

New Territory Values

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New Territory Values

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

The first year of courting between vicious feral omega shane and obsessed infatuated alpha ilya.

Notes

someone said they'd like to read about the first year when ilya and shane are getting to know each other! mostly spent with ilya getting shane used to his scent and warming up to him :)

i finally read role model and fell in love with troy and now it's all of y'all's problem.

warning (?) - shane has his claws out and on ilya's throat when they have sex for the first time. omegas are feral a lot of the time and the alphas are the more submissive gender. in comparison anyway.

ilya is very much into it tho if that helps LMAO he loves his dangerous omega

It took six years for Shane to get on the same page as his omega.

Shane was seven when he first heard the ominous *click click click* in his chest. The loud thunk and metal screech terrified him. The sounds were so sudden and demanding that he had no chance to stop the deafening roar from slipping past his curled lips. A bolt of pain crashed through him, as his fangs and claws lengthened to sharp, deadly points. The snap of metal jaws of something lurking under his skin wiped the pain away, and he stopped thinking. His brain flipped a switch, and the alpha in front of him was nothing but a target. Prey.

Protect. Fight. Rip apart. Snap.

Shane doesn't remember doing it. He was in the backseat of his mind, shoved to the back by something he hadn't known about. All he could do was yell out, which only enhanced the rage boiling in his veins. Wrath bent on sprinting out and slashing the alpha, who dared try to use his voice on him. The alpha who continuously called Shane, who hadn't presented yet, an omega and made it sound like a death sentence and slur at once.

"*Get on your knees,*" the alpha boy had begun. Eyes red as lava, glaring at Shane with bottomless hatred because Shane dared to be better on the ice. Faster.

The alpha boy stopped there in the dark hallway. Empty, of course, because he was a coward going after another player who was shorter than him. Shane was smaller than him, until he bulked up with muscles years later.

The alpha couldn't finish his command because the next second found him clutching his bleeding throat.

Shane sliced his throat.

Shane's new claws were covered in sticky blood, dripping down his arms and onto the ground. He breathed hard through his large fangs, eyes burning with unshed tears that shined like liquid gold when the light hit them.

The alpha lived, and he needed surgery for his throat. Yuna got the boy kicked out of hockey permanently.

Shane wishes that was the last time he fought an alpha player. It was almost every game he found himself in another fight. An alpha who wouldn't shut his mouth. Alphas are always commenting on Shane's second gender and offering rather crudely about helping with his heats, as if Shane didn't take suppressants with two scheduled heats during his time off.

Contrary to what alphas wanted to believe, omegas can pick when their heats occur without making it a big deal. Alphas did it. Omegas did it. Shane wasn't going to have an alpha near him during his heats. He'd kill one who'd try.

Shane had zero interest in letting an alpha touch him. Ever.

His omega churned and hissed with metallic screeches when one was near, which unfortunately was all the time. His omega was a defense tool, and it took years to learn the language of his omega to understand when to listen and how to interpret.

As the only omega player, or at least at his level, alphas targeted him. They'll swipe at him, slam into him, and even dare to go for his neck. Those attacks Shane was exceptional at avoiding because that was when his omega took over and his primal rage kicked into overdrive. Blood was usually drawn either from a bite or using his claws.

Multiple alphas would try to argue omegas were too emotional to play hockey. They'd complain about Shane and insisted he needed to be removed. Yuna Hollander shut that down quickly with lawyers.

For some reason, alphas also still believed omegas should be at home, cooking, doing laundry, cleaning, having babies, and taking care of an alpha. They have this delusion in their minds that omegas were weak and needed to be treated like glass. But then turn around and think they can touch an omega whenever or however they please. They sure do make a point to slam Shane into the boards as much as possible. The omega doesn't want them, so Shane has to suffer for it.

Shane was not like that. He's not weak. He's a hockey player. He's going to be a professional athlete. He was going to win awards and get his name on banners. His name was going to be plastered everywhere.

If he had to put alphas in the hospital, then so be it.

Shane doesn't know why he goes to say hello to Ilya Rozanov. He wasn't looking for him. He was taking a walk before practice started, and somehow he ended up behind the building.

The Russian was outside in the snow trying to smoke, and he clearly had no interest in talking to Shane. He stared at Shane's outstretched hand with apprehensive bewilderment on his pinched features.

