

my mouth hasn't shut up about you since you kissed it

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76974946) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76974946>.

Rating:	Explicit
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 , Wyatt Hayes , Zane Boodram , Nick Chouinard , Troy Barrett , Harris Drover , Evan Dykstra , Luca Haas , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers) , Minor Troy Barrett/Harris Drover , Oral Fixation , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Top Ilya Rozanov , Blow Jobs , Finger Sucking , Hand & Finger Kink , i love the ottawa centaurs , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Established Relationship , Sub Shane Hollander , Oral Sex , Praise Kink , 5+1 Things , 5 Times , Come Swallowing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 3,638 Chapters: 1/1

my mouth hasn't shut up about you since you kissed it

by [amarastein](#)

Summary

Ilya quickly put two fingers in his mouth to shut him up, but Shane moaned even louder at the action.

Unbeknownst to them, poor, young Luca Haas had stumbled out of the bathroom near them and almost yelped when he turned in their direction. Their teammates laughed at him all the way to the bar when he tried to recount what had him looking like a ghost.

So here Shane was: delirious, hard, and pleasantly sucking Ilya's fingers pumping in and out of his mouth against a club wall.

5 times Shane's oral fixation gets him and Ilya in trouble +1 time it's just for them.

(Inspired by Husdon Williams' explicit support for Shane's oral fixation.)

Notes

Please if there's any problems with the Russian nicknames, let me know! I tried to use dedicated sites for it, but one or two I wasn't sure about because I got different results.

Also not beta read at all, so if there are any grammatical mistakes please let me know.

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

1.

It starts out innocent. As innocent as these two can be, at least, now playing on the same team and in constant vicinity.

Shane had never thought about the messages he was sending by constantly ordering straws for his drinks in public, for only buying hoodies with strings, or for constantly needing gum (or something other) in his mouth.

He was currently sitting in the Ottawa Centaurs meeting room, chewing away at the string of his Centaurs hoodie. Ilya sat right next to him, hand massaging the lower part of his thigh. (And. Yeah. That something other sounds good right now.)

His husband's comforting touch and the drawstring in his mouth allowed him to focus half-way on the droning meeting in front of him.

Bood was answering Coach Wiebe's question about his perception of the "team culture." Bood had been with this team since his rookie year; he knew every player, every staff member, he was the *embodiment* of the Centaurs. So, he knew the team culture the best.

Ilya always appreciated that day in the locker room, right after he and Shane had been forced to come out, when Bood broke the ice by being the first to congratulate him, no matter how unserious it was.

Bood's words and perceptions were valued in this team. He *was* this team. That's why when he said the following line, Shane felt his heart stop.

"...so yeah, everyone's focus is good. I mean, I think Roz and Hollzy need to stop foreplaying at practice, but that might just be how they were programmed.."

Everyone turned to look at them. Wyatt was one comment away from breaking out into laughter, Troy looked red, and everyone else was in the process of rolling their eyes.

“Do we really need to start on this?” Dykstra said, “I think it’s best if we all just keep ignoring it.”

Shane’s eyebrows furrowed, grunting in confusion. He was so speechless and scared to say anything that the drawstring of his hoodie never left his mouth, protecting him from possibly misspeaking here. He could feel his ears heating up, and for the first time ever, he was scared of his teammates.

Ilya gripped his thigh tighter. “I don’t know what you are talking about, but Shane and I are lovely husbands. Is natural if we sit together and things like that.”

Shane was so thankful his husband didn’t just make a crude joke. He silently thanked his mother for forcing PR lessons on Ilya.

“Shut up, Rozanov,” Wyatt responded. The smug smile on his face made Shane very cautious of what he was going to say next. “We see how you’ve been eyeing the string in his mouth like you want to fucking replace it.”

Shane sputtered, drawstring leaving his mouth as his jaw dropped. “That’s not-”

The room looked at him, waiting for him to continue.

“Why-why would you... He didn’t do that.”

“Is okay, Hollander, Hazy is right. You tease me.”

Because his jaw could drop further, it did. His cheeks turned red as he yelled, “Ilya!”

