

New Pack Values

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New Pack Values

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

feral shane and his alpha ilya become mates. ilya can't get enough of his scary, bloody omega.

Notes

this part is twice as long. WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME. fanged feral shane makes me crazy. i love feral omegas in omega verse. i wish there was more.

i might do one more with them with their babies but it won't be long.

Ilya pulls into Marlow's driveway and honks the horn several times. Five honks, and he honks again for good measure. An older woman two houses down sticks her head out with an annoyed scowl. Ilya waves at her with the most innocent expression he can muster. "Hi, Mrs. Carnahan!"

"This is family neighborhood, Mr. Rozanov," she shouts.

"Yes, I am very sorry," Ilya replies sweetly. "Do you need anything at the store? I will drive by. My treat."

Mrs. Carnahan grumbles under her breath and goes back inside. Ilya makes a note to pick up some of her favorite pastries.

Marlow walks out the door and gets into the passenger seat. He rolls his eyes. "You can text me next time. You don't need to make my neighbors hate me more than they already do."

"Not my fault you party like an eighteen year old girl," Ilya retorts. He backs out of the driveway.

Marlow snorts. "What? Should I settle down like you?"

"No, no," Ilya shakes his head. "This life is no good. Happy omega house owner. Bites people we don't like. Bites me. Puts me in my place. I have parents who don't yell at me. I am trophy husband. Very hard. You would not enjoy."

"Fuck you, Roz," Marlow laughs. He shrugs. "Maybe I'll go find an omega. See what the fuss is all about."

Ilya's brows fly to his forehead. "Oh?"

"Yeah. Why not?"

"You would not like omega lover," Ilya says.

"Why wouldn't I? Alphas and omegas are drawn together anyway," Marlow says. "Can't be that hard."

"Omegas do not typically do one night stands." Ilya stares at him apprehensively. "Omegas are not easy."

"You have the most feral omega in history, Roz," Marlow laughs. "Wrapped around your finger. You got him somehow."

Ilya's hands tighten around his wheel. His alpha paces in his chest at the mention of Shane, and the unsavory implication that Marlow is making about his omega. "And he wanted to break all my fingers the second I got too close or looked at him wrong for a year. Omegas do not submit easily. You have to gain trust. It takes long time."

Marlow frowns, confused. "Aren't you his alpha? He submits to you."

"We have not exchanged mating bites yet. I hope one day I will have privilege," Ilya says, on edge. He does not like talking about Shane like this. Like his only function or important attribution to society was being an omega. He also doesn't appreciate the way Marlow is praising him for getting the feral Shane Hollander to submit. "I am not officially his alpha. You will know when I am. If he submits to me until then, it is because he feels safe."

Marlow gapes at him. "You have been together for five years."

"Yes? That is what I said. Omegas are not easy," Ilya snaps. His irritation makes itself known in the way his pungent smell fills his car. "You are going to get yourself hurt with your assumptions. They will rip out your throat, and I will have to get a replacement for you. That will be very annoying."

"Alright." Marlow puts his hands up placatingly. "I'm sorry. I haven't been with an omega. I don't interact with them a lot. You and Shane have been together for a long time. I thought I'd ask how it is dating an omega. I didn't mean any disrespect."

The other alpha submitting and apologizing makes Ilya relax in his seat. His scent settles back to normal. Marlow is a nice guy most of the time, but his mouth can get him in trouble. "Gaining an omega's trust is like petting feral cat. You do not pet feral cat before they are ready."

Marlow grins, nodding. "And you love this feral cat."

"I love this feral cat more than anything," Ilya says stiffly. They reach their destination, and he parks. He turns his body to face Marlow and leans over the middle console, forcing him to look at him. His face hard and voice dangerously low and threatening. "You are my friend."

Marlow clenches his jaw, visibly uncomfortable with another alpha getting into his face. His facial features contort from calm to tense, and he meets Ilya's furious gaze. It's a battle against his instincts to stay still, unwilling to fight his friend. Ilya's alpha scent is overpowering, acrid and very pissed off.

"I let you talk about my omega like this only once because I am generous," Ilya says. "Shane is not wrapped around my finger. I am wrapped around his finger. He learns how you speak about omegas, he will fight you. I will not stop him. I will bury your body. It does not matter how little experience you have. You learn now, and you remember."

"Roz-"

Ilya bares his teeth at being interrupted. His fangs lengthen like the predator he can be. It takes a lot to get him this way, and Marlow and his laid back, cocky tone talking about Shane pushed him too far. "I hear you talk about Shane with anything less than respect, I will fight you. I will kill you. Yes, be scared of Shane. You should be. But do not assume because my omega does the fighting that I will not gift your broken bones to him in a fucking bow."

Marlow smartly does not say anything. His scent fluctuates, battling with the raging waves of Ilya's. He sits completely still, agitated and nervous. Very few times has Ilya yelled at him like this, growling through his fangs with a thin red circle around his irises. The stench of Ilya's scent is dominating, and Marlow hesitates at the challenge building in his chest. His alpha is begging to take on Ilya, savage snarling Ilya ready to rip him apart. He was definitely not going to win, and he presses his back to the car door. His jaw ached to attack.

Then Ilya takes a deep breath. His shoulders sag, and he turns off the car. "Let us go inside."

The snowballing tension melts, and Marlow unclenches his muscles. He gets out of the car to breathe some fresh air not tainted by angry alpha pheromones.

"Rozy, I didn't mean anything against Shane," Marlow tries again, louder this time to show he means it. "I approached this the wrong way, and I'm sorry. I guess I have some messed up, old-fashioned views on omegas. I'll fix that, okay? I'll work on it."

"It is over," Ilya tells him. He needs a cigarette. More than anything he needs Shane's neck to scent to calm down. "Forget it. Argument over."

They walk inside the office, but rather than go to the same doctor's individual office, Ilya heads to a different one. Marlow frowns. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I go to Dr. Veski now," Ilya says.

"You switched team doctors?" Marlow asks, perplexed. "What was wrong with Dr. Cooper?"

"Dr. Cooper is omega," Ilya says slowly. Marlow looks more confused than ever. Ilya rolls his eyes. At least explaining simple things helps the anger dissipate. "You do not know omegas at all, Marlow. You are lost cause."

Ilya sees the second he connects the dots. "Shane doesn't want you going to an omega doctor?"

"I wouldn't say he doesn't want," Ilya denies thoughtfully. "I would say going to my omega's home and smelling like another omega would be the reason I accidentally fall and break my neck."

Horror spreads on Marlow's face, but then it's followed by amused laughter. "You are wrapped around his finger, Roz."

"I am kept alpha," Ilya says proudly and enters the office to check in.

Dr. Veski calls him in about twenty minutes later. He is a beta, and he is a little younger than Ilya. He came recommended with good remarks. He is patient, highly intelligent, and an expert about each second gender and their health needs. He was booked pretty far in advance. Much later into the beginning of the season Ilya typically goes, but he made the appointment anyway because he is a really good doctor.

According to Shane. Upon finding out who Ilya's team doctor was, he took it upon himself to research a better one for Ilya to go to. Mainly one who wasn't an omega.

Ilya visited Shane the day after his yearly appointment last year. Shane dragged him inside and stuffed his nose in Ilya's neck, nuzzling and kissing his scent gland. Nothing out of the ordinary, until Ilya went to tug on Shane's hair and neck to get to his lips.

Shane stiffened in alarm and dug his fingers into Ilya's arm and shirt. His grip was painful, and he made an unhappy growl. He scraped a fang along Ilya's jugular, and he nipped at the gland. He pulled back to glare at Ilya.

Ilya knew how dangerous his omega was. He witnessed his violent tendencies onscreen and in person. He cleaned blood off Shane's face, hands, and fingernails more times than he could count. He could identify Shane's fight triggers. His alpha was permanently transfixed on his omega, able to sense the second Shane felt threatened or buzzed with wrath or discomfort. It didn't matter where he was - with Shane next to him or across the room or rink or onscreen. He knew when Shane's omega locked in on prey, and he was sometimes successful with placating the omega to avoid a savage fight.

All that to the side, his omega was the most adorable person in the world. He could be blushing or glaring or snarling, and Ilya's heart raced.