His eyes are wide and cautious, and he stays quiet the entire time. A circulating mix between indifferent and distaste to Shane's rambling. He smells like stale honey. Shane keeps talking anyway, smiling sheepishly as he speaks.

Shane asks about Ilya's family and whether they traveled with him. He asks him about how he spends the holidays. He tells Ilya he's an awesome player to watch *because he is*. Ilya is the one Shane is going against for first draft, and Shane was excited to be on the ice with another player as skilled as him. Shane watched many compilation videos of Ilya's best moves, and he read every article about him. He probably knows a little too much about Ilya.

Ilya has yet to say anything, besides for a blunt *yes, no, and okay*, so Shane makes an excuse to leave. This was stupid. He shouldn't have bothered.

Shane awkwardly holds out his hand again, and this time Ilya's mouth twitches. Ilya smiles and shakes his hand, squeezing firmly for a second, and Shane blushes and averts his gaze, and then he feels silly for the submissive act.

Shane leaves feeling shame and embarrassment.

The emotions double when Canada loses to Russia. He's shaking hands with the other team when he spots Ilya watching him with a smirk on his face. When it's their turn to shake, Ilya grips his hand three seconds longer than necessary. His eyes spark with mischief.

Ilya proceeds to rub his thumb over Shane's wrist. *Scenting him.*

Ilya continues down the line like nothing significant happened, and Shane has to pretend he wasn't just marked in front of everyone. His cherry scent is now mixed with a drop of honey.

The second time, Canada wins. Shane takes his time joining the line, telling everyone good game. His heart is racing, and he might be mumbling more than speaking clearly. He doesn't meet anyone's eye, too busy searching for a head of curly hair.

Ilya isn't smiling, which makes Shane smile wider. He grabs Ilya's hand, deliberately aiming lower and squeezing to hold Ilya to him. Ilya's eyes flicker to him, startled out of his stare.

Shane scents his wrist, probably longer than necessary. "Good game."

Ilya says nothing. He looks taken back, shock peeking through his wall of stoicism.

Shane is headed out of the rink when he peers back to find Ilya sniffing his wrist. A smile breaks out across his face.

Shane glares at the alpha jogging on the treadmill next to his. The one who beat him in the draft.

Shane must've smelled like bitter cherries and dark chocolate during the picture taking ceremony holding up the jerseys for the teams they got drafted on. Shane had been fuming,

and he kept being told to smile. Each time Ilya touched him, grazed his hand holding up one finger next to Shane's two fingers, Shane wanted to bite his finger clean off.

Shane heard his blood roar in his ears, and his eyes stung with blind rage. He's surprised he hadn't cracked any teeth from grinding his jaw.

He was going to kill this alpha. All he needed was the alpha to look at him. Just one glance, and Shane would attack. He'll paint these walls with his blood. His omega snarls in his chest, snapping its jaw.

Ilya frustratingly does not. He doesn't spare Shane a single glance. Ilya simply increases the speed, which makes Shane increase his own because he was not going to let him beat him again.

Shane watches Ilya closely for the next hour. Adrenaline pumps through his veins, coiled tight with anticipation for something to bite at. Ilya gives him nothing. He continues to race Shane on their treadmills, chuckling every time Shane huffs in anger and clicks the speed button.

They sit across from each other after, breathing hard and sweating profusely from the intense workout. Ilya extends his legs, coming close to touching Shane's foot. Shane's eyes flash gold, and this time Ilya is looking at him. He's wearing that damn smirk again, and waiting for Shane to react.

Shane doesn't do anything.

Ilya's grin broadens like he won something.

The rest of the time is spent by Ilya teasing Shane. Shane laughs, and his attention is stolen by Ilya's large hands on his muscular thighs. Shane stares, thankful his face is already red from exertion. Ilya casually widens his legs, allowing his shorts to fall further up, revealing more tantalizing skin. His honey scent sharpens, and Shane takes a deep breath of it.

The captivating scent makes Shane dizzy, and he likes it too much. He goes back to glaring at Ilya again, and the alpha goes on smiling, unbothered by the threat burning in Shane's glare.

Ilya doesn't waver from glares, bites, snarls, or dominating scents. He takes Shane's attacks in stride, facing him with an amused grin and bright, thrilled enthusiasm with his own fire. He dodges Shane's hisses and shoves with childish excitement and ease. The more Shane fights him, the more determined Ilya becomes to get on Shane's nerves.

