

## Jealous

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76644891) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76644891>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a> , <a href="#">Svetlana Vetrova</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Hollanov - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Blow Job</a> , <a href="#">Riding</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Has Panic Attacks</a> , <a href="#">Jealous Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">POV Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Anxious Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Jealousy</a> , <a href="#">needy</a> , <a href="#">the cottage</a> , <a href="#">Casual Sex</a> , <a href="#">party boy Ilya rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-29 Words: 2,676 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |

# Jealous

by [AC91](#)

## Summary

Shane never thought of himself as a jealous person. But Ilya Rozanov made him feel like he was losing his mind.

*Svetlana Vetrova.*

That was the name of the girl Ilya Rozanov was pictured with.

The beautiful, statuesque, model like, stunning woman with the perfect skin and amazing hair and deep hazel eyes that Rozanov was hanging off of.

Shane frowned at the television, watching the entertainment program break down the photos of Rozanov leaving a club in Boston, hand in hand with one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, a cigarette tucked behind his ear, his shirt unbuttoned too much to be decent, the muscles of his forearms so defined Shane had to resist reaching out to touch the screen.

“Vetrova’s father is one of the most legendary goalies in Russian history, so it seems like Rozanov is in the company of hockey royalty,” the blonde woman on the television said.

“They seem like very good *friends*,” the man standing next to her said, waggling his eyebrows suggestively. “They certainly look good together.”

*They do*, Shane thought as the photo changed to one of them climbing into the backseat of a town car, Rozanov’s hand practically on Svetlana’s ass.

He had no right to feel anything about this. Rozanov was just some guy he’d had sex with a few times. Shane was a free agent, too. He could go out and sleep with anyone else whenever he wanted, and Rozanov wouldn’t care.

Shane had no claim to Rozanov. They’d had sex a few times, but it didn’t mean anything. It was convenient and Rozanov was hot and incredible at fucking him, but it wasn’t anything more than that.

At least, that was what he had tried to remind himself. This was nothing.

He watched the television as it flicked to a photo of Rozanov sucking on a cigarette.

Shane had begun to miss the taste of cigarettes.

>>>

He moaned into the pillow, his eyes screwed shut as Rozanov fucked him, his arm pressing down on his shoulders. Shane reached behind him, desperately trying to grab onto something to try and ground him as his body tensed, grateful when Rozanov grabbed his hand and bore down over him, his hips pinning him to the bed. Shane bit his lip as Rozanov moaned loudly into the back of his neck, his hips moving faster and harder –

Shane cried out as he came, squeezing Rozanov’s hand as he fucked him, not slowing down as Rozanov chased his own orgasm. Shane loved being used like this; he loved when he was spent and exhausted and Rozanov kept fucking him, moaning his name, desperate to come too.

Rozanov cried out Shane's name as he came, his hips slowing down to a grind as he slid his hand into Shane's hair, gripping him tightly as he finally stopped moving, slumping over him. Shane took a deep breath, doing his best to breathe normally again underneath Rozanov's weight. He grimaced when he realised his cock was trapped between the sheets and his stomach, his come smeared everywhere. Rozanov seemed to realise Shane was trying to move, pulling out slowly and rolling off of him.

"Fuck," Shane mumbled, rolling onto his back and looking down at himself. Rozanov loved when he came untouched, making it his mission to make Shane come that way every single time.

Rozanov turned towards him, slapping his hand over his chest. Shane flinched as Rozanov leaned over him and licked the come off of his stomach, laughing as he moved up to kiss him. Shane smiled as Rozanov's hand rested over his neck, his tongue moving against his as he pressed closer to Shane. Shane pushed him gently off of him, sitting up and blinking.

"We need to shower," he said.

Rozanov sighed, watching as Shane stood and crossed to the bathroom, doing his best not to make a face as the ache in his ass.

"You are okay?" Rozanov asked.

"Yes," Shane answered honestly. He was always okay; he *loved* this feeling, like his whole body had been pushed beyond his limits and he could barely hold himself up.

He flicked the shower on, flinching at the sight of himself in the mirror. His hair was a sweaty mess, his skin was flushed red, sweat had beaded down his chest, and come was drying in the hair beneath his bellybutton. Shane didn't look anything like Svetlana, or the many women Rozanov was photographed with. Shane wasn't tall and thin and beautiful. He was average height, broad shouldered and plain. He hated his flat hair and his ugly freckles and his boring brown eyes.

Shane was so busy frowning at himself that he didn't see Rozanov walk into the bathroom. He startled when Rozanov gripped his waist, kissing his neck snapping him out of his reverie. Shane watched in the mirror as Rozanov reached for his hand and pulled him towards the shower; for a brief moment, he thought about the photo he had seen of Rozanov with Svetlana.

