

The Heat

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77295146) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77295146>.

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:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Anal Sex , POV Ilya Rozanov , Knotting , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Scenting , Anal Fingering , Breeding Kink , Come Marking , Come Sharing , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Beautiful Shane Hollander , Voyeurism , everyone is obsessed with shane hollander , Omega Verse , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , everybody wants Shane hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of "Yes, sweetheart."
Collections:	Heated Rivalry Bingo , Hollanov ABO
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-02 Words: 6,273 Chapters: 1/1

The Heat

by [dntat](#)

Summary

The flight home seemed to take forever. So did the drive, even as he broke every speed limit. His hand was shaking when he tried to get the key in the door. Once, twice, he missed. Then it was flung open. Shane was standing there. He was dressed only in the smallest pair of briefs, the black fabric stretched over the curve of his muscular thighs and ass. A fine sheen of sweat covered his skin and his chest was heaving with shallow, panting breaths. His eyes were hazy and dark. He smelled like sweat and sweetness and Shane. Like everything Ilya had ever wanted since he was just a boy of seventeen.

Or: Shane's suppressants are failing.

Notes

Taps Beautiful Shane Hollander tag I take this seriously.

For the scent kink square on HR bingo.

Thank you Fresiann and emilywritesfics for the beta read!

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

(October - the start of the season)

The team was staring.

People always stared at Shane, Ilya knew.

He knew it because he looked for it. Because he loved it. Because Shane Hollander was *his*, and everyone fucking knew it, now. So they could look, and choke on their jealousy as they did.

It had not always been this way. His contentment in the stares and looks and double takes. No, that feeling of satisfaction that coursed through him when he found another awestruck gaze locked on his husband had been hard fought for and well earned. (The stares themselves, Ilya thought, had always been there. Probably since before Shane had presented, even. There was something about the intensity of his eyes, the curve of his lips, that invited the gaze and then held it tightly, like a lover held their beloved.)

He used to be the one choking with jealousy, before. He used to seethe with unspilled resentment. He never told Shane, of course. But to have others around him, touching him, *scenting* him... Ilya had not been able to stand it.

The worst was when he watched Shane's games on TV. When he won. When he scored a beautiful, perfect, last-second goal. Because everything Shane did on the ice was beautiful and perfect. Honestly, most of the things he did off the ice were, too. But Ilya knew what came after those goals. The team would pile on, backslapping and congratulating and knocking helmets. And a few would always take it one step further. Would pull a glove off and rub a wrist on any bit of exposed skin. He had even seen Hayden fucking Pike squeeze the junction between Shane's neck and shoulder, right over the scent gland that was there.

It was normal behaviour. Expected. They were his team. They were close. Shane was unmated. Unpaired. It was friendly. Encouraged even, between teammates. It fostered camaraderie and team unity and all those other bullshit words the coaches liked to spew at their players.

But all Ilya could think of would be how Shane would be smelling like *them*, when he should be smelling of *him*.

By then he had admitted to himself he wanted more from Shane than their little arrangement was giving them. That meeting four or five times a year was not enough. He wanted more. He wanted Shane to stop showering before he left Ilya's apartment. He wanted Shane to smell like him, always. He wanted to bite into Shane's neck and leave a mark that would never fade. He had wanted and wanted and wanted. Had pined and writhed and yearned about it. Had dropped all his other lovers for it.

But that was all over now. Now Shane was his. He had the ring on his finger, the scar on his neck and the scent all over him to prove it.

“Um, hi,” Shane said, waving awkwardly at the staring team.

Ilya got it. He really did. Because beyond being one of the most legendary players of all time, beyond having ignited one of the biggest scandals the NHL had ever experienced, beyond being unexpectedly involved with their captain, and then marrying him, beyond all the hype and noise and gossip, Shane was beautiful.

It seemed he grew more gorgeous with every year that passed. His perfect skin called to be touched, and then kissed. His freckles screamed to be counted and caressed. His silky hair begged to be stroked, then gathered in a fist.