On the ice, Ilya will get closer than necessary during face-offs. He'll chase Shane around the rink, with or without the puck. He'll circle Shane, smiling and teasing about how pretty Shane looks, and how many goals he scored like the alpha is showing off to him. Ilya is fast and a force of nature, daring to press against Shane, moving out of the way in time to avoid a bite or claw. He'll skate off with this all knowing expression that means so many secretive things.

His eyes heat with delight when Shane shoves him away and bares his fangs. Ilya will bare his blunt teeth in return, face lit with jubilation as he chirps at Shane. His scent spikes when he rushes by Shane, throwing the omega off with his demanding presence.

For a whole year, Ilya scents Shane. He'll hold Shane's hand a little longer at the end of games, rub his wrist with his thumb, and Shane will smell like honey for days. His mom gives him questioning looks, but Shane waves her off and tells her he has it handled.

Fuck this alpha.

For four months, Shane goes to his room and washes as hard as he can to get rid of Ilya's mark. His omega hates that an alpha is trying to claim him. He's trying to court him, acting like a fool on the ice, and Shane's nerves rage. His omega claws at his chest, wanting to tear the alpha into pieces because how dare he try.

He doesn't need an alpha. He doesn't want one.

"Rozanov is a damn machine."

Shane's eyes are glued to the screen. He's sitting on the couch in Hayden Pike's living room. The first time he's ever been at Hayden's home by himself.

Hayden was adamant on being Shane's friend. He had no romantic interest in Shane, shown by the way he talked and went on dates exclusively with women. Beta women mostly. He included Shane on every outing, inviting him to any bar or restaurant he goes to when they're both in Montreal and not playing a game.

Shane was suspicious at first, not understanding why an alpha would want to hang out with him if they aren't interested in fucking him or taunting him. When they met, Hayden held out his hand with a wide, friendly smile and introduced himself. He told Shane he has his back, and he was ecstatic to play by his side. Shane was stunned, speechless by how open this alpha was.

Hayden didn't push Shane's boundaries. He didn't scent him or touch him. His locker was beside Shane's, and they shared hotel rooms when they had to. Hayden didn't make Shane uncomfortable at all. Not once. Hayden was there for him when he needed him, and he gave him plenty of space. He was respectful and kind.

It was only natural for Shane to scent Hayden. Mark him as his pack. He scented his water bottle, jackets, hockey stick, and jersey. Later on, Shane scented Hayden's car and home, leaving behind a small mark to make his presence known without being overwhelming in case Hayden brings someone home. A suitable amount to smell like pack.

Hayden sits on the other side of the couch. Shane has his phone in his hands. He scrolls through his conversation on instagram, all the way from the beginning to present.

Ilya: You followed back. You want me, Hollander?

Shane: I follow a lot of players.

Ilya: Ah.

Ilya: You did not deny you want me. Did you see my handsome profile picture and want to see more?

Shane: You speak very highly of yourself. I'm not surprised.

Ilya: Because I'm an alpha? No. No. Not the reason.

Shane: Are you going to make me ask? You overestimate my opinion of you.

Ilya: I am courting the most vicious omega, and it is going well.

Shane: Is that what you think?

Ilya: Yes. Clear signals. This omega wants me.

Shane: I think that omega wants to bite a chunk out of your neck.

Ilya: I just said clear signals. Can you read, Hollander?

—

Ilya: If I get hat trick tonight, do I get a kiss?

Shane: I doubt Scott Hunter will allow that to happen.

Ilya: I am already motivated to get hat trick. You do not need to add another reason.

Ilya: Do I get a kiss?

Shane: Another hat trick, you mean, since you get them often.

Ilya: Yes.

Shane: No.

Ilya: How about four goals?

Shane: You scored four goals in Chicago and Toronto last season.

Ilya: You are obsessed with me.

Shane: No.

Ilya: Five goals.

Shane: You're not going to get five goals.

Ilya Rozanov indeed gets five goals. The puck slices through the air and in the top left corner of the net. The Raiders go wild, the team and fans scream in victory. The camera gets a good shot of the entire team hugging and cheering. A second camera swoops in to zoom in on Ilya's face.

Ilya catches the camera, and aims a devilish grin at it. And *winks*.

Shane throws a pillow over his lap.

"Are you alright?" Hayden asks, wincing at the sharp spike of cherries.