Shane's glare and the yanking on his hair hadn't given Shane the response he was hoping for. Ilya grinned, smug, not trying to hide his satisfaction with his omega's possessiveness. Ilya reached for his cheek, and Shane bit Ilya's hand. "Why do you smell like another omega?"

"Team doctor," Ilya explained.

"You go to an omega doctor?"

"Yes," Ilya said. "Young alphas do better with omega doctors. Pheromones help calm tension and moderates stress levels--"

"Do you like having a tongue?" Shane seethes.

Ilya grinned. "It is fine. You love what I do with my tongue. What is the phrase? Reap the rewards."

Shane's face turned a bright pink. His blush reached all the way to his neck. "That technically means you're reaping the rewards from your own hard work."

"Da. That too." Ilya's grin deepened. "I reap the rewards. The way you sob my name and make pretty noises--"

"You're not a young alpha anymore!" Shane exclaimed. He subtly adjusted his pants. There was no point. Ilya could smell his slick starting a steady trail from his hole. "Change your doctor. Go to an alpha."

Ilya grimaced at the thought of an alpha touching him. "I do not like alpha doctor."

"Go to a beta then!" Shane shouted. He marched to his laptop on the kitchen counter. He sat on the stool, shoulders raised, and began to type viciously on the keyboard. "You're going to a beta doctor. I'll find a good one."

Ilya couldn't begin to care about which doctor Shane made him go to. He knew Shane would do plenty of research and would not rest until he found a doctor who fulfilled an extensive and highly detailed list of boring requirements. Ilya felt bad for the doctor Shane went to. He had to have asked a thousand questions to be picked by him.

Ilya absolutely couldn't care less when later, Shane rode him hard and fast on the bed. He held his palm over Ilya's mouth and nose, suffocating him with his scent. His smell heightened and saturated the entire room, overpowering Ilya's alpha scent.

Ilya took Shane's thumb in his mouth and licked and sucked. His hands mapped out Shane's waist and thighs, craving the feel of his skin, and guiding him up and down on his cock. Shane's eyes glazed over, and he keened as he fucked himself harder. The consuming tight heat and slick were getting too much - too good. Shane was going too deep, taking his whole cock like he was fucking built for this.

Shane went to push off, but he was cut short by a tug of Ilya's cock. Ilya groaned and Shane whined. "Oh my god, Ilya."

Ilya didn't know why Shane looked confused of all things. As if Shane wasn't drowning Ilya with his possessive scent, something Ilya will get off on every damn time, all while riding his cock like he had something to prove. Claiming Ilya. He loved the way Shane took what he wanted, even if it meant all the air he was given was flooding with horny omega, choking him in the best way.

Shane's hands fell to Ilya's shoulders and grasped weakly. He grabbed Ilya's hair and pulled him up into a kiss. The kiss was filthy, purely teeth and panting breath. Ilya widened his legs and shifted forward, grabbed Shane and began fucking into him. Shane's pretty lips parted, whimpering at Ilya's precise thrusts.

Shane bit hard into Ilya's shoulders when he came. Ilya smelled blood, and between Shane's sharp scent marking him, his bite, and his boiling hot and dripping wet body clenching around him, he stood no chance.

Ilya panted, slightly shaking, and Shane let his shoulder go. Some of his blood was on his fangs, and Ilya's spent cock twitched from where it was knotted into his omega.

Shane pecked his lips. "No omega doctor," he grumbled. He ran his tongue over the bite wound.

Ilya's chest heaved. He nodded. "I understand now I was wrong. Very wrong."

To Shane's credit, Dr. Veski is a good doctor. It was a simple transfer of medical reports, and then the usual blood tests and physical exams. It's odd to smell nothing, but Dr. Veski makes easy small talk.

The doctor sits at his chair. "Why the switch, Mr. Rozanov? If you don't mind me asking."

"My omega said to switch doctors," Ilya says simply.

Dr. Veski chuckles. “I see. You two are not mated.”

“My omega is very...organized. He likes to plan,” Ilya struggles to explain. Patient confidentiality is what Shane told him before this. “We will be trading to a different team to play together.”

Dr. Veski nods and writes a note in his papers. He doesn't look particularly surprised, or he knew it wasn't his business. At least, not the trading teams part. “You two plan to exchange mating bites? You'll need a higher dose of your suppressants.”

“I do not think I will,” Ilya says.

“Mm.” The doctor didn't look the least bit like he believed him. “Mated mates in close encounters with a team full of hockey players raging with hormones. I don't see why you would either.”

The deadpan tone and blank face gets a chuckle from Ilya. “I will be fine.”

Dr. Veski doesn't bat an eye. He writes another note. “If you change your mind, give the front desk a call. We will get you in as soon as we can.”

He leaves to get test results. He comes back and sits down. “Your hormone levels are a bit higher than last year. Are your ruts worsening?”

Ilya stares at his feet. During his last rut, he might've torn his door off its hinges because he thought Shane was there. It was just the jacket Shane scented for him. He also broke a glass cup because Shane used it last time he was there. His alpha didn't like being tricked.

“Not really.”

“Mm.”

“You say that a lot.”

“You lie a lot,” Dr. Veski retorts with an amused smile. “Sounds like your alpha is quite attached and doesn't like being separated during your time. It's going to get harder for you to spend your ruts alone.”

Ilya guessed that.

Dr. Veski writes another note. “I recommend asking your omega to spend it with you. Your omega will balance your hormones and ease your rut. Your rut won't last as long either.”

Ilya nods. He says goodbye and heads out to find Marlow already ready to go. The car ride is calm and filled with mindless chatter. They talk about the season and what to possibly expect from rookies and their rival teams. Ilya drops Marlow off at his home and heads north.

Shane's smell hits him before he's done parking at his apartment. Shane is outside waiting for him with a small smile. “How'd it go?”

Ilya leads Shane inside without a word. He presses Shane against the wall, cupping his face and kissing him. Shane instantly opens his mouth to deepen the kiss, but Ilya sticks with soft, passionate kisses. Shane sighs and tilts his head back, docile and happily letting Ilya kiss him to his heart's content. He clutches Ilya's shirt.

Ilya kisses the corner of Shane's mouth, his nose, and under his eyes where his freckles are. Shane sighs again and shyly looks at him from under his eyelashes. Ilya's heart squeezes at how precious he is.

"Are you hungry?" Ilya asks. Shane nods, slowly blinking, a little dazed from the affection. Ilya kisses his cheek. "I'll make dinner."

Thirty minutes later when Shane is chatting away as he eats the meal Ilya prepared for him, Ilya's mind is spiraling. His alpha is pleased, feeling over the moon, that he provided his omega some food. Shane is wearing his clothes, something he does a lot lately. He looks comfy and warm. Hair a little in disarray, which reminds Ilya he slept there last night.

The words are out before he can stop them. "Will you spend my rut with me next summer?"

Shane stills in his chair. He looks to the right of Ilya.

Ilya fidgets with the dirty dishes. "I am not rough. I will not hurt you. I will take care of you. Feed you, hold you, cuddle you, kiss you, and little bites here and there. You don't have to do a single thing. I will do it all."

He knows this is a lot to ask for. Ilya's scent will be suffocating. His house and everything inside will be drenched with the scent of alpha in rut. Shane won't have a moment to himself. Ilya will be following him around, touching and kissing, and being annoying and insatiable. If Shane thinks Ilya is touch hungry already, then he has another thing coming. Shane's omega might snap and fight him off. Might break Ilya's hand which is fine, but then leave Ilya all alone forever.

Shane's face hardens. "If you scruff me, I will kill you."

Ilya blinks, mind halting and going cold all over. It was like being slapped in the face. "Scruff? Shane, I would never do that."

Shane doesn't look convinced, and he hisses at him with fangs out ready to tear flesh from bone. His bitter scent strikes Ilya's nose, threatening. "You aren't my alpha. I'm not going to submit, and you cannot scruff me."

"*Shane*," Ilya says, voice desperate. Demanding him to listen to him. Shane grinds his teeth at the tone. Fuck. "Sweetheart, you have ruts all wrong. I am not going to hurt you. I don't want you to submit. I mean, yes, one day I would like to have the honor of being your alpha. But now and that day, I would never scruff you. I would never force your submission. Alpha in rut only wants to provide and take care of their partner. I want you happy. That's all, yes? I promise."

