

Sweet Retaliation

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77069591) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77069591>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Post-Season/Series 01 , Smut , Humor , Oral Sex , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , POV Shane Hollander , Semi-Public Sex , Phone Sex , Kissing , Boys Kissing , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 2,743 Chapters: 1/1

Sweet Retaliation

by [Strange_johnlock](#)

Summary

He thinks of the cottage, the call with Hayden. As his mind wanders back to that day, to the cheeky grin on the Russian's face as he had looked up at him, Shane's fingers wander over Ilya's chest and sides, straying to his belly at times. He wished they could do that again, which is silly.

Or is it?

Ilya is on the phone with Svetlana. Shane is on his knees for him.

Notes

English is my second language - thank you, Michy, for beta reading.

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

Shane returns to the bathroom to find Ilya sprawled out on the sofa, head and shoulder propped up against the armrest, legs stretched out, feet naked. He looks so comfortable here in his new home, and all Shane wants to do is curl up against him and relax.

It is his favourite thing, relaxing with Ilya, a luxury they rarely get to indulge in. Between road trips and practice, their relationship is still only made up of two or three days together every few weeks, sometimes they even make the trip over to the other's house just to spend one night. Now, they have almost a week, and Shane is going to get as much lazy cuddling into the seventy-two hours they have left.

Ilya is talking, mouth wrapping smoothly around clusters of consonants, arms crossed, phone pressed to his ear. He looks up, his smile making Shane's knees weak. They get to be this open with each other, now. No more hiding, not from each other. Shane grabs his can of ginger ale from the kitchen counter, lifting Ilya's coke in question. When he gets a nod, he brings both to the sofa.

"Svetlana," Ilya mouths, arm uncurling from his chest invitingly. He had suspected as much, Ilya sounded very comfortable, and he rarely did when speaking Russian. Quietly, Shane puts their drinks down, then curls up against his boyfriend's side, head resting against his shoulder. Fingers immediately find their way into his hair, rubbing gentle circles against his scalp, a contrast to the fast pace in which Ilya is speaking.

Shane does not bother trying to translate. He is learning Russian, but progress is slow, the language more complicated than French or Bird. It must be about cars; he gets that much. And it is a likely topic between those two, next to hockey. He is so glad Ilya has Svetlana, the only friend who knows about his bisexuality, about – Jane.

One day soon, they will tell her about who Jane is, though she must suspect. She is clever. Shane really wants to meet her, but he is also scared. She might find him boring, and not in the way Ilya defines the word. All he has is hockey, after all; hockey and his boyfriend. Well, that part is not boring by any standards. So much has changed in these past months. Ilya has finished his last season with Boston and moved to Ottawa. Shane traces the logo on his partner's chest with a finger, follows the C and E over and over.

He seems incapable of not touching Ilya anymore. The moment he sees him, he wants to have some contact with him, take his hand, wrap an arm around him, kiss him. They have wasted so much time not allowing this casual intimacy, and Shane wants to catch up, even if it is an impossible goal to reach. There is not much thought behind it when he leans in and presses a kiss to his chest, resting his lips there, just breathing. Above him, Ilya shivers, hand stilling for a moment, then tugging at the hair at the back of Shane's head.

Shane cannot help a quiet moan, and he lifts his eyes to look up at his boyfriend, who raises an eyebrow, shifting a bit, but seems utterly unfazed otherwise. He always seems so cool, where Shane would have already been blushing or biting his lip, the embarrassment adding to his arousal somehow.

He thinks of the cottage, the call with Hayden. Thank God it had been Hayden, anyone else would have caught on immediately. Shane had been terrified, but so turned on, feeling so safe with Ilya, even in that moment. No one else could bring out that side of him, that playful, naughty side, yet Ilya does it with such ease. It was their secret, but maybe, in some fucked-up way, Shane had wanted Hayden to find out, so the secret would finally be off his shoulders.

As his mind wanders back to that day, to the cheeky grin on the Russian's face as he had looked up at him, Shane's fingers wander over Ilya's chest and sides, straying to his belly at times. He wished they could do that again, which is silly.

Or is it?

Shane glances up at Ilya, finds pale eyes studying him. They do not give away anything, stoicism perfected, but Shane knows what to look for by now, can read the question in his brow, the lines around his mouth.

He could do this. Give him head while he discussed sports cars with his childhood best friend and former lover. That would be hot. Ilya would like it, too, wouldn't he?

Shane lets his hand trail lower, then he pushes the Centaurs shirt up, revealing Ilya's toned belly, the furry trail leading down to his crotch. It is his favourite path to follow, the way the coarse hair prickling under his fingertips, in contrast to his soft skin and the hard muscle beneath. For a while, Shane watches his own hands and the movement they cause, abs flexing and relaxing. When his eyes meet Ilya's again, there is a fire in them.

