

addicted to your touch

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76096411) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76096411>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Zane Boodram , Luca Haas
Additional Tags:	post The Long Game
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Shane & Ilya's infinite playlist
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 1,508 Chapters: 1/1

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by [medchemzie](#)

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs play an away game in Montreal in October 2023, and post game the team goes out to a familiar club to celebrate

Notes

this is my first fic so any feedback is appreciated!! hope you enjoy because these guys have infiltrated my brain

October 2023

The Ottawa Centaurs are visiting for a regular season game against Shane's old team, the Montreal Voyageurs. Shane was listening to his road trip playlist as "this is me trying" by Taylor Swift played over his AirPods. Shane's feelings about playing them were complicated. He liked having the chance to play against Hayden and JJ, and being back in the city where he had spent so many years and made even more memories in. He hated the feelings that rose like bile in his throat when he remembers how his old team, his family, treated him after finding out that he was dating his arch rival, Ilya Rozanov. Tears welled up in his eyes as the sting of betrayal was still so strong, even after two years. The team bus hit a pot hole on the road and Shane felt a squeeze on his thigh, pulling him out of his anxiety spiral. He looked over to the seat next to him to see his husband's concerned smile. Shane took out his AirPods and put them back in their case.

"We will kick Montreal's ass tonight, yes? Show them the prize they lost?" whispered Ilya

"Of course." replied Shane quietly

"I cannot wait to see what talentless player they're going to try to replace you with again this season, Hollander." said Ilya, loud enough for the rest of the bus to hear.

The rest of the team chimed in, shouts of "some fucking loser, I bet" and "no chance they find a better you, Hollander" and Shane's face reddened with each praise from the team. Shane pretended to be annoyed at Ilya but he was secretly appreciative of the support. Playing Montreal was never an easy thing for Shane to do.

The bus came to a halt and the team stepped off the bus and into the hotel, dropping off their overnight bags before heading to the rink. Shane still felt strange taking the unfamiliar walk down the hall to the visiting team's locker room, and started to get changed for the game. Ilya walks back into the main locker room area with a JBL speaker blasting Delirious by Steve Aoki, getting all the boys riled up. Ilya puts the speaker down and steps up on the bench and yells

"Let's fucking fuck Montreal up tonight! Send them home crying like the little bitty babies they are!"

Shane beams at his captain and the team clamours in agreement as they make their way to the ice, playfully shoving on the way there.

~

“Told you, sweetheart” jokes Ilya, as he plants a kiss on Shane’s helmet, “that team is a has-been without their king.” Shane rolls his eyes, but can’t hide his big smile.

“I feel like celebrating tonight.” said Shane, with a hint of mischievousness in his eyes.

“Let’s go get fucked up tonight, boys!” yelled Bood, “Rub the win in Montreal’s faces!”

~

The teams Ubers pull up to the curb outside Ultraviolet, and they quickly fill up the bar. Loud club music pulses over the speakers and Shane looks at Ilya, a look of nostalgia swept across his face. Shane leans close to Ilya’s ear and says,

“Do you remember the last time we were here?”

“This isn’t the same place, is it?” questions Ilya

“The very same” answers Shane

Ilya kisses Shane on the neck and whispers,

“Time we make a new memory of this place, yes?” Shane blushes and takes Ilya’s hand as he leads them to the dance floor. Rush by Troye Sivan plays over the speakers as Shane and Ilya begin to dance facing each other.

“I’m still a terrible dancer, Ilya” Shane admits, pressed up against his husband’s chest. Ilya grabs Shane by his hips and turns him around so his back is pressed against him instead.

“Just follow my lead, sweetheart” said Ilya, as he tightened his grip on Shane’s hips, swaying them back and forth to the beat of the song, grinding against his husband’s ass as his cock grew harder. Lost in the song, the two feed off of each other, finding it more and more difficult to keep their hands off each other. Shane bends forward slightly, pressing his ass harder onto Ilya, and he returns with a kiss to his neck. Shane moans and laughs, then turns around and presses his lips hard against Ilya’s. Ilya slides his hands up Shane’s shirt, feeling the ridges around his abs and the two forget where they are until Luca clears his throat and says to the pair,

“Get a room you two.”

