

Moral support

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/86169026) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/86169026>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - College/University , Alternate Universe - Roommates/Housemates , Childhood Friends , Friends to Lovers , Shane Hollander is Obsessed With Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is Whipped , Love Bites , Cuddling & Snuggling , First Kiss , Getting Together
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-05 Words: 3,103 Chapters: 1/1

Moral support

by [justbeingzsozso](#)

Summary

He isn't going to talk to Shane about it –or God forbid, stop it– before this goes any further. To be completely honest, Ilya can imagine things a lot worse than Shane with his big doe eyes staring at him, his perfect plush lips opening just slightly.

Or

Shane has an obsession and his best friend is more than willing to help.

Notes

Hey guys! This one was inspired by a tweet of mine of Shane being obsessed with Ilya's biceps. Hope you guys will enjoy it :)

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

Shane was struggling. He is going to lose his mind soon, that, he is sure of.

He has been staring at the same page for approximately 27 minutes now, and not one sentence made it to his brain. Why did he choose this class anyway?

Shane has never been one of those kids who could just listen in class and have the whole lesson memorized. He has to sit with it and revise to do good, but it always pays off and he excels in all of his classes.

Well, all but this one.

The only reason Shane took up this class is because this is the only one he has shared with his best friend Ilya. The two grew up together, their mothers being friends even before Shane and Ilya were born. This friendship transferred onto them too, and like peas in a pod, they have done everything together ever since they can remember, so it was no surprise they chose the same university too, and by a miracle they became roommates too.

And while Shane loves the fact that he can spend as much time with Ilya as possible, he hates this class so much.

“Hey!” Ilya shouts from the dorm door and shuts the door with a little more power than necessary.

“Hi Ilya.” Shane greets back and turns in his chair to look at his friend.

Ilya is wearing a gym shirt with its sleeves cut off and frankly, a little too slutty short. It's clear he came straight from the gym, still sweaty, his arms looking like they have been glazed by something sweet and Shane has this sudden urge to lick them. His shirt clings to his body in certain places, and his drenched hair has been combed backwards by his hands. He looks like a work of art, and Shane takes a good look at him, drinking in every little detail.

Maybe he has been staring a little too long, because Ilya comes to stand next to him and snaps a finger in front of Shane's eyes, his signature smirk on his face. Shane scoffs at that, disappointed that he can't stare anymore, but tries to play off his clear attraction.

“You're still working on this one?” Ilya takes a look at what Shane has open on his laptop. “Can I help you with it?” Ilya asks, still standing next to him, now running a hand through Shane's hair, massaging his scalp. Shane leans into him, and he is sure if he was a cat he would be purring.

“please.” Shane asks and pushes his laptop more in front of Ilya, who pulls up a chair and sits down right next to Shane.

“Okay, so here...” Ilya starts to explain the part Shane has been trying to get through for half an hour now, but the words are just calming white noise for his mind, brain occupied with something else entirely.

Namely, Ilya's hands as he types away on Shane's laptop. It should be gross, Ilya is still sweaty and slightly smelly from the gym, but if anything, it turns Shane on even more.

This attraction to Ilya is not something strange, or even new to Shane. He knew he found Ilya hot even before he knew he was gay. He tries to keep it on the down low, but he still takes every opportunity to appreciate the work Ilya puts into his body.

“Do you get it now?” Ilya asks, turning toward him and Shane had to blink a couple of times to get back to the present.

“Explain it just one more time?” Shane asks, smiling at Ilya, and lays his head on Ilya's biceps. Ilya chuckles and presses a gentle kiss on the top of his head and starts explaining again, careful with the arm Shane has laid his head on, so he doesn't disturb him too much.

Ilya explains the lesson again, and this time Shane tries to focus.

Shane's well 'obsession' with Ilya's arms is starting to take up more time of his day than it's considered to be healthy. Ilya is of course aware of this, and tries to appeal to Shane's... hunger. Short sleeved shirts, gym pictures, walking around top less in their dorm room, or hugging Shane in a way Shane's head sits comfortably against Ilya's biceps.

