

Drunkin Thoughts

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77052481) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77052481>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Explicit Sexual Content , Drunk Shane Hollander , Good Boy Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander likes being told what to do , Ilya Rozanov likes drunk Shane
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 2,261 Chapters: 1/1

Drunkin Thoughts

by [unfiltered24](#)

Summary

Lily: Oh so you're drinker now?

Jane: I do drink, just not often.

Lily: and why have I not seen before?

Jane: Like I said, not often.

Lily: You still come over tonight, I already decided what I the plan was and I do not change plans.

Lily: Text me when you get in uber.

Shane goes out for drinks with the team, and Ilya can't wait to see what drunk Shane entails.

Notes

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

“Good game guys! Crushed them tonight!” Shane yells throughout the locker room, a proud and accomplished smile plastered his face.

Cheers and conversation fill the small echoing room, everyone's mood full of energy.

“Drinks on me tonight!” Hayden proudly shouts, pumping his fist in the air.

Shane could only chuckle, wondering what Jackie will have to say to him tonight when she finds out her husband had been supporting the ongoing alcoholism flowing through the player's veins.

The Metros won 3-1 tonight against Boston, and the only way to celebrate is going to the local bar.

Shane pulls his jersey over his head, hoping to get changed and avoid the questions he knows are coming about whether he was coming tonight with the team to celebrate their victory.

He picks up his phone, pushing down the feeling of excitement, hoping there was a text from that certain person who has been making it difficult to focus on the ice.

Lily: So what is the plan for tonight?

Shane tries to hold the smile that's currently tugging the corner of his lips. It's one thing to get a victory, it's another to know what's coming later tonight from his rival.

Jane: IDK. It's up to you.

Lily: Oh so I get to choose? You do like bad decisions after all.

“Hollander!” He hears from behind him, making him jump a little, dropping his phone face down on the floor.

“You coming tonight to celebrate?”

Didn't get ready fast enough, all thanks to Rozanov.

“Oh uh, I don't think I'm gonna make it tonight.”

“C'mon man, you have to.” Hayden exclaims, “You never wanna come hangout with us, you have to.”

Shane sighs, knowing he can't just tell his teammates he already has plans to be absolutely wrecked by his fellow arch nemesis on the ice.

More voices chant in, hoping to persuade him to join in on the celebration.

“What, got a hot date tonight?” Hayden teases, his eyebrow raised in curiosity.

“No dude, look fine I’ll join in but i’m not staying out late. I already had plans to get my morning workout done and I don’t want to change that.” He sighs in defeat, knowing he won’t have a happy Russian to deal with.

He grabs ahold of his phone that was still abandoned on the floor, opening his last message.

Jane: Change of plans, the team is making me go out for drinks tonight.

Lily: Oh so you’re drinker now?

Jane: I do drink, just not often.

Lily: and why have I not seen before?

Jane: Like I said, not often.

Lily: You still come over tonight, I already decided what I the plan was and I do not change plans.

Lily: Text me when you get in uber.

Shane shakes his head, knowing there’s no way he can convince the boy otherwise.

-

“Round of shots for the team!”

Shane could already feel the hangover he was going to have the next morning.

His head spinning in what feels like a tornado of thoughts and conversations never ending. The bright lights of the bar blinding him. The music turned up so loud he can’t understand how anyone can hear one another.

But yet, he feels good. Better than he ever has before.

“Hell yeah Hayden, good call!” Shane wraps his arm around his friend, holding the liquid up in the air as a cheers to the team.

“Oh my, is that Goody two shoes captain, drunk?” One of the players shouts, pointing his finger in amusement.

It’s true, Shane Hollander, the boy known for his ginger ale, is absolutely plastered in the middle of the bar.

He feels a vibration in his pocket, forgetting about the man he made plans with for later.

Lily: I’m waiting, Hollander.

“Shit.” He mumbles under his breath, unaware he was thinking out loud.

