he's surprised he lasted this long. His dick twitches between them, leaking a pool of pre on his abdomen as they kiss messily between thrusts, tongues tasting each other like it's the finest delicacy they've ever had.

He feels himself getting tenser, his body clenching down around Ilya's cock.

Ilya must feel it too. "Fuck, Hollander. You're—"

Shane nods. "Close. Fuck. 'M so close. Fuck."

"Come," he whispers, head tilted to kiss his sweaty, flushed cheek. "Come on my cock. Then I will make you come again. And then I will knot you, okay? I will give you what you want."

"Want your knot," He grinds out, tears pricking in his eyes. "Please. Fuck. I want your knot. Want you to knot me, to fuck it into me, make it stick, make me take it—I'll take it, Ilya, I'll be so good, Alpha, please, *please*—"

"Jesus," Rozanov exhales against his cheek. "You are killing me here."

Shane barely hears it, just pushes himself back on Ilya's cock, head tilted back into the pillow as Ilya pumps his hips. He's going to come like this, completely untouched, stuffed full of Ilya's perfect dick, waiting for—fuck, for his—

"Alpha, please. 'M gonna—"

“Shh, it’s okay,” Ilya whispers. “Come for me. Come for your Alpha. You are so good. Such a good Omega. Perfect. Taking my cock, going to take my come, you’re so—”

Such a good Omega—that’s what gets him, strikes him deep into his core, ripping him apart at the seams. His body seizes tight, eyes squeezing closed as he topples over the edge. He cries out, the noise bordering on a scream as he rides it out.

Rozanov fucks him through it, whispering sweet praises so quiet that Shane can’t even decipher what he’s saying, can only tell it’s sweet by tone alone.

“Please,” He exhales after a beat, his orgasm finally cresting. “Need it.”

Ilya shakes his head, nose knocking against Shane’s cheek. “No. You will come again. You *will*—” He growls. He knows the tone even though he’s never shared his heat before—it’s an Alpha who demands to please his Omega properly, to make sure he’s properly satisfied. It makes Shane shiver.

Shane can tell he’s holding on by a thread, trying to fight through his own pleasure to ensure Shane gets there again, to be a man of his word. He slides his fingers into honey curls. “Need you deeper. Flip me.”

He does. With surprising coordination, considering how close he’d seemed, he flips Shane till he’s face-first into the mattress. Ilya curves over the top of him, cock pressing in deep as he wraps an arm around him, fist closing around his cock. It’s oversensitive; it’s not like his refractory period is always fast, but during his heat, it feels almost instantaneous.

He feels himself weep against the sheets, drool slipping from his parted mouth into the pillow as Ilya pumps his hips, drilling in deep.

“Fuck, Hollander, I’m going to—” Ilya hisses out.

“Knot me,” Shane finishes, nodding against the pillowcase. He turns his head to the side, gasping for breath. “Fuck me. Breed me. Want you to fuck your come into me. Want you to knock me up. Want—” His speech is a little slurred, even to his own ears. Though the words just keep coming. “Want your knot. Your pups. Your come. Please.”

Ilya’s forehead is pressed against the top vertebra of Shane’s spine, his breath coming in hot pants against his skin. “Fuck. I’m—” He chokes, thrusting harder. “You have to come. You are *going to* come.”

He says it like he’s trying to will it into existence, and judging by the feeling overtaking Shane, he’s going to. He can feel it coming, curling familiarly right behind his navel, tight and coiling. He nods, breathless. “Yeah. Gonna come. Just—with you. I swear. Fuck. With you.”

I’ll do this with you, he thinks, *anything with you.*

Ilya’s mouth moves to his shoulder, drifting dangerously close to his mating mark. He feels the faint hint of pointed teeth against his skin. It sends him over the edge, spilling messily

over Ilya's fist, whining out "*Alpha*," as he comes. Tears spill hot and wet over his cheeks, face rubbing against the pillowcase as Ilya fucks him through it.

