

be sweet to me, baby

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by [thebeautifulgame](#) ([crying2mitski](#))

Summary

“Of course I’m playing,” Shane retorts, any bite in it undermined by his lack of eye contact and the pink flush steadily blooming on his freckled cheeks, “why wouldn’t I?”

Ilya scoffs incredulously, lowers his voice so his words go undetected by the referee, “They let you start game, smelling like you need a knot.”

Notes

heads up: i relied on book details/some spelling variations so if anything looks unfamiliar, that's why. not that this is super faithful to canon but still. pls afford me grace with any and all blips or inaccuracies. i just like them. a lot.

this came to me in a vision and it's not beta read. i love a good comma, so buckle up!

every once in a while queer media gives you a fictional character with big brown doe eyes and a submissive demeanor. it is imperative that you put that man in Situations.

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

"Hollander, you are cleared to play like this?" Ilya admonishes under his breath, scandalized, from his place across from Shane on the faceoff dot.

"Of course I'm playing," Shane retorts, any bite in it undermined by his lack of eye contact and the pink flush steadily blooming on his freckled cheeks, "why wouldn't I?"

Ilya scoffs incredulously, lowers his voice so his words go undetected by the referee, "They let you start game, smelling like you need a knot."

It's not like the ref can smell Shane, though, under all his gear. Besides, the ref's beta status is obvious, even with the league-mandated patches covering all of their scent glands. Which was the problem: the only reason *anyone* would be able to smell the omega was if he had forgotten the patches, which he hadn't, or if there was something making his scent stronger, more concentrated, impossible to miss.

Something like an impending heat.

Shane had been unsuppressed for the good of about a year now. It was a battle, having taken the staunch convincing of team doctors and a throng of omega specialists as well as a very adamant Yuna Hollander for him to see that it was better for his overall long-term health to let himself experience his body's natural cycles.

The adjustment meant that his heats could be unpredictable in both timing and strength.

The first couple of times, Shane treated his heat like it was something that was being done to him: fucking himself with a toy in a too-spacious room as if he could singlehandedly control the waves of his desire. Spent it denying himself a nest or any kind of physical contact, didn't want to be too indulgent, too omega.

Somewhere down the line, though, he'd come to see heat as a part of his life, like pre-season conditioning, rather than a punishment.

He'd even extended an invitation to Ilya for the alpha to help him see it through a couple months ago, vaguely remembering the alpha's stupid quip of *"No pups, Hollander, cups,"* in response to his own heat-addled begging to be knocked up.

He'd admit it to himself and no one else, but these days he looked forward to the time of year where his biggest worries were being put on his stomach and having his alpha's knot where he wanted it. For his world to be reduced to being good for Ilya, and getting pampered for doing so.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Rozanov," he goads Ilya, getting set to win the faceoff and get things going for the Voyageurs at home.

Ilya only growls lowly in response, and Shane gets a bit lightheaded when he realizes the man has been staring down at his neck throughout most of the interaction.

Shane, because he lives to rile Ilya up, unsbtly bares his neck and lets his scent bloom in the alpha's direction.

It makes Ilya lurch forward subconsciously, faltering on his skates. He's promptly booted from taking the faceoff. As he passes Shane on his way to his new spot, Shane can't stop himself from whispering under his breath.

"Stay focused, okay, Rozanov?"

Ilya mentally curses in every language he knows and attempts to take a deep breath. He just has to get through three periods without killing anyone. Three is like, one of the smallest numbers, he thinks.

While Ilya's been focused on stopping himself from growling at his own teammates for defending against Shane and his Voyageurs, or, doing their jobs, the omega has been having himself a fantastic game.

Montréal lead 4-2 at the top of the third, Hollander having gotten a hattrick and assisted the other goal. Ilya's not been fully in the game, too focused on not doing something stupid like mounting Shane right there on the ice in front of everyone.

His own fucked up fantasies have been making him feel so deeply possessive in a way that makes him feel sick. In preheat or not, the hold that Shane Hollander had on him was dangerous.

He sees Shane streaking down the ice towards the Bears' goal and anticipates Marlow about to land a heavy hit on the omega.

He hopes that him shoulder-checking the other alpha out of the way looks more like losing his balance and less like him being a territorial knothead.

When he catches a glimpse of Shane's rosy cheeks and wide eyes through his visor, he's looking at Ilya like he's stupid, or crazy. Shane probably thinks both, and Ilya thinks he'd be right to.

"Roz, fuck's gotten into you, man?" Marlow confronts him on his way back down the ice after another Montréal goal gives them a second to take a breather.

Ilya can't tear his eyes away from Shane as he celebrates the goal with his teammates in the corner.