Jane: I leabe now, dnot woiry

Lily: Ah, drank too much I see

Which is true, and he's certainly not hiding it well. The flushed cheeks, the drunken smile he can't seem to get rid of. Yeah, Shane Hollander is drunk.

"Hey buddy, I gotta go home now," Shane smiles, trying to keep his balance whilst holding on to his friend.

"No problem man, thanks for coming out with the team, just get home safe." Hayden pats his shoulder.

Shane makes his way through the full crowd of sweaty, drunk individuals, and out the door to get in his uber.

His mind only focuses on one thing.

Ilya Rozanov

God, the liquor must have gotten to him good with the way his body is physically reacting to just the thought of the Russian hockey player.

His blonde curly hair, that deep and fierce stare of his. The way he is so smooth on the ice, his strength and power every-time he makes a shot. The veins that crawl up his arm from his hand, flexing with every movement he makes. His toned body, especially his arms the way he picks him up with such ease.

Fuck, Shane thinks to himself, tugging at his bottom lip with his teeth, looking down at the very notable boner he's sporting in the back of an uber car.

He watches as the car comes to a stop at a familiar hotel. Shane thanks the driver, carefully stepping out of the vehicle as the alcohol is not making it easy to walk.

He knocks on the room once he makes his way to the floor his rival is currently staying on.

Ilya opens the door, a glass of what only one could guess was vodka.

Shane's eyes widen at the sight of Ilya, showing off his upper half of his body, in only a pair of joggers. His hair smoothed back, eyes staring right into his soul. He nods his head into the room, inviting Shane to step inside.

"Have fun?" Ilya asks, making small conversation whilst walking towards the bed. He sits on the corner, spreading his legs out and leaning back on one hand.

Shane, who is letting the alcohol take full control at this point, can only stare at the imprint of his opponents dick that's basically staring at him right back.

Ilya notices, holding back a chuckle. He knows Shane is drunk. Anyone who could look at Shane in this moment knows he is drunk. He decides to ignore it for now, wondering how this part of Hollander acts

Rozanov slowly stands up, making his way towards the drunken boy, looking him up and down. He would never admit it, but he loves how nervous he makes Shane.

“You gonna answer or are you too busy looking at my cock?”

That sentence alone seemed to have been the breaking point of Shane’s silence as he quickly answers “Yes.”

“Yes what?” Ilya raises his free hand, taking a sip of his beverage while dragging an index finger down Shane’s flushed cheek.

Shane can only gasp slightly, shaking at the touch. “Your dick, I was looking at your dick.” That sentence alone shocked both boys, Shane not knowing he had that confidence in him and Ilya pleasantly surprised at the answer.

“You want me to fuck you, Hollander?” Ilya asks, placing his drink down on the nearest table. Taking a step forward to where he can feel Shanes breath on his lips. He softly guides the shorter boy to the way, pressing his body on to him.

Shane looks up, the need and want in his eyes piercing into the others. “I need you to fuck me.”

Something overcomes Ilya, the neediness in Shane’s voice sent him into a spiral as he pushes the boys head down to his knees, sliding his pants down. He runs his fingers through the brown hair before tugging forward lightly. “Suck my dick first, then maybe, I fuck you.”

It takes no time for Shane to wrap his lips around the tip of Rozanovs throbbing dick, running his tongue over the slit. He loves the dominance in his voice, being told what to do. He can feel his hair being tugged at and it makes him go faster and harder, trying his best to please Ilya.

Ilya eventually pulls Shane off, not wanting to end the fun so soon. He immediately smashes his lips on the other boys, not giving him time to breathe. He runs his hands all over his body, pulling him in by his waist.

Shane can feel his legs giving out on him, strengthening his hold on Ilya’s shoulders. Without exchanging any words, he feels himself being lifted off the ground and pressed against the wall, immediately wrapping his legs around the taller boys waist.

“Fuck, Rosanov, I’m too heavy.” Shane breathes out, letting his mouth run faster than his mind.

“No, not at all.” Ilya just shakes his head, planting a kiss on his lips before caring him to the bed. He lays him down lightly, standing in between his legs.

