

could you look like mine (just for the night)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75712371) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75712371>.

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:	Bets & Wagers , Anal Sex , Clothing Kink , a little bit of possessiveness
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-13 Words: 1,410 Chapters: 1/1

could you look like mine (just for the night)

by [treescape](#)

Summary

When Shane slips into the hotel room in Boston, there's a familiar jersey spread over the bed —Raiders, number 81, *Rozanov* in stark white lettering jeering up at him.

"Not a chance," Shane says immediately.

Or, Ilya fucks Shane while Shane wears his jersey.

Notes

This is set sometime during 2015/2016, early during episode 4.

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

When Shane slips into the hotel room in Boston, there's a familiar jersey spread over the bed—Raiders, number 81, *Rozanov* in stark white lettering jeering up at him.

"Not a chance," Shane says immediately.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Rozanov shrug. Shane might have been distracted by the way his muscles shift beneath his t-shirt with the movement, but he's too busy glaring at that damn jersey.

It's the same one he'd been forced to see all night, those letters rippling across Rozanov's back as he raised his arms in victory after every fucking goal.

"You lose the bet," Rozanov says. "That means I get to pick. I want to see you wear my name."

"You just want to provoke me."

"It is the name of a victor," Rozanov says easily, and Shane can hear the smirk in his voice. "You should be proud to wear it."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Fuck off."

"If you like," Rozanov says with another shrug that Shane only half sees. "I would rather fuck you."

Shane would rather that too, though he's not about to say as much in so many words. Instead, he glares at the jersey some more, because if he glares at Rozanov instead, he'll probably wind up on his knees in the next three seconds.

Rozanov's too hot when he smirks. Shane can never seem to resist the way it makes his eyes gleam like he knows something Shane doesn't.

He eyes the jersey, indecision gnawing at the edges of his mind. It feels like a betrayal to even *consider* it. Only a couple hours ago he'd been in his away jersey, the Metros' logo right where it belonged on his chest.

He's not about to wear a *Raiders'* jersey. He's not about to wear *Roz*—

"Come on. Let me fuck you in my jersey, Hollander," Rozanov wheedles, and it's actually embarrassing how easily Shane caves.

"Fine," he says, refusing to look at Rozanov as he reaches out for the jersey on the bed, the black mesh sliding between his fingers. He goes to pull the jersey unceremoniously over his head. "But you're wearing mine next time."

"No, no, no," Rozanov says lazily, and for a minute, Shane thinks he's responding to his gibe. It isn't until he looks up and Rozanov makes a gesture at Shane's t-shirt and sweat pants that he understands.

Rozanov smirks again, and ah, fuck. There it is. Shane is gone, drowning in the gleam of his eyes.

"Want you to feel it against your skin," Rozanov tells him.

Shane scowls, but he lets the jersey fall back to the bed, because a bet's a bet, and Rozanov *did* win. He strips his t-shirt over his head and pulls off his sweats until he's just in his underwear, making sure to fold them before setting it on the chair beside the bed.

He makes sure to give his own little smirk when he catches Rozanov following every movement with his eyes.

The jersey smells like Rozanov as he tugs it over his head. Without shoulder pads beneath it, it hangs a little overlarge on his body, and he pulls self consciously at the collar before reaching up to straighten his hair.

Rozanov smirks again, but this time there's something hotter in his eyes, and Shane feels his heart go into overdrive.

"Very nice," Rozanov says, stepping in close. He presses a kiss against Shane's mouth, open and wet, and then he gets a fist in his jersey and shoves Shane gently down to the bed. "Turn over. Let me see."

Shane's only just rolled over when he feels Rozanov behind him on the bed, the weight of one knee pressing against the mattress and then two as he straddles Shane's legs. Rozanov hums in satisfaction at the sight, and Shane feels his cheeks go hot.

"You better be enjoying the sight," he mumbles against the sheets, "because it's *never* happening again."

"Don't say that, Hollander," Rozanov says. He shoves the hem of the jersey up to the small of Shane's back so he has a better view of his ass through his boxers. "I will make sure I see this again."

Shane tries to twist around to see him, but Rozanov gets a hand against his upper back, right over the middle of his name, anchoring Shane to the bed. Shane could fight it off, but—Rozanov's other hand is sliding into his boxers and between his cheeks to rub at his hole.

"Stay there, just like that, and I will fuck you," Rozanov promises.

"You'll fuck me anyway," Shane says.

Rozanov lets out a huff of laughter. "Try it, Hollander," he warns.

Shane thinks about it for a minute, but he's only got a couple of hours, and Rozanov's just enough of an asshole that he might, *might* carry through on his threat. When the pressure on his back releases and Rozanov pulls his hips up so he can work Shane's boxers down, he keeps his face and chest against the mattress.

"Such a good boy for me," Rozanov teases, and Shane would do something like call the whole thing off except that one slick finger is pressing into his hole.

Jesus, he thinks as his hips jerk, his cock bobbing hard against nothing. Where had the lube even come from? Had Rozanov had it in his pocket?

"Knew you'd give in," Rozanov says by way of explanation, as if he's read Shane's mind.

"Shut *up*," Shane tells him.

"You're the one making all the noise," Rozanov says, and Shane can't even argue—there's faint moans all around them, *his* moans, as Rozanov begins to work him open.

It isn't long before Rozanov is pulling back to roll on a condom and then fucking in. Shane shudders with it, groaning his approval into the mattress, and even though he isn't trying to go anywhere, Rozanov presses a hand between his shoulder blades again. His fingers trace over the letters for a moment as he sinks in as deep as he can go, and Shane's fingers clench into the sheets.

Just for something to hold onto. Not because he wants to hold onto Rozanov.

Rozanov shifts behind him, and then he's leaning heavily over Shane's body. "You look good like this," he says hotly against Shane's ear before his teeth bite into the lobe and tug. "Should wear my name more often."

"In your dreams," Shane bites back, and Rozanov chuckles, low and warm.

"There too, yes," he says.

"What—" Shane begins, but before he can ask what Rozanov means, if he means he actually *dreams* about Shane and about this, he's pulling away, teeth dragging against the lobe of Shane's ear before releasing as he straightens.

The pace Rozanov sets is relentless, as if the sight of Shane in his jersey has unleashed something in him. His fingers dig into Shane's hips as he holds them there and fucks in again and again.

"You like it, yes?" Rozanov demands, his voice gone hoarse as Shane manages to get a hand around his own cock. He mutters something in Russian before switching back to English asking again. "You like looking like mine?"

Shane knows he should protest. He *isn't* Rozanov's; he *can't* be. But there isn't enough air in his lungs to get the words out, and he's not even sure he wants to. Instead, he whimpers something he doesn't really hear, and he listens to Rozanov's curses as his hips grind uncontrollably forward, and his fingers squeeze tight around his cock as he comes.

When he's finally caught his breath, it's to find himself on his side, Rozanov plastered against his back. The jersey, when he gathers the strength to look down—

Shane sighs and makes face.. The jersey is a mess, soaked through with sweat and Shane's come. He plucks at it, pulling it away from his chest, but when he goes to sit up and pull it over his head, Rozanov stops him and tugs him back down.

"Leave it on," Rozanov murmurs. "Until you go."

"Gross," Shane says, frowning down at the drenched jersey, but in the end, he leaves it on. He tells himself he just doesn't have the energy to do anything about it for now.

And if he leaves it on the whole hour he lingers, and only takes it off at the last minute—

Well, Rozanov *had* won the bet.

That's all.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I'm [treescape](#) on tumblr.

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