

Odd Obsession

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77665531) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77665531>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Autistic Shane Hollander , Sub Shane Hollander , Anal Sex , Oral Sex , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Ilya Rozanov can't get enough of Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-14 Words: 2,449 Chapters: 1/1

Odd Obsession

by [SpicyGayChickenNugget](#)

Summary

Kissing Shane was fun. Not in the usual lustful way — but in the way that Ilya couldn't stop thinking about it, the closeness he felt with Shane during those moments. And it wasn't just kissing Shane's lips, he adored kissing all of his soft skin. Freckles, jaw, collarbone, chest, back, thighs, arms — anywhere he could, he'd place a kiss.

Or

Ilya is obsessed with kissing Shane.

Notes

Y'all better not ask me where in the timeline this takes place, cause I DONT KNOW. I just miss these tragic and cute little gay hockey players and I need to cope. Okay???

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

Kissing Shane was fun. Not in the usual lustful way — but in the way that Ilya couldn't stop thinking about it, the closeness he felt with Shane during those moments. And it wasn't just kissing Shane's lips, he adored kissing all of his soft skin. Freckles, jaw, collarbone, chest, back, thighs, arms — anywhere he could, he'd place a kiss.

~x~

It started like any usual meetup, that's when Ilya first realized this odd obsession with kissing Shane.

Ilya had Shane pressed up against the door of the hotel, locking it before his and held behind Shane's neck to pull him closer.

A soft moan slipped through Shane's lips as they kissed, the moan sent shivers down Ilya's spine "fuck, Hollander" Ilya cursed, breaking the kiss for just a moment to lift Shane's shirt over his head.

The moment Shane was free of his shirt, his lips were back on Shane. Soft pecks down Shane's jaw to his neck, "ah~ roz- please" He breathy moaned.

Shane held Ilya's jaw again to pull him for another kiss, Rozanov smiled through it as he stepped back with his hands still on Shane's waist to pull him towards the bed.

"off" Shane mumbled through the kiss, tugging on Ilya's shirt "okei".

Hollander couldn't help but smirk at the way Ilya would say 'okay'.

They broke the kiss again, undressing before Ilya pushed Shane onto the bed "you're taking forever" Shane commented, Ilya smirked "so impatient" he teased, crawling into the bed. Hollander smirked "I *was* patient... Until you started to take your time"

Ilya hummed in response "I'm in no rush, Hollander."

Shane didn't reply, he just smiled and leaned his head back into the pillow as he felt Ilya kissing his neck again.

Moans softly slipped from Shane's lips as Ilya kissed down his body, opening his mouth to just barely drag his teeth across Shane's hip "no marks, Rozanov" Shane reminded with a soft whine, Ilya huffed "I know" Ilya mumbled with a lingering annoyance in his voice.

When he finally took Shane's cock into his mouth, Shane's fingers found Ilya's soft curls to tug carefully on them. "Oh fuck, Rozanov" he moaned. Ilya hummed around Shane, sending

vibrations up to the man who tugged harder.

The Russian bobbed his head faster, wrapping his arms under Shane's thighs to stop Shane's hips from jerking away.

Heat boiled in the Canadian's stomach, he started to push on Ilya's shoulders "i-im close, fuck! I-" Ilya glanced up briefly, before closing his eyes and swallowing Shane down to the back of his throat. Shane came with a cry out, his breathing uneven as Ilya pulled off and swallowed, placing another kiss on Shane's hip.

"I-im sorry" Shane apologized, Ilya smirked "have I ever complained, Hollander?" He asked, Shane hesitated before shaking his head no.

Shane tried to sit up, but Ilya pushed him back from "don't you want me t-" Ilya cut him off "no, no I need you... Roll over" Shane paused, furrowing his eyebrows before he felt Ilya grab his waist, trying to roll Shane over.

He placed another kiss onto Shane's back.

He couldn't help it. "ты идеален" *you're perfect.*

Ilya didn't know why, he couldn't even begin to understand this sudden desire to just kiss Shane all over.

But, Shane wasn't going to complain.

It didn't take long before Shane to fall apart, moaning into the pillow as Ilya prepped him — and left kisses.

"i-im ready, please? I'm ready"

The sound of Shane's breathy begs made him chuckle "yes, yes. So demanding today, aren't you?" He teased. Shane groaned "at least you asked nicely" Ilya added and pulled his fingers away.

When he put the condom on, he saw Shane glanced back "you're slow today"

Another smile twitched on Ilya's lips, Shane was definitely needy today. And Ilya loved it — he adored it.

It was music to his ears hearing Shane beg for him, but nothing sounded better than when he pushed inside to please Shane further.

Moans filled the room, soft begs and whimpers followed every few seconds as Ilya's thrusts only got harder and faster.

