

Say You're Mine and I'll Call You Good

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76529256) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76529256>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Scenting , Possessive Behavior , Dom/sub Undertones , feelings what feelings , Locker Room , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , Idiots in Love , Shane Hollander is in denial , Manhandling , Praise Kink , Knotting , Mating Bites , Size Difference , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Vaginal Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Completed: 2025-12-28 Words: 3,971 Chapters: 2/2

Say You're Mine and I'll Call You Good

by [cloudyzeus](#)

Summary

Shane's an Omega in denial. Ilya's the Alpha who can make him admit his want. One tough game later, the truth comes out as Shane finally gives into his inner desires.

or Ilya is just a little shit with ridiculously good looks

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Don't Look at Me Like That

Shane could feel the crowd vibrating through the ice. There was twenty thousand voices in the stadium and all of them were roaring for blood like it was the damn playoffs instead of the end of a regular season.

And still that damn Ilya Rozanov was glued to his hip again. Shane heard him before he even saw him. Heavy skates cutting across the neutral zone. That low, taunting grunt every time he accelerated, like he was an animal.

Shane gritted his teeth and ducked his shoulder just in time. Yet, it didn't stop the hit from incoming. As Ilya slammed him into the boards with enough force to break his ribs. Shane's head spun from the force, and the puck skittered away under someone else's stick.

The whistle screeched.

Shane shoved Ilya back instantly, gloved palm pressing into the other man's chest. Ilya didn't budge as if he was pushed by a five year old. Even worse was the smirk the Russian flashed him embodying ego and arrogance.

He leaned in. "Keep skating into my lane," Ilya said, voice low and with that thick Russian accent that sent shivers into Shane, "And I'll put you through the glass next time."

Shane barked out a sharp laugh. "Fuck off this is my lane, dumbass."

Two seconds later, the ref grabbed them both by the arms, shouting something about unsportsmanlike conduct. Shane barely heard it. His pulse was still hammering too hard, adrenaline sizzling under his skin.

His body was heating up and he felt a pressure building up inside him. He could feel himself leaking. And the worst part ?

Ilya smelt it on him.

Shane could tell by the slight head tilt as if he was a dog that had caught onto the scent of a bone. He cursed his body for betraying him during the game he didn't want anyone to know the truth and especially not Ilya Rozanov.

Shane stiffened. "Don't."

But of course Ilya's eyes gleamed, hungry and amused. "Didn't say anything."

"Don't even think about it."

"Thinking isn't against the rules." Before Shane could swing at him, the ref shoved them apart again and pointed toward the box. "Both of you- five minutes!"

Which got them both boos and cheers as the arena clearly ate up the 'rivalry'.

Shane skated to the penalty box with anger in the pit of his stomach. He hated the way the crowd reacted every time he and Ilya tangled. He hated how the commentators would bring up “their rivalry” like it was something cute and fun. And not slowly breaking down his sanity.

The door shut behind them with a loud metallic clang. And both teams were resetting for the next face off. Silence immediately filled the space make nervousness build in Shane. He stood leaning forward, elbows on his knees, trying to breathe normally, pretending his body wasn't betraying him in a way only one person in the world could detect.

Shane could feel those dark eyes dragging over him and studying him, catching every twitch, every shift of breath, every leak of his scent he tried to shove down.

It made him want to shove the man's head through the glass.

“You're jumpy today,” Ilya murmured.

Shane's head snapped up. “Try me again. I dare you.”

Ilya's lips quirked- not quite a smirk, not quite a snarl but something between.

“Do you always get like this when you're losing control”

“I'm not-” Shane cut himself off, jaw clenching. He could feel the way his scent was threatening to rise, warm and sweet and horribly noticeable. His suppressants held, but just barely. The adrenaline spike from the hit had fried his focus.

Ilya inhaled slowly, like he couldn't help himself causing Shane to flush in embarrassment. “You're imagining things.”

“Mm.” Ilya leaned back in the penalty-box seat, manspreading, leading Shane's eyes to drift towards his crotch - a natural response. “That what you want to call it?”

Shane's fingers dug into his hockey stick.

He hated him.

He hated him so damn much.

But his body - the traitor that it was- didn't know the difference between hatred and lust.

A chant rose from the crowd as the puck dropped once again. They could both hear players scrambling and the scraping of ice. Yet, neither of them looked away from each other. Then Ilya said, voice soft enough only Shane could hear: “Keep pretending, little Omega. I'll wait.”

