All That Glitters is Gold

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77428161.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship, Soft Ilya Rozanov, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Dom/sub Undertones, Fluff and Smut, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Shower Sex, Sexual Overstimulation, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, Locker Room Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 2,345 Chapters: 1/1

All That Glitters is Gold

by thegoldensprout

Summary

> Ilya drops to his knees in front of him and Shane's eyebrows just about jump off his face.
> "Ilya!" He hisses, but the other just starts working on taking off Shane's shoes, and when his shoes are off his large fingers start working Shane's calves, kneading and massaging the stiffness from the game out. Shane holds back his satisfied moan, Ilya's fingers working wonders on his tense muscles but his eyes keep flicking between the door and the man on his knees in front of him.
>
> Or, after the All-Star game, Ilya helps Shane rest his muscles and ease his tensions.

Notes

> because it absolutely kills me that Hollanov weren't fucking at all during that sequence in episode 5 so i did it myself. i know they didn't make up till later in the episode but i simply do not care.
>
> also, locker room sex yesyes.
>
> https://open.spotify.com/track/3cfOd4CMv2snFaKAnMdnvK?si=9e6b1df4a78e435c

They had spent hours talking to press after their All Star game, and of course the press wanted to talk to both of them. Always Shane and Ilya, Ilya and Shane. Shane doesn't mind it as much now than when they were younger, and at least they're playing on the same team for once. He hates the cameras, lights, and microphones flung in their faces but at least he gets to spend it with Ilya, their feet touching under the table or Ilya's hand resting on his thigh. Shane is sore and tired from the game, the muscles in his legs aching, and he's frankly getting overwhelmed by the media questions, so Ilya takes over and answers most of them. Effortless, funny, cocky, and taking care of Shane without them having to talk about it.
"Question to both, but starting with Rozanov. You're known for being fierce rivals but have shown here you have great synergy on a team together. What has that experience been like for you both?" Shane's breath hitches slightly and he hopes nobody picks it up, he doesn't really want to talk to the press about being on a team with Ilya especially when he's feeling this overstimulated. There's too many emotions, too many things he could say that would come out wrong and get analysed by people, fans, teammates, family.
"Hollander is great player, not as great as me, but great. Playing with him has been fun, but playing against him is better." Ilya plays up slapping Shane on the back when he says it, but it's gentle and his hand lingers on Shane's upperback. Shane rolls his eyes and scoffs, mostly for the cameras but he lets his foot nudge against Ilya's as he leans forward and says into the mic.
"Yeah, what he said."

The rest of the team are already washed and getting ready to leave when the pair are finally free of media duties. They hug their teammates, say their goodbyes, and are alone at last. Shane sinks down onto the bench, resting his head against the wall and closing his eyes. The lights flick off and he smiles to himself before feeling the weight of Ilya sit next to him.
"Better?" He asks, leaning in and nuzzling his nose against Shane's neck. Shane's smile widens, turning into a grin as he arches his neck, but he still pushes Ilya away.
"Not here." Ilya rolls his eyes and raises his brows, motioning to the room.
"We're alone, Hollander, relax." He says, leaning in again and starting to leave kisses along Shane's neck. But of course Shane has never been relaxed when it comes to Rozanov the entire time they've been doing… whatever it is they're doing.
"Somebody could come back, you know that Ilya." He says, gently pushing Ilya off him and being rewarded with an eyeroll in return. Ilya moves away and Shane thinks he's finally given up. How stupid of him to think Ilya would ever give up. Ilya drops to his knees in front of him and Shane's eyebrows just about jump off his face.
"Ilya!" He hisses, but the other just starts working on taking off Shane's shoes, and when his shoes are off his large fingers start working Shane's calves, kneading and massaging the stiffness from the game out. Shane holds back his satisfied moan, Ilya's fingers working wonders on his tense muscles but his eyes keep flicking between the door and the man on his knees in front of him.
"Ilya what are you doing?"

