

Race

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75183431) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75183431>.

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
Additional Tags:	Enemies to Friends to Lovers , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is a Sweetheart , Mild Angst , Ilya Rozanov is Bad at Feelings , Misunderstandings , Post Las Vegas June 2011 , Gym Sex , Semi-Public Sex , Yearning , Mutual Pining , snark and teasing , Idiots in Love , Ilya Rozanov Needs to Use His Words , Bratty Shane Hollander , Angst and Fluff and Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Heated Rivalry
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-03 Words: 4,411 Chapters: 1/1

Race

by [NotEvenCloseToStraight](#)

Summary

“We race.” Ilya pushed his shorts down and gripped his cock, smiling when Shane’s eyes dropped down to watch. “You run and I will touch myself. You do not stop, and I will not stop. Deal?”

“You’re serious.” Shane huffed and folded his arms. “What happens if I win? If I last longer than you?”

“If you win?” Ilya arched an eyebrow towards him. “You get to see me cum.”

“Right.” Shane wished his voice hadn’t cracked just then. “And that’s supposed to be a reward?”

“Yes.” Ilya bent one knee so his shorts pulled tight across his thighs, across the outline of his cock. “Obviously.”

“And if I lose?” Shane swallowed nervously. “If I quit before you’re done. What then?”

“...then you get to see me cum.” it came out nearly a growl in Ilya’s thick accent. “As punishment.”

“Fuck.” Shane got back on the goddamn treadmill and hit the start button. “Fuck. Fine. Let’s go.”

Notes

This one's for Alyssa who bullied me into reading the book and then watching the episodes because now I have a new hyperfixation and new ship and need to write a million words about them.

It was a shitty thing for Rozanov to do, to dip out of the party and go sulk on the rooftop cos Shane had won and not him. A shitty thing for that cocky bastard to do, to stand there by the railing all alone and angsty and *gorgeous* and be moody when Shane was just trying to be nice. Fucking *asshole* is what he was, kissing Shane like that when they were in a super public place and super noticeable clothes and super recognizable as borderline celebrities cos *hello* the awards ceremony had just happened and people would *notice* they were gone together, people would *notice* and Ilya had kissed him anyway instead of hooking up later, room numbers and meeting up later, sneaking around and getting to do *more* than kiss later.

Fuck that guy.

“Fuck that guy.” A whole hour and thirty seven minutes later, Shane was still mad about it. Still picturing Rozanov on the roof in that damn suit. Still heart racing lips stinging, head pounding *pissed off* about the kiss that was the last kiss they’d get until next season cos it was summer and Ilya was leaving for Russia and fuck him, seriously *fuck* Rozanov for ruining the one kiss they’d get for the whole damn summer, Shane hated him.

“Fuck him.” Okay well, Shane didn’t *hate* him. Obviously. Unfuckingfortunately *obviously* Shane didn’t hate Ilya but right then his heart felt bruised by Ilya’s anger and damn it he was sorta *worried* about Ilya too and the kiss hadn’t been long enough or private enough to count for anything other than blue balls and *shit*.

Shit.

“I hate him.” Shane turned the speed on the treadmill up another notch, then upped the incline too. The gym facility in the basement of the big hotel wasn’t anything fancy, but putting in the miles on a treadmill was better than running down the Vegas strip dodging tourists while trying to outrun the noise in his head, so Shane turned up the speed, the incline and the music in his headphones and kept right on going. He wasn’t going to sit in his room all night feeling sorry for himself cos his bitchy Russian fuck buddy was being bitchy and— and *Russian* and— and—

Too caught up in the pounding music and the punishing treadmill pace and definitely not *at all* caught up in thinking about how Ilya had seemed sad, how that too public kiss had damn near felt desperate, how a summer apart seemed like a way bigger deal this year than it had last year, Shane didn’t hear the gym door open then close *locked* behind him. His eyes were on the screen watching the distance tick over through another mile, watching his heart rate climb as sweat started dripping down his back so he didn’t see the intruder until they were abruptly standing right in front of him.