Some of the younger players, Holmber, LaPointe and Young, had actually dropped their jaws open when Shane stepped into the locker room. Haas looked like he might pass out. Dykstra and Chouinard were paused in mid-action. Boodram and Dillon at least seemed to have their wits about them, but barely.

“Hey, Hollander,” Bood finally said. “Great to have you here.”

Shane smiled. It was a small thing, tentative and gone in a flash, but it still lit up his face.

“Thanks,” Shane said. “I’m excited to get started with you all.”

The younger players were inching closer now, as if they were seedlings trying to get their chance in the sun. Ilya crossed the room and threw an arm around his husband’s shoulders.

“We will play two on two. Shane and I versus whoever wants to pair up against us. First team to score before we do will get a thousand bucks.”

“Ilya—” Shane began, but his protests were drowned out by the cheering team.

Ilya smiled down at his husband. There was a faint blush dusting his sharp cheekbones, making his freckles stand out in sharp relief.

“Let us show them exactly how our opponents’ seasons will go, moy lyubov. It will encourage them, I think.”

Shane’s eyes blazed with an intense determination, as they always did when he got competitive. “Fuck yeah. Let’s do that.”

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Ilya wasn’t supposed to hear the conversation, of course. He hadn’t meant to listen, either. But he was just outside the weight room when he heard Shane’s name through the open door.

“It’s insane how hot Shane is,” a voice said. Holmberg, Ilya recognized.

“Fucking insane,” another agreed. Young. “It should be illegal to be that attractive *and* talented.”

“The way I would hit that,” Holmberg sighed. A rage, white-hot with its intensity, flooded through Ilya. He could feel himself clenching his fists and was about to step in the room and ream out Holmberg within an inch of his life when the others spoke again.

“As if you could even get close to him,” Young scoffed. “Roz would fucking kill you before you got within ten feet of him with your dick in your hand.”

“Have you ever been with an omega?” an accented voice asked. LaPointe was there too, then.

“No,” said Holmberg. “Have you?”

“No,” said LaPointe.

“I have,” said Young. “Once.”

“Fuck,” LaPointe said as Holmberg whistled.

“What was it like?” Holmberg asked.

“Incredible,” Young said. “Totally unlike anything else. It’s incomparable. And the fact that Roz is hitting that on the regular? Lucky bastard.”

Okay, that was enough. Ilya rapped his hand on the gym door before stepping inside. The conversation stopped and three sets of guilty-looking eyes met his.

“How is the workout going?” Ilya asked, his voice perfectly even.

“N-not bad,” Holmberg stammered, his eyes flickering to his teammates.

“Good, good,” Ilya said, moving towards weights. His teammates watched him. There was fear written all over their faces. “Hollander will be joining us soon,” Ilya continued. “As the newest member of our team, I am hoping you will be welcoming and treat him with the respect he deserves.”

“Of course Roz,” and “Yes, Captain,” and “Yes, sir,” the three voices chorused. Ilya made eye contact with each in the mirror.

“Good,” he said. “I wouldn’t expect anything less from you.”

They nodded behind him and Ilya saw a movement at the door. Shane.

“Muzh,” he said, in a way of greeting. *Husband*. Shane smiled and walked over to him, waving to the three younger players as he passed.

“Hey, Shane,” they said as one. Shane couldn’t keep the bemused expression off his face as he joined Ilya at the weights.

From the corner of his eye, Ilya watched as the three tried not to stare. Holmberg was studiously examining the ceiling, his neck flushed. Young was fixated on his own shoes. The

expression on LaPointe's face looked like he was re-evaluating every life choice that led him here. Yet every few seconds, Ilya could see their eyes move. Could see them look at Shane.

And why wouldn't they? Shane was dressed in shorts and an oversized sweater - one of Ilya's, he noted in satisfaction. His hair was tied up, out of his face. It was a casual look, yet he was still breathtaking. Still the picture of fucking beauty.

"They said it should be illegal," Ilya murmured as he spotted Shane at the bench press a little while later. He tilted his head towards the trio who were working out on the exercise bikes in the corner. "To look the way you do. As good as you do."

A blush crept up Shane's neck as he cradled the bar. "Ilya," he whispered, a warning in his voice.

