

golden goose

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golden goose

by [wonderlou](#)

Summary

When Ilya misses a shot he should have made, he stays back after the loss and punishes himself for it. Shane sees him from miles away and shows up to take the edge off.

Notes

hi all :-) title is from the song Pretty Little Birds by SZA. Just writing whatever I want again, a continuation of part one, 'come closer.' Sorry for any errors. Hope you enjoy <3

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

Ilya knew better than to play a game while in rut, he did, but it wasn't like it was impossible, and it was an easy match. It *was* an *easy match*—so he was confused when they were tied at overtime for the win, and when he missed what was supposed to be the winning goal, the stadium was completely fucking silent, thousands of their fans mourning their loss. It blared in his ears despite the lack of any sound at all, stinging his eyes. It was worse than disappointing. It was devastating. It was enough to make him actually cry, which he wouldn't normally have done, so he definitely knew he should not have even played at all.

The rest of his team left that night in sour yet hardy spirits, even after Ilya berated them in the locker room as if it wasn't all his fault. They turned their noses away from his rampant scent and clenched their jaws in annoyed placidity, because they *knew*, they could *tell*. His coach had confronted him three times before playing as if there was any chance of Ilya actually listening to him. He should not have set foot on the ice. He should have been pent up in his apartment on medical leave, cursing into his own pillow, instead of spitting his anger at his team's faces. He was barely hanging onto control. He was revengeful. His teammates went home with little bothered half-frowns and tense shoulders, *better luck next time*, but Ilya could not even think about leaving the ice, not until he ensured that he never made this mistake again in his life.

The stadium had cleared out long ago; the main lights were cut. A handful of custodial workers swept up garbage left behind, humming quietly, so quietly that Ilya was not supposed to hear it, but of course he did, his senses ultra-sensitive. He had changed out of his uniform but kept most of his gear on, letting it weigh down his already exhausted body, but it only felt right to punish himself in this way. His skin was broiling. What he needed was a shower, rest, and some water, but the only thing his craved was the goal he had missed and—

Shane. His omega. Not his to the world, not yet, but his where it mattered, and he kind of liked it that way. It was quiet in all of the loudness, small in all of the intensity, just his. Just theirs.

Gritting his teeth, Ilya swiped the puck into the goal, positioned in the same spot where he had missed during the game. He had a few pucks lined up with him, and he scored each of them, angry with himself for making them *now*, once it was all over, once there was no longer a window to prove himself.

Ilya missed Shane. He had never missed someone with his entire body like this before, except for maybe his mother, but even that was different, because he knew that there was no way of getting her back. Shane, at least, was *around*: they were in the same city every few weeks, but only ever for a couple of days. They made sure to see each other a couple times a month, but between the flights and their separate team schedules, sometimes they were across the country from each other, which was sometimes more insufferable than if they weren't together at all. It was a physical ache, as tormenting as a missing limb. It was never easy.

It also didn't help that Ilya was pretty sure he loved him. He loved him like he loved hockey, like he loved oranges, like he loved booking hotel rooms with California-king sized beds just so he could throw Shane all around in it.

Ilya retrieved the pucks with a sniff. It was hard to maintain a relationship like this, and it was even more difficult when his body was in this state. His mind was elsewhere, and his limbs were screaming at him, the two out of coordination with each other. It was why he had missed that shot. It was why he had *lost*.

Ilya scored each goal again, all five pucks, and then retrieved them *again*. And then he studied the same route he had taken when he had scored and missed, cutting down the ice, abruptly stopping where he had been confronted during the game, sliding past them, chasing the puck, accepting the pass— and *missing*.

He threw his stick. It clattered and slid across the ice like it had anthropomorphized. Heaving, sweating, Ilya watched it. He felt like shit. He felt more than just aroused or riled up—that was only the surface level reaction, the misunderstood part, the part that made rut most socially inconveniencing. What thrummed underneath was much worse, bearing down on him harder. His entire body was alight, unhappy with him, needing something that wasn't there. It made him mindless, drifting, caught in a haze that tripped him between anger and exhaustion and frustration and envy that he couldn't place.

“Do you want to keep the lights on?” A manager asked from above like a deity, his voice a ringing bell, splitting Ilya's ears. Everyone was gone.

“Obviously I want to keep the lights on,” Ilya snapped, his own voice sounding way too loud.

A door opened and shut without rebuttal.

