

melting into it

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76730216) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76730216>.

Rating:	Explicit
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:	Porn With Plot , Light BDSM , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Anal Sex , Service Kink , Blow Jobs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of hollanov x anger
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 1,607 Chapters: 1/1

melting into it

by [pwdd1](#)

Summary

Rozanov was fucking him carelessly, roughly and with both hands gripping his pelvis. Shane tried his best to meet the movements, take each burning sensation washing over him but it was too much and too little, leaving him whining hopelessly.

”Shut up, pet. I’m watching the game”, Rozanov groaned and Shane felt the palm pressing the back of his head. He couldn’t see the tv, what was happening there but was nearly euphoric under the dominant touch.

Or: Shane had nothing in common with the hockey player, he just drifted there, under him

Notes

hi! thanks to kind anons on [tumblr](#), i'm encouraged enough to attempt to write hollanov (with dynamics ofc).

so, this work is an au, spiced with some of their canon preferences. i'm posting it as an oneshot but it's actually part of something - these guys already have a past and a future written so there might as well be more :)

i hope you like it & don't hesitate to share your thoughts <3

Shane stood in front of a massive one-floor apartment, pondering if using the doorbell was too formal. He was in a plain tee and a lot had changed since the last time. A lot more than the ownership of the property.

He knocked, hesitating. If this was a bad idea. If Rozanov had just joked around. If this was a misunderstanding. If -. The door was unlocked.

The apartment was silent and Shane took the liberty to enter, to walk towards the distant sound. Towards the kitchen and living room, where the big tv screen on the wall was turned on. He could separate a rapid speech of sportscaster, messing with a crowd cheering and maybe, Ilya was watching hockey.

The common space was dimly lit as all the lights were turned off and Rozanov stood in front of the tv, not bothering to grant him a look. He must have noted his presence, having invited him not less than a half an hour ago. But Rozanov's gaze stayed glued to the tv and he took a sip of the drink in his hand. The liquid was clear and the glass was near empty, carelessly in his grip. Shane kept staring, stilled on his tracks as Rozanov was already shirtless, his abs glistening in the moonlight coming through the window.

"Care to pour a glass?" He asked, causing the other man to finally tilt his head. Rizeanov was smirking and for a brief moment, Shane thought that he was glad to see him.

"No. After." The near empty glass was placed on the small side table, right by the couch and next to an ashtray.

"Look", Rozanov continued, making Shane turn towards the tv with a frown on his forehead. He rewinds the tape with the remote and Shane walked closer, trying to follow.

It was today's game and the puck appeared to be on Rozanov's hold. He seemed to carry it towards the goal or maybe to his teammate - Shane wasn't sure - but he could notice the point where an opponent stole it from him.

”Assholes!” Rozanov cursed, making Shane flinch. He had almost forgot about the other man, sat down on the couch’s arm rest to watch the game.

He sensed frustration and anger in Rozanov. He sensed adrenaline still left from the game and when the hands pulled his own shirt over his head, he didn’t object. Rozanov smelled like vodka and shower gel, fresh and hot and fierce. His touch was haste and rough, wordlessly pushing him to face the coach.

The game was still on and Shane could watch it by only lifting his gaze but he rather focused on balancing himself, how he was now bent over the armrest. How Rozanov was about to use him in spite of anger. The flames of obedience ignited inside him.

He fumbled for his belt but a more haste pair of hands slapped his away. Rozanov grunted, clearly dissatisfied. He revealed Shane’s ass in one swift movement and groped the skin harshly. Shane could sense him still there, glancing at the tv. Then he could hear Rozanov spitting, feel the saliva smearing on his crack. Shane wanted to purr, work his hips to show his willingness. But he remained obedient, good and still, only carefully gazing up to see Rozanov spitting on his own hand before starting to finger him open.

The long fingers worked roughly, while the other hand already pressed against his pelvis. The grip was hard and a part of Shane truly wanted it to be bruising, giving him a visible memory. He wished for Rozanov’s touch to stay on his skin, whining to the cushions when the fingers hit him deeply.

”Fuck, you’re eager”, Rozanov stated, sounding darker than moments before. The praise tingled inside Shane and sent yet another burning erection to his hardened cock. His erection was pinned between the couch and his body and he reached out for a tentative touch. After no reaction from Rozanov, Shane gave himself a set of more pleasuring jerks, closing his eyes and groaning when the other man’s cock pressed to his rim.

Rozanov was fucking him carelessly, roughly and with both hands gripping his pelvis. Shane tried his best to meet the movements, take each burning sensation washing over him but it was too much and too little, leaving him whining hopelessly.