Shane and Ilya laugh at each other and Ilya nods at Haas and drags his husband off the dance floor by the hand.

They make it back to the hotel, laughing and holding hands over to the elevator, and as the doors open, the pair steps in. Empty, except for the two of them. Shane pins Ilya to the wall and presses a desperate kiss to his husband’s lips. Ilya’s possessive hand moves up to Shane’s neck and grips him, holding him in place. Shane slides a hand down to Ilya’s jeans and grips his hard dick over the soft denim. Shane pulls back from the kiss and looks at Ilya with his big brown eyes. His eyes shift from Ilya’s eyes, to his lips, and then down. Shane starts to

lower himself to his knees, but like the pair were connected in both mind and body, Ilya realizes what Shane is about to do and grabs him by the jaw,

“Tsk-tsk, so eager, sweetheart, but if you start that here we won’t make it back to the room.” Ilya warns. The bell rings and the pair move to their hotel room, fumbling for the key card. They burst through the door and throw the key card on the table. Ilya pins Shane to the wall, kissing him hard. The two are a tangle of hands, pulling off shirts and undoing buttons until they’re both naked and making their way over to the bed.

“I’ve never felt hotter than I did with you on that dance floor” admitted Shane between desperate kisses.

“I thought you didn’t like audience?” teased Ilya, reaching his hand between Shane’s leg, gripping his hard cock and eliciting a moan from his thoroughly kissed lips.

“Fuck you” returned Shane.

“Only if you ask nicely.”

Ilya pushed Shane onto his back and took his cock into his mouth, taking it as far back as he could. Shane ran his fingers through Ilya’s golden curls, gripping his hair as Ilya bobbed up and down. Ilya lifted his head momentarily, spit on his index finger and slowly coaxed it into Shane’s asshole.

“Fuck, Ilya. More, I need more.” pleaded Shane

Ilya worked to two, then three fingers, moving in and out of Shane, curling them in and hitting the spot that he knew would make Shane come fast. Shane used to be embarrassed about coming so fast with Ilya, but then remembered they could just keep going until they were both satisfied. Shane reached his peak and spilled all over his abs, as Ilya pulled his fingers out, he crawled up the bed and licked across Shane’s abs, swallowing some of Shane’s cum. Shane moaned in response and Ilya reached for some tissue to clean up the rest.

Still hard, Ilya climbed back into the bed with Shane, and was promptly greeted by Shane’s pretty mouth. Shane had become an expert at taking all 9 inches of Ilya’s cock, and not just in his mouth. Ilya pulled out of Shane’s mouth, pre cum beading at the tip.

“On your hands and knees” instructed Ilya, Shane turned, quickly following his husband’s orders.

Ilya grabbed the lube from their side table and squeezed some onto his cock. He lined himself up to Shane’s asshole, and before he could push himself in, Shane leaned back and took Ilya’s hard cock. Ilya returned a moan in surprise and began to piston himself in and out of his husband, the two of them getting lost in a sea of moans and curses.

Getting close, Ilya began to pull out and Shane stopped him.

“I want you to cum inside me” begged Shane.

“Fuck, okay sweetheart” breathed Ilya.

Ilya reached in front of Shane, feeling his cock had gotten hard again while they fucked. Ilya placed his hand in front of Shane and told him to spit on it. Ilya took his spit covered hand and gripped Shane's cock, stroking it until the two came together, Ilya filling Shane's asshole and Shane making a mess of their bed.

The two laid down, Shane laying his head on Ilya's chest, as Ilya peppered kisses across Shane's head.

"The bed is messy now", admitted Shane embarrassingly.

"We go get cleaned up then?" offered Ilya, leading his husband to the hotel shower. The two washed each other gently, sharing soft kisses between washing and rinsing, and returned to the bed before stripping the top sheet off and curling under the rest of the blankets.

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