

Glambot Glambottom

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78566336) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78566336>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Spit Kink , blowjob , Semi-Public Sex , Ass Play , thigh riding , Light Choking , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Established Relationship , Face-Fucking , Deepthroating , Shane Hollander loves being Ilya Rozanovs good boy , Drunk Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Takes Care of Shane Hollander , Sub Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-30 Words: 4,627 Chapters: 1/1

Glambot Glambottom

by [blushingilya](#)

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs are just coming off of a cup win and Ilya and Shane are walking their first award show carpet together. Ilya helps calm Shane's nerves beforehand, Shane takes Ilya by surprise during his glambot shoot, and somehow they both always end up meeting in the bathroom at these events.

Notes

hey everyone thank you all for the love on my tik tok! I'm really enjoying writing about the concepts I come up with. I did not have a beta reader so please let me know if you have any suggestions/feedback/ update tagging etc.(but be kind and gentle though I am very sensitive lmao).

For timeline context, this scenario takes place after the long game when hollanov are playing for Ottawa together.

Hollanov concepts have truly consumed my brain so please let me know whether or not you enjoy and I will continue posting them!

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

“I so desperately wish we didn’t have to present at this awards show tonight. I always hate these things.” Shane sighs. Taking out the silk shirt his stylist picked out for him to wear tonight.

Ilya sneaked up behind him snaking his arms around his waist and pressing a kiss to his bare back.

“Remember last time we presented an award together, lots changed since then. Tonight we will have fun. We will be together. Besides, Rose and Yuna would be so mad if we backed out.” Ilya smiled as he kissed Shane’s cheek.

Ilya was right, as soon as Rose told Yuna that the awards show was looking for two people to present in the category that she was nominated for, there was no way they could decline.

Blush creeps up Shane’s neck “You’re right, having you beside me makes all the flash photography and carpet interview questions worth it. I’m looking forward to showing my husband off.” Shane grabs Ilya’s hand, his thumb rubbing over the wedding band but Ilya could tell Shane was still on edge.

Ilya knew that Shane was not a fan of all the paparazzi and especially disliked talking with the media these days. The Centaurs have just recently won the cup. It was a huge victory for the team and all of the guys put in so much blood, sweat, and tears into winning the cup for Ottawa. However, a majority of the media outlets were more so focused on the playoff game between the Centaurs and the Metros.

It was the first round of playoffs and tensions were very high considering how awful the Metros had treated Shane after his and Ilya’s relationship was discovered. The amount of penalty box calls that night were absurd. All the media seemed to want to talk about with Shane was how that game felt and what sparked that first big brawl on the ice. Shane, being the professional that he is, would normally deflect these types of questions to the best of his abilities. Deep down though he wishes he could unleash his inner thoughts and say what he really felt.

“Fuck the metros, fuck homophobes, and look who came out on top in the end - me.”

“I have a gift for you.” Ilya whispers into Shane’s ear.

Ilya hands a box to Shane. Shane opens it to reveal a gold serpent necklace.

“Snakes are symbol of rebirth. Suppose to help balance emotions and align ... what are those things you talk about with yoga?” Ilya asks.

“Chakras,” Shane replies smiling. “You didn’t have to get me this.”

“I wanted to. A good reminder to my husband that he is transformed. Plus looks sexy with your outfit.” Ilya winks and takes the necklace to put on Shane but notices how tense he is.

“Sweetheart, you need to relax, go sit on the bed,” Ilya says.

“Ilya, I don’t think we have time for-“ Shane starts to speak before Ilya cuts him off. “Shane, trust me.”

Shane gets on the bed sitting there in just his briefs as he and Ilya were just about to get dressed for the event.

Ilya brings over a bottle of vodka and lotion.

“Ilya what are you doing? We need to be on the carpet in an hour,” Shane says.

“We can be fashionably late my love , relax and take breath.” Ilya starts peppering Shane with kisses all over his face and rubbing his hands over his chest.

“I think you need a little something to take edge off.” He whispers into Shane’s ear.

Shane was already melting into Ilya’s touch, “What do you have in mind?”

