

the party

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77311206) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77311206>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Christmas Party , Secret Relationship , Sex , Blow Jobs , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 2,604 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Shane has finally convinced Hayden to invite the Bears (Ilya) to his annual NHL Christmas Party. Obviously, Shane can't really help himself when Rozanov finally shows up.

What time do I need to be there?

I'm getting there at 8.

See you at 9, Hollander.

Tonight, Shane—and Ilya, apparently—were attending Hayden's annual NHL Christmas party. This tradition started a few years back, about two after the rivals' rookie season. Shane didn't dare to ask to invite Ilya until recently because it would be risky, and just plain stupid. Well, he would venture to say he didn't *invite* Ilya, he just mentioned that Boston would be playing in Montreal and it'd be chivalrous to ask the team to join Hayden at his massive penthouse. However, it wasn't easy to convince him. Shane recalls Hayden's intense sigh, which was more of a loud, elongated groan, and a dramatic throwing back of his head. It made Shane wonder if the public would rather watch a Pike versus Rozanov rivalry. Anyway, Hayden begrudgingly agreed and Shane fought back a smile.

As 8 o'clock approached, Shane stood in front of his bed with three outfits laid out: a suit, a cashmere sweater and jeans, and a button up and slacks. At first he landed on the suit, slipping into it with ease. When he saw himself in the mirror, though, he could basically hear Ilya's snobby comments. *So fancy, Hollander.* He shyly blinked a few times to shoo those thoughts and went back into his bedroom. He opted then for the sweater since he figured it'd be too cold for a short sleeve. As he pulled the sweater over his head he took in a deep inhale, hoping it would look presentable, at least. He examined the fit in the mirror once again, this time a small smile twitching up his lips. Shane eyed himself, loving the way his watch sparkled beside the deep blue sleeve and how his pants fit perfectly. Ilya returned in his mind, this time saying *looking good, Hollander.* This comment wasn't sarcastic, it sent shivers down Shane's neck, all the way to his lower back.

The time now was 8:15, so Shane began his drive to Hayden's. This was a drive he's done a million times, so why was he so nervous? To distract himself from the anxiety that began to bubble up in his stomach he turned up the radio. It was playing some trashy pop song, and it honestly didn't help him very much. Parking a few blocks away, Shane took the two minute walk to fix his hair. As his fingers wandered through the strands, he wondered if Ilya was on his way. Though he saw the man a week ago, both on the rink and in his private suite, he was anxious to see him again. Of course, nothing was going to happen, but he'd be lying if he said he didn't enjoy just being in his presence. Yes, Ilya was usually an asshole, and, yes, Ilya loved being an asshole, but Shane knew that wasn't all he was.

Shane reached the front door and could immediately hear music blasting. It was honestly pretty similar to what the radio had been playing. He wished Hayden threw a more festive Christmas party—one with mistletoe and charcuterie boards and vintage music. Instead it felt more like a club. Which, of course, Shane still enjoyed, but he liked slow moments, too. When he stepped inside he was greeted by a very, very drunk Hayden: “Shane! Ugh, you missed it, I, um,” Hayden took a deep breath and tried to figure out what he wanted to say. “Yeah, man, you missed it,” was all he could conjure. Shane shook his head and exhaled a laugh, “Already had a lot to drink?”

“No, no, just a few shots.”

Shane tilted his head in doubt.

“Maybe a few glasses of wine, too,” Hayden smirked, “you want some?”

“Uh, no, you have ginger ale?”

“God, man, it’s fucking Christmas! Have a drink!”

“I’m okay.” Shane shook his head and looked past Hayden. He saw Scott Hunter, still as handsome as he remembered, JJ, and a few other players he recognized by name. No Rozanov. “So, uh, you have some?”

“Yeah, man, whatever. It’s in the cooler over there,” Hayden slurred, unimpressed. Shane patted him on the shoulder as he passed by. Under a table covered with drinks, Shane found a few coolers and opened a few before finding one filled with sodas. He reached for the coldest ale there was and grabbed it, quickly pulling back the tab and popping it open. As he took his first sip, he felt something brush against his arm. His eyes followed the sensation and noticed Ilya standing beside him, analyzing the different bottles of vodka laid out on the table. Shane quickly looked forward and cleared his throat, attempting to keep his gaze ahead. In his peripheral, he could see Ilya grazing his index finger over the lids of various drinks, mumbling something under his breath. Finally, he landed on one that satisfied him and poured a hefty amount in his glass. After taking a swig, Ilya turned his body toward Shane and leaned against the table. Shane couldn’t help but admire him. Unlike Shane, Ilya was wearing a loose shirt with the top three buttons undone. His cross laid perfectly underneath his collarbones, and Shane could see his stupid tattoo peaking out. For bottoms, Ilya wore tight fitted black pants and a belt with a chic silver buckle. The way the denim followed the muscles of his thighs made Shane blush. Ilya’s hair was loose golden curls, and it fell on his forehead in a way that complimented him beautifully. Without meaning to, Shane was checking Ilya out. “Like what you see, Hollander?” Ilya said, low enough that only Shane could hear. He quickly shook his head, leading his gaze back to what was in front of him.

