Needing You Here

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77191011.

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:	Omegaverse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Omega Shane Hollander, Smut
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-06 Words: 3,535 Chapters: 1/1

Needing You Here

by paidinexposure

Summary

Going home to his summer cottage after the season ends to deal with his heats alone. Somewhere along the way Ilya caught wind of Shane's scent and now has to go see him at the cottage.

Notes

Lmao I hope this story isn't bad. I don't know shit about hockey. Watched the show and fell in love with everyone and needed to write something. So this came about. And this is my first attempt at writing anything omegaverse related so I hope that all makes sense here. And I hope that I got the characters right. It was really throw anything at the wall to see what sticks while writing this so sorry if I got anything wrong or messed up anywhere. Also I'm not the best at writing smut so you have been warned if it is bad.

Hope that you all can enjoy !!!

It’s been a long and grueling season once again for everyone involved. Lots of fights. Lots of tension across teams.

At the same time, the season has gone well. Everyone fought their hardest out on the rink time after time. Putting their hearts out on the ice for everyone to see.

Of course it’s not uncommon for an alpha to be a team captain. Always wanting to take charge where they can. Wanting the best for their teammates. Pushing everyone to their limits and even beyond.

Every now and again, there’s an omega as a team captain. Doesn’t happen often. But it’s never a once in a blue moon situation. Some omegas do well under pressure. Rising up above everyone else. Filling the leader position when absolutely needed.

Naturally putting those two teams against each other, the captains tend to butt heads. Trying their best to fight fairly to win the game. To be better than the other. Letting the competitiveness of the sport course through their veins. Let their athleticism shine and do all of the talking on the ice.

But behind closed doors, the two can hardly keep their hands off of each other. As if the whole rivalry on the rink is just an act. Letting everyone be fooled into thinking that they would be better off without each other.

Which to some degree is true. They don’t need each other. They’ve always been fine on their own. But something deep down, past all of the fighting and heated talk, there’s want that’s dragging them closer together. Like a strong magnet you can’t pull apart.

Spending most of the off time during the season to relieve the stress caused by their public façade. Only using each other as bodies to get off when no one else can. Easier to find each other than finding someone to go hook up with.

But now the season is over and Shane can stop worrying about taking his meds for a bit now. Letting his body truly relax at his summer cabin. It’s secluded enough that he doesn’t have to worry about anyone interrupting his heats.

He works so hard all season long to make sure that he is on top of his medication. On top of keeping his heats suppressed. Keeping everything squared away like it’s meant to be. Hockey is his number one priority and he can’t let anything get in the way of that.

It’s also why he doesn’t have much to help him through his heats. He’s lucky that he’s got his one dildo from forever ago. When he was still learning what worked best for him and his heats.

He goes to find Ilya to give him one last goodbye to close out the season. To tell him that he will see him next season like they always do.

Luckily they just played one last hard game against each other. As the arena clears out of everyone going home for the summer, it’s easier to find the blond man.

Both are on their way out with their bags packed. Finding their way out of the arena to head to the airport to fly home. Each going their own way after this.

“Hey,” Shane says, lightly bumping shoulders with Ilya. “Just wanted to say that I’ll see you around next season.” Turning to look Ilya in the face one last time. Sporting a small smile, feeling a few butterflies sprout in his stomach.

“Yeah see you next season,” Ilya comments back quietly. Not having much to say after a long game. Trying his best to stay grounded in the moment and not to push Shane to his knees one last time.

Going in for a hug, Shane rests his head on Ilya’s shoulder. Just letting himself be held even just for a moment. Ilya wraps his arms around Shane, keeping him right in front of him. As if he’s scared of Shane running off at a moment’s notice.

Being this close gets Ilya’s nose working. Swears he can smell a scent that’s not his own. Smells a new scent that’s just lightly there. As if someone’s suppressants are starting to wear off. His nose isn’t far from Shane’s scent gland after all.

Picking up on notes of honey and sugar. The sweet scent filling his nostrils slowly but surely. Pulling back for a moment, “You okay?”

“Yeah I’m good. Why? Anything wrong?” Shane responds, picking his head up.

“Nothing, nothing. Just picking up on your smell,” Ilya answers, trying to find the right wording.

