Number one obsession

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/75189131.

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
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content, Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers), Smut, Blow Jobs, Cock Worship, POV Ilya Rozanov, Jealous Ilya Rozanov, Possessive Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-03 Words: 1,815 Chapters: 1/1

Number one obsession

by sariscribbles

Summary

Ilya was sure of two things: that he was jealous and that Hollander liked it. When Hollander flirted with another guy at a party, Ilya felt his blood boil. It shouldn't made him feel the way it did because it was not like they were together. It was a feeling he couldn't place, a feeling that came close to obsession.

When Hollander confronted him with his obsession later that night, Ilya showed him just how obsessed he was with him.

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“You're here”, he heard himself say.

“I guess I am”, Hollander said, leaning against the wall. His eyes were sparkling and he was smiling playfully.

“What about your other plans?”, he asked, stepping closer to him, leaning against the wall trapping Hollander.

“My other plan had to go”.

“You shouldn't be flirting with other guys”.

“Fuck you Rozanov”

Ilya let his finger trail over Hollander's cheek. It felt so soft, he wanted to kiss him.

“That other guy could never treat you the way I do”.

“I can sense some jealousy”, Hollander teased.

Notes

I caved and wrote my first Heated Rivalry fic. Just saying that I watched the first two episodes but I'm only at chapter 9 in the book so I don't know everything about the whole story yet. This is not something that's placed somewhere in the story/book but just an idea I came up with and started writing late at night. I hope you like it and enjoy reading🩷

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya was sure of two things, he was jealous and he knew Hollander liked it. He looked at him talking to a guy and that generous sweet smile of his seemed to be a little bit too generous. He felt his fingers tighten around the glass of vodka in his hand. He shouldn't care. He shouldn't care Hollander was flirting with another guy. What enraged him was that he knew that Hollander did it on purpose. Maybe he was just overthinking things but lately he had been doing a lot of that. Overthinking about Hollander and his sharp jaw, his pink lips and that irresistible smile that seemed to be everywhere on tv. He would think he has formed an obsession about Hollander.

Hollander was playing him and Ilya didn't like it. He liked playing games with him but not that game. Not a game where he felt he was losing. And suddenly the idea of Hollander spending the night with that boring guy popped up in his head and the thought made him feel uncomfortable. Maybe he was obsessed.

Ilya: Room 3023

Hollander: I have other plans

Ilya: You don't

Hollander: Actually I do

Ilya: Room 3023

Ilya hoped that texting Hollander his room number a second time would make him cancel his so-called other plans. He couldn't bear the thought of Hollander spending the night with another guy in the same hotel as him. He would only be able to think about what Hollander and that guy would be doing. He was sure that guy wouldn't be able to make Hollander feel the way he can make him feel. He was also sure Hollander didn't really have plans with that guy.

His premonitions were right when he heard a knock on his hotel room door something after midnight. He got out of the chair he was sitting in while looking at the skyline of the city and opened the door. There stood Hollander with that playful smile on his face. Ilya stepped aside so Hollander could enter his room.

“You're here”, he heard himself say.

“I guess I am”, Hollander said, leaning against the wall. His eyes were sparkling and he was smiling playfully.

“What about your other plans?”, he asked, stepping closer to him, leaning against the wall trapping Hollander.

“My other plan had to go”.

“You shouldn't be flirting with other guys”.

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Ilya let his finger trail over Hollander's cheek. It felt so soft, he wanted to kiss him.

“That other guy could never treat you the way I do”.

“I can sense some jealousy here”, Hollander teased.

He couldn't be jealous, he wasn't like that. He just liked to fuck but no one ever made him jealous. It was a strange feeling for him. He didn't care about what his flings did but when it came to Hollander he wasn't sure anymore.

“I'm not jealous, I just don't like sharing what's mine Hollander.

“That's basically saying you're jealous and I'm not yours”, Hollander breathed out.

“Fuck off, you're mine and you like it”, Ilya said, his lips brushed over Hollander's.

“You wish I was yours”, Hollander breathed against his lips.

Ilya kissed him and the familiar feeling made his anger flood away. Maybe he needed Hollander more than he wanted to admit. He pushed him harder against the wall. His hand grabbed Hollander's crotch and Hollander whimpered at the sudden contact.

“This dick is mine”, Ilya stated, putting pressure on Hollander's dick and he already felt him getting hard under his touch. That's the effect he had on him.

“Admit that you're obsessed with me”, he heard Hollander whisper.

“I'm obsessed with no one”, Ilya replied and he wished it sounded a little bit more convincing.

Ilya palmed Hollander through his pants, his hard dick pressing against the fabric of the dressed pants he was wearing.

“You once said that I'm a bad liar but you're an even worse liar”, Hollander said and Ilya knew he was pushing it.

“Want me to show you how obsessed I am?”, For the first time Ilya gave in to Hollander's assumptions because he could not deny anymore that he was in fact obsessed with Shane fucking Hollander. Perfect Shane Hollander of all people in this world.

That's why Ilya dropped to his knees without hesitation. He didn't want to be submissive but he did want to worship Hollander's beautiful, delicious cock. His tongue licked over the black fabric of Hollander's pants, over the outline of his hard cock. He heard a relieved sigh coming from Hollander who pushed himself against him. Suddenly he felt way too hot and got rid of his own shirt.