Shane's shoulders loosen, and he looks genuinely confused. Ilya's alpha is pacing, uncomfortable with his omega mad at him, and infatuated by how adorable he looks with his fangs. "You don't want to fuck me during your rut?"

Ilya huffs, mouth twitching. "Yes, I will want to fuck you, but I will have strong instincts reliant on making you happy and provide. Take care of you. Put you in my clothes and give you everything you want. Make you meals. Wash your hair. Make you feel good, and yes that includes sex."

Shane's increasing confusion makes Ilya uncomfortable. "Oh."

Something clicks and suspicion flares. "Who told you about ruts?"

Shane shrugs and picks at his sandwich. "I am one of the three omegas in the league. Alphas tell me what they want to do to me during their ruts."

"Who?" Ilya snarls.

Shane narrows his eyes, offended. He scoffs. "I made them bleed. Can't speak with a bruised throat."

Ilya smirked, alpha pleased by his vicious omega. He hopes he did more than that to them. "Most alphas in rut would rather saw off arm than hurt their omega or any omega they spend it with. Omega in pain drives us crazy with obsessive worry. Smells bad. Hurts chest. Hurt primal pride."

"I didn't know that," Shane says honestly. He drinks some of his ginger ale and eats another bite of his sandwich.

Ilya stands in the kitchen restless. "Tell me you know I wouldn't scruff you. Tell me you believe me when I say I wouldn't betray your trust like that. I would never in my life make you vulnerable against your will."

Shane fingers the hoodie he has on. Ilya's hoodie. He rubs his cheek on the fabric, and Ilya yearns to hold him close. He is like a kitten, especially with his precious fangs.

"I believe you," Shane says. His eyes soften. He looks away, blushing. He clears his throat. "I'll spend your rut with you."

Relieved primal bliss blooms in Ilya's chest. His omega trusts him. He trusts Ilya completely, willing to let Ilya have him during his rut. His most vulnerable state. Nothing could make him happier. He walks around the counter to kiss him. "Shane."

Shane preens and kisses him. He wraps his arms around Ilya's middle and stuffs his face in his chest. Ilya kisses his hair and temple.

Shane says something, but his voice comes out muffled. Ilya tenderly brushes his hair. "I can't hear you, sweetheart."

Instead of repeating himself, Shane kisses all over Ilya's chest and stomach. Ilya closes his eyes, basking in the omega's affection and touch. He's the most lucky alpha in the world. His omega said yes.

Suddenly Shane grasps one of Ilya's hands and moves it to sit on his neck. Ilya blinks his eyes open, in time to watch, mesmerized, as Shane takes one of Ilya's fingers and presses it to his scent gland. Ilya cannot breathe. He cannot move.

Shane kisses his thumb. "I want you to bite me, alpha. I want to be your omega."

Ilya's eyes burn. He swallows thickly. "You do?"

"Yes," Shane says. "After your rut."

Ilya's vision goes a little blurry. English is suddenly too hard. He reverts back to Russian, as he throws Shane over his shoulder. Shane giggles - *giggles* - into his back.

He makes sure to do everything possible to make Shane giggle more. A beautiful, addicting sound. Music to his ears. He whispers sweet nothings in Russian once he gets Shane in his bed. The same bed that is soaked in Shane's scent, as well as the closet nearby missing more clothes every time he comes over. Shane's nest at home suspiciously grows bigger and smells more like Ilya.

Sweetheart. My love. Lover. My everything. Kitten. Omega. Mine.

Shane holds him while he cries into his neck. He pets his hair and massages his back, not minding at all that Ilya was probably squishing him with his whole bodyweight.

Shane sighs and Ilya's ears perked. He's been doing that a lot lately. His chest vibrates sometimes, emitting content omega noises. Not a purr exactly. Shane smiles and watches Ilya with adoration and cute fangs poking through his lips.

"I love you," Ilya says between sobs.

"I love you too," Shane says, beaming. "I love you so much, alpha."

There's too much emotion. Ilya can't handle it. He's not used to feeling so much. He nuzzles Shane's neck, craving where his scent is strongest and planting kisses. Shane cups his head and brushes his hair lovingly.

"I love you," Shane whispers.

Ilya wraps his body tighter around Shane like a snake and cries.

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“I didn’t think I could hate you any more than I already do,” Hayden says. “But surprise to me! I despise you.”

Ilya rolls his eyes at the other alpha. He smells too much like Shane from the game ending just two hours ago, and it makes him antsy. Jackie can’t smell him because she’s a beta. Shane smells like Hayden in return, and any nice and sweet omega would shower to rid the smell of the alpha who isn’t his future mate - *god Ilya still smiles like an idiot thinking that* - but Shane loves to torture Ilya. His alpha wants to grab Shane and scent him to mask Hayden’s scent.

Unfortunately, Shane would scratch his eyes out because that is only allowed at home and not in public. Or Hayden’s house. Shane knows Ilya knows this.

Apparently Shane teasing Ilya in public all he wanted was allowed. Ilya hates how much his mean omega turns him on. He might actually need to increase the dosage for his suppressants.

“I am cooking with your beautiful wife,” Ilya says. He puts a hand on Jackie’s shoulder. “If your meal tastes a little different, it could be me or her.”

Jackie laughs. “That is true!”

Of course that moment Shane decides he’s done looking at sports highlights in the living room and comes into the kitchen. His eyes lock on Ilya’s hand on Jackie’s shoulder. Ilya wasn’t sure if it was the lights, but Shane’s eyes were black and angry. His nose flares and jaw clenches.

Ilya smiles and pats Jackie’s shoulder. Jackie is none the wiser and beams. She is very sweet woman. “Dinner is almost ready-“

“Lâche la,” Shane interrupts.

Ilya’s smile widens. Shane, with the objective to hide his primal urges and the depth of his relationship with Ilya in public, started talking - *orders to be exact* - to Ilya in French. Ilya didn’t speak any French at all, and it was a bit of a learning curve. Most of the time it was obvious what Shane was saying, even with his lack of cues and robotic tone. *Sit down, move, back off, stop.*

The whole hockey league and fans know they are dating. They didn’t announce it with words, but Shane’s scent was tinged with honey, Ilya smelled heavily like cherries, Shane targeted players who hurt Ilya, and Ilya stopped flirting with everyone with a pulse altogether. It really became unofficially official when fans saw Shane in a hoodie that looked exactly like one Ilya wore the day before.

Shane and Ilya get ridiculed and called traitors nearly every day. Every loss or missed goal is scrutinized. Ilya got nauseated reading articles about him being the alpha who pinned down the star omega. Some threw around the words ‘subdued’ ‘restrained’ and ‘defanged.’ Ilya was horrified.

This is why they hid their relationship for years. They needed to find a team to be on together. Nobody wanted them as a pair, either because of money or not wanting to have a mated pair on their team. Then one day Ottawa reached out and said they'd be happy to take them in. Ilya and Shane met the coach and team the next day, who were all very welcoming and open. Hayden is the only person on the team they've told, and it'll stay like that for a little longer.

Regardless, old habits die hard, and both Shane and Ilya find it extremely hot knowing they can communicate without anyone who doesn't speak French or Russian knowing. Ilya's brain makes a little computer static noise whenever Shane uses his second language to order Ilya around.

Let go rings loud and clear in the kitchen. *Let go. Stop touching her.*

"Yes, dinner is ready," Ilya says calmly. He winks at Shane and finally lets go of Jackie's shoulder.

Hayden wraps an arm around his wife's shoulder, not so subtly wiping Ilya's scent off her. He kisses her cheek. "I'm starved. Time to eat and tell Shane he doesn't have to leave Montreal for Rozanov. So many nice alphas for him to date instead."

"Stop insulting him," Shane snaps.

"If he wanted nice alpha, you would be first choice," Ilya says.

"Stop ambushing me in my own home!" Hayden complains. A trick of the light makes his eyes flicker red, and he clenches his jaw. Ilya's alpha bristles at the display. As fast as it came, Hayden's temper evens out, and he rubs Jackie's back to cool down.

Ilya hates to admit he's a little impressed by his hold over his emotions. Shane didn't even tense, and he's sensitive to high emotions.