“This is why we should ignore it like I said,” Dykstra muttered.

Shane smacked Ilya's hand off his thigh.

So, yes. It started out as innocently as it could.

2.

The next incident was not innocent.

Ottawa had just beat Montreal 4-1 at home, so the team headed out to their favorite club: Monks. By now, almost two hours of dancing and drinking had passed, and Ilya and Shane found themselves in a dark corner near the dance floor.

What started as Ilya pulling Shane's swaying body against him had now developed into pressing Shane against a wall, fingers pumping in and out of his mouth as Ilya licked along his collarbone.

They had been like this for a few minutes at least. Shane's brain was fogged from the alcohol and heavy makeout. Ilya had pushed his head against the wall and conquered his mouth like a man gasping for his last breath.

The way their tongues had moved against each other – Ilya's circling his in fast, maddening swipes, Shane's surrendering to the motions – made Shane hard against Ilya's thigh. His head was pushed along the wall so Ilya could capture his throat when he let out a needy moan, forgetting the public space they were in.

Ilya quickly put two fingers in his mouth to shut him up, but Shane moaned even louder at the action.

Unbeknownst to them, poor, young Luca Haas had stumbled out of the bathroom near them and almost yelped when he turned in their direction. Their teammates laughed at him all the

way to the bar when he tried to recount what had him looking like a ghost.

So here Shane was: delirious, hard, and pleasantly sucking Ilya's fingers pumping in and out of his mouth. The shame slowly returned the more he rutted against Ilya's leg.

Sensing the slight tension in Shane's rigidness, Ilya soothed him almost immediately, "Is okay, Котёнок, nobody's watching." *[Kitten.]

Ilya knew there were definitely people watching, like random fans or their voyeuristic teammates. Of course there were; they were a *very* hot couple.

It was no surprise to Ilya when they got whistles from Bood and Hayes as they left. It was no surprise to Ilya when Twitter exploded the next day.

@amarastein / talia stans zane boodram

Was in Ottawa last night after the game and got this video of Hollanov... holy shit

Video Attached* *Photo Attached

68.2k likes

@ottsfann81 / no longer suffering ottawa fan

→ oh my god Shane Hollander has never looked more breedable

23k likes

@hottyhayes / Wyatt Hayes Fanpage

→ the fingers in his mouth?? the hand gripping Ilya's hair??? ohh they fucked nasty after this

9.1k likes

@gerrett3344 / Gerrett Holder

→ the zero respect for privacy is so weird. Also why are they doing this in public? Gross

7.6k likes

@hollanovarchives / 8124 fp

Responding to @gerrett1633

→ They were both in a club so i'm betting they were drunk. They also don't deserved to be filmed in private moments in dark clubs so it's not their fault. Also don't be a homophobe.

7.9k likes

@holmbergggd / jayden <3

→ oh my god can they release a sex tape please. Need to hear what Ilya's whispering in 8K.

45k likes

@buffys / Buffys

These two gay hockey players are teaching me how to be properly freaky. Like.. Video on replay. Video platinum in this house.

93.2k likes

RELATED TOP TRENDING

#hollanov

89k tweets

#fingersinmouth

29k tweets

Ilya smiled as he read most of these tweets. Shane, fucked out from yesterday night and this morning, groaned as Ilya read them aloud.

3.

The Ottawa Centaurs had some weird team bonding exercises. Like the prank wars. Yes, other players played informal pranks on their teammates, but none were like the Centaurs.

This was organized. This was formal.

And Harris, the social media manager and Troy's boyfriend, ran it like the army. It was a very successful series online.

Last week, Holmberg and Young teamed up to put 560 half-full cups of water in LaPointe's house. They originally were going to do it to Bood, but they were a) scared and respectful of his wife, Cassie, and b) scared of him. So they did it to the third in their trio.

It was hilarious. These past few weeks, the pranks had escalated to players' houses.

So that's why, at 5 in morning, when Shane woke up needy and desperate, they found themselves in a very embarrassing predicament.

