dirty little secret

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75903826.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Omega Shane Hollander, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Blow Jobs, Anal Sex, Multiple Orgasms, Rimming, Kissing, Oral Sex, Creampie, Knotting, Secret Relationship, Nesting, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Hurt/Comfort, Subspace, Dom/sub Undertones
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-17 Words: 3,230 Chapters: 1/1

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by contrapposto

Summary

“Oh, Hollander,” Ilya sighed, cradling Shane’s face, thumbs gently stroking his freckled cheeks. “You are omega.”

It wasn’t a question.

Shane nodded pathetically, breathing heavily.

“And you are in heat, yes?” One curious hand trailed down, squeezing hard.

Biting back a moan at the slick pooling in his boxers, Shane nodded. “I forgot my suppressants,” he said, breathless. “I— I usually just take suppressants all season and then… deal with it myself the rest of the time. But I guess I forgot to pack them. I don’t know what to do.”

Ilya helps Shane through an unexpected heat.

Notes

I saw a comment on tiktok saying there wasn't enough omega Shane content out there, so I wrote this to contribute to the cause 🫡

title from The All-American Rejects

See the end of the work for more notes

Lily
Room number?

"Not now, asshole," Shane muttered, rolling his eyes. Knees buckling, he leaned back heavily against the door with a thud, gritting his teeth. He slid down until he hit the floor, burying his head between his arms, willing the ache to go away.

It had started in the final period — faint cramps in his gut, leaving him breathless and woozy. At first he wrote it off as nothing more than exhaustion from the long, grueling game, or jet lag, or maybe even food poisoning. But he only felt worse as the minutes ticked by, with cold sweat trickling down his back, his nose too sensitive to every little scent around him, causing waves of nausea roiling up his throat as he struggled to even stay upright. He caught a few of his teammates giving him weird looks, but their concern was quickly replaced by celebration when the final buzzer went off.

He'd hurried out quickly, giving the shortest-possible post-game interviews he could without coming off as rude. Rushing to the locker room, he dug through his bag in a panic, upending the entire thing out onto the bench, double-checking each pocket with shaky hands.

"*Fuck*," he'd muttered under his breath, heart sinking. He'd forgotten to pack his damn suppressants like a fucking idiot. He needed to be alone before anyone else caught on, since he could already start to smell his scent leaking out from under the patch on his neck. He'd hurried up to his room and locked the door behind him, still panicking.

Running a hand through his sweaty hair, he weighed his options. He could go out and buy some emergency suppressants — and potentially risk being seen doing so. He could stay here all night — with just his fist and a prayer that it passed by quickly. Or he could just call—

No. No no no no no. He wouldn't cave. He wouldn't.

Lily
You are unwell, yes?
Room number, now.

He scowled down at his phone. Speak of the devil.

Jane
I'm fine.
I'll be fine.
It's nothing.

Lily
Doesn't sound like nothing.
Room number.
Don't make me ask again.

Thumbs hovering over the keyboard, Shane bit at his lip, hating himself for caving so easily. Because this was the only solution, wasn't it? It was stupid. Rash. Borderline insane. But he couldn't think of what else to do.

Jane
1428

Throwing his phone aside, Shane curled up even tighter, already regretting answering the texts.

A knock at the door came only minutes later, and he jumped, standing on wobbly legs. Taking a deep breath in, he opened it just enough to find Ilya Rozanov standing there, hands shoved in his pockets, eyes betraying his concern. No hint of malice or spite despite just having lost to Montreal 3-2.

"Are you going to let me in?" he asked quietly.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Shane whispered back, hand shaking on the doorknob.

"Why not?"

Poking his head out, he quickly glanced around at the empty hallway, before opening the door wider with a sigh, standing aside to let Ilya through. But the other man just stood there looking at him, and Shane glared.

"Are you coming in or not?"

Ilya walked in, and Shane swallowed the lump in his throat, sealing his fate as the door shut with a soft click. He leaned back against it, bracing himself as another cramp stabbed at his gut, eyes clenching shut, hands fisted at his sides.

"You are feeling unwell?" Ilya asked again, hushed.

Shane shrugged, chuckling humorlessly around the strain in his voice. "Yeah, you could say that."

"Hollander." Ilya stepped closer, so close Shane could smell his deep, honeyed musk, and it left him lightheaded, head thunking back against the wood. "What is wrong? You are acting strange."

Pushing his hair back from his clammy forehead with a heavy sigh, Shane shrugged again. "I — it's nothing."

"Hollander." Ilya's hand gently squeezed his shoulder, trailing up his neck and along the collar of his shirt. His thumb dipped under the hem, so cold against his flushed skin and sending a shiver down his spine as he brushed against his scent gland, the edge of the patch he'd stuck there hours ago just starting to lift.

