free treasure

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/74990586.

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:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Rimming, Anal Sex, Light Angst, Episode 2 Coda, Post-Episode 2, shane accidentally sends the text, filthy sweaty sex, Mild Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-30 Words: 3,980 Chapters: 1/1

free treasure

by endymions

Summary

Shane stares down at his phone screen in utter, abject horror.

He doesn’t know what happened. How his thumb managed to slip and hit send. He was backspacing—he’s absolutely *positive* he was backpacking—because no way in hell would he have actually sent a message to Rozanov whining about the fact that they didn’t kiss. There’s no reality in which that makes sense and doesn’t make him look like an idiotic, obsessive, overly attached freak.

Notes

this is set immediately following episode 2 and the "we didn't even kiss" text :~) title is from Free Treasure by Adrianne Lenker!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane stares down at his phone screen in utter, abject horror.

He doesn't know what happened. How his thumb managed to slip and hit send. He was backspacing—he's absolutely *positive* he was backpacking—because no way in hell would he have actually sent a message to Rozanov whining about the fact that they didn't kiss. There's no reality in which that makes sense and doesn't make him look like an idiotic, obsessive, overly attached freak.

Jane: We didn't even kiss.

Jesus. Shane felt nauseous. He'd felt that way all night, since he and Rozanov stood on stage and read from the teleprompter and took those stupid selfies, since Rozanov's hand slid down the curve of his spine to rest, tantalizingly heavy, above the curve of his ass. Since he wiped the tears from his eyes in the bathroom and forced down a glass of champagne while trying to pretend he wasn't acutely aware of Rozanov's every move across the room.

Coming up to the penthouse was a mistake. Shane knew that as soon as he laid himself down on that bed and followed Rozanov's command like—like a dog. Six months had passed in a resolute silence, and Shane should've just let it continue on that way, until whatever this thing burning him alive was had gone away. He certainly shouldn't have done any of this.

He thunked his forehead against the elevator wall hard enough for it to hurt. Why did he even care if they hadn't kissed? He wasn't entirely convinced he did, but he needed *something* to blame this feeling of wrongness on. Sure, maybe they'd kissed every time in the past, but that was just that—the past. Before Sochi. Before Rozanov made it pretty damn clear what he thought of Shane and his attempts to reconcile what they'd done with Rozanov's sudden coldness.

It was obvious now that the whole scene in the bathroom, and everything that followed in the penthouse, was nothing more than just… getting off. A release of tension. Rozanov hadn't even acknowledged the fact that Shane was visibly upset by the lack of communication because he didn't *care*. Why would he have bothered with kissing Shane when Shane was already—literally—begging for it before they even touched?

Ridiculous. Fucking pathetic, actually. He needed to get a grip; he's needed to for a while. He stared down at the message thread, at the typing bubbles that didn't pop up, until his eyes burned and he turned his phone off and shoved it into his pocket.

Maybe Rozanov would cut him off for good this time. It'd be for the best. All Shane had to do was act like he didn't care.

—

Shane made it back to his hotel room in a sort of mindless daze. His ass was a little sore, and each twinge of pain brought forth a rush of unwanted memories; the acrid taste of vodka, the smell of cigarette smoke, Rozanov's dilated pupils as he watched, the way he'd pounded into Shane. It was all enough to make him want to throw his phone out of the window.

If Rozanov had a single shred of decency, and Shane was really hoping he did, he'd ignore the message, and if not, Shane would blame it on the champagne and vodka. An unexpected bout of deliriousness. Rozanov had fucked him so hard that it knocked a screw loose, clearly.

Shane stared at himself in the mirror as he brushed his teeth that night. There was still a flush on his cheeks, his freckles standing out in stark relief against the ruddy skin. His eyes looked a little crazed. He felt like the past hour should've been a dream.

Maybe it was. Maybe Shane would wake up tomorrow and turn his phone back on—because he definitely wasn't doing that tonight—and find out he didn't send any sort of text to Rozanov. He'd go about his life like normal, and they'd fall back into ignoring one another, and it would be fine.

It had to be. Shane didn't know what he'd do if it wasn't.

—

The next morning, after a punishing run, a shower, and a smoothie, Shane turned his phone back on.