Shane drunkenly smiles, then giggles. “So strong.”

Ilya knows the boy is drunk and letting his thoughts slip out. This is what he expected asking him to come over still. Maybe, it’s what he wanted.

“Oh so i’m strong, huh Hollander.” He teases, getting a small amount of amusement out of the boys thoughts. “So where do you want me? On the bed, or I can fuck you against the wall?” He kisses up the boys stomach, pulling his shirt up with each peck.

“Wherever you want, you make the choice.” Shane moans, gripping his soft hair, trying to pull him closer.

“You like being told what to do.” Ilya whispers, making his way down to the band of Shane’s pants. He tugs them off, watching as his harden dick bounces off his thigh, begging to be touched.

“Maybe I do.” He practically shouts at the feeling of Ilya’s finger tracing up from the base of his cock to the tip. “So just fuck me already.”

Ilya grabs ahold of Shane’s ankles, tugging him to the edge of the bed. “I thought I make decisions.” He lines up the tip of his cock to Shane’s entrance, poking just slightly, sending the other boy over the edge.

“Fuck, I-I’m sorry sir. Please, just put it in already.”

With that, Ilya basically slams into Shane’s ass, thrusting with force and determination. The sentence repeating over and over in his mind, playing it exactly in the needy and whiny voice Shane used to say it. Practically begging to be fucked, God, he loves drunk Shane.

“Ah, fuck Rozanov, hurts so good.” Shane is a moaning mess now, gripping on to the sheets he knows are going to be fucked up by the time Ilya is done with him. He listens to the bed rocking back and forth from the power he’s being thrust in to.

Ilya flips him over, pushing his head into the mattress making it so Shane’s back is arched up and his ass is in full display. He slides his dick back into Shane’s needy hole, cracking his hand across his ass and then gripping it, making the skin turn white.

“Oh fuck, feels so good.” Shane muffles into the sheets, still loud enough for Rozanov to hear. His mind is spinning, whole body going limp to the touch. He feels his cock twitching, knowing he’s close to finishing without even being touched. Usually, he’d be embarrassed by cumming so quick and especially by not being touched, but right in this moment, he could care less. “Roz, gonna cum-“ he moans, releasing a long string of cum onto the bed.

Ilya follows right after, only instead of the bed it’s into the condom he had on, collapsing onto Shane’s back without pulling out just yet.

They both breathe heavy, trying to calm down before speaking again. Ilya’s mind going crazy, thinking about how hot it was that Shane was basically dirty talking him the whole time.

He slowly pulls out, rolling over to the side of the bed. “Wow, Hollander.” Is all he could manage to say. He turns his head to look at the boy next to him, still arched in the same posture he put him in.

“That, was so hot.” Shane whispers, eyes half open. His body had released all its energy into getting slammed by Ilya that now he feels like he can barely move.

Ilya takes notice that of the predicament Shane is in and reaches over to pull him to his side. “Stay, I be back.” He says, getting up to get a rag and a glass of water.

Shane could only lay there, staring struck of the sex he just had. He reaches out for the glass of water Rozanov offers to him, chugging the cold water down. “I’m so sleepy.” He almost slurs out, a droplet of the liquid dripping down the corner of his mouth.

“Then sleep here, no game tomorrow so no morning practice. Too drunk to leave anyways.” Rozanov knows he is still drunk, and could easily uber home, but part of him wants the boy to stay.

Without even answering back, Shane pulls the comforter that was thrown off to the floor during their deed, and covers himself up to go to sleep.

Ilya shakes his head, climbing under the comforter and next to his rival, not bothering to wake him up so he can change the sheets. He only scoots his body closer, wrapping an arm around the waist of the now sleeping, still drunk, Shane Hollander.

He can’t wait to tease him all about this in the morning.

End Notes

We all know Shane loves to be dominated.

First fic for this fandom cus I can never like something in a normal way. I need more prompts I can't stop myself.

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