Eagerly he took Hollander's cock out of his pants. His hand closed itself around the base while his eyes looked up at Hollander who was looking at him too. His lips closed around the tip, his tongue swirling around it. Hollander looked at him with that half open mouth and those dark eyes filled with lust. This is what he wanted, him on his knees, his cock in his mouth.

Ilya started moving his hand up and down the base of Hollander's cock while his lips stayed around the tip, licking and sucking and driving his rival crazy. He felt Hollander's fingers slip through his hair as Ilya took his dick deeper in his mouth. His hand slipped away and found its way up. He pushed his shirt up and Hollander took it off, carefully laying it over the chair that was standing almost next to him.

Soft moans kept flowing over Hollander's lips as Ilya bopped his head, taking his cock as deep as he could. He let it rub against the inside of his cheek. He used his lips, his tongue, his teeth, his throat to give Hollander the pleasure he was so desperately craving. He loved his opponent's cock so much, he almost hated it.

He let his cock slide out of his mouth and Hollander looked almost disappointed at him. Ilya's eyes were fixed on his as he let his tongue drag over a prominent vein on his dick. He did it so slowly and he saw how Hollander's brows scrunched together. He loved this as much as Ilya did.

Ilya moved one hand down again and closed it around Hollander's beautiful, hard cock. He knew he was the only guy in the world who has had this cock in his hands and in his mouth and he wanted to keep it that way. That's how obsessed he felt with Hollander, someone he shouldn't have been obsessed with in that way. He should only have been obsessed with kicking his ass on the ice and not in bed. But there he was again, on his knees with Hollander's cock in front of him.

“This, Hollander, is my cock”, Ilya said and he knew Hollander loved it when he used words like this.

“Fuck Rozanov”, he heard Hollander moan when he took his cock in his mouth again.

He sucked it like he never had sucked it before and he enjoyed it to the fullest. Maybe he had been a little bit jealous but he would never admit that to Hollander, he even would never admit that to himself.

Ilya took Hollander's cock out of his mouth again and looked hungry at it. His hand worked him up even more and he knew Hollander wouldn't last long anymore. He felt his cock twitching and throbbing in his hand. But Ilya didn't want him to release his orgasm just yet and that's why he slowed down his hand.

He licked Hollander's cock, covering every inch of skin in his spit and Hollander liked it so fucking much. Ilya loved the feeling of the weight of his cock on his tongue while he traced the veins on it. His hand softly played with his balls because he knew Hollander loved that even more.

Hollander let his head fall against the wall, closing his eyes and he pulled on Ilya's hair. He wanted more, he wanted his release but Ilya wanted to taste his cock a little bit more. He loved the taste of his precome on his tongue. He loved the way his lips and mouth knew the familiar feeling of Hollander's cock in his mouth. To think he almost lost that tonight, that someone else could have a taste of him, makes him feel things he doesn't want to feel.

Now that he gave in to his obsession, he wanted Hollander to know just how obsessed he was. This was new to him and it made him feel a little bit embarrassed and maybe he was scared Hollander could use it against him but at that moment he was so far gone, he didn't care anymore.

“Please”, he heard how impatient and eager Hollander had become.

The licks with his tongue didn't provide him enough stimulation to come. In a way it satisfied Ilya because it meant he had power over him.

He slid his hard, throbbing dick in his mouth again and worked his tongue around it. His head bopped at a steady pace. Hollander started moving his hips, fucking his mouth. He felt his cock deep in his throat and for a moment Ilya closed his eyes to enjoy the feeling and savour it. It felt like a win to him because the other guy who was clearly into him would never get the satisfaction he got.

Hollander slammed his cock in his mouth and Ilya sucked him off as best as he could.

“Fuck Rozan-”, but Hollander couldn't even finish saying his name.

Ilya felt how he tried to guide his pace by holding his head between two hands. He used his tongue and even teeth to work him up to his orgasm.

“Oh god- oh fuck- oh-”, he heard Hollander moan as his cock started twisting in his mouth.

Ilya felt his release hitting his tongue and the back of his throat. He tasted it and swallowed it with ease. He let Hollander's dick slip out of his mouth and stood up again. Softly he caressed his cheek before pressing a soft kiss on his lips.

“Fuck”, was all Hollander could get out.

“That's how obsessed I am with you, Hollander”, Ilya whispered into his ear.

“At least you admitted it”, Hollander smiled.

“But I still won tonight”, Ilya replied, dragging his lips over Hollander's jaw.

“What?”, Hollander sounded confused.

“I got the satisfaction of tasting you, not that boring guy”, Ilya replied.

“Do you really think I had plans with him?”, Hollander wondered, his hand going through Ilya's hair.

“Don't know”, Ilya replied, “But that guy was obviously into you but only I got the satisfaction of making you feel this way”.

Ilya kissed him senseless.

“Only Ilya Rozanov get to fuck me”, and Hollander's words made Ilya smile.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! It was kinda exciting to post my first fic in this fandom :))
You can always let me know what you think💗

You can say hi on my Tumblr: willesredlights

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!