A few consolatory texts from his parents, some of his teammates giving him shit, and absolutely nothing from Lily. Shane double checked the text thread. The message sat there like a bomb. The only thing more unmistakable than his bald-faced hurt was Rozanov's silence.

—

"I still think you deserved it, Shane."

Shane pushes the last piece of spinach around on his plate. He lost his appetite ten minutes into his parents' conversation about the MLH awards. "Of course you think that, Mom."

"But *seriously*. I mean, Ilya Rozanov as MVP? The guy's an asshole. I bet half his team doesn't even like him. Shouldn't that sort of thing factor into these awards?"

Shane smiles. "Probably not. No guy would ever be nominated if they factored in personality."

His parents laugh at that. Shane feels a little bit better.

He'd returned to Montreal the morning after the awards show. It's been two weeks since then, and the summer has already proven to be the sort that drags. Shane is antsy for the season to start so he can have something to focus on besides the fact that Rozanov still hasn't texted him.

What would he even say? *Sorry, I was too busy watching you finger yourself, next time?* Shane almost snorts out loud at the thought. There won't be a next time—of that, he's certain.

Besides, Rozanov is in Russia, and Shane's here. They won't even see each other again until Montreal plays Boston in October, and maybe then Rozanov will finally acknowledge

Shane's text. Maybe he'll lord it over Shane all throughout the game as a way to fuck with his head. It's not like he's never done such a thing before.

At this point, Shane would've preferred Rozanov's derision over this. He deserves it. He just isn't sure why he's not getting it.

—

In his downtime, Shane finds himself rereading the text with alarming frequency.

It's just—it was *true*. It was weird that they didn't kiss, wasn't it? Rozanov had always seemed a little preoccupied by Shane's mouth. He kissed him ferociously, single-mindedly, devouring Shane's mouth like it was the single most important thing. He liked using his mouth. A lot. He'd talk, and pout, and kiss Shane's back, his shoulder, his arm, his ribcage—

So why hell didn't they kiss in Vegas? Shane hadn't been imagining the fervor with which Rozanov fucked him that night. Sure, maybe it was just the adrenaline from winning MVP, but it had almost seemed like…

Well. Shane never let himself get very far down that train of thought. Over the years, he'd managed to delude himself into believing a lot of things about his tenuous relationship with Rozanov, but even that one seemed a little too far-fetched.

—

Three weeks after lunch with his parents, Shane gets back from the gym and finds Ilya Rozanov sitting in his stairwell.

Shane freezes with the door still held open. A gust of hot, humid air blows in behind him and ruffles the curls at Rozanov's temples. That small movement is what convinces Shane he isn't hallucinating, because the way Rozanov is watching him—intensely, brows furrowed, jaw ticking, *angrily*—had Shane convinced that he was.

Over the last few weeks, he's done a damn good job at forgetting about the whole Vegas debacle. He hasn't even opened his messages with Rozanov. He's only thought about it once or twice. It had seemed like Rozanov was going to let this one go. Shane had made himself okay with that. Grateful for it, even.

"Um," Shane says. The door clangs to a loud, violent shut as he steps fully through it. "What are you doing here?"

Rozanov doesn't respond right away. He glares at Shane like he's trying to burn a hole through his skull. It hasn't even been two months since they've seen each other, and yet, Shane finds himself cataloguing all the new details about Rozanov that weren't there before. Like the faint tan to his skin, and the way his hair is ever so slightly longer, and the dark circles beneath his eyes.

Shane wrinkles his nose. Rozanov blows out a sigh and rises to a stand. "We will speak inside."

He makes a gesture up the stairs, likely meaning inside Shane's apartment, and Shane balks. "No the hell we won't. We'll talk right here. What are you doing here?"

"Shane," Rozanov says, slowly and quietly, like it's some sort of secret, and the sound of his name in Rozanov's voice makes Shane feel a little lightheaded.

Before he even knows what he's doing, Shane is trudging up the stairs and letting them both into his apartment. Rozanov trails a respectable distance behind. That makes Shane feel even worse, so he moves to stand behind the kitchen island.

This is the problem. Shane will spend weeks and months festering this anger, this bitterness, this hurt, and all it takes is one well-played move from Rozanov for him to forget it all. Pathetic. Shane suddenly remembers the text he'd sent, the things he'd done in Vegas, and his cheeks burn so viciously that he's sure they're bright red.