Ilya ran drills. He raced up and down the ice in a sprint until his lungs were so tight he was dizzy. This was the only way he could attempt to release what he was feeling. Or, at least, he was replacing it: substituting the ache with acute pain. He skated until his legs trembled weakly, until sweat tickled down his neck, arms, and back. He wiped his face, spending a little extra time at his eyes, not that he would ever admit it.

With his hands on his hips, he tilted his chin toward the high ceiling and took heavy breaths to try to reorient himself. His vision was fading in the corners. No matter how much he inhaled, it wasn't fulfilling. It was like the air was lacking something crucial. He searched for it, and then there was a twinge of— something.

Bright and citrus and clean, like tequila shots chased with lime.

Ilya's mind was playing terrible tricks on him, knowing what he needed more than anything in the world.

He shook his head until it rocked his vision. No. He smelled the air again. There it was, sparkling, *strange*. He knew it too well. His heart began to race.

“Shane,” he said out loud, frantic. He hastily pushed himself toward the entrance of the rink, and there, coming through the tunnel, was sweet omega Shane Hollander, bundled up for a Boston December, wearing a facade of a frown. Shane was in Montreal. Or— he *had been* in Montreal, which was probably colder than Boston, and now he was here, melting easy into

Ilya's arms when the alpha clobbered out of the rink and into him. They were shrouded in the shade of the tunnel. Ilya breathed him in and in and in until he was lightheaded.

"I caught a flight as soon as you got on the ice," Shane explained. Of course he had managed to do that, all polite and charming, flashing his glamor to the TSA and attendants. He pressed the words into Ilya's mouth, kissing and kissing him, hands on his sweaty face. "You looked pissed. I could just tell. And you didn't text me when it was over. I know you're upset when you avoid me." His stare was pointed, lips all pursed. Ilya kissed them, kissed him like he was sorry, because he *was*, and when he pulled away, Shane's dark eyes were shining.

An hour and a half flight. Shane had taken a redeye just to meet him here, and he— he smelled— he was incredible, red-nosed, pink-cheeked, sweet enough to hurt Ilya's head. He fisted the top of his navy blue winter cap and yanked it off, unwound his maroon scarf so he could press his nose into the heat of his neck, and Shane made a small noise as he did, tilting his head up and over. Ilya breathed and breathed and breathed and pressed his lips there. He was just about to test his teeth, uncontrollable, until—

"You smell," Shane said faintly, taking a small step back, Ilya chasing after him like he was a drug. His pupils were enlarged, small new moons over the scattered stars of his freckles, and his lips moved long before words emitted from them. He was not talking about how profusely Ilya was sweating, but his cold fingers swiped over Ilya's forehead, brushing away clumped, overgrown curls. He was so gentle; the most gentle thing in Ilya's life. Soft. Citrus. Ice cold, it chilled him. "You're burning. You're—"

"In rut," Ilya panted. He wanted to take him back to his penthouse. He wasn't even sure what they were doing still talking. It was pointless, when Shane looked as good as he did, when he had flown here for him. "Yes."

"Why aren't you home?" Shane looked around the empty stadium. The white ice seemed to reflect off of him: his hair, his eyes, his fair skin. Everything else, the world and seats around them, was dark. Ilya's gut clenched. He loved him. He loved him. The words beat inside the cage of his closed mouth. "Why didn't you leave with your team? It's almost midnight."

"I made a mistake tonight." Ilya ground his teeth together as he said it.

"I saw on the plane," Shane said casually. "You missed a goal. *A* goal out of the three you shot. So you're punishing yourself?"

"Conditioning," Ilya corrected, scratching the side of his nose. "Distracting." After all, being here was better than going home to rut— except now Shane was here, smelling like he knew the repercussions of Ilya being in this state, but walking around like nothing was different at all. Comfortable, calm, but noticeably alert. All Ilya wanted to do was march him right home. "My miss cost us the game."

"You know better than to stay stuck on things like that." Ilya agreed with the chastising, found it kind of sweet, but the conditions were far from normal, so he pouted pitifully. Shane walked toward the locker rooms, stepping onto the rink and walking carefully across, his hands in his pockets.

“What are you doing?” Ilya started to follow him, gliding behind him, coasting a small, swift circle around him. He thought about fucking him. No, he thought about smoothing his hands up that waist of his, and of holding his face, of making him look him in the eyes while he tore him apart, making him shake. He thought about doing it in the locker room, risky enough for Shane to be all nervous and stuttering, but dirty enough for him to get on his knees for Ilya, anyway.

“Wait here.”