“Shit!” Shane yelped out loud, then scowled and yanked his headphones off, scowled *harder* and snapped, “Rozanov, what the hell are you doing here?”

“Not sleeping.” Unbothered by Shane’s irritation, Ilya just shrugged. “You either. Not sleeping.”

“Obviously.” Shane lowered the speed on the treadmill so he wasn’t sprinting anymore. “But why are you here?”

“This is like the first time, yes?” Ilya pulled his cigarettes from his pocket and shook one out, eyebrows raised as he gestured around the small gym. “You remember.”

“The first time *what*?” Shane knew what first time Rozanov meant, but he wasn’t about to say it out loud. Not after the rooftop. Not after that kiss. “What are you talking about?”

“First time we did this.” Ilya lit the cigarette without looking away, exhaling a lazy plume of smoke that wasn’t near opaque enough to cover the sardonic tilt of a smirk on his gorgeous mouth. “When we met in the gym. We raced. You lost. You tried to show off for me.”

“I wasn’t trying to show off—!” Shane didn’t mean to yell and he *really* didn’t mean to stumble over his feet when the mocking comment immediately got under his skin. “Fuck!” he scrambled to right himself and grit his teeth. “Fuck off, Rozanov.”

“You wanted that time to be different.” Ilya turned and wandered towards the mirror, holding Shane’s gaze through the reflective glass. “Your room was good, you were *good*,” he emphasized the word, the compliment, with a hard pull at the cigarette. “But. You wanted the time in the gym to be different.”

“I um.” Shane thought maybe being called *good* made him a little fuzzy, and he blinked a few times to clear it. “Yeah. I— sure. Yeah.”

"Hm." Ilya kept smoking. Kept watching. He stood with his back to Shane and his eyes firmly *on* Shane through the mirror, pulling at the cigarette and exhaling in show offy plumes, thick enough clouds to haze over his face so Shane couldn't quite read his expression, not so thick that he couldn't see Shane's gaze drop over his body, down the line of his back to his ass then back up again.

Ilya took his time with the cigarette, took his time watching and when the cigarette was just about burned out, when Shane was starting to get visibly twitchy from the silence, when Ilya was tired of only seeing part of Shane instead of seeing all of him, he ashed out the butt and tossed it towards the garbage and turned back around.

“I wanted the first time in gym to be different, too.” Ilya leaned against the mirror, set his feet wide and started sliding towards the ground, lower and lower until his ass hit the hard floor and his legs splayed out in front of him. “So this time, the night is different.”

“I don’t know what you mean by that...” The words trailed off when Shane’s mouth went dry, his throat clicking instantly *parched* when Ilya ran a hand up underneath his shirt, pushing it up to his chest to show off the tense of his stomach, the flex of muscle in his abdomen. “What um— what—what are you doing?”

“You won tonight.” Ilya dragged his blunt fingernails over his stomach, arching into the slight sting of pain because he knew Shane liked to see him *react*. “You deserved it. I am.... Proud of you.”

“Proud of me.” Shane’s eyes were glued to Ilya’s stomach, to the thin red lines left behind from Ilya’s nails, the little folds of skin where his stomach creased from sitting, the scatter of moles and beauty marks Shane had mapped with his tongue so many times while he was on his way down to his knees. “You’re p-proud of me? Either one of us could have won, the award was um– it wasn’t–”

Ilya made a low noise in the back of his throat, almost humming, almost purring as he ran the flat of his palm over the front of his shorts, groping along the length of his cock.

“*Fuck.*” Shane’s head jerked around to try and spy a camera in the room, then swiveled back so he could gape wide eyed at Ilya stroking himself through his shorts. “What are you *doing* right now?”

“We can race again.” Ilya closed his fingers around the bulk of his cock, outlining it behind the thin material. “You on the treadmill and me here.” He let go so he could tug at his waistband, pushing it down until Shane could see dark curls and just the very base of him. “See who gives up first.”

“Holy shit.” Shane swore, stuttered, stumbled, but when he went to yank the emergency stop plug on the machine, Ilya clicked his tongue, “Ah ah *no. No*, Hollander.”