The sight of Hayden Pike hanging off of Shane irritates something deep in Ilya, even though the alpha rationally knows that the other omega poses no threat and is happily mated, with a small army of pups to show for it.

He knows that Shane's preheat scent wouldn't be as appealing to Marlow as the man himself is mated, so there's not much he could say that wouldn't come off as pathetic and

incriminating. They're down to the last couple minutes of the game, and he's accepted that there won't be a heroic Bears comeback.

There is something he wants much more than winning a game of hockey, surprisingly.

The Voyageurs close it out at 5-2. Ilya feels half insane by the time he's hoarding his team back to the tunnel, can't even manage any encouraging words. Shane and his teammates are still out on the ice soaking up the excitement and joy in the arena, and Ilya lets himself linger for a bit. He locks eyes with Shane briefly as he's heading out and winks, hoping he can convey his want in a look that tells just enough.

Shane just smiles at him, all radiant and pink and sweet.

Ilya's in no position to be giving a post-loss talk to his team, considering he definitely could have played better, but it's his responsibility. He's grateful to have been able to avoid getting pulled for a post-game interview, too.

He looks around the room at his team's facial expressions, ranging from pissed off to bored. He tries to keep his words brief, less intense than the passionate rants they expect from him.

If it has something to do with the notifications that had been lighting up his phone for the past couple of minutes, no one has to know.

Ilya's winding down his speech when he sees that their head coach has entered and has some choice words for them, too. He's lucky that his stall is behind the man's back, so he can sneakily check his phone while the man is talking.

Jane: What's taking so long anyway

Jane: Want some tips as a fellow captain? Score more goals

Jane: Will you be here soon?

Jane: Let me know when you're on the way

Lily: You missed me, didn't you?

Lily: Wow, Hollander

Jane: Watch the name

Jane: I miss something, for sure

Lily: And you will get it

Lily: As long as you ask nicely

Shane's been typing on and off for a couple minutes, the little bubble appearing and disappearing and it's driving Ilya a little insane.

The Bears' coach is still going, and Ilya's beyond antsy to leave and be with Shane. Marlow's giving him the look he does whenever the *Montréal chick* comes up, like he's trying to figure Ilya out.

Ilya quite literally could not care less. Luckily, the coach is done speaking and the team is free to pack up and head to the hotel.

Those without an eager omega waiting for them, Ilya supposes.

Jane: Just get here

Jane: I need you, alpha

Ilya has to turn his phone off when he reads the message, shooting up from his stall before he can catch himself. He feels heads turn to look at him as he rushes to the bathroom.

Ilya takes the quickest shower of his life, shoving his shit into his gear bag like it's done something to personally offend him and trying to ignore the arousal thrumming under his skin. When he gets back to his stall he quickly books an Uber to Shane's place. Then he's tousling his curls, using his phone to view his reflection and bouncing his leg to prevent himself from pacing like an idiot.

Marlow raps him with a towel. He must reek of want.

"Roz, you dog," he laughs, smirking knowingly.

Ilya storms out of the locker room without so much as a goodbye to his team.

Shane had jumped Ilya as soon as he entered his place, herding him into his bedroom, and stripped down to his briefs before straddling his lap. He'd run proprietary hands all over him, scenting him for a couple minutes before he'd even said hello. He was far past the point of feeling embarrassed about being easy for his alpha, especially so close to his heat.

Shane was like that a lot of the time these days: overwhelmed with the reality of having Ilya, whenever he had him, and constantly raring to go. Ilya didn't have it much different.

Ilya had entertained him for a while, letting the omega work himself up. He'd only stopped him with a palm pushing his chest away when he saw Shane get the spacey look in his eye that told Ilya he was feeling too good, the sweet scent of his slick obscene between them. He shifted Shane's grinding hips away from his own crotch.

Told Shane that if he wanted to get fucked, he had to beg for it.

It served him right after what he put Ilya through during the game. And he was just *so gorgeous* when he was desperate for it, wide eyed and leaking all over himself.

He wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck like he was dying while the alpha fought to ignore the feeling of Shane's damp underwear rubbing over his stomach as he moved on his lap. Shane had opted to look Ilya in the eyes as if to check if he was joking. Asked him, *please, alpha*, just once, hoping the desperation written all over him would speak for itself.

He knew it hadn't been what Ilya was looking for.

Ilya lets him know by raising a disapproving eyebrow at him, staring at him with a mostly blank expression.

Rather than ramp up his begging, Shane whimpers in a way that he knows is less slutty and more needy, and hopes Ilya's stern act doesn't last long. He buries his nose in Ilya's neck, gorging himself on his alpha's deep woody scent and trying to continue grinding down onto his lap.