Shane froze, his breath caught in his throat. Ilya's gaze locked onto his, unblinking as he stated the impossible-to-deny truth.

Shane stepped forward, ready to break the visor off Ilya's helmet- but the buzzer went off. Meaning their five minutes were up.

The box door opened and the world snapped back into focus. Shane breathed in twice trying to get Ilya out of his mind and skated out without looking back. Despite the feel of Ilya following like he always did.

The rest of the match went horribly- for the metros anyway- the shove by Ilya was clearly only the start of his torment. It felt like to everyone he focused on Shane more than anything. To others it may of seemed like the Russian was just showing off but Shane knew the blonde was trying to break him.

So it was to no surprise of Shane that his team had lost the end of season match. If their team and best player was off focus what hope did his teammates have. He skated off pissed at the sounds of Boston celebrating.

As both teams reconvened for the handshakes Shane dreaded when he finally got to Ilya and he was right. The Russian grasped his hand firmly and winked as he passed by whispering "See you later little omega". The glare Shane mustered up just made Ilya laugh - annoying him even more.

Shane ripped his hand away the second Ilya let go, jaw clenched so tight he felt it in his temples. The line kept moving, teammates murmuring the usual "good game" nonsense, but Shane barely registered any of it. His pulse was thundering too loud in his ears, cheeks hot.

He didn't look back at Ilya.
He didn't need to.

He could feel the damn Alpha smiling behind him, smug and self-satisfied, like he'd just won more than a hockey game.

Shane's skates scraped hard against the tunnel floor as he stepped off the ice, heading straight for the locker room. The moment the door shut behind him, he tore off his gloves and slammed them into his cubby.

"Someone's pissed," Hayden joked half- heartedly.

Shane didn't even bother answering he didn't have the patience to respond with a quip. He yanked off his helmet, toss landing harder than he meant, breathing sharp through his nose.

He could still feel Ilya's fingers around his hand and he could still hear the whisper.

Shane pressed both hands to the back of his neck, trying to control the rising heat in his blood. He wasn't even in heat yet nowhere near it - but Ilya's scent, Ilya's voice, Ilya's hands on him all game-

He squeezed his legs shut. Hard. Trying his utmost hardest to not let slick leak onto the floor.

But his body didn't listen. Suppressants could only do so much once instinct got involved. And Ilya always, always dragged his omegan instinct to the surface like it was lightwork.

A few players drifted toward the showers, steam spilling from the open tiled doorway. Shane stayed put a moment longer, letting the noise of running water drown out the ghost of Ilya's

laugh.

He grabbed a towel and headed inside. Warm mist wrapped around him instantly. The room was empty except for the echoes of distant water hitting tile. And was Shane so grateful for that he needed that minute alone.

He ducked his head under the spray, letting the hot water flow over his hair and down his back. The water eased him letting his shoulders finally drop and his heartbeat steady. He got out the shower calmed as if Ilya Rozanov had been merely a figment of his imagination during the game. That was until he heard footsteps approaching causing his eyes to snap open.

He knew no one on his team walked like that. "Miss me already?" He spun around as Rozanov stepped into his view. His damp blond hair fell over his brow, eyes locked on him like prey spotted in the open. He couldn't help check the other man out he had nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist just low enough to show off his delectable v-line.

At the sight of a hot Alpha in touching distance his scent betrayed him leaking out in the locker room. Ilya inhaled and hungrily smiled at it. And Shane knew instantly he should have taken the risk and showered at home. But now? It was too late.

Ilya closed the distance between them in such a predatory way Shane couldn't help but back up. Until, his back hit against a locker. Shane was cornered exactly what he didn't want, but exactly what his traitor body reacted to. "Get out," Shane snapped, but his voice came out softer than he intended it to more breath than bite.

Ilya stopped just short of touching, looming over him, the scent of Alpha heat filled Shane's lungs. "Why would I leave?" Ilya asked quietly. "You called me."

Shane's whole body locked. "I did not-" Ilya braced one hand on the wall beside Shane's head, leaning in until their breaths mingled. "You're leaking for me."

Shane's cheeks burned. "Shut up."

"You want me to shut up," Ilya said, head tilting slightly, "Come make me." Shane hated that his pulse jumped at the challenge. The Alpha's pupils were blown wide, just drinking in Shane. "You're-" Shane's voice caught, throat thick. "You're doing this on purpose."

