

An Omega's Victory

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An Omega's Victory

by [maraudersaffair](#)

Summary

The most difficult thing in the world was playing hockey while in heat.

Notes

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

The most difficult thing in the world was playing hockey while in heat.

Shane could barely remain upright on the ice at first.

The scent of *Alphas* were all around.

He smelled them in the crowd—and on the ice.

And, most of all, he smelled Rozanov.

For the first few seconds of the game, Shane feared he would pass out; but then his old friend *competition* came alive within him.

He *would* win this game.

Oh, yes.

No matter how stupidly good Rozanov was.

A battle went on on the ice.

Punches to the face.

Body slams into the wall.

Snarls. Curses. And injuries.

Still, Shane was able to score the first few goals. It made his blood sing to see the frustration on Rozanov's face.

Rozanov knew Shane was an Omega; oh, yes, he did; and he now knew he was getting *beat* by him.

An Omega was about to defeat his secret Alpha lover, and there was nothing Rozanov could do about it—

Shane was suddenly slammed into the wall, so hard his teeth nearly bit through his tongue. It caused him to lose track of the puck.

Through the disorientation, the *pain*, Shane took a deep breath and smelled Rozanov before he looked up at him.

And Rozanov smirked at him. Hotly.

The smirk said, *You can't fool me. I know you're in heat.*

“See you later tonight,” Rozanov said in his deep voice, and then he took off after the puck again.

Shane had to take a second to catch his breath and to order his knees to not shake. Then he tore after Rozanov and the rest of his team.

In the end, Montreal was able to beat Boston by just a single goal.

Shane celebrated with his team, roaring loudly in the center of the ice, putting on a show for all their fans in the stands.

But he felt Rozanov's gaze on him the entire time.

It made him start to get *wet*.

Keep it together, he told himself sternly.

Shane didn't look at Rozanov as he made his way off the ice and to the locker rooms.

*

It was several hours later, and Shane was virtually *melting away* in his hotel room.

Rozanov hadn't texted him.

He was probably *punishing* Shane for winning.

But Shane was still in heat, and he was dripping wet for Rozanov. Despite his blockers. Despite everything.

His blockers were meant to keep his heats in check, but everything had been fucked up since Shane had started sleeping with Rozanov.

It was a dangerous game they were playing.

Shane was letting an Alpha knot him, even though Rozanov had no intention of claiming him.

Rozanov could get him *pregnant* if they weren't careful.

Trust your blockers, trust them, trust them, Shane thought, virtually lecturing himself in his head.

Shane gritted his teeth and did everything he could to ignore just how *needy* he was at that moment.

It didn't matter if Rozanov didn't seek him out.

It didn't, it didn't.

Shane would get through this heat without him. He didn't need him. He didn't need *anyone*—

There was a knock.

Shane shot to his feet. A second later, he was opening the door.

And Rozanov was standing on the other side.

For a moment, all they did was stare at one another.

Then Rozanov closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “Oh, someone’s *dripping*,” he purred in his deep voice.

Shane’s knees damn near gave out, but he still managed to rasp, “Fuck you, Rozanov.”

Shane tried to slam the door shut, but Rozanov stopped it with a flat palm.

“You know you want me to come inside,” Rozanov purred, voice full of innuendo.

“*Fine*,” he huffed, and stepped aside.

Rozanov followed him into the room. The door was now closed and locked.

Rozanov looked around. “Why aren’t you celebrating? *You won*.”

“You know why I’m not celebrating,” Shane snapped.

“Is it because ... *you need me*?” Rozanov prowled closer as he said this.

Shane should have denied it. He was the *victor*, after all.

But all Shane wanted to do was beg.

“The game was difficult,” he rasped.

Rozanov nodded, his beautiful eyes now big. “I know. It was difficult for me, too.”

“But I kept it together. *I won*.”

“Yes, you did,” Rozanov said softly, reaching for him.

Then they were kissing, and it was white hot between them in an instant.

Shane was nearly in *tears* in an instant.

“Alpha,” he gasped, quivering.

“Yes, I know, I know,” Rozanov cooed, his deep voice sounding like a lullaby.

Rozanov undressed them as he continued to kiss and kiss Shane, utterly seducing him with his mouth.

“You’ve been smoking,” Shane murmured.

“Hush,” Rozanov said, and urged him back onto the bed.

Then they were both naked, and *hard*, and Rozanov was on top of him, *commanding him*.

