Never Enough

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75734671.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Rimming, Anal Sex, AU, Omegaverse, Omega Shane Hollander, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Canon Divergent, Shane in heat woohoo, Ilya is such a soft boy on the inside tbh, Knotting, Breeding Kink, mention of pregnancy but its brief, this is pretty much just sex but a side of emotions, no condoms lol they're dummies
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-14 Words: 2,823 Chapters: 1/1

Never Enough

by HollowedHypoxia

Summary

Shane's heat takes him by surprise and Ilya helps him out.

Notes

Quick lil oneshot that I wrote at work bc I'm apparently too much of a freak to resist lol

I hope you all enjoy.

p.s. I know Ilya's eyes are hazel in the books but dammit I'm thinking of the TV show right now.

The telltale warning signs of an impending heat had hit him hard during their morning practice. His clothing had suddenly felt tight, restrictive, and itchy. Everything and everyone smelled so strongly that he could hardly stop to think, and his underwear had been soaked through with slick before he made it back to the locker room to send Hayden a text that he needed to leave, and quickly. The response had been almost immediate, a simple thumbs up, something that he had been incredibly grateful for. Not having to go into detail about his sudden departure was a blessing, lessening the humiliation from being caught off guard by his cycle. He had always been irregular, something that his primary physician had chalked up to a combination of stress and heavy exercise. It had always been something he had seen as a bonus of being a late presenting omega, but situations like these had him rethinking that.

The drive back to his nearest apartment was brutal, his hands clenched around his steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles turned white. He hadn't wanted to risk calling a ride though-- Not when his dick was hard, leaking enough that the grey sweatpants he had haphazardly thrown on before leaving were visibly damp. Not when he was so turned on that he palmed himself through his pants at every red light, gasping at how good even the slight touch felt. By the time he made it back to his apartment he was so close to orgasm that he wasn't sure he could make it up the stairs. He would have to, though. He wasn't so out of his mind that he would jerk himself off in the middle of the day, in a freaking parking garage. Besides, jerking off wouldn't be enough. It never was.

His next decision was reckless, something he would have never done in his right state of mind. He went to his text messages with 'Lily' and took a picture of himself, hitting send before he could think twice.

The picture of Shane was filthy, perfect in ways that Ilya would never be able to describe. His shirt was bunched at his waist, pants tight enough that it perfectly outlined his erection. The damp stains at his crotch would be permanently seared in Ilya's mind, and at that moment he would have given anything to bury his face in between Shane's legs, bite the sensitive skin of his inner thighs, press his tongue to Shane's hole, fuck him until he cried for more. While his teammates headed to the showers after their training ended, he grabbed his things and left. There was only one place he was needed at-- And the address was staring up at him from 'Jane'.

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The purple dildo that Shane had purchased for himself months before was doing absolutely nothing to satisfy him. It was too small, not lifelike enough, and wasn't filling him with cum like the alpha in front of him would. He rolled his hips, whining as it failed to hit his prostate. Rolled his hips *again*, using one of his hands to touch his chest, pinching one of his already hard nipples. Ilya was silent as he watched, kneeling at the foot of the bed. He was naked, cock heavy and leaking between his legs, but he made no move to touch himself, or Shane. His pupils were blown wide, black almost entirely encompassing the usually blue irises. Asking Ilya to accompany him through his heat had been humiliating, but this? Being instructed to fuck himself with a toy when his body craved a knot so badly that it was starting to hurt? This was a special kind of torture, one that he wasn't sure he would survive.

"*Please*." Shane whispered, his thighs shiny with his own slick, legs spread wide enough that his hips protested at the stretch. He was desperate, feverish from the heat cycle ravaging his body. He wanted Ilya to break him. He wanted Ilya to mark him in ways that would make it known that he belonged to somebody. It would never happen, but his body craved it so badly that there was no way he would get through this on his own.

His lips were parted, dark from being bitten, and he could no longer keep himself quiet, clenching around the toy that was still inside him. He was leaking around it, and normally the slick combined with his soaked bedsheets would have been a sensory nightmare, but all he could think about was the desire to be fucked-- To be *bred*, owned by someone.

"Hollander, roll over," Was the only thing that Ilya said, his voice rough around the edges. Shane only hesitated a moment before obeying, rolling onto his stomach. The drag of sheets over his overly sensitive dick was enough to make him moan, hips stuttering forward as he rubbed himself against the bed.

Ilya's hands were cool against Shane's too-hot skin, his touch gentle but firm as he guided his hips up and off the bed. "Fuck, Hollander. You're dripping," He punctuated his words by dragging a finger up Shane's inner thigh to collect some of the fluid. He brought his finger up to his mouth, sucked it clean and *moaned* at the taste. Shane Hollander was going to be the death of him, and he couldn't quite say he wasn't looking forward to it.