"They admire you," Ilya said. "It is not hard to see why."

Shane sat up. "You're terrible."

"I am truthful," Ilya said. His gaze flickered again to the three at the opposite side of the room. They were still staring, taking quick glances when they thought Ilya wasn't looking. He didn't mind. They could look all they wanted. Ilya was sure they now understood that not even a whisper of disrespect against Shane would be accepted. Shane's time with the Centaurs would not be a repeat performance of his experience with the Voyageurs.

"We should get to cardio," Shane said, looking at Ilya closely. He seemed to know something was on Ilya's mind, but also that now was not the time to ask about it.

Ilya's face broke into a smile. "Yes," he said, moving across the room. They each got on a stationary bike. And if the sound of Holmberg fumbling and almost falling off his treadmill as Shane got into place beside him was a boost to Ilya's ego, well that was for him to know.

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That night, at home, Ilya took Shane apart.

The teasing started in the car. Shane drove, and Ilya placed a possessive hand on his thigh. He could feel the heat of Shane's skin through his shorts. He moved his hand higher, and then higher again. He could see Shane's cock taking interest, even as Shane's eyes remained determinedly on the road.

"They said I was a lucky bastard, to be fucking you," Ilya said as they turned the corner into their neighbourhood.

"Who said that?" Shane demanded. "People can't talk about me like that. Being omega doesn't mean—"

"Young and the rest," Ilya interrupted. "I told them to speak of you that way was not... acceptable."

"It fucking isn't," Shane grumbled.

“Is true though,” Ilya said. “I am lucky to be fucking you.” He slid his hand further, until he was cupping Shane’s cock. He squeezed it lightly. “Feels like I will be lucky tonight also.”

“I might be too pissed off,” Shane grumbled. “If that’s how the team is already talking about me.”

“They will not again,” Ilya said, catching Shane’s eye. “They are young. Dumb. A little, how you say? Starstruck.”

Shane must have seen something in the look Ilya was giving him, because he nodded.

“And,” Ilya said, squeezing Shane again. “I will make it worth your while.”

“Fuck,” said Shane breathlessly as they turned into their driveway. “Okay, maybe, yeah.”

Inside, Ilya pushed Shane up the stairs and onto their bed before pausing to take in the sight of the omega below him, flushed and panting, his chest rising and falling. “Let me reward you,” Ilya murmured.

“For what?” Shane asked. “I didn’t do anything.”

“For coming to Ottawa,” Ilya said, pulling off his shirt over his head and kicking off his shorts. “For your first day on your new team. For being you. For being with me.”

He undressed Shane more slowly, taking his time to gently peel off each piece of clothing and press hot, open-mouthed kisses onto every bit of newly exposed skin as he did so. The arch of Shane’s foot. The curve of his hip. The peak of his nipples.

Only once they were both completely naked did he kiss Shane fully, pushing his tongue deep in Shane’s mouth as he pressed his full weight against him, pinning him to the mattress. When Shane tried to writhe underneath him, when he tried to create friction, Ilya pushed down harder.

“So impatient,” he murmured against Shane’s lips. “Do I need to stop until you can stay still?”

“No,” said Shane sulkily, but he slowed his movements.

Grinning, Ilya continued to tease Shane. He ghosted his fingers over the perfect bow of Shane’s lips, then along the column of his throat and across his heaving chest. He circled one nipple, then the other before sliding his hand down Shane’s body, past where his leaking cock lay against the tense muscles of his abdomen, all the way to his balls. Ilya took a moment to roll them in his palm, enjoying the weight of them, before sliding a single finger through the slick that was leaking below.

“I’d be better at staying still if you would hurry the fuck up,” Shane grumbled. He had his fists clenched as his sides.

Ilya paid his complaints no mind, and instead followed the path of his fingers with his tongue, laving and sucking until his head was between Shane’s thighs and he was practically

drowning in the scent of him. He licked at Shane's leaking hole, drinking in the slick until Shane lost the ability to speak at all.

For a long while, all Shane could do was writhe and twist and moan as Ilya licked and sucked and nipped at him. Only when Shane was arching and shuddering and gasping, on the edge of it all, did Ilya reach up and grab his cock. A few strokes later and Shane was coming in hot stripes all over his stomach and chest.