He turns his back to Rozanov and fills a glass from his fridge. In the time it takes him to drink it down, Rozanov says nothing. Shane can barely even hear him breathing.

"Were you working out?" Rozanov asks just as Shane sets the glass down.

Shane looks down at himself. His light grey shirt is soaked through with sweat. His hair hangs, limp and wet, against his forehead. Rozanov has certainly seen him better. He figures now is as good a time as any for Rozanov to—what? Formally call things off between them? As if. He'd sooner ignore Shane's entire existence, but Shane can't think of any other reason why the other man would be here, sitting in one of Shane's barstools, watching him closely.

"Yeah," Shane fights the urge to run a hand through his hair. He doesn't want to give Rozanov any idea that he's feeling fidgety. "Are you seriously going to make me ask again? What are you doing here?"

"Are you not happy to see me?" Rozanov asks. He sounds like he really, truly means it. He even sits up in his stool, peering over the edge of the island, ogling Shane's crotch. Like he expects Shane to be hard just from his mere presence.

It goes a long way in making Shane feel even more mortified by the fact that he is a little turned on by the way Rozanov's watching him.

"What is *wrong* with you?" Shane demands.

“Well, I had long flight from Moscow, and Montreal is very hot.” Rozanov crosses his arms over his chest and rests his elbows on the countertop. The move makes his pecs bulge beneath his thin black t-shirt. “I sat in your stairwell for a very long time. I’m quite thirsty.”

Shane fumes. He grabs another glass, fills it, and slides it across the counter with so much force that water sloshes over the sides. Rozanov watches him all the while with a tiny, amused smile, like he’s just so tickled by this whole thing, like he knows that Shane knows that he’s thinking about that goddamn text message still sitting unanswered in his inbox.

Rozanov watches Shane watch him. Shane raises his eyebrows, and Rozanov takes a long sip from his water, dragging the back of his hand over his mouth rather unnecessarily when he’s finished. He blows out a long sigh and leans back in his chair.

“I have been thinking,” Rozanov says, “that there is something I did not do, that I should have.”

“Like what? Text me before showing up at my apartment?”

Rozanov rolls his eyes. “No. I wanted to see your reaction.”

“Well, here it is. I’m pretty fucking pissed off, Rozanov.”

Rozanov looks away and drags his finger through a drop of water on the counter. “Are you?”

“Yes,” Shane hisses. “So will you *please* tell me why you’re here?”

After a prolonged moment of silence, Rozanov pushes the barstool back and rounds the island, coming to a stop in front of Shane. Close enough that Shane can smell him, can feel his body heat, can see the sweet curl of his eyelashes. Rozanov stares at him with a look in his eyes that Shane’s never seen before.

His hand comes up in between them, and Shane holds his breath, every cell in his body staggering to a halt. The pads of Rozanov’s fingers trail down the bridge of his nose and over his cheeks, featherlight, almost ticklish. Shane breathes out, low and shakily.

“эти веснушки,” Rozanov says, and Shane is on the verge of opening his mouth and asking him what that means when Rozanov leans forward and kisses him.

Rozanov grabs the back of Shane’s head with purpose and presses their lips firmly together. Shane responds in kind—of course he does—and Rozanov’s tongue teases the seam of his lips when he gathers what little dignity he still has and shoves him backwards.

“Is this some sort of joke?” Shane manages through the raucous pounding of his heart, the rush of blood in his ears.

Rozanov frowns at him. “No. Shane—”

“Fucking—stop that! Why are you saying that?”

“Your name?”

“Obviously. We don’t—we’ve never—”

“Relax. I don’t want you to pass out,” Rozanov interrupts him, and Shane slaps him in the chest. They stand and watch each other for a beat. When no explanation seems forthcoming, Shane steps back until he hits the counter and crosses his arms.

“Stop being an asshole. Did you fly here all the way from Russia just to stare at me?”

Rozanov throws his arms out. “No. But you will not let me explain.”

“*All* I’ve been doing is trying to get you to explain.” Shane bites out. He’s not as angry as he should be—ridiculously, his heart is still racing after that three second kiss—but he’s confused, and anxious, and it’s wreaking havoc on his thoughts. He needs Rozanov to explain himself fully before Shane does something truly disastrous like suck him off in his kitchen.