Ilya tries to ignore the way his heart races at his omega defending him, even though he still looks pissed at Ilya. Shane sits at the table, and Ilya takes the seat beside him. The second he sits down, though, Shane moves over, putting a chair between them. Amused, Ilya moves, taking the chair Shane was just in. Shane scoots his chair away, giving off angry omega pheromones.

Without looking, Ilya hooks his fingers under the chair and drags Shane firmly into his side. Shane shouts and stubbornly retreats. Ilya nips his shoulder. Shane shoves him, baring his fangs.

"What the fuck?"

Ilya shrugs at a very confused Hayden, who looks like he's about to jump in to defend Shane. "It is okay. Bratty omega."

"You bit him!" Hayden snarls.

“My bites do not bleed,” Ilya says. “He bites me all the time. I bleed all over. I can show you-“

“Please stop,” Shane groans with his face in his hands. His face is red as a tomato. Ilya grins and kisses where he nipped him. Shane lamely slaps his arm, fangs still out.

Hayden looks horrified. Jackie comes in with the rest of the food. She pauses. “Is everything okay?”

“Peachy,” Hayden grumbles, pale. “You two are weird.”

“Be nice,” Jackie admonishes. “They are cute.”

“Yes,” Ilya says proudly. He grins at Shane, who he can tell is fighting a smile of his own. He spots a revealing dimple. “My omega is very cute.”

“I’m going to fucking kill you,” Shane says, still hiding his face. Ilya knows he’s not truly upset. They are at Hayden’s house. Shane’s best friend. The only teammate Shane has any relationship with, and who would probably tear into anyone who hurt Shane. Shane feels safe here. Good place for gentle test.

Ilya reaches over to massage the back of his neck. Shane stills, but he doesn’t tense. Shane peeks at him, brow raised, and body language relaxing. Ilya winks at him and moves his hand higher to brush his hair. Shane sighs, a deep rumble in his chest barely audible.

“I feel bad for the Centaurs already,” Hayden says. “They don’t know what they signed up for.”

“We will beat Montreal,” Ilya says simply. Hayden glares. “Don’t worry, we will let you score once or twice.”

“I hate you.”

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“*What?*” Shane snarls.

Ilya winces. He tries to hide his face with his phone, but it fails to lessen the fire aimed straight at him, burning his skin off. “Svetlana and I once talked about getting married so I can get passport. Very long time ago.”

Shane is very still, voice dangerously cold, and Ilya remembers he’s in a fucking cottage in the woods. “How much time ago?”

“Six years ago,” Ilya says truthfully. “You and I - we weren’t-“

“Weren’t *what*?”

Ilya doesn’t answer that. The very angry omega won’t take too kindly to him logically talking about their hooking up stage. “It was for passport, Shane. She is my friend. She adores you. She is a good person.”

Shane glares harder, glued to the right of Ilya’s face, cheeks pink. Omega gold shines like lava. “Great. You’re lucky to have that option with her.”

“*Sweetheart*,” Ilya tries to soothe in Russian. He is struggling with French, but Shane is learning Russian fast. Shane finally looks at him. “My love. I am yours. I love you so much.”

Tears brim Shane’s eyes. Frustrated, miserable tears. He looks lost, beautiful features complicated with rage. “You’ll bite me during your rut. Not after.”

Ilya’s ears ring, senses assaulted by Shane’s dominating bitter scent and salty tears. It constricts the muscles in his chest with an iron grip. “What?”

“Mated mates automatically get passports for each other’s home country,” Shane says. “I’ll get Russia passport, and you’ll get Canada passport. No marriage necessary.”

“You’re not going to Russia,” Ilya says. Shane’s face hardens at the order, regardless whether Ilya’s concern was reasonable. Ilya dares to bridge the gap between them. He crawls to Shane across the couch. Shane still glares at him, eyes bloodshot and watery. Bitter, sad omega pheromones sting his eyes and nose and make Ilya’s alpha stir and pace anxiously. *Need to fix*. He nuzzles Shane’s neck and kisses his pinched lips. “And I want to be married to you. Shane Rozanov-Hollander.”

“Hollander-Rozanov,” Shane corrects. He nips at Ilya’s bottom lips. “You’ll bite me during your rut. You’re mine. I want you forever.”

Ilya’s vision turns blurry. Too much emotion. His heart soars at the possessive omega demanding him to bite him. Shane and his jealousy makes Ilya dizzy and light. He feels wanted, truly wanted, and Ilya didn’t know what to do with the pressure building in his chest. He can hardly breathe.

“Do you hear me, Rozanov?” Shane growls.

“I do,” Ilya sobs. Shane’s anger washes away at the sound of his broken voice. His features soften, and he instinctively bares his neck and parts his legs for Ilya to scent. He wraps his arms around him, and Ilya collapses into his hold. His nose tickles Shane’s neck. He takes long, deep breaths, craving cherries and dark chocolate. “I love you so much. I’m sorry. I don’t know what is wrong-“

Shane holds him by the nape, keeping him there. His scent comes off in waves, calming his alpha down. “I love you too, alpha.”

Ilya is really getting tired of crying, but Shane doesn’t seem to mind. He rubs Ilya’s back and brushes his curly hair, and they fall asleep on the couch in each other’s arms.

++++++

Dallas Kent is the star center of the Toronto Guardians, and a fantastic goal scorer. He is the biggest asshole Ilya has ever known. He always has something to say. He is homophobic, racist, and misogynistic. He chirps at anyone who will listen, on par with Ilya. Though, unlike Ilya, Dallas goes too far and most of the time can't finish the fights he starts.

Ilya is very close to knocking his teeth in.

Dallas Kent isn't the first person to bring up Shane on the rink. He certainly won't be the last. Ilya will chirp back, saying anything to divert from the topic of Shane Hollander. It works most of the time, especially when Ilya uses his ability to exploit their weakness and his skills to score on them while they look like an idiot. Then they're pissed, forgetting all about Ilya's omega, and determined to shut Rozanov up and win back points.

Other teams Rozanov can handle. Toronto and the antagonistic Dallas Kent is getting on his nerves.

"I have something to ask you," Kent says, skating smoothly to the face-off. He gets into position.

"Yes, it is easy to pleasure a woman. It is just you with issue," Ilya retorts.

A dirty look flashes across his face. His blue eyes are made of ice. "Knock up Hollander. It's what omegas are good for. Barefoot and pregnant. Everyone in the league is waiting for you to take Hollander out of the running."

Ilya grinds into the mouth guard. His eyes burn, and blood roars in his ears. "It is sad, yes? You need Hollander out in order to win. You practice day and night, and an omega will always be five steps ahead of you. Hollander keeps you up at night, while he holds up Cup."

"Hollander keeps me up at night," Kent says. A wolfish smile on his lips. "Not about Cup though. Do you have him trained yet? Does he open his legs for you when you walk into a room? He will present so nicely for me. He will beg for my cock."

Ilya stops listening. He turns his brain off, retreating inside before he does something he will regret later. His blood is boiling. His ears and eyes are red, and he grips his stick.

The puck is dropped. Ilya wins the face-off. He elbows Kent hard in the jaw, and Kent goes down. Ilya scores a goal.

The referee who tossed the puck claims he didn't see Rozanov hit Kent. None of the referees see any of the Raiders get a hit on Kent throughout the game. They don't see Ilya's skate slice into Kent's leg mid-fight.

Toronto plays against Montreal. Those referees can't deny seeing Shane dislocating Kent's arm and breaking all of his fingers. Or deny hearing the scream Kent lets out when Shane bites his neck and doesn't let go. His jaw locks and blood splatters on the ice.

Hayden doesn't cut it this time. He knows what Kent told Ilya. Shane was not going to let go. He's too far deep inside his own head, his omega vicious and bloodthirsty. He digs his fangs deeper when someone tries to yank him off. Hayden's calming voice helps a little, but Shane is checked out. He wasn't breathing, just snarling.

It's only when Hayden gets Ilya on speakerphone that Shane finally comes back. Ilya talks him down with hushed, strategically placed instructions to breathe in the familiar cold air emitting from the rink and Hayden's scent. Hayden - part of Shane's pack. *Pack. Pack. Pack.* Listen to his heartbeat and his alpha's voice. Listen to Hayden's heartbeat. Feel the cold air on his cheek, the pads and gear on his body, and his sore muscles from playing.