He pointed a finger at Shane playfully stern, “No. There are rules. We are civilized.”

“Civilized.” Shane propped his hands on his hips, chest heaving with each hard breath. “Are you kidding me?”

“We race.” Ilya pushed his shorts down a little more, a little more, tilted his head and smiled *slow* watching Shane’s eyes track helpless down to watch. “You run and I will touch myself. You do not stop, and I will not stop either. Deal?”

“You’re serious.” Ilya was *serious* and Shane couldn’t believe it. “You’re serious?”

“If you stop, I stop.” Ilya answered calmly. “But you would not do that to me Hollander, you wouldn’t stop and leave me...” he muttered something in Russian, then clarified haltingly, “Blue balls. You wouldn’t.”

“Someone.” Shane gulped. “Someone might come in.”

“Mmm no.” Ilya decided flatly, and Shane huffed, “They might!”

“*No.*” he repeated. “The door code resets at midnight and no one is at front desk to give anyone a new one.”

“Okay but,” Shane cast around for any sort of valid excuse to stop the insanity. “But cameras?”

“No, I checked.”

“Roza–”

“If someone gets code, we will hear them at door.” he cut in impatiently. “I will cover up and they will only see you over compensating and me not caring.”

“*Over compensating?!* ” Shane liked to think that one day maybe he wouldn’t take the bait every time Ilya purposefully provoked him, but that day was *not* today. “Over compensating for *what?* I won tonight!”

“Yes, you won tonight.” Ilya’s expression softened almost fond, for a half second Shane thought maybe the rugged features rearranged themselves almost *adoring* but that– that was *crazy*, right? “And you deserve reward. So why are you scared?”

“I’m not scared!” Shane snapped and *fuck* there he went again letting himself get provoked. “I’m not,” he tried again, calmer. “Scared.”

“Fine, not scared.” Ilya rubbed the pad of his thumb across the head of his cock until a damp spot spread onto his shorts. Shane bit at his tongue until it hurt and forced himself to look away. “But you will still take challenge because you do not like to lose.”

“Not participating in this sort of crazy shit doesn’t mean–”

“A forfeit is a loss.” Ilya interrupted, grinning then grinning wider when Shane’s eyes darkened in frustration. “And you do not like to lose.”

“Fuck you, fucking asshole.” Shane huffed and folded his arms. Huffed and put his hands back on his hips. Huffed and set his jaw and clenched his fists and, “What happens if I win? If I last longer than you?”

“If you win?” Ilya arched an eyebrow towards him. “You get to see me cum.”

“Right.” Shane wished *wished* his voice hadn’t cracked just then. “And that’s supposed to be a reward of some kind?”

“For you?” Ilya bent one knee so his shorts pulled tight across his thighs, across the outline of his cock. “Yes. It is.”

“And if I lose?” Shane ran his tongue along the inside of his dry mouth, then over his bottom lip. “If I quit before you’re done. What then?”

“*...then you get to see me cum.*” it came out nearly a **growl** in Ilya’s thick accent. “As punishment.”

“Fuck.” Shane got back on the goddamn treadmill and hit the start button. “Fuck. Fine. Let’s go.”

“I knew you’d say yes.” Ilya’s heart jumped in excitement, in anticipation, in relief at not being *rejected*, but he covered it with a mocking little laugh. “You cannot resist challenge, I knew it.”

“Shut up and get going.” Shane pushed the speed up several notches and found his stride again on the machine. “But just so you know, I’m not going to look at you.”

“That is a good idea, you will lose too fast if you look at me.” Ilya thunked his head back on the mirror, chin up and eyes hooded low as he shoved his hand all the way inside his shorts to stroke himself. “But I am going to look at you. At your legs and your arms and how much you sweat— you sweat so *much*, Hollander.”

He thumbed over the head of his cock until another bead of pre come spilled out and stained damp into his shorts. “Next time I fuck you,” he said low and hoarse and promising, his eyes trained on Shane’s strong legs then traveling up to the flex of Shane’s arms, the sheen of sweat at his collarbones. “I will *lick* the sweat from you. From everywhere. Your back and under your arms. You like when I play with your balls, I will lick you there too. *Everywhere* you sweat.”