>>>

"Not bad, Hollander," Hayden said, clapping him on the back.

"Not bad?" Shane asked. "A hat trick is better than not bad." A hat trick against *Boston*, no less. Scoring against Rozanov was no easy feat.

He shucked off his jersey, listening as JJ led the team in celebrations, loudly singing their team song.

“Hey, we should go out tonight,” JJ suggested.

Shane heard his phone buzz as the boys made a plan to go clubbing behind him. He grabbed it quickly, already knowing who it was.

*How quickly can you get out of here?*

Shane tried not to smile, not wanting any of his team to see him.

*Half an hour*, he texted back.

Rozanov texted back a thumbs up emoji, and Shane stripped faster.

>>>

Shane couldn't breathe. He couldn't move. Rozanov had his wrists pinned down on either side of his head as he fucked him so hard Shane could feel his vision fading out. He whimpered as Rozanov tightened his hold, desperately trying to keep his eyes open. He moaned as Rozanov's thumbs dug into his skin so deep he was sure that he'd be left with bruises.

He loved watching Rozanov lose his composure during sex. Shane loved the way Rozanov looked so tense and taut during their games, only to completely relax and look almost drunk once he pressed inside Shane, as if he had been waiting for weeks for him.

Shane moaned loudly as Rozanov ground his hips against his, feeling him so deep inside –

He came with a shout as Rozanov leaned in to bite his collarbone. Shane's hips jerked wildly, his cock trapped between their stomachs, spurting come messily as his orgasm washed over him, Rozanov's tongue laving over his neck as he tried to catch his breath. He moaned as Rozanov fucked him just a little harder until he came right after him, finally letting go of his wrists as he slumped on top of him.

Shane didn't say anything, trying to blink away the black spots in his vision as he gently trailed his hands up Rozanov's back. He smiled as he heard a soft, muffled noise come from Rozanov's throat, wincing as he moved and pulled out slowly.

“Sorry,” Rozanov said, his voice deep and quiet. Shane shrugged him off, watching as he sat up and stretched his back. He smiled as Rozanov turned back to him, inspecting his body carefully.

“What?” Shane asked.

“You look good like this,” Rozanov said, his thumb brushing Shane's lips before he moved his hand down to his neck, wrapping around him loosely before letting go.

“Filthy?”

“Yes.”

Shane felt his cheeks heat up as he looked down at himself. He couldn't imagine anything less sexy. He was a sweaty mess; his hair was sticking to his face, there was come smeared all over his stomach –

“Is hot,” Rozanov said, cutting off his racing thoughts. “I like this.”

Shane tried to relax, but he was hyper aware of how he must have looked now. He sat up, trying not to grimace at the ache in his thighs from being splayed under Rozanov for so long.

“Two more,” Rozanov said, pressing his hand to his chest and shoving Shane back down on the bed.

“What?”

“Three goals, I fuck you three times,” Rozanov shrugged, winking at him as he reached for Shane's cock.

Shane gasped, closing his eyes and trying not to squirm away from Rozanov, self conscious at how oversensitive he felt. He wondered briefly if this was something Rozanov did with women, or other men.

That thought promptly disappeared as Rozanov wrapped his lips around him.

>>>

“That mother fucker,” JJ said, holding up his phone.

“I don't know how he does it,” Wilson lamented, shaking his head.

Shane looked up, curious to know what they were talking about and instantly regretting it when he saw the photo.

Rozanov, surrounded by a bunch of models.

“I guess the team were invited to the Victoria's Secret after party,” Comeau said.

Shane felt his jaw clench as he took in the photo of Rozanov, a black dress shirt unbuttoned by at least three buttons too many, surrounded by beautiful women.

“Damn, Hollander, what happened?”

Shane looked at Hayden, who was looking at his wrists. Shane moved his hands down, hiding the bruises that Rozanov had left behind two days ago.

They were just for him. He didn't want Hayden or anyone else looking at them.

“Dunno,” Shane said, grabbing his phone and debating texting Rozanov.

Not that he would answer. Not while he was surrounded by beautiful women.

Not for Shane.

>>>

Shane sighed, feeling relief at the sensation of being full. He had been teasing himself for so long before he finally pressed the dildo into himself that he had almost forgotten how good it felt.

“Slower.”

Shane bit his lip as he followed the instruction, moving his hand slower, fucking himself at a snail’s pace. It was almost painful how slow he was moving; so slow there was barely any friction.

He sped up just a little, needing to feel more, needing to come more than anything –

“What did I say?”

Shane froze as he debated his next move. He could be a good boy and do what he was told, or...

Shane plunged the dildo deep inside himself, moving his hips back to meet his hand, fucking himself. He moaned so loud at how good it felt that he didn’t even hear his name being called.

He flinched when Rozanov grabbed his wrist. Even without seeing him, Shane could tell he was pissed.