Ilya slowly brings him back from that dark place. Back to the living. Shane unhinges his jaw and finally lets go. Blood pours out of his mouth and down his chin to drip on the ice. His feral omega eyes are two swirling pots of melted gold.

They're forced to kick Shane out of the game. Montreal still wins. Kent is out for the rest of the season.

++++++

"I love you."

Shane keens. He lays naked in his nest, curled in a tight ball. His eyes are still gold - a softer shade now. He has his face pressed into Ilya's jersey, taking deep, long breaths. Ilya had taken it off the second he saw Shane's state. His nest is an arrangement of all of Ilya's lost clothes over the years. Ilya recognizes a few blankets and pillows he once had, all carefully organized to make a sturdy, safe nest.

Ilya coos at the omega. He brushes Shane's hair, who leans into his touch. He doesn't let go of Ilya's jersey. "*My sweet omega,*" he says in Russian. Shane's breathing slows. "*My precious love. I love you.*"

Ilya shouldn't be here. He should be in Chicago for a game. He'll have to take a red-eye to make it to the game in time. He doesn't really care if he doesn't.

He removes his clothes and shoes, and climbs into the nest. "*Such a perfect nest,*" he praises. Shane whimpers. Ilya lays on his side, facing him, and cups Shane's cheek. He brushes his hair out of his eyes. They flutter, flashing back to almond brown, and then back to gold. Ilya reverts to English. "Come back to me, my love. My omega. Or not. It's okay. I am here. You are safe. I take care of you."

Tears cloud Shane's eyes. Ilya kisses his forehead, sniffing his own shampoo. He scoots closer and pets Shane's hair. Shane holds the jersey to his face, while Ilya rubs his back and arms. His heart rate is slowing down. He's not trembling anymore. The nest and room is a combination of Shane and Ilya's scents. More Ilya than Shane. Shane's omega is dizzy with Ilya's scent.

Submitting.

Shane falls asleep, purring for the first time, with Ilya's jersey covering his face. Wrapped in Ilya's arms.

++++++

"What the fuck happened to you?"

Marlow has the decency to look embarrassed. "I kissed an omega's cheek."

Ilya makes a face at the bruised eye and jaw. "Eek. They don't like touching. You get them used to your scent first."

"Yeah," Marlow sighs with a wince. "I get that now."

++++++

Ilya cleans his home from top to bottom. He stocks his fridge with ginger ale, fruits, vegetables, nuts, rice, and other foods that fit into a macrobiotic diet. He stocks food for Shane's favorite meals and other dishes he knows Shane likes. He cleans his floors, countertops, bathroom, and kitchen. He does his laundry, including his clothes, blankets, and bedsheets.

By the time Shane gets there, Ilya has everything ready.

Shane doesn't get through the door before Ilya presses him into the wall. He cups his face and kisses him, slipping his tongue in to taste him, licking at his tongue and teeth. He sucks on Shane's fangs. Shane whines and arches into him.

Ilya kisses his jaw, putting special attention to his scent gland. Shane moans and tilts his head to give him more access. Ilya's alpha rumbles, pleased at the submission. "I'm so glad you're here."

Shane smiles. "Me too."

“Are you hungry?” Ilya asks. “I made tuna melt for lunch. I have ginger ale. I know you don’t drink that much, but I got that one beer you don’t hate. I have your favorite snacks.”

“Yeah, a little,” Shane says. His smile deepens, cheeks turning pink.

Ilya pecks him on the lips. “Perfect. I have game playing, but I have all channels. Put on what you want or tell me what you like to watch.”

Ilya steers Shane to his couch, where he proceeds to tuck him in with a warm blanket and pillows. The scent is not right with them freshly washed, but the sight of his omega in his home and on his couch pleases him for now. He hands him the remote with another kiss to the cheek.

Ilya comes back with Shane’s meal and drink. He opens the can for him and makes sure Shane has everything he needs. Shane starts to eat, blushing as he does. Ilya curls around Shane’s body, fitting between the couch and Shane. His arms around Shane’s middle, and his chin in the crook of his neck. He inhales deeply, and sighs in content.

Shane peeks at him. “Is this all you need?”

“Yes,” Ilya says, already fighting sleep. He didn’t sleep last night, too busy cleaning and making sure everything was perfect for Shane.

“Are you sure?”

Ilya kisses Shane’s neck and cuddles closer. “Yes. I just want to hold you. Is your ginger ale cold enough?”

“Yes, thank you.”

Ilya situates them onto their sides, spooning Shane with his nose in his neck. He kisses the vulnerable skin, and pets Shane’s stomach and thighs. He closes his eyes, bone-tired, and he falls asleep to the sound of Shane’s breathing and the tv on low.

Ilya wakes from his nap when Shane moves. Shane looks sheepish. “Sorry. I was going to get water.”

“I’ll get it,” Ilya immediately says, groggy head sharpening to fulfill his omega’s needs. He kisses his freckled cheek. “Stay.”

“It’s just water,” Shane argues. “I can get it.”

“No.” Ilya shakes his head. He’s on his feet. “I got it. Happy to get it. Stay comfy.”

He hears Shane grumble and call him overbearing. Ilya gets a water bottle and a bowl of fruit just in case he’s hungry. He comes back to the living room. He halts at what he finds.

He didn’t think he was gone for long, but apparently his absence gave Shane time to go to Ilya’s room and exchange his own shirt for one of Ilya’s. The shirt is a size bigger and the

only shirt that wasn't clean. Shane wears it, sitting on Ilya's couch and wrapped in blankets. Shane is blushing with slightly messy hair and smiling shyly.

Ilya goes weak in the knees. "Fuck, omega. You're going to drive me insane."

Ilya gives Shane the water bottle and places the snacks on the table. Ilya crawls over him, and Shane parts his legs for him. Ilya kisses Shane's waistband and stomach. He smells strong here. Clean and like cherries. He plants kisses from his bellybutton to his pecs, and places his cheek on his chest. He takes deep breaths, greedy for his omega's scent.

Shane runs his fingers through Ilya's curly hair. It's tender, incredibly soft, and Ilya closes his eyes, savoring the sensation of his omega touching him. Brushing his hair. He's always been a sucker for someone playing with his hair.

"Thirsty? Hungry?"

"No, I'm okay," Shane says. "Thank you, alpha."

Alpha. Ilya's head swims.

They spend the rest of the day like that. Ilya laying on Shane like a blanket as he watched tv, breathing in dark chocolate and happy omega. He runs a hand over Shane's waist and arms occasionally, just to remind himself where he was at. Who was with him. The warmth of Shane's body under his. Shane doesn't stop brushing his hair.

Ilya draws back Shane's pants to plant a kiss to the dip of his hip, suddenly needing to feel more of him. More of his body without annoying layers. He needs to unwrap him like a gift. His addictive scent swarming his senses, pulling him deeper inside his foggy thoughts of *Shane, Shane, omega, omega.*

"Yes," Shane whimpers. His hands are shaking where they are pulling at his clothes to remove them.

Ilya yanks off his pants and underwear, and he's hit with a wave of omega and slick. He kisses his thigh, working his way to the inner, vulnerable skin. Slick is freely flowing, not as much as during his heat, but it's making a mess of his thighs. Ilya grabs the back of Shane's legs and dips his head to run his broad tongue over trembling muscle. "*Fuck omega.* You taste so fucking good.

Shane tugs on Ilya's shirt, and Ilya throws it onto the floor. Ilya trails kisses and small bites over his knee to his hips to his waist, and to his chest to give attention to his nipples. Shane whimpers, hips rocking. "Ilya, oh my god."

Shane's head falls back when Ilya reaches his neck. The omega gives no fight at the possessive kisses and Ilya's short fangs scraping his pulse. Ilya's alpha rumbles, because he'll be biting that neck. "Fuck, I need you."

"You can have me," Shane gasps. "Fuck me. Knot me. I'm yours, alpha."

Ilya growls from the back of his throat, pleased at his omega's submission and begging for him. Happy, turned on omega leaking on his couch for him. His heart is full, expanding in his chest. Shane is a beautiful mess, hair crazy, and flushed cheeks. His fangs on display with every whine and gasp.