Shane's cheeks are pink, and a steady stream of heat spreads in his boiling blood. His fangs throb in his gums. He studies the screen in silence, enraptured by the celebration and the alpha sitting in the direct middle of it all. No clawing or snarling raging in his head. For the first time, his mind and chest are quiet. Too tuned in to care about his surroundings.

"I'm fine," he croaks.

He's at home when he gets a new message.

Ilya: I want that kiss.

Shane: I didn't agree to anything.

Ilya: You got hot. I know you did. You like how good I am. I can keep up with you, and you like that.

Shane slams his phone onto the nightstand.

The second the door opens, Shane shoves Ilya hard. "What the fuck was that?"

Ilya has the audacity to look surprised. "What?"

"You know what you did," Shane growls. "You kissed me!"

"I did not," Ilya denies. "This is dream. You dreamt of me kissing you."

Shane's ears turn pink. "You kissed your glove and then rubbed it on my back."

"Ah." The feign confusion drops. "I did do that."

Shane clenches his fists. "Don't ever do that again, Rozanov."

"Why?" Ilya tilts his head. "I do that to my teammates. Nothing weird about it."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Well, I don't want your disgusting scent on me."

Ilya's brows shoot to his forehead. His mouth twitches. "I don't think you find it disgusting."

"I do," Shane snaps. He tenses when Ilya takes a step closer.

"How did you find my room?" Ilya asks casually. It feels like a trap.

Shane looks at the alpha's bare feet. He sees Ilya is wearing loose sweatpants and a green shirt that looks soft. "I asked."

Ilya barks out a laugh. "No, you didn't. You wouldn't do that."

Shane glares at Ilya, who's stepping closer, shortening the distance between them. The room is dimly lit, quiet and covered in Ilya's things. The bed is ruffled from where he was probably falling asleep or relaxing. Ilya's footsteps are too soft to hear, and this is why Shane doesn't notice Ilya is standing less than a foot away and closing in.

"You used my scent. You hunted me down," Ilya murmurs. He takes a step, and their slight height difference makes Shane tilt his head to hold his gaze. The blue was all knowing, able to read Shane like a book. It was beyond frustrating.

Or maybe it wasn't.

Ilya wasn't touching him, but his hands were lightly roaming over Shane's shirt and arms. Itching to touch but didn't dare to. Ilya's body heat and lustful gaze were sending shivers down Shane's spine. Shane clenches his jaw, and breathes through his mouth to brace against the dizzying scent of honey trying to suffocate him. Tantalize and catch him.

Shane's back hits the wall, and metal gears click and spin at being trapped. Ilya follows him, crowding him with his arms on either side of his body. Ilya ducks his head, and Shane stares longingly at Ilya's lips. They look soft. Shane whimpers.

"Do I get a kiss, omega?" Ilya asks in a sultry tone that fans the fire inside Shane's chest.

Click. Click. Click.

Shane flips them, and he shoves Ilya into the wall with a snarl. He pins Ilya's wrists by his head, and he kisses Ilya. Hard and biting. He nips his top lip and bottom lip, and he hears Ilya grunt. He says nothing when Shane kisses him, not giving Ilya any room to take control. It's a mean kiss, open and wild and a bit bloody from Shane's bites. He pins Ilya in place, dominating everything about this. He needs the alpha to know he's not in charge here.

Shane breaks the kiss. He expects Ilya to find Shane's savagery too much and change his mind.

Except Ilya is looking at him like he wants to eat him. His pupils are blown wide, and he's breathing hard and deep. He's bleeding from his mouth, but he looks ravenous and desperate. One glance down and he sees exactly how affected Ilya was.

"What?" Ilya asks hoarsely. He laughs at Shane's befuddled expression. "You thought you could scare me away? You'll have to try harder, little omega. You're mine."

Ilya dives in for another kiss. Shane is quicker and moves away. "Give me your shirt."

Ilya immediately does, and he does it so aggressively he stretches the stitches. Shane snatches it. He doesn't ask, and Shane doesn't explain before he races out of the room.

Ilya grins when he meets Shane at a face-off during their next game. "You smell...different."

Shane glares at him. He says nothing.

They're all back in the locker room after a successful win, when Hayden gives Shane a perplexed expression. "Is that your shirt?"

Shane doesn't look at him. "Yes," he says, voice strained.

"Huh."

Shane washes the shirt just to get the sweat out of it, and he puts it back on before climbing into bed.

Shane stops washing his skin so hard. He stops holding back from bringing his marked wrist to his nose to breathe in Ilya's scent day and night. He starts finding comfort in the alpha, greedily inhaling when he's in bed and thinking about Ilya.