It takes a moment for Shane to realise what the small nod the Russian gives him means. It is consent, an invitation. How his boyfriend continues to read his mind should be studied. Shane moves up for a moment, smearing a kiss to the skin just above the seam of the t-shirt where it rests against Ilya's neck. He mouths and nips down Ilya's chest, his lips meeting the fabric, sensing the warmth underneath. They come to rest against a cluster of moles where his chest meets his belly. Maybe he should tell his love how obsessed he is with them. It is of the same level as Ilya's freckle fascination, but Shane rarely says those words out loud. Maybe he should. Ilya deserves so much praise. He can only hope that his touch translates to how much Shane wants him.

He starts telling Ilya with a kiss, a lick, a nip to the spot, then trails lower, always watching his love, trying to get a reaction, wanting to make his breath hitch, his voice tremble, staking a claim on him, letting Svetlana know how good he is for Ilya. Not boring.

Shane has a feeling he will need to work harder for this, as Ilya just continues talking, the arm holding the phone resting against the back of the sofa, the other still in Shane's hair. Still, Shane has an effect on him. And if he could not read it on his face, his erection would be proof enough, hard against Shane's palm. For now, Shane is keeping his touches slow, indulging himself. They do have time. He can enjoy his boyfriend's body, and maybe, slow torture is the way he can get Ilya in a bit of trouble.

They both cooperate in getting Ilya's trousers off, Shane sitting back a bit. The view of that perfect, naked ass setting back into the cushions does something to him, and for the first time

since he started this, he acknowledges his own arousal, dick twitching. Shane will ignore it for now, settling between his boyfriend's thighs instead, pulling the leg closer to the edge of the sofa against his side. The weight of it both grounds and thrills him, distracts him from the main event for a moment as he mouths at the blond's inner thigh, ignoring his dick, almost fully hard, resting against his belly, foreskin mostly pulled back, revealing the dark head. It has its own gravity, pulling Shane in.

Slow.

He is going to take this slow.

Not give either of them what they want for a while.

Shane rubs his face against Ilya, enjoying the musky, manly scent of him, the hot, hardness under soft skin. The moan that fills the space between them is his own, and Shane bites his lip, trying to find out if Svetlana heard by the way Ilya's tone shifts.

Ilya noticed, of course, obviously delighted to have this effect on him. Somehow, Shane thinks, this is going to be torture for him, not his boyfriend. He should have known, of course. Maybe he did, when he started this.

He started it, now he is going to finish it.

Above, the topic seems to have shifted to hockey. Shane can recognize a few terms, the names of a few Centaurs players. God, Ilya is probably doing this on purpose just to annoy Shane, or thrill him. It is working, of course.

Shane is hard in his pants, dick pressing against the seam.

"Later," Shane tells him, shifting a bit.

Ilya's hand tightens in his hair as he licks along the shaft, then teases at the frenulum. His own hips rock into the sofa beneath him to get some relief as he uses his lips and tongue to guide the head into his mouth.

The low hum escaping Ilya sends a thrill down his spine, a first hit in the war they are fighting, piercing the armour. Shane lets another attack follow, sucking at the crown, lips a tight ring around it, before he slowly takes Ilya deeper, filling his mouth with the first few inches. His fingers dig into his boyfriend's thighs, leaving moon shaped indents, marking him. Never does he feel so possessive of Ilya as when Svetlana comes up, the woman his boyfriend would have married just to escape Russia.

Jealousy adds fuel to the fire.

Shane's eyes slip closed for a moment as he finds a rhythm, head bobbing as he takes his fill of him. Fuck, he loves this, loves how his lips stretch around the shaft, how his mouth fills with spit. His tongue finds its place against the underside, adding pressure, just the way Ilya needs it. His brain is all fuzzy, Ilya's words blurring into a comfortable rumble.

Oral sex, it seems, is something he is doing for himself just as much as his partner, something he can lose himself in. He had loved it from the first time he had sunk to his knees on that hotel carpet years ago, loved it for both the feeling and the reaction it had gotten him, Ilya only able to take a few minutes of it before putting a stop to it. Now, he has more self-control, and it is driving Shane crazy.

Shane fastens his pace, taking him deeper, until the head bumps against his throat, and it earns him a quick inhale, Ilya's hips moving up involuntarily. Pride fills his chest as Ilya finally gives in to those urges. Taking what he needs.

Shane wraps a fist around the base, giving him more contact. He keeps sucking him, his lips brushing his own fist over and over, his plan of being slow is long forgotten, shattered at the cliffs of his own greed, and if Ilya won't budge, won't moan for him, then maybe Shane's sounds will alert Svetlana of what is going on.