"Mmm, Rozy, need, I need," Shane whimpered, jolting when Ilya pulled the toy out of him, and the sudden lack of-- of anything inside of him was enough to bring tears to his eyes. Ilya's tongue replaced it though, and fuck, it wasn't anything that they hadn't done before, but the feeling of his alpha's spit mixing with the copious amounts of slick felt obscene. The hands on his hips kept him from squirming even as he struggled to stay still, sheets bunching

between his fingers as he clenched his hands into fists. His first orgasm of the night tore through him, his yelp audible even as he bit back down on his lip to try and stop it.

Ilya withdrew and pressed his lips against one of the dimples on Shane's lower back, kissing his way up Shane's spine, stopping at the bare skin of the back of his neck. *Fuck*, it was tempting, but a mark there wouldn't fade-- Wouldn't go away, wouldn't be able to be hidden. He growled under his breath, bit into Shane's shoulder instead and lined himself up. There was no resistance as he pushed in, able to fully seat himself in one slow thrust, his hips flush against the other man's ass. He'd never fucked an omega in heat before, didn't want to take the risk of accidentally bonding one, but this was by far the best thing that he'd ever experienced. He was starting to understand why his teammates never shut up about riding one through their heat.

"I want to hear you, Hollander," Ilya's voice broke on his name, but warmth pooled low in his groin when Shane turned his head, exposing flushed, freckled cheeks and lips smeared red with blood from a split that had formed. The sight did something to him, made him feel *feral* in a way that he hadn't expected he even could. The urge to lick Shane's lips clean was almost overwhelming, but he fought it, instead skimming his fingers along the small of his back, as he rocked his hips forward. "This is okay, yes?"

Shane nodded, whatever he was going to say lost as he gasped, back arching as Ilya's speed increased. The repeated brushes against his prostate were sending what felt like little jolts of electricity through him, his toes curling as Ilya whispered to him in what sounded like Russian-- It could have been English, but he was too far gone to make sense of anything but the way they were connected. "Fuck, fuck," He moaned, breath hitching as Ilya reached around to fist his cock, pressing his thumb into the slit. He was leaking pre-cum again already, but he had always been like this-- Easy under the right touch. It had initially been a sore spot for him, but after years of sleeping together, it had turned into a sort of game for Ilya-- Seeing how many times he could make Shane cum in an evening.

"Oh my god, *Rozy,*" His eyes fluttered shut, and the tears that had been welling up finally spilled over onto his cheeks. "Let me ride you, please, please." He was begging now, tripping over his own words as he pushed back against Ilya, felt the way his thrusts slowed.

"... since you asked me so nicely," The corner of Ilya's mouth quirked up in a half smile as he pulled out, gently pushing Shane over so that there was room on the bed for him to lay down. He loved when Shane was on top. Loved to see the way he would come undone again, and again, and *again*. He didn't have to wait long to see it, Shane quickly crawling on top of him, seating himself like he was fucking born to ride. Ilya cursed under his breath, dug his fingers

into the dips of Shane's hips so that the omega wouldn't feel the way his hands shook. He could feel his knot starting to swell, which was absolutely not something that either one of them could afford. Male pregnancies were uncommon, but not impossible. Not worth the risk. He would have to resist his basic urges and stop this before it went too far.

Shane lifted his hips, slammed them back down, the sound of skin against skin loud in the otherwise quiet room. The bites on his shoulder throbbed, reminding him of how bare the bonding spot on his neck was. Logically, he didn't want Ilya to bond him. Logically, he knew that whatever.. This.. was, wouldn't ever turn into anything more than sex. But god, the romantic part of him was desperate to take things further. The animalistic part of him begged to be claimed, well-fucked, and bred back to back.

He was ignoring that part of himself, despite its best efforts to claw to the surface.

"Ilya, Ilya, Ilya," Shane whispered, *chanted*, the hormone induced fog making it easy to forget that this was casual. He would regret the slip later, when his heat had passed, but for now, he was living in the moment. "Going to cum, ah, again," His thighs were clenched tight enough around Ilya's hips to bruise as he came, his release painting the blond man's chest and stomach. The ache inside of him remained, and he hiccuped, holding back the sobs that demanded to be let out.