He feels genuinely dejected when Ilya roughly pushes him off of him and down onto the bed.

More often than not, these days, Ilya let himself be soft—indulged in the strong feelings for Shane he'd downplayed far too long, without the need to deny the depth of them. The result was that he was so sweet to Shane, always giving him what he wanted without a second thought. Ilya was starting to worry about Shane getting too spoiled. He knew that Shane needed to be kept on his toes, made to work for the praise and doting he was always eager to earn.

Shane adored Ilya at his softest, but needed him to be a bit mean, too. Too much of the man's attention without any bite was like being held over an open flame. It was likely to have him drawing into himself and planning his escape. Ilya had been done letting him run away for a long time.

His preheat scent made it so hard to deny him anything, though, instinctual urges pulling at Ilya.

“Poor baby,” Ilya croons, gripping his chin in a large palm and yanking it up so that Shane’s starry eyes lock on his, “can’t use your words? Is difficult?”

Shane knows he should feel irritated, knows Ilya’s only trying to get a rise out of him, give him something to fight against so he can delay facing his overwhelming urge to submit, put off the urge to go belly-up for the very man who gave him a safe haven to accept his nature.

Instead of being annoyed Shane feels sensitive and raw, tries to communicate that through his noises and pout and relay the desperation through his gaze up at Ilya. He knows he’s achieved something when Ilya leans down to capture his mouth in a filthy, tongue-forward kiss, cursing to himself in Russian, pleased at what he’s seeing.

“I see, you do not want to ask for what you want? Do not want to think for yourself?” Ilya murmurs, looming large over him and petting over the apple of his cheek, tapping it lightly after a pause confirms Shane isn’t following his questions.

This side of Shane was different from the one who was a bit of a show off, who loved to be good and be praised for doing so. For years, Shane had been going tit for tat with Ilya’s teasing, and got what he wanted without trying too hard. Shane in preheat was different, though, all quiet and sensitive.

It made Ilya want to protect him and ruin him in equal measure.

Tonight, it was a side of Shane Ilya was all too familiar with: much like when the pressure of being so put together all the time made him crack into a million overstimulated pieces, leaving Ilya the only one who knows how to rearrange him.

Ilya treasured the responsibility, but it didn’t mean he wouldn’t make him work for it.

“Is so hard, sweetheart, to lay on the bed and take my knot? Moan like a whore while I do all of the work?” Ilya whispers directly into his open mouth.

Shane shakes his head in the negative if only to hold on to a shred of his pride, but they both know Ilya is spot on.

“Look at me when I am talking, Shane,” he directs, gripping the hair at the base of his skull as a reprimand for his averted eyes.

Usually, Ilya was forgiving and didn’t push him on eye contact. He knows it’s more uncomfortable than sexy for the other man when prolonged, especially on the edge of heat, but doesn’t want to risk Shane slipping too far under before he’s even begun to touch him.

Ilya continues caressing his cheek, affectionate and patient like he could wait all night, even with the hardness tenting his briefs, and reminds him, “You know how to get what you want, sweetheart.”

Shane feels himself whining in disagreement before his mind catches up to his body. He feels Ilya let go of him and he *panics*.

Shane doesn't want to beg. He doesn't want to ask, or to speak. Doesn't want to stew in the flayed out feeling of everything being too much and not enough all at once. But even more than that, he just wants Ilya: whatever he will give him, wants to do whatever it is that will make his alpha pleased enough to fuck him, to keep being sweet to him.

Instead of the intoxicating mixture of defiance and degradation that Ilya has been making him feel for a decade washing over him, he feels overwhelmed and untethered.

Ilya must see something in his expression that tugs at his heart strings because before long, he's cradling Shane again like he can't bear to not be touching him.

He takes pity on him, giving him another chance to be good, and tells him, "Ask me and I give it to you. You know this."

Shane can't manage anything more coherent than a gutted, broken keen as he tries to formulate a response.

His body's all out of sync with his mind, because before he really registers it he's wrenching down his slick-soaked briefs and moving so that he's face down, ass up, a perfect arch in his spine.

He's presenting himself to his alpha without a lick of shame. He notices that he's been whimpering out incoherent pleas for a while, all of them having to do with Ilya.

Ilya lets out a deep groan at the sight, fisting a hand over his dick and letting out a harsh breath through his nose before ridding himself of his underwear. He notices Shane perk up and scent the air as his cock springs free, and it makes him shiver.

He kneels in front of Shane on the bed, running a hand through his hair and shoving two fingers past his parted, plush lips. Shane's eyes are zeroed in on his dick where his knot has begun to swell just the slightest bit.

