

Perfect Surprise

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Perfect Surprise

by [Vanillagalaxiez](#)

Summary

Shane has always been a soft Alpha, but all the years he spent sleeping with Ilya, a dominant Alpha, unknowingly caused his body to change, turning him into an Omega.

He doesn't know how to feel about it; he doesn't mind, but surely Ilya won't want to be with an Omega when all he's ever been with are Alphas.

Or, Shane is now an Omega and hides it because he's worried Ilya won't want him anymore, but what he doesn't know is that Ilya loves him for him, and it's not going to change anything.

It had been a month since Shane last saw Ilya, and then he started noticing small changes in his body. He didn't think too much of it at the time, but it was strange. He had started smelling sweeter, and the scent of his Alpha teammates had become more noticeable—not repulsive, but stronger, and at times overwhelming. Sure, that never happened before, but he had been stressed lately; more so because he seemed to have been missing Ilya more than normal.

Anyway, nothing new didn't happen for a long time, at least until last week when his stomach started cramping out of the blue in the most achingly painful way imaginable. He knew then it was time to see his doctor, but he had forgotten to make an appointment, and when he remembered, he needed to wait another two weeks due to unavailability. It was fine; he could wait. The pain wasn't persistent; it came and went, and somehow always made him feel the need for sex. He tried to convince himself he was probably just going into a Rut, but it never came in hot flashes, and pain that caused him to double over.

It wasn't when his teammates joked about how he'd been sweating all over the place despite spending time on ice, and how flushed he'd gotten in the face like an Omega in Heat, did Shane realize something was definitely wrong, and barged into his doctor's office, desperately in need of answers.

They did several tests, and then it was confirmed: Shane Hollander, an Alpha by birth, was now transitioning into an Omega.

The change in his scent, the sweating, the pain, and the harrowing need to see Ilya, an Alpha, *his Alpha*, he was preparing to go into his first Heat.

It was safe to say, he didn't take the news well.

How could this have been possible?

He had never heard of an Alpha turning into an Omega.

It made no sense.

To his doctor, it made perfect sense. There was only one way an Alpha could've turned into an Omega; it was rare but not unheard of. Shane might've been an Alpha, but he was a soft Alpha—it was no secret to anyone, and it was why he got along with almost everyone. However, if he was sleeping with a dominant Alpha, over time, his body would change to accommodate said Alpha. This was just his body's way of saying he wanted Ilya to be his Alpha, his mate. He should feel happy. They could be together; *truly* be together. Ilya could mark him permanently—he had always hoped for it, but Alphas couldn't mark each other; it just wouldn't stay. But...

Ilya favored Alphas over Omegas; it was why he liked Shane so much. Surely, now there wouldn't be a reason for him to stay; surely he would leave.

Shane didn't know how to feel about it; it was best to keep this a secret.

It had been a month of minor inconvenience, avoiding going to practice, and completely ignoring all of Ilya's calls and texts, afraid the Alpha would know and reject him, before Shane's first Heat finally arrived. It took reasonably longer since he was transitioning from an Alpha to an Omega, but it still took him by surprise when he woke up this morning, burning up, caked in sweat, and with a deep, penetrating ache in his stomach and lower back that made him slumped back into bed, panting and crying into the sheets for the Alpha he had been so desperately trying to avoid for the past month.

The whole room smelt like an Omega; it was all-consuming and stifling, and drenched in darkness except for the yellow night lamp in the corner.

Shane gasped and whimpered when a sudden, painful flare pierced through his lower stomach and all the way to his cock. It had been ten hours since this god-awful Heat started. It was already night, he was naked, trying to ride it out as best as he could, *but he couldn't do this anymore*. He was dying—*surely*. How would he survive another three days of this?

He had jerked himself off at least four times, but it wasn't enough. He needed an Alpha's knot; he needed Ilya, and regretted not telling the other man. Maybe Ilya wouldn't have rejected him on the spot if he begged the Alpha to stay.

The bed had long been soaked with his slick, something his body never produced before. He had tried touching himself there, but it wasn't enough—nothing was ever enough! Maybe—

"Fuck," he whined the second he gripped his aching, stiff, and leaking cock in his hand. It was too much—the sensation nearly blinded him, but not in comfort, but hellbent pain. *"Ilya. Ilya... I can't—"*

"Shane?! Open the door."

That voice, followed by a loud, thundering knock on the bedroom door.

It was Ilya.