“Just relax.” The Russian says, pressing a palm flat against Shane’s chest to make him sit back and letting it linger there. “You’re sore, no? Stop thinking so much, Hollander, is fine.” So Shane lets Ilya continue, and he hates to admit that it *is* helping as the tension oozes out of him. He leans his head back against the wall again and closes his eyes, letting out soft moans as Ilya’s hands work wonders. Eventually his hand starts to move upwards.
“Ilya…” Shane warns.
“Hollander.” Ilya imitates while his hands start to work on untying Shane’s sweatpants.
“Not here, I told you-” Ilya hushes him mid-sentence.
“We need to shower. Or do you like being stinky?” Shane rolls his eyes but can’t help laughing, lifting his ass so Ilya can tug his sweatpants off.
“I’m perfectly capable of undressing myself, Rozanov.”
“I know, you’re very good at it well done.” Ilya teases, standing up so he can look down at Shane. He leans down and lifts the bottom of Shane’s jumper up over his head then throws it aside with the sweats. Ilya’s eyes trail down his body, they had seen each other naked so many times but somehow every time felt like the first. The moment of waiting for Ilya to finish looking at him, heart beating fast as if Ilya won’t like what he sees. That moment of relief when they make eye contact again and Ilya’s eyes are just as lust-drunk as Shane’s. Ilya’s eyes stop when they get to Shane’s underwear and he raises his brows, eyes flicking back to Shane’s to make eye contact. Shane swallows the lump in his throat and hooks his thumb through his underwear, shimmying them off and kicking them aside while Ilya watches on, still fully dressed.
“Fuck, Hollander.”

They somehow make it to the showers which are thankfully empty, not that Shane thinks Ilya would have stopped if there had been people in here. Their hands are all over each other, lips glued together as they kiss. Ilya turns on the water and Shane lets out a hiss as the cold water hits him but it does nothing to deter Ilya.
“This is such a bad idea.” Shane mumbles against Ilya’s lips as Ilya’s back hits the wall of the shower.
“You want to stop?” Ilya asks, lips moving to leave kisses along Shane’s neck and shoulder obviously with no intention of stopping. In response Shane drops to his knees and looks up at Ilya who is smirking back down at him. It’s one of Shane’s favourite views, looking up at Ilya the moment before he takes him in his mouth.

Ilya sighs in pleasure as Shane starts to suck him, he’s been sucking this cock for years now so he knows exactly how Ilya likes it. Slow at first, his tongue teasing the lines of Ilya’s cock, almost exploring him if Shane didn’t know him so well already. And when Ilya starts moaning it’s time to speed up, the water drips down his back and ass while he sucks Ilya, using a hand to jerk off the length that can’t fit in his mouth. Their sounds fill and echo around the empty shower room, the water dripping on the floor, the slick sounds of Shane’s lips on Ilya’s dick, Ilya’s moans bouncing around the walls right to Shane’s already straining cock. He flicks his tongue against the slit of Ilya’s cock, making Ilya moan and grip onto Shane’s hair, tugging hard till Shane whimpers.

“Yes, good boy Hollander. Fuck…” Ilya starts to thrust into his mouth, getting close to his own climax.
“I’ve wanted you like this since the first time. You remember?” He groans, either from Shane’s mouth working wonders, the memory, or both. Shane feels his hair being tugged at and he’s pulled off Ilya’s dick before the other can cum. He stands, breathing heavy, saliva and precum on his lips and his eyes slightly glazed over.
“I remember.” He mumbles as Ilya pulls him in for a kiss. How could he forget?

Ilya spins them so Shane’s back is pressed against the wall of the shower and kisses him so hard he would melt if Ilya wasn’t holding him up. Ilya scoops his legs out from under him and he has enough functioning brain power (or maybe it’s just muscle memory) to wrap his legs around Ilya’s hips.
“Fuck, Hollander, I haven’t even touched you yet and you already look so pretty.” Shane feels a blush rise on his cheeks, not helping the pretty allegations Ilya likes to throw around.
“Well touch me already.” Ilya smirks, large hand cupping Ilya’s ass cheek as his fingers slowly tease towards Shane’s entrance.
“What do you want?” Ilya asks, his smirk clear in his voice. Shane whimpers, dropping his head forward till it rests on Ilya’s shoulder.
“You.” He whispers. Ilya’s fingers tease at Shane’s hole and Shane feels the slight pleasure as Ilya slowly pushes one in, he lets out a soft moan as Ilya starts to fuck him with his finger, decidedly *not* enough but Ilya knows that.
“Please.” Shane whimpers, feeling so much, too much, but somehow not enough.
“Look at me.” Ilya commands and Shane will do anything Ilya asks of him, so he leans his head back against the shower wall and looks into Ilya’s eyes.
“Better.” The Russian praises and adds another finger into Ilya’s hole, curling them so he can fuck up against Shane’s prostate. Shane can’t help the moans and whimpers that escape him now, Ilya’s pace is so slow that Shane wants to fuck down onto Ilya’s fingers, but he can’t. He wants to lean his head back or drop his head forward onto Ilya’s shoulder and close his eyes, but he can’t. Ilya adds a third finger that has Shane whimpering and gasping, his dick is so hard and he just knows Ilya isn’t going to touch him, Ilya loves watching him come undone untouched. Ilya’s fingers curl up, hitting against Shane’s prostate and he can’t help leaning his head back against the wall and closing his eyes, grinding his hips as much as he can in this hold.
“I’m going to-” He cuts himself off with a moan but Ilya knows. Shane’s whole body feels like it’s on fire, his cock is rock hard and the pleasure is so much, too much. Ilya doesn’t say anything but Shane can feel his eyes on him, his fingers hard and fast inside him.