He can feel Ilya's knot nudging at his hole, and as he comes, body fluttering around Ilya's thick cock, it slides all the way in, locking them in place.

Ilya's never fucked him without a condom before, nor has he knotted him, always making sure to either pull out and come over his back or to keep himself in control enough to keep his knot in check and not let it slide inside him.

This time, though, he buries himself deep, coming hot and thick inside him, clutching onto Shane's hip with both hands and pressing his closed mouth against Shane's shoulder. Shane can tell he's fighting the instinct to bite him, and part of him wants to beg him to, to claim him so that Shane can't regret this, to mark Shane in a way no one else will ever be able to argue with.

But, even through the fog of his heat, he bites it back, whimpering pathetically into the sheets as Ilya's weight drops on top of him. He's never been knotted by a real cock before, never known how satisfying and content it would make him—but god, it's good. It's perfect.

He feels blissed out, fucked out, and frankly, brainless.

Rozanov rolls them onto their sides, curling up behind him, arm wrapped protectively around Shane's middle, fingers tracing over the lines of his stomach. Soft, gentle kisses are pressed to his shoulder, peppered without care of it being too much, or maybe Ilya does care, but doesn't let it stop him.

Shane exhales and melts back into him. He's sated, warm, and loose-limbed—he knows in a few hours his body will be sparking with need again, but right now he's full and held close, knotted with his Alpha.

Ilya murmurs something against his skin, but it's too quiet, Shane too adrift to catch it.

He reaches back and traces the line of Ilya's forearm, finds his hand, and laces their fingers together—tight, like he's afraid that if he holds too loosely, the Alpha will slip away, falling through his fingers like grains of sand.

Behind him, Rozanov goes still. Just a small tension, but Shane feels it immediately and regrets it. It's not like Ilya can get up and walk out—not now. Maybe that's why he never let things get this far before: so he could leave, ensuring a quick escape was always possible.

"You are back with me?" Ilya asks.

"Mhm," Shane hums.

"You do not—" A pause. Hesitation. "Regret it?"

He wishes he could roll over and kiss the question off his lips. Unfortunately, biology will not allow that for another fifteen or twenty minutes.

“I want you,” Shane murmurs. “I know it’s complicated. And that we can’t come out. And no one can know, but—”

But I need you.

“It feels right, doesn’t it?” Shane asks, nervous. “We could figure it out. All of it.”

He feels sick. He shouldn’t have said any of this when he can’t run away.

“…We will figure it out,” Ilya says at last. “It will not be simple. For either of us.”

Shane squeezes his hand. “I know. Fuck.” His eyes feel wet. “I know, but—”

“But it is right,” Ilya finishes quietly. “For both of us.”

It’s terrifying, all of it, but here, nestled against Ilya, the man he wants to be his Alpha, it just, for the first time, feels possible.

The weight of the world is always bearing down on his shoulders, the pressure from all sides pushing him down, but here, now, it feels like Ilya is holding it with him. He always has to be the perfect son, the perfect player, the perfect Captain, but here, *now*, he is just Ilya’s. He is just held.

He brings Ilya’s hand up to his mouth, kissing at each knuckle.

“I’ve never done this, you know,” Shane whispers, a quiet confession.

“Sex? I know that is a lie, Hollander. I have been inside you before.” The words are a little muffled, Ilya’s mouth still against his skin.

“Shared my heat with someone, asshole.” Shane rolls his eyes.

Ilya noses at his back and hums. “I figured. I have never—helped. But I want to.”

“The whole time?” Shane checks. Has to.

“Till you do not want me to be here.”

Shane has a feeling he will always want Ilya to be here.

End Notes

thank you for reading! comments(PLS), kudos and love endlessly appreciated and treasured. i in fact eat them for fuel :)

every kudos is a kiss to shane hollander's little omega forehead

also i couldn't find a spot to put this anywhere in the fic but the breeding kink is just heat talk from shane's pov, realistically, he is not ready for kids and would not be till retirement probably. but he is horny at the idea of having ilya's kids :) yippie!

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