Shane swallowed, but didn’t answer. He kept running, counting his paces and *not* counting how many times Ilya’s hand had moved along his cock, eyes on the mirror but firmly set above Ilya’s head and not on the heat in Ilya’s eyes or the distracting tilt to his mouth.

“You are already hard.” Ilya slouched further onto the floor to give himself more room, reaching low to tug at his balls so his cock would kick *straining*. “I can see through your tiny shorts.”

“My shorts are just normal running shorts! They aren’t—!” Shane shut up before he got sucked into arguing, sucked into *looking*. He set his mouth in a grim, determined line and kept running while Ilya laughed up at him, “You cannot be comfortable, trying to run with that thing in the way.”

“Don’t talk to me.” Shane bit out, but Ilya shrugged unbothered, “That was not part of rules.”

“Fuck you.”

“Whatever you say, Hollander.”

Ilya stroked himself *slow* beneath his shorts, curling his fingers around the base of his cock and dragging his palm leisurely up the length to the leaking tip. He thumbed over the slit so his fingers came away wet and made the slide down easier, went back for more so the spill of pre come stuck tacky to the material and the little bit of friction made him shiver. He kept watching Shane, kept *staring* at Shane, his gaze greedy watching the muscle pull and flex in Shane’s strong legs, the way the silky running shorts clung to his thighs, riding up a little with every step. Shane’s waist cut in beneath his tank top, but his shoulders flared broad and his arms—*fuck*, Ilya loved Shane’s arms and the stretch of his chest and the way his mouth always opened red and slick when he *wanted*.

Shane was sweating, droplets running down from his temple to hang off his chin, to drip into the hollow of his throat and soak into the neckline of his shirt and Ilya licked his lips slowly remembering just how Shane tasted when he was sweaty and slick and needy. He didn’t bother quieting a groan at the thought of Shane spread out beneath him, how his *zolutse* would squirm and blush if Ilya used his tongue and then his teeth to mark him up.

Ilya *groaned* and Shane tried *tried* to keep his eyes on the treadmill numbers. On the ceiling tiles. The sprinkler system. He studied every goddamn detail of the gym from the generically hotel grade linoleum floor to the gray and black of the machines, he counted the number of weights set on the rack by the mirrors, he focused on the zip of the treadmill belt and the slight squeak of his shoes and the sound of his own breathing so he wouldn't think about the sound of Ilya's breathing picking up notch by notch, so he wouldn't think about how fucking hard he was in his admittedly tiny shorts, so he wouldn't listen to the rustle of clothes as Ilya stroked himself, the distracting tap of Ilya's shoes against the floor as he edged towards losing control, the way Ilya *groaned* like watching Shane run and sweat was some sort of pornography.

Then Ilya moaned something in Russian, something rough and ragged and strung *raw* over his thick accent and Shane *had* to look. He *had* to look so he snapped around staring and his mouth fell open gaping when he saw Ilya's shirt pushed up over his chest and tucked under his arm pit, Ilya's free hand groping his own chest and pulling at his nipples while the other hand—the *other* hand moved distractingly fast hidden beneath his clothes.

"Let me see." Shane didn't mean to talk. He didn't mean to *beg*. The words came out a dehydrated rasp. "Pull your shorts down. Show me."

"You pull *your* shorts down, Hollander." Ilya's voice was strained, but his smile was endlessly, infuriatingly cocky. "You are trying to make me lose? Pull *your* shorts down."

"I'm running, asshole." Shane was running for his life, pounding his feet along the treadmill belt at a speed half a notch towards dangerous. "I can't pull my shorts down. You do it. Let me see."

"Hm." Ilya's eyes landed at Shane's lap, at his cock tenting below his shorts and bobbing around ridiculous with each step. "Ask again. Nicer."

"Let me see your fucking cock!" In retrospect, the vulgarity, the ferocity, the way he sounded downright pissed off *starving* for a peep show would shock Shane just a little bit, but right then he was too busy panting, too busy sprinting, and he didn't just *care*.