They've always been a little more affectionate than normal best friends are, it's just something that naturally comes from spending almost everyday together since birth. There is a picture of the two of them, only 3 years old at the time, hugging each other tightly in their matching pajama set, sleeping soundly, the glow of the tv illuminating their faces. This closeness has stayed with them all throughout their childhood, always touching in one way or another.

So Shane's fascination with Ilya's arm isn't that weird, even if a bit surprising. Ilya knows that he looks good. He is captain of the school's hockey team and he works out every day. He gets enough compliments and stares to have confidence in himself, still, Shane literally hanging off his arms is something that makes his face heat up more than usual.

He isn't going to talk to Shane about it –or God forbid, stop it– before this goes any further. To be completely honest, Ilya can imagine things a lot worse than Shane with his big doe eyes staring at him, his perfect plush lips opening just slightly. There are nights when Ilya imagines pushing a finger or two between those lips, ordering Shane to suck. Shane would just do that, without complaint, never breaking eye contact with Ilya. Sometimes, these fantasies get carried away to be something much filthier, but Ilya tries to stay away from those as much as he can. It's one thing to satisfy your best friend's need for muscle in his face, and it's another to imagine him laying between his sheets, his hole wide open and ready.

Ilya was just finishing another rep at the gym when his phone pinged with a notification. Usually when Ilya works out he has his phone on do not disturb, but there is one person whose notifications always gets through.

Ilya 🐶

Good morning!

It's 7am, why are you up?

I have morning classes:(

Where are you?

Gym

Send bicep pic?

What?

Come on, it would cheer me up :(

Fine, here you go



Thank you

:)

So...there is that. It has taken another level.

—

It's not a one off situation. After Shane was successful one time, he got more and more greedy. And who is Ilya to say no to Shane? So Shane asks for pictures of Ilya's biceps when he is sad, tired, angry or just away from Ilya, and Ilya sends him a picture every time, like the dutiful best friend, no matter where he is. And if he flexes a little harder than usual when taking those pics, that's between him and his phone

Shane 🐱

Hey

What's up Shane

Stressed about my exam:(

You will do amazing as always, don't stress about it

Send bicep ?

You only use me for my body



:)

Shane 🐱

:(((

I'm literally in the store

:(((

But biceps :(((

Fine



:)))

“Dude, who are you sending that for?” Cliff asks Ilya, amused.

They just showered after a gruelling practice match, and Ilya is posing for another bicep selfie. Shane didn't ask for one today (yet) but sometimes Ilya likes to take pictures in

advance, when his arms look better than usual, or the lighting is in his favour, so when Shane asks for them, he can send the perfect ones.

Ilya knows this isn't normal, but he has never been normal about Shane, so this checks out.

“No one.” Ilya answers Cliff and throws his phone onto the bench, pulling on a shirt.

“Yeah, sure man. You're flexing only for your phone gallery.” Cliff scoffs playfully and turns towards his own locker to get dressed. “You know you can introduce her to us.” He continued, not even looking up from what he was doing.

“There is no ‘her’.” Ilya defended. “I look good, I take pictures. That's all.” He explained, with a little heat in his voice.

“Okay brother, if you say so.” Cliff clapped him on the shoulder and just as Ilya thought this conversation was over, his phone screen lit up with a notification.

Shane 🐱: *Send bicep*

Shane 🐱: *please.*

“Holy shit dude” Cliff chuckled as he read the notification. Ilya quickly snatched up his phone. “Hollander? Really? I thought you guys were just friends.” Seeing Ilya's annoyed expression, Cliff cleared his throat and continued “I mean, I have no problem with that. Love who you want bro. And it's literally Hollander! He is so hot, is it even gay if you hit that?” Cliff joked, letting out a nervous laugh.

“Shut your face Marlee. We are not fucking, we are just friends. I just send him pictures of my arm sometimes. Nothing gay about it.” Ilya made sure to talk in a way that got his point across.

