

Heated Honeymoon

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77484431) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77484431>.

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 , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Boston Bears Boston Raiders Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , POV Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Shane Hollander Speaks Russian , Top Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , POV Ilya Rozanov , Honeymoon , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander in Love , Ilya Rozanov in Love , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 2,810 Chapters: 1/1

Heated Honeymoon

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Summary

Riding the high of their wedding, Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are trading the Canadian chill for a hot, Hawaiian honeymoon, intent on making the most of their time alone before the hockey season steals them back.

Notes

Russian Translations:

Skazhi pozhaluysta - say please
Ispol'zuy slova - use your words
Ya tebya lyublyu - I love you
Moya lyubov - my love

The plane cabin hummed softly, the kind of quiet that only existed in first class. Shane leaned back in his seat, champagne flute cold against his hand, and turned his head just enough to look at Ilya beside him.

Married.

Actually married.

Ilya had already kicked his shoes off, one knee angled towards Shane, broad shoulders relaxed in a way Shane rarely saw during the season. He looked unfairly good like this—sunglasses tucked into the collar of a linen shirt, hair still slightly damp from the rushed shower they'd taken before leaving for the airport for their honeymoon.

Still, it was the way he finally looked at ease that caught Shane's attention most.

Flying hadn't been easy for Ilya, not since the accident. The lingering tension usually lived in his jaw, his hands, the way he stayed just a little too alert whenever boarding a plane. He always needed contact then, fingers curled into Shane's sleeve or palm pressed warm and solid against his thigh, something real to anchor him when his mind drifted too close to that memory.

Now, Ilya's hand rested there out of habit more than necessity, thumb tracing slow, absentminded circles as if to reassure himself Shane was still right here.

"I feel you staring," Ilya murmured, voice low and teasing.

"I'm married to you," Shane replied easily. "I feel like that earns me the right."

Ilya's mouth curved, smug and fond. He reached over, hooking a finger under Shane's chin and tilted his face toward him.

“Husband privileges,” Ilya smiled against his lips before kissing him softly and clinking his champagne glass against Shane’s.

“You’re lucky we’re on a plane,” Ilya added with a sigh, his hand sliding slowly up Shane’s thigh “Otherwise, you’d be in *much* trouble already.”

“I think you can survive a flight without manhandling me,” Shane joked, although his cock said otherwise, twitching in anticipation of Ilya’s next move.

Ilya just hummed, “So you can look, but I can’t touch?”

Shane swallowed, letting Ilya’s hand slide into his. “We have a whole week.”

Ilya grinned, fingers tightening around Shane’s before he rested his head against his shoulder, “And we’ll make it count.”

Outside the window, the runway blurred as the plane began its long, steady climb toward their destination. Shane leaned back in his seat, letting the low sound of the engines and the warmth of Ilya’s hand settle over him, as his mind drifted back to the day before.

The cottage felt different as they packed for their trip. Open suitcases sat on the bed, t-shirts and swim shorts were folded and refolded into uneven piles.

After spending so many summers here in stolen weeks and quiet escapes, Shane couldn’t stop the way his chest ached with something close to relief. His cottage had been their refuge since that one fateful summer—a borrowed calm between seasons—and now, after the trade and the wedding, it was finally becoming theirs in the way he’d always hoped.

A home with Ilya.

Ilya's Ottawa apartment would be waiting for them during the season. It was closer to the arena, practical, temporary. But this? This was where Shane had always imagined them landing once the noise faded.

The cottage, once Shane's alone, now held two sets of skates by the door and Ilya's jackets draped over chairs like they'd always belonged there. Shane could hardly contain himself. He'd spent the better part of the day Ilya moved in pretending not to hover while his husband unpacked, heart full in a way that still felt unreal considering how easily they had slipped into this next chapter.

But right now, he couldn't wait to get away.

Ilya stood in front of his open suitcase when Shane wandered in, lingering in the doorway with his arms crossed, a smirk slowly tugging at his lips.

"How many Hawaiian shirts do you need?"

Ilya shrugged, "This many."

Shane stepped closer, peering into the bag full of loud florals that looked as if they had lost a fight with a pineapple.

"We're going for a week," Shane said. "Not moving there."

"You say that now," Ilya replied calmly, smoothing out another aggressively tropical shirt, "But what if I need options?"

"For what?" Shane scoffed. "Blending in with the rest of the tourists?"

Ilya finally glanced up at him, eyes full of mischief, "For seducing my husband."

“Fuck off,” Shane muttered, rolling his eyes before stepping behind him, arms sliding around Ilya’s waist as he pressed a kiss to the back of his neck.

Ilya zipped the suitcase shut with a satisfied smirk, “See? Prepared.”

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The plane doors opened, and the warm, tropical air rolled over them. Shane squinted, adjusting to the brightness of the sun as they made their way down the steps towards the attendants waiting to greet them with leis. Draping them across their necks, they led the two to baggage claim before making their way to the hotel.

At check-in, the woman behind the desk glanced between them, eyes widening in recognition.

“Well,” she said, sliding their key cards across the counter, “We don’t often get Stanley Cup champions on their honeymoon.”