Shane's eyes flew open, and he seized Ilya's wrist in fear. "Don't—"

He winced, catching the potent whiff of his own pheromones filling the air, undeniably milky sweet and saccharine. Nostrils flaring, Ilya's jaw clenched.

Shaking his head, Shane felt tears prick his eyes, embarrassment burning hot in his veins. "Please go, I—"

Pupils dilating, Ilya ripped the patch off and shoved his nose in the crook of his neck, nuzzling right against his swollen scent gland. He breathed in deep, holding Shane's nape so he couldn't squirm away. One tentative lick of his tongue was enough to make him cry out, already too sensitive.

"Oh, Hollander," he sighed, cradling Shane's face, thumbs gently stroking his freckled cheeks. "You are omega."

It wasn't a question.

Shane nodded pathetically, breathing heavily.

"And you are in heat, yes?" One curious hand trailed down, along his back and down to his ass, squeezing hard.

Biting back a moan at the slick pooling in his boxers, Shane nodded. "I forgot my suppressants," he said, breathless. "I— I usually just take suppressants all season and then… deal with it myself the rest of the time. But I guess I forgot to pack them. I don't know what to do."

"And nobody knows?"

"No. I mean — my parents, and my doctor, obviously. But that's it."

"Not the league?"

"No."

"Or your team?"

"*Fuck* no." Shane grimaced even thinking about it. "Nobody."

"Hmm. So you must really like me, then," Ilya said with a stupid little smirk.

"Shut up," Shane said back, with no bite to the words, a fierce blush warming his ears.

"So." Ilya pulled away, clearing his throat. "Should I go get you anything? Suppressants? Pain medicine? Ginger ale?"

"No. None of that will help now. I just need…"

"A big, fat alpha cock?"

"Fuck off," Shane said with a half-faux glare, grinning as Ilya smiled wide.

“I am alpha, you are omega. Is perfect! Let me help you.”

Shane eyed him skeptically, trying and failing to think of why he should say no. “Don’t you have to go back soon?”

“No. We do not leave for two days.” Ilya shrugged. “And who cares? Fuck the curfew. I am helping a friend. Is more important.”

“Is that what I am? A friend?”

“Yes. Obviously.” Ilya leaned down, resting their foreheads together, lips dangerously close to his. “My good friend Shane Hollander needs help. So I will help him.”

Shane’s entire face burned hot, stupid butterflies fluttering in his chest at the stupid words. To say he was nervous was an understatement — he felt like a live wire ready to explode. He’d never spent a heat with another person before. Yeah, he and Ilya had hooked up countless times by now, but this was *different*. Ilya would be seeing an entirely new side of him, one more vulnerable and needy. Was he ready for that?

There was a reason nobody knew he was an omega. Societally, omegas were still seen as inferior to alphas and betas. They were weak, delicate, submissive, timid, soft. They weren’t superstar athletes. They weren’t muscular and strong. They weren’t leaders. They weren’t sponsored by fancy, high-end brands. No matter what, if the world found out what he was, he’d be viewed as less than. He was too big and strong to fit the ideals of an omega, but he’d never be considered manly enough for the hockey world. The day he presented, his mother had sat him down and made a plan, to always keep his being an omega a secret. Hide it, suppress it with drugs, tell no one. To make it in this world, he needed to keep that part of him a mystery, and just let everyone assume he was an alpha. There was no other choice.

“Hollander?”

He was brought back by Ilya’s worried voice, a touch to his chin making him look up. It was rare Ilya showed concern so plainly on his face like this.

“You can’t tell anyone,” he blurted out.

“Hollander.” The way he said his name sounded a lot like *Duh, no shit.*

“Sorry, I just—”

“Shh. Is fine.” Ilya pressed their lips together, tender and gentle, shutting Shane right up. He almost forgot what they were here for, so focused on licking into Ilya’s mouth, sucking on his tongue, biting at his lips.

Until a cramp twisted in his stomach, and he pulled away with a groan, every muscle in his body tensing.

“Does it hurt?”

“Yeah, it fucking hurts,” Shane grumbled.

“And this will make it feel better?”

Ilya palmed at the bulge in his pants, and Shane watched, entranced.

“It should.”

“Mmm, I will do my best, then.”

In between little kisses, Ilya stripped down to just his boxers, tossing his clothes over his shoulder onto the bed. He did the same to Shane, who just stood there, watching as Ilya tucked their shirts and pants and jackets against the wall, carefully folding and arranging it all into a meticulous pile of… something.

“What are you doing?”