Ilya has known that Shane is gay, since that afternoon 3 years ago when Shane cried in his arms confessing it to him, after a failed hook up with a boy. And while Ilya has been out as bisexual for forever, being gay is not something Shane talks about with others, he keeps it a secret from most people. Ilya isn't going to be the reason he gets outed for.

Cliff nodded at Ilya, understanding that he needs to let this one go. Before exiting the locker room, he muttered one more sentence under his breath.

“Man, you guys are weird”

Ilya closed his eyes and rested his head on his closed locker, and silently agreed with Marlee.

Ilya stayed like that for a while, then when another notification broke the silence of the room, he opened his eyes and picked up his phone with a sigh.

Shane 🐱: *pretty please, I need it :(*

Ilya smiled softly at the message, and sent one of the pictures he just took to Shane.

Shane 🐱

Send bicep

Please.

Pretty please, I need it :(



Here you go

You NEED it?

I had a shit day leave me alone

No I don't think I will

What happened?

I don't really want to talk about it

When will you get back?

Just finished, there in like 20

30 if I go pick up your favorite food?

No, just get home fast

Okay, I'll be there in a bit shane

—

“Hey” Ilya greeted softly as he entered the dorm.

Shane was laying on his bed, hugging a pillow –Ilya’s to be exact– and had a frown on his face. When he heard Ilya enter he looked up and mumbled a hello, then laid back down.

Ilya tossed his bag to the corner and took off his sweater, tossing it towards the direction of the hamper. He walked to Shane's bed, carefully taking out the pillow from between his arms, throwing it on his bed, then he climbed in, hugging Shane tightly, who reciprocated immediately.

“That bad, huh?” Ilya muttered, lifting Shane's head to get a good look on him when Shane didn't start talking after a while.

“Not really, it's just...” Shane started then shook his head and let out a sigh. “People are dumb” he muttered and burrowed back into Ilya's arms.

“Yeah they are.” Ilya agreed easily. “But that doesn't make you this upset usually.” He noted “So tell me, who do I need to beat up?” Ilya whispered like the question was something scandalous, and Shane finally let out a giggle at that.

“No one, really. Just some guys said something that made me think” Shane said, resting his head on Ilya's bicep and nuzzling it with his nose. “Do you think that we are weird?” Shane asked, voice small, and Ilya let out a confused, wounded noise.

“What? Shane, what did they say?” Ilya asked, lifting Shane's head up his hair, not letting him escape this time.

“Hayden saw our conversation. He says it's really fucking weird that I ask you for pictures of your biceps and that I should stop before people get the wrong idea” Shane confessed.

Ilya could feel his blood boil while hearing this and he let out a frustrated growl.

“Well Pike doesn't know shit.” He said, maybe a bit more aggressively than he should've. “And who cares what people think? When did we care what others thought of us? You like my biceps, I like doing things for you, it's simple. Pike should shut his mouth before I shut it for him.” Ilya said, huffing at the end.

“Ilya” Shane said his name with exasperation, then after a moment of silence he spoke again “He isn't wrong though.” Shane muttered and Ilya looked at him with confusion.

“What do you mean?” Ilya asked, already scared of the answer he will get. Does Shane not want to do this anymore? Does he find it weird too? Maybe he just meant it as a joke, but when Ilya sent the pictures he didn't have the heart to turn them down?

“I mean” Shane's voice broke a bit, then after clearing his throat, he started again “I mean, I might also get the wrong idea” He said, then turned his head to the side so he doesn't have to look at Ilya.

Pause. What?

“What do you mean by wrong idea Shane?” Ilya asked, voice tight with tension.

Shane let out a shaky breath and closed his eyes before answering.

“You don't do this with anyone else, I know that. I'm definitely not doing this with anybody else either, and I never would. But we just treat it like any other normal ‘us’ thing, and that made me wonder: are we normal? Is our relationship normal?” Shane explained and Ilya suddenly felt like bolting away and freezing on the spot at the same time.