Ilya grabs the vodka bottle off the bedside table and takes a sip while gently rubbing his thumb over Shane’s lip. Shane instinctually engulfs Ilya’s finger into his mouth and begins to suck.

Ilya, still having yet to swallow the vodka, just admires how Shane is so submissive. He loves that he can bring this side out of his husband and help him turn off his brain.

Ilya tugs his finger down on Shane’s lip and holds it so Shane’s lips remain parted. Their eyes lock and Shane is just now noticing that Ilya still has the vodka in his mouth. Ilya lifts his brow and Shane registers what nonverbal question Ilya is asking here.

“D-do you want to spit vodka into my mouth? Shane asks, already getting turned on by the idea.

Ilya nods. His eyes bore into Shane’s searching to see if there is any form of hesitancy but Shane has already inched closer and widened his mouth open.

Ilya grabs Shane's chin and spits the vodka into his mouth. Shane swallows, briefly closing his eyes at the burn.

“Ммм Хороший мальчик good boy you always take everything so well. How do you feel?” Ilya mumbles as he begins to leave open mouth kisses on Shane’s neck.

“Like I want more.” Shane whimpers as Ilya’s hands lazily roam his body.

Shane thought how he would probably drink the whole bottle if it meant Ilya would be spitting down his throat.

“Lay on your back, take off your briefs, eyes on me.” Ilya commands and Shane without hesitation follows, already feeling his erection growing.

Ilya strips down and gets on the bed, his legs bracketing Shane as he hovers over him.

“Going to use you as shot glass okay?” Ilya asks.

Before Shane can even respond he feels coldness hit his naval.

Ilya pours the vodka onto Shane’s stomach and stifles a laugh as Shane squirms underneath him.

“You’re such an asshole that shit is col-” Shane stops speaking as witnesses his husband taking a body shot off him.

Noticing Ilya’s throat bob as he swallows, Shane feels slightly disappointed.

“What’s wrong, moya lyubov my love?” Ilya smirks, licking his lips.

Ilya knows that Shane was expecting him to spit in his mouth again. He loves how desperate and greedy his husband gets.

“I thought you.... I wanted more,” Shane says

Ilya lifts the bottle up toward Shane. “Here have more.”

Ilya knows that Shane is not going to take the vodka bottle.

“That’s not ... that is not what I meant,” Shane says, getting flustered.

“You don’t want more vodka then?” Ilya loves teasing Shane this way.

“No, I- I do I want.. I need you to spit it into my mouth again, please.” Shane’s voice slightly cracking at the plea.

Ilya was done with teasing then. He poured more vodka onto Shane’s naval licking it up into his mouth and now hovering over Shane’s face. Shane’s pupils were dilated and his tongue was out and Ilya could feel his dick twitch against them.

Ilya spat into Shane’s mouth and began to kiss him hungrily.

Shane groaned into the kiss the burn of the vodka in his throat his eyes teared a little but he was electrified by the sensation.

“Get on your stomach.” Ilya bites at Shane’s ear.

Shane got on all fours and felt Ilya straddle his hips.

“Ilya what are y-” Shane then felt Ilya's strong hands press his body down onto the bed and kneed into his shoulders.

“You are so tense sweetheart. I thought massage would help,” Ilya says, peppering Shane’s back with kisses as he massages each section.

Shane moans into the pillow feeling tension leave his muscles as Ilya dug into a knot.

Ilya inches lower down Shane's body and reaches his ass kneading softly into the flesh.

Shane rocks his hips back into Ilya's touch and whimpers.

Ilya, knowing his husband so well, took this as a sign that Shane needed more than just the touch of his fingers.

Ilya begins kissing the stretch marks over Shane's thighs and ass licking and nipping at each one.

"My husband is so beautiful," Ilya mutters into Shane's skin.

He spread Shane open and licked his entrance wet and sloppy, pointing his tongue and fucking him till he could feel Shane relax underneath his touch.

"Ilya, oh my god...." Shane's moans became louder and whinier as he bucked his hips back slightly and Ilya knew he was close.

"Need you in my mouth flip over." Ilya commands.

Shane flips over practically panting as Ilya takes him whole into his mouth.

