

A Subtle Flame

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77816266) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77816266>.

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:	Porn with Plot , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Intersex Omegas , Vaginal Sex , Just the Tip , Dirty Talk , Unsafe Sex , Desperation , self-restraint , but sexy romance novel-style self-restraint , respect , Emergency Contraceptives , 2008 Ivan Hlinka Memorial Tournament , Developing Relationship , Some Humor
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-17 Words: 2,427 Chapters: 1/1

A Subtle Flame

by [submariner](#)

Summary

Shane didn't go to Rozanov's hotel room with the intention of letting the alpha fuck him, at least not the first time.

in which Shane and Ilya both try to exercise some self-restraint.

Notes

anyways, I promised on tumblr I'd write fic in honor of the "just the tip" tag getting canonized on the archive. this is indeed that fic. the title is from various translations of sappho fragment 31/catullus 51 ([here](#)). if the title of this sounds like the title of eighty other stories I've written, no it doesn't.

I do in fact have a lot of thoughts about them in this universe so lmk if you all are interested in more!

oh, also, the Russian (there's at most two lines) is NOT machine-translated so uhhh if it sucks and makes no sense, at least it's not AI, but please do correct me if you know better.

explanatory glosses (for both the Russian and other things) can be found in the endnotes.

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

Shane didn't go to Rozanov's hotel room with the intention of letting the alpha fuck him, at least not the first time.

It wasn't like he really had a choice in the matter. When he compared going to Rozanov's room to wandering around the ground floor of a hotel in a foreign country, exhausted after an absolute shit-show of a round robin game, locked out of his room, and basically completely naked except for his jill, there was wasn't very much competition.

While Shane was swearing a blue streak and shivering besides, Rozanov found him. "Hell," Shane said, completely mortified, staring at the alpha and clapping a hand over his jill before realizing that doing so probably made his near-nudity even more obvious. "You."

"Hollander," Rozanov said, his accent making the contours of his own surname unfamiliar to Shane and throwing his dark grey suit coat at him. "Your teammates?"

"Uh. Yeah," Shane said, wrapping the jacket around himself and not looking at the alpha. [1]

"Shit teammates," Rozanov said.

"I don't know, I'd rather have them than someone who plays as dirty as you," snapped Shane. "God, can you just leave me alone?"

Rozanov scowled. "I make clean hit, you fall, not my fault. But you are—"

"Sure," Shane said. "Look, can you just get out? I have enough crap going on without—"

"It is my room," said Rozanov, jerking his head towards one of the rooms lining the hallway. "Look, you do not have key, yes? You stay, I get."

Shane frowned. He nodded, once.

-

Rozanov's room was neater than he'd expected: almost as neat as Shane's, which was surprising. He threw an old t-shirt at Shane, much like he'd thrown the jacket, and started digging through his duffel for a pair of sweatpants. Then he told Shane to write his room number on a piece of hotel stationery and left him alone to dress.

All of the alpha's clothes were just the wrong side of too big: big enough to make Shane feel small, and when he felt small he felt exposed, like he was just as naked as he'd been in the hallway. And perhaps worst of all, they smelled like Rozanov.

Overwhelmed and sick to his stomach, Shane sat down on the bed.

By the time Rozanov got back from the lobby, Shane was pretty sure he was about to keel over. “Hollander,” he said, dropping the room key and rushing towards the omega, gripping his shoulder. “You are sick.”

Shane gasped at the contact. “Shit,” he swore, clutching at Rozanov’s shirt sleeve and dragging the alpha closer. “Shit, I’m—”

“Is—how do you say—”

“I don’t know, I must be sick,” Shane said, or panted really. He swiped at the beads of sweat at his hairline. “Fuck, or it’s my—my—”

“You are—течкой? Heat?” [2]

“Um,” Shane said. “I think—oh hell. Yeah, fuck, Rozanov, I guess I fucking am.”

-

Everything devolved after that.