“Oh.” *What?* Ilya pulled to an unhappy stop, bubbling under his skin. Christ, he was so rattled and unfocused. He wanted a cigarette, but he didn’t really do that anymore. “Why?”

“You lost a game you had no business losing. That, I agree with.” Shane’s voice echoed but was otherwise leveled. “We’re going to condition, and when I think you’ve had enough, I’ll let you take me home.”

“It’s my rut,” Ilya reminded him cautiously, beginning to smile despite himself. He knew this little game well. Shane only had the guts to talk like this now because he knew that Ilya was going to have his way with him later. He was only going to get more riled up, watching Shane skate and slide on the ice, all legs and hips, doing it on purpose. It was torture; that was the point. Whatever Shane gave him, the omega had to know that Ilya would return it in full. “The longer I’m here, the longer I’m keeping you in my bed.”

Shane walked away, his bright scent practically dripping on the ice. Ilya was so far gone that he wanted to get on his hands and knees and taste how cold it was. “Let me get some skates on.”

“Fuck,” Ilya murmured, skating backwards on the ice, grinning, vibrating with anticipation.

Eight minutes later, Ilya was chasing Shane around the ice. It was their game, mostly—at least it started that way, the pair passing a puck between them, sticks connecting with a slap. Two players doing what they did best. Eventually, their sticks disappeared from them completely. At some point, Shane had started to sprint with all his might, fast as hell, making cutting turns that Ilya could barely even track. They were playing, but it also didn’t feel like that. It felt more serious than that. Dire. Ilya felt like he was acting upon something innate in him, growling low in his throat, pumping his legs faster. He needed him. He was going to catch him.

Maybe Shane felt it, too, because he was grinning whenever he managed to dodge Ilya, wild in the eyes, his hair flying to the sides. Cat and mouse. He skated backwards, called Ilya to him with a smirk and his sweet citrus smell, twisting his hips gracefully until he was smoothly facing forward again.

He was fast, faster than Ilya on any ordinary day, but what the alpha had tonight was a rut in his bloodstream and a pretty little omega within arm’s reach. On one of their laps, he threw himself forward and crowded Shane against the wall, blocking the impact for them both with one fierce palm thudding against the thick plastic and one curled around Shane’s midriff. Shane huffed a little gasp against the scratched material, and his scent cut through the

atmosphere, piqued and intoxicating. Ilya had him exactly where he wanted him. Almost. He hadn't won tonight's game, but he would win Shane. Not much longer now.

"Hello, there, omega," Ilya teased, his voice rumbling, tone grating. He pressed in closer, overbearing, scenting him. "Where is your alpha, *zayka*?"

Shane's sigh was audible and world-tilting, sort of like a laugh that left him airily. He was catching his breath, squirming where he was bracketed between Ilya and the wall. He was always squirming when Ilya had him like this, no longer poised and held-together like he was in public, the perfect fucking hockey Prince. "What does that one mean?" he asked gently.

"Mm..." Ilya translated the term as quickly as he could, but it was like ink was blotting over his brain. Rabbit. Baby rabbit. He broke it down. He leaned forward, right at Shane's ear.

"*Bunny*. Answer me."

"He's over here." Roughly, Shane pushed himself off the plastic, shoving Ilya back, and he made another sound a little like a laugh, but it wobbled and broke like a moan had sabotaged it. He slipped away from Ilya's hold as the alpha skidded backwards and darted down the ice with a few rapid clicks of his blades.

Ilya watched him, noticing the smile and wink he threw over his shoulder, his body red from exertion, his body wet from Ilya. Ilya loved him. He loved him. Shane was going to kill him.

He took a few heaping breaths, waited for the buzz in his eyes and head to clear from being so close to him, and skated after him for more.

He tapped out about a half hour later. He looked around the dark stadium, feeling better about the general projection of his life, seeing the night for what it had turned into. It was now a space where he and Shane could share each other and the ice without another soul present. The world felt a little lighter, gram by gram as he skated toward Shane. It was just one game, *okay*—he would just make sure he played harder and better next time. The brooding anger had dissipated. He was bone-tired, yet still restless, his body burning more energy than it had stored. He was popping with static and had a craving on his tongue.

"Are you tired?" He asked, peeling off his gear and gloves. It all stuck to him, gross from five hours of use. He began to collect everything, bending down to gather the pucks and their sticks. "From your flight? It's late."

"Not so much," Shane shrugged, hopping off the ice and tearing off his skates. His casual attitude had dropped away. Now, the air felt charged; Ilya's hair was standing on end. He was high. "Not so much anymore."