Ilya rose then, his face and chest covered in Shane's slick. He ran a hand through the mess on Shane's chest and used it to slick his cock before notching himself at Shane's entrance.

"Okay?" he asked quietly.

Shane gave a weak nod and Ilya slid home.

He fucked Shane slowly at first, wanting to be gentle as Shane recovered from his orgasm. He couldn't tear his eyes away from where his cock disappeared inside Shane's welcoming heat. Shane always took him so well. So completely. He was truly made to be fucked by Ilya, just as Ilya had been made to fuck him.

"God, Shane," Ilya groaned as he thrust into the omega below him. He could feel his knot already beginning to swell at the base of his cock. "You are mine. Every part of you is mine, yes? Tell me you are mine."

"Yes, Ilya," Shane breathed in response. "I am yours. I am always yours." He was so wet. Ilya could feel Shane's slick on his balls, his thighs. Shane always got so wet for him. Their room was full of the scent of it. Of sex and sweat and lust. Ilya never wanted to smell anything else again in his fucking life.

"You are such a slut for me," he growled. "So ready for me, always."

Shane nodded, his eyes rolling back. "Your slut, Ilya. I was made to be fucked by you."

Ilya sped up, his thrusts getting faster and harder until he was pounding into Shane. Shane's arms were up, braced against the headboard. His dark hair was in a messy bun that was becoming more disheveled by the second, long strands clinging to his sweaty temples. His eyes were closed, thick lashes fanning across sharp, freckled cheekbones. His pink lips were open as he panted, showing white teeth and a flash of tongue. He was stunning.

Ilya grabbed Shane's jaw, thrusting his thumb into his omega's mouth and Shane immediately wrapped his tongue and lips around it, sucking hard. Ilya groaned. Shane was truly perfect. Truly gorgeous beyond measure. Looking down at him, Ilya felt overcome with an intense wave of possessiveness. He needed to mark Shane. To put his scent on him. Needed to know that Shane was so completely and utterly his that another could not even think of him without thinking of Ilya also.

"Shane," Ilya growled, pulling his hand away from Shane's face and grabbing his chest instead, kneading the muscle there. "I need to come on you. I need to see it."

Shane's eyes barely opened. "Yes, alpha," he panted out, and Ilya felt a thrill that went straight to his dick. Shane didn't often use his base title, but fuck if it didn't speak to a primal part of Ilya's brain when he did.

With a grunt he pulled out of Shane and moved until he was straddling his chest. Shane didn't move, keeping his eyes closed and his arms above his head. If Ilya didn't know better, he'd think Shane must be close to his heat. It was unusual for him to be so submissive outside of that time. He would not usually be so agreeable to taking a load to the face, although he knew Ilya needed to do it sometimes. Needed to stake his claim after being denied entrance to Shane's home, his heart, for so long.

Ilya gripped himself tighter. This would be easy. His cock was already soaked with slick. "Open your mouth," he commanded. Shane obeyed instantly. That was all Ilya needed. He gave himself a few jerks and then he was coming in thick hot bursts all over Shane's chest and throat and face. One strand landed on his cheekbone. Another across his parted lips.

His knot was fully inflated now, heavy and throbbing in his hand. He squeezed it tightly as he pressed the swollen head against Shane's tongue. "Taste me."

He half-expected Shane to say no, and was surprised when his husband did what he was told, first licking at the slit, capturing the last of Ilya's release, then up the sides of his cock. Ilya shivered, overwhelmed at the feeling. With his free hand, he swiped through the come on Shane's cheek, smearing it wider before pushing his fingers into Shane's mouth. Shane sucked them clean with a soft, hungry noise.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya groaned. "You are so good to me, my pretty omega." A shudder ran through Shane and Ilya sat back, looking at the mess he had made. Shane was marked everywhere, covered everywhere. He felt wild, seeing Shane like this. Heady and powerful. He ran a hand through the mess on Shane's chest, spreading it across his pectorals and tight nipples, and up his neck.