"F-fuck Ilya oh my god I'm gonna cum." Shane moans as he releases down Ilya's throat.

Ilya grabs the vodka bottle taking one more sip into his mouth as he hovers over Shane.

Shane sticks out his tongue feeling so blissed and relaxed as he tastes himself mixed with the alcohol.

Ilya leans down to kiss him "Such a good boy. Do you feel any better?"

"Y-yes so relaxed now. But what about you? I feel like you're not taken care of," Shane says, pawing at Ilya's chest.

Ilya places a soft kiss on Shane's forehead. "My focus was taking care of you, vozlyublennyy lover. I can wait till later. Besides, I want to see how many shots I can get out of you tonight."

"We probably shouldn't drink too much more till we are at the award show," Shane says now realizing how warm and fuzzy he feels as the alcohol settles into his body.

Ilya smirks, patting Shane's face. "I wasn't talking about vodka."

Shane immediately blushes his face feeling even warmer. "W-we should start getting ready fashionably late is one thing but my mom will kill us if she hears we were unfashionably late and then ask a bunch of questions I don't want to answer."

"You do not want to tell Yuna I used you as shot glass?" Ilya asks, chuckling as Shane batted at his arm.

“God no! Now come on, let's get dressed. I also have a little something to give you,” Shane says, handing a small box over to Ilya.

When Ilya opened it he saw it was a crystal brooch of a bird perched on a box.

“It’s a loon brooch. I thought it would really compliment your outfit tonight and I know how much you’ve grown to love them.” Shane smiles at his husband.

Ilya was beaming and he could feel a small tear well in his eye. “I love it. I love you so much. I am excited for the world to see us on the carpet together.”

Shane caressed Ilya’s face giving him a soft kiss and smiled “I’m excited too. I feel so much more relaxed. You always know how to take care of me. I love you. I am so lucky to call the brightest and hottest star on the carpet tonight my husband.”

They both finished getting ready and got into the private car to head over to the award show red carpet.

Ilya’s hand was on Shane’s thigh rubbing small circles just to try and sooth any last minute nerves as they headed to the venue. Shane placed his hand on top of Ilya’s.

“I promise I feel better now. You always know how to ground me. I didn’t know you knew how to give massages like that. You’re better than some of the massage therapists I’ve seen over the years.” Shane interlaced his finger with Ilya’s.

“I would think by now you’d know I’m good with my hands. Plus none of your massage therapists are as hot as me.” Ilya smirks.

“Mmm very true,” Shane says, bringing Ilya's hand to his lips and kissing it.

Ilya feels how warm Shane’s face feels. “Sweetheart your face is so warm.”

“Well my sexy husband is sitting next to me in a perfectly tailored suit. Of course I feel warm,” Shane replies.

Ilya smiles, noticing that Shane’s eyes are a little in a daze.

“You are drunk?” Ilya asks.

“No, I'm not drunk! What I can’t appreciate how sexy you are? Is admiring my husband and desperately wanting him to kiss me a crime now? Put me in handcuffs and lock me up I guess.” Shane's voice cracks a little as he starts to laugh.

Ilya leans over and kisses Shane tenderly on the lips. “Mmm some other time, yes we definitely will do that. I think you are tipsy.” Shane chases Ilya’s lips hungrily wanting more.

“What would you do to me while I’m in handcuffs? I bet I would beg you to let me out at some point but I wouldn’t want you to. I love when you take control,” Shane says as he leaves kisses along Ilya’s jaw.

“Tipsy Shane Hollander is a little pervert huh?” Ilya grips Shane’s thigh a little tighter eliciting a small moan from the other man.

“I’d be such a good little slut for you in handcuffs. You could spit in my mouth some more. That was so fucking hot. The only way I want to get drunk from now on,” Shane whispers into Ilya’s ear and Ilya nearly loses it.

Ilya kisses Shane roughly, his tongue slipping into his mouth with need before leaving kisses on Shane’s neck and dragging his tongue along the serpent necklace.

“I’m going to be hard on the carpet if you keep talking like this vozlyublennyy lover. Going to be thinking about how badly I want to fuck you during whole award show.” Ilya notices how tight his pants are starting to feel.