”Shut up, pet. I’m watching the game”, Rozanov groaned and Shane felt the palm pressing the back of his head. He couldn’t see the tv, what was happening there but was nearly

euphoric under the dominant touch.

He bit his lower lip to quiet down his desperate whines and slowed down his own hand still jerking his cock. His fingers were smeared with pre cum and all he could focus on was Rozanov, all over him. In him. Rozanov's thrusts were sharp and fast and the reach of his peak was sudden. Shane couldn't keep the dissatisfied groan from leaving his lips when the thrusts slowed down, turning absent-minded and shallow. Then the hands left his body and a cigarette was lit.

The harsh smell filled the air and Shane disliked the way it washed over Rozanov's scent. It filled his nostrils but he was still hard, blissed with the feeling of the lazy movements against him. Feeling the hand pressed to his back. Shane didn't want the touch to leave, handing the ashtray to Rozanov wordlessly.

A mild embarrassment washed through in that moment, where he put Rozanov's comfort first. He was getting uncomfortable against the couch, his cock softening in lack of friction. Maybe the other man noticed it too, pulling out with a low sigh.

"Was great", Rozanov said then, not looking at him but already pulling up his joggers. A wild shiver ran through Shane, from the tip of his tail bone to between his shoulder blades. The moment had passed and he was still folded over the armrest. He was left aching, rock hard and waiting for me.

"You promised me a glass", he said determinedly, getting up from the couch. Touch was only an ardent wish at this point and somehow, Shane didn't feel embarrassed even his state.

Rozanov looked at him: his bare body. His light skin and lightly visible muscles. His still fully erected cock and then met his unwavering eyes briefly.

"After", Rozanov repeated. He came across dissatisfied, getting Shane to frown lightly. He didn't dare to focus on the flicker of hope in his chest. Not, until the strong arms pushed him against the couch.

Shane was forced to sit, seeing the tv on the side of his eye. For some reason, the game was still on, bringing noise in the otherwise quiet apartment.

Rozanov's mood was hard to read, like a dark cloud was still above him but it no longer blazed. He seemed to be annoyed, clearly, but not in a way Shane had witnessed when entering the house. His eyes weren't dark or grip tight and maybe, Shane had succeeded in pleasing him.

Now, he spread his legs eagerly and watched with parted lips as Rozanov kneeled between them.

The tip of Rozanov's nose ghosted Shane's inner thigh, making Shane tense. He had to swallow down an enthusiastic whimper and blink to believe this. This was surreal. It was so surreal that Shane didn't know what to do with his hands.

"No. Not allowed", came from between his legs when his fingers landed on the board shoulder. He hadn't meant to press but the lips tracing his skin had his fingers curling. In an instant, Shane pulled his hand away.

Instead of touching, he tilted towards the game. It was fascinating to watch Rozanov on ice, seeing adrenaline decorating his features. It sharpened the sensation, made the mouth around his cock feel overwhelming. Shane needed to whimper, tense his muscles and as the sound found out his parted lips, fingers were served to him.

The fingers danced over his lips and eagerly, Shane took them into his mouth. He sucked them while the skillful tongue traced his sensitive flesh. His fogged gaze was still aimed at the tv screen. It was Rozanov, becoming the only thing he could think of. Rozanov, taking all of Shane into his mouth.

Shane whined against the fingers, closing his eyes as his back arched. His muscles tense and without his control, Shane released into Rozanov's mouth.

Embarrassment followed right after, finding Shane grabbing the decorative pillow with white knuckles and barely daring to meet the other man's eyes. Rozanov looked up to him, wiping

his mouth carelessly. Somehow, he appeared innocent and Shane turned his head away, towards the game that had ended and turned to rival's celebrations. He needed to get dressed.

He stood up and as their gazes next met with Rozanov, the other man almost looked like he wanted to say something. But Shane didn't have the interest to figure it out now, hastily pulling his pants up and going for his shirt, forgotten on the floor.

"You're subspacing", Rozanov then stated like he was stating a fact. He approached Shane from the kitchen counter, offering a drink. Shane took the vodka wordlessly. He didn't agree.

The drink tasted terrible and burned all the way down his throat. But Rozanov's touch, the hand visiting his shoulder felt like a reward. It was almost tender and Shane allowed himself a deep breath before another cigarette was lit.

"You just had one", he noted, watching Rozanov with narrowed eyes. But the satisfied glint in the other's expression told him that it was done on purpose, just to annoy him.

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