"So perfect," Ilya growled. His grip briefly tightened around Shane's throat, fingers pressing into the scent glands there, pushing his release into Shane's skin. Shane continued to lay below him, not a hint of fear or displeasure in his scent. Only pure contentment. Fuck, Ilya loved him.

He couldn't help himself. He lay on top of Shane, letting the sweat and come and slick mix even further. He was making a fucking mess and didn't care. He needed Shane like this. Reeking of sex. Of Ilya.

He would have to get up soon, he knew. Shane would not put up with this for long. Not that he minded. Not when the mess was the result of Shane being out of his mind with lust. Completely drunk on Ilya's dick.

"Ugh, I'm disgusting," Shane said a moment later, his words muffled from where he lay underneath Ilya. "And the bed is fucking filthy."

Ilya smiled as he rolled off his husband. "I will clean it, moy lyubov," he said gently. *My love*. He stroked Shane's sweaty hair. "You go shower."

Shane rolled over to look at him. “You sure?”

“Yes, lyubimiy,” Ilya said. *Yes, beloved.*

“And you’ll shower after?”

“Yes, Shane,” Ilya said, only rolling his eyes a little.

“And you’ll scent me after?” Shane asked, his voice hopeful.

Ilya couldn’t help how his eyebrows raised in surprise at the request. “Of course,” he said. He would always scent Shane as they cuddled up at night, but for Shane to ask for it was unusual.

“Okay,” Shane said. He closed his eyes for a minute, then dragged himself off the bed and towards the bathroom. Ilya watched him go, enjoying the view before he began stripping the sheets. Such a fussy, particular omega. Ilya truly did love him.

Afterwards, when they were both clean and the bed was freshly made, they slipped into the sheets and cuddled close. Ilya nuzzled into Shane’s neck, rubbing his face into Shane’s scent gland while running his wrist glands up and down Shane’s sides.

That’s when his suspicions were confirmed.

“Have you taken your suppressants lately?” He asked, his voice carefully even.

“Of course I have,” Shane said lazily as he stroked Ilya’s hair. “Why?”

Ilya inhaled more deeply. “You are going to have a heat.”

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They spoke to the team doctor first, who peered into Shane’s mouth and ears and looked at his prescription and drew blood and held a stethoscope to his chest.

The results were back a day later. Shane’s suppressants were failing him. After a lifetime spent taking the little pills, his body could take no more.

“Can’t I just get a stronger version?” Shane had asked, but the doctor had recommended against it, and Ilya had agreed with his assessment, although he would support Shane in whatever route he chose.

Shane spoke to Coach Wiebe next. Ilya was not going to come with him, but at the last minute Shane had asked him to. “I’m just going to come home and have to explain everything to you anyways,” he had said. So they went together.

Now, seated in Wiebe’s office, they went over their options.

“We’re a little less than a week away from the Christmas break,” Wiebe said, looking at the calendar. “Do you think you could uh, keep taking the suppressants until then?”

“No, the doctor doesn’t think they’ll hold out that long,” Shane said. His cheeks were red. Ilya knew he was not enjoying this conversation. “I’ll probably go into pre-heat any day now.”

Shane had always been extremely private about his heats. For years, Ilya had wondered what he did during them. He had expected that Shane had a lover, or hired a service to help him through them.

He had initially been shocked to learn that the Voyageurs encouraged him to suppress them throughout the entire year. Although upon second thought, he had decided it was not so surprising after all. Omegas, while not exactly rare, were not the most common either. Male omegas even less so. Shane was the only omega in the league, besides a few on the developmental teams. If he had to guess, Ilya would say the NHL simply did not know what to do with Shane.

(Ilya had been even more surprised to learn that Shane had gone through his heats alone at his cabin each summer. And much as he hated thinking of Shane suffering through an intense heat all alone, a selfish part of him, the primal, ancient part of him had been viciously thrilled to learn that Shane had not trusted anyone with this most intimate part of his life besides Ilya.)

“And after the break?” Wiebe asked.

“I’m not sure,” Shane admitted. “I might just have to see how I’m feeling.”