"You win one prize and now you are bossy, so bossy." Ilya waggled his eyebrows taunting, but he was already nodding and pushing his shorts down, already nodding *yes* and pulling his cock out, gripping at the base so Shane could see all of him. "There. Happy?"

"Fuck." Shane stumbled and nearly fell, but managed to upright himself in time to keep watching wide eyed and slack jawed as Ilya stuck his tongue out and let a long line of spit pool into the palm of his hand. "Fuck, Rozy that's— *shit*."

"Is better." Ilya gasped out loud, leg kicking out and toes curling in his shoes when the next stroke of his hand was *wet*, the saliva just enough mixed with pre come to get himself slick. "Tell me Hollander. Is better, yes? Good and wet?"

"Jesus Christ." Shane kicked the speed up again, again, a desperate attempt to distract himself while still prolonging the moment. He was breathing loud, didn't dare touch himself

and risk dying on the treadmill by way of jacking off at high speeds but his hands twitched towards his cock anyway, just a quick jerk before he managed to stop.

Shane could see himself in the mirror, his face red with exertion and his eyes wide, his cock obscene tenting in his shorts. He was uncomfortable and pouring sweat, legs shaking from running so fast and heart pounding but Ilya hadn't broken eye contact once. Not *once*. His cock was rock hard and leaking, spilling over his fingers and knuckles and the entire room smelled like *them*, like a mix of aftershave and sweat and adrenaline and cum and when Ilya's whole body shuddered as he twisted his hand over the tip of his cock, when his mouth fell open and his tongue poked out, his body flushing red clear up from his stomach into his throat and up into his ears—

—Shane gave up.

"I give up." he slammed the *stop* button and jumped off the treadmill before the belt had stopped turning. "I give up, you win." He sucked in a harsh breath and gripped his cock through his shorts, "Let me see you cum. Come on, let me see you cum."

"*Sweetheart...*" Shane thought Ilya called him *sweetheart*. Ilya thought maybe he'd slipped up and called Shane *sweetheart*. It was garbled and desperate and lost in a loud cry as he stroked himself to finishing and came with yell, arching up off the floor as his cock jerked striping white across his hand and up onto his stomach.

"Fuck." Shane cursed and cursed and *cursed* and Ilya was still dizzy, still reeling when he reached out for Shane and motioned him in, mouth open and tongue out *offering* as he mumbled, "Here, give it here. Come on.." and braced his hand on Shane's thigh so Shane could lean over with a hand planted on the mirror and stroke his cock furiously over Ilya's face until he splattered cum all over Ilya's tongue and lips and partway onto his cheek.

"Look at you." Shane was shaking after, legs weak and core trembling but Ilya was *grinning*, licking his lips and wiping his face with his fingers, sucking them into his mouth with a lewd noise to clean it all away. "You are sore loser. Rude, making a mess like that on purpose."

"Fuck you." Shane barely managed. "Fuck you. It's— that's—"

"Here." Ilya caught the back of Shane's calf and tugged him forward, ran his palm up the back of Shane's knee to his thigh and pulled him in coaxing. "Down here. Come here on me, I won't let you fall. Come here."

Shane's knees gave right out and he collapsed into a graceless heap on Ilya's lap. Ilya grunted but caught him and pulled him into a hug with an arm around Shane's shoulder and the other wrapped around his waist holding *tight* as Shane shook through shaky breath after shaky, trembling, overwhelmed breath.

They were gross. Sweaty and sticky and covered in spend, Shane's tank top stuck to Ilya's stomach and Ilya wiped his hands on Shane's thighs before holding him and it was *gross*. They were *gross*. But Shane curled in to rest his forehead on Ilya's broad shoulders and for a very long few minutes, Ilya cuddled Shane into his lap like they were lovers, like the moment

was sacred and they had all the time in the world to float basking in the *afterglow* of it all as their heart rates calmed and breathing eased and the rush subsided.

And once he could breathe without feeling as if he'd pass out or slur his words or blurt out something embarrassing about how much he was going to miss Ilya in the coming months, Shane put his mouth to Ilya's ear and murmured, "Why are you here, Rozanov?"