Shane gets closer than he needs to during games. The wrath diminishes to a shimmering warmth that flutters in his stomach when he meets Ilya's gaze. His bright eyes and wicked smile make Shane's heart skip a beat. His omega still snarls and clicks with anticipation, but Shane allows more touches. More closeness.

At one point, Ilya slams Shane face first into the boards. His breath fans over Shane's neck where he's grinning, and goosebumps form down Shane's shoulders and arms. Shane snaps his teeth at the alpha, who laughs and skates away. They both know Shane's attempt to bite him was halfhearted.

And even if it wasn't, Shane's bite would be anything but unwelcomed.

“Get on your knees.”

Shane bites hard on Ilya's palm.

Ilya shouts in shock and pain. He removes his bleeding hand from where he caressed Shane's jaw. He tries to back away, but his back is to the wall. Shane crowds him with bared teeth and a threatening golden glare. His omega was hissing and snarling at the alpha, vibrating with the need to rip skin from bone and teach this alpha not to order him to do anything. Ever.

Click click click.

The alpha protectively clutches his palm, wincing at the deep, gnarly wound. Shane tastes the blood on his tongue and where it's coated on his lips and fangs. A pleased, wicked grin grows on Shane's face.

The alpha doesn't give into Shane's demands. He doesn't cower or expose his neck, or reveal any submissive sign at all. He doesn't look away from Shane's cold, intimidating stare, which makes the omega itch to attack again. Prove to him it's a bad idea to underestimate him. He can kill this alpha in a heartbeat.

Shane doesn't notice right away what the alpha is doing, but then it's hard not to see the way the alpha's chest slowly rises and goes back down. A singular breath. A slow, long breath. An inhale that requires all the muscles in his chest and an unlimited amount of patience.

Shane watches like a predator studies their prey. The delicate, exposed muscles and racing pulse of the alpha's throat. Shane's fangs throb to dive in and snap vocal cords and precious veins.

The dip of the alpha's collarbones and shoulders. The entirety of his chest all moves as one, expanding as he breathes, filling his lungs with oxygen and slowly letting it out. The easy rise and fall is hypnotizing, jostling the gold necklace hidden underneath his shirt.

The hand he bit pats lightly on the alpha's chest. A silent request - not a command. Shane's omega rears its head, but ultimately allows the quiet request to be registered. Shane takes a deep breath, and it takes a minute until he falls into the same steady rhythm as the alpha - *Ilya*.

Ilya nods. Shane's eyes dart to his face. Ilya nods again. A small smile toys on his lips. He mouths *good*.

A flutter of warmth spreads in Shane's chest, diminishing the last remnants of anger. He was still on edge, waiting for any sign to attack.

The scent of honey hits his nose. A small degree of it like a careful, strategic nudge. Shane follows Ilya's lead and inhales deeply, and the sweet aroma washes over him like a warm blanket.

Ilya is closer than before, and Shane can't remember when he moved. Ilya isn't that much taller than him, maybe three or four inches on Shane. Ilya lifts his head slightly, so his lips are leveled with Shane's temple.

The close proximity brings Ilya's vulnerable neck to Shane's mouth. An offering. A dangerous experimental test of trust.

A much more potent wave of honey hits him, filling his nose like an attack. Shane gasps, mind floating with a quiet purring omega nestled in his chest. His omega was still tapping his claws, a last resort to appear deadly, but Shane's defenses are plummeting. Submitting.

Ilya grasps Shane's arms and rubs his thumb over his wrists. More scenting. More captivating honey disarming him. He whimpers, and he lets Ilya circle him and press him to the wall.

Shane breathes shakily, and gasps for air and grabs Ilya's shirt. Ilya cups his cheek again and dives in, slipping his tongue into the open kiss to lick Shane's fang. The right one and then the left, all while Shane whines and tugs on his curly hair.

"So deadly," Ilya moans into the kiss. Shane's cheeks burn. Ilya sucks on a fang like he's determined to die from the venom. "Sweet, deadly omega."

"I'm not sweet," Shane mumbles.

Ilya kisses him hard, and then presses his lips to the corner of Shane's mouth. He tilts Shane's head by his chin, and he leans to whisper in his ear.

"I think you can be. For me."

Blurry moments pass, and Shane finds himself sprawled on his hotel bed, naked with Ilya's strong hands holding his legs apart - with one hand still bleeding - as he eats him out.