"Yes." Was all the blonde replied. Ilya dipped his head, nose brushing the air just above the curve of Shane's jaw. It was intimate in a way that made Shane's knees buckle and his breath stutter.

"I shouldn't want this... shouldn't want you," Ilya murmured. "But you... you make me crazy"

Shane clenched his fists at his sides. "This- this isn't anything."

Ilya's gaze flicked down his body, "Your scent says different."

Shane sucked in a sharp breath. "Ilya," he warned, voice cracking slightly. "Seriously- just-leave."

Ilya's expression softened in a way Shane had never seen before. Still dangerous, but edged with something almost gentle. "You're not okay," He said quietly. Shane's throat bobbed. "I'm fine."

"You're shaking," Ilya countered.

"I'm angry."

"No," Ilya said. Shane's breath faltered as Ilya leaned closer, his body instinctively opening up for Ilya as his legs spread wider. "See?" The Alpha murmured. "You are calling me." Shane's heart hammered so loud he swore the tiles echoed it. "I'm not-" He whispered, but the lie collapsed halfway out of his mouth.

Ilya's voice dipped, a growl right against Shane's ear: "Then tell me to stop." Shane froze, he opened his mouth then closed it and tried again to force words out but nothing came. Ilya's hand curled into the wall behind Shane's head, muscles tense like he was holding himself back with everything he had. "I go," Ilya said softly, "If you say the word."

His scent spoke for him again a sweet, needy mouth watering scent came out pleading for Ilya. "Omega..."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, hating but wanting at the same time. "Fine.."

"Fine what?" The Russian probed further grabbing Shane's face tilting it up to look him in the eyes.

"Fuck me." Shane damn near whimpered. "Please."

Chapter 2: Into the bed we go

Chapter Summary

smutty sex + dirty talk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya's hand slid down slowly, tracing the inside of Shane's thigh, stopping just shy of his crotch. Shane's hips jerked forward as a response to the touch.

Ilya's voice dropped to a dangerous level. "You want my hands on you?"

Shane nodded, too quickly.

"My mouth?"

Another nod.

"My cock?"

Ilya stepped back, just enough to let Shane breathe again. "Get dressed," the Alpha said softly. "I drive you home."

Shane's jaw dropped. "Like hell you-"

Ilya lifted one brow, daring Shane to continue his complaints. "You want me," He said simply. "Your scent is spreading and I can smell your slick from here. If I kissed you again no doubt you will fall to your knees here."

"So," Ilya continued, voice steady and low, "We're going to get dressed. We going to walk out of this locker room. And you're going to let me take you somewhere more private."

"Ilya," He whispered, This is insane."

"Yes," Ilya agreed easily. "Now hurry before I make you." Shane swallowed hard and reached for his clothes with shaking hands.

The hotel room door clicked shut behind them, and the sound had Shane feeling nervous. His hands twitched as if he wanted to take off and bolt. But he didn't have time to think anymore as Ilya was already stripping while closing the distances, eyes dark and hungry.

"Sit," Ilya ordered softly, yet every muscle in his body screamed dominance. Shane froze, trying to keep his composure. "Ilya, wait-"

“No,” the Alpha cut him off, leaning close enough that Shane could feel his breath, his pulse. “No talking. No pretending. Do you understand?”

Shane swallowed, body trembling. “Yes”

Ilya’s lips brushed Shane’s temple, teeth grazing the sensitive skin. “Good. That’s it. My little Omega. Listening. Always responding.”

Shane’s breath hitched, his hands gripped the edge of the bed, knuckles white, trying to stop his body from betraying him completely. “You’re trembling,” Ilya murmured, fingers brushing along Shane’s side, teasing. “My good boy. My perfect little Omega. Look at you, needing me, begging with your body even when your mouth says no.”

Shane shivered violently. “No.. I-”

Ilya’s lips pressed to Shane’s jaw, teeth grazing. “Shh. Don’t lie to me. You want me. You’ve always wanted me.”

Shane’s knees buckled, heart hammering. “Yes Alpha” he whispered. Ilya’s hand slid to the back of Shane’s neck, fingers threading through damp hair, pulling him forward as his mouth crashed against Shane’s.

Shane gasped and Ilya swallowed it greedily. There was nothing gentle about it. Ilya kissed like he played like was trying to dominate everything on the pitch. And Shane kissed back with every ounce of anger and want and rage he’d been shoving down for months.