Shane didn’t remember kissing Rozanov, but it must have happened, because afterwards, after the haze of feverish lust had gone he knew the weight of the alpha on top of him, those soft lips pressed to his neck and collarbone, leaving wet marks all over him. He knew the thick weight of the alpha’s thigh between his own legs, warm callused hands rucking up his borrowed shirt and clutching and stroking his waist. He knew that afterwards he had a hickey sucked into the skin next to his nipple, broken blood vessels so dark that he thought it might have been a bruise from a blocked shot even though it didn’t hurt to poke.

But he did not know if they’d kissed.

He could feel the heft of Rozanov’s erection through the silk of his game day slacks, bullying up into the space between Shane’s legs: how it was nothing but heat and pressure and fear, at the proximity.

But Shane wasn’t the youngest player—and the only omega—at the Ivan Hlinka because he shied away from fear. Every time he took to the ice was a risk. He curled his hand in Rozanov’s hair and took the plunge.

“You can—um, your pants,” Shane exhaled, one shaking hand reaching down between them and touching the alpha’s dick through the fabric.

Rozanov hissed at the touch. “Fuck, Hollander.”

They sat up to unzip him together and Rozanov kicked his slacks off while tugging off Shane’s sweats—or really his own sweats—and sliding them down his hips. Shane held his breath. There hadn’t been—no one else had ever undressed him, before.

He stroked Rozanov lightly over his boxer briefs. His cock felt—enormous, frankly: hard and hot even through the fabric, foreign and erotic for no reason Shane could discern.

Rozanov shuddered.

“Oh, sorry,” Shane said, withdrawing his hand.

But before he could move away, the alpha was gripping his wrist. “No, is—too good. Sorry.”

“Oh,” Shane said. “You, um, want to—”

“Don’t have rubber,” Rozanov said stiffly, releasing Shane’s wrist, one hand sliding underneath the straps of Shane’s jill. “I will knot. We—”

“Oh, fuck, yeah, we shouldn’t,” said Shane, gasping slightly at the touch. “I, um, I’m not on the pill and—”

“And no babies for Canada’s big star, no?”

“No,” Shane panted. Now Rozanov’s hand—enormous and feverishly warm—was cupping his ass, kneading and groping at him like a toy. “Oh, fuck, Rozanov—”

“But we can be naked, da?”

Shane nodded mutely, lifting his hips to let Rozanov slide his jill off. Then the alpha stepped away from the bed and stripped out of his boxer briefs, leaving them puddled around his ankles. “Fuck,” he breathed and leaned forward to nuzzle at the hollows of Shane’s neck. Shane had never seen another alpha hard before but he was certain that Rozanov was massive, intimidating in his girth and length. He was so hard his foreskin was rolled back, exposing the plump head. Shane’s mouth watered involuntarily.

“Fuck,” said Shane, biting the inside of his cheek. “Fuck.” He hadn’t known until the moment that he was denied how much he wanted it: wanted it so much that he did not believe he could go on knowing how close he’d been to having it and then losing it.

Rozanov saw the distress and pet Shane’s shoulder, as if he were some skittish animal. “We can—the—how you say—tip. That way no knot.”

“Fuck,” Shane bleated. “You can’t talk like that, fuck—”

“So you want it,” he said, all cocky, overconfident alpha.

Shane’s neck heated. “Yeah, I—yeah. But you can’t come inside.”

Rozanov nodded and kissed the inside of Shane’s knee in acknowledgment, then when Shane was blushing pushed the omega onto his back, gripped his ankles, tugged him to the edge of the bed and spread his legs apart. Shane’s face, if possible, heated even further. Rozanov—and his cock—were right between Shane’s legs, in position to just—push right in, if he wanted. Shane was wet enough for it, if he wanted.

But he didn't.

Shane grabbed his own ankles, holding his legs up and out of the way so Rozanov could—look at him.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov said, voice low. “So pretty.”

“Fuck off,” Shane said, blushing.