Their coach looked like he was about to say something else and Ilya couldn’t stop himself from breaking into the conversation. As much as he respected Wiebe, the man was a beta and didn’t have the same innate sense when it came to these things. “The doctor has said he was taking suppressants for too long. The longer he is not on them, the better.”

“So you’ll miss the game before the break, and possibly another after,” Wiebe said, still looking at the calendar.

“I’m sorry,” Shane said. “This isn’t how I wanted to get started with the team.”

“They still have me,” Ilya pointed out. “And I am very good.”

Shane glared but Wiebe nodded. “We want to do whatever is right for you, Shane,” he said. Ilya hadn’t expected less, but he was still grateful to hear it. “Players are out for all sorts of reasons all the time. This isn’t any different.”

“I might be able to play at the upcoming game, in Vancouver,” Shane said. He didn’t look at Ilya. “I could wear scent blockers. Or patches.”

Ilya turned to him fully then. “Pozhaluysta, Shane,” he said. *Please Shane.* “Ya ne khochu, chtoby oni znali tebya takim.” *I do not want them to know you like that.*

Shane stared at him for a moment, his dark eyes intense and focused. Ilya thought he might argue, but then his shoulders slumped.

“You’re right,” he said. “If anything gets through... If the other team scents it, they’ll just use it as another reason why I shouldn’t be able to play anyways.”

Ilya hated that it was true. But the league’s policies – where they even existed – were still archaic. So they made a plan. Shane would stop taking the pills, and would try to regulate his cycle, which would mean up to four heats a year. If he had to miss games, that would be the consequence. But, Ilya explained as delicately as he was able, with him helping Shane through them now, they would likely be much shorter than what Shane had previously experienced.

Ilya had thought that was the end of it. But when it had been announced that Shane would miss the game before the break due to unspecified medical reasons, the Commissioner had called and demanded a meeting.

Now six of them - Ilya, Shane, Wiebe and Crowell, plus two other officials Crowell had brought along - sat in one of the conference rooms at the Centaurs arena.

“Tell me again why one of the NHL’s star players is taking a medical leave?” Crowell demanded.

Ilya looked at Shane. His husband’s cheeks and neck were a deep red, and his hands were clenched at his sides. But still, he spoke. “My suppressants are failing me. I need to take a break from them,” he gritted out.

They fell into a stilted discussion of how long Shane would be out. Of how often. Of whether Ilya would be out also. Of when Shane could be expected to come back. Of how long a heat should reasonably last. And all the while, Shane grew redder. Grew angrier.

“And what will the protocol for checking in be?” one of the officials, a short and stocky alpha who had accompanied Crowell, asked suddenly. He had been staring at Shane intently throughout the entire meeting. Ilya had watched him through narrowed eyes and with increasing fury as the other man had slowly edged his chair towards Shane. As he had leaned in closer, and then closer again. As he had inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring. As he had adjusted himself as he took in Shane’s scent. “We will need to ensure this leave is being used appropriately, of course.”

For a moment, Shane just stared at him, stunned at the rudeness of the question. Of the crudeness of it. Of the idea that the most private part of his life would be subject to their oversight.

Ilya was standing before he even realized what he was doing. Was standing and leaning over the table towards the fucking piece of shit who dared try to nose into Shane’s life. Was ready to say something – *do* something – that could possibly get him kicked out of the NHL forever.

“There is no protocol because it is none of your fucking business,” Shane said icily, before Ilya could speak.

The alpha's eyes went wide and flew to Crowell, whose eyes had also snapped to Shane, as if he expected an answer.

"Okay then," Wiebe broke in. "I think we've worked through all the details. I'll send an email outlining what we've agreed on. Shane, why don't you and Ilya head downstairs. I'll meet you down there in a few minutes."

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They fucked furiously before Ilya left to play Vancouver. Shane's temperature was already rising. His scent becoming thicker. More inviting. Ilya hadn't wanted to leave, but Shane had insisted.

"I'll be fine," he said, running his wrists across Ilya's back and neck. "I probably still have a few more days before it fully hits, and you'll be back by tomorrow evening."

It was true, but Ilya still hated it. "You will call me if anything changes?" he asked. "Fuck the stupid game, I will come back to you."