How did the Alpha find him? And how the fuck did he get into the house? There was no one home. Shane's mind cleared just enough for him to start panicking again. What would Ilya say once he found out that Shane had turned into an Omega? He didn't think he could handle a rejection, not now—not ever. No. He needed to get out of there. But where would he go? He couldn't move three feet without falling over in pain. Shane gasped, his fingers squeezing, twisting into the sheets as he struggled to lift himself off the bed, and was unable to do so.

"Hollander!" Ilya yelled, his voice deep and thundering. "Open the fucking door before I break it down! *Now!*"

Ilya sounded very much like an angry Alpha. Why was he angry? Did Shane do something to anger him? He whimpered at the thought; tears suddenly clouded his eyes. He didn't... oh, right. He had been avoiding Ilya. But why was he being so demanding?

“I know you have an Omega in there, Hollander,” Ilya growled on the other end of the door before he slammed a fist into it. “*Who is she?* Is this why you’ve been avoiding me?”

It took Shane a moment to process what he was saying.

Another Omega?

There was no... fuck. Yeah, he was now an Omega. Right. Made sense.

Shane swallowed with great difficulty; his throat had gone dry and tight. “Ilya,” he tried to say, but the words only came out in a mere whispered tone. He gritted his teeth and tried again, “Ilya.” But again, his voice was practically non-existent.

Suddenly, there was silence except for Shane’s heavy breathing before a loud bang vibrated throughout the room, as the door was kicked open by a ravenous, disheveled-looking Ilya as he searched the room with his eyes, looking for an Omega who wasn’t Shane.

When their eyes met, the seconds folded in on themselves as they stared at each other.

Just the look of Ilya, standing there with a tightly clenched jaw and dripping with Alpha pheromones, sent a rush of slick to pool from Shane, who couldn’t help but plead with the Alpha with his eyes, and made a pained face, seeking comfort when Ilya did not attempt to move from where he stood.

Ilya, however, it seemed he was trying to make sense of the situation when the smell continued to flood the room, but no Omega woman was in sight. Fortunately, it didn’t take long before the realization that it came from Shane, and the Alpha let loose a shuddering breath before his eyes doubled in equal shock, confusion, and perhaps relief.

“Ilya,” Shane’s voice trembled when he tried to speak. “Alpha. Please. I...”

He wanted to be touched and wreaked silly, but even speaking felt too much of a burden.

A growl rumbled from Ilya’s throat as he stepped over to Shane. “You...” He paused, his fingers ghosting over Shane’s face; his eyes laced with barely-contained hunger and disbelief. “You’re an Omega. How... how is this possible?”

Shane leaned into Ilya’s cool touch against his heated skin. “You,” he said, his breathing hitching. “It’s because of you.”

Ilya swallowed hard. “You smell. I don’t... *How?*”

If Shane were in his right mind, he would’ve said, that *It’s because you’re a dominant Alpha, asshole*. But all he was thinking was that Ilya was rejecting him.

Shane whimpered, a pitiful, distressed thing as he looked into Ilya’s eyes, and fell into the depths of it before he pulled away, and curled up into himself as tears spilled from his eyes against his wishes.

Now Ilya would leave him.

“Hey,” Ilya muttered, seemingly sensing Shane’s distress. The bed dipped, and suddenly the scent of calming Alpha pheromones flooded the room as Ilya took Shane in his arms until he was pressed up against his chest. “Don’t cry, Hollander. You’re safe. It is alright. Why’re you crying? Mm?”

“You’re going to reject me,” Shane found himself saying. “You’re going to leave me.”

“Now, why would I do that?” Ilya asked, as he smoothed back Shane’s hair.

“You hate Omegas. You only want Alphas.”

Within seconds, the room flooded with the scent of an Alpha ready to make a claim. Ilya’s hands tightened around Shane, and a low growl rumbled from his throat.

Ilya’s voice was low, unshakable. “No. It’s you, baby. It’s you I want. Shane, look at me—” And then he was cradling Shane’s face, staring into his eyes with a yearning stare that made Shane’s heart thunder and made him want to do something he only knew Omegas tend to do: He wanted to bare his throat for the Alpha, and show Ilya that he truly belonged to him. But Ilya’s voice broke him out of his thoughts, “I love you, Shane Hollander. Do you hear me? I do not care if you’re an Alpha, a Beta, or an Omega. I love *you*. Is this why you’ve been avoiding me?”

“Yes,” Shane quickly replied, his tears finally spilled in relief as he nodded, but was whipped away by the Alpha. “Are you angry at me?”