As Ilya lifted him up off the ground Shane wrapped his legs around the Russian’s waist. Neither of them wanted to break the kiss so Ilya carried him into the bedroom. Shane flushed as he was carried like he was lightweight he had known Ilya was strong from the amount of times the blonde had shoved him into the boards. But for the Alpha to use his strength in such way was such a turn on.

Ilya dropped him onto the bed, breaking a kiss leaving a saliva link between them. Ilya then peeled off his shirt in one motion, muscles flexing, a trail of blond hair dipping below his waistband. Shane’s eyes followed every movement, pupils blown wide and desperate.

Shane’s fingers fumbled with the hem of his shirt. He’d never felt clumsy in front of Ilya before as he always tried to never let him see any weakness. But now? His hands shook so hard he could barely get his shirt off.

“Let me,” he murmured. Ilya gripped the shirt, pulled it off him slowly. “There you are,” Ilya breathed, gaze dragging down Shane’s torso. “Ty takaya goryachaya, detka. Ne mogu dozhdatsya, kogda my zaymemsya seksom.”

Shane’s cheeks burned. He didn’t know Russian but from the lust in Ilya’s eyes he guessed it wasn’t child friendly. Ilya’s fingers skimmed down his stomach as they finally got to his pussy he nearly cried from relief.

"You're so wet," He murmured, accent thickening. "How were you going to handle this without me?" Shane's face went red, knees pressing together from Ilya's intense gaze until Ilya pushed them apart again with one firm hand.

Shane swallowed, words failing him. His body betrayed him completely, pressing forward, aching, desperate for more. "You're such a good boy," Ilya continued, voice positively feral. "So fucking perfect and it's all for me. You hear me, Omega? You're mine."

Shane shivered, he had never realised how much he liked to be praised by Ilya. "Please..." he whispered, weak. Ilya's hand slid lower, brushing against Shane's slick pussy, teasing him just enough to make him whine.

Ilya's fingers dipped between Shane's thighs, parting the soaked folds with deliberate strokes, circling the swollen clit that throbbed under his touch.

"Look at you," Ilya growled, his breath hot against Shane's ear. "Dripping for me. Your pussy's begging for my cock, isn't it?" He pushed one thick finger inside, slow and deep, curling it to hit that spot that made Shane's hips buck involuntarily. Shane cried out, walls fluttering around the intrusion and his hands clutching at Ilya's shoulders, nails digging into the hard muscle. "Ilya... fuck- more."

Ilya then added a second finger, stretching him further pumping in and out of him. "That's right, take it. Feel how full I can make you? This is just the start, detka. I'm going to fuck you until you can't think at all." His free hand pinned Shane's wrist above his head, holding him down as he thrust his fingers harder, thumb grinding against the clit.

Ilya added a third finger and leaned down to suck a mark into his collarbone. Moans spilled from the shorter's lips as his body arched, chasing more friction. He could smell the Alpha's arousal, thick and heady, and feel his cock straining against his pants, pressing insistently against Shane's thigh.

"In me now" Shane demanded, too impatient to wait any longer. He wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him closer, the heat of their bodies igniting everything. "Ah ah you take what I give you."

Ilya flipped Shane onto his stomach, yanking his ass up. Shane braced on his elbows, presenting himself like the needy Omega he was. Ilya's hands spread his cheeks, breath hot against his hole. Then his tongue was there, licking a broad stripe from pussy to rim. Shane whined in surprise at the tongue in his cunt.

Ilya ate him out like he was starving, tongue fucking into his pussy, lapping up the slick. Fingers joined again, one in his ass now, scissoring gently while his mouth worked Shane's clit. The dual assault had Shane babbling incoherently, body trembling on the edge.

He sucked hard on Shane's clit, fingers thrusting deep. Shane shattered, pussy spasming, slick gushing over Ilya's hand. His cock spurted weakly onto the sheets, waves of pleasure crashing through him.

Ilya didn't let up, drawing out the orgasm until Shane was oversensitive, begging. Ilya chuckled, withdrawing his fingers abruptly, leaving Shane empty and whining. He licked them clean, eyes locked on Shane's flushed face. "You taste so good." He quickly shoved his pants down, freeing his thick cock. It sprang up, veined and leaking pre-cum, his knot at the base already swelling in anticipation.

"Ready?" Ilya asked somewhat caringly. Shane's eyes widened, a mix of fear and lust in him. He'd never been fucked by an Alpha before and the fact that it was Ilya was maddening. But as Ilya gripped his hips turning him around so he was now on his back, lining up the blunt head against his entrance. All Shane felt was desire.