“Please,” Shane cried, unable to hide his need any longer.

Rozanov, wanting to *ruin him*, sneaked a hand between his thighs, finding all the wet that leaked from him.

Rozanov teased him with his fingers, then put those fingers in his mouth, sucking off Shane’s slick.

At the sight, Shane moaned deeply, his eyes rolling back.

“Mmm, you’re delicious,” Rozanov purred.

“Stop fucking with me!”

This made the Russian laugh. “Yes, all right,” he said, seemingly unaffected, but his voice came out a touch breathless.

Shane grabbed him and pulled him as close as he could. “*Please.*”

“My beautiful Omega,” Rozanov purred, and then he put his Alpha cock inside Shane.

Rozanov was big but his thrust was gentle, so gentle.

His lidded gaze didn’t leave Shane’s face as he slid in to the hilt.

Shane cried and writhed beneath him. He tried to be quiet about it, but he failed miserably.

“Mmm,” Rozanov purred, and leaned down to kiss Shane.

“PLEASE!”

“Ready for me to fuck you now?”

“Yes, Alpha, *yes.*”

A desperate shudder went through Rozanov.

Then Rozanov began to thrust, over and over. He never stopped staring down at Shane, and it was intimidating, so intimidating.

“God,” Shane gasped, desperate to hide, to get away; but he also wanted more, more—

God, I wished he’d claim me! Shane thought.

Rozanov’s thrusts quickened, and the base of his cock swelled up, already catching on Shane’s Omega hole.

“*Rozy,*” Shane whimpered, unable to keep quiet.

“No, call me Ilya.”

Shane writhed some more, his eyes squeezed closed, his cock so stiff between them.

And Rozanov pounded him and pounded him.

Shane felt his heavy balls against his ass.

“PLEASE, ALPHA!” he cried out, so overcome.

Rozanov grabbed his face. “Look at me,” he ordered.

Shane was forced to open his eyes. He stared up at the Alpha commanding him.

“Am I making you come?”

“YES!”

Rozanov smirked faintly, hotly, but his expression was cracking. So was his control.

There was *surrender* in Rozanov’s gaze.

“Tell me you’re mine,” Rozanov ordered in a deep rasp.

All Shane could do was cry some more.

“*Tell me.*”

Shane thrashed his head to the side, his eyes squeezing closed again. “I’m yours,” he whispered, and it *hurt* to say the words.

Shane didn’t want to say such things to Ilya Rozanov. To his *rival*.

“Very good, my Omega.”

Then, roaring, Rozanov pounded into him, lasting only a few more seconds, before he hit his peak and his knot swelled so much it locked them together.

The sensation made them both cry out.

He sounds like he’s in pain, Shane thought distantly, listening to the orgasmic cries that were in his ear.

Shane panted and panted. He *felt* all the seed that Rozanov released inside him.

Then Rozanov reached down to stroke Shane’s cock, and it was all over for him, too.

Arching up, Shane cried out and came all over himself. His Omega seed was very watery, very hot; and it went *everywhere*.

Rozanov moaned and licked up his release from his palm.

A few minutes later, Rozanov was still pumping his hips lazily, his swollen knot still connecting them together.

“You did so well today,” Rozanov purred, kissing him.

Shane gasped and squirmed. “Please, shut up.”

“*No.*”

And Rozanov continued to kiss him. Over and over. He didn’t stop kissing him even after his knot deflated.

They spent the night holding each other in bed.

“You need better blockers,” Rozanov said into the darkness.

“I know,” Shane said, nuzzling the Alpha’s strong chest.

“And you need an Alpha to claim you.”

Shane laughed, so tired. “Yeah, yeah, I know.”

Rozanov grabbed his face and urged him to look up. “*You do.*”

Shane was forced to stare into the Alpha’s heated, glittery gaze.

Are you volunteering? he wished to say, but he couldn’t.

Instead, Shane mumbled, “I can’t be claimed while I’m playing. It would end my career.”

For a moment, Rozanov just stared at him; then he said, “I know.”

Rozanov rolled them over again and kissed Shane until he was breathless.

“*My Omega,*” he purred as he did it.

And, silently, secretively, Shane began to hope.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!!

I'm writing a Drarry + Ilya fic if you're interested: [A Magical Rivalry](#).

Want more Omega verse from me? I recommend my most recent Drarry one: [All I Want for Christmas is an Alpha](#).

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