“Shut up,” he mumbled, taking another sip. Ilya smirked, his mole raising slightly as lips curled up. He hummed in response, scanning Shane in a way that made him take a sharp breath. He felt his whole body heat up as the Russian undressed him with his eyes. Shane quickly sped away from the situation, fearing that it would be too obvious if he stayed. As he walked away, Ilya couldn’t help but stare.

To cool off, Shane headed towards the backyard, but there were too many people there. He needed to be alone because, to be frank, his erection was becoming quite obvious. So, Shane instead opted for the upstairs bathroom. He knew Hayden didn't let people up there at parties, and he'd been friends with him long enough to have access. He stepped up the stairs by two and took a quick turn to the right, stepping into the spacious bathroom. Locking the door behind him, he gripped the edge of the sink and pressed his weight against it, shutting his eyes. As he took deep breaths, there was a sudden knock at the door. "Occupied," he said, still trying to make the fire in his body go away.

"Open up," demanded a familiar voice. Rozanov. Shane inhaled sharply, turning to the door. He wasn't sure if he should follow the command. On one hand, all he wanted was to open the door and have a quick fuck, but on the other hand this was Hayden's party, at Hayden's house, in Hayden's bathroom. Shane unlocked the door. Ilya pushed it open then locked it behind him, all while keeping his gaze on Shane. Ilya took a step closer, "Why'd you leave?"

"I, uh," Shane lifted his chin as Ilya's became only a few inches away, "I needed air."

"Ah," Ilya breathed out, "Is bathroom helping?"

"What do you want, Rozanov?"

"I should ask you that," Ilya smirked, his hand gliding down Shane's chest and landing right over his burning crotch. Shane's eyelashes fluttered down, closing his eyes. He let out a deep exhale as Ilya began to palm him. He rested his head on Rozanov's shoulder and pressed a hand against his pec, the fabric feeling cool against his impossibly hot skin. Suddenly, Ilya stopped and pushed Shane back against the sink. He stepped forward and closed the space, kissing him hungrily. Shane couldn't help but moan into Ilya's mouth, his hands instinctively gripping the back of his head, pulling gently on his hair. As they sloppily made out, Ilya slid his fingers under Shane's thighs and lifted him up, allowing him to sit on the edge of the counter and wrap his legs around Ilya's waist. Shane then began to unbutton the rest of Ilya's shirt when he stopped him. Shane looked at him confused and desperate, and Ilya responded by leaning in and kissing Shane's ear, then under it, then whispering, "patience." Shane groaned in response and ground against him. Ilya smirked and stepped back. He bit his lip and took a good look at Shane one more time, admiring how his red cheeks somehow made his freckles look even prettier. Then, he turned towards the door and before leaving said, "I'll be at your car."

After Ilya left, Shane's erection that was once manageable was now raging, begging for release. He took a deep breath and left the bathroom, heading down the stairs as casual and quickly as possible. Before he could leave, Hayden caught him at the door. "Shane!" He slurred; Shane wondered if he could get any more drunk, "why are you leaving so early?"

"Just not feeling good," Shane replied, trying hard to steady his breathing.

"Dude," Hayden said with an exaggerated groan, "you are so boring."

Shane couldn't help but smile, "Sorry, Hayden, I'll come over sometime. Tell Jackie."

“Alright, you’re missing out! Scott Hunter just challenged Carter to beer pong.”

“I bet he did,” Shane yelled as he left the building. The two minute walk to his car was shortened to about 30 seconds.

