

if these sheets were the states

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77403766) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77403766>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Character:	Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Alpha Shane Hollander , Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Scenting , Scent Kink , Knotting , Play Fighting , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Submission , Ilya Calls Shane Omega
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 2,693 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Relationships between two alphas can be...complicated.

On the ice, Shane is as alpha as can be. Off the ice, though, that's a different story.

Notes

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

Relationships with two alphas can be...complicated.

They're not as taboo as they once were, but it's still not common to see two alphas *together* publicly. It's like how omegas are technically allowed in the league, you can count on one hand how many actually play.

Shane tries not to think about it too much. The relationship dynamics, that is. He's basically like every other alpha. He likes shoving players on the opposing team into the boards, likes feeling the growl in his chest when he hears a chirp thrown at him from behind. And maybe he likes it when Rozanov presses down on the small of his back while he fucks him, forcing him to present like the *good omega he is*.

Shane is snapped out of his thoughts when Coach claps him on the shoulder and tells him he's in. He's fine, really. They're up by 2, making clean passes and following through on their plays. So there's really no reason for him to be nervous, especially with the way the home crowd cheers for him. But he can't help it as he skates up to the center line, where Rozanov already stands.

"Hollander," He murmurs under his breath as the pair bend forward over the puck. It sounds thick on his tongue, like he's trying to sound out every syllable.

"Rozanov," Shane responds, and he tries not to, but the corner of his mouth curls in a snarl. Rozanov raises his eyebrows under the shadow of his helmet. Almost smiling, but Shane can smell his bristling annoyance.

"Trying to be alpha with me, Hollander?" Rozanov says. Their sticks hit the ice with a sharp thunk. "What would all these people say if they knew that their strong alpha Captain is my *bitch*?"

Shane loses the face off.

They win, thankfully. 4-3. His teammates are pleased, Coach Theriault is pleased, the fans are pleased. Shane is still riled up, though. He likes to win, it makes his alpha feel good. But he's still pissed about what Rozanov said on the ice. And his stupid fucking smirk as he said it. Shane is sure he stinks of angry, irritated alpha, and he internally winces. The league requires them to scent blockers during games, and alphas shouldn't be that sensitive to each other's scents, but he feels bad for the rest of the locker room anyways.

He's taking off his gear when his phone lights up.

Lily: You got lucky this time

Shane smiles to himself as he picks up his phone.

Jane: Oh so that's what ur telling yourself?

Lily: Yes

Lily: Coming tonight?

He looks around at his teammates, still glowing from the win. They never expect Shane to go out with them when they're in Boston.

Jane: Thought you'd want to lick your wounds in private

Lily: I know what I'd rather lick 🍆

Shane jumps and shuts off his phone, shoving it face down on the bench. Hayden glances over at him as he zips up his duffel bag.

"Jeez, Shane. In the kindest way possible, you need to get laid."

Shane feels his cheeks heat up.

"No, I promised J.J that I'd—"

"Hey," Hayden interrupts. "Go to your Boston girl. Again, no offense, but you should probably shower before you do."

Hayden's nostrils flare as he takes notice of Shane's scent. Uselessly, Shane covers the patch on his neck with his hand.

"Sorry," He says, grimacing.

"Don't worry about it, man," Hayden says, patting Shane on the shoulder. "It happens to the best of us."

Rozanov's penthouse smells like him.

Shane shouldn't be so sensitive to his scent. Any other alpha would just smell the twinge of disappointment in the air from the loss of the game. But it hits Shane like a tidal wave, strong notes of anger and frustration and above all, horniness. Shane is an alpha but he wants to roll around in it, covering himself with Rozanov's scent so he can smell like him.

"We would have won if you did not distract me," Rozanov rumbles from behind him, the front door closing shut with a soft click. Shane huffs out a laugh as Rozanov steps closer to him, gently resting his hands on his waist.

"Distracting? It's not my fault you guys play like shit," Shane laughs, even though it's not true. Rozanov pulls him backwards so he's flush with his chest. The other alpha growls softly, a little noise of annoyance that immediately has Shane's cock thickening in his pants.

"Not shit, Hollander," He says, his breath hot against the shell of Shane's ear. Shane wants to bare his neck in submission from the simple touch alone. He's so easy for Rozanov. It's

embarrassing.

“Was just distracted by *this*,” Rozanov’s right hand slides down from Shane’s hip to the meat of his ass, and he squeezes. A soft *ah* escapes Shane’s lips, and he can feel Rozanov’s hardness pressed against him. Winning makes Shane horny. Watching Shane win makes Rozanov horny.

“So easy for me,” He continues. He starts kissing down the length of Shane’s neck, not hard enough to leave any marks, but it still makes the other alpha shudder.

“N-Not easy,” Shane stutters as Rozanov’s lips graze over his scent gland. He wants so badly for him to stay there and sink his teeth in. To bite him, *claim him*.