Ilya sat up, his chest now flush against Shane's as he helped guide the other man's hips up and down, taking most of the work off of his lover. Two orgasms was normally Shane's max, but he didn't seem ready to stop. Not with the way the tears dampened his face, the way he clenched around Ilya's erection. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen, and he had slept his way around quite a few cities. "Shane," He whispered back, the name foreign on his tongue. This was a level of intimacy they hadn't approached before, despite having slept together for years. It was always Hollander, Rozanov. His knot continued to swell as he peppered kisses across Shane's tear stained cheeks, licking a few stray tears that hadn't yet dried. Shane relaxed under his touch, but protested when Ilya started to fully lift him off of his dick.

"Breed me," Shane breathed, lowering himself back down. The now almost fully swollen knot was difficult to take, the stretch a special kind of exquisite pain as he sank down. Ilya blinked, licked his lips as he searched Shane's face. It was the heat talking. It had to be the heat talking. *Fuck*. He growled, squeezed Shane's hips so tightly that it drew out a whimper and fully knotted him, the base of his cock swelling enough that it locked them together.

“You want this? You want my cock that badly? You’d let me breed you, swell your stomach?” Ilya splayed his hand across Shane’s muscled stomach, pressing on it. “Fuck, you would. You *are.*” His words were reverent as he used his other hand to guide Shane’s head to rest against his shoulder. He wasn’t done, not yet. It was uncomfortable to move, but he was able to maneuver them into missionary without too much fussing from the omega. Shane shuddered underneath him, lifted his legs to wrap them around Ilya’s narrow hips. Ilya dropped his head, kissing along Shane’s freckled collarbones, biting down dangerously close to his throat. It was addictive, his scent so much stronger along his jawline. Sweet, with a sharp edge to it.

Ilya rocked his hips as much as he could, his knot preventing him from fucking Shane as hard as he wanted to. He hadn’t worn a condom, not this time, but it was too late to worry about that-- They were locked together already, so he might as well have fun with it. “Fuck, Shane, so tight around me,” He murmured, relishing in the way that Shane clenched around his dick. His pace was erratic, frantic even as he desperately chased his own orgasm. He put a hand on Shane’s stomach and pressed down, pupils dilating further as slick managed to leak out around his knot. Shane cried out, and he was saying something, babbling really, but Ilya was too far gone to care. He captured the other man’s lips in an open mouthed kiss, his hips stuttering at the faint taste of blood that lingered from Shane’s split lip. It was enough to push him over the edge, fill Shane like the man had begged him to.

He broke the kiss, but remained close, their foreheads now pressed together as they both came down from the post orgasm high. They would be stuck together for a few hours until the knot went back down, but there was nowhere else he would rather be.

Shane’s eyes were shut, face flushed dark red. He removed his legs from where they had been wrapped around Ilya’s waist and slowly lowered them back down to the bed. Getting into a comfortable position wasn’t easy, but they managed to figure it out. Ilya’s weight was heavy on top of him, but comforting in a way, kind of like his very own security blanket. His mind was racing, thoughts jumbled from a combination of being in heat and being in bed with the one person he shouldn’t have been.

“Go, you should, you should go,” Shane mumbled, still not opening his eyes. He was afraid that if he did, he would see Ilya watching him, and that would probably be enough to make him come undone once again. Initially, there was no response, but then.. A quiet laugh, another tender kiss pressed to his cheek, to his forehead, to the corner of his mouth.

“No, Hollander. I’ll leave when you’re okay.” The words were whispered, but they might as well have been screamed. They made Shane want to cry. They made Shane want to beg for

mercy, because he had clearly done something so fucking *wrong* in his life that the universe had decided to punish him in so many godforsaken ways that he was quickly losing count.

Instead, he shoved it all down. Pushed the pain, the anger, and the thrill of being taken care of down, somewhere deep inside of him that eventually would need to be addressed, but for now.. He just nodded, a single dip of his chin. Being taken care of was a concept he was remarkably unfamiliar with, but.. Maybe just this once he could let Ilya have him.

All of him.

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The cloth in Ilya's hand was warm, damp as he slowly cleaned Shane's stomach, ass, and legs off. Early morning sunlight was just starting to filter through the curtains of his bedroom, but Shane was still asleep, his soft snoring bringing a rare and genuine smile to Ilya's face. They had fucked through the night, and he was exhausted, to put it lightly. Still though-- If Shane woke up and was sticky, he would freak. It was one of the many quirks that he found himself hopelessly falling in love with, a feeling that frightened him the more he dared think about it.

It was something he would worry about later. He returned the cloth to the bathroom, tossing it in the laundry basket before crawling back into bed. He threw an arm over the other man's waist, sighing in contentment as Shane scooted closer to him.

Ilya was hopelessly, recklessly in love with Shane. He only hoped that the omega would eventually feel the same way.
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