Ilya’s brows lifted in amused surprise, “Is that good or bad?”

She laughed. “Very good. The manager insisted—presidential suite. On the house.”

Shane blinked, “You’re serious?”

“Yes, Mr. Hollander,” she smiles warmly, “Enjoy Hawaii and congratulations once again.”

Ilya leaned in as they walked away, voice low, “Marriage already has its perks.”

When they stepped into their room, it was like stepping into the travel brochure they skimmed briefly before booking the trip. Floor-to-ceiling windows framed the ocean, the infinity pool just beyond the patio blurring seamlessly into the blue horizon.

A large king-size bed was neatly made with crisp white linens and a scattering of plumeria petals along the foot, the soft scent of flowers mingling with the warm breeze. A pair of chaise lounges sat near the doors, angled perfectly to catch the sun as it dipped toward the ocean, and an entire kitchen and breakfast nook awaited them in the corner.

Shane let his hand brush across the polished wood surfaces, the faint scent of coconut and sea salt filling his senses. “Wow,” he murmured, turning to Ilya, who was already letting out a low whistle.

“Where should I fuck you first?”

“Jesus, Ilya,” Shane scoffed, “We should unpack, maybe walk the grounds before dinner—”

But before he could continue, Ilya was already pressing a finger to his lips, backing him up until he was pressed against the wall.

“No, no, no. I don’t care about shirts or socks right now,” Ilya said, “I need you to take *yours* off.”

“Ilya...” Shane bit his lip as Ilya’s hands slid to the waistband of his shorts, his mouth trailing along Shane’s neck. His heart began to pound against his ribs.

“Shane,” Ilya mocked, grinning when his lips became mere millimeters from his own.

“You’re impossible,” Shane muttered, the words dissolving into a gasp when Ilya began to palm him through the fabric of his linen shorts. Their mouths finally met in an eager kiss, wasting no time to deepen it as their tongues slid against each other and became more urgent. Shane couldn’t help but let out a moan.

“Shhh, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya mumbled against his mouth, “I’m trying to fuck my husband.”

Shane would never get tired of hearing that.

Ilya dropped down to his knees and suddenly, unpacking was the last thing on Shane’s mind. Fuck, he didn’t even care if their bags stayed untouched for the entire week—abandoned by the door, zippers half-open, clothes spilling out like evidence of better intentions.

Clothes felt unnecessary here, in a space this private, this carefully tucked away from the world, or in this case, the rest of the hotel.

Shane let his head drop back against the wall, gripping Ilya’s hair tightly in one fist as he pressed his tongue to the head of his cock.

“Fuck—“ He began to swear, but Ilya pulled away before he could even start, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, to reveal a teasing grin.

“You’re such an asshole,” He groaned, looking down at him. Ilya reached a hand up to which he begrudgingly took to pull him to his feet.

“I’m not done with you, calm down,” Ilya promised, his hand coming up to clutch his chin before whispering, “I was just getting started.”

Shane shook his head before surging forward and crashing their mouths back together. They didn’t so much walk to the bed and more so tripped their way there, laughter breaking through, only for it to dissolve the moment they landed on the plush white sheets.

Shane huffed out a quiet laugh, hands sliding up Ilya's arms as he pulled him closer, "Kiss me."

"Skazhi pozhaluysta," Ilya spoke, his voice low, nudging his strong legs open further as he waited.

"Please," he swallowed and Ilya did as he asked—slow this time, unhurried. Shane's fingers dug into Ilya's back, grounding himself in the reality of where they really were: married, on their honeymoon, alone together...

The bed dipped softly as they shifted, fingers fumbling with the remainder of each other's clothes and tossing them somewhere across the room.

Completely nude, Ilya leaned back on his heels, taking his time to admire his husband's toned, sculpted body. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he thanked the hockey gods for their handiwork but really, there was no higher power to credit.

Shane Hollander was simply stunning all on his own.

Caught up in the sight of him, Ilya almost missed the fact that Shane's hand had slipped between them, slow and deliberate. But before he could grasp his cock in his hand, Ilya snatched his wrist and pinned it above his head.

"Mr. Impatient," Ilya snickered as he hovered over Shane, pressing two fingers briefly to Shane's chest.

"Shut up," Shane grunted, testing the hold, fully aware of how much he liked being kept there. Ilya knew it too.

“Mr. Bossy,” He murmured against warm skin, lips pressing to Shane’s pec, right over his heart.

He continued to kiss his way down Shane’s body until his mouth was directly over where he was aching for him most. Ilya looked up from his lashes, eyes dark with intent and muttered,

“Mr. Rozanov.”

Shane gasped as Ilya finally took him into his mouth, fingers threading into his sandy curls while a helpless moan slipped free. God, why did that affect him so much? He hadn’t even changed his name after the wedding.

But maybe I should now...

The thought barely formed while he was sucked off until Ilya pulled back, reaching for the bottle on the side table. Shane watched, chest rising and falling, as Ilya slicked his fingers and proceeded to guide his legs higher.

“So good for me,” Ilya praised quietly as he worked him open with his fingers. “Is this what you need, *moya lyubov*?”