“Hm, are you calling me liar?” Rozanov asks. “Prove it, then. Show me you are not easy.”

Shane likes playing this game, but he thinks Rozanov likes it more. He growls and uses his strength to push Rozanov off him, turning around so he can kiss him. He backs him up against the wall and there’s a deep rumble in Rozanov’s chest. They kiss fiercely, Shane fueled by their win and Rozanov bitter from the Bears’ loss. They play dirty, each pulling out the tricks they know rile each other up. Shane bites on Rozanov’s lower lip while the other alpha slides his hand up his chest. Shane is doing pretty well, keeping his ground and not completely folding to the touches. Until Rozanov grasps the back of his neck and squeezes, like he’s *scruffing* him.

“Fuck you!” Shane shouts as he shivers, pulling away from Rozanov. He pretends to be pissed seeing his grin and shoves the other man with his shoulder.

They kiss again, slowly making their way to Rozanov’s bedroom. Shane tries to grab Rozanov by his biceps and maneuver him on the bed, but he’s ready for it, so Shane is the one who goes down. He kicks out one of his legs and gets Rozanov in the thigh, throwing him off balance for a second, letting Shane grab him by the arm and pull him down onto the bed. Rozanov snarls as Shane crawls on top of him, groaning into his mouth as his hard cock rubs against the other alpha’s thigh. It doesn’t last long, though, because Rozanov hooks his leg around Shane’s and uses his body weight to flip them over.

“Like I said, easy,” Rozanov growls. Shane groans as his wrists are pinned above his head. Rozanov is breathing heavily above him, his face flushed as he looks at Shane with a heavy gaze. Shane can feel Rozanov’s thick cock pressing against his own and it makes him feel crazy. He keeps one around Shane’s wrists, reaching the other down so he can yank his sweatpants down. He cups Shane’s erection, smirking. “See?”

“*Alpha*,” Shane moans, finally submitting. He can’t help it, not with the way Rozanov is looking at him. The other alpha rumbles, pleased with the submission.

“That is correct. You are not alpha. I am.”

At some point Rozanov stands up to take off his clothes, letting Shane do the same. Rozanov’s cock is thick and heavy, and something inside Shane feels pleased. He doesn’t think about what he’s doing as he sits up, crawling towards the end of the bed where Rozanov

stands. He's so close to the alpha's cock, and the scent of his arousal fills his nose. Fuck, he smells so good. Shamelessly, Shane presses his cheek against the meat of Rozanov's thigh, nosing at his balls. Rozanov groans and says something in Russian before shoving his hand in Shane's hair, grabbing the strands and pulling him even closer.

"Suck."

Shane almost snarls in defiance, but the hand in his hair stops him. He opens his mouth, slowly letting the tip of Rozanov's cock in his mouth. It's messy, since Shane is keeping himself balanced with his hands, but the other alpha still seems to be enjoying it. Rozanov moans loudly and guides Shane by the hair. The noises they're making are loud and obscene, and if it was anyone else, Shane would be mortified. But it's Rozanov, and he likes being good for Rozanov.

"Hollander, I'm going to—*Hollander!*" Rozanov shouts, pulling Shane off his dick abruptly. Shane whines pathetically at the loss of contact. He notices that Rozanov's knot is already swollen at the base of his cock; Shane whines again, because he wants it inside him so badly.

"Fuck, you want my knot?" Rozanov asks, breathless. Mouth still open, Shane nods. His own length hangs heavy between his thighs.

Rozanov gestures for Shane to turn around while he grabs lube from the nightstand. Shane stays on all fours as Rozanov rustles around behind him. It's almost natural how he sinks downwards, chest against the bedsheets while his ass is in the air. He widens his knees and groans at the soreness in his thighs.

"You are trying to kill me, Hollander," Rozanov says. He smooths his hand over Shane's ass, lightly grazing his fingertips over the stretch marks that reach the side of his thighs. "This is your place, *da?*"

Shane moans as a lubed finger traces his hole. If he was an omega, this would be so much easier. He'd be so wet, so *ready*, and Rozanov could just slide right in. He'd take cock so much better.

"You are thinking very loud," Rozanov grumbles as he slips a finger inside. "You should not be thinking when you are about to get my cock. What are you thinking about?"

"*Ah*," Shane whimpers. His hips jolt and the tip of his cock brushes against the sheet. "I just—*fuck*, I wish, sometimes, I was an omega."

"Hm," Rozanov hums, feigning consideration. He slips another finger inside. "I like you like this though, Hollander. You are hungry for cock always, just like omega."

Rozanov takes his time stretching Shane's hole until he's a babbling, teary-eyed mess. He won't be able to take the alpha's knot, that would have taken a day of prep, but he's ready enough.

"*Please*, Rozanov," Shane cries, tears pricking the corners of his eyes. He can feel his own knot growing, and part of him craves something to fuck into, something to knot.

“You want?” Rozanov teases. He presses the head of his cock against Shane’s wet hole.