“Is true,” said Rozanov, one finger tracing the outline of Shane's pussy. “Could be picture.”

“Whatever,” Shane said. “Look, are you going to do it, or—”

“Yes,” Rozanov said, one hand on Shane's hip and the other gripping the base of his dick, pressing the leaking head to the inside of Shane's thigh, dragging it across the soft skin until it was kissing the lips of his pussy. Their breaths hitched at the same time. And then the alpha was feeding his cunt the head, parting his folds with the blunt girth.

He was bigger than anything that had ever gone inside of Shane before. The stretch was new and terrifying, but the pressure—the pressure was exhilarating.

“You're in me,” Shane breathed. “Rozanov—”

“Yeah,” Rozanov gritted out. “Hollander—do you feel—”

“Yeah,” Shane panted. “I feel it.”

“So fucking wet,” Rozanov groaned. “So fucking—”

He drew back and Shane whimpered at the absence, but it was only so he could press the tip back in again, shiny with Shane's own slick and flushed with arousal. It was torture: just the tease of that irrevocable diameter at the opening of himself, so close to the core of Shane but so far away at the same time. Rozanov never let his dick go more than three centimeters deep. Shane wanted to cry when he slid out.

“Feel good, huh omega?” Rozanov rubbed the dripping tip against Shane's clit, getting him sloppy with precome and sending sparks down Shane's spine, then pressed back in. “Fuck, so *tight*.”

“Yeah,” Shane whined. “Fuck, Rozanov, I gotta—I need to come. Alpha, you can—more.”

“We said—just a little.”

“Uhh, but—”

“You—heat, you will have baby—”

“Unnh,” Shane panted, unconsciously thrusting back onto the alpha's cock. “I know, but—*unnh*—you could—” Just another inch and Ilya's foreskin would be sliding down with the clench of Shane's pussy, the shaft of him shining with slick and precome.

“Fuck,” Ilya swore, face pinched with pleasure, pressing in just one more centimeter then pulling back. He was so fucking thick. “Won’t—uhh—”

“Fuck, fine,” Shane breathed. “Yeah, uh, take it out. Fuck.”

Rozanov did, the tip of his dick popping out so loudly Shane worried they could hear it in the hallway outside the room. “Good omega,” he said, jerking himself furiously, using Shane’s own wetness to ease the way and pressing the slick head of his cock against Shane’s stomach, and then he was coming with a grunt, wet splatters all over Shane’s womb, where his come would have gone if he’d been inside of him. Then he pressed his thumb against Shane’s clit in a way that made him feel as though he was not being touched by a thumb but instead a cigarette, burning him away like something ephemeral, until he was nothing but ash.

Shane screwed his eyes up and felt himself come.

It was silent for a while besides the sound of their breaths, harsh in the absence of sound from what had almost been sex but wasn’t. Then Shane said, “You can’t tell anyone.”

“Who would I tell, Hollander,” Ilya’s voice was flat.

Shane opened his eyes and looked over at Rozanov. The alpha was lying on his side, head propped up on his arm. It was shocking, how handsome he really was. And he was looking back at Shane. “I don’t know,” Shane said. “Your teammates, I guess. If you—if you wanted to brag and say you got the dumb omega on Team Canada to—to—you know.”

“I won’t tell,” Rozanov said.

Shane closed his eyes again. “Thanks,” he said, even if it didn’t really feel like the right thing to say.

What he wanted to say was, I was alone and scared and you helped me not to be. What he wanted to say was, I don’t think anyone else will ever touch me like you just did. What he wanted to say was, I have never taken a risk like this, but I took it with you, because of you, and I don’t know how to move on from that.

But he didn’t say any of it.

Instead he tugged on the discarded sweatpants, grabbed his room key from where Rozanov had dropped it, and left.

Rozanov watched him go.

