

meet me in the afterglow

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76124956) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76124956>.

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:	Secret Relationship , Anal Sex , Oral Sex , Hotel Sex , and a little something for the book enjoyers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Hockey Time!
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 1,841 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Shane never feels more at peace than the moment that Rozanov pushes into him.

Notes

Timeline: pre-episode 1.04

Author's Note: I love these goobers.

Shane never feels more at peace than the moment that Rozanov pushes into him. It's like the whole crowd in his head — the applause and the boos, the critiques from coaches and commentators, the neverending advice from his loving parents — all fades away, and all he can hear are his own gasps and the way Rozanov murmurs with pleasure.

“Fuck, Hollander, yes,” Rozanov says, and Shane's gotten medals he cares less about than Rozanov's approval. He has a whole fucking trophy room and this is better, although he wouldn't mind it if Rozanov fucked him in the trophy room, actually. Rozanov thrusts into him and it chases every thought out of Shane's head except *yes*.

He doesn't have to try to be good for Rozanov. Obviously he tries: takes Rozanov's dick a little deeper into his throat or his ass, makes him come a little faster. But it's like he knows he won't disappoint Rozanov. Like there's no way. He could gag during a blowjob or forget to brush his teeth before kissing Rozanov or make some kind of embarrassing noise or smell or goop and it wouldn't matter. He could come too fast or too slow or not at all and Rozanov would be fine with it. Rozanov would make it funny, all part of the experience. As long as he's here, they're both happy. It's fucking ridiculous, because they still fight it the fuck out on the ice and kiss like it's a competition, but Shane's slowly coming to terms with it.

It's not just the sex. Rozanov makes him happy. For some fucking reason, he seems to like all of Shane, even the parts that drive other people crazy. Of course Rozanov understands the hockey obsession. The way Shane is striving, in the narrow window of time that his body is capable, to play at the highest level. To set records, to break barriers. But it's more than that. Rozanov seems to understand Shane's precision. His awkwardness in so many social situations. His single-mindedness. The way he can't always put things into words. All the things everyone else has found off-putting. Rozanov sees all of Shane.

Maybe it's all part of the hockey, or the fame that's come with it. There was a time in his life that the ice was the place Shane felt most like himself. He can't identify the moment that changed. Maybe it was a lot of little moments. Maybe it's the way people keep throwing underwear at him and trying to get him to sign shirtless photos from his modeling shoots. Of course he's still a hockey player, but he's all these other things too.

In bed with Rozanov, all he has to be is here. Present. Rozanov takes care of him. He gives Shane everything he can take until Shane's brain is clean as fresh ice.

“More,” he begs, without shame, pulling his knees higher. He likes it when Rozanov fucks him from behind, but he likes it on his back too, so he can see the look on Rozanov's face. Rozanov grabs Shane's foot with one big warm hand and drags it onto his shoulder. He turns his head and kisses Shane's ankle, lipping at the bone there. It's so fucking tender and intimate and sexy that Shane's dick jumps. Fuck, is he going to have an ankle thing now? Rozanov nuzzles down his calf and Shane whimpers. He can't help it. The scratchy feeling of Rozanov's stubble and the softness of Rozanov's lips and the thickness of Rozanov's dick overwhelm him.

“You feel so good in me,” he gasps.

“Oh yeah?” Rozanov says. “You feel, mm, okay.”

“Fuck you,” Shane says, but it ends in a moan when Rozanov thrusts into him again.

“Maybe is my English,” Rozanov teases. “What do I mean? Fucking you is like scoring in the MLH Cup finals. You would not know how that feels, but it’s nice, you can trust me.”

“Fuck you twice,” Shane says.

“I think I like fucking you instead of you fucking me,” Rozanov says. “I think you like that too.” He shifts his hips just a little and pounds into Shane, and Shane doesn’t have anything else to say. He’s forgotten every word that isn’t “God” or “fuck” or “Rozanov”. Rozanov might fuck him right through this mattress and Shane would thank him for it. God, it’s so fucking good. He wants it to last forever. He can tell Rozanov is close, though. There’s a way Rozanov’s stomach tenses before he comes, and he gets a flush all down his neck. Shane loves to watch him.

“Do it,” Shane urges him. “Come for me, Rozanov.”

“Almost,” Rozanov says through gritted teeth.

“Yeah.” Shane sounds breathless to himself. “Oh, yeah, come on.”

Rozanov’s eyebrows knit together like he’s in pain or thinking too hard. His mouth is held tight at the corners. He presses his cheek against Shane’s leg and rams into Shane like he wants Shane to feel this all week. Shane can’t look away. Rozanov is so fucking beautiful like this: shining with sweat, that intense look of concentration almost the same as the one he has on the ice. Shane’s dick twitches again. He reaches down to wrap his fist around it, but Rozanov bats his hand away.

“No,” he says. “For me. After.”

“What do you mean ‘for you’?” Shane asks, as if he isn’t absolutely thrilled by every scenario his sex-addled brain can come up with.

“I want all of you,” Rozanov pants. “You’re mine, Hollander.”