On the drive to Shane’s apartment, Ilya kept his hand gripping Shane’s thigh, threateningly close to causing an accident. The second they made it to the stairwell, Shane shoved Ilya against the door, eager to finish what was started. Ilya groaned loudly at this as Shane wasn’t usually one to dominate. However, that didn’t last long, because Ilya put his hands on Shane’s shoulders and pushed him down to his knees. Shane understood immediately, nuzzling against Ilya’s cock and fumbling with his belt. It slid through the pant loops with ease and Shane quickly undid the button and pulled down both his pants and boxers. Without much foreplay, he took Ilya into his mouth, desperate for the pressure and heat against his throat. It didn’t take much bobbing for his eyes to tear up and Ilya to grab his head, tugging at his hair. This pulled a moan out of Shane, and the vibrations became almost too much for Ilya to handle, “Fuck, Hollander, up.” Shane did as he was told and they kissed passionately. Temporarily, Rozanov pulled his pants back up so he and Shane could venture up the stairs to his bed.

By the time Shane laid down, Ilya had stripped completely naked, jumping on top of him. Shane pulled his own sweater off and Ilya quickly began to leave sloppy kisses on his stomach, following the lines of his abs down to the waist of his pants. Ilya ripped off Shane’s jeans and instead of taking the unbearably tight underwear with him, Ilya kissed Shane’s inner thighs and rubbed Shane over the fabric. “Rozanov, please,” was all Shane could get out, his low whimpers taking over most of his speech. Ilya smiled against his skin and brought his teeth to the band of Shane’s boxers, slowly pulling it down. Without even being properly touched Shane was sure he could cum right then. Finally, Ilya’s mouth surrounded Shane’s dick, and the pleasure was immediate. Shane threw his head back against the pillows and grabbed at Ilya’s curls, moaning loudly. Ilya loved when Shane let himself go like this, not worried about anyone catching them. Ilya masterfully sucked in his cheeks and let Shane fuck his throat, enjoying the show Shane put on for him. Shane’s back began to arch and Ilya could tell he was close, but he wasn’t done with him. So, before Shane could climax, he did one last lick and removed himself, causing Shane to groan at the sudden coldness of the surrounding air. Ilya repositioned himself over Shane, placing his hands on either side of his head and pressing his hips against Shane’s. He couldn’t help but groan at both the sensation and the idea of him being so close to his entrance. Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya and held his face, kissing him roughly. While their tongues swirled around each other, Ilya reached down and positioned himself right up against Shane, waiting for his signal. “Please,” Shane whispered, and immediately Ilya thrust inside, letting out a moan at the same time as Shane. The feeling of Shane around him was indescribable; something he craved even when he fucked other people – there was something about this one. When Shane was ready for more, he slid his hand down Ilya’s back and pressed his hips further down, all the way until he was deep in the mattress. Ilya started his rhythm slow at first, but when Shane kissed at his neck and begged for more, he quickened. Soon after, his thrusts became deep, and by the sounds and profanities coming out of Shane’s mouth, Ilya could tell he was hitting the right spot. This inspired him to go even harder, the movement evolving into him slamming into

Shane. “Fuck, Hollander, god,” he said between thrusts, “so good.” Shane moaned louder in response, scratching at the tensed muscles of Ilya’s back. “On your hands and knees,” Ilya demanded, and Shane immediately obeyed, gripping the headboard and arching his back in preparation. Ilya pressed a quick kiss between his shoulders before grabbing his hips and pushing back inside, returning to the pace he was previously at. The pleasure Shane felt was indescribable, and at this point there were no coherent words coming out of his mouth. Ilya placed one hand on Shane’s shoulder, keeping him back as he thrust repeatedly, and reached the other around Shane’s cheek, slipping a finger into his mouth. This caused Shane to release the headboard slightly and lean back, letting Ilya add another finger. He then reached his hand back and grabbed onto Ilya’s waist, helping him maintain the deepness of his drive. After Shane sucked on Ilya’s fingers for a bit, Ilya took them out and moved his grasp to Shane’s hair and pushed him down against the pillows, once more abusing Shane’s prostate. The intensity of this position made Shane cum in less the minute, and the tightening of his muscles around Ilya made him do the same.

Ilya breathlessly flopped over as Shane remained on his stomach, his back rising and falling as he took heavy breaths. Ilya scooted closer and kissed Shane’s back, sucking softly on the soft skin. Finally, Shane turned over and looked at Ilya with glazed eyes; he almost looked high. Ilya thought he looked beautiful. He then tenderly pressed his lips against Shane’s and caressed his cheek, allowing their breaths to sync. When they pulled away, he laid in Shane’s arms for a while before taking a shower and getting dressed. By the time he was ready Shane was still naked, but had moved under the covers, “Is your cab here?”

“Mhm,” Ilya nodded, checking his phone, “I will see you next time, yes?”

“See you next time, Rozanov,” Shane smiled.

“Goodnight, Hollander.”

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