Ilya's throat moved as he swallowed, and his fingers flexed at Shane's waist before he answered, "I go home to Russia in three days."

"No, I know that." Shane *knew* that. The impending goodbye had been eating him up inside for way longer than he wanted to admit. "But after you acted like that on the roof, why did you come down *here* and—"

"I go home to Russian in three days." Ilya repeated slowly, tiredly, but that time he dug his fingers into Shane's side, that time he wrapped his arm tighter at Shane's shoulder and hugged him in hard enough to *hurt* and that time, Shane thought maybe he *got it*.

"Okay." he said, cos there wasn't much else to say, nothing else that he was ready to say or Ilya was ready to hear. "That's... yeah. Okay."

"Okay." Ilya echoed, pressing his lips to Shane's temple. "Yes."

They sat together for a long time again, Shane held on Ily's lap like he didn't weigh a damn thing and Ilya slouched against the mirror as if his legs and butt weren't going numb.

It didn't matter. He didn't want to move and the way Shane tucked into the shoulder and relaxed boneless trusting on his lap sure felt like maybe *Shane* didn't want to move either. The gym didn't have a clock and the basement was far below any of the awards ceremony revelry or general Friday night noise of a Las Vegas night, so the minutes slipped by uncounted and they breathed together uninterrupted for a while, for a while longer, for far longer than they should have.

"I need to shower." Ilya moved first, patting Shane's ass when the looming dread of returning home started to creep in and spoil the fragile, grounding peace they'd found. "You came on me, I am disgusting now. Your fault."

"Fuck you, this was all your idea, it's *your* fault." Shane leaned back but didn't stand up, tilted his head and peered deep into Ilya's eyes. "Hey. So. Are you okay?"

Ilya swallowed and looked away. Gathered himself and looked *back* and the second their eyes met again, Shane nodded like he understood and leaned in to kiss him.

"*Yes.*" Ilya lunged forward to take the kiss, using the crush of mouths and push of tongue as an escape from the explanation he wasn't ready to give. "*Yes.*" He fisted a hand into Shane's hair and dragged him in, angled their heads and drove the kiss deeper, he grabbed at Shane's waist and dug his fingers in *bruising*, sharpened the kiss *biting*, sat up from the mirror so he could haul Shane tighter onto his lap and closer to his body and closed his eyes *lost*...

“Hey hey hey.” Shane broke the kiss bewildered. *Concerned*. “What the fuck. Slow down, what’s going on?”

Ilya didn’t have the right words in English or in Russian so he brushed his fingertips lightly lightly along Shane’s cheek, just barely barely along the freckles and delicate skin beneath Shane’s gorgeous eyes, then leaned in for one more kiss.

This one was soft. Sweet, even. Ilya whispered something adoring in Russian just before their lips met in a gentle, nearly chaste kiss and he whispered it again as they parted, bumping noses lightly as he pulled away.

“Time to go, Hollander.” he said quietly and Shane sighed like he hated it, “Yeah. Time to go.”

The moment they were apart, the moment they stood up to fix their clothes, Ilya shut down. Shane watched with clenched fists and something *sick* twisting in his stomach as the light left Ilya’s eyes and his shoulders hunched, as his teasing smile fell away and his jaw set tensed like he was bracing for an upcoming fight.

“Um.” Shane spread his hands helplessly. “See you... in the fall?”

“In the fall.” Ilya nodded jerkily, turned on his heel and left. “Good night.”

“Yep.” Shane looked around the empty gym and sighed, rubbed his arms where he was suddenly cold and swallowed. “Good night.”

From Lily: *97 days*

From Jane: *What is this*

From Lily: *97 days. Till pre season.*

From Jane: *Are you counting down?*

From Lily: *Counting down days till I can beat your ass again.*

From Jane: *You mean eat my ass?*

From Lily: *Next time I see you. You want that and I do too. Yes.*

From Jane: *Fuck*

From Jane: *Okay. Yes.*

From Lily: ~~Soon, sweetheart~~

From Lily: *97 days*

From Jane: *Yeah. 97 days.*

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