“Oh shit. Thanks for letting me know,” Shane says while pulling back. Making his way towards the exit. “Guess the cabin is calling for me,” He jokes on his way out.

Leaving Ilya standing in the hallway, confused. Throughout all of their time together, he never once picked up on Shane’s scent before. Not surprised that Shane has been suppressing it all season long. Easier to focus on his career that way.

Thankfully they have talked about his cabin before departing so suddenly. Shane even texted him the address in case he changed his mind about going. Saying that he’s welcome anytime if he ever needed it.

~~~

Shane made it to his cabin with some time to prepare. Known that he should’ve taken his meds that morning. He’s due for a heat any day now. Pushing those off for so long can only go so far.

He’s running around his cabin to see what he can use for a nest. Taking any and all pillows and blankets from everywhere available. Knowing that once this starts, it’s going to take everything out of him. So naturally he wants to make his nest the most cozy place to help with that.
~~~

Once his nest is made to his liking, he makes sure to stock pile some water bottles and snacks on the bedside table. Keeping small lifelines in reach. His first heat coming out of the hockey season is always the roughest one. So intense.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, resting his head in his hands. Just recalling all of the memories that led him to this point. Noticing how Ilya is always there somewhere. Sure they had a bunch of great sex together. But that's all it's ever going to be. No need to drag that out despite his being telling him otherwise. Feeling the hidden feelings rushing through. As if he's now allowed to process what he feels for the other captain. His fated rival.

Wanting to feel disgusted and off putted. Wanting to push him away. But instead finding himself wanting to reach out as if he's sitting next to him. Finding himself wanting to kiss him and be held by the other boy. Wanting to be loved and to love the guy who he's supposed to be fighting.

Feeling his emotions fester in his stomach. Feeling it all build up the more he thinks about anything related to the guy. Feeling himself getting hard thinking about what their sex life was like off the rink.

"God damnit," He thinks to himself as he lays down on the bed. Feeling the inklings of a heat coming on slowly. Starting to feel more slick. Wanting to touch. Wanting him.

Of course the last thought throws himself off course. Sure he's wanted Ilya before. Just like how a normal horny person wants to fuck their lover. Nothing deeper than the surface level attraction he's allowed himself.

But now, everything feels different. Means different. Like his soul is aching with want for him. Wishing he dragged Ilya back to the cabin along with him. No matter how crazy that would've looked.

There's no use for it now. He's here alone while Ilya is getting ready for another summer in Russia. No way he could get Ilya to change his mind and come see him for sex. They only hooked up with each other out of convenience during the season. But now the season is over, it fades away.

~~~

It's been a few days since they last said their goodbyes for the summer. Since they've gone their own ways so suddenly.

Ilya knows that he should've chased Shane down the hallway that night. Shouldn't have let him slip through his fingertips like sand. Feeling so gutted and empty at his apartment in Boston. Taking the day to clean up before heading out to Russia to see his family.

Filling his bags up with his clothes and needed necessaries. Letting his brain think as he does the mindless tasks. Knowing that he should just go on and go home.

There's no need to go track down that cabin. Not like they meant anything deeper to each other. But of course Ilya can't get the idea of Shane's scent out of his head. The sweet scent
~~~

invading his senses. Of course Shane is an unmated omega. With the way that he throws himself into hockey, there's no time left to find a mate. To find a compatible one at that.

Holding a jersey in his hands, the feelings of wanting to go see Shane come out of nowhere. Wanting to make sure that he is okay. Wanting to hold him through the bouts of heat. Wanting to help him.

All feels like too much. Too much too sudden. With that thought sitting in the back of his head, he knows that he just can't go home. Can't be far away from the boy who he has spending so much of his time with. Getting to know him. Getting to love him. Being away for too long is going to hurt.