The alpha hummed, looking him over. He smelled sharp, sticky, like juice running down his fingers. He smelled like an omega near a rutting alpha, and he was acting like it, too—primped up, extra sweet, all bright. Brighter than the overheads. Showing off. Ilya's mouth watered, and he swallowed. He needed Shane. "Can I take you home now?"

Shane nodded, gone quiet and extra soft around the edges. He was affected, melting, his eyes glazing over. He wanted it. Hell, he needed it, too.

What kind of alpha would Ilya be if he didn't give it to him?

Ilya cocked his head to the side the moment the door locked. He stalked forward in the unlit, open space, and Shane swallowed, fingers twitching by his sides. "Beg for me to fuck you," he commanded quietly, voice steeled over, draped in a shroud that distanced him from reality. Just a little. Just enough for Shane to be frozen with anticipation, finding it hard to breathe, finding it even harder to stay upright on his feet.

Ilya was larger than life in his penthouse. The space was overwhelmingly full of him, minimalist but warm, dark hues and subtle patterns complementing him well. Shane had been here a few times over the last six months, and it was always a shock to his system, but tonight its overall ambiance was potent, nearly lethal. It was trying just for him to speak, and he felt like he was swaying. It was such a warm, solid sensation, despite feeling so loose and flustered. He was unsettled in his center, adrenaline pumping through him. Ilya was in rut, fumigating the entire stadium and the very spot he stood, burnt roses and sticky marshmallow, and now Shane had him all to himself in the privacy of his home.

He knew this would happen; it had been coming for him all along. He knew it when he had Ilya chasing him around the ice, working for him. It had taken strength for Shane to skate *away* and *away* from him, revved up by the attention, the *focus*, the rush of seeing how far Ilya would go for him. What he would do when he got him.

Shane was right where he wanted to be, beaming with it, drugged from it, and all he wanted now was to give Ilya exactly what he needed. He wanted to *be* exactly what Ilya needed.

"Please fuck me?" he whispered, shimmying his arms when Ilya unzipped his coat and pushed it off his shoulders. He raised them when Ilya pulled off his sweatshirt and long-sleeved shirt underneath. Everything peeled away, and so did everything in Shane's mind. He kicked off his shoes. He opened up—Ilya had a terrifying way of making him this way. "Please," he urged more confidently as Ilya caught his lips with his own, but they did not stay there for long, trailing down his jaw and into his neck, strong, biting kisses that pinched his skin. He was alarmingly rough. It made Shane nervous, *excited*, fingertips numb as he rushed to get Ilya out of his clothes. They were glued to him with sweat, making his rose petal scent even stronger, frayed around the edges with fire. "Have me however you want me, Ilya. I'll be so good for you."

"You will, you always are," Ilya panted, kissing his way back up to his lips. "Shower now." That was probably best, because they were both pretty gross. Shane had gotten quite worked up running around, burning under Ilya's rut, and Ilya had not given himself a moment of rest since losing his game, poor, stubborn alpha. "Go."

Weak in the knees, Shane moved swiftly to the bathroom, stripping free of the rest of his clothes. Ilya was hot and heavy behind him, ready to take what he wanted.

Ilya's mouth was hot on him under the spray when Shane finally dropped down onto the floor to meet him there, the water pelting them, slippery soap disappearing down the drain. It was as refreshing as it was suffocating, caught in this tight and steaming place, handprints

dripping down the condensed glass. Each breath was clogged with alpha and heat. He drowned in it, gurgling, letting his body move on its own, sinking into Ilya. Half the battle was pushing water from their soaked hair out of their eyes, laughing and kissing and—*love*, but Shane fumbled around until he seated himself right in Ilya's lap, propped steadily on his knees, gripping the alpha's shoulders for leverage as he rode him like he was getting paid to do it.

"I love you like this," Ilya told him huskily, eyes boring up at him, hands grabbing at him, slapping his wet ass, sunken so deeply into his rut that his voice sounded different. "This is all I think about. This. You." He sounded like he was *sad*, like it hurt, pulling at him so roughly that Shane crushed against his chest with nowhere else to go, cradling his head in his arms. He ground his hips down, working harder than he had on the ice tonight. Shit, he was almost working harder than he did on the ice during one of his own games, a sacrifice that was weighing on him. "Oh, shit, Shane."

Shane's knees scraped like rug burn against the grated shower floor. He rested his cheek in Ilya's hair, eyes fluttering closed, protecting them from the spray of the shower. His breath was hard to catch, chest scrambling with an erratic rising and falling, but this was all he needed. This was why he'd flown down, his body singing, melting into Ilya easily like he had been gone from home for half his fucking life.

