

hot water

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by [chibibinch](#)

Summary

"What were you thinking about?" Rozanov asks in a low voice.

"You."

Shane says it quietly but it's still loud enough for Rozanov to hear. He smirks and gives his cock another stroke, purely for Shane's benefit. "You want to touch me, Hollander?"

This is getting too real now. He should say no—there's a chance that someone could come in and catch them together—but his mouth is watering and he's dying to know what Rozanov tastes like, so instead he says, "Yes."

After the CCM shoot, Shane doesn't say "not here".

Notes

I started writing this before the first episode aired but also incorporated a little from the show bc why not. I wrote this bc I'm not as strong as Shane Hollander and I would not have waited!!!

and because kinktober ends when I say it does: kinktober day 15: **semi-public**

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

Shane knew he was in trouble the moment Rozanov entered the shower room and stood under the shower directly opposite him. He never stood a chance.

Unable to stop himself from looking, Shane takes in the ridiculous bear tattoo on Rozanov's muscular chest. His gold cross glints under the overhead lights— Shane has never seen him without it. He wonders if there's a story behind it. Maybe Rozanov's just religious.

It suddenly hits Shane that he's been staring for longer than is plausibly deniable, and so he redirects his attention to the floor, watching the soap suds collect at his feet.

He has showered in front of other men for as long as he can remember—it's just part of growing up in hockey. He has never been tempted to look, until now. But Rozanov's standing directly across from him when he could have chosen literally anywhere else, with his stupidly sculpted body, broad shoulders that make his waist look tiny in comparison, supported by an ass that Shane inexplicably wants to take a bite out of.

Oh no.

Shane swallows hard, his face heating up as he's hit by a wave of both shame and arousal. He shouldn't be looking at Rozanov's ass, let alone even think about taking a bite out of it. He needs to hurry up with his shower and get the hell out of here, before he does something stupid that makes this whole situation even weirder than it already is.

Unfortunately, Rozanov chooses that exact moment to turn back around and he clocks Shane immediately. He glances down at Shane's crotch, where he's already at half-mast to Shane's mortification, and raises an eyebrow.

"Fuck off, it's nothing," Shane says, though his voice lacks any conviction, even to his own ears.

"What is?" Rozanov's grinning now, because of course he is. "You see something you like, Hollander?"

Shane isn't a religious man, but he prays for the ground to swallow him up regardless. "No. It's not...I was thinking about something else."

"Something else?"

Shane should leave. This is creeping into dangerous territory and he doesn't know how to salvage the situation. But Rozanov's still grinning at him and he doesn't seem mad about it. Even as Shane's cock is growing harder by the second, making his predicament completely undeniable.

But he stays where he is, completely transfixed by the way Rozanov's looking at him, like he's enjoying it.

Fuck.

Maybe this is another one of Rozanov's games, another item on a long list of things to hold over Shane. But then Shane looks down and he realises with a jolt that Rozanov isn't unaffected by this either.

The grin on Rozanov's face is gone, replaced by a look of intense heat that has Shane feeling trapped. He can't leave, even if he wanted to.

Knowing he has Shane's full attention, Rozanov runs his hand down his stomach, trailing past his dark happy trail and wraps it around his hardening cock, giving it a slow, firm stroke.

Shane gasps, and even with the sound of the running water it echoes against the tiles of the showers.

"What were you thinking about?" Rozanov asks in a low voice.

"You."

Shane says it quietly but it's still loud enough for Rozanov to hear. He smirks and gives his cock another stroke, purely for Shane's benefit. "You want to touch me, Hollander?"

This is getting too real now. He should say no—there's a chance that someone could come in and catch them together—but his mouth is watering and he's dying to know what Rozanov tastes like, so instead he says, "Yes."

Rozanov shuts off his shower then he's walking over to Shane in an instant, joining him under the spray of the water and backing him up against the cold tiled wall.

For a second, Rozanov just at him and Shane thinks that maybe Rozanov *is* fucking with him after all. But then he leans down to kiss Shane and he realises Rozanov has been deadly serious this whole time. Stunned and wide-eyed, Shane forgets to kiss back, until Rozanov threads his fingers through his hair, dragging his fingertips against Shane's scalp, and Shane gives up trying to pretend that he doesn't want this.

His eyes slip close as he melts under Rozanov's touch, parting his lips as he allows Rozanov to deepen their kiss. Rozanov kisses him with such surety and confidence, like kissing a man is the most natural thing in the world to him. Maybe it is. Shane wishes he felt like that. But Rozanov is the first man that he's ever kissed and the panic rising up in his chest only serves to remind him of that fact.