Did Shane mean their friendship is becoming too weird to continue? Did he want space from Ilya? New dorm? New friends? Ilya felt like any of those options would kill him if they were said out loud.

He liked to torture himself though, so he asked Shane to clarify.

“What are you getting at?” He asked, voice just above whisper, and Shane finally opened his gorgeous brown eyes.

“I think I like you, Ilya.” He whispered.

“I like you too.” Ilya nodded because, well, that is obvious. It's how the world is. The sky is blue, dogs are cute and Ilya likes Shane.

“No Ilya. I like you. More than friends should like each other...in a romantic way” Shane confessed, cheeks red, eyes focusing on Ilya's left ear, just so he doesn't have to look him in the eyes.

And Ilya...

Well, Ilya let out a *giggle*.

A loud and long giggle, that had him slap a hand across his mouth. His eyes crinkled in amusement, and there was a wide smile slapped across his face.

Shane took this response in the wrong way, and began to pull away from him. Realizing his mistake, Ilya tightened his grip on Shane and pulled him closer, smacking a kiss right in the centre of his forehead.

“I like you too. Romantically” Ilya said, his voice betraying how happy and relieved he was. He could feel all the tension flying out of Shane too, after hearing that answer. Ilya tipped his head forward, and their lips met in a sweet kiss. It was just a peck, but it made Ilya's toes tingle and he felt incredibly giddy. After they broke apart Shane let out a satisfied sigh and said

“I'm glad.”

“You're glad? I just said I liked you, and your answer is ‘I'm glad’? What the fuck Hollander?” Ilya acted offended, but had a hard time keeping his smile at bay.

“You laughed at my confession!” Shane slapped his chest, then immediately placed a kiss on the spot. “And yes, I'm glad, because otherwise it would be awkward If I did this...”

“Did wha-” Ilya asked, then screamed when he felt the sting of teeth on his bicep, exactly where Shane's head was resting just a moment ago. “The hell?” Ilya looked at the man in his arms in a confusing mix of wonder and adoration.

“What? It's mine now.” Shane shrugged, then kissed the spot he just bit, soothing it with his tongue.

“Yours? Wow. We started dating not even a minute ago and you already stole from me. Typical.” Ilya joked, but he heard Shane's breath hitch.

“Dating?” Shane asked, biting back a smile, eyes sparkling.

“I mean, yes. I think.” Ilya could feel his cheeks warming “We like each other. We kissed. So dating. Boyfriends and shit.”

“Boyfriends” This time, it was Shane's turn to giggle. “My boyfriend Ilya” Shane tried it out “I love the sound of that” he whispered, sounding a bit star struck and Ilya got this sudden urge to bite his cheek.

So he did.

“Owww!” Shane rubbed his face, right where the attack got him.

“You bite my arms, I bite your face. Simple trade” Ilya grinned at him.

“I don't like this trade. It's not my fault your arms are so biteable and in my face.” Shane murmured and flashed his teeth again as he slowly turned towards Ilya's arm to assault it once again, but suddenly Ilya let go of Shane and pulled his arms away.

“Hey!” Shane exclaimed, flabbergasted. “Give them back!” He demanded.

“You will just keep biting them! This is abuse!” Ilya shouted back, despite them laying in the same bed, legs tangled together.

“Fine, I won't bite them. Please continue holding me.” Shane squeezed closer to Ilya to emphasize his point, and Ilya complied.

As the arms found their place back where they were, Shane placed a big wet over exaggerated smooch on it, then laid his head on Ilya's bicep, letting out a soft, content sigh.

Ilya could do nothing, but adore the pretty man laying in his arms, biting his own cheek this time so he doesn't let out an embarrassing noise out of love. He pressed a gentle kiss on Shane's eyelids, nose and lastly his lip, then he also laid down properly, careful so he doesn't disturb Shane's position.

They laid like that for a good while, happy to exist in the same space, knowing exactly what the other wanted. Later, Ilya's stomach would rumble to signal the passage of time, and that it was time to eat something now – other than each other.

Until that though, they are at peace laying like this, wrapped around each other.

End Notes

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