Before he knows it, he cancels his trip to Russia. Changes it to Canada instead. His heart is taking over and running the show. Can't be far from Shane if this is how he is feeling at the moment.

~~~

Day three is always one of the roughest days of his heat. Like it's as if all of the emotions and hormones are finally unlocked and are running their course throughout his body. Can't do much about it for the time being other than riding it out and helping himself.

Luckily his body let him slept in past noon. Knowing it was going to be a rough day. Shane makes sure to drink a bottle of water as he wakes up and gets his body awake. Always waiting for the worst of the heat to come at any moment.

Taking this time to get up and brush his teeth and take a quick shower. Wearing only his boxers coming out of the bathroom, knowing that within a couple of hours they are going to be on the floor before he knows it. Making sure to stop in the kitchen for a quick meal.

Now feeling clean with a full belly, Shane makes his way back to his nest. Just to relax and be ready for when the next wave of his heat hits. Getting cozy underneath a blanket, he pulls out his kindle and his glasses to read. Just something to calm him down and to pass the time.

As he's reading whatever book he chooses, he feels that his thoughts are drifting away from the words on the screen in front of him. Away thinking about kissing, blowjobs, having sex. Feeling himself heating up and his boxers getting tighter and wetter.

Finishing the page he's on before tossing the e-book reader to the side. Sliding his boxers down his legs in a quick motion as he tries to throw them in the dirty clothes basket across the room. Ultimately missing and landing on the floor next to the basket.

Forgetting about his glasses, his hand wraps around the base of his dick. Starting somewhere. Pumping his hand up and down, quickening his pace each time he goes up. His other hand resting on his thigh, not far away for the moment.

Feeling himself getting harder each time he passes the tip of his dick. Feeling the sweat bead up around his hairline, threatening to slide down his face. Quickly wanting more. Wishing for just about anything to fill him up to help take away the ache.
~~~

His hand on his dick is no longer cutting it for him. So naturally he slips a finger into his hole. His wet hole. Sliding in and out. Matching the rhythm of his other hand. Quickly working himself open and letting another finger slide on in. Sure, one finger feels good. But two is when the stretch feels great.

Making sure to take his time to prepare himself. Finding the pleasure in slowly but surely taking himself apart. Finding the pleasure in his movements. Once he feels like he is more than enough prepped, he takes his fingers out. Feeling empty just for a moment or two.

Reaching over to the nightstand for his dildo. Good ol' reliable. Gets the job done. Also reaching for the bottle of lube that sits right next to it. Sure his hole is more than wet enough at this point. But it never hurts to be overprepared than to injure himself somehow.

Taking his hand off his leaking dick, he makes sure to coat the dildo in a nice thin layer of lubricant. Shifting around in his bed so that he's in a better position to fuck himself with his dildo. Taking a deep breath as he inserts the tip into his hole.

~~~

Ilya thanks his uber driver as he gets out of the car. He just had landed not that long ago. And now he's walking down the winding road towards Shane's cabin. Bringing nothing more than himself and his two bags. Truly not wanting to waste a moment more.

He walks up the few steps onto the porch. Knocking on the front door. Politely waiting a moment. Giving Shane time to come to the door.

It's been a moment too long and Ilya tries the doorknob, just in case that he left the door unlocked for whatever reason. Naturally the door gives way and opens. Taking a moment to bring his bags inside. Leaving his shoes by the door. Looking around the living room, wondering where the other boy is.

Taking out his jersey from his bag. Wanting to give it to the boy. Just as a nice gesture more than anything. And maybe also as a way to ask him to be his boyfriend.

Hearing moans from a room down the hallway. Picking up on a much stronger scent. Ilya makes his way towards the source of the noise. That must be where Shane is. Finding the room with the door open. Peering his head inside to see what's up.

Ilya's eyes are drawn to the figure on the bed. Standing quietly in the doorway as he realizes that he is watching Shane fuck himself on the bed in front of him. His jaw is down on the floor.

Sure they've fucked and hooked up before. But watching him pleasure himself in such a way that's raw and vulnerable is different. Hitting Ilya in the feels in different ways from before. The want to protect him and give him everything he could ever ask for grows deeper and deeper the longer he stands there.

Unsure about what to do with himself, just standing there watching Shane like a creep. The jersey slips from his hand, falling onto the floor. Making a soft thud when coming in contact
~~~

with the floor. Causing Shane to turn his head towards the door.

In the deep throws of his heat, it's hard to think quite clearly. At first thinking that he's imagining Ilya standing there. Just because his heart wants him to be real and wants him to be there doesn't necessarily mean that he is there.

Shane is blinking rapidly, hoping for the shadow that is Ilya to fade away. But he's not. Standing there with no words to say. Completely real. So many emotions rush through him as he realizes that Ilya is there. That Ilya is real and is inside of his cabin.

"What? What are you doing here?" Shane breathes out, stopping the self pleasure.