Rozanov held Shane's hips, the man below him had his back arched as he moaned into the pillow.

He slammed in. Hard, fast, he listened to every plea Shane had.

"Harder~ ngh, fuck- Rozanov"

"Fa- ah~ ..faster? Please, please"

Each slam made the bed creak, the sounds of skin slapping against skin. Hard and fast enough that the back of Shane's thighs and ass cheeks started to burn, turning red, and Ilyas thighs too.

As Ilya felt himself get closer to finishing, he reached a hand over to push on Shane's shoulder blade, holding him down. Rougher, slamming ruthlessly into Shane who took everything Ilya gave him.

But it wasn't enough. Ilya pulled out for a moment, turning Shane around to lay on his back. "Красивый" *beautiful*.

After pushing back in, he immediately leaned down to kiss Shane.

Shane reached his shaky hand down to his cock, stroking it fast as the heat filled his stomach.

Ilya groaned against his lips. "fuck, Hollander... Are you-?" Ilya was cut off with his own moan, Shane nodding as he came too.

He stalled his hips after pushing all the way back in.

After a minute, Shane felt Ilya place a soft kiss to his temple. "You are okei?" He asked, Shane chuckled still breathless "I am okay"

Ilya nodded, and Shane opened his eyes to look at Ilya who was still between his thighs, leaning above him. He reached his hands out to Ilya's jaw to pull him down.

The kiss was soft, softer than usual. It was not filled with lust, or uncertainty. It was warm, and Ilya couldn't help the burning he felt in his chest.

~x~

The second time that this strange obsession had been noticeable, they weren't even hooking up — not even planned to see each other.

Tomorrow was game day. The Boston Raiders arrived at the hotel a day early, and had scheduled a practice at the rink for lunch. None of the Metros should have been there.

Ilya was getting ready for practice, his compression shirt halfway on when he heard Marleau speak as he walked back into the change rooms.

"Hollander and Pike are here" Ilya immediately pulled his shirt over his head "what?" He questioned. Marleau shrugged "yeah, they're outside. Talking to their coach, I guess booking a practice or whatever" he said casually. Ilya immediately grabbed his phone.

Lily: you are here?

It took a minute, but the moment his phone vibrated he grabbed it.

Jane: how did you know that?

Jane: we were just booking a practice

Lily: meet me in other locker room

Jane: what no that's a terrible idea

Lily: please

Lily: I will not upset Pike tomorrow if you say yes

Jane: ...fine

Lily: ;)

Ilya held back a smile "I'll be back" he muttered as he left the change room.

He peaked down the hall, making sure no one was near before running towards the other locker room. The moment he opened the door, he felt hands grab his jaw. Ilya smiled and he kissed Shane, closing the door behind them.

"This is such a bad idea, Rozanov" Shane mumbled through the kiss. Ilya hummed "yet you are so eager, barely let me close door before you kiss me" he teased, Shane rolled his eyes and groaned "shut up".

Ilya did — he shut up by putting his mouth back onto Shane's.

The kiss was heated — it was needy. They barely broke apart. Their hands grabbed at each other, Ilya's hands pulled Shane's waist closer, as Shane's hands tugged on Ilya's hair.

Eventually Ilya started kissing down Shane's neck "not here- fuck" he moaned softly, Ilya sighed against Shane's skin "no fun" he mumbled. Shane smirked "we can have fun tomorrow" Ilya looked back at him with a smirk "deal" before kissing him again.

Hollander sighed into it, feeling the way Ilya held him made his heart race and his body far too warm for comfort. Ilya on the other hand, was burning. He wanted to take every piece of clothing off the Canadian, kiss every inch of his soft skin until Shane was melted into a puddle, begging for more.

Which Ilya would of course give.

He wanted to leave marks. He wanted to paint Shane's skin with pretty purple marks all over his neck, all over his chest, his hips, his thighs — anywhere he could.

But reality came back too fast; Outside the door, they could hear talking.

"Shane? Where are you! I want to go back to the hotel"

Ilya quickly pulled away when he heard Hayden getting closer, Shane quickly pushed him around the corner, towards the showers before he heard the door open and turned around to see Hayden "I'm here, sorry I just- I needed a break. Quiet in here..." he lied.

Hayden chuckled "it's fine, buddy. I wanna leave before we run into Rozanov, such an ass" he mumbled under his breath.

Shane smirked and walked towards Hayden.

Ilya smiled, putting a hand to his mouth to stop the breathy laugh that almost left his lips and leant against the wall.

"I don't think he's going to bother you" Shane said, Hayden sighed "I doubt it"

Shane was silent for a moment, but Ilya knew Shane was probably smiling "no, he will... I have a feeling tomorrow will be more peaceful for you"

Hayden sighed again "maybe"

Well, a deal is a deal. He will be nice to Hayden tomorrow.