Ilya wrestles out of his clothes and presses into Shane. He's boiling now, and Shane cries out at his rising temperature. Shane keens underneath him, arching into him. He's tighter and less wet than he is during his heat, and he probably should've prepped him, but Shane doesn't sound bothered. Not with the way he moans Ilya's name, encouraging him to fuck him harder. Deeper.

"Take me, take me, I need you."

Ilya pins his arms over his head and pounds into him. His kisses, unlike his thrusts, are gentle and tender. Painting Shane's face and neck with how he felt about him, needing it clear. Needing the omega to know how loved he is. He vowed to care for him, love him forever. His vision burns, eyes fixated on the omega and him alone. Shane tries to meet his thrusts, and Ilya snaps at his jaw and pins him harder. "I got you. I got you. I make you come. I take care of you."

Shane melts into the couch, giving him all control. Ilya fucks into his compliant, perfect hole, set at a brutal pace. His gaze trained on Shane's expression exuding with pleasure, lips parted and red freckled cheeks. His eyes are unfocused, pupils blown with desire. Ilya drives into him, exactly how he likes it. His knot is starting to inflate, tugging on Shane's rim, and it's that moment Shane comes hard with a loud cry. Ilya fucks him harder, driving his knot inside and locking them together. Ilya unhinges his jaw and mouths Shane's neck, fighting his instincts to bite down hard.

Shane whines when Ilya carefully flips them over. It's more comfortable this way for knotted omega. Shane lays flat on top of him. Ilya stuffs his nose in his hair.

"Why didn't you bite me?" Shane asks quietly.

Ilya's alpha doesn't like the sadness tainting his usually delicious smell. He tugs Shane by his chin and kisses all over his face and doesn't stop until Shane blushes with a smile. "I'm going to bite you. It, uh. it not romantic. On couch. I do it in nest you make for us."

Shane's smile widens. Ilya pecks his lips, licking his fang. "You want me to make a nest here?"

"No." Shane's face falls. Ilya kisses him. "I need you to make us a nest. I need."

Shane shakes his head and snuggles into his chest. "Asshole."

Shane makes the nest after Ilya's knot goes down. Ilya gives him privacy, telling him he has free rein in his home. Ilya makes sure to put his clothes on Shane before they part, suddenly feeling antsy about being in separate rooms. Ilya cleans the couch and washes the blankets and pillowcases because he knows Shane would be more comfortable with everything cleaned again.

Shane retrieves him to show him the nest. He made it in Ilya's room. Ilya's eyes water at the sight of his bed, now an omega and alpha's nest. The omega made the nest out of both Ilya and Shane's clothes. He hadn't noticed Shane brought two bags, but one bag was clothes drenched with Shane's scent. He lined the base with his clothes, and the border and makeshift pillows with Ilya's. It's sturdy, balanced, and strategically precise. Made entirely with care and love.

Ilya holds Shane to his chest in the nest - their nest. Shane smells like him. He smells like Shane. He cries into his hair, arms wrapped like a snake around Shane. Shane rubs his back, arms, and anywhere he can reach, patiently comforting him.

Ilya pulls them into the shower. Shane leans on the wall while Ilya meticulously washes his whole body. He takes great care in every square inch, soaping his feet, legs, thighs, cock and balls, hole, belly, chest, and chest. Then finally Shane's hair, and Shane looks to be in pure ecstasy as he scrubs shampoo in his hair. Ilya kisses his soapy neck and lips.

It's how they spend the next three days. Ilya cooking each meal while Shane sits and talks at the counter, watching movies and playing games on the couch or their nest, taking baths and showers together, and cuddling and fucking in their nest.

Shane gets used to Ilya's overbearing alpha in rut tendencies. Shane doesn't even get to walk without Ilya hurrying over to carry him where he wants to go. Ilya continuously checks in on him, and while at the beginning of this, Shane's omega hated being forced to rely solely on Ilya for every little thing, his omega eventually grew to love it. As well as his lack of personal space. Ilya's lips spend more time on Shane's neck than he does talking.

They're fresh out of the bath. Shane's hair is wet and smells like Ilya's soap. Ilya made him come in the bath, and he washed Shane in the shower afterwards. They cuddle in their nest for an hour with the sunset spreading golden light in the bedroom. Eventually, Ilya's alpha gets too consumed by his scent and neck, burning with desire. His kisses become more explorative - more sensual and spellbound. Fangs throbbing.

Shane sees it for what it means. Both their heartbeats hasten. Shane softens, eyes shining. He climbs into Ilya's lap, sinking onto his cock with a breathless gasp. Ilya chases his lips as he begins to rock, licking and nipping at the corners of his lips. Ilya whispers praise into his mouth and cheeks, tasting his rosy cheeks and fangs.

Shane whimpers, squeezing his eyes shut. He cups the back of Ilya's head and brings his mouth to his neck. Ilya mouths at his scent gland, oozing temptation and embrace. Ilya kisses it and guides Shane up and down on his cock. Shane clenches around him, holding Ilya's face to his neck. Ilya curses. "Fuck, omega."

"Bite me. Bite me. Bite me." Shane moans with every rock of his body, taking all of Ilya's cock. His breath hitches at the familiar tug of Ilya's knot.

Ilya's chest hurts. His eyes burn. He makes bruises on Shane's hips from how hard he grips him. Shane can't move as freely, and Ilya thrusts into him wildly with a snarl. He unhinges his jaw, fangs sharp, and bites hard into Shane's gland as his knot locks into Shane.

Shane cries out, half the bond forming. His blood floods into Ilya's mouth, staining his teeth and lips. His alpha roars in his ears, finally claiming his omega. It's a head rush, making him dizzy and blood boil with a blaze that smells like burnt cherries and dark chocolate.

He extracts his fangs. Shane's misty eyes zero in on his own blood on Ilya's fangs and chin, dripping down to his throat. He keens with hunger and desire. He shoves Ilya onto his back, and puts his palms on his chest to slowly rock on his knot. All Ilya can do is stare at his beauty. The sun rays make him look like he's glowing. His features contort, focusing with a stubborn, relentless chase to his orgasm.

He snarls when he comes, omega eyes shining. His claws dig into Ilya's shoulders, and he bites down hard, fangs acting like hooks into Ilya's scent gland.

The claim echoes through Ilya's body like a scorching wave pool. Ilya's alpha rumbles, jittery and tweaking on an electric fence as the mating bond snaps in place. The reciprocating claim warms his vibrating heart.

Vibrating?

Ilya can't move his head. Shane hasn't let go yet. He massages Shane's nape and shoulders. Shane is vibrating.

He's purring.

Ilya taps Shane's temple. Finally Shane extracts his fangs and sits up on his lap. His lips are shiny red, and his chin was painted with blood. He breathes hard, fangs out and sharp like needles.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya coos. "I adore you."

Shane purrs louder. He's gone nonverbal. Ilya maneuvers them onto their sides, careful with them still tied together. Ilya can't stop touching and looking at Shane. His scent was already changing, adjusting to create a mix of their scents. Like bonded mates.

Once again, Ilya finds his cheeks wet. He kisses Shane's nose, pecking at each freckle. His omega's purrs grow louder, filling the whole bedroom.

His omega. Shane Hollander is his omega.

++++++

His omega is having a panic attack. His omega is a shaking, trembling mess with tears in his eyes. Fangs and claws out. His scent spikes with unrestrained rage, spilling out and choking everyone in the room. A deadly feral state.

It's an understatement to say Montreal was angry at Shane for leaving them. They called Shane's actions a betrayal - called him a traitor. A disappointment. An embarrassment. They were disgusted with Shane for leaving them for the asshole Russian alpha he opens his legs for.

As if this asshole Russian alpha wasn't *his fucking mate*.

They're at Shane's cottage. Hayden left as soon as Shane snarled, angry pheromones attacking the alpha, debilitating him to the floorboards. Yuna helped him get out unharmed because Hayden wasn't part of it. Hayden was infuriated too, and he came over to try to be there for Shane.

"This is my fucking nightmare!" Shane snarls. David flinches, and Yuna's eyes swim with disgruntled tears for her son. "I want to kill them. I want to break something. I want to - I want this over. This nightmare over!"