Rozanov grabbed his hair as he smacked his hand away from the dildo, gently taking it away and crawling over Shane, the head of his cock pressing against his relaxed hole.

“No more toys,” he grunted as he pressed inside.

Shane would have felt embarrassed by the frantic, needy noise he made if Rozanov hadn’t had returned it. But Rozanov fucked him deep, possessively, and it was all Shane could do to try and fight off his orgasm, desperate for this to last as long as possible.

He pushed his hips back against Rozanov, crying out when he smacked his ass, even more turned on that he already was.

“More,” Shane moaned, sighing in relief when Rozanov slapped his ass again. Shane sighed, feeling like he was floating higher and higher with each slap.

He never wanted this to end.

>>>

Rozanov smacked the plastic barrier as he skated past, making her laugh.

Shane had never seen Svetlana in the flesh before, but she was even more beautiful in person. She was sitting in the front row in the Raiders' seats, supporting Rozanov. It was nice; they were clearly friends.

So why did it piss Shane off so much?

Why did it make him skate directly into Rozanov and hit him harder than he'd ever hit anyone on the ice before?

Rozanov raised an eyebrow as Shane backed off, looking almost impressed. Shane's eyes cut over to Svetlana, who was talking to an equally beautiful blonde girl and not even watching the game.

>>>

He wondered how many other people had been where Shane was.

He gasped as Rozanov jerked his hips, grabbing Shane's waist and pulling him closer. Shane wasn't sure how much closer they *could* get; he was seated in Rozanov's lap, his arms and legs wrapped around him, Rozanov inside him. But he kept pulling Shane closer, kissing him and touching him and caressing him as Shane rolled his hips, riding him.

"Good boy," Rozanov murmured as he kissed him, one hand buried in his hair, one hand sliding down his chest and wrapping around his cock.

Shane could feel tears in his eyes at the overstimulation, so overwhelmed, so proud of doing a good job.

"Rozanov," he couldn't help but murmur.

Rozanov bit his lip before he kissed him again, pulling his hair a little roughly as Shane moved his hips faster and faster. Shane felt the tears fall down his cheeks as his stomach tightened, his orgasm building and building –

"Fuck," Shane cried out, unable to stop himself.

Rozanov flicked his wrist in time with Shane's hips, getting him off so hard and fast that Shane's vision whited out. He dug his nails into Rozanov's shoulders as Rozanov licked the sweat off his neck, moaning as he came with Shane.

He fell forward against Rozanov's chest, almost smiling when Rozanov gently trailed his hands down his back in a soothing motion.

Shane wondered how many women Rozanov had cradled like this.

>>>

>>>

>>>

“I could marry Svetlana.”

Shane felt sick.

This – he and Ilya – it was new. They had never had the chance to just be together before, open and honest and understanding that they were trying to build something together, but it had been nice.

Then Ilya had said her name, and Shane came crashing back to reality.

He watched as Ilya swiped through his phone, his expression blank as he talked about getting an American citizenship. What he was saying wasn't completely illogical, but it wasn't a conversation Shane was willing to have. It wasn't the type of complication he wanted.

But then Shane realised that maybe it wasn't solely about citizenship, and it took everything in him to not stand up, walk outside and vomit.

“Is she, I don't know, someone you would want to marry?” he asked, trying to keep calm.

“We are friends. It would be for the passport,” Ilya said dismissively.

It didn't answer Shane's question. He could feel his anxiety building as Ilya sat forward, holding his eye as he watched him carefully.

He just needed Ilya to tell him that he didn't want to marry anybody.

That was all Shane needed.

>>>

“So, you and Svetlana,” Shane started, staring into his eggs.

They had made a plan last night. Ilya had said it was a good plan and agreed to it, and he had made it clear that he wanted the same future that Shane did, but he was still curious about some things.

“Me and Svetlana,” Ilya repeated in a tone that Shane was pretty sure meant that he could ask whatever he wanted to ask.

“You're friends?”

Ilya nodded. “Our fathers were friends from young.”

“So you've known her –”

“My whole life,” Ilya finished. “She is my best friend. She understands where I come from.”

Shane felt a pang in his heart. Ilya had slowly been opening up to him about his parents, his childhood, his brother, life in Russia, but he knew there were some things that he would just

never be able to understand.

“But I have a new best friend now,” Ilya said, knocking his knee under the table with his own.

Shane felt his entire body relax at that. “Really.”

Ilya hummed, taking a bite of his toast and sitting back in his chair languidly.

Shane felt stupid for letting himself feel jealous. Ilya was here, in his house, in his bed, making plans for their future.

*Their* future.

One day, when they could come out, people would be jealous of Shane Hollander.

Shane smiled as he knocked Ilya’s knee back with his.

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