Like they agreed, they met the next night.

They didn't often talk about the game, sometimes they would tease each other but over the years they've grown to just separate it, and tonight they did separate it.

Shane was on his knees, Rozanov had his hands in Shane's hair to gently tug on it "fuck, Hollander. ты нереальный" *you are unreal*.

Hollander bobbed his head fast, hollowing his cheeks as he took Ilya to the base. Rozanov groaned, feeling close already "Hollander- stop i-" Shane looked up to Ilya with a glare, one that meant to shut up and Ilya was not going to do otherwise.

Only a moment later, Ilya finished with a loud groan, his hands still gripping at Shane's hair.

When Shane pulled off, he swallowed and hummed, looking up to Ilya with a satisfied grin "you didn't last long, Rozanov" he teased. Ilya huffed "shut up Hollander... You have a good mouth" Shane smirked.

Ilya leaned down to grab Shane's sides, pulling him up. With ease, Ilya picked him up to carry him towards the bed.

He pulled Shane's shirt off, kissing his neck as his fingers worked at Shane's belt. Shane groaned and held Ilya's curls, softly moaning into his ear.

Shane was laid on his back as Ilya prepped him, plastering kisses all over Shane's stomach and up his chest.

"Ты так красиво стонешь" *you moan so beautifully*

Shane wanted to ask what Ilya was saying, but instead a mouth found his own and Shane moaned into Rozanov's mouth.

The sounds filling Ilya's ears were driving him crazy, all he could think of was Shane — nothing else was processing in his mind other than getting more of those sounds out of the Canadian.

"Ready?" Ilya asked, Shane nodded desperately "ready- so so fucking ready"

Ilya smiled in response, hiding it with another kiss before pulling away to grab a condom and lube.

Shane watched, his eyes dizzy as Ilya leaned back down. He placed a kiss on Shane's jaw as he pushed his cock inside, and Shane arched his back "shit" he whined. "Okei?" He asked, Shane nodded "o-okay".

Rozanov slowly moved, he didn't pick up the pace until Shane cried for him to go faster. When he did, Ilya didn't hold back.

Shane was a moaning mess beneath the Russian man who thrust into him with such force that Shane couldn't control how loud he was getting.

He could tell something was different with Ilya tonight, the way Ilya seemed to do anything Shane asked made Shane feel odd — he felt adored, almost in a way that seemed Ilya genuinely cared for Shane. And that confused him.

"Ты сводишь меня с ума, Холландер." *You drive me crazy, Hollander.*

Shane cried out when he felt Ilya grab his cock, stroking it fast with each thrust.

Ilya slammed in hard and fast, the sounds of skin slapping and Shane's moans were almost too much, but he couldn't stop. He kissed Shane again, their lips sliding together in a way that made Ilya dizzy.

He wanted to see Shane fall apart — he *needed* to see Shane fall apart.

"r-rozanov~" Shane moaned, Ilya's eyes softened at the sight of Shane's face. Teary eyes, his cheeks red and his lips swollen from Ilya not being able to stop kissing him.

It made Ilya smirk, before he kissed Shane again.

With a few final thrusts, Ilya came. Shane cried out as he came. His arms locked around Ilya's neck to hold him closer, which Ilya didn't complain about.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, Ilya kissed Shane's temple "you did good, Hollander" he praised.

Shane hummed. Ilya didn't often praise him. It felt so good.

He carefully pried Shane's arms away from his neck and leaned back, slowly pulling out.

Shane watched, his eyes tired and dizzy. Ilya left for a moment to grab a cloth to wipe Shane down, before crawling in next to him again.

Hollander reached a tired hand out to Ilya who accepted, kissing Shane's temple. "Sleep" he said softly, Shane shook his head "not my room" he answered, trying to keep his eyes open.

Ilya chuckled softly "is okay. Sleep, okei?"

Shane hummed, finally letting his eyes close "okay..."

Ilya leaned over to turn the lamp off and held Shane hold onto him again "Rozanov?" He asked. Ilya hummed "Hollander," he replied, laying back down. Shane snuggled closer "kiss me again?"

Ilya smiled "always"

Their lips connected for the final time that night. A soft, warm, and tender kiss.

"Sweet dreams, Hollander" Shane Beard as he drifted off into a peaceful sleep — not before he felt another kiss to his temple.

~x~

Maybe Ilya could get used to this obsession, this odd obsession.

Maybe it was okay to want it, to want Shane as bad as he does to the point where Shane literally is never off his mind.

Maybe it was okay to count down the days until his lips were next on Shane's.

And maybe, Shane could get used to these warm feelings he felt every time Ilya kissed him.

End Notes

It is 6:17 AM. I'm going to bed now.

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