Shane slightly throws his head back giving Ilya more access to his throat and moans out, “Want that. I need that. God I feel a bit wild right now.” Shane starts giggling a bit as the sensations of Ilya kissing him feel more heightened than usual.

Ilya starts to feel a bit love drunk himself and begins to laugh adoring how his husband is letting loose a little. Ilya trails his hand up Shane’s thigh gripping him as the car comes to a stop.

“Here’s what is going to happen we will walk the carpet, remind everyone that we are champions, husbands, so in love, we will present award, go to boring party after and then while we’ve been waiting all night, go back to our hotel room and I will show you how wild you can be,” Ilya says, eyes darkening.

Shane looks at Ilya and licks his lips. He feels like his skin is buzzing in the best way. “Actually, I think I’ll show you how wild you can be tonight and I don’t think you will be able to wait.”

Ilya quirks his brow but before he can say anything the car door is opening and cameras are already flashing.

Shane steps out of the car first immediately reaching for his husband’s hand with a huge smile plastered on his face.

“Ilya and Shane, how does it feel to have just won the cup for Ottawa?” reporters ask.

“It feels correct,” Shane says with a cocky grin on his face. He loops his arm around Ilya’s waist pulling him closer for a picture leaving Ilya in awe.

“Who are you and what have you done with my boring husband?” Ilya whispers to Shane as they continue to walk down the carpet smiling hand in hand.

Shane laughs. “I guess all that vodka made me loosen up a bit and feel a bit bolder. Kind of like after that time in the trophy room.” Both of them blush at the memory as they approach the glambot portion of the carpet.

“Shane, Ilya, so glad to meet you both. We were thinking we could get two solo shots and then one of both of you if that works?” The camera man asked.

“Yeah, it looks like it could be fun!” Shane said, squeezing Ilya’s hand.

Ilya went first, winking as the camera moved towards him. Shane thought to himself how lucky he was to call this gorgeous man his husband.

Shane went up next but as he was setting up some reporter called out, “Shane Hollander, how does it feel to have kicked the Metros out of the running for the cup given all the turmoil between you?”

Ilya felt his chest clench knowing how much Shane is uncomfortable with any question related to the Metros.

Shane paid the reporter no mind and the question actually sparked exactly what pose he planned on doing for the glambot.

“Shane, we’re ready whenever you are, the camera will move quickly toward you and just do whatever pose you see fit.” the cameraman said.

Shane proceeds to flip off the camera with a shit eating grin.

Ilya’s jaw dropped in disbelief. “Eto moy muzh That’s my husband!” Ilya began clapping.

“I hope that was okay. If it’s a problem we can do another one,” Shane says to the camera man.

“Oh that was perfect, no worries at all. We can take one of the two of you now.” the cameraman said

Ilya walked over to his husband’s side with a beaming smile. “I cannot believe you just did that.”

“I told you I was feeling a little wild tonight. I have an idea for what we can both do for our pose.” Shane smirks.

“I want to dip you into a kiss after that,” Ilya says.

Blush crept up Shane’s cheek and he whispered into Ilya’s ear.

“I like that idea. I’ll just dip and kiss you later.” Ilya winks at Shane.

The camera was set and as it inched towards them Ilya and Shane both held up their ring fingers with their wedding bands on it.

Shane felt like he was sending a message without directly saying anything. A big fuck you to anyone who doesn’t believe in him, his marriage, and the love he and Ilya have for one another because they ended up on top anyway.

They thanked the camera man and then proceeded to walk into the award show. The award show wasn't anything too crazy. Shane and Ilya presented the award which Rose had won. They sat at a table with Rose and ate and drank, catching up on what she was filming lately and Ilya was showing her the most recent pictures of Anya.

"Ilya, your broach is so nice! Where did you get it?" Rose asked.

"My husband got it for me. It is a loon, the Canadian wolf bird I've grown quite fond of." Ilya places his hand onto Shane's thigh beside him.

Shane, who admittedly now is feeling drunk off the vodka and champagne, feels his skin light a blaze at the simple touch from Ilya. His knee jerks a little and Ilya glances over at him.