“I can’t—” Rozanov makes some aborted hand gesture that Shane can’t follow. “I’m not good at…explaining this. I do not know how to say it. But I have been thinking about your text—”

“Oh? You actually read it?” Shane quips, and it’s so fucking *stupid*, to make it so obvious that he’s bothered still by Rozanov’s lack of response, but he couldn’t help himself. He rarely can, when it comes to Rozanov.

“*Yes*. I read your stupid text. And I almost chased you to your room.”

The words seem to burst out of him, unexpected and shockingly vehement, startling Shane into silence. He blinks at Rozanov, and Rozanov startles him even more by saying, “Do you see now?”

Shane swallows. “I still don’t understand. Why are you *here?*”

Rozanov stares at him in bafflement for a single heartbeat before he’s moving towards Shane again and grabbing his jaw. This time, the kiss is bruising, and it knocks Shane’s head back into the cabinet. Rozanov murmurs an intelligible apology against his lips and wraps his hand around the back of Shane’s head—cradles it, really—as his tongue slips into Shane’s mouth.

Shane surrenders to the rising tide of want within him. He pushes his fingers through Rozanov’s hair and moans, embarrassingly loud. Rozanov’s hands move from Shane’s head down his shoulders and his ribcage, sliding towards his back, and he grabs Shane’s ass to haul them together.

Rozanov is already hard, and so is Shane, their clothed erections rubbing together with just enough friction to make his blood heat. He bucks and writhes against Rozanov until the other man drops his lips to Shane’s neck and chuckles.

“Calm down. Unless you want to come like this?” Rozanov asks, rolling his hips against Shane’s, and Shane whines.

He can feel the curve of Rozanov’s lips against his neck, just beneath the hinge of his jaw. “No? How do you want to, then?”

Rozanov snakes a hand between their bodies. His fingers grip Shane through his shorts with enough pressure to make him jolt. He drops his head back, exposing his neck, and Rozanov flattens his tongue and licks a long, filthy line up the side of it.

Shane shivers. “That’s gross. I haven’t showered.”

“Mm,” Rozanov hums against his neck. He works his hand beneath Shane’s waistband and works Shane’s cock roughly, unlubricated, but Shane jerks his hips forwards, desperate for more of—anything. Anything Rozanov will give him.

“Fuck,” Shane grunts as Rozanov’s thumb swipes over the head of his cock, smearing the wetness there, spreading it down the shaft. Shane feels like he can’t breathe, like he actually is going to pass out, like he’ll die if Rozanov doesn’t keep touching him. He’s never felt so sure of anything. He nudges Rozanov’s head until he lifts it and presses their mouths together again with renewed vigor.

“You need it,” Rozanov murmurs when they break apart, so low that he may be talking to himself, “You need this.”

Shane nods mindlessly. Rozanov’s hand hasn’t let up, and he feels dangerously close to the edge already, so pent up from the weeks of wondering and the certainty he’d felt that he’d never get *this* again. “I do. Always.”

Rozanov groans. He pulls away from Shane like he’s been burned. His eyes are black, his mouth sheen with spit, when he says, “Go to your bed.”

By the time Shane makes it to his bedroom, Rozanov hot on his heels, he’s shed his shirt and is working on his shorts. They fall onto Shane’s bed in a tangle of limbs, and they don’t stop kissing, even as Rozanov reaches an arm up to clear the bed of its many pillows.

“Fucking ridiculous,” He says against Shane’s mouth. Shane can’t stop the smile that overtakes his lips—hell, his whole face—and Rozanov leans back, sits up, and looks down at him.

“I want to try something.” He says, and Shane quirks an eyebrow. Rozanov’s gaze is heated and serious and Shane swears he can feel it on his skin. “Roll over?”

Shane rolls onto his stomach. He isn’t sure what he and Rozanov *haven’t* done yet, but he’s too turned on to worry about what it may be. He can feel Rozanov moving behind him, and then big hands on his hips, pulling him up and gathering his knees beneath him.

He lifts onto his elbows and looks over his shoulder. Rozanov is kneeling behind him, backlit by the lamps in Shane’s room, his skin golden and his hair ablaze. Shane feels the breath catch in his chest.