Shane smiled at him, stroking his hair. "You know I've been through these alone before, right?"

Ilya wrapped him up in a hug. "Never again," he whispered into Shane's silky hair. "Not when you are with me."

Ilya showered before he left, even though he didn't want to. He wanted to be covered in Shane's scent. For everyone to know who he belonged to.

He was so wrapped up in the trials of leaving his husband at home that he hadn't thought before getting dressed, pulling on the same shirt he had been wearing before him and Shane fell into bed.

"Hey, Cap," Troy said, sliding into the seat next to him on the plane. His nostrils flared and then he looked away, shamefaced. Ilya inhaled. Fuck. He smelled like Shane. But more than that, he smelled like an omega about to go into heat. He twisted his head. Half the team – all the alphas – seemed to have picked seats near his own, whether consciously or unconsciously.

A part of him hated it. Hated that he had given his teammates the slightest insight into a private part of Shane's life. But another part of him, he had to admit, was enjoying it. Was reveling in how everyone knew that Shane belonged to him. That he would be the one going home to that tantalizing scent.

They won in Vancouver. Ilya couldn't make himself care beyond how the second line and power play missed Shane's presence. He was counting down the minutes, the seconds, until they could get on the plane and fly back home. All he wanted was Shane.

The flight home seemed to take forever. So did the drive, even as he broke every speed limit. His hand was shaking when he tried to get the key in the door. Once, twice, he missed. Then

it was flung open. Shane was standing there. He was dressed only in the smallest pair of briefs, the black fabric stretched over the curve of his muscular thighs and ass. A fine sheen of sweat covered his skin and his chest was heaving with shallow, panting breaths. His eyes were hazy and dark. He smelled like sweat and sweetness and Shane. Like everything Ilya had ever wanted since he was just a boy of seventeen.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane gasped, falling into his arms. “I need you.”

Ilya had a hundred questions – *Was Shane okay? How long had he been like this? Why hadn't he called?* – but he ignored them. Shane needed him, and he would always be there for him.

He pushed them both inside and kicked the door shut behind them before tearing off his own clothes. Naked, he picked Shane up. Shane immediately wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist, burying his face into Ilya's neck and rubbing at the scent gland there.

Ilya carried them to the bedroom, murmuring against Shane's sweat-damp skin all the while. “Shane, moy dragotsennyy. Moy milyy. Ya zdes. Ya zdes.” *Shane, my precious, my darling. I am here. I am here.*

He gently lowered Shane on the bed and pulled off his briefs. They were soaked with slick. Shane let his legs fall open. He was the most beautiful thing Ilya had ever seen, flushed with fever, every muscle defined and trembling. The sight momentarily took Ilya's breath away. It seemed unbelievable that one person could be so gorgeous. So perfect.

He took Shane's cock in his hand, stroking him firmly. Shane whined and thrust into his hand. “You want something?” he couldn't resist teasing.

“Want to fucking come,” Shane groaned. “Ilya, fuck. Please.”

Ilya was not one to deny Shane what he wanted. Never in his life had he been able to deny Shane.

“Flip over,” he whispered, patting Shane's side. Shane immediately rolled over, presenting his perfect ass. Ilya had to stop and admire him, just for a moment. He still couldn't believe it sometimes. That he got to have this. That after all they had been through, Shane had chosen him. Had given himself to Ilya, willingly. Had allowed Ilya to climb inside his heart and make his home there.

He slipped a finger into Shane. Then another, and another. Shane took him easily. Ilya bent his fingers, finding the spot inside Shane that had him crying out a moment later.

“There,” Shane sobbed. “Right there, god, Ilya.”

Soon Shane was trembling and moaning as Ilya pushed him to the edge but didn't allow him to fall over. Only then did Ilya pull his dripping fingers free and wrap them around Shane's cock, gripping him tightly before lowering his head and licking a broad, flat stripe over Shane's exposed hole.

Shane tasted amazing, of course. Of sweetness and sweat and heat and something that was purely, wholly Shane. It was indescribable. Completely beyond compare. And now it had intensified. Grown richer, and more intoxicating. Ilya licked him more deeply, fucking Shane with his tongue before nipping gently at his tight rim.