Ilya leaned and kissed him lightly on the lips. “No, you sweet thing. Can never be angry at you.”

Shane would’ve burst out smiling if it wasn’t for another sudden, striking ache that coiled his stomach, forcing a cry to spill from his lips.

He pulled himself away from the Alpha and dropped back onto the bed, burying his face into the sheets to stifle a whimper. It was maddening. He needed Ilya; like any Omega, he needed the Alpha’s knot, he knew it.

When his scent spiked, and his heart raced, he turned back around, facing Ilya on his back. “Please, Ilya,” he sucked in a deep breath before spreading his legs open. “Please, it hurts. Make it go away.”

Ilya’s nostrils flared at Shane’s sudden spike in scent, sweet like honey at their closeness. Seemingly unable to take his eyes away from Shane’s wet entrance, Ilya licked his lower lip and whispered, “You sure you want this, baby?”

Shane nodded as he wrapped his fingers around his aching cock; his eyes never leaving Ilya. “Yes, please.”

Ilya’s breath hitched. “Did I ever tell you how good you are at begging?”

Before Shane could answer, the Alpha captured his lips in a heated, all-consuming kiss.

Shane's breath quivered the moment Ilya pressed his lips to his, and slick spilled from him in a shameful rush, and he felt utterly hypnotized.

He closed his eyes. His body had a mind of its own, a low, guttural moan rumbled from deep inside as their tongues twirled around each other, drinking up each other's shuddering gasps and groans. Ilya was overwhelming in the best way possible, and then his large hands were on Shane's hair, yanking his head back with brutal tenderness, and deepening the kiss. It made the newly developed Omega nature inside Shane tremble with pleasure.

Yes. *Yes.*

This was exactly what he wanted, *what he needed.*

"Fucking hell, Hollander," Ilya growled into the kiss.

When the Alpha settled in between Shane's spread legs, pressed their chest up against, and rubbed their cocks alongside each other, Shane moved; *up and down, up and down*, along with Ilya, before he closed his eyes and moaned, deep and wanting, when the pressure became insufferable.

The pain in his stomach twisted into pleasure by just having his Alpha, but he needed Ilya inside of him.

"Please, I can't take it anymore," Shane broke the kiss and nearly whined. "Just fuck me already. I want your cock—*please, Alpha.*"

"Ты сведёшь меня с ума," Ilya bit out in Russian. "You don't know what you do to me."

Shane watched the Alpha as Ilya lowered himself between his spread legs. He swallowed hard, opening his legs wider, allowing Ilya better access.

He wanted the Alpha to taste him—to taste his newly formed slick, and drink it up like a starving man. Ilya must've known exactly what he wanted because the Alpha licked his lower lip and dipped down, sinking his tongue into Shane's tight heat, and forcing a choked-out moan from him.

"Fuckkk, Rozanov," slipped from his mouth before his fingers found their way to the Alpha's hair, and tightened, pushing Ilya's face deeper.

When Shane's thighs quivered, Ilya hummed, pleased.

With each twist and twirl of Ilya's tongue, Shane's breathing picked up. Blissful pleasure curled throughout his whole body; he would surely come with just Ilya's tongue.

It didn't take long before a choked-out sob left his lips just before his eyes rolled back, his toes curled as heat surged through him. His heart pounded, his body flushed, and then he buckled and came with a violent shudder all over his own chest; thighs tightening around the Alpha in a desperate attempt to keep him buried. Ilya only seemed to savor it; his tongue was relentless, licking and sucking.

Shane broke down completely, sobbing and gasping for air like a drowning man.

“*Ilya*,” Shane moaned, his vision blinded for a split second. “*Alpha, it’s—*”

Fucking hell.

When Shane couldn’t take any more, whining and withering, Ilya kissed the insides of his trembling thighs, then he pulled himself up, smiled, and stretched out his tongue to lap the slick dripping from around his mouth—his eyes not breaking eye contact with Shane.

“You taste so fucking delicious,” the Alpha purred. “Did that make you feel good?”

Shane took a deep, shuddering inhale and nodded.

Ilya’s eyes darkened. “Use your words, Hollander.”

“Y–Yes,” Shane breathed.

Ilya hummed and kissed the tears from the corners of Shane’s eyes with a tenderness so gentle, it felt surreal. “You’re still burning up,” he said. “Shane, we need to talk about this.”

Shane knew what Ilya was talking about. He practically turned into an Omega overnight; obviously, there were questions Ilya needed answers to, and just telling him it was because of him wasn’t enough. But didn’t want to talk about it now; he just wanted to be filled.