Shane woke up, completely surrounded by his husband's chest, arms, and legs. He also woke up rock hard, and it seemed his sleeping Ilya was as well. He wiggled and turned around in his arms to shake Ilya awake, unaware of the time.

"Ilyaa," he whined. He felt comfortable whining in the privacy of their home, in the darkness of their bed.

"Da?" Ilya's sleepy, deep voice answered. His eyes opened lazily and he sighed, snuggling in closer to his husband when he stiffened. "Ah, good morning to you, too." Ilya pressed his

dick onto his husband's.

Ilya rolled on top of him, earning a groan from Shane. The pressure felt so good, so grounding.

They made out for several minutes, trading tongues against each other, barely letting up to breathe or pause. Shane tugged on his husband's back to ground themselves together, so Ilya groaned and moved away. "I'm getting lube and condom."

Shane huffed, and waited.

And waited.

Where the fuck was Ilya?

He followed his husband into their ensuite bathroom, only to find nobody. He went out the bathroom's opposite door into the hallway and trekked down the stairs, naked and cold in the morning's frosty ambience.

"What the fuck are you doing?" He spat out when he saw Ilya reaching in between the shelves behind their couch.

"We ran out of lube in bathroom. I am getting some. Don't be impatient, Солнышко." *
[Little sun.]

Shane's eyebrows twisted. "Uh, little something?"

Ilya smiled. "Come here, my little sun."

Shane walked over to the couch with deliberate coyness. “Does that make you my big night?” He pushed Ilya back softly, and Ilya fell against the arm of the couch with a little *umph*.

Shane climbed above him and laid on top of him, kissing up from his lower stomach to chest.

“I can be your big somethi- oh,” Ilya arched slightly as Shane took one of his nipples in his mouth. “Oh god, Hollander. Mmh.”

Ilya reached one hand to rest on Shane’s ass and the other to grab both of their hardening cocks.

Shane whined around his nipple, but didn’t let up, and they found themselves here: silently groping each other on the couch at five thirty in the morning.

Troy and Wyatt really did not expect the couple to be up at five thirty in the morning. They knew Rozy liked to sleep in, and they made a rule to not go near any of the bedrooms.

They had been to Shane and Ilya’s house many times over the past months since Shane moved to Ottawa, and they’d helped to move furniture and install the high-tech TVs and fridges that Wyatt was weirdly knowledgeable about.

So they knew every piece of furniture that these guys owned. They had planned to replace every piece of furniture with the miniature versions they found; one that could seat maybe Anya or a small child, but not a grown man. Definitely not two.

However, 30 feet across the living room, Troy realized they very well could not switch the main couch.

The one that Roz and Hollzy were lying on right now.

Naked.

With Hollzy moving his mouth down Roz's body.

Oh god.

"Wyatt, stop trying to get the furniture."

"What, why buddy? I think the fridge is gonna be great, I really wanna see their faces."

Troy looked over to him. Then slowly looked back at the very passionate couple groping each other. "I don't think you wanna see their faces." He squinted his eyes and looked back at a very red, very surprised Wyatt.

"Ohmygod."

The two stood there, staring, for about 15 seconds before they both had the same thought that this moment was not for them to witness. This moment was not for them to ever speak about again.

They turned around and silently put the fridge back in the car.

At practice four hours later, they couldn't make eye contact with Rozanov and Hollander.

I can never unsee that, Wyatt thought. So there goes my shot at winning the prank war.

The House Rule was implemented shortly after that, banning players from entering others' houses unless they had explicit permission and a set time. No one had asked why because they immediately knew that the rule was put in because of Ilya and Shane.

4.

Shane was being fucked within an inch of his life.

They were one win away from the Stanley Cup and they sure as hell fucked like they already won it. Ilya's hands pushed his face and chest against the bed while he took him from behind, dead accurate on his prostate with every punishing thrust.

Shane felt like he was on fire. He couldn't think, he was gasping for breath, and every millisecond was a cross between *ohfuckimsofull* to *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*. There was so much pressure pushing him into their bed, like Ilya was taking up his entire body.