"Aw, that's so sweet! Shane was just telling me about the necklace you gifted him. He already has his Instagram post drafted to show it off," Rose says.

Shane was never really big on having a social media presence aside from his contractual obligations. However, ever since he and Ilya became public, he made it a priority to show his love and appreciation for his husband to the world.

Ilya leaned over and gave Shane a kiss on the lips which of course Shane adored. However, Shane did not want a chaste kiss. He did not want to be at this award show right now. Shane wanted to lose his inhibitions, with his husband, as soon as humanely possible.

"Is it warm here to anyone else?" Shane asks, unbuttoning a few buttons on his shirt.

Rose started to laugh. "Are you just saying that because Ilya kissed you or are you being serious?"

"When have you ever known me to be funny Rose? I genuinely think they turned up the heat." Shane slightly smirks and shifts himself in his chair so that Ilya's hand inched closer towards the inside of his thigh. Hoping that Ilya could feel how aroused he was getting.

There was still about an hour left of the award show and Shane was determined to not be present during it.

"I'm going to run to the restroom. I feel like a splash of cold water on my face might help cool me down. That champagne has got me all flushed." Shane says as he goes to stand up from the table he whispers into Ilya's ear, "nuzhdayus' v tebe seychas need you now."

Ilya tries to maintain composure and not be super obvious. "My poor husband is such a lightweight I should go check on him and make sure he's okay."

Ilya enters the bathroom all of the stalls have enclosed doors so he is unable to see which ones are occupied.

"Shane? Are you here? Are you okay?" Ilya whispers, as he suddenly feels himself being pulled backwards.

"JESUS CHR-" Ilya almost yells before Shane's lips crash down onto him.

Shane wildly kisses Ilya as his hands comb through his curls tugging slightly, eliciting a moan from his husband.

Ilya breaks the kiss holding Shane's face in both of his hands, "Shane what has gotten into you?"

"You hopefully soon... now.." Shane replies, his eyes glossy with need.

"You sure you are not too drunk? Maybe it's best if we go-" Ilya starts to say before Shane cuts him off grabbing at Ilya's belt buckle.

"I've wanted this since we got in the car. Not too drunk just feeling a bit wild, with need, for you. I need you. Right here, right now, in the bathroom, please." Shane's voice cracked at the plea.

"Get on your knees" Ilya commanded and Shane obeyed instantly.

Shane began fumbling with Ilya's belt buckle while Ilya ran his fingers through Shane's hair.

Shane started licking up Ilya's length at an antagonizing slow pace. Ilya shuttered, cursing underneath his breath.

Shane wrapped his lips around Ilya's cock feeling the weight of it on his tongue. Shane kept his head still and looked up at Ilya with glossy eyes. He wanted to see what type of reaction he could get out of his husband.

Ilya's dick twitched at the sight of submission he saw when he looked down. Shane's eyelashes fluttered looking up, pupils wide, his mouth wrapped around Ilya's cock, and his hands placed on his thighs waiting to be told what to do.

"Fuck sweetheart you look so pretty like this with my cock in your mouth," Ilya whispered.

Shane groaned as he felt Ilya grow harder in his mouth.

Ilya tugged Shane's hair, "Good boys need to stay quiet in public. Do you understand?"

Shane, feeling a bit rebellious, started swirling his tongue around Ilya's cock and began practically purring.

Ilya pulled Shane off of him. When Shane looked up at him Ilya had a frenzied look in his eye.

"Noisy sluts get punished. You should know those moans are for my ears only. Looks like I'm going to have to fuck you so good that you won't even be able utter a sound," Ilya says.

Shane bits his lip, feeling himself get even harder in his pants. "Sir I can be so good for you I promise please." Shane begs his voice pleading and not quiet whatsoever.

Ilya grips Shane by the chin tilting his face upwards.

“I am going to fuck that pretty little mouth of yours so that your throat cannot utter a single sound. You are to keep your hands on your lap, bad boys don’t get to touch,” Ilya says.