“Fuck you,” Shane can’t help the pitiful whine that escapes his throat. He feels a hot tear slip down his cheek. He’s so frustrated, he wants his alpha’s cock inside him *now*.

Rozanov bends over so his chest is flush against Shane’s back.

“No no, do not cry. My sweet omega, I will give you what you need.”

Rozanov fucks him hard and fast. Shane’s breath comes out in soft pants, little *ah, ah, ahs* while his body is jostled forward from the momentum. Rozanov kisses down the back of his neck before gripping his shoulder, pulling Shane further back on his cock.

“Yes, fuck, take it,” Rozanov grunts. Shane has to let his head fall to the mattress, too overwhelmed with pleasure to focus. “Imagine what they would say if they knew. Ah, what would headline be? Ilya Rozanov fucked Captain of Metros, alpha Shane Hollander, like good omega. Many times.”

Shane shudders hearing Rozanov say his first name. He wants to hear it again.

“That’s a—*fuck, Rozanov*—very explicit headline.”

“Is true. Did I say my omega could talk? I do not think so.”

Being called his omega shuts him up real quick. The room becomes a symphony of moans and whines, growls and snarls. His senses are overloaded with the scent of Rozanov, of alpha. He smells like sex and arousal and possessiveness. The back of Shane’s thighs tingle from how hard Rozanov is fucking him. The alpha suddenly slows, almost pulling his cock all the way out of Shane’s hole, before sinking deep inside. Shane hates him. That’s the thing Rozanov knows will make him come.

Rozanov’s hand, slathered with lube, finds its way to Shane’s dick. He tightens his fingers around the length. Moaning, Shane jerks his hips and starts to fuck into his tight grip, chasing the delicious pressure.

“Yes, fuck my hand,” Rozanov grunts, speeding up his thrusts. “You are filthy.”

“Il—*Rozanov*, I’m close,” Shane shouts. The force of Rozanov’s thrusts shoves Shane forward, his knot entering the slick tightness of the other alpha’s hand.

“Come on, Hollander.” Rozanov edges Shane on. “Knot my hand.”

Shane moans as every muscle in his body tenses, and then releases as his knot fully forms and his orgasm hits. Rozanov squeezes his knot as he comes, fucking him through it. Shane feels overwhelmed, almost like he wants to cry again.

“Oh fuck Hollander,” Rozanov sighs before pulling out. Shane can hear the wet sounds of Rozanov jerking his cock, and it only takes a few moments for his release to spill onto Shane’s back. They both are breathing heavily, and Shane rolls over so he’s on his back, stretching out

his legs in the process. His stomach is all gross. Rozanov squeezes his knee, mutters something in Russian under his breath, and turns to head to the bathroom.

“What did you say?” Shane asks once he comes back. He watches through tired eyes as Rozanov takes a warm washcloth and begins to wipe down Shane’s sensitive areas. He preens at the attention, nuzzling into the pillow behind his head, a gentle purr rumbling in his throat. Rozanov stops for a split second, looking down at Shane with a quizzical brow, an unreadable emotion on his face.

“I said that next time we stretch you enough so you can take my knot,” He says. The washcloth is discarded and Rozanov climbs into the bed, lying down next to Shane. Shane adjusts so he’s pressed flush against the alpha’s warm body. He’s so content, and he can’t stop purring. “You smell like me.”

Shane glows.

“I can shower, if it’s too much,” He suggests halfheartedly. He noses at Rozanov’s scent gland, inhaling deeply.

“No no. Is good,” Rozanov replies, sliding his arm around Shane’s shoulders. It exposes more of his scent, and Shane not-so-subtly rubs his neck against the other alpha’s skin.

“You have late flight tomorrow, yes?”

Shane hums affirmatively.

“Good,” Rozanov says softly. “Because I am not done with you yet.”

Shane winces as he sits down at the gate. None of his teammates seem to notice though, and if they do, they probably think he’s just sore from the game. Which he is. He’s just more sore from...other things.

Hayden emerges from around the corner, a bag of takeout in his hand. He very dramatically collapses in the seat next to Shane.

“My calf is cramping up,” He complains. “How was your night?”

Shane feels his face heat up. He had to put on extra scent blocking cream this morning, since Rozanov had his way with him *after* he had already showered.

“Um, it was fine, I guess.”

Hayden snorts.

“Fine? You smell pretty happy.”

Hayden leans closer to him, lowering his voice.

“And I’m sure most people won’t notice, but you do smell like someone else. I hope she was good to you.”

Shane feels his phone buzz on his lap.

Lily: Sheets still smell. Won’t wash them until you play Boston again

He angles his phone away from Hayden as he reads the message. Shane feels his throat tighten. Since when did he become so sensitive?

Lily: We will win, obviously

Jane: 🍌

End Notes

all men do is LIE! ilya actually said shane was beautiful but he's too embarrassed to admit it

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