"Breathe," Ilya said, voice softening just a fraction as he pushed in, inch by inch. Shane's walls clenched around the intrusion, slick easing the way, but the stretch burned so good, filling him until he felt split open.

"Oh god... Ilya- Alpha." Shane panted, head thrown back, tears already pricking his eyes from the intensity. His body adjusted fast though, hips rocking to take more, the fullness sending sparks through him.

Ilya bottomed out with a groan, hips flush against Shane's ass. "Fuck, you're tight. Perfect little pussy made for me." He held still for a moment, letting Shane adjust, then began to thrust slow at first, then faster. Each snap of his hips drove deeper, the sound of skin slapping skin echoing in the room, as well as Shane's desperate cries.

Shane's hands scratched Ilya's back, trying to gain purchase as he was fucked into relentlessly almost as if he was a fuckdoll. The Alpha's mouth claimed his neck, sucking marks into his skin. "Mine," Ilya snarled between thrusts. "Say it."

"Yours... I'm yours," Shane moaned, the words barely coming out. His cock untouched, leaked against his stomach and Ilya's. Ilya then angled his hips expertly hitting his prostate with ease. Then Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane's cock to stroke in time. "Come for me mhm? Come for your Alpha *omega*"

Shane came with a shout, body convulsing, pussy spasming around Ilya's length as waves of pleasure crashed through him. Cum spurted over Ilya's fist, his vision whiting out.

Ilya didn't stop however pounding through the aftershocks, his own release building. With a final, deep thrust, his knot swelled, catching at the rim before popping inside, locking them together. He groaned, flooding Shane with hot cum, pulse after pulse filling him until it leaked out around the knot and onto the bed.

Ilya's knot kept them joined, but his hands roamed possessively, tracing the sweat-slicked curves of Shane's body. Shane's head fell back against the pillow, exposing his tempting throat.

"Oh?" Ilya purred. "You offer me your neck now? You want me to bite you that badly?" Shane's eyes flew open mortified at his body's natural reaction. "I-I didn't-"

“Yes, you did.” Ilya’s mouth descended to his neck again, teeth dragging slow and cruel over his gland that made Shane tremble. The sharp graze sent fresh shivers down his spine, his oversensitive body clenching around the knot still buried deep inside him.

"My pretty little thing. You’re going to say everything you want before I’m through with you.” Shane whimpered, his body trapped and thrumming, every nerve alight under Ilya's control. The Alpha's tongue flicked out, lapping at the spot just below his ear, tasting the salt of his skin. “Tell me you want my mark,” Ilya demanded, his free hand sliding up to cup Shane's jaw, forcing their eyes to meet.

“I... I want it,” Shane breathed, the confession slipping out. His pussy fluttered around the knot, drawing a groan from Ilya, who rocked his hips just enough to grind deeper without pulling free.

“Louder,” Ilya growled, teeth nipping harder at the juncture of neck and shoulder, not breaking skin but promising he could. His fingers wrapped around Shane's cock again, pumping slowly, coaxing it back to hardness.

“I want your mark” Shane cried, voice cracking as ecstasy sparked anew. He bucked weakly.

Ilya hummed in approval, his mouth soothing the teased skin with open-mouthed kisses. “That's my Omega.” He thrust shallowly, the knot tugging at Shane's entrance, sending jolts of pleasure-pain through him. Shane's hands fisted in the sheets, moans turning to pleas as Ilya worked him relentlessly, fingers slick with cum and arousal sliding back to circle his clit.

“You'll wear my bite for everyone to see,” Ilya murmured against his throat, possessively. “No more fighting. Now that you are marked as mine.” His teeth pressed down again, harder this time, breaking the skin just enough to draw a thin line of blood.

Shane's second orgasm ripped through him without warning, his walls clamping down on Ilya's knot, milking it desperately. Ilya followed with a guttural groan, another flood of cum spilling deep inside Shane's cunt. Finally they collapsed down on the bed as they remain locked together Ilya's arms wrapped around Shane's protectively.

Panting, Shane turned his head, seeking Ilya's lips. They kissed lazily, basking in the afterglow. "That was..."

Ilya chuckled, nuzzling his neck. "Just the beginning, *detka*."

Chapter End Notes

lemme know if you would like to see more shane x ilya!

End Notes

I appreciate any kudos or comments

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!