Shane whimpers but is cut off by Ilya’s tip being pressed back against his lips. He only has a second to hollow his cheeks before Ilya is slowly pushing his length fully into Shane’s mouth.

Shane tastes the salty precum hitting his tongue and moans and that’s when Ilya’s hips jerk.

Ilya places his hands on the back of Shane’s head and begins fucking Shane’s throat. “Does my little slut like choking on my cock? You take me so well.”

Shane’s eyes begin to water. He feels the corners of his mouth get sloppy with saliva. He can barely make a sound. His brain has entered the state of bliss where he can completely release control and submit to Ilya.

“God Shane, you were made for this. You’re so hungry for it aren’t you?” Ilya groans quietly.

Shane is so painfully hard at the praise. His nails dig into his thighs as he slightly shifts on the floor trying to feel some friction.

Ilya notices this immediately and gently slaps the side of Shane’s face. “Bad boys don’t get to touch themselves either. Hands still.”

Shane lets out a muffled cry not knowing how much longer he can last. Ilya picks up the pace even more and the sensation of Shane’s lips vibrating against his cock has him close to the edge.

“So close- gonna fill that pretty mouth of yours.” Ilya pants.

Shane moans and pushes Ilya over the edge.

“Fuck Shane!” Ilya’s eyes go wide as he pulls Shane’s hair with one hand and bites down on the other, stifling the sounds of his release.

Shane swallows and begins licking up Ilya’s sensitive cock making sure he gets every last drop of his release.

Ilya shudders. “Mmm sweetheart your mouth always amazes me.”

Shane licking his lips looks up at Ilya and quietly pants still waiting for some form of release.

“We should really practice your patience, my love. We have an after party to attend to and we’ve been gone for quite some time now.” Ilya says as he gently runs his hand along Shane’s cheek.

“Ilya, please. I need something. Please I can’t. I can’t wait, please. I’ll be so quiet I promise please.” Shane begs.

Ilya smirks. "You're so desperate tonight my love. What if we just went back to the hotel right now?"

"No, I- Ilya I cannot last that long. I need something right now. Please please I'll be so good please." Shane was trembling with need and it was one of the hottest sights Ilya has ever seen.

Ilya sat down onto the toilet seat and patted his thigh.

Shane began to take off his pants but Ilya stopped him.

"You need it so badly then ride my thigh," Ilya says.

"B-but" Shane begins to protest.

"Either you want to cum now or wait, your choice." Ilya drums his fingers onto his thigh as he stares Shane down.

Shane doesn't hesitate and he straddles Ilya's thigh and begins grinding down on it. Before a moan can even pass Shane's lips, Ilya's fingers are in his mouth stifling the sound.

"My good boy is so needy and desperate just from sucking my cock. Going to cum in his pants just from my thigh aren't you baby?" Ilya slips his fingers from Shane's mouth.

"F-fuck yes o-oh god I-Ilya I'm so close. Wanna be quiet and good for you but Fu-" Shane was about to yell out when Ilya's hand gently wrapped around his neck. Ilya lightly choked Shane pressing into the serpent necklace slightly. Shane's hips began bucking in a frenzy and he released. His head collapsed onto Ilya's shoulder as he panted.

Ilya rubbed Shane's back softly whispering praises in Shane's ear. "I got you my love, you did so good always so perfect."

They spent a few moments just embraced like that as Shane became grounded again.

"Shit there's no way I can go back in there, I'm a mess." Shane covers his face in embarrassment.

Ilya pants a kiss on Shane's forehead. "I already texted Rose saying we were leaving because you are light weight who threw up."

Shane rolls his eyes and chuckles. "If only she knew I barely have a gag reflex after tonight."

Ilya giggles. "Lets get out of here. I need to see how many shots I can get out of you."

"Ilya, I don't think I can really drink anymore," Shane replies.

"I'm not talking about the alcohol sweetie." Ilya slaps Shane on the ass as they get into the car.

Ilya plans to get intoxicated off Shane tonight.

Award show bathrooms always seem to have that effect on them.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! If you enjoyed my Hollanov scenario and want to hear more of my visions/concepts please check out my tik tok @jocegglyn

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