Shane’s heart thuds. That’s probably not what Rozanov means, but Shane’s stupid heart doesn’t understand, just like his stupid body doesn’t know why it shouldn’t crave this so much. “Hurry the fuck up then.” He’s fucking shivering, desperate for release. He’s embarrassingly into Rozanov, as always, but somehow it’s fine.

“O...kay,” Rozanov says, and his whole body shakes as he comes hard. Shane would swear he can feel Rozanov’s dick throb inside him. Rozanov closes his eyes for a second, like it’s all too much for him, and then they snap open again. Almost before Shane can react, Rozanov has pulled out of him and his head is between Shane’s thighs. He kisses the head of Shane’s dick, licks up the precome leaking down Shane’s shaft, and then takes Shane’s dick and maybe Shane’s entire soul into his hot mouth.

“Fuck,” Shane says involuntarily. Rozanov hums in agreement. His head moves up and down. Shane’s dizzy with pleasure. His whole body is tingling and his balls are already tight. It’s not his fault. Rozanov is really, really good at fucking. Like if there was a gold medal for fucking, Rozanov would probably win it, and it would look really sexy hanging around his neck, resting on his bare chest. Shane’s not sure he would make it to the Sex Olympics on his own, but he’s happy to be on Rozanov’s team.

Rozanov growls around Shane’s dick and Shane moans. He can’t help himself. He’s fucking shameless with Rozanov. Rozanov does this *thing* with his tongue and Shane’s hips buck. Rozanov pins him down with his big sexy arm and sucks Shane’s dick like his life depends on it. God, Shane loves this so fucking much. It feels better than anything, almost. Rozanov makes it so good for him every time.

Shane’s pretty sure he shouts Rozanov’s name as he comes, but he’s too far gone to care if that’s corny. Rozanov swallows him down. He’s still licking his lips as he crawls up the bed toward Shane. The condom’s sliding off his dick. Rozanov takes it off, wipes himself down with a tissue, and flings the wad into the trashcan near the bed.

“You don’t have to, you know,” Shane says. “Swallow. If you don’t want to.”

“You don’t like to make a mess,” Rozanov says, as if that’s all the reason he needs. He puts his head on Shane’s shoulder.

“Thanks,” Shane says weakly. He pets Rozanov’s rumpled curls. They’re soft under his palm. Rozanov looks up at him with twinkling eyes.

“Maybe I like the way you taste,” he says. “All those vegetables. Mmm, yummy.”

Shane groans. “Please never say that again.”

“How will you stop me?” Rozanov’s crooked grin is a challenge.

“I guess I’ll have to find a way,” Shane says, and kisses him. Rozanov murmurs in an approving kind of way and kisses Shane back. God damn, he’s good at kissing. Shane doesn’t even care about the lingering taste of dick. That would probably be pretty hypocritical. It’s not like he doesn’t like Rozanov’s dick in his mouth. After a while, Shane can’t even taste it anymore. He kisses Rozanov lingeringly, like they’ve got all the time in the world. At least they’ve got longer than usual. Rozanov has a late flight tomorrow

“You want to watch something?” Shane asks, however long later.

“Mm, yes, house flipping,” Rozanov says. His pointy chin pokes into Shane’s shoulder, but it’s kind of nice. “I’m hungry. We should order food.”

“Too bad we can’t go out,” Shane says. “There’s a great sushi place a few blocks away.”

“Yes, too bad,” Rozanov says. Shane can’t tell if it’s his joking voice or his trying-to-pretend-he-doesn’t-care voice.

“Someday,” Shane says. He wishes he didn’t sound wistful as hell.

“Probably,” Rozanov agrees. “Maybe when we are not enemies. And when you don’t have sex hair. Is too obvious. Shane Hollander, rode hard and put away wet. At least you look less boring.”

“I don’t have sex hair,” Shane says, his free hand going up to pat his head. He does, though. He can feel it sticking out in all directions. “Also who taught you that phrase?”

“I’m always learning,” Rozanov says. He settles back into the curve of Shane’s arm and nestles against Shane’s chest. “Now shhh. I need to know if they will love it or list it.”

Shane stretches out one arm and snags the menu, careful not to disturb Rozanov. It’s so silly, lying here with Rozanov, watching this house show and trying to figure out the best option on a menu that doesn’t sound nearly as good as sushi. But he’s happy, as he orders an assortment of overpriced food for the two of them. Sticky and sweaty and sore and in need of a shower and so, so happy.

He kisses the top of Rozanov’s head. Rozanov grumbles, but he cuddles closer.

“We could never live there,” he says, flicking a finger at the house on screen. “Two cars garage. Where would you keep your boring station wagon?”

“Okay,” Shane says, his heart warm in his chest. “We’ll live somewhere else. Somewhere with room for all your deathtrap sports cars and my safe, sensible SUV.”

Rozanov grunts. “Good.” He slings an arm over Shane’s waist. “Also we are not painting the dining room yellow.”

“Whatever you say,” Shane tells him. He lets himself imagine it, playing along with Rozanov’s game. Maybe the afterglow won’t last forever, but for right now, it feels like it could.

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