He tries to ignore the pounding of his heart in his chest, tries to ignore that he's kissing *Rozanov* of all people. Instead, he focuses his attention on the softness of Rozanov's lips, the unfamiliar sensation of stubble scratching against his jaw, the hard planes of Rozanov's body where he's used to softness. Rozanov slides his tongue against his and Shane lets out a moan that is far too filthy considering that they're only kissing. He would be embarrassed, but Rozanov's moaning into his mouth too, kissing him with the kind of desperation and fervour that leaves Shane feeling lightheaded.

Shane runs his hands over Rozanov's body, feeling up the strong musculature of Rozanov's back that he couldn't take his eyes off earlier. Rozanov is just so *broad*. Shane has never been

with someone that could make him feel small. Someone that could pin him down with ease if they felt like it. He's loath to admit it but he's unfortunately so into it.

He scratches his fingernails against Rozanov's skin, not hard enough to leave any marks, but enough to make Rozanov groan into their kiss and press right up against him, leaving no space between them. Shane is acutely aware of Rozanov's hard cock pressing against his stomach. His own cock presses against Rozanov's hip and he shamelessly grinds against him, desperate for some form of friction. Shane should probably fight a little harder to maintain his composure with how quickly Rozanov is making him come undone, but he's past giving a fuck at this point.

Before Shane can talk himself out of it, he reaches down and wraps his hand around Rozanov.

"Fuck," Rozanov gasps, looking down to watch his cock disappear into Shane's fist.

Shane keeps his attention focused on Rozanov's face, studying the way he bites down on his bottom lip and his breath comes out in short pants. Shane could probably get off on the visual alone.

Rozanov drags him into another deep kiss, rolling his hips in time with Shane's strokes and sliding his thigh between Shane's legs. Shane grinds against it shamelessly, groaning as he feels Rozanov grow even harder in his hand. Obviously he's familiar with the mechanics of jerking himself off, but feeling how another man responds to his touch—how *Rozanov* responds to his touch—is a heady sensation that he isn't quite ready to unpack just yet. All Shane knows right now is that this man is going to ruin him.

With every jerk of Rozanov's cock, the words '*You want to touch me, Hollander?*' play over and over in Shane's head. Technically, he *is* touching Rozanov, but this isn't all he had in mind when Rozanov propositioned him. He needs to know what Rozanov tastes like. He needs to know what the heavy weight of Rozanov's cock in his mouth feels like and this might be the only opportunity he gets.

He pauses his motions and Rozanov just raises his eyebrows—a silent challenge, like he can read the thoughts racing through Shane's mind—before Shane reverses their positions and pushes Rozanov against the wall.

He should have the power here, but Rozanov reaches out and traces Shane's bottom lip with his thumb and Shane completely forgets himself. When Rozanov pushes his thumb inside, Shane parts his lips easily, wrapping his lips around Rozanov and sucking like it's second nature to him. His eyes flutter shut and he moans like Rozanov is doing him a favour.

Just as quickly as it happened, Rozanov pulls his thumb away and Shane instantly sinks to his knees.

"Fuck." Rozanov looks down at him in awe, his eyes dark and hooded with lust. "Is this what you were thinking about, Hollander?"

"Yes," Shane whispers and finally takes Rozanov into his mouth.

Yes, this is exactly what he was thinking about. He's jerked off thinking about Rozanov—that day they were alone together in the gym is forever etched into his memory. It had taken every ounce of his self-restraint for him to leave instead of crawling over and straddling Rozanov's lap. There's only so much fighting Shane can do before he eventually has to give in.

Shane has never had another man's cock in his mouth before, has never even thought about the possibility of doing it before today, but he thinks back to past blow jobs he's enjoyed and does his best to replicate what he liked.

He lightly sucks on the head, before pulling off and running his tongue along a prominent vein on Rozanov's shaft, revelling in the shaky exhale Rozanov releases.

"Look at you," Rozanov whispers, looking completely mesmerised even though Shane has barely done anything yet.

It's encouraging, to say the least.

Rozanov reaches down to cup Shane's cheek, lightly caressing Shane's cheekbone with his thumb and it feels so oddly tender than Shane doesn't know what to do with himself. He leans into Rozanov's touch and takes Rozanov deeper into his mouth, stretching his lips around the girth of Rozanov's cock. It's not an easy task with Rozanov being big, but he's so paranoid of doing a bad job and accidentally catching Rozanov with his teeth that he ignores the burning ache in his jaw.