Shane swears he's going to die with his knees inches from his face, panting and sobbing with each broad lick to his hole.

"So sweet," Ilya purrs and wraps his lips over Shane's hole and *sucks*. His tongue flickers over the muscle.

Shane cries.

Shane bites Ilya's neck hard with a growl. He runs his teeth and tongue over the alpha's scent gland.

"Fuck," Ilya groans. He tilts his head, wincing in pain as Shane bites rougher.

Shane has Ilya's wrists on either side of his head, digging his bones into the wall. He growls viciously when Ilya tries to pull from the sting, and Ilya sighs and moves where he's pushed. The smell of pissed off omega makes him dizzy.

"Hollander," Ilya chokes. He groans when Shane squeezes his wrists painfully. "I normally love when you're cruel and mean, but this is - fuck use your words."

Shane grabs his chin and snarls. He bares his teeth and his omega gold eyes shine with death. "I saw a picture of you and a woman dancing at a club. Curly hair."

"Svetlana," Ilya breathes. "Childhood friend. We spend summers together."

"*Doing what?*" Shane hisses and yanks harshly on Ilya's curly hair.

"Nothing," Ilya soothes. "I promise. She is big hockey fan. She is huge Shane Hollander fan."

Ilya grins, and Shane blushes. "You haven't slept with her?"

"I have - Ow!" Ilya exclaims. Shane bites again. "Not in long time. Not since we met. I only want you, Shane. I do not see anyone else. Just you. Just want you."

Shane kisses Ilya, who falls into the kiss instantly. Shane spikes his scent, filling the entire space with sour cherries and dark chocolate.

"You better."

The first time Ilya fucks Shane, the omega has his hand tightly pressed to Ilya's throat. His claws dig into the alpha's skin, flexing each time Ilya snaps his hips. Shane's grip is made of steel, and he doesn't let go. His mouth is parted, revealing his pointed fangs that are drawn to their full deadly length. Ilya's hungry gaze is trained on them, pulse racing underneath Shane's claws. He watches Shane for any sign of discomfort, slowing his pace when Shane whimpers and digs his claws deeper.

"Fuck, omega," Ilya curses. Shane whines and rolls his head back. Ilya's eyes are foggy with lust, and his sweaty hair sticks to his forehead. "You're so pretty and feel so perfect."

Shane gasps as Ilya thrusts deeper, and he arches his back. His knees dig into Ilya's sides, and his feet graze the back of Ilya's legs. He craves to touch the alpha everywhere, get his scent on him and drown in it.

Ilya changes the angle, and Shane's jaw drops in a silent breathless gasp. He yelps when Ilya does it again, aiming for that spot that makes him see stars and almost bring him flying over the edge. His hand falls from Ilya's neck, leaving behind bleeding dents in his throat. Shane

grips the pillow. More slick gushes out of him, around Ilya's cock buried deep inside him. The sound of slapping skin is obscene, and Shane whimpers.

Ilya kisses his parted lips, and rests his forehead against his. "I want to make you come."

Ilya snaps his harder, keeping the pace slow, and Shane moans, feeling every inch filling him up. "Fuck, alpha. Please. Please make me come."

Ilya nods. His eyes are glazed over, mesmerized and in a trance. "I want to see it."

Shane comes with a loud cry, with Ilya kissing and nipping on his neck.

Nobody knows Shane and Ilya are dating each other, even though they're not entirely hiding it. They're so different that when the truth did come out, nobody would believe the egotistical macho alpha was chasing the dangerous omega with a venomous bite and was getting chased back. They're supposed to be rivals, and that's how they act on the ice. The league and its players haven't caught on to Shane smelling like honey, and Ilya smelling like cherries. It wouldn't be for another year before everybody figured it out.

It shouldn't be that much of a surprise when another alpha tries to put a move on Shane.

"Hi, I'm Troy."

Shane pierces the other boy like a knife. The best friend of Dallas Kent, who Shane has bitten on numerous occasions. Also who, Shane notices, was not here. "Hello."

Troy Barrett has raven black hair and light blue eyes. He's lean and about Shane's height. Muscular and fit. He's a good player with powerful strides and impressive aim. He usually has a sneer on his face from where he's bullying someone with Kent. He's an asshole.

He also smells like cinnamon. Strong, spicy cinnamon.