Shane must not have realized that his mouth was open because he jumps slightly, crying out before he begins to suckle on Ilya's fingers, soothing himself in a way that's much more endearing than their current situation calls for.

"Mm, you want me here?" he teases Shane, running his fingers over the omega's tongue, dipping in and out to smear his own spit over his hot, pink mouth.

Shane only whines at that, sucking Ilya's fingers more aggressively and grinding his hips into his own hand. Ilya would have something to say about that, usually, but Shane looked and smelled unbelievable, begging for him in the clearest way Ilya could imagine. He almost feels bad for dragging it out.

Almost.

"No, I think you need something more, yes? Need me to fuck you, to make it better?"

Ilya could just as well be talking to himself, knows Shane's likely tuning him out and focused solely on soothing the unbearable heat he's feeling in his gut. But Ilya's never denied being a bit of a bastard, and wants to hear the omega beg for him before he's well and truly lost to the throes of his heat, his hindbrain fully in control.

Shane lets out a broken, betrayed moan at his words and shifts on the bed like he's going to hop up and take what he needs by himself. His scent goes a bit distressed, getting Ilya a bit worked up and not in a pleasant way.

Ilya can't have that. He stops the omega with a firm, wide palm over the back of his neck, not quite scruffing him but close. Shane goes boneless on the bed, melts into a puddle of slick and needy omega pheromones.

Ilya cracks.

He knows his alpha is fully in control as he's gentling Shane onto his back. He has to look into his eyes while he's pounding him into the mattress, nothing else will do, even if though he knows Shane likes to be fucked on his hands and knees during his heats. Knows the omega gets off on Ilya treating him like he's not above his baser instincts.

And what a sight it is: at some point Shane had started to cry, his face wet with tears and spit and smelling so delicious Ilya's worried things will be over very, very soon. He can't stop himself from leaning in to press a kiss to the omega's forehead, shushing him in low Russian as he lines himself up with his slick-drenched hole.

"I know, I know, I was so mean to you, yes? I'm sorry," he coos, trying to placate his whimpers.

Shane's staring up at him, reverent and unseeing, nodding along to the sugary tone of his voice and no doubt experiencing a powerful wave of his heat, exactly where he wants to be.

The first slide of his dick inside of Shane feels like coming home, in all of the played-out cliché ways but in a way that feels like it belongs to only them, too.

Ilya's feeling so much. It feels so overwhelmingly good inside of Shane, and he doesn't have a second to slow down. He wants to give Shane everything and more, wants to make up for toying with him. He gives it to him how he deserves, tries not to be too distracted at how Shane's putting his bare, pale neck right under Ilya's mouth with every thrust.

He delivers one particularly deep thrust which has Shane writhing under him, clutching at him desperately. It spurs him to grip the back of the omega's neck again, just to get him to relax a bit. Ilya has to shut his eyes when he sees Shane cumming all over his stomach from the firm touch.

"Seeing you want me so badly makes me feel crazy," he pants out in winded Russian, doesn't stop his hips for a second, "You make me crazy. I want to give this to you all the time. Want to fill you up, give you my pups. You'd look so beautiful. I love you so much that it makes me crazy, I want you all the time."

It's definitely not the time to be making dramatic proclamations but he can't help himself, knows it won't make a difference either way with how far gone Shane is at the moment.

Shane needs a knot to get him to the blissed-out, euphoric place that he deserves to be, and Ilya knows that he's not too far from giving it to him. Shane's clenching down on him like a vice despite having already cum, alternating between scenting Ilya and sucking on his own fingers to make himself feel good.

Ilya's too caught up staring down at Shane, doesn't realize the pressure building and feels the sensation of his knot popping. It's a bit of a struggle to keep himself upright.

The sounds Shane's letting out don't help, either: he's moaning high and loud as Ilya's knot expands, whimpering contentedly to himself when he's blissfully filled, and Ilya hopes he isn't hallucinating when he hears Shane's slurred, *"Love you s'much."*

Ilya gathers him into his arms as best he can in their position, presses a lingering kiss to his sweaty forehead. He's perfect, and Ilya wants to have him stuck on his knot forever. He wants him to smell like this forever, satisfied and happy.

(Or at least until his knot goes down and Shane decides the feeling is unbearable. Ilya yearns for the feeling of the omega pawing at his chest with his displeased kitten expression scrunching his face, shyly asking Ilya to change the sheets and pass him water and a snack. Ilya will make sure he has a can of ginger ale, too.)

End Notes

live laugh love omega shane hollander
#ilyagethimpregnantforme

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