Ilya paused, glancing over his shoulder. “You need nest, no?”

Oh.

Shane’s heart skipped a beat. He didn’t know what to say. A nest seemed too tender and domestic a thing for where they were, for *what* they were. Whatever that was.

“You don’t need to do that.”

“What, you don’t like? Is bad?”

Oh my god, he made me a nest. Holy fucking shit. Ilya Rozanov just made me a fucking nest.

“I know is not much, but is something, yes? I wish I had brought more with me. I can go back and get more of my laundry—”

“No,” Shane said too quickly. “It’s fine. Thanks.” He could smell it from where he was standing — musk and sweat mixed with a cloying ripeness. Alpha and omega. *Them*.

“Come. Sit with me.”

Shane followed easily. Ilya pushed him onto the bed, falling into their familiar rhythm of kissing, hungry yet languid, an easy game of push and pull. He couldn’t stop whining, falling easier than usual, head already floaty, a neediness burning through his entire being.

Ilya pushed one hand down his boxers, and Shane moaned, loud and unabashed, legs falling open wider, needing more.

“Fuuuck, Hollander, you are so *wet*,” Ilya growled, tugging his boxers off. To Shane’s absolute mortification, he sniffed at the wet patch, inhaling so deep his eyes rolled back.

“Don’t make it weird.”

“Not weird. I think is hot.” Ilya tucked the underwear into their makeshift nest wall, grinning wide, running his tongue along his bottom lip. “I want you, Shane Hollander.”

“Then have me already.”

Ilya shook his head. “I want you to say it.”

Shane flushed, skin burning alive from his scalp all the way down his chest. “I want you too, Ilya Rozanov.”

Ilya shook his head again, a teasing glint in his eyes. “Say exactly what you want.”

Shane scoffed, scowling up at the ceiling, gut burning hot with want and need and heat. The things this man made him do.

“I want your big, fat alpha cock.”

Smirking, Ilya bit his way down Shane’s chest, nipping at his stomach and leaving little bruises in his wake, something for Shane to look back on for the next week or two in remembrance of this night. He licked a fat stripe up Shane’s leaking cock, then settled himself between his thighs, broad shoulders holding him open wide. Fingers fisted in the sheets so hard he was almost afraid they’d tear, Shane’s mind melted as Ilya licked and sucked and tongue-fucked his dripping hole. He came embarrassingly fast, whining, spurting all over his stomach, hips quivering up in the air, craving more.

He was definitely in for a long night.

Ilya murmured something in Russian against his hip, lips pressing featherlight kisses to his skin.

“Why do you do that?” Shane pouted, tangling his fingers in Ilya’s curls with a gentle tug.

Ilya looked up through his lashes, nuzzling his cheek against his thigh. He looked debauched, his chin coated in Shane’s slick, his eyes wild. He looked too damn *cute* for what he’d just done. “Do what?”

“You always say stuff I can’t understand. It drives me crazy sometimes.”

Humming, Ilya looked away, cheeks blushing into a ruddy pink. “I said… you are beautiful.”

“No I’m not,” Shane said quickly, nervously chuckling in disbelief.

Pushing himself up, Ilya leaned back against the headboard, pulling Shane into his lap. He ran his fingers along his back, mapping out mindless, meandering shapes, and just gazed at him, openly and with such clear want that it made Shane’s skin buzz.

He pulled Shane into a filthy kiss of tongue and teeth, then bit at his jaw, pulling on the lobe of his ear. “Yes you are. You are gorgeous. Especially like this.”

Shane muffled his moan into Ilya’s shoulder as his fingers drifted lower, over the curve of his ass, teasing at his rim, playing with the slick leaking out.

“Please, Ilya,” he sighed as one finger breached his rim, followed by a second in just one breath. “Please.”

“Please what?” Ilya breathed out. “Tell me, Shane.”

“Want you,” he couldn’t help but whine, the glowing fire in his gut roaring wild and white-hot. He needed to be pinned down, claimed, bred, *anything*. He burned with it. “Need you. Please.”

As soon as Ilya’s cock began pushing in, Shane was *gone*. He held on to Ilya for dear life, his nails digging little crescent marks into his shoulders as Ilya’s hard cock deliciously pounded into him. The slap of skin against skin echoed in the room, the smell of sex and musk and their combined scents almost too much to bear. Every breath was Ilya, every beat of his heart was Ilya, every inch of flesh was Ilya.

Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

Shane said his name like a prayer, a mantra on repeat in his mind, a few stumbling out past his lips in little stuttered gasps as Ilya claimed him, again and again. It was the only word he knew; *Ilya*.

Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

Shane lost track of how many times he came. He floated blissfully above the clouds, the only thing on his mind the lust and desire burning through his veins, and the big, strong alpha taking care of him. He didn’t know what time it was, or how long they’d been going at it, and he found he didn’t much care.

His heats had never once felt like this before. He was either swallowing borderline-unhealthy amounts of suppressants to stop the symptoms, or was holed up in his room with nothing but his toys and imagination, jacking himself off until the pathetic desire ebbed away. Never once had there been someone there with him, devouring him so unabashedly and wholeheartedly.

And devour him, Ilya did. Straddled in his lap; pinned underneath him with his knees pressed to his chest; squirming as he sucked him off; jerking him off from behind. It was like every time Shane blinked, they were in some new position, drawing release after release from his throbbing cock, ceaseless embarrassing noises spilling from the depths of his soul.

He finally came to once he felt something firm and rapidly swelling poking at his rim, bigger than Ilya’s already massive cock.

“You are liar, you know?” Ilya grunted in his ear, barking out a raspy laugh.

All Shane could reply with was an incomprehensibly garbled, “*Hnngh?*” sound, eyebrows knitting together as he tried to work through the question.

“You said you can only come twice in one hour. You came five.”

“Fuck off,” he mumbled, breathy and light, shoving his face into the mattress.

He was sticky with sweat and cum and slick, Ilya's firm, bruising grip on his hips the only thing keeping him upright. The snap of his hips was animalistic, thrusts desperate and fervent, and Shane realized belatedly what that swelling was.

"Is that your…?"

Ilya huffed, thrusting impossibly faster. "Yes. How you call it in English? Knot?"

"Holy shit…" Shane gasped, spreading his legs wider.

"This never happens to me outside of rut. You will be the death of me, Shane Hollander."

Draping himself over Shane's body completely, his sweaty chest pressing heavily against his sweaty back, Ilya's fingers intertwined over Shane's in the blankets, and he clutched them tight in desperation, needing something to hold on to, never wanting to let go. Growling, Ilya *finally* pushed his knot fully in, and with a throaty cry, Shane came again, spilling a thin release onto the sheets as Ilya filled him, pulsing hot.

Breathing heavily, Ilya nuzzled against his nape, the reek of heady musk imbued into his lungs with every breath. Teeth grazed his scent gland, sharp and prickly, and his eyes flew open, shaking his head in a panic. "Don't—"

"Shh, don't worry. I won't." Ilya kissed his neck, licking the swollen gland instead, and Shane could feel the smile of his lips on his skin. "Not yet."

The promise was sweet to his ears, a beautiful montage of *What ifs?* floating through his mind as his limbs turned to jelly, unable to keep himself up any longer. Still locked together at the hips, Ilya gently rolled them onto their sides, and Shane melted against him, basking in the afterglow, barely feeling how sore his entire body was. That was a problem for tomorrow.

A deep, pleased purring rumbled in Shane's chest, as Ilya softly scratched at his scalp and caressed his lower belly, stroking a thumb across the trail of downy hair there. Maybe there would be regret tomorrow. There probably would be. But for now, it was enough to be held, a delicacy they never let themselves indulge in. It was always *I have to go* and *Shouldn't you be leaving?* Rarely was it ever—

"Stay?"

He wondered if Ilya had even heard the words at all, for how quiet he'd whispered them. His heart raced as he held his breath, waiting for an answer. Oh god, maybe he'd say no. Maybe he'd laugh in his stupid face for believing this was anything more than what it usually was, a convenient means to an end. Maybe—

"How can I go?" Ilya said, weakly grinding his hips, his knot far from going down.

It was teasing, but Shane still felt a weight on his chest, heavy and obtrusive, making it hard to breathe. He didn't know what he'd do if Ilya just *left*. After *this*. He knew he wouldn't be able to keep it together watching Ilya dress, toe his shoes back on, and slip out the door unnoticed like nothing happened, like he didn't just see Shane at his most vulnerable. He

never would've admitted this before, but he wanted — no, *needed* — Ilya to stay, like he needed air in his lungs, and blood in his veins.

"Ilya—"

"Shh, Shane. I won't go. I will stay." Ilya held him tighter, strong arms wrapping protectively around him, drowning out his anxious thoughts. "Now sleep. I will still be here when you wake up."

"Promise?"

"Of course I promise."

And Shane believed him.

End Notes

This show has completely bewitched me mind, body, and soul. It's literally all I can think about. I haven't had a hyperfixation this bad in YEARS. I'm halfway through the first Hollanov book and it's what finally broke my years-long reading slump. So safe to say there will probably be many more Hollanov fics from me eventually 😅

I hope you enjoyed! Please let me know what you thought!! Thank you for reading! ♥

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