"Needed to see you. Wanted to see you," Ilya explains simply. Worried that if he tries to explain how he was just drawn here. Drawn in like a magnet. Like a moth to a flame. That he would be called crazy or wild for saying all of that. So keeping it simple, says all he needs to say.

A moment of silence falls between the pair. Unsure what to say next. Unsure what to do next. Both wanting each other so so badly. Stuck in the quiet, unable to move.

Till Ilya has had enough of it just standing there looking at the naked boy on the bed. Taking a few steps closer to the bed to close the gap between the two. Holding Shane's face so gently in his hands, "What can I do to help?"

"Need you here," Shane whispers, gesturing towards the bed. Ilya nods in agreement as he starts undressing. Wanting nothing more than to help him.

Once Ilya is now undressed, he leans down to give Shane a kiss. Full of passion and heat. Sending sparks flying. Letting raw emotion come pouring out of their bodies. Moving them so now Ilya is laying on the bed behind Shane. Hands roaming everywhere. Not wanting to miss any spot.

Leaving kisses all over his neck and shoulder. Any skin that Ilya can reach, he will be determined to kiss. Letting his hands roam lower and lower. Reaching towards Shane's dick. Giving it a good few tugs. Warming Shane up to his touch while he takes in Shane's full scent.

"So good for me," Ilya whispers in Shane's ear, letting the dirty talk fall out of his mouth like second nature. Drawing tiny noises out of the man in his hands.

"Need you in me badly," Shane whines out. Losing all care in the world. Everything is already stripped away. Might as well just say what he wants out loud.

"Is that so?" Ilya asks as his hand speeds up on Shane's dick. Teasing the wrung out man.

"God- Please like now," Shane whines again, hoping for anything to happen.

"Ask nicely omega," Ilya lightly demands. Hitting the feelings right in Shane's gut when pulling out omega. Making him wince as if the emotions got too intense.

“Alpha please. I need you badly. Please help me here, alpha,” Shane answers, barely staying afloat in his mind. Pleasure crowding every sense making it harder to function.

“Since you asked so nicely,” Ilya finishes his sentence by sliding his dick into Shane. Slowly of course. Letting Shane open up and accommodate the new size.

Just sitting there for a few moments. Both getting used to the new feeling of being connected like this.

Now Ilya is thrusting his hips into Shane. Working both of them closer to the edge. Keeping a steady pace. Peppering kisses along the exposed skin in front of him. Letting their bodies do all of the talking.

Ilya’s hands roaming over Shane’s body. Running his hands over his chest. Rubbing his thumb against his hard nipple. Drawing out so many noises.

Ilya’s hands have found their way back onto Shane’s dick. Pumping him up and down. Watching the pre-come leak from the red tip.

“So pretty. So pretty for me,” Ilya whispers into Shane’s ear. Listening to the moans like it’s the song at the top of the charts. Eager to hear the next one. Ilya continues on. Drawing Shane out. Drawing him closer to the end.

“You like that baby?” Ilya asks, feeling himself work his way to the end. Feeling the knot at the bottom of his stomach grow stronger.

“Yeah. So much. Fuck- I’m going to,” Shane cries out. Feelings becoming too intense. Ready to tip over the edge at any moment now.

“Go on. Be good. You can do it,” Ilya coaches him through his orgasm. Making sure to keep his pace steady with his thrusts. Strong and steady. Making sure to savor every last drop.

“Fuck. Go on and knot me pleaseee,” Shane begs, knowing Ilya is close to the edge. Knowing that Ilya wouldn’t knot him without permission first.

“You sure about that?” Ilya asks, checking in to see where Shane is at. Making sure that Shane really wants this and is not being reckless in the heat of the moment.

“I’m so sure Ilya. Just do it before I force you,” Shane lightly threatens, knowing that he couldn’t do that if it came down to it.

“Well since you are so sure then,” Ilya trails off as he thrusts his hips one last time. Locking them together with his knot inside of Shane. Finishing inside of the boy who he loves the most. Wrapping his arms around Shane to hold him in place. As if he has any option to leave considering their current situation. Ilya resting his head in the crook of Shane’s neck, next to his scent gland. Taking deep breaths of the sweet scent. Letting it fill his head as they fall asleep after the heated sex.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!