He whined and wrapped his legs around his Alpha, pulling him in. “Please, not now. I need you. Give it to me hard, *please*.”

Ilya leaned in and kissed him lightly on the lips and said, “Alright, baby. I’ll give you what you need, and we’ll talk about it when it’s over.”

When Shane felt the Alpha’s thick cock pushing against his entrance, he smiled up at Ilya.

“Close your eyes and feel me inside you, baby,” Ilya whispered close to his face.

When Ilya pushed into him, sinking slowly before he bottomed out, Shane arched off the bed at the delicious stretch as he made a lewd noise—vulgar and wanting. He gasped; he could feel his walls fluttering around the thick cock. And then Ilya started fucking into him, with deep, penetrating thrusts that knocked the air out of his lungs, and made him scramble against the Alpha’s shoulders.

Ilya leaned down until their chests were pressed together before he flicked his tongue over Shane’s overly sensitive nipple, nibbling and suckling.

Shane whimpered and let out a shaky breath. “*Ilya*,” he cried out.

Ilya pulled away, staring into Shane’s eyes. “Yes, baby?”

“Feels so good.”

Shane couldn't describe it, but being an Omega, the sensations were ten times more than being an Alpha. He could feel... *everything*. This feeling felt right. All he needed was a knot and bite—yes, it made sense to have both of them. His toes curled, his mouth turned slack, and his eyes rolled back at a particular thrust, and all of his thoughts disappeared in an instant.

When the Alpha picked up speed, fucking into Shane with punishing thrusts, the sound of smacking flesh echoed in the room, and groans, and pants, and stifled whimpers and moans. It felt heavenly.

Ilya was saying something—speaking in Russian again. But Shane's mind turned blank when he left the growing bulge. His eyes slowly closed before he reeled back with a moan. "*Ah, Rozanov—Alpha!*"

The Alpha gripped his chin and growled. "Can you feel my knot, baby?"

Shane quickly nodded. "Yes. *Yes*—please, give it to me."

The bed shook with every powerful, maddening thrust, and the air was thick with the scent of sex, overwhelming, almost suffocating. Shane arched his back. He could feel the Alpha's knot swelling, on the verge of locking them together, and spilling everything he so desperately wanted inside him. But before it could happen, Ilya moved swiftly, hauling them both upright in one fluid motion. Shane gasped as heat pooled in his lower back. He straddled the Alpha, still impaled on his cock, breath catching at the sudden shift.

Ilya breathed heavily, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist. "Fuck yourself onto me."

Shane didn't need to be told twice. He wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, and fucked himself—up and down, up and down—until his legs quivered and ached, and Ilya pitied him, and fucked into him hard and fast.

He could feel the knot—it *was so close to catching*. Shane moaned and leaned down, capturing the Alpha's lips in a desperate kiss.

"*Bite me,*" Shane breathed, licking the sweat from Ilya's face. "*I want you to make me yours.*"

Ilya looked into his eyes. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Shane could feel Ilya's knot again, pressing against his entrance in a sweet ache. He made a whimpering sound, pressing himself deeper, *feeling*.

A deep, dangerous growl vibrated from the Alpha's chest, his arms loosened from around Shane, only for them to slither into his hair, caressing and tugging affectionately before the Alpha showed his knot into Shane with a shuddering, wet gasp.

At the same time, Shane's balls tightened, and a choked moan was swallowed into Ilya's mouth when the Alpha brought their lips together as they both came—Shane spilled all over

their chests, trembling and gasping, and Ilya filled him up in return, panting between kisses.

When they finally pulled apart, Shane met Ilay's, and for a fleeting moment, he noticed something like satisfaction—or perhaps contentment—flashed in the Alpha's eyes. He didn't dwell on it. Instead, he exhaled softly and bared his neck, offering himself for the Alpha to mark.

Ilya's eyes turned a shade darker as he leaned in, sinking his teeth into the exposed flesh of Shane's scent gland, biting down, and tearing into his skin tenderly before lapping at the newly formed wound. When he finally pulled away, blood on his lips, Shane smiled and sank his teeth into the Alpha in return.

When done, Shane rested his head against his Alpha's shoulder, their bodies still conjoined. He stayed there, eyes fluttering shut with a smile on his face.

Now he could truly say that Ilya Rozanov was his.

“Ilya?”

“... What is it?”

“... I love you.”

Ilya's arms tightened. “I love you too.”

The End.

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