Shane spirals, falling deeper into the endless pit of fury. He's shaking, arms wringing, and he tugs hard on his hair. He throws a chair into the wall, and he flinches at the sound of snapping wood. He couldn't control himself. He breathes hard and fast, unable to get air in his lungs. He's going to hurt himself.

Yuna must've realized the same thing, because she takes a small step. "Shane--"

Shane snarls at the unidentified alpha trying to get him to submit. He recognizes nobody. His scent spikes, dangerous and lethal. Yuna covers her nose. Shane cries and claws at his ears.

"*Shane.*"

Shane freezes. Ilya tries to get him to look at him. Shane doesn't. His mouth twitches. Brows furrow. At war with himself.

"*Shane,*" Ilya repeats, alpha voice hard as steel. Demanding. This time, Shane makes eye contact. "Good. Good Shane."

Shane looks wild, but he doesn't look away from Ilya. Ilya's heart aches for him and the pain he's in. Ilya would kill every single Voyageur if he could. His love for Shane is stronger than his revenge. He makes deep inhaleds, and he continues it. Calm and steady.

Shane hesitantly copies him. His breathing evens out. His snarls and growls quiet down. Ilya dares a step closer. No reaction. He takes another, and he gently taps Shane's bicep to soothe him with his scent and lets go. He needs to be careful. Soothe omega, not overwhelm him. He touches Shane's arm, his shoulder, his hair. He gradually increases his scent.

Shane's lids become heavy. His breathing is calmer. He's not snarling or growling. Shane's scent stops being as explosive or suffocating. He's still upset and slightly feral. Ilya coaxes him closer with cautious caresses, but it takes little to get Shane into his arms. Shane nuzzles his neck and takes a deep breath.

Then drops to his knees. He looks up at Ilya with wide, needy eyes. They are still gold, but more like honey than fire.

Fuck.

It's...exhilarating to see him like this. Breathtakingly gorgeous to watch the way he gives in to Ilya. His alpha, who he knows will take care of him. The only person he will submit to now.

Ilya brushes Shane's hair. Shane places his cheek on Ilya's thigh. There's still tension in his shoulders, anger and anxiety holding on tight. Shane watches him imploringly.

Ilya pets his hair. His hand moves down to Shane's nape. He massages the area, making sure this is what Shane needs. Shane moves to sit more comfortably with his arms around Ilya's leg.

Ilya pinches at the right spot.

Shane goes limp, submitting completely to Ilya.

++++++

Life is a lot better with the Centaurs. The players are more open and more diverse. They welcome Ilya and Shane with open arms, excited to have them join them. Three rookies take awhile to talk to either of them, but that's mostly because they're too in awe from stardom. One of them, Luca, is a beta, and Ilya is pretty sure he has a crush on him. The kid had a poster of him on his wall, and he won't stop blushing when Ilya looks at him.

Ilya tries to protect Luca from Shane, because he is just a kid. Shane doesn't attack him, but he does glare dagger holes into Luca. It gets to the point where Luca actively has to avoid looking and talking to Ilya, or face Shane's possessive wrath.

Thankfully, it takes a friendly goal scoring competition between Shane and Luca to bring them together. Sometime during it, Luca shares his admiration towards him. His bravery and strength. Then Shane is blushing, and the feud is over.

There is also another omega. Not on the team, but the media guy, Harris. He smells like cookies, and Troy has a huge crush on him. Harris and Shane don't have much in common, but there is a solidarity with them both being omegas.

Harris invites Shane to lunch with his cousin, who was very excited to meet him. Ilya comes a little late picking Shane up. When he gets there, Ilya finds Shane holding a baby. The baby clutches Shane's shirt, curious and happy with his natural omega smell. Shane, unfamiliar with holding babies that aren't Hayden's, holds the baby with extreme care and caution. He bounces the giggling baby, and a small smile spreads across his face.

Ilya stares.

Shane must've smelled him, because he turns to Ilya. Face soft and shy.

Fuck. Ilya is hard as a rock.

+++++++

Shane is neither soft or shy when three years and two Stanley Cups later, Shane comes home and goes straight to Ilya on the couch. He yanks his controller and tosses it, and pins the alpha down.

“Give me a baby.”

Ilya's brain stops working. All he can do is watch as his omega grinds against his clothed cock. “What?”

“I said give me a baby,” Shane huffs. He slides off his pants, and then Ilya's. He sits on his lap and thrusts their cocks together. “Preferably one with curly hair and moles.”

Ilya's chest heaves, the blood in his head rushing to his cock. Shane's slick pours out of him, leaking over Ilya's thighs and cock. Shane takes off the rest of his clothes.

They've talked about having children. Both of them were very interested in becoming fathers, often fantasizing about having a little girl in skates with Ilya's dimples. Shane's stubbornness and intelligence. Ilya's ability to make friends and enemies out of anyone.

A little smart devil Ilya grinned.

Don't call our child a devil Shane admonished.

It's been *when when when* and now apparently it's *now now now*.

Ilya sits up to kiss Shane's neck, where his bite is. He guides his cock into his omega, and they both sigh. He cups Shane's panting face. “I give you all babies. One with boring personality, boring humor, and beautiful freckles. Another omega I can obsess over. Do everything she says like good papa. You be bad cop every time.”

Shane whines and kisses him, rocking his hips. He yelps when Ilya lifts him to pound into his hole. “Fuck! You going to put a baby in me, alpha?”

“Fucking make me,” Ilya growls. “Show me how much you want baby.”

Shane pushes him back down and rides him hard, clenching around his cock. His thighs flex, legs strong from exercise as he uses all of his discipline to fuck himself with a new objective that excites them both. Shane grasps his alpha's shoulder and chest, taking and milking Ilya's

cock. His face is blissed out, pleasure coloring his cheeks. He doesn't stop slamming his body, going harder than he normally does. Single-minded and laser sharp focus.

"Oh, fuck, Shane," Ilya groans. It's the fastest he's ever orgasmed. He can't knot outside of rut or heat every time and certainly not for long, but according to Shane's doctor, Shane has a high chance of getting pregnant outside of knotting.

Shane strokes his cock and comes onto Ilya's chest. He's panting heavily and whimpers. "Good alpha."

Ilya's eyes darken. "Call me good alpha when I come inside you, and you'll be hanging off my cock day and night."

Shane's smile is mischievous. He leans in close to his ear. "*Good alpha.*"

Ilya's cock twitches, and he flips them over. Shane yelps at his already half hard cock. He parts his legs.

"Good omega takes my cock nicely. You filthy slutty omega are greedy."

Shane curses and moans.

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Pregnant Shane is something else.

He is not just feral. He's wild and savagely cruel to people he doesn't know. He's extremely territorial and wears a permanent scowl anywhere he's not at home. He's accusatory and hisses like a cat. He gets into peoples faces, yelling and cursing. His pissed off pregnant omega scent paralyzes his victims. Their instincts are at war, unable to retaliate against the very angry Shane. They don't allow them to, pheromones calling the omega forbidden and off-limits. He's untouchable.

At eight weeks, an idiot falls a little in love with his candy cherry scent and goes to sniff him. Shane punches him in the face and breaks his nose. He would've done more, broken his jaw maybe, if Ilya hadn't stepped in and thrown him carefully over his shoulder.

At sixteen weeks, they're at a nice bar to celebrate Hayden's birthday. Shane spends most of the time with Harris and Hayden's kids. The only person he doesn't have any problems with in his state, as well as kids with neutral scents and tugging at his heightened omega hormones. His stomach is giving him issues, and he gets a ginger ale at the bar. The bartender makes a face, but quickly races away when Shane hisses at him.

A friend of a friend of Jackie's is there. She drinks a little too much, and tries to talk to Ilya and Bood. She's slurring her words and giggling. She puts a hand on Ilya's arm, and Ilya

nearly jumps out of his chair to get away. She laughs, misunderstanding his reaction as hilarious and an encouragement, and reaches for him again. Her hand touches Ilya's shoulder.

Then another hand covers her wrist and crushes her bones like dust. She screams and yanks away.