Shane cums with a gasp, his entire body shuddering in Ilya’s arms, his ass tightening around Ilya’s fingers as he orgasms. He’s also probably making some obscene noises from cumming untouched, but he’s so out of it that he’s not entirely sure. He comes down from his high slowly, returning to reality. The first thing he feels is Ilya’s fingers still inside him so he whimpers and Ilya immediately removes them, wrapping his arm instead around Shane’s waist. Shane opens his eyes and smiles, probably looking very fucked out and drunk, Ilya smiles back with such warmth and tenderness.
“Good?” Ilya asks, and Shane can’t help being endeared that Ilya still makes sure he’s satisfied.
“Good.” Shane replies, still with a large smile on his face. Ilya leans in and captures Shane’s lips for a slow kiss. Ilya’s hand moves up to gently stroke Shane’s cheek and Shane leans into

the touch, so unbelievably happy right now.
“Can I…” Ilya asks, raising his eyebrows in question and Shane smiles because the answer is always.
“Yes.” Ilya smiles and kisses him again as his hands move back under Shane’s ass to support him against the wall. He positions himself and then lowers Shane down until his cock is pressed against Shane’s hole.
“You’re sure?” Ilya asks and Shane rolls his eyes.
“Of course I’m sure, hurry up.” Ilya smirks and lowers Shane till his cock slides into him. They both moan and Shane leans his head forward onto Ilya’s shoulder, closing his eyes. Overstimulated but desperate to have this. When all 9 inches of Ilya are inside he starts to thrust, slowly and gently but it still has Shane whimpering against his shoulder. When they have sex like this, when Shane has already orgasmed, Ilya is always so tentative of him even when chasing his own release. The sex is slow and Ilya kisses him the whole time. His shoulder, his neck, his arms. Wherever he can put his lips really. Shane is mostly out of it, gasping and whimpering against Ilya’s shoulder as his overstimulated cock tries to get hard again.
“Fuck, Hollander.” Ilya mutters against his skin and his thrusts start to speed up slightly, Shane lifts his head so they can kiss through Ilya’s orgasm. Ilya captures his lips in a rough kiss as he thrusts deep one, two, three times and then shudders with a low moan.

They stay like that for a while, foreheads pressed together, lips touching but they’re not kissing, just breathing each other’s air as they both come down from their highs. It doesn’t take Ilya long before he moves his head and starts kissing along Shane’s shoulder and neck again.
“Was that OK?” He asks and Shane hums and nods in return. Shane feels Ilya slide out of him and gasps slightly at the loss of fullness, Ilya’s cum starting to drip down his leg. Ilya lowers him back onto his feet but his legs are shaky so Ilya still has to support him to stand, a soft smile on his face as he does so.
“You’re so pretty, Hollander.” He says, leaving those kisses along his skin.
“Fuck you, Rozanov.” Shane retorts but he smiles, fuck-drunk and definitely not in love. Ilya smiles and gently pulls him back under the stream of the water, grabbing some of the soap and starting to run it through Shane’s hair. Shane closes his eyes, and as always, lets Ilya take care of him.

Of course Ilya eventually gets what he wanted in the first place, Shane riding him in the locker room. They’re squeezed onto the bench with Shane sitting on Ilya’s lap, rocking his hips as they fuck and kiss.
“What if somebody comes back, Hollander?” Ilya asks with a smirk.
“Fuck you, Rozanov.” Shane replies with a shake of his head, too drunk on Ilya to care about much else.

When they’re finished and tangled in each other’s arms Ilya whispers his room number in Shane’s ear. And how can Shane resist?

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