Number (Eighty) One

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76601871.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	jersey wearing, shane wears ilya's jersey, The jersey stays ON during sex, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-28 Words: 1,287 Chapters: 1/1

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by Fandom_Stuff

Summary

Shane wears Ilya's jersey during sex.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane stared at the package that had arrived yesterday. He knew what it was, he just didn't know if he should go through with it. Rozanov was coming over in about twenty minutes and Shane had a whole plan that he was supposed to be setting into motion, but he was struggling to get himself to open the box.

Fifteen minutes passed before he got up the courage to tear it open. The jersey looked back at him, wrapped up in protective plastic. Shane would get so much shit for this if his teammates found out about what he was going to do, but he *wanted* to do this and he knew Rozanov would love it.

He undressed completely and then freed the jersey from its wrapping. He was just putting it on when his phone buzzed.

Lily: Here.

Jane: Come upstairs.

Shane wasn't exactly good at being sexy when he was trying but he sat back against the pillows on his bed and waited. Rozanov's footsteps echoed towards him and then the Russian was standing in the doorway and Shane got the joy of seeing his face shift into awed shock.

"Hollander," he said, his voice raw.

Shane swallowed hard and forced himself to look at him. "Do you like it?"

"Da, fuck. Come here."

Shane stood, crossing the room slowly as Rozanov drank him in. When he reached him, Rozanov pulled him in for a heated kiss and Shane melted into it. This was what he'd been waiting for for months. He couldn't get Rozanov out of his head and it was starting to become a serious problem. He couldn't even jerk off without imagining the Russian's hands on him and now that he had the real thing he knew he wasn't going to last long.

"You play for Boston now?" Rozanov asked as he kissed at Shane's neck, his fingers toying with the sleeve of the jersey.

"You wish," Shane quipped back, shoving at him slightly. Rozanov held onto him, pressing up against him so that Shane could feel the hard line of his cock against his thigh.

"Mm, yes, we would win more cups if you were on the team," Rozanov said.

Shane's heart did a weird summersault thing because Rozanov sounded serious, like he'd thought about them playing together before. "Would you want that?" he asked even as he bit back a moan when Rozanov's hand slid down to cup his ass. "Us on the same team?"

Rozanov shrugged. "Is impossible idea, but maybe, yes. Sometimes I wish…"

Shane nodded, understanding. "Yeah."

Being rivals was starting to become harder and harder as the years went on. Shane loved competing against Rozanov on the ice but he also hated that one of them always had to win. For once he wished he could share the glory with Rozanov instead of having to pretend to hate him, because he didn't hate him. Not really, anyway. He couldn't. Even when they'd started this thing he'd found himself warming to Rozanov a lot faster than he would have liked.

"I want to fuck you," Rozanov said, his hands stilling on Shane's hips as he looked into his eyes. "Get on the bed."

Shane complied and Rozanov was fast behind him, hands roaming over Shane's body, slipping up under the jersey to get at his skin. Shane whimpered at the touch, his forehead dipping down to press into the pillows. "Fuck, Rozanov, I need you–" Rozanov's finger brushed against his hole and Shane bowed into the touch "–fuck."

"That is idea," Rozanov said, Shane could hear his grin.

Shane panted and moaned his way through Rozanov opening him up, the pads of his fingers grazing his prostate every once and a while. But it wasn't enough, never enough, and it was driving Shane crazy. "Hurry up," he groaned.

"No," Rozanov said, bending over him to press a kiss to the back of his neck. "I will take my time." His hand smoothed over Shane's shoulders where he knew the name *Rozanov* was etched in white. "You are mine right now, it says so right here."

"Oh fuck," Shane cried out when Rozanov punctuated his claim with a press to his prostate.

"I wish everyone could see you," Rozanov said softly and Shane blushed pink. "You are stunning wearing my name like this. Do you like it?" he asked, running his hand down Shane's back until he moved it to his stomach and then to his dick which was harder than fucking titanium. "Mm, I think yes."

"Shut up," Shane huffed. He did like it. He liked it an embarrassing amount.

Rozanov chuckled, light and warm and Shane wanted to cry at the sound of it. "I could make you come like this." Another strike to his prostate had Shane's cock spurting pre-come. "I would not even have to fuck you, you are so close already, yes?"

"Fuck, yeah, I am, so can you please– oh God," Shane whined as he Rozanov removed his fingers and then pressed the blunt head of his cock to his hole.

"You beg so pretty, Hollander." Shane wanted to argue but all he could do was moan, hands fisting in the pillow by his head.

When Rozanov pushed inside, Shane squeezed his eyes shut, gasping at the intrusion. "'M not gonna last long," he panted.

"Me either," Rozanov said as he started to thrust into him. The jersey started to slip down over Shane's neck but Rozanov pulled it back down, holding it in place with one hand as he

started up a rhythm. Rozanov let out a moan of his own, “Fuck, Hollander. Do you think I could make you come 81 times tonight?”

“Oh fuck, Rozanov,” Shane practically howled, because even though that would be impossible, Shane was seriously down to try. This was arguably the hottest thing they’d ever done and Shane was seconds from coming when Rozanov beat him to it. Shane followed moments later, spilling his release onto the sheets under him. “Oh God,” he gasped.

Rozanov slipped out of him, his hand moving once more over the block letters on Shane’s back before he collapsed next to him. Shane rolled over, avoiding the soiled spot, and let Rozanov pull him into his arms.

“So does this mean you are fan?”

Shane smacked his chest, but he was smiling. “Asshole.”

“So you’re not?”

Shane sighed, snuggling up against him. “I’ve been a fan since day one, you know that, and I better be your number one fan after all this.”

Rozanov beamed at him, a smug smirk on his lips. “Yes, you are.” Rozanov’s hand swept up and down his back, pressing the jersey into his skin. “I am fan of yours, too. Number one. If you did not know.”

Shane let the words wash over him. He had known that but it was nice to hear. “So does that mean you’d wear *my* jersey next time?”

Rozanov’s hand stilled and Shane listened to his heartbeat increase against his ear. “Mm, I will think about it.”

Shane smacked him again. “You really are an asshole.”

Rozanov grinned at him and pulled him in for a kiss. “Fine. I will wear your jersey next time.”

Shane’s heart swelled in his chest. “Really?”

Rozanov rolled his eyes. “Yes, really. I think getting you to come 24 times is much more manageable.”

Shane laughed as he nestled back into the crook of Rozanov’s arm as the Russian played with his hair. He’d been unsure about how the night would go but the outcome had been perfect and he was pretty sure that it had been some of the best sex they’d ever had.

Maybe he’d wear Rozanov’s jersey more often.

End Notes

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