Ilya doesn't notice what all happens, but he does take Shane out of the chaos. He soothes him with furtive kisses and scenting his wrists and neck, and he doesn't stop until Shane stops growling. Ilya pulls him in close and cups his jaw, holding him by the chin. Shane's eyes are watery, and it physically hurts Ilya to see. He needs to fix.

"*My vicious omega*," Ilya coos in Russian. He goes back to English. "You are my everything. My heart and soul, and both my favorite people in one. Your alpha loves you so much."

Shane blinks, and a tear falls. Sad pheromones make Ilya anxious, and he hugs him. He kisses his eyelids, brows, and nose. "I will never win a fight with our baby if they have your eyes and freckles. Or omega. I should be the one sad."

Shane finally cracks a smile, and Ilya sags in relief.

"I love you too."

Shane is seven months along when Ilya stops playing hockey. He leaves the season early to be there for Shane. His due date is very close, and his alpha needs to be there for his omega. Massage his feet and shoulders, cook him meals, clean, do laundry, and generally be his around the clock assistant.

Sex slave Ilya teases.

If you touch me right now, I'll claw your face off Shane huffs. He pouts. Poor miserable mate.

Five hours later Shane is on his hands and knees with Ilya pounding into him on the bed. Ilya was worried, so Shane is on a mountain of pillows and blankets. Ilya holding him steady and fucking him at a safe angle, watching Shane's body for any signs of discomfort.

"*Harder*," Shane begs in Russian.

"No," Ilya murmurs. "Not hurting baby. Doctor said be careful."

Shane groans. "Faster then. Go faster."

Ilya goes as fast as he thinks is safe. He cleans up when they're done. He makes sure Shane has snacks and ginger ale and is comfortable. He kisses his face all over, and Shane purrs.

Fuck he loves his purr. Music to his ears.

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Elizabeth Ilyinichna Hollander-Rozanov is born on April 15th. Six pounds, three ounces. She is the most beautiful baby in the world.

Ilya hasn't looked at her yet, but he knows without looking. She's snuggled into Shane's side, warm and safe under a thin blanket, and hidden behind his recovering body.

Shane went into surgery six hours ago. It was not a normal hospital, but instead one exclusively for male omegas who didn't want foreign medical smells making them uncomfortable. There was a surgery unit, but the rest of the building held rooms made specifically to personalize and fill with pack scent and anything the omega may need to feel more at home. The bed has Shane's old bedsheets and pillows. Ilya's blanket laid on top of a sleeping Shane.

Or not sleeping Shane. He is awake.

Ilya doesn't approach. Shane watches him with half slitted eyes, glinted with suspicion and wariness. Ilya can't remember the last time Shane looked at him like this - a stranger or predator. Maybe the night at the hotel gym or just the whole first year they were getting used to each other. Ilya has to introduce his scent all over again, but he's not going to do it right now. He diminishes it, barely detectable.

Shane's scent flares, and then it fluctuates. Shane reaches out for him, and Ilya immediately goes to him. He moves at a glacial pace, and climbs into the bed when Shane grants it. Ilya snuggles into his side, caressing his cheek and kisses his forehead. Shane's eyes flutter closed.

The blanket shifts. Shane doesn't move. Now that his alpha was there, he lets the drugs take effect and draws him to sleep. Ilya moves the blanket out of the way to reveal their daughter sleeping. "*Oh my god,*" Ilya gapes in Russian. "*She is beautiful. We did so good making the world's perfect baby.*"

Shane grunts. "Yes. Y-You did. I didn't do much. They cut me open."

Ilya kisses Shane's cheek. He gently runs a finger over their baby's nose. Her skin is the softest thing he's ever touched. "Nonsense. You made perfect baby. You carried her. Those are your lips and brows. That is Slavic nose with boring Canadian freckles. Ten fingers and ten toes. You did all of that. Smells like our baby."

Ilya spends the next couple of hours tracing his baby's features, while Shane sleeps the day away.

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Elizabeth becomes the new Centaur mascot. Most of her clothes are Ottawa merch and hockey clothes. She has hockey puck stuffies and toys, all given to her by the team. The introduction goes fine, with Elizabeth in Shane's arms. He snarls under his breath when friends and family get too close, but he gets better as time passes.

Shane spends most of the next year with Elizabeth in his arms, watching Centaurs play and pointing at her papa from their nest. If she's not in his arms, she's in Ilya's, being adored and peppered with kisses on her chubby freckled cheeks and tiny palms. Neither one of them could get enough of her.

Shane has Elizabeth tied to his chest when he goes to attend a practice for the first time. It's not exactly a practice, when the whole team swarms around the baby with bright smiles and cooing. Ilya is beaming at his family, contradicting Shane's stiff frame. She's wearing a personalized pink little Rozanov jersey Shane's mother got her, and she's smiling and giggling at them all. She has light brown curly hair and pale skin, but her freckled face is all Shane.

Ilya sees Shane staring at the ice. He takes off his gloves and helmet. "I will hold our little cub. You skate."

Shane holds Elizabeth defensively. "No."

Ilya tries a different approach. "I will hold you while you skate with her. You won't fall, but I will catch you if you do."

Shane looks at the ice again and then Elizabeth snoozing with her little nose at his throat. "What if--"

"You won't." Ilya shushes him. "Come on, sweetheart. Big, strong papa will protect his pack."

Shane rolls his eyes. He accepts the offer. Ilya holds both his hands as he gets back on the ice after almost a year and a half. It'll be easy to get back into the rhythm of playing, but it's nerve racking with precious cargo on his chest. Ilya keeps him steady, skating so close and sandwiching their little one.

Shane smiles, thrilled to be back on the ice. The cold hits his cheeks and hair. Ilya smiles at his gorgeous husband, who was grinning like a kid in a candy store.

Ilya takes the next season off while Shane plays. He sends Shane videos every day, and then facetimeing at night. He goes shopping with Yuna and David, and they buy too many kid clothes and toys. Anything Elizabeth wants, Ilya gets her. He goes to the games with Elizabeth on his shoulders with big pink headphones and Shane's number painted on both of their cheeks.

It takes no time at all for Elizabeth to learn how to skate. Ilya is a much better teacher than Shane is, so he takes on the role.

"Papa..." she says, scared. Her legs wobble. "I'm going to fall."

“You are not going to fall. I would never let that happen, little cub,” Ilya swears, slipping in Russian. “You are skater already. Best of the best. Never seen such greatness. Your parents must be hockey stars.”

Her eyes - Shane’s eyes - crinkle as she shrieks happily, and she holds his large fingers tighter.

She is Centaur’s mascot, and she sneaks into the bench when coach isn’t looking. She sits on her daddy’s lap when she sees someone waving at her. Curious, she goes to the man sitting on the bleachers.

She smiles. “Hi.”

“Hey, little girl. What’s your name?” the man asks.

“Ellie,” she says.

“Where are your dads?”

“Papa is on the ice!” she says proudly. “Daddy-“

“Daddy is right here.”

The man pales at the sight of Shane walking over. He nudges his daughter behind him. Fangs out and gold eyes blaring. Elizabeth yanks on Shane’s jersey for him to pick her up. He kneels low enough for her to jump on his back.

“He was saying hi,” she explains, oblivious to her daddy watching the man like prey. “I think he’s a fan. He was asking about you and papa.”

“Was he?” Shane asks testily. His eyes are dead. The man scoots back, horrified. “I’m happy to meet a fan. Outside.”

“That’s okay,” the man waves off.

“Thought you were dying to meet me,” Shane says robotically. “I can make that happen.”

The man says nothing else. He books it out of the bleachers. Elizabeth frowns. “Where did the nice man go?”

“The only nice men you talk to are your daddies, the team, and Hayden,” Shane says. He kisses her hands clutching his shirt. “Okay? Very important. Only pack.”

“Okay, daddy,” Elizabeth says. Her attention was already back on the game. “Papa has the puck!”

Shane nods. He should be watching, but now he has something more important to do.

Glaring at every single person who looks at his daughter. Elizabeth is already showing signs of being an omega. She’ll be able to protect herself once she grows older, as well as her

siblings, and gets her fangs and claws in.

Shane presses his palm to his stomach. His wedding ring gold on his finger, almost an exact replica to the one hanging from Ilya's neck. For now, he'll show her just how protective and vicious omegas can be.

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