He had seen Ilya's frustrated frown before the faceoff, posture tense even through the screen and hundreds of miles away, and thirty minutes later he'd been at the airport. It felt like he had no control over it, like he'd blinked, and there he was. Wherever Ilya was, Shane was restless until he was with him. It was scary. "It's yours," he dizzily driveled, looking down, meeting his gaze. He only saw himself in the blacks of his pupils. "*I'm* yours, Ilya, take it. C'mon. Please."

Ilya's eyes exploded with light. He grabbed Shane around his hips, leaned back, planted his feet, and threw his weight up into him, powerful and brutal. This meeting Shane's plunges downward brought a humming sensation zipping down his spine, blooming in his gut, overtaking his nerves. The steam sucked up the omega's cry as he trembled until he crumbled apart, and luckily it dissolved all his thoughts, too, including the ones where he felt he could not live without Ilya.

They fucked again when they were tucked into bed, with Ilya easing into him soft and certain, a gentle hot hand on the back of Shane's knee as he guided his leg over his hip. Their bodies moved in a familiar, rehearsed tandem. Shane could never look at him for very long when they were like this, face to face and chest to chest, sharing a breath, passing it between them with thoughtful, repetitive kisses. Ilya seemed to have a similar difficulty—when they weren't kissing, he had his face in Shane's neck, smushing boiling, incomprehensible words into his overheated skin. Their dance was steady, but noticeably very intimate, all even sighs and *slow*, measured thrusts. Shane didn't move. He couldn't. He simply lay there and opened himself to him and arched for him, wrapping himself tight around the alpha, encouraging him with drowsy, pleased little moans, breathy little *like that's*, a *more* or two, even though Ilya had gotten so good at knowing exactly what he needed. Six months of this would do that to them, however frightening it was to know it.

Ilya's teeth grazed his neck, hesitant, before biting down. It was not harsh enough to even dent his skin, much less break it in the way that would solidify a mating. There was enough force behind it, however, for Shane to go brainless, lightning zipping through him, washing him clean and hot with pure white flames. He quickly and quietly fell apart, tightening up, urging Ilya to grunt in time with a few haphazard pumps of his hips. When he settled on top of him, panting, Shane glowed, loving him, loving him *so much*. He closed his eyes so that he did not feel them bead with tears.

"Mine," Ilya whispered as Shane covered his face with his hands. "Is okay, sweetheart." He kissed his chest and collarbones and wrists, pulling the sheets off of them, letting them breathe. His knot was thick and harsh and Shane couldn't stop shaking. "I know, my omega. Mine. Don't worry. I'm yours."

They fell asleep minutes later, tangled up in the bed. It was the best rest Shane had had in a while. When he awoke, it was almost one o'clock in the afternoon, and as he sat up, muscles sore, he realized that he was breathing much more easily. He felt better. The bed was empty but not vacant. Ilya was still everywhere, his scent embedded in the sheets, in Shane's skin, in his hair.

He rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling. It was his first morning of comfort since the last time he and Ilya had met up. Each stretch of time between was stressful. He missed Ilya so much when they were apart that he was beginning to feel unwell, extra tired, unmotivated. That had to be love, he thought. He was all out of sorts when he was not with him. Seeing him and speaking to him and being with him was now the clock that he ran on. It was distracting him from hockey, which was downright terrifying, because if he did not have the sport, he wondered if he had anything at all.

His parents noticed. He was declining more sponsors, which was especially bad because he was getting more and more of them, hydration campaigns and men's underwear and even Adidas. He didn't turn that one down, no way, but he'd been on his phone each time they wanted to change the angles, flirting with Ilya over text, wrestling away his smiles when the director pointedly reminded him that he was looking for something a little more serious.

It was all so fucking serious. Shane didn't know what to do. He could hardly think about it without freaking the hell out. Ilya helped, but that was the exact problem. He made the stress go away. He made him soft and careless. He filled each of his senses until there was nothing *real* to fret over, until he forgot who he was, but that was the entire fucking problem. The *problem* was that he felt *incredible*. Happy. Complete in a way that not even hockey brought him.

He was so fucked.