"Fuck."

The word gets dragged out.

It fills the room.

Sends a shiver down Shane's spine.

He has landed another hit, and Ilya's reaction is everything.

He will need to explain it to Svetlana, will have to acknowledge this, and even if Shane does not understand, this will get talked about, a tiny part of their relationship dragged to the surface.

"Da, sorry," Ilya says in English, and Shane's belly tightens with arousal, this poor, neglected dick screaming for attention now. He switches back to Russian, Shane listening with intent now, taking his mouth off him for a moment to hear, fist spreading his spit all over Ilya's dick.

Jane.

He hears the name clear as day.

Ilya's eyes hold his, a twinkle in them. He is in control of his situation now, maybe has always been. Shane is at his mercy, just where he wants to be.

"I can maybe switch to video call, da?" Ilya says, and Shane freezes, lips hanging in the air, just above the head, the two connected by a trail of spit, both swollen red, dark with spit.

For a moment, the room is quiet as they wait for their opponents next move, the one that will decide the war.

It drags out.

Shane almost expects Ilya to press a finger against his phone screen, expecting Svetlana's face to appear, finding out that a part of his brain wants just that.

Ilya doesn't move, lips curled into a teasing smile.

"Jane does not want, sorry, Sveta."

The words flood him with relief. A hint of disappointment. God, Ilya Rozanov is bringing out that naughty side of him so easily, and can play him like a puppet.

"Da, talk to you later."

With that, the phone call ends.

They hold gazes as Shane's tongue dips out, pressing against the angry, red head of Ilya's dick.

"Hollander."

His name sounds like it used to, the Russian's accent thickening with arousal.

"Fuck, come on. Open."

Shane obeys, letting Ilya manhandle him into a slightly different position between his legs, before the other man's hands cup his head, guiding him down.

"So naughty for me," he drawls, and fuck, Shane missed his voice being directed at him, missed the way he drags air in between his teeth as he fills Shane's mouth with his cock, in full control of the rhythm now, claiming him.

Neither of them last long. Shane tastes a new wash of precum against his tongue, allowing his hips to find a quicker rhythm as they both spiral towards orgasm, clinging to each other. A grunt is all the warning Shane gets, just soon enough to give him a chance to pull off if he wants to. This time, Shane doesn't, allowing his boyfriend to fill his mouth, fucking up into it as he comes, Shane's name on his lips.

He is so beautiful that it overwhelms Shane, and he comes, too, moments later, forehead resting against Ilya's belly, his love's words in his ears.

"Yes, come for me. Show me how much you like sucking my dick. Show me how naughty you are."

Shane collapses right there, breathing hard.

Ilya's fingers in his hair slowly bring him back to the real world, stroking his hair and against his cheek, surely chasing the freckles there, mapping them out. It has become a comforting touch to both of them.

When Shane looks up from his spot against Ilya's stomach for what must be the dozenth time that evening, he finds his boyfriend smiling down at him, and soon, they are both giggling

giddily.

“Golden boy, Shane Hollander.” Ilya teases. “How bad you are.”

Shane chuckles, leaves another kiss at the cluster of moles, a little goodbye, as he moves up to finally kiss Ilya’s mouth.

This was insane, the fresh memory already causing a new wave of arousal to pool in his belly.

This is insane. He had just given his boyfriend head while he was on the phone, and Ilya had acknowledged it to Svetlana. Svetlana knows. She knows Shane was there, knows Shane is naughty, when Ilya was supposed to be the only one to know.

Fuck.

Dread twists his stomach. Panic threatens to take over.

“Did not tell her,” Ilya “the mind reader” Rozanov says, voice low but sure. His hands cup Shane’s cheeks, bringing him out of hiding. He holds his gaze as he speaks, eyes earnest. “Just told her Jane was half naked in my kitchen, and I thought she looked very sexy. Great butt.”

Relief.

Shane releases a breath, forehead gently knocking against Ilya’s temple before he kisses him again.

“Would not share. Only I get to see,” Ilya’s voice is so gentle, now, just the way Shane needs it to be. “Only me. My Shane.”

“I love you.” It is the only answer Shane has, those words and another tender, slow kiss.

He will need to clean up soon. Maybe he can convince Ilya to share another shower. For now, he relaxes against his chest, letting strong arms wrap around him.

One day, the world will see how much those words are true, how much he loves Ilya Rozanov. They won’t know about the way they enjoy having sex, of course, but about this tenderness, the adoration. It will take a while, but Shane is patient when it comes to what he wants.

Most of the time.

End Notes

Tell me when the grip those two have on me ends - I need sleep.

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