“Tell me if it is not okay,” Rozanov says, his voice soft, and then he grabs Shane’s ass in both palms and spreads him and places a wet, warm kiss directly onto Shane’s hole.

Shane jumps. His gasp is sharp in the silence of the room, and he can feel Rozanov pull back, just a little, gauging his reaction, waiting for Shane to say stop. And he should. He really fucking should. He's still sweaty from the gym, and this feels like crossing some invisible barrier, like this will irrevocably change things between them. Like it's more intimate than just letting Rozanov fuck him, more intimate than Rozanov watching him touch himself.

Rozanov does it again, and Shane flattens his elbows and drops his head onto the mattress, pushing his hips back ever so slightly. But it's enough. Rozanov presses his face into Shane's ass and licks him with abandon. His tongue circles Shane's hole, sloppy and wet, before he presses his lips to it and sucks.

Shane can't stop gasping, and moaning, and writhing around on the bed, senselessly and crazy with need. His dick pulses with every swipe of Rozanov's tongue, and he's dripping all over his bed. He can't find it within himself to care even the slightest amount about the mess. Not when Rozanov's eating him out like *that*.

When the tip of Rozanov's tongue works its way into Shane's hole, he thinks he might actually come. He fists the sheets and moans into the pillow beneath his head in a failed attempt to stifle it. Rozanov trails a finger up the back of Shane's balls until it reaches his hole, and when he pushes it in alongside his tongue, Shane's toes curl so hard that he gets a cramp. He sees stars.

Rozanov pulls his mouth away and fucks his finger further into Shane. His voice sounds wrecked when he speaks. "You liked that."

It wasn't a question, but Shane nods, humping back against Rozanov's finger, desperate for it now. "Yes. Yes, God, *fuck me*, Rozanov."

Rozanov huffs a breathless laugh. He adds in a second finger without much resistance—there's so much spit that Shane can feel it dripping from him. "Hm. Call me Ilya, and I might."

Shane is so far gone that he can't even question it. He doesn't want to. He's sure he'll find the time to panic over it later, but not now, not when he's about to come apart. "Ilya. Fuck me."

Ilya's exhale is more of a growl. He fingers Shane quickly, efficiently, and it feels like ages before Shane hears him tear open a condom and feels the blunt press of Ilya's cock against him. He sighs and presses back into it, ready for it, *needing* it, and Ilya grabs his hips as he slides all the way in.

It's a hard, fast fuck, with Shane sliding up the bed with every thrust, the slap of skin reverberating through the room, barely audible over their harsh breaths and moans. Ilya's more vocal than he's been in the past, murmuring things in Russian beneath his breath that Shane can barely hear, calling him *Shane—always so good, Shane, so tight, Shane*—and it drives Shane crazy. So much so that he comes so quickly and suddenly that it punches the breath out of him.

Ilya's not far behind. His thrusts grow erratic, reckless, and he shouts when he comes, slumping over Shane's back and pressing him down into the bed. They lay like that, catching

their breath, until Ilya presses a soft kiss to Shane's shoulder and pads into the bathroom.

He returns with a damp rag. He rolls Shane over gently, wipes the come from Shane's stomach, and drops the rag onto the floor next to the bed. Shane rolls his eyes, but he can't get too angry about it, because Ilya is pulling him up against his chest and laying them back against the pillows and kissing Shane, sweet and closed-mouthed, until all thoughts flee from his head.

"I can't stay," Ilya says, sometime later, his hand drawing through Shane's hair. Shane nods. He hadn't been expecting him to, but Ilya continues, as if defending himself. "Really. I can't. I have flight back to Moscow."

Shane looks up at him. "*Tonight*?"

Ilya nods. Shane laughs. "Jesus. What would you have done if I said no?"

"You wouldn't." Ilya responds, so simply that Shane can't argue, and he lays back down against Ilya's chest. It's true. Shane wouldn't have said no. He doesn't think he ever will; he isn't capable of it. Not when it comes to Ilya.

Shane said he didn't understand, before, but he thinks he does now. The gentle scratch of Ilya's fingernails against his scalp, the thud of his heartbeat against Shane's arm, the press of his lips against Shane's skin. He understands, and it's enough.

End Notes

“эти веснушки“ means “these freckles” (atleast it should)

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