He lay in bed for a few more minutes, checking his phone for messages. He was supposed to go on a run with Hayden this morning, and now he was forced to lie through why he had up and left for Boston. That was easy enough to cover up, and he typed out a response while squinting through the dark, blinds still drawn over the windows. *Met up with a friend to celebrate a birthday. I thought I told you, sorry. I'll be back tonight. (:*

His parents were harder to fool. They already smelled Ilya lingering on him, he was sure of it, judging by the quirk of their eyebrows whenever he met them for lunch or dinner, sweeping them into distant side-hugs so that perhaps they believed that it was only their faulty imagination. They weren't dumb, though, and clearly Shane fucking was. They knew that there was something different about him. He was a stuttering mess. His thoughts were half-formed and he was more than half-glued to his phone, checking his calendar, comparing it to Ilya's, booking tickets and hotels and getting standoffish and fluttery whenever someone so much as mentioned Ilya Rozanov or his team.

Shane was not a very good liar, especially to those he cared about. But, on the same hand, he knew that what he felt was real, and he wanted them to know. *This* was not for nothing: laying in Ilya's bed, flying to see him. He just had to figure out the best time to break the news, but each time he met with Ilya, he procrastinated, pushing it back and back, letting Ilya fuck it out of him, just so he could keep it safe a little while longer.

He pulled on pajama pants and met Ilya where he was fussing around the kitchen. Ilya glanced at him momentarily, his face flat—Russians were just like that, Shane had gathered, not as friendly as Canadians—but the room bubbled with burnt sugar. Ilya set a plate on the kitchen island and nudged it at Shane. "Perfect timing. Ground beef, broccoli, hashbrowns, ketchup as a treat. Seventy or so grams of protein, two-fifty-ish calories." He pulled from the fridge two drinks: "Ginger ale and orange juice. Mimosas. Good enough?"

"Yeah, no. Yeah. It's great." Shane felt himself going soupy and stupid. He fought with a smile and lost horribly, sliding into the chair. He didn't know what to say. Usually Ilya teased his strict, clean eating. He loved him. He loved him. He stuffed his face because he loved him and he didn't want to let it out.

"You are embarrassed." Ilya smiled handsomely, making another plate for himself. He leaned his elbows on the counter and picked much more unenthusiastically at his broccoli. He chuckled, all chuffed with a bit more energy, bearing the glow of a satisfied alpha post rut. "You took a flight for me. Shy omega."

Now Shane was embarrassed. He studied Ilya when he looked down to focus on the food he probably did not want to be eating, but *was* because of Shane. He felt a fluttering in his stomach. His gold hair was askew from sleep, neck marked with faded red splotches. Did Ilya love him back? He must. He cooked for him and had even delivered flowers to his door a couple of times. Whenever they were with each other, he was so doting that Shane felt it all throughout him. He would feel it on the flight home this afternoon. He would crave it so badly the next moment he was all alone.

That had to be love. It was too loud and untamed and imperative to not be.

"Yeah, well, whatever," was all Shane could come up with after taking way too long to answer in the first place. He felt good, but, God, this was scary. He struggled with how he felt. It was so overwhelming. Just six months ago, he wasn't very comfortable with acknowledging that he was an omega at all. Now he was— dick drunk, and soppy, and *loving Ilya*. "How are you? Is it over?"

“I would not mind having you one more time,” Ilya mused, eating another forkful. He settled into an observant, unnerving silence.

Shane swallowed a lump that was forming in his throat. They had talked a lot of shit last night. They often got caught up in the throes of sex, murmuring praises and promises, but Shane’s brain was full of throbbing memories. *I love you like this. My omega. This is all I think about.* He felt himself blushing, and he blamed the intensity of it all on Ilya’s rut. Residual hormones, or something— maybe it was just Shane’s natural reaction to him. Biological. Nothing more than that.

Ilya was still staring at him, way too intense. He had stopped chewing. Shane began to prickle.

“What?” he blurted, turning his face away. He was beyond worrying that Ilya found something wrong with him—but not knowing what he was thinking tore his nerves to shreds. “What is it?”

Ilya opened his mouth. Then he shook his head. “Boston plays Montreal in two weeks,” was all he said, dry and uneventful, like Shane didn’t already know. But something was wrong. The air had gone blistering hot, and Ilya’s jaw was tense, a small little swell of his muscle in the corner. “Well. Twelve days.” He looked away. “Hopefully we can have an entire weekend.”

More than anything, Shane wanted to tell Ilya that he loved him. Would that make him feel better? Because it would kind of make Shane feel better. This was all so serious. Too big to handle. Shane just leaned up in his seat, over the island, and kissed Ilya. He kissed him until it all got smaller and smaller, until it was just the two of them.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Lmk what you think! Until next time <3

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