Rozanov tangles his fingers through Shane's hair and Shane moans around him, allowing himself to be guided as Rozanov gently thrusts into his mouth. The feeling of Rozanov's cock filling his mouth is indescribable and it has Shane rock hard and throbbing between his legs. If he wasn't so acutely aware of Rozanov watching him, Shane would happily wrap a hand around himself and get himself off like this. Instead, he busies himself with running his hand up and down one of Rozanov's thick thighs, his other hand stroking the base of Rozanov's cock. He'd love to be able to take all of Rozanov in his mouth, but the likelihood of him choking and embarrassing himself is way too high for Shane's liking.

This may be Shane's first time with a man but based off Rozanov's reactions, he can't be doing a terrible job. Rozanov can't take his eyes off him and he's groaning and murmuring in Russian with each thrust into Shane's mouth.

They build up a steady rhythm and Shane relaxes into it, purely focused on the weight of Rozanov's cock in his mouth and making him feel good. Shane gives it his everything, his eyes watering every time Rozanov's cock nudges the back of his throat, and he's so proud of himself for not gagging.

It doesn't take much before Rozanov's thrusts become sloppier and his breathing becomes more choppy and frantic—he's close. Already.

Shane panics momentarily because he isn't sure if he's prepared to swallow, but thankfully Rozanov makes that decision for him and pulls Shane off his cock. Rozanov jerks himself off frantically, letting out a guttural groan as he comes in white, hot streaks all onto the shower floor. Shane wipes at his mouth as he watches it swirl down the drain.

Rozanov laughs from above him, slumped against the wall and just about managing to stay upright. "Not bad for first time."

Shane stands back up, his knees aching in protest. "Is it that obvious?"

"Yes," Rozanov says, pulling Shane in for a kiss. "But I like it."

Before Shane can unpack whatever Rozanov means by that, Rozanov starts stroking his cock and all thoughts immediately leave his head.

"Fuck," Shane moans. He's already so worked up from sucking Rozanov off—this is going to be over embarrassingly quickly.

"You like danger, Hollander," Rozanov says, leaving a wet kiss against his neck. "You're not such a good boy after all."

"Fuck off, Rozanov." Shane means to sound stern but it comes out all whiny and breathy because Rozanov's working absolute magic with his hand.

Rozanov picks up the pace, jerking Shane off with quick strokes as he runs his thumb over the head and Shane can't hold back any longer.

"Oh my God," Shane gasps as he comes all over Rozanov's hand.

Rozanov works him through it, stroking his cock and kissing him deeply until it becomes too much and Shane has to push his hand away.

Shane leans against the wall next to Rozanov and catches his breath, the weight of what they just did suddenly hitting him. The season hasn't even started yet and they've already made it fucking weird.

"Hollander?" The panic must be evident on his face because Rozanov is looking at him with mild concern.

"You can't tell anyone about this," Shane blurts out.

"Obviously."

Rozanov looks so at ease and calm it's almost infuriating. "So, this wasn't your first time with a man," Shane says it as a statement, rather than a question.

Rozanov shakes his head and smiles to himself. "Uh, no."

Shane figured as much, but hearing Rozanov say the quiet part out loud still comes as a shock. "Who? Another player?"

"My coach's son back in Russia."

Shane feels like his eyes are about to pop out of his skull. "Jesus."

Rozanov shrugs as though it's nothing. "It was safe. I knew he wouldn't tell. He knew I wouldn't tell."

"Right, safe," Shane echoes, choosing not to point out that it sounds anything but.

Rozanov had called him dangerous for sucking him off in the showers but that is something else.

"It was just a bit of fun," Rozanov says. "We wanted the same thing and we could trust each other. That is all."

It still sounds way more complex than Rozanov is making out, but Shane nods anyway.

"I'm going to get dressed," Rozanov says, and pats Shane on the chest before heading to the locker room, leaving him in stunned silence as he finishes rinsing off.

By the time Shane enters the locker room, Rozanov is already half dressed. Shane does his best to look at anything but Rozanov's bare chest, like he hadn't had been debating whether to spit or swallow five minutes ago.

"What is your room number?"

Shane frowns at him. "Why do you want my room number?"

"Well, I wanted to return the favour and suck your dick. But if you don't want, then..."

"1410," Shane says, far too quickly for his own liking. "Asshole."

Rozanov smirks. "So if I come to 1410 at...say nine tonight?"

"I might answer."

"I might knock."

End Notes

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