Click. Click. Click. His omega's hackles rise at the intrusive smell and taps metal claws.

Shane narrows his eyes and bares his teeth. His own scent spikes, masking Troy's. "You give me reasons to bite you during games. You just haven't dared to target me."

Troy pales and cowers back. "Oh, I--"

"I'll rip out your neck before you finish scenting me," Shane hisses through his fangs. His eyes are gold and glowing with rage. "Showing Kent you can trick the omega?"

"I wasn't trying to trick you," Troy swears, shaking his head with wide, horrified eyes. Fear sours his scent. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean--"

“Didn’t mean what?” Shane snarls. “To scent me?”

Troy is too panicked to respond properly. Shane wouldn’t hear him if he did. His blood boils at the offensive alpha trying to appeal to him. Troy Barrett? The homophobic sexist? The one who calls players an omega as an insult? Fuck that.

Shane grabs Troy’s arm, but before he can sink his fangs in, a strong grip rips him away. He snarls at his lost prey, and he goes for Troy again. Except Ilya is there separating them.

He takes in Shane’s angry, volatile expression, and he barks at Troy, “What did you do to my omega?”

“Your-“ Troy flinches, face pink. “Shane got angry at my scent. I didn’t...”

Ilya frowns. Something clicks. “You scented him?”

Troy looks ready to die from humiliation. “Oh my god.”

Ilya has to use both hands to pin Shane behind him. “Just go,” he tells Troy, voice hoarse and irritated.

Troy books it back to the hotel lobby. Ilya drags a fuming Shane to the nearest bathroom and locks the door. Shane tries to get around him, but Ilya is an iron wall. Shane growls at him, baring his teeth. He bites Ilya’s shoulder in protest.

“Let me go!”

“No,” Ilya says.

“He was trying to-“

“He was trying to fucking flirt with you, Hollander.”

Shane freezes, the wrath cooling to ice. “He - He what?”

“Troy Barrett was flirting with you,” Ilya grumbles unhappily.

Shane scowls. “He hates omegas.”

Ilya’s jaw clenches. He releases Shane, and he folds his arms with a deep frown. “Yes, well, obviously he is a liar. He hates omegas so much he knows how to court them.”

Shane catches Ilya’s upset tone and withdrawn demeanor. Ilya is glaring at the door, deciding whether fighting Troy was worth the trouble.

Shane presses into Ilya to kiss under his jaw and rub his cheek on Ilya’s neck. He moves Ilya’s stiff arms to wrap around him. “Alpha,” he whispers sensually.

He gets the reaction he was going for: Ilya’s immediate attention. His eyes are wide with astonishment at the name. He cups Shane’s face, touching him like he was delicate glass that

could shatter. Ilya wasn't breathing. "What did you say?"

Shane smiles, flashing his fangs. He hasn't called Ilya *alpha* outside of the bedroom before. "Alpha," he repeats, silky sweet. "You're my alpha. Nobody else."

Ilya's face crumples, and he kisses Shane with weighty adoration and passion. The kiss steals all the air in Shane's lungs, and he brings his hands under Ilya's shirt, with the aching need to touch. To soothe and claim as his. Ilya is his. He'll bite him everywhere to make his point and discourage anyone from thinking even for a second that they had a chance.

Shane bites Ilya's lip and nuzzles his neck. He peppers kisses over his pulse, circling up and over his throat. He scrapes the vulnerable skin with the sharp points of his fangs. "I want you in my nest. I want you with me during my heat. Make me feel better with your knot."

The momentous offer makes Ilya suck in a breath. Shane's heart quickens in his chest. Omegas don't make this decision easily. Shane is protective over his nest. The personal one, and not the one he makes at hotels or at his condo. Ilya has been in his nest at his condo. He teased Shane for the many stolen shirts and shorts that belonged to Ilya. He fucked Shane in the nest, and his scent was coiled and embedded in the sheets.

He doesn't allow anyone in the nest at his cottage - nobody has ever been there at all besides for his parents. It's his safe place. It's where he goes to spend his heats.

And he wants Ilya there. He wants to show him his most prized possessions and secluded haven he can be fully himself in. He wants Ilya there with him.

Ilya kisses his cheeks, and Shane blushes and weakly shoves him. Ilya flips them to crowd Shane against the wall, and he attacks him with kisses to his freckles. Shane doesn't understand the appeal of them, but Ilya is obsessed.