Shane came a few moments later, jerking and twitching beneath Ilya as his come splattered across the bedspread.

It wouldn't be enough, Ilya knew. The orgasm would temporarily sate Shane's heat, but he would need more. And Ilya was already painfully hard. He had been since he had walked in the door. So without hesitation, he rolled Shane over and slid into him.

It always felt like coming home when he entered Shane. He always fit so perfectly. A sigh tore from both their throats. This was what Shane needed. This was what they both needed. This was what was right and good in the world.

Ilya braced himself over Shane, cradling his face. "Look at me," he asked softly.

Shane's hazy eyes met his. The heat was well on its way now.

He began to move in Shane, a slow, deep rhythm. Shane dug his nails into Ilya's back. There would be marks later. Good. Ilya wanted them. Wanted to live in this moment for the rest of his life. He could be content like that. With a life dedicated to giving Shane pleasure.

"Do you feel that?" he growled as he thrust his hips. "How well your body takes me?" He pushed deeper. His vision was beginning to white out at the edges. "You are perfect. A perfect, gorgeous fit. Made for me. Made to be fucked by me." He buried his face into Shane's neck, biting and laving at the gland there, and the scar around it.

Ilya felt the moment the heat fully stole over Shane. Felt the way his entire body submitted to Ilya. His slick was everywhere, hot and endless as Ilya pounded into him.

One of Shane's hands, which had been gripping Ilya's back, suddenly slid between them. His fingers, usually so precise, moved clumsily. Ilya pulled back and watched as Shane ran his hand through his own slick before dragging his hand back up. Over his abdomen, over his chest, over his throat and across his lips, he created a glistening trail.

"Ilya... see?" Shane gasped, the words slurred. "See how ready I am? It's for you. Only ever you."

"Shane," Ilya murmured. He felt overcome with emotions. Love and lust and obsession and need. He dipped his head and followed the shining path Shane had painted with his tongue, licking and kissing Shane's body before crushing their mouths together, letting Shane taste himself on Ilya's tongue. Letting Shane feel all the love and devotion he was pouring into that kiss.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane whimpered when they broke apart. "Come in me, please. I need you to fill me. To put a baby in me."

This was something Shane said sometimes, in these hazy moments. Ilya was never sure if Shane truly meant it, or if he just liked the idea of it. Either way, Ilya could feel his cock growing impossibly harder. Could feel his knot beginning to swell.

He buried his face in Shane's scent gland, inhaling deeply. "One day," he gasped, "one day I will put a child in you. I will breed you so full that you will feel me inside you for months. You will be huge with us. Round with us. Everyone will see." He thrust harder. He could feel Shane's cock between them, leaking furiously. "You will be so beautiful it will break me. A perfect omega, carrying my perfect child. You want that? Tell me you want that."

Shane clumsily reached out, grabbing Ilya's face and kissing him deeply. It was messy, tongue and teeth and sliding lips. "Yes, Ilya," Shane whimpered when they broke apart. "I want to be huge with you. I want to be bred by you. To carry your children."

And then Shane was coming, adding to the sweat and slickness between them. It was all Ilya needed. He chased his own release, his thrusts turning frantic and possessive and deep. He came with a shout, pouring himself into Shane's perfect, clutching heat. A moment later, his knot expanded, locking them together.

He collapsed down, but immediately rolled them, pulling Shane on top of him. The position was slightly awkward for him, but it was worth it to have Shane trembling against his chest, spent and boneless.

They lay quietly, Ilya stroking Shane's damp hair and kissing his forehead until his husband fell into a light sleep. He would need relief again soon. And refreshments. And perhaps a shower. Definitely clean sheets. And to be cuddled and comforted and scented.

But that could all wait. Everything could wait. For now, Ilya knew, he was exactly where he needed to be.

End Notes

Kudos and comments make me feel like Ilya anytime he's around Shane. Just insanely happy.

You can shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#). I am always down to chat!

And if you see any spelling mistakes/errors please let me know! I try to catch them but a few always seem to get through.

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