-

In the grand scheme of things, Shane wasn’t worried about it. It, of course, being the five minutes that the tip of Rozanov’s bare dick had been inside of him. His whole life was

unspooled in front of him. There was the rest of the Ivan Hlinka tournament, and World Juniors just around the corner, and the rest of his OHL season and maybe the Memorial Cup, and the combine, and of course the draft, just barely a year away.

But after it happened—and of course by it, he meant letting Rozanov stick it in unwrapped—there was not much else he could think about. That night, after eight trips to the hotel's ice machine to fill his bath, he lay in the tub still sweating out of the last of his heat and thinking about consequences. His parochial school's abstinence-only nun-cum-health-teacher's voice echoed in his head. Could Rozanov have really knocked him up? He'd been in heat, after all.

So when he got out of the bath, he went straight to the hotel's nightstand phone and dialed Rozanov's room number.

The alpha picked up on the second ring. "Прекрати мне звонить, придурок." [3]

"Um," Shane said. "This is Shane. Hollander."

"Hollander."

"Yeah."

"It is three AM."

"Um," Shane said again. "Sorry. I just."

"Get to point, Hollander."

"Right. Sorry. I don't, um. Do you know if there's any twenty-four hour pharmacies near us?"

Rozanov was silent for a minute. "For—"

"It's—I know we didn't—I just don't want to get pregnant," Shane said, all in one breath.

"And I know there's, um, a pill, for—"

"Oh," said Rozanov. "That is—not sold here." [4]

Shane bit his lip. "Oh," he said, voice small. "I guess—it'll be okay, probably."

"Okay," Rozanov said. "Is okay, Hollander. I will get pill."

"I don't need you to—"

"Hollander," Rozanov said firmly. "It is okay. I will get."

Shane took a breath. Rozanov had gotten his room key, though that was far different than getting a dubiously legal medication in a country Shane knew nothing about. But he didn't really have a choice. "Okay," he said carefully. "Thank you."

"Da," Rozanov said, and hung up.

-

The next morning, before Canada went out on the ice for warm-ups for their final round-robin game against Slovakia, Rozanov found Shane and pulled him aside. He handed Shane a tiny plastic bag with two small round white pills in it, like one of the little bags of drugs that were always in the movies. Shane stared at him in shock. “One now, one in twelve hours,” the alpha said.

“Thank you,” Shane said softly, still looking at the pills.

Rozanov nodded once, sharp. “I will see you for gold medal, Hollander.”

“Yeah,” Shane said. “See you in finals.”

Rozanov left the hallway.

It was only later that he understood they’d made a promise: that when Rozanov had gotten him the pills, it was the alpha doing his part to make sure Shane could keep up his end.

-

End Notes

[1] Shane getting pranked by his teammates is, of course, based off of the (sort of funny but in retrospect also sort of horrific) story of baby-faced freshly sixteen-year-old hockey robot Sidney Crosby being stripped naked, rolled up in a mattress, and sent down an elevator by Ryan Getzlaf and Jeff Tambellini at the 2004 world juniors ([here](#)).

[2] estrus.

[3] “Stop calling me, asshole.” I imagine Ilya, like Shane, is being hazed by his teammates, but they’re prank-calling him instead of locking him out of his hotel room naked.

[4] emergency contraceptives were not sold in the Czech Republic (where the Ivan Hlinka takes place) until 2019.

also, discussion questions!

1. what impact does discrimination against omegas have on the sports hazing experiences of THEE premier omega Shane Hollander, and how do these experiences of discrimination affect his relationship with Ilya?

2. how does Ilya view omegas in this story, and how might those views be challenged by his developing relationship with Shane in the future?

and for my hrpf lovers:

3. can Shane Hollander truly be based on Sidney Crosby if he a) doesn't bake banana bread b) isn't a real bird-watcher c) wasn't bullied, feminized, and degraded by the media for his looks and style of play for a decade straight?

thanks for reading!! I'm on tumblr at submarinerwrites ([here](#)) if you wanna scream at me or reblog the fic's post ([here](#))!

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