"*My deadly omega*," Ilya purrs. Shane whimpers and tugs him close. Ilya kisses his lips, and licks his fang. "I want to see your nest. Bring me to your nest, and I'll fuck you so hard. I'll take good care of you, sweetheart."

"I love you," Shane says, heart feeling full and too heavy to hold.

A lone tear falls from the corner of Ilya's eye. Shane wipes it away. Ilya catches his hand and kisses his palm. "I love you too."

The next time Shane sees Troy Barrett is at the first practice of the new season with the Centaurs. Troy avoids his gaze, pale as a sheet. Shane bares his teeth at him.

Another man steps between them. He is stocky and has dark blonde hair and a trim beard. His green eyes are kind and alert, and he smells like apples. He smiles. "Hey, Shane! I'm Harris,

and that's my alpha. You may know him. Troy."

Oh. Shane stops glaring at Troy. He hides his fangs. "Oh. Sorry."

Omeegas respect omegas. Shane wouldn't attack an alpha being protected by an omega.

Harris's smile somehow grows wider. He laughs. "That's okay. He told me about his past, and he's doing really well at improving himself. He's changed so much for the better. You'll have to get to know him again. He smiles now! He's very cute."

Harris doesn't act like a typical omega. He has fangs that poke out, and he has claws Shane has yet to see grow. Shane hasn't met an omega this...open and friendly around alphas, but Harris is always smiling. It doesn't matter who he's talking to.

"Right," Shane says because he has nothing better to say. He doesn't know how much he trusts that, but Harris seems nice enough for the both of them. If he says Troy is a new person now, then he can stop glaring at him. Plus, Troy had defended and stood up for the many omegas Dallas Kent assaulted.

Shane doesn't promise to make it easy on him, though. Troy practically limps out of practice that day, and he still doesn't meet Shane's eye. He goes right to Harris, who's taking pictures and videos to post on their social media accounts. Harris greets him with a loving smile and sweet kiss. Troy's smile is adoring, and all his prior hard exterior is nowhere in sight.

Troy has changed, and it's two years later when Shane steals one of his shirts and one of Harris's plaid coats. Troy is red as a tomato when he asks Shane about it.

"It's in my nest," Shane explains.

Troy blinks. "Oh. Okay."

"You're not getting it back."

Troy shakes his head. "No, it's okay. If it ... if you're using it because you like it, I can tell you where I got it."

"It smells like you," Shane explains flatly. "You are pack. I want pack smells in my pack nest."

"You see me as pack?"

Troy looks genuinely shocked. Shane nods. "Yes."

Troy is fighting a smile. "Oh okay. Cool."

Shane waits.

"I've never had a pack," Troy admits shyly. "Not one I was comfortable with."

Shane fidgets with his hands, trying to pick his response carefully. “Ilya didn’t either, and now he has us and the team. You have one with Harris and the team.”

“You and Ilya too, right?”

“Of course. That's why I said the team.”

“Yeah, but you said.” Troy’s brows furrow. “You said Ilya has ‘us’, but then you said the team.”

Shane hesitates, blushing. He exhales loudly. “Yes, us. I’m pregnant.”

Troy’s jaw drops, and his eyes drop to Shane’s flat stomach like he expects to see a bump he somehow missed. “Wow. Congratulations. That has to be exciting.”

“Thank you,” Shane says smiling. “You are the first person to know.”

“Me? Why me?”

“Because you’re pack,” Shane says simply. “Proof you’re important to us.”

Troy doesn’t reply, but he appears touched by the information. Shane always had a pack who meant a lot to him, so he doesn’t know the hardship Ilya and Troy went through. He’s happy to be there for them, and with Ilya he can make a family with him. Give him a big pack with lots of love and make fond memories. Replace the bad ones of his father and brother. Harris can do the same for Troy.

Later that evening, Shane is in Ilya’s arms at their home. Ilya hides his hand under Shane’s shirt to caress his stomach, infatuated with the baby growing inside. Shane kisses Ilya’s cheek.

Everyone else is relaxing and speaking quietly with a scary movie playing on low volume. Wyatt with his wife, Luca, Bood and his wife, Hayden and Jackie, and the napping kids in the corner. Shane finds Troy and Harris across the room, cuddling on the other couch. Troy with his head on Harris’s shoulder, and Harris petting his hair and holding his hand, while smiling fondly and talking at his tired lovestruck mate.

Shane soaks in the smells of his pack, heart feeling full and pleasantly content.

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