He was so close to oblivion. He was so close to coming.

He was overwhelmed in every sense, so he didn't notice the phone ringing the first time. All he noticed were heavy breaths and large, forceful hands pushing him down, down, down.

He didn't notice the second ring. Or the fourth notification. Finally, Ilya had enough.

“моя маленькая шлюха, shh,” Ilya slowed down some, but still kept shallow thrusts as he answered the call. *[My little slut.]

Shane, so far out of his mind, whined *loudly* when Ilya slowed down.

Ilya's eyes widened and he immediately smacked a hand over Shane's mouth.

“Da? Yes, what do you want?” Fuck. He didn't even check who was calling. He jackhammered into Shane to satiate him for a second.

“Uh, Cap? Is this a bad time?”

While the thought of making this a fun game brought a smile to his face, Ilya really just wanted to get back to fucking his darling in earnest. “It is bad time! I will call back later.”

“No!” Bood’s voice said. “Listen, Shane’s birthday is tomorrow and we wanted to surprise him before the game, so we need your help.”

Ilya leaned down to press his forehead on his husband’s back. His husband, upset with the slower pace, started trying to bite his hand. Ilya slapped his mouth playfully.

He brought the phone as far away as he whispered, “stay good, baby, and you get a reward.”

Shane’s body immediately perked up, trying to stay still. Ilya smiled wholeheartedly against his back.

“Okay, you want to surprise him for birthday. What does that have to do with me?”

“We need to celebrate at your house,” Haas supplied. Great. Seems like the whole team was here.

Ilya started slowly moving again. “Why?”

Shane started meeting his thrusts and licked his hand. His tongue traced along Ilya’s middle and index finger before he moved his head to wrap around them.

Ilya almost groaned straight into the phone.

The team started talking over each other, planning this great post-game event to celebrate his husband. His beautiful, fucked-out, finger-sucking husband. He had to push the phone away from his mouth, letting out sharp, quiet breaths.

“Shane, you need to be really quiet now, okay? Just keep doing tha- that. Uh.”

Ilya leaned down onto his elbow, holding the phone dangerously close to where his mouth quickly meets Shane’s nape in reassurance.

Shane stops moaning in favor of sucking earnestly on his fingers, and Ilya has to stop moving inside of him completely.

There’s a silence on the other side. “...So? Does that sound good.”

“Mhm. Yes. I will see you then.”

“...Cap, are you... running?”

Ilya breathes out, watching in a trance as he offers Shane a third finger to put in his mouth.

“No, why?”

“You’re just breathing kind of...” Troy stops to think right when Shane accepts the third finger with a loud moan. Ilya breathes out.

“Oh my god, they’re fucking!” Dykstra says in a horrified, loud voice.

Collective groans sound from the other side of the line, but Shane starts treating his fingers like they were a dick — sucking and licking his fingernails, then moving down to bob his

head across the entirety of the digits.

“Sorry,” Ilya says, lying and distracted. “We call later.”

He hangs up, throwing his phone across the bed, not even registering the sound of it bouncing off and hitting the floor as he grabs the headboard and starts slamming his husband into the mattress.

Ilya did not call later.

5.

Last season, the Ottawa Centaurs won the Stanley fucking Cup.

Shane Hollander knows what it’s like to win back-to-back. He knows they can do it again this year. The first practice is smooth sailing; the team speaks a telepathic language, Wyatt is invincible, and every player is smiling when they come off the ice.

It gets Shane a little worked up to see Ilya gather all the attention in the locker room afterwards to personally compliment every player in his speech.

Well, not a little. It gets Shane incredibly worked up for everyone to agree he was the leader out there today, that *his* guidance would help their season to a second consecutive Cup.

So, a minute after the speech was done, Shane tilted his head to the hallway and went slowly to the media room. This is where they filmed some, edited clips, but it was also uninhabited on most practice days.

When Ilya locked the door behind them, Shane was immediately on him.

He started french kissing him, moving his jaw open and gripping his shoulder. Ilya reciprocated back easily.