Shane nodded, slowly coming undone.

“Ispol’zuy slova,” Ilya said, gripping his chin, forcing their eyes to meet.

“Yes, fuck,” Shane panted, desperate for more. “Please, please, just fuck me already.”

Ilya didn’t waste any time, pushing into him in one smooth motion.

Shane reached for one of Ilya's hands, pressing his palm to his lips before holding it to his chest. "Yours," he breathed, biting his lip to hold back a whimper.

"Mine," Ilya grunted, the word lighting something fierce behind his eyes as he found a steady rhythm.

"Yours," he echoed, tugging him down into a rough, hungry kiss—tongue and teeth colliding—before Ilya pulled free.

"Get on your knees," Ilya breathed.

And just as quickly as Shane obeyed, Ilya thrust back into him, harder this time, more urgent.

"Fuck, Ilya—" Shane pressed his forehead into the pillows, hands fisting the sheets as Ilya fucked him from behind. The sounds he made were broken and desperate, and Ilya found them intoxicating, made even sweeter by the knowledge that he was the one pulling them from him.

"You take me so well, made just for me," Ilya panted, picking up his pace and digging his fingers into Shane's hips, "You going to come for me, Hollander?"

Shane pushed his hips back into him with a loud moan, holding on for one last moment before the release tore through both of them. The moment was euphoric, almost overwhelming, their bodies giving in together, breathless and shaking as the adrenaline faded.

"You fucking kill me," Ilya whistled.

He collapsed beside Shane, both of them slick with sweat and each other's cum. Knowing Shane would want to get up any second to clean up, Ilya took the moment while he could, tugging him close and holding him there.

Shane shifted easily into him, resting his chin against Ilya's chest, lashes low as he looked up at him. He caught Ilya's hand and brought it to his mouth, pressing a slow kiss to the cool gold of his wedding band before lacing their fingers together. The openness in his gaze was so full, so unguarded; it made Ilya's chest ache.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Shane murmured softly, the words careful but sincere.

Ilya blinked, then smiled, warmth blooming through him., "You've been practicing."

"Every day," Shane nodded, stretching to press another kiss to his lips. Then, in English, he repeated it again, "I love you."

"I love you too," Ilya replied, returning the kiss, "So much."

Shane's chest tightened at the weight of the words and couldn't help but smile.

"Can you believe we're going to be teammates this season?"

"Why are we talking about work on vacation?" Ilya groaned dramatically.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to!" Shane laughed, rolling onto his side so his head rested on his bicep, "It's just... insane to think that's the reality we're going back to."

Ilya stared up at the ceiling, quiet for a moment, letting Shane's words sink in.

Truthfully, he hadn't thought much about the upcoming season. They'd been so busy with the wedding and their summer camps that it had barely crossed his mind. But that didn't mean he wasn't excited for what it meant; to Shane and the city of Ottawa. The thought of sharing the

ice, building something together on and off it, made his chest swell with equal parts excitement and pride.

“The fans are going to love it,” Shane added, as if reading his mind. Ilya turned his head and smiled.

“They’re going to love *you*,” Ilya corrected, pinching his cheek. “I can see the headlines now: ‘Ottawa’s prodigal son returns... to play with sexy husband.’”

“Okay, okay,” Shane let out a loud laugh, shoving him playfully away before getting up to go to the bathroom, “Don’t get too full of yourself.”

“You say that as if you weren’t *full of me* two seconds ago!” Ilya called admiring Shane’s bare ass walk away. Without hesitation, he followed Shane into the shower, wrapping his arms around him from behind beneath the warm spray.

They stood like that, bodies pressed together, letting the water wash over them, before Ilya finally broke the silence.

“I’m ready to just be with you. No rivalry, no competing against one another,” He admitted resting his chin on Shane’s shoulder.

“No competition, eh?”

“Not against each other,” Ilya clarified, water tracing down his broad shoulders, “But competing *with* each other.”

Shane almost melted right there in the shower, warmth blooming in his chest in a way that had nothing to do with the steam filling the room. It was the kind of promise that felt built, not fought for.

“God,” he breathed, shaking his head softly, “I’m never going to get used to having you this close.” He turned in Ilya’s arms, cupping his face with both hands. The warm spray cascaded over his back, as Ilya pulled him in, forehead resting against his.

“Mmhm,” Ilya hummed against him, low and approving, fingers brushing up to rest over the silver band on Shane’s ring finger. “Good. Because I’m not going anywhere.”

They would spend the rest of their honeymoon wrapped up in each other, tangled between the sheets, letting the hours melt away with lazy mornings and stolen kisses. They’d watch the sun sink into the horizon, painting the sky in bruised pinks and golds, dive into the warm, rolling waves of the ocean, and simply exist side by side, laughing, touching, and talking about everything and nothing at all.

Every moment was theirs, a bubble of calm before the hockey season returned.

They both knew the next season would be different—more eyes, more pressure, more opinions. But here, in this quiet paradise, it didn’t matter. When that day came, when they stepped back onto the ice and into the spotlight, they would face it together; out, unafraid, and ready to take on whatever came next.

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