When Shane started sinking to his knees, kissing his way down over Ilya's shirt, he heard a breathless "fuck, Shane."

Shane mouthed at Ilya's pants. They were showered and in their normal clothes now that practice was over, so he had no qualms about sweat or smell.

He dived in and started licking where Ilya's balls would be, pushing up against his dick with his cheek. Ilya's head hit the wall behind him and his hands came up to tug at Shane's hair.

Shane was exactly where he wanted to be, pressed up against his husband's crotch when they heard a cough, "why is it always me!?" Troy shouted.

Shane looked up and immediately extracted himself, Ilya letting go of his grip quickly.

"Jesus, sorry, Troy, we-"

"NO! NO! I don't want to hear it. You guys seriously need to get this under control. No clubs, no hockey rooms that your teammates could walk in on, NO phone calls! I am serious. This is not okay. We need to make a humiliation jar or something."

Ilya's eyebrows furrowed as Troy went on, and Shane was deeply humiliated by the rant. He knew Troy was right; they had spent so long hiding that perhaps they didn't know how to properly act as an out couple now.

Just when Shane was festered in his own self-doubt and embarrassment, his husband, ever his opposite, started retorting back. "Oh please, like you and Harris don't make out in his office. Don't start judging, man, it's okay to be jealous that we have such good sex."

Shane leaned against his husband's leg. *Ohmygod.*

Ilya was fully taunting Troy. Troy, who had every right to yell at them. And now the team started poking their head through to the media room. Wyatt, Bood, and Chouinard asked "what's going on- oh," and corrected themselves by saying, "Hi Shane," When they saw him. On the floor. Leaning against his husband's leg. Like it was a common occurrence. Just great.

+1

As much as they secretly loved-hated getting caught, sneaking around successfully always turned them on much more. There was a party in Ilya and Shane's house after beating the Admirals, and Shane was feeling particularly needy.

He just finished his first beer, talking to Haas and Tanner Dillion, who both have had a lot more, when he looked over to see Ilya clearly teasing Harris. His husband's smirk reminded him of what he'd been missing these past few days.

He excused himself quietly to walk up behind Ilya and drape an arm around his waist. "Hello."

Ilya leaned his head back, against Shane's shoulder. "Hello," his quiet but confident Russian accent reverberating through Shane's ear, tickling him in the warmest way.

"What do you say we leave this party?" Shane whispered. Harris, Troy, and Wyatt had gone back to talking to each other as Shane slowly led them away.

"Oh, I think is very hard to do. The party is at our house. You know this, Shane?"

Shane smiled. "Oh, I think I do. That's why I also think I know where all our supplies might be."

Ilya smiled back. “Lead me away, then.”

Shane took Ilya’s hand, leading him through the kitchen where some of the WAGS like Cassie and Lisa were talking. They got a small whistle before Shane led them to the farthest bathroom on the first floor.

And dropped down to his knees.

This had to be his first or second favorite thing in the world. His mouth on his husband’s dick.

He unbuttoned Ilya’s pants, no preamble or foreplay, and went straight for it. He immediately deep-throated him, ignoring the sweet gagging reflex and sounding squelch.

He bobbed his head as fast and aggressively as he could, lips hiding his teeth. He moved one hand to Ilya’s upper thigh and the other to his balls.

Ilya groaned against the door.

“Fuck, just like that. Yeah.”

He moved faster. This was just like hockey – be quicker, be harder, move with passion and intent. Shane started circling Ilya’s head with his tongue and dipped below, dragging it along his cock and onto his sack. He started jacking him off.

He went on for a minute, fucking himself on Ilya’s cock until Ilya slapped his hands away and did Shane’s *true favorite* thing in the world: he started fucking Shane’s throat in earnest.

Shane moaned around his dick, which sent Ilya straight to his finish. He held Shane’s head down as far as it would go to take his load, and Shane almost came just from that.

Ilya let him off and they both started breathing heavily. The silence of the room was filled only with those breaths until they heard commotion coming from the backyard.

Their eyes met at the same moment, and they started laughing.

End Notes

shane's not the only one with a praise kink give me comments

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